

Director: Gwyneth Horder-Payton

# JUSTIFIED CITY PRIMEVAL

“Kokomo”  
Episode #104

Written By  
Taylor Elmore

Based on the novel CITY PRIMEVAL

By Elmore Leonard

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\* 10202 West Washington Boulevard \* Culver City, CA 90232 \*

**CAST LIST**

Raylan Givens  
Carolyn Wilder  
Clement Mansell  
Sandy Stanton  
Wendell Robinson  
Maureen Downey  
Norbert Bryll  
Marcus “Sweetie” Sweeton  
Skender Lulgjaraj  
Tyrone Power  
Rick Newley  
Toma **Kastiot\***  
Hina  
Hector  
Agron Darke  
Besnik Darke  
Thelma  
Waitress

Timothy Olyphant  
Aunjanue Ellis  
Boyd Holbrook  
Adelaide Clemens  
Victor Williams  
Marin Ireland  
Norbert Leo Butz  
Vondie Curtis-Hall  
Alexander Pobutsky

**SET LIST**

**INTERIORS**

Del Weems's Condo  
- Bedroom  
Wilder & Wilder's Offices  
- Conference Room  
- Carolyn's Office  
D-town Casino  
- Thelma's Office  
Sweety's Tavern  
- Kitchen/Office  
Sandy's Apartment  
- Kitchen  
Crown Vic  
~~Raylan's New Hotel Room~~  
Range Rover  
TGI Fridays  
Venus Adult Day Health Care Center  
- Office  
Beaumont Hospital  
- Skender's Room  
Carolyn's Car  
Carolyn's House  
Escalade  
Raylan's Car

**EXTERIORS**

D-town Casino  
- Parking Structure  
~~Detroit Street~~  
Crown Vic  
Venus Adult Day Health Care Center  
Sandy's Apartment Building  
- Back of building  
- Front Stairs  
Wilder & Wilder Offices  
- Office Parking Lot  
Carolyn's Car  
Carolyn's House  
- Street  
Escalade  
~~Parking Lot~~  
Side Street  
**Sweety's Tavern\***

TEASER

1

ON RAYLAN

1

A head of steam. Passing SCRUBS and GURNEYS and ROLLING I.V. POLES in the hallway in BEAUMONT HOSPITAL.

The corridor is packed. NURSES. DOCTORS. ORDERLIES. COPS.

And TWELVE ANGRY ALBANIANS who don't look like TV thugs; more like refugees from a Guy Ritchie movie. A number of them sport jerseys from their favorite team, the Albanian National Football Club. They sit in chairs lining the corridor, brooding variously.

Raylan takes it all in, moving along towards --

BRYL, butterfly bandage on his nose, fending off an ORDERLY, who is trying her best.

MAUREEN is next to Bryl; WENDELL is twenty feet away talking to a SURGEON. Bryl notices Raylan --

\*

BRYL

Look at this, the Hat shows up  
after all the fun's gone down.

RAYLAN

Heard there was a fender bender.

MAUREEN

These two got Beverly Hills Copped.  
DPD tracked the 'Vette to one of  
the properties, warehouse building  
in Corktown.

\*

\*

BRYL

We land, find a dozen goddamn  
Albanians carrying homeboy on their  
shoulders like Christ off the  
cross. Roll up like, hey, what's  
crackin'? They tell us go fuck  
ourselves, he fell down the stairs.

RAYLAN

Ah. And where is clumsy Jesus now?

MAUREEN

Surgery, shattered leg, broken in  
five places at least.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BRYL

Get him to implicate Mansell? We could at least get him off the streets, ag assault if not murder. Be a start --

MAUREEN

We don't get Mansell in lockup, Albanians are gonna tear shit up going after him.

RAYLAN

They'll try to get to Mansell through the girl.

BRYL

How do we feel about that?

Raylan mulls.

RAYLAN

Anybody but us know about Del Weems's place?

MAUREEN

Just us chickens.

RAYLAN

So, then, check her last known address, put a car on Weems's condo and maybe somebody in the casino as insurance...

WENDELL

Already on it.

They turn to behold Wendell as he returns from the surgeon.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Skender just got out of surgery.

BRYL

Fantastic. Give me couple minutes alone with the kid --

WENDELL

Not gonna talk to you. Only thing gonna get that boy singing is Toma.

RAYLAN

What's a Toma?

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

BRYL

Toma Kastiot. Kid's uncle.

MAUREEN

Calls the shots for the Albanians  
this side of the river. What Toma  
says, goes.

\*

\*

Off which --

2

INT. BEAUMONT HOSPITAL - SKENDER'S ROOM - DAY

2

Raylan looms in the doorway to Skender's private room.

RAYLAN

Knock knock.

There are two guys with SKENDER. Brothers. BESNIK and AGRON  
DARKE. Agron, the younger, sports much the same football  
outfit as his cohorts in the hallway.

Besnik is the one who actually looks hard, wearing a decent  
suit, not too flashy, eyes void of real humanity.

Skender is in the bed. Cast from his toes to his waist.  
Wires and rods and stuff. Skender won't be walking out of  
this place anytime soon.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Bad step?

Skender, drugged to the gills, just rolls his head away.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I understand, feeling a little  
fragile and all. Boys in blue  
asking a lot of questions. Maybe  
asking the wrong person...

BESNIK

Could we have privacy please. This  
is a family matter, please.

Raylan steps in, turns to Besnik as Bryl replaces him to loom  
in the doorway --

\*

\*

RAYLAN

I'd like to talk to your boss.  
Think we could arrange that?

BESNIK

I don't have a boss.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Everyone has a boss. Even the boss has a boss. I got a boss in Miami. Ever been to Miami? Not a bad place. I'd like to get back there.

Besnik says nothing.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Look, tell your boss, he and I have a mutual problem. And I believe we could work for our mutual benefit.

Besnik thinks, then:

BESNIK

I will call him.

RAYLAN

Tell him it's US Marshal Raylan Givens. Name won't mean anything to him, but maybe the part about it being federal will.

He moves away, leaving Raylan with Agron. Raylan looks at Skender, machines beeping, good shit flowing in his veins.

Agron stares at Raylan. Raylan notices. Looks at Agron. Who we now see is actually staring at Raylan's hat.

AGRON

Stetson Royal Deluxe?

RAYLAN

Shasta Ten-X.

Agron nods, *ah*.

Besnik returns, hanging up the cell phone.

BESNIK

My boss has agreed, he would like to talk about these 'mutual problems.'

RAYLAN

Well lookit that! You got a boss after all. When do we talk?

Besnik nods to Agron, calls out for "Luka," another dude, to take the door. As LUKA, hulking baby fat, takes post --

Besnik and Agron lead the way out. Raylan follows a few steps behind. Bryl on his heels, Raylan noticing -- \*

BRYL  
Where you heading?

RAYLAN  
Talk to the big boss.

BRYL  
Mind if I tag along?

Raylan gives him a look.

BRYL (CONT'D)  
Hey. You might need me. I know a  
little Albanian.

As they clear frame, off to talk to the Big Boss --

SMASH TO:

**JUSTIFIED**  
**CITY PRIMEVAL**



ACT ONE

3

INT. DEL WEEMS'S CONDO - DAY

3

CLICK - WHOOSH - SIZZLESIZZLE - AHHHHH...

TIGHT on a BOWL OF STICKY BUDS going up in smoke on its way to SANDY's lungs; pulling back to watch her hold, hold -- then COUGH it out in helpless tubercular spasms. Deeply rattled, PTSD from the horrors of Skender's fate in 103 --

MANSELL

Damn, woman.

SANDY

(chokes out --)  
You want some?

MANSELL

You ain't exactly a walking advertisement for the shit.

SANDY

Well, Clement, you're the one got me this way.

MANSELL

Got you what way, darlin'?

SANDY

Got me what way, he says. My nerves are shot, look at my hand shaking!

MANSELL

Aw, now...

SANDY

Why'd you have to do that to Skender, Clement? Hurt his leg that way? We never said anything about doing that.

Mansell is distracted, banging around in the kitchen looking for something.

MANSELL

He was provoking me.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

How? How was he provoking you so much you had to smash his leg with a big, like, door?

Clement's not paying attention, he's found -- the TOASTER -- and starts working at it with a little Leatherman tool. Like he's trying to take it apart for shop class or something.

MANSELL

Weird-ass bomb shelter with no money in it. Perfect place to store a wad of cash, but this hump uses it for a mini-fridge and a hi-fi. Hell is the world coming to?

Most of Sandy's work rehabilitating Del's place in the wake of the cops' visit has largely been undone by Mansell's own spreading personal mess. Sandy notices this, weary --

SANDY

Just starting to get this place under control. I don't know who's worse, you or Detroit police.

MANSELL

Baby, what's got you all sulled up? This all over some chickenfat Armenian shitbird's busted knee?

SANDY

He's Albanian, and he wasn't ever nothing but kind to me. Is all I'm saying.

Mansell half paying attention, focused on the work at hand --

MANSELL

Well, now --

SANDY

And now you stirred everything up. Everything is complicated enough without having to watch our backs because of you acting like an ass.

As she tucks in for another soothing indica bump, Mansell finds what he's looking for, triumphant at having pried SOMETHING from the depths of the toaster oven --

MANSELL

Ha! Got you.

He moves to her, shifting to calm her as only he knows how --

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Baby, Skender Lollygag ain't nothing  
and he ain't got nobody. You forget  
about that now, he's old news.

He shows her: the BOOK, thumbs the pages in front of Sandy's  
nose, which she wrinkles in bemusement at the slight breeze.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Smell that?

SANDY

What, toast?

MANSELL

No, baby. Money. You smell money.

SANDY

You hid that in the toaster oven?

MANSELL

It would appear Detroit fuzz  
suffers a lack of imagination.

SANDY

What if they'd made toast?

MANSELL

Are you actually asking me what if  
the cops had made toast?

SANDY

Well --

MANSELL

Baby, this book is the thing. See  
what I'm saying? Hey.

(pointed --)

I figure things out, right?

Sandy has to admit --

SANDY

You do.

MANSELL

So then, okay.

Settled. Sandy appears to be mollified. Then --

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Still --

Mansell gives up. Turns her loose, heads towards the back, loosening up his shoulders on the way.

MANSELL

Damn, Sandy, does all this nag at least come with a saddle?

SANDY

Ha-ha, real funny.

MANSELL

I'm gonna shower, loosen up a bit. Don't worry about how this place looks, little black book is gonna clean up every mess in town.

Off Mansell's exit, Sandy blowing exasperated smoke over the ruins...

If you looked up "front" in a crime dictionary, this place could be the accompanying illustration. The barest hint of maintenance to keep it from closing down entirely, the sign out front fading to an odd blue from its original gold.

Raylan and Bryl escorted by an Albanian muscleneck through a sparse gaggle of OLD FOLKS in a dim front room playing canasta, bridge, old people games. Muffled dismay, weak coffee in a stained pot nearby. Into --

-- to find TOMA KASTIOT, large, 50s, in a smallish dim office in back. He dismisses the two MEN he's talking to at the sight of the police, nods a curt greeting.

RAYLAN

Toma Kastiot?

TOMA

The same. You are the marshal?

RAYLAN

Givens. This is Detective Bryl, with the Detroit police.

(then --)

(MORE)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Gotta say, I pictured in my head  
we'd find you in some fancier digs.

Toma shrugs.

TOMA

My own mother lived here, rest her  
soul. I bought the property when it  
was distressed.

RAYLAN

Distressed. As opposed to now?

TOMA

The clientele is very satisfied.  
It is a pleasure to give back to  
the community. I hope someday, I am  
cared for with such delicacy.

BRYL

Yeah, it's peachy. Listen, sorry to  
hear about your nephew, tough luck.  
That leg, whew.

Toma shakes his head, contemplatively rolling a cigarette.

TOMA

*Ju mund të zgjidhni miqtë tuaj;  
familja juaj është e mbështetur mbi  
ju.*

Raylan waits, looks at Bryl. Bryl is clueless. Toma rolls his  
smoke.

RAYLAN

Am I supposed to Google that, or--?

TOMA

It means you choose your friends,  
but family is thrust upon you.

Raylan and Bryl look at one another, ah. Toma rolls.

TOMA (CONT'D)

My nephew Skender, he is *budalla*  
*femije*: an idiot man-child with an  
unfortunate predilection for bad  
decisions.

\*

\*

He shrugs, nothing for it.

RAYLAN

Well, here's an opportunity for him to make better decisions, help us out catching the man did this to him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BRYL

Unless he's too caught up in some bullshit old world code to know what's good for him.

\*

Toma sighs, lights his Drum.

TOMA

I know you have come here to get me to compel Skender to tell you who has done this, so police can arrest and serve justice as you see fit.

BRYL

He catches on fast.

TOMA

Of course that justice is really no justice at all; it is only satisfaction of a mandate for the appearance of order. But order and justice, they are not the same thing. If I wanted order restored? I could of course instruct Skender to cooperate. But, I am not interested in order. Justice, however. Justice is meted out in accordance with the action it remedies. And in this case, justice requires more than the law is willing or able to provide.

BRYL

Fuck, that was a mouthful. Here, lemme have you say that again into my phone, it'll play great at your arraignment.

RAYLAN

Mister Kastiot. While I understand where you are coming from, and respect the personal responsibility you feel for your nephew, imbecile or no -- the fact is, I'm here to arrest the shitheap who did this to him, and without this turning into some dogpile where everybody runs off shooting at the wrong people.

\*  
\*  
\*

TOMA

I am not concerned with 'wrong people.' Who did this to Skender, did also unto me. It is the same thing. I will look this **qifsha shkertate** right in his eyes --

\*

BRYL

Listen to this, he's already off gazing into the eyes of the wrong Russian dipshit, when what he's looking for is a Clement Mansell.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Raylan and Toma both shoot sharp looks at Bryl for entirely different reasons.

BRYL (CONT'D)

Toma, what your boy don't want to tell you is, he got legged by some fatback Oklahoma dickwad.

(off their looks --)

I mean what are we even doing here? If not that. Why start a war?

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

RAYLAN

Detective Bryl, might I have a moment with Mister Kastiot alone?

\*

BRYL

Sure.

(to Toma)

That's 'Mansell.' Two ls, one n.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

And he's gone. Toma with a half-smile --

\*

\*

TOMA

He was not supposed to tell me this. The name is unfamiliar. But, such things have a way of changing.

\*

\*

Raylan sighs.

RAYLAN

I can't stop you from doing what you're gonna do. Even sympathize, in a way. But you also need to understand your place in line. Which is to say, me first. I happen across you or any of your men along the way? I won't lose a minute of sleep over putting any one of you down.

\*

\*

\*

\*

TOMA

I appreciate your candor. I think you know about honor because it doesn't seem to bother you to talk about it. It is not some old thing in books to you.

RAYLAN

Just so you understand.

TOMA

Your understanding of honor only goes as far as it does not conflict with the badge in your wallet. For me? There is no question of misdemeanor or felony, warrant or writ -- there is only justice served, or justice unmet.

(then, a dismissal --)

Thank you, Marshal Givens. Perhaps our paths will cross again.

As Raylan makes his exit, Toma is already writing on a piece of paper -- "M - A - N - S..."

Raylan catches up with Bryl out front.

BRYL

You gonna yell at me?



RAYLAN

Never been much of a yeller.

BRYL

Because what's not to like?  
Albanians either lead us to  
Mansell, or they turn him into lots  
of tiny pieces. Done and done.

RAYLAN

That is an optimistic point of  
view. Another would be, hey, we  
just put a hit on our suspect.

BRYL

(bristling himself --)  
Well excuse me. Seems I was  
misinformed as to your willingness  
to do what it takes to get things  
done.

RAYLAN

I got no problem getting things  
done. I do have a problem with  
Clement Mansell dead, when what we  
want is the man forced to answer  
for his crimes, long period of  
reflection in a tiny cell...

BRYL

That's another way to go. Suppose  
you got an idea how to take Mansell  
down clean?

RAYLAN

Maybe.

Off Raylan, as that idea forms --

Average Tuesday afternoon. Whatever old people don't day-  
dwell at Toma's mob front assisted living facility seem to  
have gathered here one and all, parked in front of garish  
clanging slot machines.

Tracking with Besnik and Agron as they thread their way  
through, scanning the crowd. Until their eyes fall upon --

RICK NEWLEY, Sandy's floor manager. He seems to be giving one  
of the WAITRESSES a stern talking to.

BESNIK

(to Agron)

Let me be the talking one.

(to Rick)

Excuse me, please.

Rick and the Waitress take in the newcomers. Rick immediately plasters a work smile on his face.

RICK

Gentlemen!

(to the Waitress)

I'm watching you. Go.

(to the men)

How can I be of service?

Agron wordlessly produces a picture of SANDY, holds it up.

BESNIK

This girl, she is in my sister's wedding party. She is late for rehearsal, understand? Rehearsal starts in a few minutes. And still she is not here. We need to find her as she is not picking up phone. Can you please give us her address, please?

Rick winces.

RICK

Man, that is a pickle. And I wish I could help you with that, but you got to understand, see -- the old 'eye in the sky' wouldn't think too highly of me if I was to sprinkle out employee details like that.

(off their stone faces --)

Always watching, you know.

BESNIK

I see. Would say, hundred dollar bill make it easier?

RICK

Gosh, tempting as that offer is, I am not permitted to accept gratuities for any reason on the casino floor.

Besnik and Agron simmer. Rick sees this --

RICK (CONT'D)

BUT. Tell you fellas what, let me get you comfortable in our VIP Lounge. First Old-Fashioned is on me. Or, vodka, maybe. Whatever you like. And while you're relaxing, I will see what I can do to help you out. How's that sound?

Agron looks like he's ready to murder Rick right here--

BESNIK

That will not be necessary. I am sure we can find Sandy's address another way.

Agron eyefucks Rick mercilessly as he's pulled into the crowd by Besnik. After they're gone, Rick drops his customer service cheese --

RICK

Yeah, fuck you too, fucking no neck Albanian cocktwizzler.

The sliding doors waft open to emit Rick, now off his shift and free for the night, whistling something super-clearable on the way to his waiting Kia Soul.

As he reaches the driver's door, he can't help but appreciate his reflection in the window, Han Solo grin under a receding hairline -- surprised as

ANOTHER FIGURE appears in the reflection, behind him --

RICK

What the f --?

Cut off as a BLACK HOOD is jammed down over his head.

SMASH TO:

Rick Newley is thrown in back as we go BLIND, entering his POV under the hood, HUFFING AND PUFFING with muffled exertion as the SUV GUNS to life, PEELS OUT, tossing Rick around wildly in his back seat like a blind untethered little kid.

He SCREAMS as Agron TEARS THE ENGINE APART thrashing the low gears in an apparently endless HARD RIGHT TURN. Rick SMASHED against the side glass, still shouting in terror, something along the lines of --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK  
Fuuuuucccckkkkk --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

10 INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - SIXTY EIGHT SECONDS LATER 10

Rick Newley, still hooded, still screaming, still pressed by g-forces against the left window, cannot see shit.

Besnik's voice is calm and matter-of-fact, belying the centrifugal force at play here --

BESNIK

You had chance to be polite. This could all have been different!

RICK

Jesus, please stop --

BESNIK

But now, Agron feels disrespected. He is sensitive, like a woman. And also we are short on time. So. Now? We try a new approach.

RICK

I'll tell you literally anything just please please stop this fucking car --

SCREECH!!! Agron does just that, smashing Rick's face into the front headrest, leaving his faceprint there. Where are we --?

11 EXT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 11

Rick's YANKED out of the Escalade, still in his blind bouncing POV as he's clumsily frogwalked somewhere, before --

The hood is YANKED OFF HIS HEAD, revealing --

12 EXT. D-TOWN CASINO - PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS 12

**WE'VE ENDED WHERE WE BEGAN AFTER DRIVING AROUND IN CIRCLES --** the OPEN TOP FLOOR of the 10-story D-town Casino parking garage, where --

RICK is now being dangled at a near-45-degree angle by the back of his shirt in Agron's fist over oblivion far below.

(CONTINUED)

BESNIK

Yes, is long fall. There are two ways for you to get back on the ground from here. One, Agron lets go, and they peel you off the pavement with a -- how you say in English, '**shakull**'? Ah, blowtorch-- a blowtorch and a spatula, huh?

He and Agron laugh, like they'd rehearsed that one and it went well. For his part, Rick remains terrified --

RICK

What's the other way?

BESNIK

Other way is, address of Sandy Stanton --?

RICK

I don't have her address! They keep that in HR, I don't have that kind of --

BESNIK

(patient)

So, you go back down there and get the address from the HR.

Even in his distressed situation, you can see Rick having to think that one over.

RICK

Are you sure there isn't --?

But Agron lets out his grip, dangling him further over the drop -- Rick SCREAMS again--

BESNIK

So, then. What will it be? Address, or **shakull**?

CUT TO:

The sudden QUIET of an interior office, jangle and clank of the CASINO rattling softly outside the door.

Rick, sweaty, diaphoretic and generally worse for the wear, sits with a sickly grin on his face across from --

(CONTINUED)

THELMA CLAIRE, 50s Af Am transgender, Buddhalike patience, gentle but solid queen of Human Resources. Everything in her office screams professional courtesy. Rick has just said something that has Thelma shaking her head sadly.

THELMA

Rick.

RICK

It's just so I can mail her something. That's all.

THELMA

So you can mail her something.

RICK

I'm her floor manager. I should know these things, right?

(then --)

She told me it, once. I just must've --

Thelma tsks him gently. Makes sure he sees her digging through paperwork on her desk, finding:

THELMA

Rick Newley. Three complaints from two separate female wait staff in seven months --

Rick starts to protest, is shut down:

THELMA (CONT'D)

Please don't interrupt when I'm speaking. And please don't try and tell me different -- I've seen the way you look at Sandy Stanton, and believe you me, she has too.

RICK

Thelma. This is different. This is... important.

Thelma's undeterred, her voice soft, controlled, soothing --

THELMA

There's no shame in admitting you have a problem. It's the first step towards finding a way out of the prison that is inappropriate behavior. I can help you.

Rick is squirming in his seat, neck of his shirt suddenly too tight. Bristling and seething --

RICK

Goddammit, Thelma! I need that address.

Whoa. That lands --

THELMA

Rick, if you think the best means to your end is to take a tone with me...

RICK

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. That was -- wow. It's just --

He takes a breath, settles --

RICK (CONT'D)

Thelma. The real reason I need the address is, two federal agents contacted me. From the SEC. Sandy's been skimming from the till, and they're investigating the WHOLE CASINO over it.

THELMA

The SEC.

RICK

Yes, dammit, Thelma, the SEC. Look--

He leans back in his chair, pulls open the door -- points to the two "agents" shadowing him in the hallway.

She leans around to see AGRON AND BESNIK, lolling in wait for Rick. One of them glances up at her, disinterested.

She leans back, still skeptical.

THELMA

Federal agents?

RICK

They're after me over it! They're... leveraging me, saying if they can't get a warrant to press Sandy, they'll raid the casino with maximum exposure.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RICK (CONT'D)

Jesus, Thelma, after the year we had, casino just getting back on its feet -- this could shut us down!

It's landing on Thelma. That would be bad. Rick presses the advantage --

RICK (CONT'D)

And then, where are we? Looking for jobs, in this market? All over Sandy goddamn Stanton, who I know has had two disciplinary reviews over her "attitude"?

Thelma purses her lips, that's not untrue --

RICK (CONT'D)

Please, Thelma. I swear to you I will not go there. You can ask Sandy when you see her next, just... please. Please, please get these guys off our backs.

She considers. Then --

THELMA

You'll come to my sexual harassment seminar.

RICK

Naturally.

THELMA

All four sessions.

Rick grits his teeth.

THELMA (CONT'D)

And Rick? If I hear from this young lady that you have approached her in ANY way that feels off the mark? We will be having another conversation, and that one will be deeply uncomfortable.

RICK

Absolutely, Thelma. Swear to God, cross my heart.

Against her better judgment, Thelma gets a sticky note, starts writing, never taking her eyes off of Rick Newley.

14 INT. WILDER & WILDER OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON 14

Find CAROLYN in mid-consult with our old friend TYRONE (101) in the GLASSED-IN CONFERENCE ROOM which looks directly out into the LOBBY. It's heated. It's heated. She's trying to cool him off, he's trying to show her his leg.

TYRONE

I want you to look at this. You see how they doing me?

CAROLYN

It's an ankle monitoring bracelet, Tyrone --

TYRONE

See how tight they got that shit? Itches, too. Look at my foot. Turning all blue and shit, look --

He shoves his naked foot her way for appraisal. She's not taking that bait, thanks --

CAROLYN

It's not supposed to be comfortable, it's supposed to keep you out of DDC. Are you in DDC right now?

TYRONE

The fuck you giving me a hard time for? It's like I got no friends.

CAROLYN

Tyrone --

Carolyn distracted as behind Tyrone in the RECEPTION AREA she sees RAYLAN enter. Tyrone follows her eyes, sees this too --

TYRONE

This cocky muhfucker.

CAROLYN

Don't move, don't say shit.

On Tyrone as she gets up, leaving him there, heading into --

THE RECEPTION AREA

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Marshal.

(CONTINUED)

Raylan eyes Tyrone through the glass as he serves up a middle finger for Raylan's benefit --

RAYLAN

Repeat customer, I see. You must have a five-star Yelp profile.

TYRONE

(yelling --)  
Yo, we on the clock here?

RAYLAN

He makes a point.

CAROLYN

Talk in my office?

He nods, she motions to Tyrone, ONE SEC. He rolls his eyes, Jesus dying on the cross as she leads him into --

INT. WILDER & WILDER OFFICES - CAROLYN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Closes the door. Just the two of them. A beat.

CAROLYN

I'm gonna go ahead and assume you're here because of Clement Mansell.

RAYLAN

Seems your client may have crossed the line with the Albanian mob...

CAROLYN

I see. So, you want to question him on a new complaint? Is that it?

RAYLAN

Well, thing is, this Albanian kid whose leg he busted up? He's not talking. And that means as we speak, hordes of hostile Eastern Europeans are spreading across Detroit looking to ixnay your client. And likely Sandy Stanton and anyone else standing too close to him when it happens.

CAROLYN

You trying to scare me, Marshal?

RAYLAN

I don't have to scare you.  
Albanians should already do that.

CAROLYN

Well they don't.

Beat. Then --

RAYLAN

What'd he say to you the other day?  
(then)

Right here in this room. I'm gonna  
guess you don't rattle easy, and  
when Mansell was talking to you?  
You looked rattled.

CAROLYN

Pissed off, is what I was.

RAYLAN

What did he say to you?

(then --)

If he scared you, and I mean that  
as a compliment, then he said  
something bad.

CAROLYN

You're out of line. Conversation  
with my client is privileged --

RAYLAN

Yeah, but it wasn't like that. He  
wasn't confiding something. The  
look on your face -- you could've  
filed a complaint for assault.

CAROLYN

Whatever it is you're driving at,  
could you get to it, please?

RAYLAN

I think you're in over your head,  
Carolyn.

Carolyn takes that in, adjusts accordingly --

CAROLYN

Marshal. This is my job. I defend  
killers. That's what I do, that's  
how I make my money --

RAYLAN

I understand, but --

CAROLYN

(rolling right over him)  
 -- so whatever it is you got in  
 your head, the man has a  
 constitutional right to  
 representation. And I will provide  
 that representation for him so long  
 as he pays me to do so. Now, is  
 there anything else you want?

RAYLAN

All I want is for Mansell to not  
 kill you. And I'm afraid he might.

That lands on Carolyn, stays there a beat. Then --

CAROLYN

Tell you what: you do your job, and  
 I'll do mine. And then we'll see.

So much more he wants to say. But in the end, he just nods --

RAYLAN

Okay, then. We'll see.

Besnik and Agron drop Rick off back by the slots, still pale  
 from his adventure. Besnik pats him on the shoulder almost  
 lovingly: Good Boy. Then he turns to go. Rick summons some  
 schnauzer energy by way of parting --

RICK

You find her, you tell Sandy to  
 clear the shit out of her lockers  
 and return her name tag, and her  
 tiny little skirt!

Rick Newley exhales, alive by some miracle. Ruffled but safe.  
 A survivor. Life is good.

A hand taps him on the shoulder. He turns. Face to face with:  
 WENDELL ROBINSON.

WENDELL

Rick Newley?

16

CONTINUED:

16

RICK  
(you gotta be fucking  
kidding me --)  
Who wants to know?

Wendell tins him. Whatever is left alive inside Rick dies.

WENDELL  
Let's talk.

SMASH TO:

17

INT. D-TOWN CASINO - A MINUTE LATER

17

Wendell in motion, propelled by holy-shit energy. Dialing his cell phone, to relay:

WENDELL  
Albanians already on the move.

INTERCUT:

18

EXT./INT. RAYLAN'S CROWN VIC - AFTERNOON

18

INSIDE, Bryl is just polishing off a pastrami sandwich as Wendell gives him the down low.

BRYL  
Got it, we're rolling.

Bryl hangs up. Raylan climbs back in the car.

BRYL (CONT'D)  
How'd it go?

RAYLAN  
I'd be lying if I told you she was particularly helpful.

BRYL  
Don't say I didn't warn ya. Good news? Ball's in play, we're on the move. Hold on to your hat.

As Bryl peels off --

19

INT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

19

SWEETY in the ruins, the carnage of his bar in the wake of the cops tossing it. Bleak on the phone --

(CONTINUED)

SWEETY

(on phone)

...so you saying even though the premium up to date, I can't claim because -- why now? Because po-lice did the damage? God, damn...

(breaks off, as --)

Mansell breezes in with Sandy on his arm. Hard to imagine his mood darkening further, but then...

SWEETY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I'll call you back.

He touches off, wordlessly eyeballs Mansell as he surveys the damage, marking Sweety's dismay --

MANSELL

God - damn it smells like bacon in here. Whoo, they did a number!

SWEETY

Damn right they did a number. On account a you.

MANSELL

Me? What'd I do?

SWEETY

Come here looking for that gun killed the Judge and that girl.

(pointed --)

Know anything about that?

Mansell looks at Sandy as Sandy looks at him. Covering --

MANSELL

Well if there was a gun did something like that, and if I knew anything about it, whatever happened -- they didn't find that gun, because baby girl here sunk it to the bottom of the Detroit River.

(on Sandy)

Am I right, darlin?

All eyes on Sandy, acutely aware of the attention, flushing under it even as Sweety starts getting the picture --

SANDY

Look it ain't as easy as you make it sound, dump it in the river.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDY (CONT'D)

There's people like, everywhere,  
and what if one of them saw me, hey  
what are you throwing in the river?

MANSELL

You was high.

SANDY

I wasn't being paranoid, Clement. I  
just -- got a bad feeling, so I  
wound up bringing it back and  
hiding it... here.

Mansell doesn't lose it. Smiles, shrugs. Turns to Sweety.

MANSELL

Shit, man.

Sweety is just shaking his head.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

I'm serious, I had no idea, swear  
to God.

SWEETY

Or you told 'baby girl' here to  
plant that piece in my spot, set me  
up to ride your rap?

Mansell looks genuinely wounded.

MANSELL

Why would I do that? Sweety, how  
long we go back? Come on.

Sweety looks at Sandy.

SANDY

Honestly Sweety, I only come put it  
back here because it's where he got  
it from.

Finally, Sweety shakes his head, accepting --

SWEETY

Knew that gun looked familiar.

MANSELL

Walther P-38 9 millimeter, genuine  
World War Two replica. Good gun --  
and here you are saying it **looked**  
**familiar**. Guess we know why the  
cops couldn't find it, huh.

(CONTINUED)



Sweety nods, Mansell figured it out. Sandy hasn't.

SANDY

Wait, what?

SWEETY

Yeah, I found it, and I moved it,  
and fuck you for the results.

MANSELL

Ah, little spit and polish, we all  
good, right?

SWEETY

Coulda hemmed me up for life, drag  
me into that interrogation room,  
sweat me -- damn, man, what the  
hell did you do? Blow into town,  
five minutes later all my shit is  
upended.

MANSELL

Sweety, I'm sorry. I am. That's  
fucked up, what they did. I'd love  
to make it up to you --

SWEETY

Good. You can start by paying to  
fix all my shit here.

MANSELL

Can do, mi amigo. Start with this --

He grabs Sandy's hand, holds it up for Sweety to inspect --

SANDY

Hey! --

Sweety leans in to behold -- the SKENDER ENGAGEMENT RING,  
glistening in the bar light --

MANSELL

It's a genuine antique, from  
Albania. Gotta be worth a few grand  
at any reasonable pawn shop.

SANDY

Wow, I love how it's suddenly yours  
to hock. Like you did something  
towards getting it.

SWEETY

So what you got for me is some hot,  
old-ass Albanian rock?

(CONTINUED)

Mansell, smiling now, sets the RING on the bar. Pulls out the JUDGE'S BOOK, flips the pages with one hand. Sweety's intrigued --

MANSELL

How much you know about Judge Alvin  
Guy?

SWEETY

Shit. Know he's not gonna fix my  
bar.

MANSELL

Oh, but I think he just might.  
(the book --)  
There's money in these pages,  
Sweetie. You wanna help me count it?

With Sweetie and Mansell occupied by the book, TAG SANDY as she deftly SWIPES THE RING from the bar, vanishing it on her person deft as a conjurer, off which --

Second-story walkup over a closed laundromat, deserted and abandoned buildings for neighbors, a sullen DOG watching their approach from under a nearby porch as Besnik and Agron clunk their way up the stairs and KNOCK.

The door opens just a crack, chain in place, to reveal the face of HINA XAYAVON (20s, Laotian), Sandy's roommate. Perpetually skeptical, she regards these two nimrods warily --

HINA

Can I help you?

BESNIK

Is Sandy home, please?

HINA

Whom should I say is calling?

BESNIK

Tell her old friends, from college.

HINA

Sandy didn't go to college.

Agron is already losing patience. Besnik smiles.

BESNIK

She worked my cousin's hot dog  
stand at varsity games.

Hina's was a morning birth, but it wasn't this morning.

HINA

You're gonna have to try her at  
work or something, because Sandy's  
not here.

As she goes to shut the door again, Agron moves so fast it's like a jump cut, SMASHING the door into Hina's face, breaking the chain and knocking her to the floor in one movement.

Agron moves in without wasting any time. As the DOG next door starts up a strident monotonous BARKING, Besnik glances around to see if anyone else is watching, then follows Agron inside, shutting the door on us as we --

CUT TO BLACK.

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

21 INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

21

To find Hina in a kitchen chair, arms ZIP TIED behind her back, trying to maintain as Besnik talks while Agron looms over her, never taking his eyes off her face. There are species of amphibian who blink more than this guy.

BESNIK

Here is what is going to happen. I am going to present you with your cell phone and you are going to call Sandy Stanton and get her to come home.

HINA

Fat chance of that.

BESNIK

Excuse, please?

HINA

I been after her for weeks, trying to collect her half of the rent.

If Hina's supposed to be terrified, she missed the memo.

HINA (CONT'D)

Actually, two things are going to happen. One, you're going to unzip my hands and let me up from this chair. And two, you're going to bounce the fuck out of my crib while I try to forget you were ever here.

Agron starts softly SWEARING at her in Albanian, like an angry Tesla coil powering up. Besnik stills him.

BESNIK

You are acting very brave. But in my experience bravery such as this is an ephemeral thing and one subject to conditions working against its being.

HINA

Yeah that's great now seriously,  
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

Agron turns his head towards Besnik, a silent question in the motion. Besnik sighs, nods at Agron, so be it.

Agron digs in a small backpack, coming up with -- PLIERS. First hint of a smile we've seen on his face, as Hina starts realizing that the mileage on her bravado may vary --

BESNIK

Do you know what this is?

HINA

(bravado melting)

Pliers?

BESNIK

Albanian tooth extractor.

HINA

What makes it Albanian?

AGRON

The fact I am holding it.

At the sound of Agron's voice, Hina's convinced.

HINA

Fine, give me the phone! I'll call her. Jesus, you fucking people.

Besnik produces a phone as Agron moves to cut her zipties.

HINA (CONT'D)

Whatever money she owes you, could you cut me a check for her share of the rent?

BESNIK

Make the call, please.

And as Hina dials...

CUT TO:

It's ringing. For the tenth time in the last five minutes. The phone is angrily vibrating on a high top table.

23

INT. TGI FRIDAYS - NIGHT

23

Sandy and Mansell at a booth. Mansell in the fabled catbird seat, not a care in the world.

A Chinese chicken salad is placed in front of Sandy by a WAITRESS in a red and white striped shirt.

WAITRESS

And for the gentleman, the steak.

It sizzles in front of Mansell, who takes a whiff. Sandy glances at the phone, frowning at HINA'S NAME.

MANSELL

Baby, either answer that thing or silence it and put it in your purse. But one way or another please shut it the fuck up because honestly it's ruining the atmosphere.

Sandy puts down her fork, takes a breath, picks up the phone.

SANDY

Hello?

24

INTERCUT: TGI FRIDAY'S/SANDY'S APARTMENT

24

Hina, deeply false cheer --

HINA

Sandy? It's Hina! Hiiiiii!

SANDY

What's wrong?

HINA

Well, it's just --  
(off Besnik's cold look)  
See, a water pipe broke, in the apartment? And all that water, it's... heading straight for the closet in your room --

While this is going on, Mansell saws into his "prime cut" of meat, starts chewing like the poster boy for "thirty two chews for digestion."

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Oh, my God. Shit, okay.  
 (to Mansell, holding the  
 cell to her chest --)  
 We need to leave.

Mansell ignores her, waves over the Waitress.

MANSELL

Hey, hon? This steak? Blows.

The Waitress stares at him.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Do you know what this cut is?

WAITRESS

The... Southern Comfort steak?

MANSELL

Ding ding ding! You're ready for  
 Double Jeopardy.

WAITRESS

Okay, but --

MANSELL

Now. I ordered this steak 'black  
 and blue.' You know what 'black and  
 blue' means?

WAITRESS

Means 'rare'?

MANSELL

No ma'am. It does not mean rare.  
 It means goddamn bloody red. So  
 here is what I want you to do. I  
 want you to throw this in the  
 trash. Then I want you to tell your  
 chef to take another steak, smack  
 it on the fire and sing two verses  
 of "Dead Leaves and the Dirty  
 Ground", flip that sucker and sing  
 the third verse, yank it off, plate  
 it, and bring it back to ol'  
 Clement. Then I am gonna cut into  
 that bigass hunk of 'black and  
 blue' meat, and if I don't hear it  
 moo in pain? We are gonna start all  
 over again.

He picks up the plate and hands it to her. The Waitress stares at the plate, then finally takes it and walks away.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Now. Where were we?

SANDY

We gotta go.

BACK IN SANDY'S APARTMENT, HINA, with Besnik and Agron, listening in as Agron spins his Albanian tooth extractor like the baton twirler in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

Mansell chomps ice from his Dr. Pepper and bourbon.

MANSELL

Why?

SANDY

My apartment's filling up with water because a pipe broke.

MANSELL

Are you the landlord?

SANDY

Well. No, but --

MANSELL

Then what the hell do you care?  
It's a white man's problem.

SANDY

Wait, what does that even --? I got six pairs of shoes in that closet, saved up for all of 'em. My Loubotins, my vintage Dior boots, my Jimmy Choos --?

(off his blank look --)

You can't replace vintage.

MANSELL

Don't you worry, Daddy's gonna buy you a whole closet full a new vintage shoes. But: we're not leaving here 'til I finish my steak.

And that's final. Sandy knows better than to push --



24

CONTINUED: (3)

24

SANDY  
(into phone, sullen --)  
Be there soon as I can.

BACK TO:

25

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - END INTERCUT

25

Hina hangs up. Looks up at Besnik, imploring --

HINA  
You happy? She's coming.

Besnik is already fixing her to the chair again with zipties.

BESNIK  
I am happy now. But in twenty minutes, if Sandy Stanton has not returned, Agron will exact the price of one of your molars.

Hina pales at the thought.

BESNIK (CONT'D)  
Fifteen minutes after that that, Agron will take TWO teeth. Ten minutes more, he takes three.

AGRON  
Is like, pyramid sets at gym.

BESNIK  
By an hour, he is taking eight, ten teeth each time. I hope for the sake of your pretty smile, Sandy Stanton comes home soon.

Off Hina, deeply hoping the very same thing...

A26

EXT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - DUSK

A26

\*

Carolyn reaches the door of Sweety's as the sun sets, taking us to NIGHT. Takes a beat, breathes, heads in --

\*

\*

26

INT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - KITCHEN/OFFICE - NIGHT

26

Find Sweety and Carolyn in the back of Sweety's.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

I got the County Prosecutor to talk  
to me.

SWEETY

I hope my name didn't come up.

CAROLYN

Matter of fact, it did.

(then --)

Way it would work is, you hand over the murder weapon, testify to what you know about the Wrecking Crew murder five years back as well as the Judge being killed, and you get immunity on the Wrecking Crew thing and for hiding the murder weapon.

SWEETY

So in other words, I snitch.

CAROLYN

Clement Mansell's held that Wrecking Crew shit over your head forever. This is how you avoid being his collateral damage.

SWEETY

I seen worse'n Clement Mansell. And I ain't never once asked the system to solve my problems for me. Don't want any part a playing their game.

CAROLYN

So you'd rather play Mansell's?

Sweety ruminates a minute.

SWEETY

Last time I saw him, I didn't understand the man. Now I do.

CAROLYN

You sure about that?

SWEETY

All I know is, I got opportunity to get what's coming to me and take Mansell down in the process, all of which sounds a damn sight better'n sitting in some witness box in open court. That ain't me, Carolyn.

CAROLYN

Wait, what do you mean. What opportunity?

SWEETY

Sure you wanna hear it?

CAROLYN

As your attorney and the closest thing you got to family outside a Trennell? Yeah, I do.

SWEETY

(then --)

Gun ain't the only thing in play from the night that Judge died.

CAROLYN

He didn't 'die,' the boy you're protecting killed him.

SWEETY

Either way. That ain't all.

Carolyn thinks on this a few beats. Finally --

CAROLYN

You talking about his little black book?

Sweety shrugs.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Bullshit. It's real?

SWEETY

It's real. It's real real, goddamn key to the city. Enough dirt in there to make some real moves. Kind of moves could put you in the Judge's seat just opened up.  
(off her sharp look --)  
If that's what you wanted...

Carolyn stops, taking this in. Shakes her head --

CAROLYN

Wading into waters this murky is how you get bit. You really looking to throw in with Mansell again, knowing all you know?

SWEETY

I'm tired of waiting around for the right thing to happen. Just how it is, gotta take that bull by the horns.

Off Carolyn --

27 INT./EXT. RAYLAN'S RENTAL CAR - SHORT TIME LATER - NIGHT 27

Raylan and Bryl land in front of Sandy's place, the dog still BARKING up at Hina and Sandy's front stoop. Desiccated neighborhood, far cry from Del Weems's place.

BRYL  
Nice neighborhood. Girl's a striver, it would appear.

RAYLAN  
Recognize the car out front?

Bryl spies the ALBANIANS' WHIP parked lazily nearby.

BRYL  
Hope they don't fuck like they park, they'd never get it in.

Raylan's seen enough; checks his weapon, starts to get out. Bryl puts a restraining arm out --

BRYL (CONT'D)  
Whoa, cowboy, what're you doing?

RAYLAN  
Stretching my legs and going for a walk, what does it look like?

BRYL  
No no no, that's the beauty of this. Alls we gotta do is wait 'til Mansell shows up and the guns start blazing. Stroll in and save the day, Shazam! It's perfect.

RAYLAN  
Yeah, I'm going in.

He gets out.

BRYL  
Fuck me.

He gets out on Raylan's heels, falls in.

RAYLAN  
You want the front or the back?

BRYL  
Well long as we're gonna fuck everything up anyway, might as well be front.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

As they split up, Bryl breaking off at the stairs, Raylan continuing around to the back --

Bryl schlubs his way up the stairs. Slowly. His gun isn't even drawn. He's noisily taking out some chewing gum.

INTERCUT:

28

EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - SAME TIME

28

Raylan takes the decrepit back stairs from the alley behind Sandy's building.

Past a window that looks into an empty room up on the second floor... then lifts himself up to the third floor. Looks in the window. Sees --

THE TWO ALBANIANS with their backs to us in a funky kitchen. One of them bends over someone in a chair, something SHINY in his hand --

RAYLAN angles to get a better look, when --

HINA SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER. That's enough for Raylan -- he kicks in the window, clambers inside --

29

ON BRYL - FRONT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

29

Hearing the scream, Bryl pulls his piece, shoulders the door--

30

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

30

Raylan breaches, gun out on Besnik and Agron --

RAYLAN

U.S. Marshal, hands up!

Bryl crashes through the front. Not to be outdone --

BRYL

Don't move!

The tableaux under their guns consists of:

AGRON, pliers in hand, having literally JUST PULLED ONE OF HINA'S TEETH, still bloody in the jaws of the pliers --

BESNIK, gun out and pointed at Hina's head --

(CONTINUED)

HINA, swearing blue murder through a mouthful of gore, furious and in pain --

RAYLAN

Put the gun down. Nice and slow.

BESNIK obeys, calmly and slowly placing his piece on the ground in front of him, never taking his eyes off of Raylan -- Raylan pegging him as the main threat, locking those same eyes even as Bryl covers Agron.

A tense, still BEAT as everybody sizes everybody else up.

Only Hina makes SOUNDS, furied slurring and spitting.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Okay, good. Now. Let's all be real easy for a minute --

WHAM! Hina has other plans -- she STANDS UP, still zip tied to the chair, and SWINGS IT AROUND HER BACK to send it CRASHING into Agron --

HINA

SHITHEAD!!

AGRON, stricken, takes advantage of the momentary chaos to hurl the PLIERS and TOOTH at Bryl, hitting him in the face, breaking his gunline on Agron.

Agron PLOWS into Bryl, knocking him into the cabinets as he BOLTS out the door past him.

BRYL

God -- DAMMIT --!

Bryl immediately gives chase, both of them disappearing from the kitchen, clomping outside and down the stairs as --

RAYLAN

never moves, never blinks. Just keeps his gun on Besnik, who offers a wan smile that Raylan doesn't return.

Besnik opens his mouth to speak. As he does, from outside -- GUNSHOTS. Eleven of them, BANGBANGBANGBANGBANG, they seem to go on forever... followed by a shout from Bryl --

BRYL (CONT'D)

CLEAR! Shots fired, shots fired!

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

At this, Besnik's smile turns cold, vanishes. Sense of triumph gone, replaced by a crushing reality -- now he looks like he might make a move --

RAYLAN

Don't.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

31

We SEE what has transpired.

AGRON face down in the middle of the street, blood pooling, gun still clenched in Agron's hand.

BRYL, weapon still drawn, hanging at his side now.

RAYLAN leads Besnik out in cuffs. Besnik's eyes come to land on AGRON, sprawled dead. Bryl looks up at Raylan --

BRYL

Holy shit.

At the sight of his brother Agron's body, Besnik starts to SLUMP, a guttural CRY starting as a growl in his throat and steeping like a kettle to boil into something like a SCREAM --

It's a crazy, chaotic tableaux of violence and grief. The next door dog's frenzied BARKING a kind of rough judgment.

And as Raylan glances up from corralling Besnik, spy a RANGE ROVER cruising past slowly --

32

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - SAME TIME

32

SEE MANSELL AND SANDY, easing by in SLOW MOTION, Sandy gawking at the mayhem in shock.

And Mansell, one hand on the wheel, shiteating grin on his face as he looks over his shoulder at Raylan and the dead Albanian and the brokenhearted one and the damaged roommate and Bryl the cop, taking it all in like the best movie he's ever seen.

As he clears the scene, raising one hand to point a finger like a gun at Raylan -- grinning still as he lets his thumb fall on the finger like the hammer of a gun trained on Raylan -- BANG.

RESUME SPEED --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

On RAYLAN, watching Mansell's taillights recede and vanish into the night.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

33 INT. WILDER & WILDER OFFICES - CAROLYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 33

Carolyn looking preoccupied as she closes her office door for the evening, lingering over the conversation with Sweetie.

Crossing with her assistant, HECTOR, laughing at a text on his phone. She smiles at the lightness, maybe wondering how long it's been since she felt anything similar --

CAROLYN  
'Night, Hector.

HECTOR  
You get any dinner?

CAROLYN  
I'll stop on my way home.

She waves, heads out as he returns to his phone.

34 EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT/INT. CAR - NIGHT 34

Pinned in street-lit solitude as she tosses her bag in back, gets in, starts up. About to pull away, when across the street she spots --

A PARKED CAR, sheltering two ALBANIANS we might vaguely recognize (the DRIVER is LUKA from the hospital).

Maybe she's just being paranoid. Carolyn starts the car and pulls away, watching to see if they're going to follow --

Which of course, they do.

35 INT. CAROLYN'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER 35

Carolyn watches the follow car in her rear-view She makes a left. They make a left. She makes a right. They make a right.

She lifts her cell, starts to dial --

36 EXT. SIDE STREET - LATER 36

Carolyn pulls into an open spot at the curb. The Albanians pull in some distance behind her. They park. Wait.

37

INT./EXT. ALBANIAN'S CAR - SAME TIME

37

Two Albanians, watching her, waiting to see what happens next, when RAP RAP on their WINDOW -- both men TURN and SEE --

RAYLAN, badge up against the driver's side glass, making the universal sign for rolling down the window. Once it's done --

RAYLAN

Boys, nice to see you again. You  
might want to head back to the  
Venus and check in with the boss, I  
think you'll find there's been some  
shakeup in personnel.

\*  
\*  
\*

The men in the car look at one another. Back at Raylan.  
Raylan waits. Then --

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

So we're clear, whatever you've  
been told -- this particular  
lawyer? Is off limits. Run along  
and tell Toma that Raylan Givens  
said so. He'll understand.

\*  
\*  
\*

More staring.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

That's it, conversation's over. I  
say "have a good night" and you two  
drive away.

\*

After a tense beat, eyes locked with Raylan -- the Driver  
finally puts the car into gear and DRIVES OFF.

Raylan wanders over to Carolyn's car. She's waiting with the  
window rolled down.

CAROLYN

Might be the first time in my life  
I've been happy to see a cop.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Just come from Sandy Stanton's place. Caught two of 'em there, pulling her roommate's teeth out.

CAROLYN

Jesus --

RAYLAN

Bryl killed one of 'em, other one's downtown. All happened just a couple hours ago, and already here they are waiting at your office to follow you home.

CAROLYN

I appreciate you sending them on their way.

RAYLAN

They'll be back. Sooner or later, they'll find your house.

CAROLYN

I reckon I can hold down the fort there on my own.

RAYLAN

Not gonna have to. We're gonna watch the house, keep an eye out.

\*

CAROLYN

I never asked for that.

RAYLAN

It's not your decision to make, and it's not my favor to grant. Carolyn, you are a value to this investigation.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLYN

What if I don't want somebody outside my house?

\*

RAYLAN

Tell it to the judge, I guess?

\*

CAROLYN

You're not hearing me, Marshal --

RAYLAN

Hey, I'm just doing my job.

\*

She nods, okay. Starts her car, puts it in gear --

\*

CAROLYN

Well then you do what you gotta do,  
Marshal.

RAYLAN

Good night, Carolyn.

She pulls away, eyes on him. Off Raylan, watching her go --

37

CONTINUED: (3)

37

CUT TO:

38

INT. DEL WEEMS'S CONDO - NIGHT

38

Sandy and Mansell are fucking on the couch, Sandy riding, Mansell holding on for dear life, closest thing to scared we ever see from this guy -- when the HOUSE PHONE RINGS.

MANSELL

Be a doll and grab that, would you sugar? This a business call --

SANDY

Babe, I'm real close --

Mansell can't take the ringing, pushes her up off of him --

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey!

-- hauls his narrow ass over to grab the phone. Answers --

MANSELL

Hey-yo.

(listens --)

Well send him on up, partner.

(hanging up --)

Sweetie's here.

He looks at her, disheveled avatar of coitus interruptus, holding her hands up like, what the fuck?

MANSELL (CONT'D)

You left a gun in the man's bar,  
can't have him waiting downstairs.  
You can finish off in back. Go on,  
now, I gotta get decent.

She shakes her head, gathers herself and moves to the bedroom, grumbling under her breath --

SANDY

Fine, have your little sausage party out here then.

MANSELL

Atta girl. Save some for Clement!

After she goes, Mansell dons one of Del Weems's ludicrous KIMONOS, cinches it around his waist in time to answer --

(CONTINUED)

THE DOOR

Sweety beholding Mansell in the kimono, the merest shake of his head expressing the depths of his disdain.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

There he is. Get in here.

He heads in, leaving Sweety to enter slow and skeptical, taking in the look of the place --

SWEETY

(the kimono --)

This your new drip?

MANSELL

Yeah, wasn't too sure 'til I put it on, turns out it's damn comfy. Might have to keep it...

SWEETY

Sandy here?

MANSELL

She'll be along directly. Lemme pour you one. We gotta celebrate.

Mansell pouring a couple whiskeys as Sweety moves to the windows --

SWEETY

Lofty perch, you got here.

MANSELL

Ol' Del's got questionable taste in clothing and decor, but he makes up for it in location and liquor.

(handing off the drink --)

You could be up in a crib like this, Sweety. Man of your talent and stature oughta be living out your dreams, 'stead of counting pennies.

SWEETY

Keep blowing smoke up my ass I'm gonna be burping that shit up.

MANSELL

No smoke, my friend. I need you to do this, simple as that. I know I messed up, you got done wrong. So let's do this thing the right way.

(CONTINUED)

SWEETY

Yeah? How so?

MANSELL

You know this town. Know the names in that judge's little book, how to get to 'em, how to let 'em know we mean business. You're the full package, Sweetie.

SWEETY

So I been told.

MANSELL

So get on board! We split it straight down the middle, fifty-fifty. Partners, making dreams come true.

Sweetie takes his drink over to the window again, looking out over all those city lights.

SWEETY

That is a fine view.

MANSELL

Sandy and me, we're talking, get this job did, we take a extended vacation, maybe Aruba? You and Trennell, y'all should come along!

SWEETY

Aruba, huh.

MANSELL

I mean, wherever, my dude... Aruba, Jamaica...

(singing now)

**Ooooh I wanna take ya to Bermuda,  
Bahama, come on pretty Mama...**

Setting his drink down now, grabbing Sweetie's hand, spilling Sweetie's drink --

SWEETY

The fuck, Clement --?

Sandy's lighting up, hears Mansell singing off-camera, throws on a robe, walks to the living room and SEES:



40 MANSSELL AND SWEETY 40

DANCING around Del Weems's CONDO --

MANSSELL

***Key Largo, Montego, baby why don't  
we go down to Kokomoooo...***

Mansell now singing it loud and proud, Sweetie allowing himself to be caught up in it, as --

Sandy beholds the two men dancing, Mansell in that kimono, words fail --

SANDY

Jesus F. Christ--

Sandy shakes her head, retreats back to the bedroom as Mansell tears into that chorus --

MANSSELL

***...we'll get there faster and we'll  
take it slow, that's where we wanna  
go... way down in Kokomo...***

Off the two of them, dancing, as the ACTUAL SONG NOW RISES UP AND OVERTAKES MANSSELL'S RENDITION, all steel drums and sweet harmonies as we go to --

41 INT. RAYLAN'S CAR - NIGHT 41

SONG STILL PLAYING, BRIAN WILSON SINGING now about gravity and chemistry and afternoon delight as we find --

With Willa gone, RAYLAN settled for the long watch alone outside Carolyn's. Thumbing through his phone -- happening across a photo of WILLA, years ago, gap-tooth smile and all promise. He lingers here. SONG taking us to --

42 INT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 42

SONG STILL PLAYING, AS WE FIND --

CAROLYN, getting ready for bed. Dabbing her washed face with a towel, she goes to the window, looks out, sees --

THE PARKED CAR sitting across/down the street.

CAROLYN watches it from the window, mulling its presence as --

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

ANOTHER CAR drives by, and the LIGHTS catch just enough of the figure inside -- that the brim of a hat. She sighs, shakes her head, steps out of frame, as we --

Start to FADE DOWN THE SONG --

43

EXT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

43

Carolyn, in sweats, walks towards the car, BOTTLE OF BOURBON and GLASSES in hand. Raylan sees her coming, rolls down the window.

CAROLYN

Whole Detroit police keeping an eye out, and look here.

\*  
\*

RAYLAN

Appears I drew the short straw.

Carolyn scoffs just short of a laugh --

CAROLYN

So that's how it is?

RAYLAN

I can phone in for a replacement, if you'd prefer --

She's already around the shotgun side, getting in. She pours them each a drink, handing a glass off to Raylan. Cheers, glasses TINK. Silent beat as they sip.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

(the bourbon --)  
Not bad.

CAROLYN

Client give it to me as a gift. Figured it'd be about up your alley.

RAYLAN

You figured right.

She sips again, grimaces -- harsh toke.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Goes down easier if you put a tiny sparkler in it and light in on fire.

Carolyn smiles, remembering --

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN

Where is your daughter, anyway?  
Leave her in the room so you can  
skulk around the hood?

RAYLAN

She's back in Miami with her  
mother.

CAROLYN

Huh. So you got this whole night  
free and unencumbered, and you're  
gonna spend it parked out here by  
yourself?

RAYLAN

Well, you're here now. Not by  
myself anymore.

CAROLYN

Just so we're clear -- this changes  
nothing about where we stand vis-a-  
vis my client.

RAYLAN

Just so we're clear, I am not here  
to talk about Clement Mansell.

Beat. Carolyn looking him up and down now, the whiskey  
warming her up.

CAROLYN

So, you're gonna just sit out here  
all night?

RAYLAN

Hadn't thought that far ahead, was  
kinda just playing this as it went.

CAROLYN

Shooting from the hip?

RAYLAN

Yeah. Something like that.

And as she pours Raylan another drink --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE