

Director: Kevin Rodney Sullivan

JUSTIFIED CITY PRIMEVAL

"You Good?"
Episode #105

Written By
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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
Marcus “Sweety” Sweeton
Skender Lulgjaraj
Lou Whitman
Diane Odutola Rogers
Raymond Cruz
Jamal Wilder
Trennell
“Bulldozer Burt” Dickey
Hina
Chief Briggs
Bane
Mary Alice
Scruffy
Sleepy

Timothy Olyphant
Aunjanue Ellis
Boyd Holbrook
Adelaide Clemens
Victor Williams
Marin Ireland
Vondie Curtis-Hall
Alexander Pobutsky
Kenn E. Head
Regina Taylor
Paul Calderon
Amin Joseph
Joseph Anthony Byrd
David Cross

SET LIST

INTERIORS

Del Weems’s Condo

Carolyn’s House

- ~~Front Door~~
- Kitchen
- Bedroom

Courthouse

- Elevator
- Metal Detectors
- Parking Garage

Sweety’s Tavern

DPD

- Conference Room
- Hall

Raylan’s Car

Carolyn’s Car

Sweety’s Car

~~Wendell’s Car~~

Cadillac

Hotel

- Lounge

Diner

High-Rise Office Building

Hospital

- Skender’s Room
- Hall

Jamal’s House

- Bathroom
- Den

Suburban Mansion

- Study
- Bedroom

Sweet and Trennell’s Apartment

May Wah Inn Chinese Cuisine

EXTERIORS

Courthouse

- Parking Lot Entrance
- Parking Garage

~~Abandoned Lot~~

Alley*

Diner

Jamal’s House

Sweety’s Tavern

Suburban Mansion

~~Sandy’s Apartment~~

Wendell’s Car

Carolyn’s House

- Front Door

TEASER

1 ON RAYLAN

1

The light coming up, slapping him in the face. He opens his eyes, squints. Where is he? **Oh, yeah...**

CAROLYN'S BEDROOM

RAYLAN rolls over. The other side of the bed is empty--

CAROLYN enters in a Tougaloo University tee and leggings, kinda sweaty, already did six miles on her elliptical, head of steam. Places to go. People to see. Defendants to defend.

CAROLYN
(entering the bathroom)
Morning.

RAYLAN
Morning.

The bathroom door is open and Raylan sees the faucet going.

Was this a bad idea? Definitely relieved some tension.

Raylan hops out of bed to the window for a quick bad guy check.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Looks like I kept the Albanians out
of here.

CAROLYN (O.C.)
You took a bite out of crime.

Raylan sees Carolyn toweling her face.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
(with a smile, calmly)
This never happened.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

RAYLAN

So, don't tell everyone at school?

CAROLYN

I'm just trying to establish some ground rules.

RAYLAN

I get it.

CAROLYN

Nothing changes between us.

RAYLAN

Yep.

CAROLYN

My client is still my client.

RAYLAN

Understood.

Just beyond his view, she starts to take off her workout gear.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

That being said, how was it?

CAROLYN

Lemme put it this way. It was about what I expected it to be.

She steps into the shower.

ON RAYLAN

What have I gotten myself into? Well... whatever it is it's pretty damn interesting.

2

OMITTED

2

3

EXT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

3

As Raylan, now dressed, is leaving, JAMAL (101) is arriving. Raylan nods, Jamal nods; each alert to the other, quickly sizing each other up, but not necessarily feeling a threat.

Raylan has closed the front door behind him, so Jamal has to knock or ring the bell or call out to Carolyn.

Raylan is about halfway to his car, when...

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Won't hear you in the shower. If you want to tell me who you are, I'll let her know you came by.

JAMAL

And who are you?

RAYLAN

I'm just going to get us a few coffees.

Us? That's interesting. But Jamal plays it cool.

JAMAL

Which means you're coming back.

RAYLAN

Or I can stay. Should I stay? We can wait.

JAMAL

You want to wait? With me?

RAYLAN

Don't think I can just let you in.
We can wait together. Or, again,
you can tell me who you are, and
I'll tell her.

Raylan notices his GUCCI LOAFERS. Jamal takes a new tack.

JAMAL

She and I need to handle some
pecuniary matters you need know
nothing about. Just tell her I'll
find her later. She'll know who.

RAYLAN

But I won't.

JAMAL

Well, I'm a jack of all trades. An
advocate for the disadvantaged. A
style maven, clearly. A street
pastor. And occasionally a
nutritionist. You dig?

(starts off, stops)

Oh, and don't let the nice house
fool you. Neighborhood might be
hazardous to your Caucasity.

Raylan watches him walk down the drive to his SILVER LEXUS.

SANDY and MANSELL pull up in an 80's-era Cadillac. Mansell
puts it in park and kills the engine, the music blinking out.

MANSELL

I do love a tape deck but, damn, I
gotta boost a lotta shitbox old
cars.

They see SWEETY at a booth inside reading a menu.

SANDY

They make milkshakes, you think? I
feel like a milkshake.

MANSELL

Sweet tooth for a sweet lady.

Mansell starts out of the car, but Sandy isn't moving.

SANDY

Not funny, Clement.

MANSELL

Wasn't a joke.

SANDY

Tooth??

MANSELL

It's a figure of speech.

SANDY

Hina had her tooth --

MANSELL

Yeah, pulled out, y'told me forty times already.

SANDY

It's on my mind!

MANSELL

Don't start again. You don't gotta worry about those boys coming back.

SANDY

You see this? I'm not doing that. My hand is shaking all on its own.

MANSELL

Low blood sugar.

SANDY

They're not gonna stop. They're gonna go get the hard asses from the old country --

MANSELL

They ain't gonna do nothin'! And, look, when we're in there I don't wanna hear one word about Albanians. Last thing I need is Sweetie pressing me. Just keep those pretty lips of yours wrapped around a straw.

5 OMITTED 5

6 INT. DINER - DAY 6

Sandy stares at her milkshake. SWEETY reads the Judge's book. Mansell uses two straws like drumsticks.

MANSELL

So? How we gonna play it?

SWEETY

I'm working on who, not how.

MANSELL

I think we play it hard n' heavy.

Sweety looks up from the book.

SWEETY

This is a different thing than we ever did, different class of criminal. Requires finesse.

MANSELL

Quickest, surest way to get money off a person? Stick a gun in their mouth and ear back the hammer. 'Your money or your life, partner.'

SWEETY

I'm not saying there ain't hard dudes in that book we gotta hit hard. I'm saying we find the right name first, we won't have to hit 'em at all.

A SERVER sets down the food they've ordered. The smell of it turns Sandy's stomach. Mansell reaches for the Judge's book, looks to Sweety.

MANSELL

See if I can find the class of criminal you got in mind.

(beat)

Damn, lotta letters n' numbers n' --

(then)

Here we go. People.

(then)

How about... Roger Block?

(CONTINUED)

SWEETY

War hero. Rich, but you gotta figure he got a hard bark on him.

MANSELL

Ok. Bernie Bernbaum?

SWEETY

Don't know him.

MANSELL

Thought you knew everybody?

SWEETY

In the entire city of Detroit?

MANSELL

Well. What about... Tootie Clay?

SWEETY

Yeah I know Tootie. Old school scratch man. Passports, social security checks, plain old signatures.

MANSELL

Soft hands. Sounds perfect.

SWEETY

Too old.

MANSELL

How old?

SWEETY

Dead.

Jesus.

MANSELL

Meynard Delvina?

SWEETY

No, hell no.

MANSELL

What's wrong with Meynard Delvina?

SWEETY

We do not need to be tussling with no ethnics.

(CONTINUED)

MANSELL

You afraid we can't hold our own
against some Detroit wiseguy?

SWEETY

He ain't Italian. He's Albanian.

Sandy looks up. Her eyes meet Mansell's. He grits his teeth.

SWEETY (CONT'D)

I got no interest in being peeled
like an orange.

SANDY

I'm gonna go. I don't feel so hot.

MANSELL

Stick around. Be my lucky penny.

SANDY

I'm the one needs luck.

MANSELL

No you don't.

SWEETY

She doesn't wanna be here, she--

MANSELL

She isn't going anywhere.

SANDY

I need to see Hina, get my shoes.

MANSELL

We're gon' figure this out, get you
shoes enough fill the trunk of that
Caddy. Now sit.

SANDY

I'm leavin', lovey bear, got it?

She goes. Sweetie clocks her temper, and Mansell tries to
squelch any suspicion.

MANSELL

She's just pissed cuz I didn't
finish what I started last night,
if you know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

SWEETY

Yes, Clement, I know what you mean. Question is, what did **she** mean, she needs luck?

MANSELL

Question is, since I'm outta ideas, the question is who's the mark?

Sweety has a thought and winds up for the pitch.

SWEETY

Well, I did have a thought on that. You seen those billboards all over, Burt Dickey Real Estate?

MANSELL

I don't read billboards.

SWEETY

They call him Bulldozer Burt cuz he rips down old buildings to put up condos.

MANSELL

So?

SWEETY

He's a white collar ex-con with a house in Bloomfield Hills. Sounds like a walk in the park to me.

MANSELL

You walk in a park lately? It's all bums and pervs. But Bulldozer Burt, why not.

Carolyn enters with her briefcase, dressed for court. He's got take-out coffee.

RAYLAN

Had a visitor while you were in the shower.

CAROLYN

Shit.

RAYLAN

Wasn't Albanian. Unless there are Black Albanians.

8 EXT. CAROLYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

8

Raylan looks up and down the street. Coast clear.

RAYLAN

Didn't get a name, but he was sportin' some sweet footwear.

CAROLYN

Let me guess. His non-existent basketball team needs to buy uniforms?

RAYLAN

Was a grown man. Said there were money matters to attend to, that time was of the essence.

She does her best not to react.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

He a client of yours?

CAROLYN

Just 'cause you got in my panties doesn't mean you can get in my business.

RAYLAN

But that never happened.

She smiles, then reaches for the take-out coffee. Electricity as their fingers touch. Raylan watches as she goes to her car.

CAROLYN

I'll have plenty of protection at the courthouse so don't tailgate, on wheels or on foot.

RAYLAN

Funny I'm the one you're worried about following you.

She gives him a look that says: "don't mess up and we might do this again."

CAROLYN

Givens. We straight?

RAYLAN

Yes, ma'am.

9 INT. RAYLAN'S CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER 9

Raylan has his eyes on the car in front of him. The car in front of him looks a hell of a lot like Carolyn's car.

10 INT. CAROLYN'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME 10

Raylan's car in her rearview on E. Jefferson Ave. So much for being "straight." Carolyn sighs, but also can't help but smile a tad.

AS WE SMASH TO:

JUSTIFIED
CITY PRIMEVAL

ACT ONE

11-12 OMITTED 11-12

13 INT. DPD - HALL - DAY 13

Raylan walks down the hall crowded with BLUES and PLAIN CLOTHES. He runs into WHITMAN, who spins him around. They both walk in the direction of the commotion.

WHITMAN

Did you not notice you were swimming upstream?

RAYLAN

Figured there were donuts in the break room.

WHITMAN

All hands meeting.

RAYLAN

Last night?

WHITMAN

Storm warning in effect.

Whitman straightens his tie, Raylan sets his shoulders.

14 INT. DPD - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 14

Raylan takes a spot against the back wall in this jam packed meeting. Whitman heads up front to stand beside POLICE CHIEF DAVON BRIGGS and a few other grim-faced members of TOP BRASS. But it's Briggs's nickel and he ain't happy.

CHIEF BRIGGS

I just got off the phone with the Governor, who wanted to know why, in the 72 hours since Judge Guy and the young lady got murdered, there's been absolutely zero progress.

A quiet conversation takes place, Wendell having heard this speech more than a few times over the years.

(CONTINUED)

WENDELL
Surprised Chief hasn't yelled about wanting results, that's usually first up on the greatest hits.

CHIEF BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Imagine how pleased she was when I said, au contraire, Governor, there **has been** progress: the co-head of our Task Force has been benched for the shooting death of a local Albanian.

CHIEF BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Results! Now!

This is serious stuff, yet Raylan can't help but be amused.

WENDELL
I'm gonna imagine myself some sunny place that's not a weed lot over by Northville Downs. Piazza San Marco sounds good. You ever been to Venice? I got a Borsalino hat, Marshal, you like hats, keep the sun out of your eyes with real panache, man, you feel like you stepped off a movie screen.

CHIEF BRIGGS (CONT'D)
The mayor has notified detectives from every other precinct to drop what they're doing and pile on. Stay out of their way, or better yet, get your thumbs out of your asses and help.

CHIEF BRIGGS (CONT'D)
As far as who's in charge of this jumblefuck now that Detective Bryl is on ice, I've made Detective Downey sole lead, effective immediately, due respect to the other co-lead from the USMS.

Raylan takes in the news and looks to Whitman, who doesn't give him anything one way or another.

CHIEF BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Make this shooter fast or heads are gonna roll.

Chief Briggs walks off. MAUREEN, unsure if that was her introduction, steps to the podium. She and Raylan lock eyes.

MAUREEN
Thank you Chief Briggs, and thank you Deputy Marshal Givens for your assistance. Effective immediately we're going back to the start.

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

WENDELL
If you the churchy type, you
might go and light a candle.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
I want primary sources re-
interviewed, files re-read, I
want the physical evidence re-
tested, I don't care if it's
been boxed or still at the
lab.

RAYLAN
No, she's good for it. She's
tough.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
And I want boots back on the
ground, back at the scene.
Canvass, hit your CI's,
review surveillance --

WENDELL
Hell yeah she tough. Still standing
after Chief straight shanked her.
She must've pissed him off
somewhere along the way.

RAYLAN
She'll make the case. We'll see to
it.

WENDELL
Hey, man, don't you hear what I'm
telling you?

ON Raylan hearing him yet holding a defiant look.

A15

INT./EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A15

Carolyn clicks her key fob, locks the doors and walks with
her briefcase in one hand and her phone in the other.

CAROLYN
Trennell, I'm still his little
girl, but he'll listen to you. Tell
him not to play with Mansell and
that book.

B15

INT. SWEETY AND TRENNELL'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

B15

TRENNELL is pinning a garnet-toned shantung silk blazer on a
mannequin, pins in his mouth as he talks to Carolyn.

TRENNELL
He is dancing with the blue-eyed
devil and can't nothing stop him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B15

CONTINUED:

B15

TRENELL (CONT'D)

Between getting this bar slash museum back together and paying off what he owes on the reverse mortgage, he's in too deep to think with his head.

Carolyn, lawyer extraordinaire, switches tactics.

CAROLYN

Well do you know where this piece of metal is that could take the devil down?

TRENELL

I might.

So Trenell is in the know.

CAROLYN

Then you *might* hide it where he can't find it. And I'll find a way for it to turn up.

TRENELL

Mm hm. That doesn't get him out of hock though.

CAROLYN

Guess it's time to buy some Powerball scratchers, huh?

Off Carolyn, trying to see her way through the thicket.

15

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

15

Wendell and Raylan stand approximately where Judge Guy's body was found. They talk past one another.

WENDELL

Look at this mess. "Can only kill a man once, but you can murder a crime scene a hundred times."

*

RAYLAN

It's the one thing no one's talking about I can't get out of my head.

WENDELL

Went wrong somewhere along the way.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

He showed it to us. Practically a threat. He knew it was a big deal.

WENDELL

Remember the Hardy Boys? Think I got the idea there. Solving mysteries n' shit.

RAYLAN

Judge had a book of secrets or payoffs or favors. No one's seen it since, or knows where it is.

(then)

Hardy Boys, the TV show?

*

*

WENDELL

We had one set in my house -- you think I got the remote? Hardy Boys books. From the library.

*

*

*

*

RAYLAN

Could be Mansell's got it, or someone else; paid to hit the judge and grab it. Dunno. But it's not nowhere. And it's the key.

*

*

WENDELL

Didn't wanna be a cop, really. I was gonna write stories. I tell you, if I wrote this case as a whodunnit, wouldn't've sold one copy.

*

*

RAYLAN

(hearing him)

If you're saying standing around here isn't worth our time, I agree.

WENDELL

I'll do you one better: we're all gonna be retired, playing pickleball, this case still open.

RAYLAN

We gotta make it stick. Somehow.
(flips through the file)
Wasn't there a suspect you cut loose? A drifter? Was on the golf course that night?

WENDELL

Bryl interviewed him, Afghanistan vet, name of Darrold Woods.

ON DARROLD WOODS'S MUG SHOT inside the file.

RAYLAN

Here. This guy. We could head over there, look around, or better yet, bring Darrold back in.

(CONTINUED)

WENDELL

We know he didn't do it. Mansell
did it. You want to BOLO Darrold?

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (4)

15

RAYLAN

He might recall something helpful
he forgot the first time.

WENDELL

Man, he burned Rose's thigh with a
cigarette to see if she was alive.

Raylan takes this in for a second.

RAYLAN

She was shot point blank in the
face. He had to... check?

WENDELL

He did. You know why?

RAYLAN

(reading)

Says here he was high on PCP.

WENDELL

High on PCP.

RAYLAN

So not likely to recall anything
helpful?

16

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

16

"BULLDOZER" BURT DICKEY, 53, sits at the head of a long table
of EXECUTIVES. He's reading over a sheaf of paper while
everyone awaits his response. Burt doesn't look pleased.

BURT

Mm.

A vibration. Then another. Someone's phone. He looks up,
annoyed, then realizes it is **his** phone. Arching an eyebrow,
he reaches into his breast pocket.

INTERCUT WITH:

17

INT./EXT. SWEETY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

17

Sweety sits parked across the street from a few shops
downtown. A pet store, a florist, a barber shop.

SWEETY

Hello, Burt. Or do you prefer Mr.
Dickey?

(CONTINUED)

BURT

The second, thank you.

SWEETY

No, **thank you** for taking my call.
I'mma guess that means you saw the
photo I texted?

BURT

Very much so. Can I call you back?

Mansell can be seen approaching the driver's side window. He interrupts Sweety while he's on the phone.

MANSELL

You got a C-note?

Sweety takes a moment to have an annoyed conversation with Mansell, covering the mouthpiece so Burt doesn't hear, or even doing it all with his eyes. Nevertheless, Mansell convinces him to fish some cash out of his pocket. He counts the wad of crumpled bills, and pouts.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Sixty-eight?

It's not going to cover whatever he's looking to buy. But Sweety makes it clear that Mansell ought to be happy with it. Mansell gets the picture and goes. Sweety turns his attention back to Burt on the other end of the phone.

SWEETY

No.

Burt looks at the faces around him. He grimly presses on.

BURT

Go ahead.

SWEETY

What time I can swing by?

BURT

Here?

SWEETY

Where is 'here'? You at home? The
office? Racquet club?

BURT

I'm in the middle of a meeting.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

SWEETY

So office? I prefer home. How about
4 sharp? Okay? Great, see you then.

BURT

No, I, I've got a 3:30!

Burt's phone goes dead. He looks at the faces around him.

BURT (CONT'D)

(the papers)

None of this works.

The executives slump in defeat.

18

INT. COURTHOUSE - METAL DETECTORS - DAY

18

Carolyn puts her briefcase on the belt, looks up as
PROSECUTOR DIANE ODUTOLA ROGERS (Episode 101) steps up next
in line.

CAROLYN

Thanks for looking into the
hypothetical gun situation I
brought to you.

DIANE

I don't bill for thought
experiments.

CAROLYN

But you'd love to. If it becomes
more than a notion, you'll be the
first to know.

Carolyn steps through the metal detector followed by Diane.
They pick up their stuff on the other side.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Don't suppose you've heard anything
about Judge Guy's replacement?

DIANE

I've got a pretrial motion. Can't
talk now.

Diane is already making her way through the lobby, heading
for the last courtroom, Carolyn in tow.

CAROLYN

What's with the tight lips?

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

I don't think you want to know.

Carolyn loses a step as she processes this.

CAROLYN

Are you trying to **not** tell me you put **yourself** up for the judgeship?

Diane doesn't even deign to confirm.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

It wasn't even in your peripheral vision last week. Now you're probably greasing palms--

DIANE

You can't just sit there like a wallflower and hope people will notice you. I do what has to be done.

CAROLYN

You're a politician, Diane, and a politician should not be sitting on the bench.

Diane stops at the door to the courtroom.

DIANE

You want it, Carolyn, go make friends with the Governor. Don't beg me for it.

Diane steps through the door of the crowded courtroom. Carolyn watches Diane and the job she covets walk away to the prosecutor's table.

Goddamn--

JAMAL (O.C.)

Carrie--

Jamal is suddenly there next to her. He's got some timing.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Was gonna bring you coffee, but I know you already had.

CAROLYN

Jamal, why are you on my ass? Showing up this morning and now here--

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

We gotta talk.

CAROLYN

No we don't.

Carolyn starts moving and he follows.

JAMAL

That tax lien is on both of us--

CAROLYN

For what **you** did--

JAMAL

--but I can't pay it. You know I'm in transition. We don't pay, IRS is gonna take away everything we built.

She pounds at the buttons to the elevator.

CAROLYN

And you expect me to have that kinda dog shit laying around?

(N.B. "Dog shit" means a bankroll in Detroit.)

JAMAL

Well you got a white boy up in the house, make him pay. Reparations.

CAROLYN

Jamal--

JAMAL

(shaking his head)

I mean. Who was that? Can't believe you are going **there** when I still got so much love for you.

CAROLYN

Do you?

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

The elevator door opens. She enters and as the door closes--

JAMAL

I'm a wait for you tonight.

19 INT. COURTHOUSE - ELEVATOR - SAME

19

Carolyn alone. She is fucked. Double and triple fucked. With the weight of it all bearing down--what's the move?

20 EXT. WENDELL'S CAR - PARKED - LATER

20

Raylan and Wendell are downtown, eating greasy cop food on the hood of the car. It's a bit downbeat. Then...

WENDELL

Look, there are three ways this'll go. One is God himself sends down a lightning bolt and breaks the case open. Two is the shit drags on and drifts away and all we got to show for it is a peptic ulcer.

RAYLAN

Three, we just go find him and shoot him.

WENDELL

I suppose there are four ways. The third way I was thinking, call it the Detroit Way although for sure we don't hold the patent, is along the lines of the tales they used to tell in the Athens Bar on Monroe in Greektown, two short blocks from the old HQ on 1300 Beaubien. Tales of heroics and old-pro stunts.

RAYLAN

Entrapment. Or plant a little dope. Or go all the way and frame the guy up.

Off Raylan's look.

WENDELL

Yeah, not my style, either.

RAYLAN

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

WENDELL

Time will come, one day, you won't
even think about this place.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

RAYLAN

Somebody got the son of a bitch before. He's not the Christ Almighty Zodiac Killer. It can be done, and we're gonna do it.

Wendell shakes his head, the damn fool.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Who was the arresting officer?

21

OMITTED

21

22

INT./EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - AFTERNOON

22

Through the window, MARY ALICE, middle 60s and cagey, sees Wendell and Raylan. She opens the door.

WENDELL

Morning--

MARY ALICE

Is he dead?

WENDELL

'Scuse me?

MARY ALICE

Raymond.

WENDELL

My bad. Homicide at the door, you assume we found him somewhere.

MARY ALICE

Then what brings you to my door, Wendell? PAL drive I hope.

WENDELL

Truth is, Mary Alice, he may be helpful on a case we're working.

MARY ALICE

That one that's all over the news.

WENDELL

Look, I know how it is with y'all.

MARY ALICE

And you're still here?

(CONTINUED)

WENDELL

Uh. Care to take that one, Marshal?

RAYLAN

Ma'am, thought your husband might --

MARY ALICE

Ex-husband.

(to Wendell)

Who is this guy?

WENDELL

I tried to tell him.

MARY ALICE

I'll tell him. I don't like Raymond. I don't keep tabs and he doesn't check in. You can see why I assumed he was dead in a ditch.

RAYLAN

I do hear that. But it's important.

MARY ALICE

Aren't they all.

(then)

You trimmed down, Wendell. Happy to see you're taking better care.

WENDELL

Trying to quit coffee; drinking green tea. Some getting used to at first --

MARY ALICE

If you find Raymond, tell him I got fed up with his old Cutlass in the garage, had it towed.

Mary Alice shuts the door. Wendell looks at Raylan.

WENDELL

I told you how it'd go and that's how it went.

Raylan and Wendell roll in. Maureen approaches. Wendell simply shakes his head; the sum total of their efforts.

MAUREEN

Ok.

WENDELL

Any coffee in there?

MAUREEN

Yeah, and something else. It came for you, Raylan. I think it might cheer you up.

Raylan peers into the break room, or wherever the coffee pot is that's also in view of the whole bullpen. Standing out against the drab office walls in all its colorful glory sits a bouquet of flowers. Maybe roses, maybe something splashy.

WENDELL

Aw, somebody misses her daddy.

Raylan glances around, every eye in the place annoyed, embarrassed, and impressed with the balls it took to do this. They know what he doesn't. So he reads the card:

THINKING OF YOU CHICKENFAT !!!

Raylan puts the card down.

RAYLAN

For a minute, I really hoped these **would** cheer me up.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24 INT./EXT CAR - SUBURBAN MANSION - DAY

24

Sweety and Mansell ease up to a MANSION. A pickup is parked on one side of the driveway. GARDENERS blow leaves around, rake up freshly mown grass, and work on a big garden. Next to the house is an enormous GREENHOUSE.

MANSELL

Nice spread. Whaddya think he did to get in the book?

SWEETY

Capitalism.

A faraway look creeps into Sweety's eye, a faint smile.

SWEETY (CONT'D)

I don't know if ever told you, but I got a call one night, was my old homeboy from Cooley, Ricky Lawson, who I doubt you know by name but played with 'em all, man, Michael, Stevie, Lionel, and, who, by the way, was an accomplished dude in his own right. Anyway he calls me about 1:30 in the morning, says, 'Marcus, man, you got your pants on??' He says Miles just finished his show at Chene Park and his band went back to the hotel. This is June of '91, few months before he passed. Anyway, Miles feels like jamming, could you be at the studio in an hour? Hell yes, I said, and dropped what I was doing, which was important shit but not **that** important. Bout fifteen minutes later I'm knocking on the door. I walk in, see Ricky there behind the kit, couple other cats I know from the clubs. Quiet. Lights down low. No charts, no chit chat, motherfucker just **play**. Which we did. And it was all right. About 6am we pack up. As I'm walking out - - without having said a word to the man -- he looks at me and says, 'you got big ears.' Miles Davis.

(CONTINUED)

MANSELL

He said that? Man, that's pretty good. What made you think of that?

The gardener's pickup finally pulls away.

SWEETY

Dunno. Doesn't matter. C'mon.

They get out and go to the front door to ring the bell.

MANSELL

Hey. You sure about ten?

SWEETY

Can't be greedy out the gate.

Mansell grumbles--

SWEETY (CONT'D)

Be cool, feel me? You get ideas sometimes, next thing I know I'm stepping over a heap of dead guys. No guns, no crazy shit. Cool.

MANSELL

I hear you. I got big ears, too.

The door opens. A MAID stares at them.

SWEETY

He's expecting us.

Burt sits behind an oak desk. Sweety and Mansell sit across the desk in chairs deliberately lower than Burt's own.

BURT

You said on the phone four o'clock. You're late.

SWEETY

Just wanted to make sure you were home waiting.

BURT

You didn't say there were two of you. Who's this?

SWEETY

My half-brother, Marvin.

MANSELL

Gaye. Pleasure. Some garden you got outside. With weed legal in Michigan, you could have yourself a nice little grow.

BURT

Is that who I'm dealing with?
Couple of pot heads?

SWEETY

We're looking to make a fair deal.

BURT

Ah, businessmen, what a relief.

Burt picks up a pair of garden shears. A weapon? A metaphor?

BURT (CONT'D)

Easy for a garden to fail, you know. You have to tend to it constantly. That was the mistake that led to my entry in Judge Guy's ledger. I was tending to other things, foolish things, and mishandled my affairs. But who among us hasn't lost their head over a lady?

SWEETY

Me.

Burt does some fast math, then offers a weak smile of understanding. He sets down the shears, ready to bargain.

BURT

Brass tacks, where are we at?

SWEETY

We have a number in mind.

BURT

Cash, not a favor? Common criminals looking for a fast buck? I like the simplicity.

MANSELL

We're simple men.

BURT

You won't hear me complain. I knew this day would come. Cost of doing business.

(CONTINUED)

SWEETY

I like your style.

BURT

All that's left is the **dollar amount.**

SWEETY

Thirty.

BURT

Thousand? No. Three.

SWEETY

Thirty.

BURT

Five thousand, and don't push it.

SWEETY

Burt. Come on. Do we look like we're here for chicken feed? We're not leaving with less than twenty.

BURT

Do you think I have that kind of cash lying around? Piles of cash?

SWEETY

True. All computers nowadays. So I'm inclined to believe you. How about seventeen-five? We can live with seventeen-five, right Marvin Gaye?

MANSELL

Not really.

SWEETY

I don't want to grind the man. Seventeen-five is more than fair.

While Burt and Sweety haggle, Mansell stares at the OIL PAINTING hanging on Burt's back wall. Sweety doesn't see the look in his partner's eye. A look of frustration, of water coming to a boil, of a guy throwing "be cool" out the window.

BURT (O.C.)

Ten, that's it. No more.

SWEETY (O.C.)

Ten? Ten? You killing me, man.

(CONTINUED)

BURT (O.C.)

That's lot of money for a slip of paper. Not a bad day's work. You'll have ten thousand more dollars than when you walked in the door. So?

Sweety is about to shake hands and close the deal when --

MANSELL

What's that there?

BURT

The Garlick?

MANSELL

The painting with the road and the telephone pole and the farmhouse.

BURT

Yes, it's a Stanley Garlick, the artist. That's one of his. Look, are we done here?

Mansell steps up.

MANSELL

The price is FIFTY. Not ten, not seventeen-five, FIFTY.

BURT

Are you serious? Is he serious?

Sweety tears the page with Burt's name out of Judge Guy's book and hands it over.

SWEETY

Ten will be fine.

Sweety driving in silence. Mansell catches the vibes.

MANSELL

He had fifty in a coffee can, you know he did. Guy like that?

SWEETY

The point was not the money, it was seeing if the book worked.

MANSELL

I'm not saying the point is always the money, okay, but when it comes to extortion I think the point is the money.

SWEETY

The point is I told you to be cool!

MANSELL

Did I pull a gun? Threaten the man? No, I was cool. And we nearly got forty grand more.

SWEETY

The point is it worked.

MANSELL

Man, we're talking in circles here.

SWEETY

Listen, you hot-headed redneck motherfucker, the only way this partnership is going to thrive is if we stick to the plan. Not because there's one way to do a thing, but because I gotta trust that if we say we're gonna do some shit, we honor the shit we said.

MANSELL

Okay, okay, like my goddamn momma.

End of the day. Carolyn emerges from the crowd, trudging toward the courthouse exit. She feels like dog meat. Stops dead in her trudging.

There is a dude in a cowboy hat sitting, waiting. Holding a bouquet of flowers. She steps up.

CAROLYN

You didn't.

RAYLAN

I didn't. Your client Clement Mansell did.

Carolyn takes the flowers and sniffs.

CAROLYN

They're beautiful. And I've had too bad a day to worry about you doing this in public.

RAYLAN

I've had a peach, myself.

CAROLYN

Huhm. If I got a box of chocolates from the devil himself, I'd eat them.

RAYLAN

You saying you're hungry? Because I am.

(beat)

Come on, I'm buying.

CAROLYN

Oh, really?

RAYLAN

Okay, the American Taxpayer's buying.

CAROLYN

You're not paying for **anything**, are you?

Raylan and Carolyn walk to their cars. Raylan keeps an eye out for Mansell, Albanians, any fresh threat. Nothing. Gets in his rental. Holding the Wildman's roses, Carolyn opens her Chevy door and slides in. She starts the car and drives out of the parking lot, Raylan tailing her.

REVEAL JAMAL, his eye on the two of them.

JAMAL

My lord. Have mercy.

Urban cowboy is giving her flowers now? Not on my watch.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. MAY WAH INN CHINESE CUISINE - NIGHT

29

It's a busy hour, the spot full of PATRONS eating. Raylan and Carolyn sit in a booth, assorted dumplings and noodles in front of them along with some cheap red wine.

Raylan and Carolyn are getting to know each other a little, something they missed in the heat and scramble of last night. Is this...a two-night stand? Or...?

CAROLYN

"You're good." Why is that now a statement? Don't tell me how I am. You have no clue. In Detroit, we leave it a question. It goes: "You good?" Then you let me tell *you*. People need to understand what their words do.

*

RAYLAN

You like telling people what's what?

*

*

*

CAROLYN

You don't?

*

*

RAYLAN

My experience, people do as they will. The trick is how you react.

*

*

*

CAROLYN

Laissez-faire, that it?

*

*

RAYLAN

French? Uh, I'm from Kentucky.

*

*

CAROLYN

You know what it means, and you know it's not you.

*

*

*

RAYLAN

I'm getting an X-Ray with my dinner.

*

*

*

CAROLYN

Maybe you prefer choosing for them. Affecting an outcome. You alone.

*

*

*

(beat)

*

I get that.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I want the power to say who wins.
Bang my gavel and set things
straight.

RAYLAN

And you're confident in the
sobriety of your judgement?

CAROLYN

I'd better be if I'm looking to sit
on the bench.

RAYLAN

You **are** sitting here with me.

CAROLYN

Never said my judgement couldn't be
occasionally impaired.

RAYLAN

Are we at **emotions** already?

CAROLYN

Let's stick to **aspirations**.

RAYLAN

I aspire to find out how our dead
friend's book ties this whole thing
together.

CAROLYN

Is that a question?

RAYLAN

Not officially.

CAROLYN

Let me rephrase that. Are you
questioning me? Because let me tell
you something, if you don't already
know it, I'm not obligated to
volunteer that kinda information.

RAYLAN

If it was official, Carolyn, then
what? Think you might need yourself
a good lawyer?

Then -- in a whoosh of finely tailored duds, Jamal scooches
into the banquette next to Carolyn.

CAROLYN

Really, Jamal--

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL *
Damn, you brought the white boy *
here? *

RAYLAN *
Oh, look, it's the street pastor. *

CAROLYN *
This is not the time or place-- *

JAMAL *
Don't tell me this corndog is *
really your new flavor. *

RAYLAN *
My mistake, nutritionist. *

JAMAL *
Just go ahead and make yourself *
scarce, alright? *

CAROLYN *
(to Jamal) *
Why you showboating like this? *

JAMAL *
(to her) *
You need to stop brushing me off. *

RAYLAN *
I'm gonna jump in here because I'm *
a little lost. You are? *

Jamal pulls out his business card. Slings it across the table *
to Raylan. It reads: WILDER & WILDER. *

JAMAL *
I'm her heart. *

CAROLYN *
Was. *

JAMAL *
Junior high. High school. Came to *
this very restaurant after prom. *
Broke up for college so we could *
sow some wild oats, then ran right *
back into each other's arms. *

CAROLYN *
Again, past tense. *

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL
Marriage. Law school. Partners.

CAROLYN
Divorce.

JAMAL
A bump in the road.

CAROLYN
At this point it's an entirely
different street.

JAMAL
I know you can make time for me.

RAYLAN
Yeah, but our conversation was just
getting juicy.

CAROLYN
You should go.

JAMAL
That's right, she and I gotta work
some shit out. Now.

CAROLYN
No, you go.

JAMAL
Yo, what? Telling me this dude is a
step up? From *me*?

CAROLYN
I'm having dinner. You're not going
to dictate my life. I decide.

RAYLAN
She's asked you to leave. What to
do now, is oblige.

JAMAL
Am I gonna have to whoop your ass
in the middle of a Chinese
restaurant?

CAROLYN
Goddammit, Jamal.

JAMAL
I **am** a black belt.

RAYLAN *
Look at that, I got one too. *

As Raylan shows his belt, he reveals his BADGE. *Uh oh.* *

CAROLYN *
(pissed) *
You just had to do that. *

Jamal gives a full Linda Blair *Exorcist* head spin. *

JAMAL *
No. *NO.* Carolyn, he's a *pig*? *

RAYLAN *
Believe that term applies more to *
the police. I'm a Deputy U.S. *
Marshal. *

CAROLYN *
(starting to leave) *
That's it. Move. *

She gets her things and pushes Jamal out of the booth. *

JAMAL *
Babe, wait. What about our, uh, *
predicament? *

RAYLAN *
Also you never did finish your *
thought. *

CAROLYN *
Y'all can talk to each other. I'm *
leaving. *

JAMAL *
Leaving me hanging. *

CAROLYN *
When have I *ever*? *

RAYLAN *
Would love to hear it, interruption *
notwithstanding. *

But Carolyn is moving toward the door. And then she's gone. *

Raylan and Jamal, brothers in defeat, look at one another, *
then decide to sit in the booth. Jamal chopsticks a few *
morsels from Carolyn's half-eaten plate. *

(CONTINUED)

At some point some fortune cookies appeared with the bill.
Raylan cracks his open.

*
*

JAMAL

*

The best Chinese restaurants in
Detroit are actually in Canada, but
we always had a soft spot for this
place.

*
*
*
*

(beat)

*

What's your fortune say?

*

RAYLAN

*

I must've opened yours.

*

30 INT. DEL WEEMS'S CONDO - DAY

30 *

Five stacks of hundred-dollar bills, ten to a stack, are in a row on the coffee table. We're looking down at them. Then we're looking up at who's looking at them, a red-eyed Mansell. He's sucking in some reefer, noticing the colored fibers woven into the currency paper, the watermarks and holograms. It's heavy. ENTER Sandy.

SANDY

Look who's touching Jesus.

MANSELL

That bud of yours tastes like Count Chocula.

SANDY

Since when do you get high?

MANSELL

Half hour ago. I'm celebrating.

SANDY

Celebrating? It worked??

He nods down to the cash. She hadn't noticed.

SANDY (CONT'D)

How much did you get?

MANSELL

You ever really **look** at money?
There's a lot going on.

SANDY

(counting)
Five thousand here.

MANSELL

Mm hm. Kinda champagne you like?

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Whatever they serve in Aruba!

Sandy pulls out her phone.

MANSELL

I could go for a burger, too. Find a place can deliver both.

SANDY

I'm not ordering food, I'm looking at flights.

MANSELL

Ho, ho, flights? Slow down. We are not going anywhere. That Judge's book is an ATM, and we're going keep hitting it until we fill a couple suitcases. THEN we go and don't never come back.

He knits his hands behind his head, *ain't life grand.*

SANDY

Baby, I -- I want to believe you. But you're kinda stoned.

MANSELL

Whaddya sayin? I'm fulla shit?

They stare at one another. It gets uncomfortable.

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you something.

(long beat, then)

Do you think I got a good singing voice?

Sandy chooses her words carefully, walking a razor's edge.

SANDY

Isn't what's important that **you** like your voice?

MANSELL

Shit. You're right. Prolly just fuggn paranoid.

SANDY

Look, baby, I believe you. Okay? But if we're gonna stay, you gotta take care of the **situation.**

MANSELL

Only situation I'm taking care of
is this party right here.

Sandy looks at him, looks around the room, looks inside her heart of hearts. There she finds the hard truth she's been unwilling to face. She's completely on her own.

She leaves. Clement stares, confused. After a beat...

MANSELL (CONT'D)

Ol' Clement wants a burger I guess
he's gonna have to drive himself.

Carolyn parks at a row house. You would barely know somebody actually lives here. She knocks on the door. Notices there's a doorbell and rings it. Waits. Knocks again. And again. Finally Jamal opens the door, all smiles, surprised to see her.

JAMAL

Carrie. You by yourself?

CAROLYN

What do you think?

He scans the street. His pal Raylan is nowhere to be found.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

I'd rather not talk on this stoop.

JAMAL

Yeah, yeah, come on in, come on in.
But be warned--it's the first time
I'm living by my lonely, so don't
judge.

CAROLYN

I'll just focus on your color
coordinated closet.

He smirks and lets her in.

32

INT. JAMAL'S HOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

32

Jamal's post-divorce homestead looks like a costume shop. Barely any furniture, only business leadership self-improvement books, half-opened cardboard boxes, and garment racks of designer outfits and shoes in their boxes and dustbags. A chessboard sits out.

He picks up a few stray items and puts on a Debarge slow jam for old times' sake. Carolyn stays standing, taking in the severe downgrade in how he's living. He notices.

JAMAL

Ain't exactly paradise. I said
don't judge. How'd you find me?

CAROLYN

Called your sister.

JAMAL

She always liked you better than
me.

(then)

Didn't expect this after I caught
you wining and dining that
mayonnaise sandwich at **our**
restaurant--

CAROLYN

I'm here, aren't I.

JAMAL

Because you do recall US Marshals
used to recapture runaway slaves
and take them back into bondage.
It's a little tragic. And very
Monster's Ball.

CAROLYN

Both of you, trying to what. Defend
my honor?

JAMAL

I see you. And I am all about the
next chapter for us.

CAROLYN

I can't bank on any more promises.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Forget business, forget finances. I know you better than anybody and I know you miss **us**.

He sees her peering into the rest of the apartment and quickly diverts her attention.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Sit down. Here.

He moves some books off the couch to make a space for her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Wish you didn't have to see me living like this. Got me embarrassed. Yes, I took you for granted. Yes, I messed up. That's what put me here. But. I am a changed man. Sit with me.

She softens. Sits on the couch and he cuddles up to her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

In all of Cass Tech, you were the one. Coulda had any girl in there. I put my arm around you.

He does. Feels so familiar. He's working her, and Carolyn has to fight to not fall into old habits. *

JAMAL (CONT'D)

All I ever wanted was to keep you in the glamour you deserve. It was cool until it wasn't, I guess. But we can start fresh.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

But Carolyn zeroes in on something across the room. It's a distinctly colorful Louis Vuitton purse on an end table.

CAROLYN

You can't be serious.

She tears into the hallway and into the bathroom.

33 INT. JAMAL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

33

He follows quickly but can't stop her before she sees a lacy support bra hanging on the shower rod. Carolyn throws open the medicine cabinet and finds toiletries, hair care products--indubitable womanly presence.

She holds up the bra, eyes boring into Jamal.

JAMAL

Oh that's my cousin Tasha's stuff.
You know she's been going through a
lot, and the fibroid surgery--

CAROLYN

No way this is Tasha's size.

Jamal. Caught out there. Whatever candle Carolyn was still keeping lit for him, he just blew it out.

JAMAL

Alright. You got a little side
piece; I need to flip my flapjacks
too. But she's not living here--

CAROLYN

You're living here with *somebody*.
Means you're no longer eligible to
receive alimony from your ex-wife.

*

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

She's just a time killer. You and me, that's what I'm about.

CAROLYN

You're not about me, you're about how you're flashing. You want more loafers? Let **her** take you shopping.
(then)
I paid the lien. This afternoon.

JAMAL

Then why'd you come? Unless you're still trying to get back to what we had. Wilder & Wilder.

CAROLYN

I came to let you know that if you ever come to me for any more money again, I will snitch on you like William O'Neal did Fred Hampton. Then I will come over here and burn up your whole fucking closet.

JAMAL

Okay, you're getting kinda emotional.

CAROLYN

That's true. Because I need honesty and I really wish that was you. But it's not. So I'm through. **And** I'm broke. But I'm willing to pay to make sure you're nothing but a memory.

Carolyn tears out of the house toward her car. Jamal runs out onto the porch after her. Gives up, sits on the steps and hangs his head. Carolyn's car door clangs shut.

ON CAROLYN

At the wheel. With nothing. And nothing left to lose. So fuck it. She wipes away the mascara running down her face. And drives off like a demon.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35-38 OMITTED MOVED TO SCENES 43A-43C 35-38

39 INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - NIGHT 39

The place is dead except for a JANITOR wheeling a cart down the hallway. Two Albanian goons (20's) draped out in Bape streetwear sit outside Skender's room. SCRUFFY is playing a game on his phone. SLEEPY is keeping watch even as his eyelids droop. Scruffy rubs his tummy, something evil brewing. He pockets his phone.

SCRUFFY

Unë duhet të mut. Mbaje këtë.

(translation)

I gotta shit. Hold this.

Scruffy takes a **CZ75 pistol** out of his waistband and coolly passes it to Sleepy, who slips it inside his zip-up hoodie.

Scruffy walks off. When he ducks into the men's, Sandy peeks around the corner. She's been watching... And now she watches Sleepy hoping his eyes close all the way. Not yet. Not yet.

Finally, he drifts off. It's now or never. She removes her shoes and pads in bare feet.

40 INT. HOSPITAL - SKENDER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 40

Sandy finds Skender in bed, the TV low in the background, his eyes dimmed in a Percocet haze.

SANDY

Hi, Skender. You probably weren't expecting to see me, huh? Yeah. I wasn't really sure if I should come. I guess your... people... are still pissed. I saw them out there; I knew they probably would be. But I wanted to come anyway.

(deep breath)

I don't want to run scared. I want to make this right. So: did I set you up to get robbed? I did. Did I hook you good, let you take me out and spend money on this and that? I did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDY (CONT'D)

But you gotta believe me, honey, I never ever thought you'd get hurt. As bad as this, anyway.

Skender shifts under the covers. Groans. Hearing her?

SANDY (CONT'D)

I don't know how much I'm getting through. But I want you to know the truth here. I'm not a bad person really. I made some bad choices, I guess. But I think it's fair to say I don't have a mean bone in my body. I even **meant** some of what I said to you back then. I **do** think you're a sweet guy and **cool**.

Skender drifts in and out. Sandy sighs heavily.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm not asking you to take me back. I'm just saying sorry. I'm on my own here. I don't know what else to do. You should have this back.

She returns the engagement ring to his hand.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I hope you forgive me. And I hope... You could tell your countrymen to not kill me.

Skender weakly grasps the ring, and weakly nods, then falls asleep. Sandy waits and waits and then hears him snore, so she figures she should go.

She peeks into the hallway. Scruffy is back playing his app. Sleepy is asleep. It looks impossible... until Scruffy gets a cramp and trots off in a hurry. Sandy makes her move.

Burt Dickey is asleep, wearing satin pajamas and an eye mask. Deeper in the bedroom there comes the faintest noise, so faint we may only sense it, the way Burt does, rolling over now, rousing and lifting his head. Certain that he heard something, he lifts his eye mask and squints into the darkness. There with a rim of moonlight on him stands Mansell. He's armed, but casual.

MANSELL

Evening, Burt.

42 EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT 42

Burt's front door opens. Mansell walks out, pistol in one hand, STANLEY GARLICK in the other.

Mansell opens the backseat of his car and puts the painting in, even buckles it up for safe travel. He gets in and drives off, Burt watching the taillights fade into the night.

A43 INT. HOTEL - LOUNGE - NIGHT A43

Raylan sits at the bar, bourbon in front of him, mulling over his next move now that he's hit dead ends professionally and, in some respects, romantically. He listens to the ice maker drop ice into the chest under the bar. Doesn't care about the ballgame on the flatscreen.

He takes out his phone. He composes a text message to WILLA.

Hey kiddo. Miss You. How are you?

He waits a minute. He sees those three little dots. But it takes a while. She must be writing a lot. Weirdly Raylan's on the edge of his seat. Finally her reply comes through. It's short and to the point.

Don't feel like talking thx bye

43 INT. HOTEL - LOUNGE - LATER 43

Raylan is deep into his bar tab, watching the other lonelyhearts gaze at their phones. RAY CRUZ appears.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Mary Alice only speaks to me on pain of death, so she must have figured this would mess up my night pretty good.

RAYLAN

Selfishly, I'm glad she did.
(offers a hand)
Raylan.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Raymond.

They shake, and Raymond sits.

RAYLAN

I got one too.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND CRUZ
You got the look.

RAYLAN
I look divorced?

RAYMOND CRUZ
You look the way I pictured. Out of town cop, alone at the bar. Guy who, instead of putting his head on the pillow or better yet going home to his wife and kids, goes chasing shadows, his case running on fumes, eyes like pinwheels, and only four or five drinks shuts it down.

RAYLAN
I'm not a cop. The rest, give or take, is accurate enough that I feel like another round.

RAYMOND CRUZ
Soda water and lime for me.

RAYLAN
Yeah, quitting is on my list.

RAYMOND CRUZ
So how can I help you, Raylan?

RAYLAN
Goddamn legend, everyone says.

RAYMOND CRUZ
Man, I'm already here, you can skip the sweet nothings.

RAYLAN
It's relevant. You tangled with Clement Mansell.

RAYMOND CRUZ
Remind me.

RAYLAN
The Oklahoma Wildman.

RAYMOND CRUZ
Rings a bell.

RAYLAN
Ran with the Wrecking Crew.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Yeah, them. We got him when he
plowed through a jewelry shop
window, shot the husband and wife.

RAYLAN

No, Wrecking Crew raided a stash
house. Mansell killed four of them;
the fifth lived long enough to put
the finger on him.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Right, okay, that's right. And he
went up for that.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Not for long, he didn't.

RAYMOND CRUZ

The system has its flaws. Write your congressman.

RAYLAN

Not the system, it's him.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Ok, I remember. So what? Hired himself a hot shot lawyer who did what they all do, found a loophole and went right through. Happens every day.

RAYLAN

I know that part. In fact I know the lawyer.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Carolyn Wilder? You want my opinion?

RAYLAN

I might. Can't figure her out.

RAYMOND CRUZ

I suspect that's how she likes it.

RAYLAN

Oh?

RAYMOND CRUZ

I don't know what I don't know but **something's** going on behind the scenes.

RAYLAN

I know what you mean.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Let's just say she got a real nice house.

A beat as that lands. BARTENDER sets down Ray's soda water.

RAYMOND CRUZ (CONT'D)

So what you wanna know about The Oklahoma Wildman? It's all in there. Left my old case files clean.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

I don't have those kinda questions.
I want to know what's missing. Why
I don't think I can trust anybody.
Why it's all a shit sandwich.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Look at you still giving a fuck.

RAYLAN

Come on.

RAYMOND CRUZ

Nah, you remind me of me, man, when
I started out. Except you're old.

It's true. It settles for a moment. And leads to thoughts of
the road ahead, now a lot shorter than the road behind.

RAYLAN

I'm not gonna sleep at night this
son of a bitch wins.

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND CRUZ

You asking me how I feel, Mansell got out? I'm retired. It's your problem now.

(beat)

Back in the day. Early on the job. Guy I tangled with, Freddy Keck was his name. He was cute. Freddy shot through my front window one night, not to kill, you know, more like, come on, man, let's do it. Like it wasn't no thing, cowboys an Indians. 'Cept Freddy was for real. A stone killer.

RAYLAN

How'd you get him?

CRUZ

We couldn't.

RAYLAN

You didn't get him?

CRUZ

I said we couldn't.

RAYLAN

So what happened?

CRUZ

Showed up at my house one night.

RAYLAN

He got tired of the game?

RAYMOND CRUZ

I know I was. But he said we were gonna sit and have a drink, it was all a big mix up. Said if I had any sense of humor I'd see how comical the whole thing was. He's chattering away.

(then)

He walks behind my bar and reaches down. Then I shot him.

RAYLAN

He drew on you.

CRUZ

I shot him.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

He had a gun on you.

CRUZ

(I don't care)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

You don't know?

CRUZ

I think it was a church key.

RAYLAN

Had a bottle opener in his hand?

CRUZ

What I remember is he's still talking. Hole in his chest, eyes wide open, still talking. I didn't know what he was saying, or who he was saying it to. Didn't care. That guy never shut up.

(then)

I cleaned my fingernails with the bottle opener. And that was that.

(beat)

And I sleep just like a baby.

ON RAYLAN

43A EXT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

43A

Carolyn slams her brakes to park at Sweety's bar, tire marks. Gets out the car and walks to the open door she knows so well. Sees Sweety and Trennell behind the bar, some folx swaying near the jukebox, getting lit. But she can't make herself step inside.

43B INT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

43B

Sweety, still in the shantung blazer Trennell made him, feels a presence in the doorway and glances over to see Carolyn standing there. Looking like the child she was when he first took her under his wing.

He gestures for her to come in. She doesn't move.

SWEETY

What's wrong, honey?

She doesn't respond. Trennell balks at her silence, twists up his lip.

TRENNELL

Tell that heifer to go buy herself some manners.

(CONTINUED)

43B

CONTINUED:

43B

Sweety looks toward the doorway again and Carolyn has disappeared.

43C EXT. SWEETY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

43C

Sweety steps outside his establishment, looks for her. Turns his head the other way, and finds Carolyn standing in the alley 'round the side.

CAROLYN

You got that book on you? The Judge's book?

Sweety avoids answering that for now. First things first.

SWEETY

You been crying, babycakes?

CAROLYN

I don't need to take it. I just want to look at it.

SWEETY

Not even gon' say hello.

CAROLYN

I'm always the one has to take care of everybody. *I'm done.*

SWEETY

So you want in? Be a client to your client? I know you need the scratch.

CAROLYN

Nope. I want to get on that bench.

Sweety lights up. So she's taking the bull by the horns after all.

SWEETY

There you go. Judge Wilder. That's what I'm talkin' about. A woman got to use what she got to get just what she want.

CAROLYN

Alright, James Brown, let me see it.

Sweety slides his hand into an inner pocket of his jacket. Hesitates.

SWEETY

You can take a look but this is our pouch of diamonds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43C

CONTINUED:

43C

SWEETY (CONT'D)

So don't go after anybody without
telling me first.

And he hands her the book.

Carolyn thumbs through the pages. Looking for something she
recognizes, anything that could be valuable.

CAROLYN

The whole city is in this book.

Then her eyes light on a name--could it be?--and she inhales,
the forces of vengeance gathering in her.

SWEETY

You see somebody could help you?

Carolyn looks at him.

CAROLYN

If there's a wall in Jericho, it's
'bout to tumble down.

And off Carolyn's resolve--

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE