

JUSTIFIED: SHOCK & AWE

An original speculative screenplay
by Wayne Mitchell

Based on the
FX television series "JUSTIFIED"
Developed for television by Graham Yost

Based on the short story
"Fire in the Hole" by Elmore Leonard

EXT. OPEN PLAINS - DAY

Matching black unmarked Expeditions DRIVE HARD across a lonely two lane Texas interstate.

INT. EXPEDITION ONE (MOVING) - CONT.

Serious looking FEDERAL types take up the seats, all of them in suits and sunglasses. A female agent, TERRY MALLICK (30's) speaks into her headset.

MALLICK

Central, this is Transport 8821 - U.S. Marshal Mallick, en route to Three Rivers 845. WITSEC delivery of one Robert Angus. ETA ninety minutes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Amidst an array of computer screens and wires -a sloppy hipster CARNEY (30's), listens in on the conversation while feverishly striking keys.

CENTRAL DISPATCH (O.S.)

(through speakers)

Copy that, 8821. ETA ninety minutes. Happy trails.

MALLICK (O.S.)

(speakers)

Much appreciated. 8821 out.

Carney hits 'Enter' and watches the screen work, "Triangulation Complete".

CARNEY

You got it?

Behind him sits DENNIS PEAK (20's), surrounded closely by screens while working controls that resemble a fighter jet's.

DENNIS

I got it.

INT. EXPEDITION TWO - (MOVING)

BOBBY 'THE BEEF' ANGUS (40's) holds court in the rear seat while three Federal Marshals CONNOR, GRADY, and the driver TALBOT -are all ears.

BOBBY

You have to make sure you introduce the butter and the shortening separately. You can't just mash it all together.

CONNOR

There's a lot to it.

BOBBY

No there's not. A five year old could do it.

TALBOT

Can't you just buy the shell pre-made?

Connor's headset sounds off.

MALLICK (O.S.)

(through earpiece)

Confirmed ETA, 90 minutes.

CONNOR

Copy that.

BOBBY

'Can't you just buy the shell?' Of course you can *buy* the shell. You can also go *buy* the goddamn pie already made from fucking Marie Calendar's if you want. Hell, save yourself the bother of getting out of your car and use the fucking drive through at McDonald's you fat tub of shit!

The other agents bust up laughing while Talbot takes it in stride.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I haven't exactly had the luxury of leaving the house as of late, so I've been taking on some domestic hobbies. Baking relaxes me. All right?

TALBOT

I don't know what I was thinking.

BOBBY

Didn't you like those muffins I made for you the other day, there? The gluten free cranberry flurry?

GRADY

Don't hurt his feelings, man.

TALBOT

They were delicious, Bobby. Thank you.

BOBBY

You said you wouldn't even of known they were gluten free. You remember saying that?

TALBOT

Yes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT.

From above the road, the two Expeditions WEAVE through what traffic there is without any effort.

FARTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY, behind the Expeditions, a raised 4X4 closes the distance ENGINE ROARING with a tricked out H3 HUMMER following closely behind it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

A monitor shows an aerial POV of the highway with floating digital overlays on the two black Expeditions.

CARNEY

(into headset)

Coming up on your right inside sixty seconds.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT.

The 4x4 ROARS down the road past a big rig MAC TRUCK pulling a trailer full of junked cars.

The 4x4 pulls in front of the Mac while the H3 continues to speed up the highway.

INT. MAC TRUCK (MOVING) - CONT.

The MAC DRIVER watches the H3 speed by as the 4x4 slows down - causing him to tap on his brakes.

MAC DRIVER

(hits HORN)

C'mon dude!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT.

The 4x4 pulls along side the Mac truck when suddenly the back door opens and a masked GUNMAN (SCORPION) hangs out the side - pointing a sawed off double barrel shotgun right at the Mac truck's front wheel! BLAAMMM!!!

THE DRIVER SLAMS his brakes just as the front tire DISINTEGRATES!

The big rig BUCKLES forward -CARTWHEELING junked car bodies across the highway, SMASHING into every motorist nearby!

Scorpion returns to the cab as the 4x4 SPEEDS up the road.

INT. EXPEDITION TWO - CONT.

Talbot thinks he spots something in the rearview but can't see much past the approaching H3.

BOBBY

Talbot, women love a guy that can cook. You could add that to your dating profile. What do you use? Millennials only dot com?

TALBOT

(headset)
Go for Mallick.

MALLICK (O.S.)

(headset)
Copy. Go-
(PIERCING FEEDBACK & STATIC)

All three agents yank their earpieces out.

CONNOR

Ow! Jesus!

GRADY

What the hell was that?!

TALBOT

We got a bogey coming up quick.

Connor grabs his radio.

CONNOR

Come in Transpo One, this is Transpo Two. Do you copy?

More FEEDBACK for his efforts.

BOBBY

The fuck is going on?

GRADY

Talk to me, Talbot!

The H3 quickly approaches while the two Expeditions remain in the left lane.

TALBOT

This guy's in an awfully big hurry.

BOBBY
In that thing? Is there a douchebag
convention in town?

CONNOR
Get low!

BOBBY
I ain't getting in the box.

CONNOR
No one asked you to! Just stay low.

The H3 pulls along side of them. Gliding across the length of their vehicle and then beside the first Expedition.

Bobby watches the faces of the Marshals and everything seems to be fine so far. Glancing out the passenger's side window at his low angle, he notices SOMETHING reflecting the sun - flying nearby at the same speed and direction.

BOBBY
Guys. What the fuck is that? Do you
see that?

The agents ignore him and watch the H3 continue up the highway ahead of their convoy.

Connor looks to their rear and sees the 4x4 with the big ass grill behind them at a moderate distance.

CONNOR
How long's this guy been behind us?

BOBBY
Seriously guys, are you seeing
this?!

GRADY
Seeing what?

Bobby points to what looks like an unmanned fixed-wing aircraft flying nearby.

BOBBY
Is that a fucking drone?!

All the agents glance to where he's pointing, straining to see when-

SMASH!! THE 4X4 RAMS them from behind, just as the H3 SLAMS on it's brakes in front of them!!

CONNOR
WATCH IT!!

BOTH EXPEDITIONS SPLIT in opposite directions, missing the H3, almost losing control.

EXPEDITION ONE signals the other vehicle to take the lead and they both gain as much SPEED as possible!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

DRONE POV: From above, the drone watches the vehicles driving at breakneck speeds. The camera pans up the highway to two big rig trucks with trailers.

CARNEY
(headset)
Backer one, bridge the gap in
three,.. two,..

INT. EXPEDITION TWO - CONT.

Talbot speeds towards the two big rigs driving single file when the lead truck jumps into the fast lane BLOCKING their exit!

TALBOT
What the fuck?! C'mon!!

He stomps the HORN while flipping on the flashing LED visor lights.

The rest of the agents watch the approaching assault with their guns out.

GRADY
We got to do something quick!

CONNOR
You sure you don't want to get in
the box?!

BOBBY
Fuck! No!?

EXPEDITION ONE maintains a blocking position and takes HITS as the 4x4 SLAMS into them repeatedly.

INT. EXPEDITION ONE - CONT.

MALLICK
(into radio)
Central command, come in! We are
under attack!!

The other agents, BARNES and TULLY, have weapons drawn just as the 4x4 relents its assault -taking a ghosting position behind them.

BARNES
Now what?

EXT. 4X4 (MOVING) - CONT.

The back door opens and Scorpion hangs out the side with a heavy duty assault rifle strapped to his body -aiming at Expedition One and FIRING!

A THUNDER of bullets UNLOADS on EXPEDITION ONE!! DESTROYING the rear wheels -LAUNCHING it into the air SPINNING and TWISTING like a steel gymnast!

INT. EXPEDITION TWO - CONT.

Connor and Grady watch their backup CARTWHEELING off the highway as BULLETS BLAST out their back windows -SPITTING GLASS everywhere!

CONNOR
GET IN THE BOX!!

BOBBY
FUCK ME!

Bobby drops to the floor and crawls into a coffin sized safe box under the back seat. Grady gets a clear angle on the 4x4 and RETURNS FIRE!

Talbot swerves back and forth but the big rig blockade isn't moving.

TALBOT
Fuck this!

He steers the Expedition onto the shoulder of the highway and JAMS on the GAS!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT.

FROM ABOVE we see the H3 follow the wrecked Expedition off the interstate while the 4x4 stays hot on the remaining vehicle's tail.

Staying on the highway as much as possible, the fleeing Expedition passes the big rig half on the road and half on dirt.

The pursuing 4x4 exits the pavement completely and takes the off road option at TOP SPEED!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Carney watches the dueling vehicles on the monitor then clicks to a rear view camera to see the H3 intercept the wrecked Expedition. A scanner ANNOUNCES incoming law enforcement.

CARNEY

Be advised, emergency vehicles have been dispatched and response teams are inbound.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - CONT.

The H3 stops as a pair of masked gunmen (BONES & MURPHY) in combat boots exit the vehicle and run toward the overturned Expedition.

CARNEY (O.S.)

You got ninety seconds to vacate.

Murphy gets close to the wreckage and sees the three Marshals knocked out and bloody -dangling upside down by seat belts. He looks to Bones and shakes his head.

BONES

(headset)

That's a no joy on our target.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

CARNEY

Copy that, the target is still live.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT.

Grady continues to FIRE at their pursuer as Talbot FIGHTS for the Expedition's TOP SPEED -neck and neck beside the big rig.

They're almost able to make it back on the road when-

CONNOR

(points ahead)

Look out!!

A FAMILY VAN is parked on the shoulder and directly IN THEIR WAY.

TALBOT JERKS the wheel left, MISSING the Van and SLAMMING into the 4x4.

Scorpion almost gets squashed by the Expedition and opens up point blank with another ONSLAUGHT OF BULLETS!!

The Expedition VERRS BACK towards the highway as BULLETS turn its body into Swiss cheese. It SLAMS into the big rig's rear wheels, and SPINS violently out of control.

CARNEY (O.S.)

Fifty-five seconds.

The 4x4 hits the brakes and FISHTAILS to a stop as Scorpion exits the truck and runs towards the smoking Expedition. As he changes mags the scorpion tattoo on his forearm can be seen.

INT./EXT. EXPEDITION TWO - CONT.

Talbot's unconscious face is wrapped with a blood stained airbag as Grady and Connor appear to be out for the count. Scorpion grabs onto the back passenger door and YANKS it open. Sees nothing.

SCORPION
(headset)
The asset isn't here either. We
sure about this intel?

An unconscious BOBBY slowly comes to and KICKS at some glass.
Scorpion hears it.

SCORPION (CONT'D)
Wait a sec.

He walks around to the other side of the SUV, ears perked. Opening the rear doors, he sees the extra space for the box.

SCORPION (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

Crawling inside the cab, he leans over the rear seat -where Bobby waits, eyes wide- when- BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!!

A barely conscious Connor FIRES blindly over his shoulder. A BULLET CONNECTS with Scorpion's body armor and he falls backwards, gets his balance, then UNLOADS another PUNISHMENT of bullets into/through the Expedition and everyone in it.

CARNEY (O.S.)
That's time. Vacate now.

The H3 pulls up next to Scorpion.

BONES
Skedaddle time, brother!

SCORPION
He's not here!

BONES
Regardless! It's a wash! Move it!

Scorpion doesn't like it but he returns to the 4x4. The two vehicles get back on the highway and break for the horizon.

The Expedition's SMOKE gets darker and fuller until FLAMES erupt from the engine. More broken GLASS can be heard as the back door gets kicked wildly from the inside.

It opens just enough for Bobby to crawl out on to the ground and away from the wreck as fire engulfs the entire vehicle.

A Latino FATHER and SON grab him by the arms and pull him away from the flames.

FATHER
Estas bien?

Bobby looks up to see the family van they avoided hitting, with a MOTHER and DAUGHTER watching him as well.

He looks to the burning Expedition and tries to wrap his head around what the hell just happened.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: THREE YEARS LATER

DARKNESS, a distant lonely WIND BLOWS.

Two GUNSHOTS are followed by BODIES FALLING to the ground.

RAYLAN (V.O.)
And it was as if the entire world
shifted around me.

EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY

Clouds float. The sky's blue.

RAYLAN (V.O.)
I don't remember getting shot. I
don't remember falling. Just the
sensation of standing upright with
the street at my back.

U.S. Marshal RAYLAN GIVENS (40's) lays in the road, blood trickling from his left temple, dreamily staring at the sky.

RAYLAN (V.O.)
I could smell blood in the air, but
hadn't realized it was my own.
Other than that, it smelled like
summer in Kentucky.

INT. HAWK'S NEST BAR & GRILL - DAY

Raylan sits at the bar, hatless. The Latino bartender MANUEL (40's) listens, occasionally glancing down to Raylan's cafe brown business man's STETSON, occupying the space next to him.

RAYLAN

When I finally gathered my wits and figured out what happened, I found the hat I had on before he pulled had a hole clean through it.

MANUEL

Damn. And like, your life didn't pass by in front of you or nothing?

RAYLAN

No. Nothing like that. I was more annoyed than anything. I liked that hat. But his was lying there, he didn't need it anymore, so I tried it on -and wouldn't you know, it fit.

MANUEL

Kind of eye for an eye.

RAYLAN

I guess.

MANUEL

Good thing he didn't shoot you in the underwear.

Manuel laughs at his own joke. Raylan thinks about it, sips his coffee.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

The hat you had on before? Where did you get that one?

RAYLAN

Boot Barn.

Manuel nods his head, goes back to work.

Raylan's phone BUZZES. The text reads, 'outside'.

EXT. HAWK'S NEST BAR & GRILL - DAY

Raylan exits to find a Ford Super Duty waiting with a "F.L.E.T.C. Artesia" decal on the door. He gets in the passenger seat.

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - DAY

WADE PHILLIPS (30's), sits behind the wheel. Business casual and clean cut, he looks to Raylan with a 'grown up frat boy' grin on his face.

WADE

Don't you get tired of that place?

RAYLAN

Not at all. Their coffee is good, they serve it in a mug, and it's downstairs from me every morning when I get up. What more do I need?

WADE

Gotta enjoy the little things. Speaking of, you hit that special agent from Buffalo?

RAYLAN

Jesus, Wade. No. She was married and extremely drunk.

WADE

Hey man, what happens in Artesia stays in Artesia. What's the point of being an instructor if you can't bang out the occasional cadet?

Raylan ponders the question.

RAYLAN

What is the point, indeed.

EXT. F.L.E.T.C. ARTESIA - DAY

The Super Duty pulls up to the front gate where Wade and Raylan flash their badges and roll on through. The sign reads, "Federal Law Enforcement Training Center; Artesia, New Mexico".

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Fifteen CADETS (Men, women, various ages and departments; ICE, FBI, Homeland Security, US Marshals, etc.) are lined up, facing targets. They have Glock pistols in holsters and look ready to throw down.

WADE (O.S.)

Pull!

All the cadets PULL their weapons and FIRE once at their targets, immediately returning the guns to their holsters.

Raylan and Wade stand behind them on an elevated platform with assault rifles over their shoulders.

RAYLAN

(reading)

Rather than the body swinging the sword - wielding it as a tool, the master's sword is merely an extension of his own body.

WADE

Pull!

The Cadets FIRE, then holster. Raylan has a book open in his hand, "Flashing Steel, Mastering Eishin-Ryu Swordmanship; by Shimabukuro Shihanis."

RAYLAN

As we train toward mastery, we eventually reach a stage at which, rather than the mind instructing our arm to swing the sword,

WADE

Pull!
(they FIRE)

RAYLAN

Our mind merely instructs the sword to move. Our mind and body act as a single unit which in turn controls the sword.

WADE

Pull!

Again the Cadets pull their pistols, FIRE, and return their guns to their holsters. Raylan looks up from the book.

RAYLAN

One encounter, one chance. That's all you get.

WADE

Pull!

Raylan puts the book down as the cadets FIRE. All their pistols go empty at once. Raylan and Wade get their rifles ready.

WADE (CONT'D)

Change'm out!

The cadets go through the motions of changing magazines as Raylan and Wade start FIRING RAPIDLY over their heads!

A FRAZZLED CADET has troubles getting the clip to fit, while others successfully make the exchange and have their weapons in their holsters, waiting.

The frazzled cadet finally gets it and the RIFLE FIRE stops. Silence takes over, and all the cadets stand ready.

RAYLAN

One encounter. One chance.

WADE

Pull!

They FIRE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Vastly different than the first model, this control room has a *modern startup* sensibility where the first was more *garage band chic*.

Carney, dressed nicer, watches a large combination of screens. Multiple POV's of aerial crafts, with the different screens reading 'Alan', 'Betty', 'Charlie', and 'Dilbert'.

Dennis sits at his upgraded flight controls, with the various screens showing the same four names as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS SKY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Flying through the air, four fixed-wing drones -ALAN, BETTY, CHARLIE, and DILBERT; travel single file, moving across the moon lit rocky terrain at a gingerly pace.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

The large wall sized multi-screen display of south Texas terrain shows A-D markers traveling towards the Mexican border.

CARNEY

Three miles till black out. Bring the speed down twenty percent and go to whisper.

Dennis adjusts the speed on the throttle, with the various displays showing each aircraft reacting in turn. The speed reads '74mph' with 'Whisper Mode Engaged' underneath.

CARNEY (CONT'D)

Adjust pattern tango.

Dennis hits his keyboard.

EXT. TEXAS SKY (MOVING) - CONT.

The low flying drones rearrange their single file formation as all four ENGINES adjust to a stealthy GROWL.

ALAN'S POV: Night vision causes the nearby terrain to look bright as day, with various markers/indicators keeping a vigilant eye on the changing landscape.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Carney scans over all the screens as the map indicates the approaching border.

DENNIS
Ready for black.

CARNEY
Go for black.

Dennis types in the command "Dark Protocol" and hits enter. All POV's of the drones CUT OUT, as the drone indicators on the large map change from blue to red with "estimated location" following the blinking graphic.

Carney looks at his Rolex and steps away from the screens.

FROM FARTHER BACK we see the control room is inside a large hangar with passenger plane sized doors wide open. Multiple tables exhibit a variety of specialized equipment with unfinished drones waiting for completion.

EXT. CONTROL ROOM/HANGAR - CONT.

Carney exits the hangar doors and lights a cigarette. Looking out over the small runway before him, not a damn thing seems to be anywhere close to them other than desert and the occasional distant COYOTE.

He pulls out his phone to compose a text, 'To: BDog, From: BKeepr; the kids are out.'

INT. BARN - NIGHT

JAIME 'BONES' BUCKLEY (50's), reads the text and puts his phone away.

In the center of the large empty barn, a man sits motionless on a folding chair with his hands zip-tied behind his back and a sack over his head.

Bones stands tall over the bound man, casting a harsh shadow from the single bright lamp. Wearing cargo pants tucked into combat boots, he looks military as do the other men standing nearby; PARKER (20's), MURPHY (30's), and ANTON 'SCORPION' WEBSTER (40's).

BONES
All right then. Let's get this over with.

Bones removes the sack to reveal an unconscious African American man, HENRY ADDISON (40's), dressed in an oxford shirt and khakis.

BONES (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

Murphy approaches the man and holds smelling salts under his nose. He JOLTS awake.

BONES (CONT'D)

Don't say anything. Just take it in.

Henry looks afraid for his life. Glancing around the room he notices the other men, as well as the fact his hands are bound.

HENRY

Why have you done this?

Anton steps behind him and wraps a thick rope across his open mouth like a horse bit. Henry resists but Anton keeps him steady.

BONES

Mr. Addison... Henry. Calm down.

He relents as Anton keeps a strong hold on the rope.

BONES (CONT'D)

Like I said, don't say anything. You're not asking the questions here. You understand?

Henry keeps his gaze on Bones and nods his head.

BONES (CONT'D)

Now if you're going to behave and do what I say, I'll get that rope out your mouth. Hell, I'll even untie your hands. Would you like that?

Henry nods his head, yes. Bones looks to Anton -Anton removes the rope and cuts the ties free.

Henry rubs his wrists and waits for what's next.

BONES (CONT'D)

You're surprised, but then again not surprised. Am I right?

Henry begins to respond but Bones waves him off.

BONES (CONT'D)

I know you know who we are. At least by face and name. But I don't think we've met before now. My name's Jaime Buckley, my friends call me Bones. And while we may not be there yet, we get on the other side of this, we'll be well on our way. That there's Murphy, he's Parker, and the guy with the rope is Anton. Boys, this here is Henry Addison, attorney at large.

The boys offer half hearted smiles as Henry keeps his eyes on Bones.

BONES (CONT'D)

Now Henry, I imagine that it's sticking in your craw right now, 'how do these guys know?' And I understand, but for right now let's ignore the *how* and get right into the *what*. So as far as you're concerned, just assume *what* we know is everything.

(beat)

Murph.

MURPHY

(reading off laptop)

Henry Addison, age 42, born in Boston Mass. Graduate of Harvard Law class of '99. Hired by Pennington Hill in '07 which brought him to Buford, along with his wife Connie and their baby girl Monica.

BONES

And what's Monica now?

MURPHY

She's fifteen.

BONES

Brought up her whole life in Buford?

MURPHY

The last ten years at least, yeah. She's a Texas gal. Sophomore at Elmhurst High. Even partakes in the cheer squad.

BONES

She's a Sentinel?

MURPHY

Sure is. Spends two-three hours a night on Twitter and Instagram. Recently joined Snapchat.

BONES

Uh oh. She ain't sending any inappropriate pics her Daddy ought to be concerned with, is she?

MURPHY

No she is not.

PARKER

Not yet, anyway.

BONES

What about Henry and the wife?
Everything good?

MURPHY

Seems like it. She enjoys her
Facebook. Occasionally checks in on
an ex-boyfriend from college, but
nothing suspicious.

BONES

That could give you pause, couldn't
it? What about Henry?

MURPHY

Spends more off time managing his
fantasy football teams than
anything else. Although he does
like his 'porn hub'.

The guys start laughing.

PARKER

Now we're talking.

BONES

What's he like?

MURPHY

Animated.

BONES

What?! That Japanese shit?

MURPHY

Yep.

PARKER

Fucking eggheads and cartoon porn,
man. I swear.

Henry remains in his seat, dumbstruck. Bones looks at him
with a big grin and shrugs it off.

BONES

Hey man, what ever you're into is
what you're into. None of that
concerns us.

The smile fades from Bones' face.

BONES (CONT'D)

What does concern us?

MURPHY

Six months ago, Mr. Addison started searching the web for everything he could find about Atlas Consulting, their business history with the Saudis, as well as the full military histories of the four of us.

BONES

Normally, I'd be flattered, but I don't think you were looking to be a fan. Then I understand you reached out to a friend in DC.

MURPHY

Elliot Peterson, 43, divorced. Lives in a townhouse with recent girlfriend Emily, two blocks from the Plaza. He's an agent with the CIA.

BONES

Henry, Henry, Henry... Where you going with all of this?

(beat)

But that's not the kicker is it?

MURPHY

Nope.

BONES

What is?

MURPHY

In the last eight weeks, Henry here has visited multiple dark-net FTP sites, where he's uploaded nearly a terabyte of encrypted files.

BONES

That sounds illegal to me.

MURPHY

In this particular case it is.

BONES

What were the files?

MURPHY

Unknown.

BONES

How can that be? You heard me tell Henry just now that we know everything.

MURPHY

I guess you best take that up with Henry.

Bones takes a moment, eyes fixed on the man in the chair.

BONES

This is your chance. I want this to work out. A terabyte is a shit load of intel. What was it? Atlas?

HENRY

Yes.

BONES

What about it?

HENRY

Everything. Everything there was. Transcripts. Redacted testimonies. Mineral rights. Night Flights.

BONES

What about Buford?

HENRY

It was *everything*. The entire infrastructure.

Bones doesn't like it.

BONES

Who you send it to? This Peterson guy in DC?

HENRY

No. He didn't believe me. He wouldn't help.

BONES

Then who?

Henry hesitates. Anton grabs him by the head, putting a pen knife up to his face.

ANTON

Want to see how far this can go in your ear before you can't even hear yourself scream?

HENRY

Robert Angus!

This gets all their attention.

BONES

What did you say?

HENRY

Robert Angus. He goes by Bobby.

PARKER
Fuck me.

Bones takes it in.

BONES
How'd you find him?

HENRY
I didn't. He found me. After
Peterson turned me down, somehow
Bobby found me.

PARKER
Why the fuck would he use his real
name?

HENRY
He needed me to know his name so I
could follow the trail. By looking
for him in the files, I found
everything else.

The barn is quiet as Bones gives it more thought.

BONES
So is that it?

HENRY
Yeah, that's it.

BONES
Murph?

MURPHY
Yep.

BONES
All right then.

Anton lets go of Henry and puts his knife away. Henry remains seated, trying to catch his breath.

Anton picks up a long steel spear with a small round cartridge at the tip. This is a BANG STICK.

Bones moves casually out of the way -over to where Murphy stands as Anton returns to Henry's back side, raising the stick...

BONES (CONT'D)
Thanks for the help, Henry.

And POPS it into Henry's back -BANG!!- HENRY'S CHEST EXPLODES onto the dirt floor and he falls forward dead.

AN ALARM BLARES

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dozens of SCREAMING OFFICE WORKERS run past agent PATRICIA MARTIN (30's), gun raised and moving against the current of vacating bodies -many with blood stained clothing. The more we can see it, something looks odd about the agent's pistol.

Following behind with a clipboard and lanyard, Raylan shadows her movements as she enters-

INT. OFFICE SPACE - CONT.

Bodies litter the room, some bloodier than others.

Patricia glances around, checking the corners until she hears a COMMOTION nearby.

She moves quickly to the adjoining conference room where an armed ASSAILANT -Wade in a hoodie- points his weapon at three HOSTAGES facing the wall.

PATRICIA
Drop the weapon! Drop the weapon!!

Raylan moves to get a better view on the action and accidentally kicks a DEAD WOMAN (30's/hot). She winces.

RAYLAN
(whispers)
Sorry! So sorry.

The dead Woman gives him the 'okay'.

Wade glances at Patricia and begins FIRING/LOUD CLICKING at the hostages, murdering the first two with rubber bee-bees until Patricia FIRES BACK with lethally bright colored bee-bees of her own!

Wade reacts, falling 'dead' on the table. The surviving hostage looks at her fallen compatriots and is happy to be alive.

Patricia stares at the 'dead ones' as well.

PATRICIA
Dammit.

An ALARM BLARES.

EXT. FLETC ACTIVE SHOOTER TRAINING COMPLEX - DAY

The cast of CHARACTERS exit the front double doors. The majority exhibit some pattern of blood splatter on their clothes or in their hair. Most are smiling while discussing their performances.

Raylan walks amongst them, talking to the 'dead woman' MAGGIE, as Patricia catches up to him.

PATRICIA
Marshal Givens? How did I do? Do
you mind?

RAYLAN
I'll see y'all there in a bit.

MAGGIE
You buy me a beer, and that'll
start to make us even.

RAYLAN
Count on it.

She continues walking as Raylan turns to Patricia.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
We're going to be going over this
with the whole class.

PATRICIA
I know. I just... I'd like to hear
what you thought before then.

RAYLAN
Have a seat.

They both sit on a nearby bench.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
How you feeling?

PATRICIA
Truthfully? I'm a little light
headed.

RAYLAN
You know what they call that?
(she doesn't)
Shock. You got jacked on adrenaline
and now your body is trying to
settle in.

PATRICIA
That was a lot different than I
thought it'd be.

RAYLAN
That's sort of the point. You
thought it was going to be just
another drill, right?

PATRICIA
Yeah, I guess.

RAYLAN
 But suddenly you hear the screaming
 and see the blood and your mind
 isn't telling you 'this is just a
 drill' anymore is it?

PATRICIA
 No it wasn't.

RAYLAN
 That's why we do it.

PATRICIA
 But should I have shot him
 immediately when I saw him with the
 weapon? It would've saved those
 last two.

RAYLAN
 Maybe. Maybe not. It's a no win
 scenario. You see Star Trek?

PATRICIA
 No. The TV show?

RAYLAN
 The movie.

PATRICIA
 No.

RAYLAN
 The point of the exercise is to try
 and give you a taste of what it's
 going to be like when the shit hits
 the fan. You're never going to
 know what's going to be asked of
 you in emergency situations, but
 the more you can trust yourself and
 trust your training, the better off
 you're going to be.

She thinks about it.

PATRICIA
 I've read your background, and it
 said you've killed in the line of
 duty, multiple times.

RAYLAN
 Unfortunately, that's true.

PATRICIA
 If you don't mind me asking... How
 does the real thing compare to all
 of this?

He ponders a moment.

RAYLAN

It's a lot, emptier. Even when
you've done it right, everything
about it feels wrong.

INT. RAYLAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raylan sits on a folding chair at his folding card table with another third to go on his bottle of Wild Turkey. It's been a long night.

He thumbs at his copy of 'Flashing Steel', and opens up to the handwritten scrawl: "Saw this and it made me think of you. Some people are better when they move. XOXO Winona"

He glances over to the adjacent bedroom where Maggie sleeps soundly in his bed. Raylan swirls the remainder of the whiskey in his glass and shoots it down.

INT. RAYLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

He sleeps face down on the floor next to the table and chair. His cellphone SOUNDS OFF and it takes a moment before he comes to life. He manages to find his feet, then locates the cell phone on the card table.

RAYLAN

(into phone)

Yeah.

INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE MIAMI - MORNING

Chief Deputy U.S. Marshal DAN GRANT (50's) sits at his desk with the phone to his ear.

GRANT

(through phone)

Morning, Raylan. How's the desert
air?

INTERCUT:

RAYLAN wipes the sleep from his face as Maggie awakens.

RAYLAN

Dan? That you?

GRANT

None other.

RAYLAN

You know what time it is?

Raylan finds a spot beside her on the bed and she curls up next to him.

GRANT
8:02 am, where I'm sitting.

RAYLAN
Yeah, Miami. In Miami it's eight
meaning it's six here, Dan.

GRANT
What's your point?

RAYLAN
Nothing, nothing. Forget I
mentioned it.

GRANT
Thought you'd be up doing yoga or
painting tortoise shells-

MAGGIE
Who is that?

RAYLAN
(covers phone)
It's work.

GRANT
Oh,.. That doesn't sound like Yoga
to me.

RAYLAN
Kind of like it, depending...

GRANT
You're not with the rug-rat this
weekend?

RAYLAN
No, Willa is with her mother.

Maggie looks up smiling.

MAGGIE
You're a daddy?

Raylan smiles back and shows her a framed picture of himself
with his daughter Willa, five years old and cute as shit.
Maggie melts.

GRANT
Then perfect. How fast can you get
to your office? I've got something
for you.

RAYLAN
You've got something for me? Dan,
I'm instructing full time now. I
don't take cases anymore, remember?

GRANT

I remember just fine. You decided to hang up your spurs and become Obi Wan Kenobi. I get it. But get this, this one's in your backyard and... it's a doozy.

RAYLAN

A doozy, huh? Where is it?

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - DAY

Wade is behind the wheel while Raylan examines the file.

WADE

Amarillo? Never been to North Texas.

RAYLAN

Ain't much there either.

WADE

And who's this guy, again?

RAYLAN

Bobby "The Beef" Angus.

WADE

Well that's just great. We're going to be tooling around Amarillo asking people, "Where's the beef?"

Wade laughs out loud while Raylan pays it no mind.

RAYLAN

I'm surprised you don't recognize the name. He's also referred to as 'the one'... As in the only witness the Marshals Office ever lost..?

WADE

(no longer funny)
Yeah, I remember now.
(beat)
Wait. So he's alive?

RAYLAN

That's the way it looks. He got stopped by a local last night and used the ID issued from WITSEC. It cleared the initial check, but then it raised a flag so they contacted us.

Raylan examines a mug shot of Bobby smirking in both angles, then some photos of the burnt and destroyed remains of the two Expeditions.

WADE
What'd he do?

RAYLAN
Racketeering and extortion.

WADE
Kind of old fashion.

RAYLAN
Doesn't say what he was going to testify to either. Just that he had a deposition with a Federal Grand Jury in San Antonio that he did not make.

Raylan continues to read while Wade watches the open road.

WADE
Tell me something, the whole reading out loud thing, from your book..?

RAYLAN
What about it?

WADE
You kind of sound like an NRA fortune cookie.

RAYLAN
Shit...

WADE
Didn't realize you read at all, let alone philosophical Japanese Samurai nonsense.

RAYLAN
Why's it nonsense?

WADE
We ain't using swords, man.

RAYLAN
The principle is the same. It's about honing your craft. You do know what craft is, don't you?

WADE
They're the ones that make cheese, right?

Raylan gives up as Wade laughs at his own joke.

RAYLAN
Anyway, it was a gift.

WADE
From your shrink?

RAYLAN

No. Why would you think that?

WADE

My Step-dad, I buy him books on the Grateful Dead, or maybe some Tom Clancy if he doesn't have it already. That's the shit he likes. My Mom, I buy books on gluten free cooking. She's got that allergy to flour and I want her to have options. My sister I get 'Maybe He's Just Not That Into You'. You follow me?

RAYLAN

Not really.

Wade grins.

WADE

Someone's trying to tell you something. The question is, are you listening?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AMARILLO TX - DAY

A computer screen plays a DASH-CAM VIDEO of Patrol OFFICER TALBERT (40's), and Bobby Angus stepping to the back of an older Lincoln by the side of the road.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)

Officer, I don't mind at all. Do you need me to walk a straight line, or recite the Star Spangled Banner backwards?

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)

No, you're fine right there.

Officer Talbert continues to flash his light into the back of the vehicle.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)

Did you know that song was basically ripped off of another song? The Star Spangled Banner that is? The melody.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)

Didn't know that.

The video continues as Raylan, Wade, and Officer Talbert watch. The officer points at the screen.

OFFICER TALBERT (CONT'D)

(in person)

He's actually quite a nice guy. Maybe it's an act, I don't know.

RAYLAN
Why'd you pull him over?

OFFICER TALBERT
Expired tags. Not by much. I ended
up not citing him.

Raylan watches Bobby glance at the camera. His T-shirt is old and faded but Raylan can make out the name 'Bruins'.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)
Kind of like what Vanilla Ice did
to David Bowie, God rest his soul.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)
What song was he ripping off?

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)
'Under Pressure'. Freddie Mercury
sang on it too.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)
No, the Star Spangled Banner.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)
I don't know that, but I do know it
was a popular drinking song. Kind
of like if someone built a national
anthem around 'Piano Man'.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)
Hmm... Now Ms. Whittingham
confirmed on the phone that yes,
you're staying with her and that
you have permission to use the car.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)
I tell you that woman is a saint.
She really is. Strong Baptist
upbringing. Me, I'm Catholic. I'd
convert but once you've had a
Priest fondle your balls as a
preteen you're kind of in it for
life.

The 'office' Officer Talbert busts a gut while Wade tries not to laugh.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)
(staying focused)
She also said that the new
registration is on its way. So I
thank you for your cooperation.

BOBBY (ON SCREEN)
Absolutely, Officer... Talbert.
It's been a pleasure. You have a
lovely night.

OFFICER TALBERT (ON SCREEN)
Thank you. You as well.

Bobby heads to the driver's side, glancing back at the squad car when the video freezes on his nervous mug.

RAYLAN

You reach out to Ms. Whittingham?

OFFICER TALBERT

We sent a couple of units over this morning, early. But he had already split. She said she woke up to a note in the kitchen.

INT. MS. WHITTINGHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JUDITH WHITTINGHAM (70's), African-American, sits in her chair wearing a housecoat and slippers. Raylan sits across from her, hat in hand.

MS. WHITTINGHAM

I couldn't tell you where he went. But he would never do that to me anyhow.

RAYLAN

What's that, ma'am?

MS. WHITTINGHAM

Put me in a position where I'd have to lie to the police. He told me to tell you everything I knew. We weren't doing nothing wrong.

RAYLAN

I'm sorry, ma'am. What are you referring to?

MS. WHITTINGHAM

He made me feel like a kid again. Like I was young.

RAYLAN

Was this... an *intimate* relationship?

MS. WHITTINGHAM

Oh heavens, no. Not like that. He's a flirt, but no. He taught me penny stocks!

RAYLAN

Penny stocks?

MS. WHITTINGHAM

That's right. Started with two hundred dollars and kept putting it in the right places until it turned into twelve thousand.

(MORE)

MS. WHITTINGHAM (CONT'D)
From there we opened more accounts.
I have a portfolio!

RAYLAN
That's really something, ma'am.

MS. WHITTINGHAM
Robert is a sweet man.

RAYLAN
How did you come about taking him
in?

MS. WHITTINGHAM
I posted a room for rent on the
bulletin board at my church. I
require some help around the house
and he is very gracious. Drives me
to my appointments.

RAYLAN
And you said that he told you we
were coming?

MS. WHITTINGHAM
He told me that this day would
come. When the law might come
calling.

RAYLAN
He ever say why?

MS. WHITTINGHAM
No. Just that he wanted to make
sure that I was taken care of
before that day came. That I'd be
better off than he found me.

Her eyes start to water. Raylan hands her a tissue.

RAYLAN
You okay, Ms. Whittingham?

MS. WHITTINGHAM
I'll be all right. It just occurred
to me that I'm not going to see my
friend anymore.

RAYLAN
Well, ma'am, I hope that's not the
case.

MS. WHITTINGHAM
It's okay. Robert lives with his
decisions. He's told me so. I guess
we all do.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Small and tidy with a single bed, desk, not much else. Raylan checks the drawers, they're empty. So is the waste bin.

Glancing through the window to the backyard, he sees Wade inside the free standing garage.

INT./EXT. BACKYARD/GARAGE - DAY

Wade looks through boxes covered in dust. A small bench press sits in the center of the room with a few dumbbells and pieces of yard equipment.

Raylan approaches, taking note of Ms. Whittingham's Lincoln parked in the driveway.

WADE

I called the local cab companies. No one reported sending a car out here.

RAYLAN

Maybe he hitchhiked.

WADE

Maybe.

RAYLAN

Didn't leave much. Even his garbage is empty.

Raylan checks the cans outside, also empty.

WADE

Not much in here either.

RAYLAN

She said he knew this day was coming. You check the Lincoln?

WADE

Yeah. Nothing inside except some cassette tapes.

RAYLAN

Anything good?

WADE

AC/DC. Guns N' Roses. A few other classics.

RAYLAN

'Classics'. I remember when they were new. How bout the trunk?

WADE

Reusable grocery bags, and a few rolls of tape.

RAYLAN
The guy liked his tapes. What kind?

WADE
Electrical and cloth, I think.

Raylan enters the garage and glances around the room, noticing a large vacant patch of pegboard with two big empty hooks.

RAYLAN
Now what do you think he had there?

WADE
Go bag?

RAYLAN
That's not the type of thing you usually keep hanging out in the open.

WADE
Maybe he was hiding it in plain sight?

RAYLAN
Maybe. Whatever was there is gone now. If he had another car he was using, why would he use the Lincoln last night?

WADE
There a bus stop nearby?

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - DAY

Wade drives while Raylan has the phone to his ear.

RAYLAN
(into phone)
Thank you, sir. Much obliged.
(hangs up)
Yep. A man matching his description with a large sports bag was on the first number seven bus nearest to Ms. Whittingham's place this morning.

WADE
Called it!

RAYLAN
Said he exited the downtown stop, next to the airport shuttle stop.

WADE
Shit.

RAYLAN

The shuttles carry security cameras but they're not available until the end of the day. If we hurry, we can talk to the driver before he takes off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CIVIC CENTER, AMARILLO TX - DAY

Wade speaks to a BUS DRIVER (50's), while showing him a picture of Bobby Angus. The driver isn't much help.

Raylan looks around the neighborhood and sees the Public Library on one side with the Center for Performing Arts on the next block.

Wade returns.

WADE

Not much to report. Says if he was on one of the first shuttles this morning, he would've remembered him.

Raylan continues to peruse the horizon until someone catches his eye. Wade notices.

WADE (CONT'D)

What? You see something?

Looking towards the Civic Center, a Latino man wearing a GRETZKY jersey carries a large sports bag over his shoulder.

RAYLAN

You think that bag would fit?

Wade sees him.

WADE

Yeah, I think it might. There's a lot of those bags in circulation-

RAYLAN

And that cloth tape didn't happen to say 'stick' on it, did it?

WADE

I think it did.

Raylan follows Gretzky into the building with Wade picking up the cue. The Civic Center's digital billboard advertises, "Amarillo Adult Hockey League Championships, Tonight!!!"

INT. AMARILLO CIVIC CENTER - DAY

Converted into a hockey arena, two teams do battle on the ice for a crowd of dozens.

Raylan and Wade mosey down the steps, watching what looks like real hockey only slower. The score board reads "Warmouths 2 / Shiners 1; period 2".

Raylan gestures for Wade to work one direction while he moves in the other.

A MASSING of Gold WARMOUTH jerseys collide with silver/blue SHINERS, elbows and shoving ensues!

A Gold #12 HATHAWAY (30's) fights for the puck as a Silver #9 MARTINICO (40's) nails him in the back -SLAMMING him into the plexiglass near Raylan.

A REFEREE (40's) blows his WHISTLE and tries to separate the two adults.

GOALIE

C'mon, Ref! You gonna let him get away with that kind of shit?!

Raylan HEARS the Goalie, and it rings familiar.

Walking the length of the glass, he keeps a keen eye on the gold Goalie sporting #2 HIGHTOWER. Raylan takes a seat directly behind the net.

The Ref breaks up the commotion and the two men face off. The puck is dropped and STICKS FIGHT for it! Martinico breaks free with the puck and bee lines towards the net as gold jerseys fall by the waist side trying to stop him.

The Goalie gets ready as Martinico's stick swings back for the shot... CRACK!!! The puck FLIES like a bullet towards the net.

Putting everything he's got into it -the Goalie STRETCHES OUT his body in front of the puck and takes one right to the dome -SMACK! The puck falls to the ice as does the Goalie.

RAYLAN

Ouch.

His fellow players rush to his side but the Goalie stands up and shakes it off.

HATHAWAY

Damn, Bobby. You alright?

GOALIE/BOBBY

Yeah, I'll live.

All the PLAYERS give him 'the ol' atta-boy' as he peels his helmet back and turns to sip from his water. Bobby's eyes meet with Raylan's, and Raylan applauds the save.

The Ref BLOWS the whistle.

REFEREE

Number Two! We good?!

Bobby puts his helmet back on and returns to the game.

CUT TO:

GLOVED HANDS HIGH FIVE

As all the players skate by the opposing team with post game congratulations.

Raylan and Wade stand near the only entrance to the ice as players and fans alike exit the arena past them.

Bobby remains on the ice talking to Hathaway. He passes off his bulky pads and stick to him.

BOBBY

Just throw those inside for me. I gotta grab my water bottle. And gimme your stick.

He trades equipment with him.

HATHAWAY

You okay, man?

BOBBY

Yeah, yeah. I want to get a few shots in before the next heat.

HATHAWAY

We're heading to Scooter's.

BOBBY

I'll be there.

Trying not to be obvious, Bobby's eyes keep track of Raylan and Wade. Raylan watches back, sending Wade to follow Hathaway into the locker room.

Bobby skates towards his net, guiding a puck skillfully along with his stick until he zeros in and CRACKS it dead center into the back of the target. The RED LIGHT spins.

Raylan steps out on the ice, moving carefully in Bobby's direction.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Can I help you with something?

RAYLAN

You sure can. You can put the stick down and exit the ice for me.

He continues to skate, gracefully moving about the rink with the face of his stick TAPPING off the wet surface.

At the second net he finds another puck and takes it out for a spin.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
You hear what I said?

Bobby skates by unaffected.

BOBBY
I like it out here. What's your problem?

RAYLAN
Bobby, I've had a long day. And it's about to get longer. So let's just make it easier for everyone. All right?

BOBBY
All right for who? You? Me, I'm not whoever you think I am. Sorry.

SMACK!! He FIRES another puck deep into the net.

RAYLAN
Robert Angus. Bobby the beef. Last time anyone saw you, four U.S. Marshals lost their lives.

Bobby retrieves the puck and skates towards Raylan, stopping ten yards or so in front of him.

BOBBY
I don't know who you're talking about, and frankly I don't give a shit.

Raylan draws his hand back along his belt, revealing the silver star and holstered Glock.

RAYLAN
There's the way you want it, and then there's the way it's going to be.

BOBBY
Ain't that the truth?

Bobby turns his body towards the puck, glancing at Raylan's badge.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Something tells me you ain't going to be able to move too good in boots.

RAYLAN
I might surprise you.

Bobby glances down to the puck while Raylan's eyes get that 'death-dealer' cool about them.

Bobby's stick flies back in the air -SWINGING FULL SPEED towards the puck as- RAYLAN PULLS, FIRING and NAILING the PUCK!!! SHATTERING the face of Bobby's stick as the puck SMACKS into the wall in the far distance.

Bobby looks off to wherever the puck ended up, then to the broken stick in his hands. Raylan holsters the Glock.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You need me to ask you again?

Bobby drops the stick and makes his way towards Raylan with his hands up in disbelief.

BOBBY

I... I wouldn't of believed that if I hadn't just seen it. They fucking taught you that?!

INT. SUPER DUTY - DUSK

Bobby is escorted to the back seat with his hands cuffed behind him. Stripped down to his undershirt and long underwear, both drenched in sweat, Bobby struggles to sit upright as his gear is thrown into the back of the truck.

BOBBY

Jesus, can you be careful with that, please?!

Wade and Raylan get in their seats.

WADE

What's that?

BOBBY

My stuff. You don't need to throw it around like you're some disgruntled baggage carrier.

WADE

It's just pads and clothes, ain't it?

BOBBY

Aw Jesus, you're a prize. Your parents have any kids that lived?

WADE

Excuse me?!

RAYLAN

Why don't you just sit there and shut the hell up! All right?

BOBBY

Fine with me.

They drive.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - LATER

Raylan watches Bobby in the visor mirror. Bobby nods his head in disbelief.

RAYLAN
You okay back there?

BOBBY
I just can't fucking believe it.
How'd you think to look for me
there? I know Ms. Whittingham
didn't say anything about it, I
never told her I still played. She
thinks hockey is barbaric.

RAYLAN
You were wearing the same shirt
last night.

Bobby looks down to his faded Boston Bruins T-shirt covered in sweat.

BOBBY
(he sighs)
It was a big game.

RAYLAN
All ties, Bobby. You got to cut
them all when the Man comes round.
You know the deal.

BOBBY
They really didn't have a chance
without me.

RAYLAN
And your team won. So
congratulations are partly in
order.

WADE
What is a Warmouth, anyhow?

BOBBY
I'd explain it to you but we just
met and I don't want to bring your
Mother into it.

Wade SNAPS!

WADE
The FUCK you say to me?!

-GRABBING at Bobby as the truck SWERVES sharply!

Raylan steadies the wheel!

RAYLAN
Hey! Hey! Knock it off!!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AMARILLO - NIGHT

Bobby is shoved into a cell with the door shut behind him. A grin resides on his freckled face.

Raylan places the sports bag on a table nearby, dons rubber gloves, and empties the contents. Bobby's demeanor changes.

Out come his clothes, jeans, clean underwear, etc. Raylan checks the jeans' pockets thoroughly and finds nothing.

BOBBY
You mind if I get those from you?
I'm starting to smell something
awful in this.

Raylan tosses him the jeans, followed by skivvies and an AC/DC T-shirt.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Bobby changes clothes, uncaring of any onlookers.

Raylan digs through the pockets of the bag and finds a money roll, places it on the table. He also finds a plastic bag with a few passports and various state ID's, all with Bobby's smiling mug.

Wade joins him at the table and glances over the hockey equipment, the money roll, the ID's, nothing too suspicious.

WADE
Anything stand out?

RAYLAN
Can't say there is. Pretty standard
stuff for 'the man on the go'.

WADE
I don't see what he was getting so
nervous about me tossing his bag
for?

Raylan ponders, picks up the hockey stick, pokes at the seemingly empty bag, then SMACKS it with the stick.

This gets Bobby's attention as he finishes dressing.

BOBBY
What are you doing that for?

RAYLAN
No reason.

WHACK! WHACK!! Raylan nails the empty bag again and again.

BOBBY
You guys should have a little more respect for people's personal property. You know that?

Raylan slides the bag off the table and leaves it alone.

RAYLAN
(to Wade)
Help me out with this.

They spread out Bobby's pads and helmet on the table with his skates at one end and his shoes at the other. WHACK!! Raylan smacks the street shoes.

BOBBY
C'mon. I know their only Asics, but seriously-

WHACK!! Raylan attacks the helmet, WHACK, WHACK!!

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Now you see there, I didn't earn any of those and you're scuffing a really nice design.

WHACK!! The shoulder and chest pads get the stick, WHACK, WHACK!!

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What are you trying to do anyway?

WHACK! Raylan starts in on the oversized leg pads, WHA--

BOBBY (CONT'D)
FUCKING STOP, ALREADY!! ALL RIGHT?!?!

Raylan drops the stick, picks up the pads and starts to closely examine them. Feeling around the left pad his fingers locate something... Digging in deep, he pulls out a small silver rectangle the size of an iPhone.

RAYLAN
What have we got here?

WADE
Portable hard drive, looks like.

BOBBY
Don't eat it.

RAYLAN
Let's take a look to see what's on
it.

BOBBY
I wouldn't, if I were you.

WADE
Why's that?

BOBBY
Because as soon as you do you're
going to have every person, place,
or thing that's important to you
suddenly in the crosshairs of the
type of people that don't miss.

WADE
(impending doom music)
Duh-duh-duh-dunnnh...

RAYLAN
Well that's a helluva thing to put
out there since we can't even call
bullshit without running the risk.

BOBBY
Look..., Officer...

RAYLAN
U.S. Marshals Givens, and Phillips.

BOBBY
My apologies, gentlemen, for
before. We really got off on the
wrong foot.

RAYLAN
That what you call assaulting a
Federal Deputy?

BOBBY
Assault? Who was assaulting? In
Boston, that's just how we say
hello.

RAYLAN
What are you getting at, Bob?

BOBBY
Whoever it was that called you to
come after me, is it safe to assume
that you haven't let them know you
found me?

RAYLAN
Possibly.

BOBBY
You know where you plan on taking
me next?

RAYLAN
Can't say that I do. More than
likely the Federal Detention Center
in Houston. Why?

BOBBY
Is there any chance that we can get
there first, before you phone it
in?

RAYLAN
Seriously doubtful.

BOBBY
I know it's asking a lot.

WADE
Ya think? You don't want us to try
out your little hard drive and you
don't want us to contact HQ to let
them know we got your weaselly ass.
Anything else?

BOBBY
(to Raylan)
Look, obviously you're the smart
one. No offense, but your partner
there looks like he could misspell
FBI.

WADE
I'm right fucking here! And I'll
have you know I graduated from the
University of Alabama!

He pulls at his crimson red 'Go Bama!' T-shirt.

BOBBY
Oh yeah? And what size bus drove
you there?

Wade holds up his hands in surrender and walks away.

RAYLAN
What exactly are you afraid of?

BOBBY
You see what happened last time?
That was six armed Marshals with
two vehicles. I was lucky to make
it out alive. How do you think that
feels, knowing four of them lost
their lives trying to protect me? I
knew those guys. I considered them
friends.

RAYLAN
I can assure you that my boss in
Miami is as solid as they come.

BOBBY

Every boat has leaks, Marshal. And the worst ones are the ones you don't even know about.

RAYLAN

I hear what your saying, but there's a protocol for this type of thing that has to be followed, for a reason.

Bobby relents.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Your name has been in the system since last night. The only people that have shown up are the two of us. Could be we're the only ones who care.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Carney watches the multiple SCREENS carefully as various POV ANGLES from inside the drones reveal cargo holds being filled with white bricks of powder.

EXT. LANDING STRIP, MEXICO - NIGHT

The four drones are lined up with their tops open while LATINO WORKERS pull more white bricks from their pickup. ARMED MEN stand watch nearby.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Glancing at the various read outs, the additional weight is monitored while all the brick stacks are neatly arranged. Once the weight reaches '225lbs', the WORKER pulls an elastic cargo net over the stack -CLAMPING the bricks into place.

DRONE CHARLIE POV: an ALERT sounds as the elastic cargo net fails to clamp all the way down.

EXT. LANDING STRIP, MEXICO - CONT.

A young man HECTOR, tries again to clamp the net but it doesn't work.

CARNEY (O.S.)

(into headset/Spanish)

There's a problem with Charlie.

One of the armed men RIVERA, adjusts his headset.

RIVERA
(Spanish)
I'm on it.

Hector tries repeatedly but it doesn't want to work. Rivera comes up and moves him out of the way. Examining the stack closely he sees a few of the bricks are misaligned.

RIVERA (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
Fucking asshole! You got to stack these things perfectly. If this shit comes loose while flying the whole fucking thing can come down!

HECTOR
I'm sorry. I can do it.

Rivera fits the stack just right and clamps the net down secure.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

CHARLIE'S POV: the 'Cargo Secure' prompt confirms 'Status Go'.

DENNIS
 That's all of them. We're good to go.

EXT. LANDING STRIP, MEXICO - CONT.

The workers step back from the drones and watch in awe as the cargo doors close on their own and the propellers come to life one by one.

In a uniform/synchronized fashion, the four drones move in unison down the runway at a steadily increasing pace until they each take flight.

Hector looks to Rivera and shakes his head.

HECTOR
(Spanish)
Fucking crazy, man.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Carney watches as the digital map shows the drones flying north 'approaching US/Mexico border in 44 minutes'.

DENNIS
 So far, so good.

BONES (O.S.)
 Is that ETA accurate?

Bones steps out from the back, startling Carney.

CARNEY
Yeah, that's spot on.

BONES
Then I'm going to need you to come
with me for a second.

Carney glances at Dennis who is just as much in the dark.

BONES (CONT'D)
Don't worry. He'll be next. C'mon.

Carney removes his headset and follows Bones into the barracks.

INT. BARRACKS SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

EMERSON BUCKLEY (70's), thin, sits quietly next to an empty chair in the center of the room. Another large imposing man, OSWALD (60's), stands in the corner. Both look like something out of Las Vegas from the 1980's.

Bones enters the room with Carney in tow.

CARNEY
Mr. Buckley? Sir?

EMERSON
Hey, there he is. How are you, kid?
Have a seat.

CARNEY
Thank you.

Carney sits down, obviously shaken.

EMERSON
You all right?

CARNEY
I'm sorry, sir. I'm just surprised
to see you. Did I do something
wrong?

EMERSON
No,.. No, not at all. Relax. In
fact, quite the opposite. I wanted
to talk to you about all the things
you're doing right.

CARNEY
Okay.

EMERSON

This little endeavor of yours. At first I didn't know what to make of it. But that's never stopped me before. You showed promise, and more importantly, you showed results.

CARNEY

Thank you, sir.

EMERSON

Are you and your partner...

CARNEY

Dennis.

EMERSON

Dennis, right. Are you two still happy here? Is there anything that you need? Girls, food, you name it, we can bring it here for you. We can take you into town. Anything you want.

CARNEY

I was hoping to go home this Thanksgiving. See my brother and my niece.

Emerson chews on this, glances over to Bones.

EMERSON

Yeah... Yeah. I appreciate that you're a family man. I'm one myself. Having children, watching them grow up to become men, women, (he gestures to Bones) it truly is one of life's greatest gifts. Our family, our loved ones, they make us who we are. But because we love our families, and because there's nothing that we wouldn't do for them, we're vulnerable. Do you understand me?

CARNEY

Yes sir.

EMERSON

You know as well as anyone, the depth of our organization. How many different operations we have running. That makes you very valuable to us. And as a result, that makes us vulnerable as well.

CARNEY

Mr. Buckley, I would never-

EMERSON

I'm not suggesting you would ever do something either. But regardless, we have to make sure we're all on the same page.

Emerson looks to Oswald, and Oswald hands him a tablet with a video ready to play.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

There was a man who worked for one of our organizations in Oaxaca, who became a witness for Federales when he decided he wanted out.

Emerson hands Carney the tablet.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

The girl in the video is his niece. She's a few years older than yours, I believe.

Carney starts to panic as he can imagine what's next.

CARNEY

Please, please, I don't have any plans-

Oswald walks up and stands beside him.

EMERSON

I know you don't, kid. And I know this is going to hurt, but it's for your own good. Press play.

Carney looks to the screen, at the still image of an eleven year old girl, bound and gagged, hanging from her wrists as she stares at the camera, helpless. Carney starts to cry.

CARNEY

Please...

Oswald reaches down and presses play with one hand as his other hand grips Carney's head like a melon, forcing it to look at the video with the young girl SCREAMING through her gag.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Dennis stares at the closed door with his partner on the other side. Through the walls he hears Carney REACTING.

CARNEY (O.S.)

NO!!!! OH GOD, NO!!!

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Wade drives as Raylan looks out over the dark horizon. Bobby sits in the back with his hands cuffed in the front. He looks into the rearview mirror where his eyes meet with Wade's. Wade gives him the stink eye.

BOBBY

Aw, c'mon there big fella. No hard feelings. All right? Truce?

WADE

Whatever.

BOBBY

That's in the right direction at least.

(beat)

A Warmouth is a fish. And that thing I said earlier is just a thing we say when people ask. I didn't think you'd bite as hard as you did, but... anyways. All the teams are named after fish. Easiest way not to offend anyone. That and the owner's kid is a big 'Finding Nemo' fan. He should work on becoming a fan of diet and exercise. The way that kid is going the only thing he's going to be finding is diabetes. Chubby little spoiled prick. You should see him on skates, now there's a sight.

The cab is silent.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Nothing..? Really? Crickets?

RAYLAN

If you're in a talking mood, why don't you tell us what it is that makes you such a threat. A Federal Grand Jury is no joke. What were you planning on testifying about?

Bobby gets that anxious look on his face.

BOBBY

I'm telling you, there's some things it's better not to know. Information carries weight, and you don't want to handle this kind of weight.

WADE

Need to know works for me.

BOBBY

There's a surprise.

RAYLAN
Who's whistle you blowing?

BOBBY
Marshal, I never!

RAYLAN
You got that hard drive for a reason. Who you planning on giving it to?

BOBBY
What's the difference?

RAYLAN
Look. No offense, Bobby, but when I look at you I kind of see a jerk-off.
(Wade laughs)
So I'm trying to figure out what it is about you that has the powers that be so spooked.

BOBBY
You wanna know what I see when I look at you in that hat?

RAYLAN
If you want to get tazed in the nuts, go right ahead!

BOBBY
Right for the nuts, huh?

RAYLAN
That's correct! So let's keep it civil. What's your deal?

Bobby relents.

BOBBY
I was part of a think tank that devised and implemented a set of... strategies -let's call them, that aimed to orchestrate a more controllable level of national security.

RAYLAN
This was for the government?

BOBBY
Private sector.

RAYLAN
And your strategies went outside legal parameters?

BOBBY

You could say that. From our standpoint it was all theoretical. What our employers wanted to do with the programs was up to them.

WADE

I'm gonna' call bullshit on that. "No, officer. I just sold him the gun. I didn't think he was going to use it."

BOBBY

It was nothing like that. This was post nine-eleven and everyone's head got seriously fucked with so nothing was off the table. It was our job to examine the emerging technologies available, look into the future for their repercussions, and do our best to predict what the next two thousand moves should be after that.

RAYLAN

None of which would mean dick unless it was put into effect.

BOBBY

It was put into effect, and wouldn't you know it, most the stuff we predicted is happening exactly as we guessed it. But then fellow members of this think tank start disappearing. Looks like, why deal with non-disclosure agreements when you can just remove them from the equation all together? Right?

RAYLAN

So you turned state's?

BOBBY

When it felt like the hammer was dropping, yeah. I flipped.

RAYLAN

What's on the drive?

BOBBY

Evidence. Proof that this isn't just a conspiracy. You ever been to a city in south-east Texas called Buford?

RAYLAN/WADE

No.

BOBBY

Halfway between Houston and the border.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

A hundred miles from the coast.
Nothing special. Population of just
about a hundred thousand.

WADE

Yeah, so?

BOBBY

Unbeknownst to its population,
Buford has been the heart of a
private experiment for the past
eighteen or so years.

RAYLAN

And that think tank you took part
in, was that about eighteen years
ago as well?

BOBBY

Yes it was.

WADE

What's the experiment?

BOBBY

That thing that Snowden was warning
us would happen? The NSA mega-site
that would keep a record of all
your phone calls, emails, your
coming and goings, everything..?

WADE

Yeah..?

BOBBY

Well that was a big case of no
fucking shit they're going to keep
tabs on us. Did you read the
Patriot Act? It's inevitable. But
you can't expect one site to
monitor it all with one agency! If
you want to affect change, you got
to start locally. One town at a
time.

RAYLAN

And they're doing that in Buford?

BOBBY

Fuck yeah they are. They got it all
dialed in and monitored. Every
citizen with a cell phone and
internet access is on the record.
What sites you're going to, who
you're talking to, for how long,
where you're going, and who you're
going there with. All the data goes
through an international security
firm called Atlas Consulting that
has direct ties with the local
government.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sheriff's department, Fire Department, everyone is on board. They don't know all the inner workings of the operation, all they know is that since Atlas got involved everyone's numbers are improving. Crime is down, property value is up, the kids are getting smarter, and there's a chicken in every pot. So what's the problem? So what if they murder the occasional innocent citizen that won't play ball. All the cost of doing business, right?

RAYLAN

So you figure if you get this info to the right people-

BOBBY

The Federal Commission On Domestic Non-Evasive Digital Surveillance and Counter Espionage. Senator Gerald Fletcher is the chairman.

RAYLAN

You think this Senator is going to grant you immunity?

BOBBY

He might. At least at that point everything I know is out and on the table. It's a matter of record and my value is spent.

WADE

What makes this thing Federal if it's just the one town?

BOBBY

It's not just the one town. They're using Buford as a hub. By being in bed with local law enforcement they have access to all the national databases. Atlas isn't even the one calling the shots. There's an even larger conglomerate pushing their buttons. Setting up franchises like Buford in every state. The corporate privatization of local government.

WADE

And you helped to think the whole thing up, huh?

BOBBY

Yeah. Thanks for reminding me. I used to have a real knack for calling bullshit on everyone and everything around me.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

The Hypocrisy. That's how I started getting tagged as 'The Beef'. I had a beef with the world. That kind of attitude mixed with my God given Irish rage doesn't make for relaxed living.

RAYLAN

You don't say.

BOBBY

Fortunately I've learned some lessons over the years. Main one being, if you look hard enough, we're all a bunch of hypocrites.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AMARILLO - NIGHT

Desk SERGEANT ORTIZ answers the RINGING phone.

SERGEANT ORTIZ

Amarillo Police Department.
Sergeant Ortiz speaking.

INTERCUT:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CARNEY

(into headset)

Good evening, Kevin Daniels WCBX News. Can you confirm reports that earlier today Federal Agents apprehended fugitive Robert Angus?

SERGEANT ORTIZ

I'm sorry, but our Press Information Officer is out for the evening.

CARNEY

I understand Sergeant, I'm trying my best to get the scoop on this one. Are you unable to check the logs? It'd be a life saver...

SERGEANT ORTIZ

I'm not really supposed to.

(scans some papers)

Ah, here we are. Yep, Robert Angus was brought in just a few hours ago.

CARNEY

And the names of the arresting officers?

(MORE)

CARNEY (CONT'D)

We like to give credit where credit is due. Sergeant *Ortiz*, correct?

SERGEANT ORTIZ

Yes, that's correct. One moment...
United States Marshals Raylan
Givens and Wade Phillips.

Carney enters their names in his database, presses 'Enter', and watches as his screens go to work.

In seconds, pictures of Raylan and Wade come up on his monitor.

CARNEY

Thank you very much Sergeant.
You've been very helpful.

SERGEANT ORTIZ

Pulling a late one tonight, eh?

Carney hangs up and watches the screen reveal active 'mobile phone' records. A map is displayed with 'Amarillo' located at the top as a pair of pulsing markers travel down highway 84.

CARNEY

You see them?

He get's no response and Carney looks back to see Dennis sitting at his flight controls, tears streaming down his face.

CARNEY (CONT'D)

Dennis... You have a job to do.

Dennis looks to Carney -who also carries a new found pain in his eyes.

Dennis takes a deep breath, wipes the wet from his face, and looks to his screens as he takes the controls in his hands.

DENNIS

I see them. Big Bird en route.

CARNEY

(cues headset)
Bones, you got them?

INT. 4X4 (MOVING) - NIGHT

Murphy drives like a bat out of hell as Bones scans his tablet. A similar map shows the traveling markers on the highway while a yellow 'Big Bird' blip is approaching from the south on an intercept course.

BONES

Yeah, I got them. Dumb fucks are heading right for us.

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Wade stares at the dark road ahead, blinking his eyes wide. Raylan looks out from his tipped hat.

RAYLAN
You need me to take over?

WADE
I will eventually.

RAYLAN
Might as well grab a room. Houston
ain't going anywhere.

Bobby watches from the back through sleepy eyes as Raylan takes out his phone. He holds it up in the air.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
No signal. You got anything?

Wade digs for his phone and examines it.

WADE
Nada. That's a surprise. This thing
usually works everywhere.

RAYLAN
Huh.

BOBBY
What about the radio?

WADE
Who gives a shit about the radio?

BOBBY
Would you check, please?

Raylan hits the power and there's nothing but STATIC. More buttons reveal only more NOISE.

WADE
Damn. There really ain't shit out
here.

RAYLAN
The radio ought to work.

BOBBY
Nobody likes an 'I told you so',
but I fucking told you so.

WADE
What are you talking about?

Bobby shakes his head in disbelief as Raylan turns the radio off, but a certain SOUND remains.

BOBBY
You hear that?!

RAYLAN
Yes.

BOBBY
You HEAR that?!?!?

RAYLAN
YES!!

INTERCUT:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

Dennis stares at his screen, watching the POV above the speeding Super Duty through night vision as he guides the drone directly above the highway.

Carney checks a screen that reveals the next mile of road as leading straight towards a suspension bridge next to a river.

CARNEY
You're clean for sixty.

Dennis reduces speed and moves to a ghosting position directly behind the-

INT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - CONT.

The three men scan for the sound with no success.

Bobby stares hard out the side window as a passing street lamp causes SOMETHING to catch his attention to the back but the darkness outside reveals nothing else.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Dennis's night vision screen shows a green and white Bobby staring directly into the camera.

DENNIS
Hello, you.

Dennis hits a switch and weapon controls 'Ready' as a targeting overlay scans the three men in the truck.

INT./EXT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - CONT.

Bobby can almost make something out and he stiffens.

BOBBY
Fuck me.

RAYLAN
What?!

BOBBY
You got a rear light or something
you can turn on?

Wade hits a button and the exterior bed LIGHT is enough for them to see the flat black, fixed-wing drone the size of a small plane flying ten yards behind them.

WADE
Are you fucking kidding me?

Raylan opens his window, pulls out his gun and hangs out the side of the truck -FIRING repeatedly at the drone!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Dennis watches Raylan try to get a clean shot off as the computer's targeting overlay travels from Raylan to Wade.

DENNIS
Sorry buddy.

He pulls the trigger.

INT./EXT. SUPER DUTY (MOVING) - CONT.

The low flying drone FIRES methodically, in a slow steady PATTERN that destroys the back of the Super Duty on its way to-

BLASTING WADE ONCE then TWICE! BLOOD splatters the cabin and the truck swerves violently.

Raylan SCRAMBLES for the wheel as Wade loses consciousness.

The bridge is fast approaching and the drone backs off, flying up and away.

RAYLAN keeps his foot on the gas as he glances frantically all around him -until he spots Bones' 4x4 and masked crew parked at the mouth of the bridge.

TIME SLOWS DOWN as Raylan struggles to see them.

Bones stares back as Murphy hits a switch - SENDING A GIANT SPIKE STRIP across the two lane highway, directly in front of Raylan's vehicle!

The Super Duty's tires BLAST OUT upon impact of the strip and the truck spins out of control on to the bridge.

RAYLAN doesn't let up and keeps his foot on the gas despite the shredded tires. The truck spins left and right as Raylan fights for any type of control he can get.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONT.

MURPHY pulls the spike strip off the road as Parker drives the H3 on to the highway, keeping a moderate distance from the flailing Super Duty. Anton waits in the passenger seat rifle ready.

ANTON

Let'em scramble all they want. They ain't going nowhere.

INT. SUPER DUTY - CONT.

Raylan does his best to steer the truck across the slick metal grated surface despite constantly SPINNING OUT.

Bobby glances out the window, watching for the oncoming hit squad.

BOBBY

We're fucking dead, man!

RAYLAN

Not yet we ain't!

Raylan gets some traction and finally makes some distance across the bridge.

INT./EXT. H3 - CONT.

ANTON

They're moving!

Parker hits the gas as Anton hangs out the window with his rifle raised. He FIRES!

BOBBY SPOTS their pursuers fast approaching.

BOBBY

Here they come!

Raylan continues to guide their slick getaway towards the exit of the bridge as BULLETS land all around them.

As they exit the bridge, he makes a sharp right onto a dirt road that leads them towards the river below. A steep down hill horse trail that SMACKS the smoking Super Duty around until the engine CATCHES FIRE!

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Aw that's fucking great!

EXT. BRIDGE - CONT.

The H3 pulls over as Anton gets to the side of the bridge and takes aim on the escaping/burning truck. He FIRES repeatedly!

The 4x4 pulls up and Bones gets out.

BONES
(into headset)
You got eyes?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Dennis's screen shows the truck SLAMMING its way downhill towards the water, but the trees and terrain make it hard to keep them in sight.

CARNEY
Limited.

An ALERT sounds from another screen and Carney takes note.

CARNEY (CONT'D)
Someone called it in.

BONES
I thought we were black!

CARNEY
Must've been a land line. You got ninety.

INT./EXT. SUPER DUTY - CONT.

The truck continues to fumble down hill until it finds the river and LANDS into the dark flowing water.

The cab FILLS FAST and the still handcuffed Bobby PANICS.

BOBBY
Aw Fuck!!

MORE BULLETS hit the cab as the gunmen refuse to relent.

Raylan tries to undue Wade's seat belt but the water continues to invade the cab until they are fully SUBMERGED. All lights go dark, and it gets hard to see real quick.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONT.

Anton keeps FIRING at the sunken truck but it's a futile effort.

BONES
We got to hit it!

ANTON
This motherfucker ain't getting
away twice!

BONES
Who says he did?! We don't know if
he's going to make it out of there!
But we got law on its way and we
gotta get scarce! Understand?!

Anton looks out to the dark water and then back to Bones.

ANTON
Fine.

They return to their vehicles and split.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

In view of the bridge, Raylan floats in the water trying to keep an eye out for any pursuers. Bobby swims clumsily with cuffed hands before getting out of the river to head into the woods.

RAYLAN
Goddammit, not yet!

BOBBY
Fuck you, man! Fuck all of you!

Raylan gets out of the water and reaches for his gun but it's gone. Hatless, he staggers to his feet and does his best to catch up to Bobby.

RAYLAN
Where you think you're going?

BOBBY
I'm getting the fuck away from you,
that's where I'm going.

RAYLAN
The hell you are!

An exhausted Raylan lumbers towards him but Bobby hops behind a tree and eludes his advances like two cousins playing tag.

Raylan finally gets Bobby by the shoulders and tries to throw him to the ground but Bobby resists and they start pulling at each other's wet clothes hockey brawl style.

Bobby delivers a solid elbow and Raylan falls backwards, hitting his head on a log.

BOBBY
Shit! Sorry.

Raylan puts his hand to his head and gives it a second.

Bobby calms down too.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Three fucking years I'm doing just fine then you show up and within twenty-four hours I got heat up my ass like I never felt before. I tried to fucking tell you.

RAYLAN

Yeah, you did. Christ, Bobby. Who the hell you got coming after you?

BOBBY

I told you! People with a lot to lose and the means to protect their investments.

RAYLAN

Those were mercs, am I wrong?

BOBBY

No, you're not wrong. Although they prefer 'Special-Ops Forces'.

In the far distance, SIRENS are heard with an accompanying HELICOPTER.

RAYLAN

That's the cavalry.

Bobby starts shaking his head.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

What?

BOBBY

We gotta stay dark, I'm telling you. They're looking in every direction and if we go in with these yahoos -don't get me wrong, I'm sure they're nice people- but we'll be asking for it to happen all over again.

RAYLAN

So then what do you suggest?

BOBBY

Get me to Houston. And we don't stick our heads up till we get there.

RAYLAN

What about your hard drive?

BOBBY

The drive is fucked! They don't react well to moonlight swims. But I got backups. Get me to Houston, alive, and I can reproduce the files.

RAYLAN

Wade is dead and sitting at the bottom of the river! I can't just leave him there!

BOBBY

And I'm trying to make sure I don't end up next to him!

Bobby sits against a tree.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about your partner. I really am. Unless those cops are complete knuckleheads, they're going to see the tracks you made on the way in. They're going to find him.

Raylan thinks about it.

RAYLAN

I hope you're right.

BOBBY

(the cuffs)

Are these really necessary? You know I nearly drowned trying to swim with these things on.

RAYLAN

Don't know what to tell you. My keys are in the truck.

BOBBY

Seriously?

RAYLAN

Seriously.

BOBBY

No tricks up your sleeve?

Raylan checks his pockets, nothing. He starts to undo his belt.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Easy there, tiger. I left my banjo at home.

RAYLAN

Don't flatter yourself.

Examining his belt buckle, the single center prong looks flat enough. Bobby holds his wrists out and Raylan works the prong/shiv through the area where the cuffs' teeth feed into the locking mechanism.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Always more than one way to skin a cat.

BOBBY

The origins of that expression baffle me. Who the fuck is skinning a cat in the first place? I prefer dogs too but Jesus...

After a minor effort, the cuffs loosen and come undone.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Look at that. You're a regular Houdini.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Raylan and Bobby walk in the dark uphill towards a larger road. They're both still wet and shivering.

Bobby stops a moment and smells the air.

BOBBY

Aw dude...

Raylan smells it as well.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You got some cash on you?

RAYLAN

For what?

BOBBY

What do you mean for what? Do you smell that?

RAYLAN

You're hungry?

BOBBY

Yes! Have I gotten as much as a bologna sandwich out you, today? No I haven't. So what do you say?

Raylan thinks about it.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

CARMELITA (40's), passes them two plates full of tacos from the free standing taco stand set up outside a closed supermarket.

CARMELITA
Pork pastor?

BOBBY
Looks delish, thanks.

CARMELITA
Tres tacos y tres for you too.

RAYLAN
Much obliged.

She hands off the food as Raylan passes her a wet ten dollar bill.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

The guys set up their food and take a seat near a group of Latinos.

BOBBY
Evening fellas.

The FELLAS look like they've had a few drinks beforehand and are taking it easy now. They're cordial to Bobby but can't help but notice the wet clothes. ARTURO (30's) looks to Bobby.

ARTURO
Where'd you guys come from? The river?

BOBBY
Uh, yeah. I guess you could say that.

ARTURO
That's cool. My cousin got here the same way. Welcome to America!

The fellas bust up laughing as Bobby has to admit that it's a good one. Arturo grabs two Tecates from a nearby cooler and tosses them to Bobby and Raylan.

BOBBY
Thanks.

They pop their beers and dig into the tacos.

RAYLAN

So what exactly do you have in mind
for the next step?

Bobby thinks about it, looks over to the fellas.

BOBBY

I don't suppose any of you fine
gentlemen are on your way to
Houston, are you?

They collectively say no.

ARTURO

I'm on my way home to my wife.

BOBBY

Good man. Thanks anyways.
(looks to Raylan)
I'm still working on it.

RAYLAN

Well look, not that I'm losing
faith in your planning abilities,
but I got to reach out to my
people. There has to be some way to
contact them that isn't going to
send up flags.

BOBBY

You said that your boss that sent
you was in Miami, right?

RAYLAN

Yeah.

BOBBY

It's a safe bet they're monitoring
every call that goes into that
office. Every cell phone, email,
even land lines are tougher to
check but not impossible.

RAYLAN

What if it's not Miami?

INT. U.S. DEPUTY MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LEXINGTON KY - DAY

U.S. Marshal TIM GUTTERSON (30's), exits the elevator, enters
the office, and locates his desk. A secretary AGNES,
approaches him with a piece of paper in her hand.

AGNES

Morning, Tim. You got a CI named
Eddie Coyle?

GUTTERSON

Who?

AGNES

Eddie Coyle. Nice voice but a little paranoid if you ask me.

GUTTERSON

What'd he say?

AGNES

Wants you to call him back, but was insistent that you do it from a pay phone. Not an office. Not a cell. A pay phone.

GUTTERSON

Who the hell has one of those any more?

AGNES

Diner across the street does.

She hands him the note. He takes it and sees the number with instructions underlined, "Call from a pay phone!!"

AGNES (CONT'D)

They also make a mean fried egg sandwich if you want to be a dear and pick me up one.

Tim opens a desk drawer and grabs a beat-to-shit paperback of "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" by George V. Higgins. (A parting gift given to Tim from Raylan years earlier)

GUTTERSON

You bet.

INT. FLOYD'S BAIT & TACKLE, BROWNWOOD TX - DAY

The phone RINGS and NELSON (50's), answers.

NELSON

Floyd's B&T.

INTERCUT:

INT. TATTLE TALE DINER - DAY

Tim stands at a pay phone.

GUTTERSON

Morning. Is Eddie there?

NELSON hands the phone to Raylan.

RAYLAN
Thanks. -Hey stranger.

GUTTERSON
Eddie, how you doing?

Raylan looks like a putz, sporting a 'Floyd's B&T, Brownwood TX' tee-shirt, and cargo shorts.

RAYLAN
Would you be surprised to hear I'm
in a bit of a pickle?

GUTTERSON
Can't say that I am.

BOBBY meanders around the store also wearing a Floyd's tee-shirt and shorts. He stops near a wall of framed pictures of fishermen holding up their 'catches of the day'.

Nelson stands behind a glass counter full of lures.

BOBBY
Is there a Floyd?

NELSON
Sure is. He just don't like to work
on Sunday.

BOBBY
Let me ask you something. You know
what a Warmouth is?

Nelson raises his eyebrows, 'you really want me to answer that?'

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Exactly. Ask a silly question, am I
right? Some people get so
sensitive.

RAYLAN continues.

RAYLAN
That's if the locals haven't found
him already. Wade Phillips.

GUTTERSON
Jesus. A goddamn drone?

RAYLAN
My hand to God. Ghosting us like we
were prey.

GUTTERSON
That's... that's a new one.

RAYLAN
To say the least. Look, try and
find out if we got a seizure any
where nearby. Okay?

GUTTERSON
I'm on it.

RAYLAN
We keep this thing quiet, I get'm
to Houston, from there my betters
can take over.

GUTTERSON
We can only hope.

RAYLAN
Thanks, Tim.

GUTTERSON
Don't mention it.

BOBBY continues talking to Nelson.

BOBBY
What, are you kidding me? You know
how much shit I'd get from my
friends back in Boston if they knew
I was visiting the 'ol *Brownwood*?
Forget about it.

NELSON
Boston, huh?

BOBBY
Yep.

NELSON
Patriots fan?

BOBBY
Absolutely.

NELSON
Thought so. You look like one.

Raylan joins them as Bobby grins.

BOBBY
(to Raylan)
I like this fucking guy.

A BUZZ is heard from the back.

NELSON
Excuse me. I think your clothes are
dry.

Nelson steps to the back as Bobby looks to Raylan.

BOBBY
So..?

RAYLAN
We wait.

INT. COMPOUND KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A military barracks style living space. Parker eats cereal out of a salad bowl while watching the news. Bones exits the kitchen with a fresh cup of coffee and takes a seat nearby.

NEWS REPORT: Aerial POV of the destroyed Super Duty being dragged up hill by a tow truck's winch.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
As of yet, no further details are available. Officials have confirmed that the man found dead behind the driver's seat was U.S. Marshal Wade Phillips, age 38.

WADE'S PICTURE shows a smiling/serious photo of Wade with his details listed. They cut to 'eye witness CARL FARVA' (50's/toothless).

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
This local says he was awoken by the *sounds of explosions!*

CARL (ON SCREEN)
Boom! Boom! Boom! Then it was tires squealing and metal grinding, followed by lots of guns shooting. I told the cops they need to send the national guard or something!

BONES
This fucking idiot...

Murphy enters the area with his phone in hand.

MURPHY
Hey! Ain't you got your phone on you?

BONES
It's charging. Why?

MURPHY
That second Marshal with Bobby is Raylan Givens.

BONES
Yeah. Okay...

MURPHY
As in the same Raylan Givens that shot Tommy in Miami.

Bones absorbs the news while rising to his feet.

BONES
Anyone tell Daddy?

MURPHY
No. Course not.

BONES
As for right now, let's keep it
that way.

EXT. TEXAS FARM LAND - DAY

A single lane road cuts across the sun bleached prairie as an old school Ford F100 pickup pulls over to the side. Raylan and Bobby exit the vehicle while Nelson keeps the engine running.

NELSON
You sure this is the spot?

Raylan looks to the blurred fax in his hand and to the nearby string of mailboxes.

RAYLAN
Pretty sure.

NELSON
I can drive you further.

RAYLAN
We can hoof it from here.

NELSON
All right then.

BOBBY
Thanks, Nelson. Seriously. Thanks
for everything.

They shake hands.

NELSON
No trouble. And I remember. I won't
turn my phone back on till I get
home.

BOBBY
I'm sure Connie will give you the
business, but just let her know you
were doing your civic duty here.

NELSON
Oh, she'll be fine. I didn't mean
to yammer on about her.

BOBBY

No, please. It totally makes sense. You lost a few pounds. Looking good, feeling good. It's natural that she's going to get a little insecure about the whole thing.

NELSON

I told her I was doing it for us!

BOBBY

Just take it as love. That's all it is. She doesn't want to lose you and she's getting protective.

NELSON

I hear ya, I get it. And I appreciate what you're saying.

RAYLAN

And you're good with not turning in the charges till Tuesday?

NELSON

Absolutely, Marshal. I'm happy to help. I'll mention it to Floyd in the morning.

RAYLAN

You're a good man.

NELSON

Good luck to you two.

Nelson waves as the truck makes a U-turn and drives back the way it came. Raylan looks again to the fax as Bobby watches the truck leave in the same direction as the setting sun.

BOBBY

What a sweet man.

RAYLAN

Didn't realize I was transporting Doctor Phil.

They walk down the dirt road.

BOBBY

Say what you will, *that man's a genius.*

(ala Dr Phil)

If your daughter would spend half the amount of time on her own child that she does with the Snapchat - flashing her breasts and god knows what else- then maybe your grandchild wouldn't feel the need to use the house cat like a sex doll!

Raylan cringes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
True story.

RAYLAN
Tragic.

BOBBY
No one said parenting was easy.

RAYLAN
Don't tell me you've got kids.

BOBBY
Uhhg! God, no. Does not interest me
in the least. You?

RAYLAN
Yeah. A daughter.

BOBBY
Oh Jesus... So is there a Mrs
Marshal Givens at home?

RAYLAN
There was. Now she's a Mrs someone
else, or at least planning to be.

BOBBY
There's a shocker.

RAYLAN
What's that?

BOBBY
An officer of the law who's
divorced.

RAYLAN
Twice divorced.

BOBBY
Who was the other one?

RAYLAN
Wasn't one. Same woman.

BOBBY
Really?! Jesus. She gave you the
'ol *right there Fred*' not once but
twice!

RAYLAN
I guess.

They approach a smaller side road that leads to a ranch house
in the distance.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

This looks like the one.

They head towards it.

BOBBY

Tell me something, if you don't mind me asking..?

RAYLAN

What's that?

BOBBY

When you two got married the second time... How long into the marriage did you realize that it wasn't going to work out?

RAYLAN

Bout three hours in.

BOBBY

Seriously? Was the service even over?

RAYLAN

What service? She was about ready to pop when we went in front of the justice of the peace, said 'I do', and that was it.

BOBBY

So then, what? Where were you three house later that it hit you?

RAYLAN

Having dinner at some over priced South American joint. The only table they had for us was one where my back was going to be exposed no matter where I sat. I tried not to make a thing about it but it kind of bothered me and she could tell.

BOBBY

My dad was like that. Never wanted his back to the entrance.

RAYLAN

Later when one of the food runners put our plates down, I could see that he had a tattoo on his hand. Couldn't tell for sure it was gang related but it was definitely acquired on the inside. Still, I tried not to let it bother me.

BOBBY

But it does bother you and again she can tell.

RAYLAN

Yep. And the look she had on her face... I could see her questioning everything. Especially me. It was the same look she had when she decided to leave the first time. That's when I knew. Just hoped I was wrong. Figured having the baby would change things, and it did. Just not the things that needed changing for the two of us to work out.

BOBBY

Damn. Sorry to hear that.

RAYLAN

Yeah, well... There's the way you want it...

BOBBY

And then there's the way it's going to be.

RAYLAN

Yep.

BOBBY

Any part of you regret it?

RAYLAN

You kidding me? My daughter, Willa? Far as I'm concerned the sun rises and sets just for her.

They continue walking towards the mini-mansion ranch house. Raylan notices the silence and sees Bobby rubbing at his nose acting as if he's not slightly emotional.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm fine. Got some dirt in my eye.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Raylan opens the front door and enters with Bobby following him. A security pad BEEPS loudly until Raylan enters the code.

Bobby wanders around checking out the fancy digs.

BOBBY

What'd this guy do?

RAYLAN
Embezzlement, I think. Marshals
service only took possession a
month ago.

BOBBY
Recessed lighting. Marble counters.
I bet they even got heated floors.

RAYLAN
Wouldn't know.

BOBBY
Anything in the fridge?

RAYLAN
Help yourself.

Bobby opens up the Viking fridge to find bottled waters,
baking soda, and some pudding cups.

BOBBY
Seriously? Water and pudding?

Headlights FLASH through the kitchen window. Raylan moves
immediately to get a visual.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
That didn't take long.

RAYLAN
Relax.

The vehicle flicks its high beams ONCE, then TWICE.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
It's my people.

He exits the front door while Bobby takes a pudding cup
anyway.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONT.

The large Tahoe pulls into the driveway roundabout as Raylan
exits the front door. A smile creeps across his face as he
sees Gutterson is driving. The SUV stops and Tim gets out.

RAYLAN
That's some serious leg work!

GUTTERSON
Yeah, made'm an offer they couldn't
refuse.

They shake hands like men who wish they could hug.

RAYLAN
How the hell you get here so fast?

BROOKS (O.S.)
 What's the point of having a jet if
 you never get to use it?

Exiting the vehicle is U.S. Marshal RACHEL BROOKS (30's),
 African-American, all business with traces of warmth that she
 might let you see.

RAYLAN
 Rachel. Now this is a surprise.

Her he gives a genuine hug.

GUTTERSON
 Followed the old adage, why dig two
 graves when you can just as easily
 dig three.

BOBBY
 Shouldn't that be four?

They look to see Bobby standing in the doorway as he steps
 out to meet the new arrivals -or at least Marshal Brooks.

RAYLAN
 This is the infamous Robert Angus.

BOBBY
 C'mon, now. You're going to make me
 blush.
 (hands Raylan the pudding
 cup)
 Here you go, sport. -This guy loves
 his pudding. Who knew?

RAYLAN
 Thanks.

BROOKS
 Mr. Angus, I'm Deputy Marshal
 Brooks. Can we move you back into
 the house, sir..?

BOBBY
 Ma'am, I will delightfully go where
 ever you'd like me to. And please,
 call me Bobby. Am I detecting a
 slight accent..?

She leads him back into the house as Tim and Raylan remain.

GUTTERSON
 Your stuff's in the back seat.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A large black duffle bag is dropped onto the dining room
 table. Raylan unzips it and empties the contents.

Two large flak jackets. An *analog* Police Radio with emergency beacon. Two holstered Glocks with extra clips and ammo. Then he pulls out a beast of a weapon; the AA-12 automatic shotgun.

GUTTERSON

You ever use one of those?

RAYLAN

On the range at FLETC (*flet-see*). Never thought there'd come a time when I'd need one.

GUTTERSON

Ought to be perfect for shooting down robot pterodactyls.

RAYLAN

Let's not find out.

BOBBY

Speaking of... Do you mind if I ask about the precautions you took before arriving?

Bobby sits at the nearby kitchen counter while Rachel stands in the living room.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Not for nothing, I just want to cover all the bases.

GUTTERSON

After I checked in on Facebook, or before?

BOBBY

Great.

BROOKS

The flight we took had Marshals responding to the death of Deputy Phillips, so anyone tracking the flight won't have any reason to question it. Immediately upon landing we removed the SIM cards from our phones and sealed them all in Faraday bags. We brought paper copies of everything we need, but we did use the GPS in the Tahoe to get here. That going to be a problem, you think?

Bobby mulls it over, impressed to say the least.

BOBBY

I think that, uh... Yeah. That ought to do it. Thanks for the debriefing.

BROOKS

My pleasure.

RAYLAN

Any problems getting word to Grant in Miami?

GUTTERSON

He didn't much care for the whole pay phone protocol but he did it anyhow. Said to do it your way and to tell you he should have left you to your Yoga in Artesia.

BOBBY

I knew it.

RAYLAN

I don't do Yoga.

BOBBY

What you got against Yoga? Geez. Just cuz you've never seen Clint Eastwood pull a downward dog doesn't mean you couldn't give it a shot.

RAYLAN

Bobby. Not now.

He relents and returns his attention to Rachel.

BOBBY

So about that accent..? Am I hearing Kentucky?

BROOKS

Tennessee. But I work in Kentucky.

BOBBY

Didn't get too far away from home. Where'd you go to college?

BROOKS

Ole Miss.

BOBBY

Ole Miss!! Well a Hotty Toddy to you, there!

BROOKS

Hotty Toddy! You a Rebel?

BOBBY

No. Just a fan.

BROOKS

Well we all need those, don't we?

INT. OLD FORD F100 (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nelson sings along with the radio as he travels at a leisurely pace, approaching the lit sign for "Floyd's B&T".

NELSON
The hell is the sign doing on? It's
a little late, ain't it?

The closer he gets, he sees the lights are on inside and the front door is open. He parks the truck in front of the store and pulls out his phone -installing the SIM card in a panic.

EXT./INT. FLOYD'S BAIT & TACKLE - CONT.

Nelson enters just as his phone comes to life with multiple messages and texts.

NELSON
Hello..! Floyd?!

He puts the phone to his ear.

FLOYD (ON PHONE)
(panicked/recorded)
*Nelson! Nelson, where are you?! You
got to get a hold of me! There's
some men here. They're here about a
U.S. Marshal that came in today..?*

NELSON
What?! How'd they-

FLOYD (ON PHONE)
*I came in to help close up and you
had left already but you hadn't
done any of the receipts. There was
only the few so I put them in the
system. I swear, not thirty minutes
later-*

Someone else gets on the line.

ANTON (ON PHONE)
*We have your boss, and we have your
wife. You need to contact us.*
(CLICK)

NELSON
Oh my God, no! Connie!

His phone RINGS with the caller ID reading, 'Connie'. He answers.

NELSON (CONT'D)
Hello!?!

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby sleeps on the couch as the Marshals sit around the table amongst the guns, ammo, and empty pudding cups. Somehow a bottle of Bulleit Bourbon was located and they all have glasses.

GUTTERSON

So..? Artesia..?

RAYLAN

Yep.

GUTTERSON

I remember you mentioning Glynco...

RAYLAN

Yeah, well... Winona's fiancé got an opportunity in Albuquerque, so... Had to decide what kind of Dad I wanted to be under the circumstances.

BROOKS

Can't imagine you changing diapers.

RAYLAN

I did it. All of it. Play dates. Swimming lessons. Didn't think I'd miss it, but I do.

GUTTERSON

I can see you as an instructor. For years I learned *what not to do* by watching you close.

RAYLAN

It's all about giving back.

BROOKS

Do you enjoy it? Teaching?

RAYLAN

It has its perks. You don't keep shit-heel hours. That's nice.

BROOKS

You don't miss being in the thick of it?

RAYLAN

Thick of what? Someone else's bullshit like what we're dealing with now? No thank you. I'll take paper targets and business hours over this any day.

(raises his glass)

But it is good to see both your sorry mugs.

They raise their glasses.

INT./EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LATER - DAWN

Bobby is up, stretching as the others prepare to exit.

Tim glances out the window and only sees the changing sky.

GUTTERSON

I'll get the car started.

He leaves the house, glancing around the surrounding area before entering the Tahoe.

INT. TAHOE - CONT.

Tim twists the key and the engine TURNS-OVER without incident. He looks to the open front door when a pistol is placed at the back of his neck.

PARKER

Keep your hands on the wheel and do
as I say or I paint your brains on
the windshield.

INT./EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONT.

Raylan hears the SUV running and looks back to Bobby and Rachel.

RAYLAN

Okay then.

He exits as Bobby looks to Rachel.

BOBBY

Are... You... Ready?

Rachel grins as they both *cheer/quietly* while following Raylan's path.

BROOKS

Hell Yeah!

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Damn right!

BOBBY/BROOKS

Hotty Toddy, Gosh . . . Almighty...

Stepping outside the house Bobby and Rachel freeze as they are met with the other three masked gunmen, Bones, Murphy, and Anton; spread out with their rifles pointed at them - ready to go hot if need be.

Raylan stands still with the bag swinging from his shoulder. He sees Parker, masked, and seated behind Tim with the gun at his head. Raylan glances back to Bones who is waiting.

BONES

Good news is, if we wanted you dead, you'd be dead. That's some where we can start.

Brooks looks to Murphy who has his weapon pointed directly at her. Anton has his gun on Bobby.

BONES (CONT'D)

Now that bag looks heavy so why don't you hold on to it while you put your hands on your head, and get to your knees. All of you! Slowly!

They do as their told, dropping slowly to their knees while keeping their hands high.

Murphy approaches Raylan and removes his Glock -tossing it to the ground before pushing Raylan to the dirt chest first then zip-tying his hands behind his back.

After Raylan, Murphy does the same to Brooks.

BOBBY

Hey, you guys got me. Congrats. No need to hurt anyone else, all right? Huh?

Murphy pushes Bobby to the ground and binds his hands.

Inside the SUV, Parker zip-ties Tim's hands to the steering wheel then removes the car key from the ignition. He then covers Tim's mouth with a wet cloth. Tim STRUGGLES hard before ultimately passing out.

Bobby spots this and sees Murphy doing the same thing to Brooks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!

Anton steps up and kicks Bobby in the ribs to shut him up.

ANTON

Wait your turn, Beef!

Anton removes a cloth of his own and gets real close to Raylan.

ANTON (CONT'D)

And you, heartbreaker? We got something special for you... Raylan Givens.

Anton covers Raylan's mouth and he struggles a bit before-

BLACK OUT

INT. BARN - DAY

The hood is removed and Raylan's head hangs limp to the side. Anton takes a hand full of Raylan's hair, pulling his head upright before giving him a SMACK to the face.

Raylan twitches with eyes lost in their own sockets. Little by little he gains his composure.

ANTON

There he is. The bell of the ball!

Anton steps away while Raylan takes in his situation. His hands are still bound by zip-ties with barely any give while his legs are separately zip-tied to the legs of his chair. He sees Bobby is also tied up, unconscious, and hooded ten feet away from him.

The rest of the barn is empty with rays of sunlight scattered throughout the room. Raylan spots an unmasked Parker watching back from the wings.

Anton returns with his bang stick in hand.

ANTON (CONT'D)

You ever hunt boar with a bang stick?

Raylan winces from his monster headache but tries to keep his eyes on Anton.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Most people use these things for gators or deep sea fishing. Me, I like to use'm for wild hogs.

He brings the tip of the stick, a single silver cylinder just larger than a bullet shell, up close to Raylan's face.

ANTON (CONT'D)

You pop a twelve gauge Power-head into the back of a charging two hundred fifty pound hog looking to mean you mischief, it'll stop him in his tracks. You just best not miss.

He lowers the tip of the stick down close to Raylan's right foot.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Now this ain't no twelve gauge shell. It's only a three fifty-seven. But I bet, if I was to drop it on your big toe, the force would probably take the rest of your toes with it and maybe even part of your foot.

He taps the tip of Raylan's boot very lightly.

ANTON (CONT'D)
 Where as if I dropped it dead
 center onto your foot,
 (guides the stick
 accordingly)
 every thing south of your ankle is
 fucked and probably break your leg,
 too.

Raylan says nothing.

ANTON (CONT'D)
 Guess we could find out by trying
 the toes on one then the whole foot
 on the other.

PARKER
 He'd pass out.

ANTON
 How much you bet?

PARKER
 What's it worth to you?

ANTON
 How's a thousand?

PARKER
 Done. But he passes out on the
 second one. That's the bet.

ANTON
 (to Raylan)
 You heard the man. You got it in
 you to see what happens in the
 interest of modern science?

Anton stands upright and takes the stick by both hands as Raylan keeps his eyes on his assailant. The stick is raised over Anton's head...

HONK! HONK!! Outside the barn, multiple automobiles arrive. Anton relents his assault, gives Raylan a quizzical look, then pops him in the nuts with the tip of the stick. Raylan FLINCHES but nothing happens.

ANTON (CONT'D)
 Shit. Looks like the safety is
 still on.

Anton returns the bang stick to its place as Parker OPENS the barn doors.

SUNLIGHT pours in through the large doorway as a group of approaching MEN casts shadows over Raylan and the still unconscious Bobby.

Upon entering, the door is SHUT behind them and Raylan can finally make out the figures in the room.

Bones and Murphy stand in the wings near Anton and Parker, while directly in front of Raylan stands Emerson Buckley, dressed like Arnold Palmer heading to a street fight; with his personal security staff WILKES (50's), BOOTH (60's), and Oswald -standing behind him.

Oswald grabs a chair and brings it to where Emerson is standing. Emerson stares at Raylan a moment before taking the seat. He glances at Bobby, then makes a gesture.

Murphy responds, takes Bobby's hood away and holds smelling salts under his nose. Bobby SNAPS AWAKE!

BOBBY
Alabaster!!

He gains his wits, scans the room, then sees Emerson.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EMERSON
That all you have to say for yourself?

Bobby has trouble finding the words.

BOBBY
Hey, Uncle Emerson. I was sorry to hear about Aunt Rita.

Raylan shakes his head in disbelief.

EMERSON
You have a funny way of showing it.

Bobby can't keep eyes with him.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
What's a matter with you, Bobby? I swear to God, you had a chip on your shoulder the day you were born. I'm asking you, what? What is it? Where did we go wrong? Me and the rest of the world? What did we do?

Bobby doesn't have an answer.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
Me? I try to provide for my sister's kid, when I can... When he's not fucking himself in his own ass on a routine basis that is..! You're your own worst enemy, kid. Always have been.

Emerson turns his attention towards Raylan.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

And then there's you. The avenging angel.

Raylan doesn't get the reference but is staying quiet regardless.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

My name is Emerson Buckley. That over there is my son, Jaime Buckley. My other son, Thomas, you've already met.

Raylan still isn't getting it.

BONES

Went by Bucks. Tommy Bucks?

Shit. He's got it now.

BOBBY

Wait. That was you? That was him?

EMERSON

Yeah, this is the Marshal that killed your cousin. My son. In broad daylight while he was having his lunch. Gave him twenty-four hours to leave town and his time was up. Is that right?

RAYLAN

That's right.

His admission lingers in the air.

EMERSON

You weren't exactly following any legal precedent. You were acting on your own, correct?

RAYLAN

You could say that. He did pull his weapon on me-

EMERSON

Now I understand that my son had done you wrong in some fashion. Our relationship was strained to say the least, but I always had hopes that the prodigal son would return. That maybe one day he would come home and we could put the past behind us and start anew. But it didn't turn out that way. And when I got the news about his death, I was very disappointed even if I wasn't that surprised. If it had ended there, ..

(MORE)

EMERSON (CONT'D)

maybe I wouldn't have such a large hole in my gut. Maybe I wouldn't feel exactly how I feel right now, but it didn't end there. After I got the news about Tommy I then had to inform his Mother. My wife. Who at the time was having her body eaten clean from chemotherapy. A woman who also knew what kind of son she had in Tommy but also, like me, had hopes that he would return to us. But it wasn't so... The same plot that we buried my son in was also the plot we buried my wife next to not four months later. That extra little bit of pain, the belief that she had failed her youngest son,.. it brought her that much closer to her grave. Gave her something extra to think about as she died in my arms. Courtesy of you.

The room is quiet.

RAYLAN

My deepest condolences to your wife. But your son had it coming.

EMERSON

We all got it coming, Marshal. Now, from what I understand, Tommy had the opportunity to kill you south of the border. Had you dead to rights.

RAYLAN

That's right, he did. But instead of putting himself on the top of everyone's list by killing a Federal Deputy, he tortured and murdered a man who knew the fugitive we were both after. Taped a stick of dynamite to the side of his head and lit the fuse. Even when he knew the man didn't know anything, he let it go off anyhow.

EMERSON

And he did this in front of you?

RAYLAN

I was the last thing that man saw.

EMERSON

Scarred you a little bit. Showed you something you couldn't get out of your head. That the real reason you killed him?

RAYLAN

I killed him because he pulled on me. The choice was his.

EMERSON

And we live or die by the choices we make. Not only us, but our loved ones as well. Take your ex-wife Winona for example, and your daughter... Willa?

Murphy hands Emerson a tablet and he looks at the VIDEO playing on the screen, an AERIAL POV of WINONA (late 30's), Raylan's spitfire ex with their five year old angel of a daughter WILLA, leaving their house and getting into a Mercedes.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Would you like to know what they have on today?

Raylan's attention shifts gear.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Oh... see there, gentlemen. That's what we call a paradigm shift.

Raylan's fury simmers while he tries to find the words.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

What? I didn't need to involve family members? Little late for that.

RAYLAN

They got nothing to do with this.

EMERSON

Not from where I'm sitting. To me they've got everything to do with it. Because after we're done with them, and the dust has settled, somewhere along the way they're going to find your body, mutilated and damaged in ways that will sicken even the strongest stomach. And the word will get out. They'll put the pieces together and realize that you fucked with the type of people that you should of left alone. You'll be dying with the knowledge that not only were you a failure at your job, but you also failed as a father because you couldn't keep your family safe. You had every opportunity to keep them out of it, but you made the wrong choice. Enjoy thinking about that during the remaining moments of your life.

Emerson rises and glances at his son.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
That's it. I'm satisfied.

Booth OPENS the sliding doors and again the room is filled with sunlight.

RAYLAN
I see now...

Emerson looks at him, waiting.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Where Tommy got it from. Makes me wonder what kind of scars you gave him growing up?

EMERSON
You're about to find out.

He exits with his backups in tow.

RAYLAN
Ever think that your wife's last regrets weren't so much in failing to protect her son, but instead failing to keep him from becoming his father?

Emerson stops and his men widen. He turns and looks at Raylan with eyes that could freeze molten steel.

BOBBY
(whispering)
Dude, ... seriously?

Emerson looks to his son, then gets in his Cadillac with his men and leaves.

Bones approaches Raylan as the barn doors are shut behind him.

BONES
Just had to poke the bear, didn't you?

RAYLAN
He wants to blame me for raising a piece of shit son? It ain't the first time. A lot easier to point fingers at the law than to own up to the truth.

BONES
While you got fingers.

RAYLAN
The best thing all of you can do is to untie the two of us and turn yourselves in.

(MORE)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I guarantee you if you don't, it'll only get worse for you. All of you.

The men scoff, Bobby included.

BONES

Glad you find that funny, Bobby. Cause it's definitely going to get worse for you.

BOBBY

I don't see why there's any need for all of that.

BONES

The *need* stems from *our need* to make sure we know everything that there is to know. Now you may think that you'll part with all of this willingly, but experience suggests that isn't always the case. So we're going to put a hurting on you before we even ask a single question. Lay down the foundation for our little quid-pro-quo.

Bones takes a handful of Bobby's ear and CRUSHES it. Bobby SCREAMS OUT in pain. Bones relents.

BOBBY

You mother-fucker!! Owwww! That fucking KILLS, man!

BONES

No shit? Remember using that one on you when we were kids.

BOBBY

Yeah? Always thought you were an asshole then too.

Anton retrieves the bang stick and takes a place in front of Raylan.

ANTON

Now where were we?

BONES

You can't wait on that?

ANTON

Nah, man. Me and Parker got a bet going.

Bones looks to Parker who's grinning wide.

BONES

If you must. I've got more pressing matters to attend to anyhow.

He rises and signals Murphy to follow, taking a moment to look in Raylan's direction.

BONES (CONT'D)

Got to make sure the girls in your life make it to your going away party.

Bones winks at him, then exits through the front door with Murphy following. Their TRUCK is heard leaving as Anton nods his head with empathy.

ANTON

(sings)

We only hurt the ones you love.

Parker laughs while Anton stares deep into Raylan's eyes. Raylan glances at the Desert Eagle holstered on Anton's hip.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Don't you worry about *her*. We might get her involved, or we might not. Maybe when you're begging me to.

Anton raises the bang stick over his head.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Maybe not...

Anton DROPS THE BANG STICK down towards Raylan's foot, but not before RAYLAN'S HANDS SNAP FREE -CATCHING THE STICK midway down -REDIRECTING the tip onto ANTON'S FOOT - BAANNGGG!!! ANTON'S FOOT EXPLODES and everything south of his ankle IS FUCKED!!

Raylan SNATCHES Anton's Desert Eagle and delivers three rounds BANG-BANG-BANG into Parker's chest -sending him FLYING BACKWARDS against the barn wall.

Anton WRITHES in PAIN, grasping at his leg while his boot remains bloody, idle, and separate. Raylan reaches down to his legs and undoes the zip-ties by hand, then rises - standing close to Bobby while Anton does his best Curly shuffle in the center of the room.

RAYLAN

Zip-ties? Are you shitting me?

He reaches down and easily undoes Bobby's hands.

BOBBY

What am I missing here?

RAYLAN

Dig your fingernail into the center of the square bracket and push out. -There's a reason we use cuffs in the big leagues, gentlemen.

Parker awakens and GASPS ALOUD, reaching for his body armor to see if the bullets went through. He strips off the chest plate and fights to BREATHE.

BOBBY
 (frees his legs)
 Well, will you look at that. *The more you know...*

Keeping an eye on Parker, Raylan sees him moving towards his assault rifle nearby.

RAYLAN
 That's not a good idea!

Parker continues crawling, grabbing towards the weapon as Raylan takes aim -BANG!!- Parker's foot is FUCKED too.

Parker SCREAMS IN AGONY as his attention is fully focused on his newly formed bleeding stump.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 Desert Eagle certainly packs a wallop. Just ain't the most practical of weapons.

Raylan grabs Parker's assault rifle, then his left ear - DRAGGING HIM towards the center of the room next to Anton.

BOBBY
 They were brothers in arms, now they'll be brothers in handicapped parking.

Raylan scans the perimeter and sees rolls of duct tape nearby, as well as his duffle bag from the ranch house. He grabs the duct tape and tosses it Bobby.

RAYLAN
 Tape his hands behind his back, wrists together.

Bobby pushes Parker to the ground with his knee on his back and tapes his arms together at the wrists with lots of layers.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 Tape over the fingers too, in case they get creative.

Raylan approaches the doubled over Anton and puts his boot to his neck. Anton resists.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 I warned you it'd only get worse.

ANTON
 Oh yeah?! Fuck you!!

RAYLAN

What are you upset about? Think of all you learned in the interest of modern science.

Bobby finishes with Parker then grabs and binds Anton's arms as well.

ANTON

Ow!! Get the fuck off me!

BOBBY

There there, stumpy. Your career as a ballerina may be over, but maybe now you'll learn the appeal of owning a parrot.

ANTON

Fuck you, too!!

RAYLAN

Where'd your man go, shit-bird?

ANTON

I ain't saying a goddamn thing!

Raylan steps on his blood soaked stump and Anton SCREAMS out loud!

RAYLAN

You don't get any medical attention soon, you're liable to bleed dry.

ANTON

Good!!

Raylan finds the bang stick on the ground and empties the spent shell. Finding a box of appropriate ammo, he loads a fresh bullet into the cartridge.

RAYLAN

If I remember right, the bet was to see if I'd pass out the second time. I know the players have changed, but Bobby what do you think? I pop this thing into his other foot, you think he'd pass out?

BOBBY

I don't know. He's got a lot of spunk. Might shit himself.

RAYLAN

I need answers, so let's find out.

Raylan approaches Anton's good leg and steps on his ankle with the bang stick hanging a few feet off the ground. Anton WINCES.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Where'd your man go?

ANTON
The fuck difference does it make?!
Do you even know where you are
right now?!

Raylan looks to Bobby.

BOBBY
He makes a valid point.

Raylan checks Anton's pockets and finds his phone. He brings up the GPS and sees they're a good ways east of 'Buford, TX'. Zooming closer on their marker, it looks like they're kind of in the middle of nowhere.

Raylan hands Bobby the bang stick.

RAYLAN
He tries anything, feel free to
test our theory.

Bobby feels the weight of the stick and smiles.

BOBBY
(to Anton)
You ever read 'Lord of the Flies'
in high school?

EXT. BARN - CONT.

Raylan SLIDES OPEN the large doors and sees that the barn rests at the far end of a dirt laden runway, surrounded by empty desert.

In the distance, the runway ends at a small compound, and all the tire tracks lead in that direction.

He looks back to the barn and sees the H3 Hummer parked beside it.

CUT TO:

INT. H3 (MOVING) - DAY

Raylan SPEEDS towards the compound with Bobby in the passenger seat, the duffle bag in the back seat, and both Anton and Parker belly down in the rear with their wounded legs taped up tourniquet style.

Raylan hands Bobby one of his Glocks with an extra clip.

RAYLAN
Ever use one before?

BOBBY

When I was a kid. Shooting at bottles.

RAYLAN

Not much has changed.

(showing him)

Safety on, safety off. To eject the clip, hit that button.

BOBBY

Simple enough.

Bobby points the gun towards the horizon with his finger on the trigger.

RAYLAN

Don't touch the trigger unless you plan on firing. Got it?

BOBBY

Got it.

The closer they get to the compound, the more details can be made out. In particular, Raylan sees a hangar open with dormant drones parked in front.

RAYLAN

Well will you look at that. Might want to put your seat belt on.

INT./EXT. HANGAR/CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Carney sits behind his elaborate control panel while Dennis sits in the pilot seat.

Bones and Murphy stand nearby watching the wall full of screens. Out of the corner of his eye, Bones notices the approaching Hummer.

BONES

The fuck is this?

The Hummer SPEEDS towards the idle drones (courier drones A-C and 'big bird') getting closer and LOUDER until SMASH!! The Hummer PLOWS THROUGH the drones like Big Foot driving through golf carts, fish-tailing to a stop with expensive bits flying everywhere!

BONES (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

Finally Bones recognizes Raylan behind the wheel, pulls his weapon and begins FIRING. Murphy grabs a rifle and joins in!

The Hummer PEELS OUT, burning a DONUT in the middle of the hangar until its tail is facing Bones.

The back door automatically opens, causing Bones to cease fire as Anton and Parker can be seen tied up in the back.

The REVERSE LIGHTS come on and the Hummer PEELS OUT in REVERSE, BOLTING towards the smashed drones until he SLAMS on the brakes -sending Anton and Parker FLYING onto the hangar floor like sacks of potatoes in tactical gear.

Again the Hummer PEELS OUT forward -exiting the hangar completely.

Bones and Murphy rush to Anton and Parker's side. Neither of the wounded men can say much as they both bleed on concrete.

Murphy looks Anton over and sees the police radio with a blinking red light jammed into his side cargo pocket. Murphy removes it and sees the 'emergency beacon' has been activated.

He shows this to Bones.

BONES (CONT'D)

Goddammit!

Bones rises and runs out of the hangar through the control room. Murphy looks to Anton who is barely conscious.

MURPHY

Sorry, bro.

And quickly follows Bones in the same direction.

Carney and Dennis look at each other, then approach the carnage of bodies and plane parts. Carney borderlines shock while Dennis takes it all in like life's newest joke.

A WHISTLE catches both of their attention and they look up to see Raylan with his Glock pointed directly at them. Their hands go up.

Bobby stands behind Raylan with the large duffle bag over his shoulder and his gun tucked in his belt.

RAYLAN

Where'd the other two go?

CARNEY

Inside. Into the barracks.

RAYLAN

You two fly the drones?

CARNEY

Yes.

RAYLAN

Got any left?

CARNEY

One more. It's over Albuquerque.

Raylan takes in the news with as much patience as he can muster.

RAYLAN

Let's go.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) - DAY

Winona drives through moderate traffic, glancing in the rearview mirror to see Willa fast asleep. Her phone RINGS with an 'unknown number' and she answers it quickly to keep from waking her daughter.

WINONA

(whispering sorta)
Yeah, hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONT.

Raylan stands behind Carney who sits at the controls.

RAYLAN

(speaker phone)
Winona, it's Raylan. Why are you whispering? Are you okay?

WINONA

I'm fine. Willa is out in the back seat. What's up? You sound worried.

The large WALL MONITOR shows a map of Albuquerque with Winona's location and her proximity to the local Police Headquarters.

RAYLAN

Look, I need you to make it to the closest Police Station right away.

WINONA takes it in and shakes her head *no!*

WINONA

Goddammit Raylan, I have some place I need to be! People are expecting us and we can't just drop what-

RAYLAN

Winona! Listen to me! You're on Hope Street, correct? Heading east?

She glances around her surroundings to see if she's being followed.

WINONA

Yeah... How did you know that?

RAYLAN

In two blocks you're going to take a right on Fuller and three blocks down is a Police station. You need to get there right now and tell them that...

WINONA

What? That what, Raylan?

RAYLAN

That men are following you, who mean you harm, and you were told by a U.S. Marshal to seek immediate protection.

WINONA scans her rearview mirror to see if anyone looks suspicious but sees nothing.

WINONA

I swear to high heaven, if you're not the most infuriating man I have ever met.

Willa wakes from her nap.

WILLA

Daddy?

RAYLAN hears his daughter's voice ECHO through the hangar and it melts his heart.

RAYLAN

Hey, baby-girl!

WILLA

Where are you?

Bobby stands nearby smiling wide.

RAYLAN

Nowhere special. Listen, I need you to follow Mommy and do what she says, all right?

WILLA

Okay.

Raylan watches the map and sees she has turned onto Fuller Street.

RAYLAN

There you go. Now it's going to be on your left just a little further.

WINONA

Do you know what kind of car
they're driving at least?

Raylan looks to Carney and SNAPS his fingers.

CARNEY

Silver mini-van. A Dodge.

RAYLAN

You hear that?

WINONA looks again to her rear-view and this time sees the
mini-van four cars back.

WINONA

Shit! Yeah I see him.

WILLA

Mommy! You said a bad word!

WINONA

I know, baby. I'm sorry. Blame
Daddy.

RAYLAN

Look, get to the station and
describe the van for them. Give'm
my name and number-

WINONA

Yeah, Raylan. I know the drill.
Jesus Christ!

RAYLAN

I know you do. I'm,.. I'm sorry,
Winona.

WINONA

I thought these days were behind
us.

RAYLAN

Yeah. So did I. Just please get
there safe and I'll contact you
soon. All right? I'll be watching
from here.

WINONA

Yeah, okay Raylan.

She hangs up.

Raylan suppresses his rage as best he can.

RAYLAN

You got access to Emergency
Dispatch for Albuquerque?

CARNEY

Yeah.

RAYLAN

Get them the details on the van,
the names of the drivers, all of
it. Now!

Carney does what he's told as Raylan moves towards the drone controls with Dennis in the pilot's seat.

The LIVE VIDEO FEED shows Winona pull into the police station, grab Willa from the back seat, and run in through the front doors. The drone's camera pans to see the silver van continue past the station without incident.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Can you get that thing to fly back
here on its own?

DENNIS

Yeah.

RAYLAN

Do it.

Dennis types in some commands.

DENNIS

It's on its way.

RAYLAN

Good. Now you're going to want to
get up out of that chair.

Dennis does as he told, not sure what to expect next.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Bobby, the bag.

BOBBY

You got it.

Bobby approaches him and unzips the duffle bag around his shoulder. Raylan puts his Glock in its holster, reaches into the bag and pulls out the AA-12 automatic shotgun with its thick 'tommy gun' looking ammo wheel.

Raylan gets some distance between himself and the flight controls while everyone else backs up to the nearest wall-

BA-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM an unholy THUNDERING of ammunition shreds the flight controls into an EXPLOSIVE FIREWORKS of sparks and destruction!!

Neither Dennis or Carney can believe what they're seeing, while Bobby stands nearby with his fingers in his ears and a huge smile on his face. He looks to the other two while shaking his head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I know, right?! No respect for personal property! I told him before!

BA-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!!! Raylan takes on the wall of screens, sending a shower of more SPARKS and GLASS flying in all directions. Thousands of dollars worth of tech INSTANTLY PULVERIZED with every spent shell.

Raylan turns his attention towards Dennis.

RAYLAN

So you were the one that killed my partner?

Dennis doesn't know what to say and merely nods his head as he cowers against the wall.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You're going to answer for it. Both of you.

Carney raises his hands as he sits on the ground.

CARNEY

Look, I'll tell you everything you want to know! I'll testify, whatever you want! But you have to protect my family, please. I swear to you, we never knew that it would turn into anything like this.

Raylan believes him, but it remedies nothing.

RAYLAN

Where's the rest of them?

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

Raylan moves through the long corridor with his Glock at the ready. Seemingly empty, the facility feels like a World War II era training facility in need of a deep clean.

Scanning each passageway he moves from room to room, searching for any signs of life. He enters-

INT. COMPOUND KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONT.

The same large kitchen area with couches and a television only now the TV plays static and there's not a soul in sight.

Raylan cautiously enters the area looking into the adjoining corridor when-

BOOTH APPEARS near the kitchen with a double barrel pump action monster SHOTGUN of his own. He FIRES and Raylan dives BLAMM-BLAMM!! Couch cushions and drywall bits litter the air!

Raylan rolls behind cover and takes a position to return fire when he sees WILKES approaching from his flank -assault rifle raised and ready! RAYLAN SPINS OUT OF THE WAY as Wilkes UNLOADS LEAD and blasts the TV TO BITS!!

Raylan's new spot makes him eye to eye with Booth and his big shot-gun -BLAMM!! Raylan dives again, rolling to his feet and FIRING BACK at Booth but only hitting dangling POTS! Raylan hides behind a couch in the corner with very little options for escape.

Wilkes creeps in from the hall, moving closer to catching Raylan in his sights with Booth moving in from the kitchen.

Both stand side by side preparing to open up all kinds of hurt on Raylan when-

BA-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!!!

WILKES AND BOOTH GET TORN TO SHREDS!!! Blood and Flesh paint the walls as the THUNDER of bullets cease. Bobby enters from the hall with the AA-12 strapped over his shoulder and a look of amazement on his face as he rubs at his ears.

BOBBY

Did you see that?!

Bobby yells like someone who can no longer hear. Raylan peeks over from his shelter.

RAYLAN

I did. Thanks.

BOBBY

Don't mention it!

Bobby looks at the messy remains at his feet and gets sick to his stomach. He DRY HEAVES once, then VOMITS over the AA-12.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, boy. I'm good! I'll clean this up!

Raylan tries to assist.

RAYLAN

Don't worry about it.

BOBBY

That didn't go the way I thought it would!

RAYLAN

Rarely does.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An even larger hangar than the control room, this one has been converted into a warehouse filled with crates stacked to the ceiling. In the middle of the room Bones stands pleading with his father.

BONES

It's too late for all of that now!
You need to get out of here!

EMERSON

I'm not running from anyone.

BONES

Daddy, we still got a full load of merchandise that hasn't been moved yet.

EMERSON

Where is it?

BONES

Crated up. Waiting to be shipped.

EMERSON

Which ones?

Bones gestures to the hundreds of crates surrounding them.

BONES

All of them.

Emerson gives it a moments thought.

EMERSON

You got contingencies in place?

Bones nods his head.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Then use them. We take the loss.

BONES

I'm on it. But would you please..?

Bones gestures for his father to get in his car and vacate.

EMERSON

All right...

The giant hangar doors BEGIN CLOSING. Emerson looks to his son and both of them are perplexed.

RAYLAN (O.S.)

Can't have you leaving before we get my party started.

The men look to see Raylan approaching, ready to rock out with his Glock out.

Oswald starts to reach for his weapon but Emerson protests.

EMERSON
Don't do it, Ozzie. Neither of you.
Don't give this asshole an excuse.

RAYLAN
I got plenty of those already.

The DOORS finish closing.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
(behind him)
Go ahead!

Bobby stands in front of the industrial switch to open the doors, aims the AA-12 and BA-BAMM!! No more switch.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Figure we can all get cozy while we wait for the cavalry to arrive. Why don't you two put your weapons on the roof of the car.

Bones looks to his father, as does Oswald.

EMERSON
Do what he says.

Bones cautiously steps closer to the Cadillac with his pistol dangling between his thumb and forefinger. He places it next to Oswald's six shooter.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
There. Happy now?

RAYLAN
That's a start.

Emerson laughs.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Something funny?

EMERSON
Yeah, you're funny to me. You and you're type.

RAYLAN
What type is that?

EMERSON
The type that's got his balls in one hand and his badge in the other.

(MORE)

EMERSON (CONT'D)

You tell yourself you're doing your job, upholding the law, but it's all ego.

Emerson casually approaches Raylan without being obvious.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

I don't see you being on the take though. Too smart for that, am I right?

RAYLAN

Never saw the point. You mind staying next to the car?

EMERSON

What are you afraid of? You're the one with the gun. What can an old man possibly do?

In two light steps, Emerson closes the distance on Raylan and delivers a quick jab BLIP! -followed by a dynamite hook POWW!

Raylan falls back on his ass, the gun still in his hand.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Why don't you put that thing away, huh?

Bones and Oswald start to reach for their weapons but Emerson stops them.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Leave'em on the car!! Don't touch them!!

They concede.

Raylan gets to his feet, surprised by the light on his feet senior citizen that just made him his bitch. Raylan looks him in the eye as Emerson throws a few punches into the air.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Put it away.

Raylan looks back to Bobby who remains by the doorway, trying not to laugh in Raylan's direction.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

He's got your back, pretty boy. Why don't you come over here and take your medicine.

Raylan holsters his weapon, snapping the strap down.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

There you go. Now you're starting to resemble a real man.

RAYLAN

This isn't going to change anything. You're going down for all of it.

EMERSON

That remains to be seen. For right now though,

Raylan puts his hands up and Emerson takes the cue, getting close with his fists primed -ready to rumble.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

-you got me in a mood.

He fakes a jab then delivers a HOOK to Raylan's kidneys. Raylan WINCES, drops low and retaliates -NAILING HIM with an uppercut that sends Emerson falling back on his butt.

RAYLAN

I was taught to respect my elders, but if you insist.

Emerson shakes it off and gets right back in there.

The two men go BLOW for BLOW, each with their moments of victory mixed with defeat. Emerson fights light like a classic featherweight, while Raylan remains a bar room brawler.

Bobby watches with the amazement of an eighth grader when a pistol is placed to his temple. He freezes as he realizes Murphy is standing behind him.

MURPHY

Get your finger off the trigger and drop it to the ground.

Bobby does what he's told, taking the strap off over his head then placing the gun on the ground.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Is that *throw up* on the barrel?

BOBBY

I found it like that.

MURPHY

You find your shirt like that, too?

BOBBY

Maybe.

RAYLAN gets another SMACK to his face followed by a HOOK to the body. Emerson takes a few steps back and admires his handy work.

EMERSON

Got to hand it to you, kid. You hit like someone who's been getting smacked around for years. No nuance, all rage. But you're rusty.

RAYLAN

What can I say? After my father died, the number of old men on my list to get their ass kicked dropped to zero.

EMERSON

No surprise there.

Emerson makes another play, but Raylan dodges with a precision counter punch that NAILS Emerson right on the button, dropping him to his knees.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Atta boy...

Emerson looks up to Raylan then gets another SMACK to the jaw, dropping him fully to the ground. Raylan gets on top of him, rolling him over to POP him a few more TIMES.

RAYLAN

I'm not your goddamn boy!

Blood stains Emerson's face and he fights to keep his eyes open.

Raylan stands upright and sees Bobby approaching with the gun to his head and Murphy taking refuge behind him.

Raylan reaches for his Glock-

MURPHY

Keep it in your pants, Marshal!
That gun comes out and his brains
are next!

Raylan's hand hangs near and ready while Bones and Oswald grab their weapons.

RAYLAN

You even point one of those in my
direction and it's on.

MURPHY

Fuck you. You ain't setting the
terms.

Bones keeps the gun at his side while he pulls out his cell phone. He opens the texting window and finds 'Hail Mary' under contacts.

He types the word 'grace' and sends.

Oswald cautiously assists Emerson to his feet. The old man spits blood and wipes his puffy chin as he keeps eyes with Raylan.

EMERSON

I still think you're a pussy.

He gets in the back seat of the Caddy with the door open as Oswald takes a protective stance by the car.

Here's the deck Raylan's been dealt:

To Raylan's left is Murphy with his gun placed to Bobby's head,

behind the car to Raylan's center is Bones with a phone in one hand and his gun in the other -both at his side,

then to Raylan's immediate right is grisly Oswald with his weapon hanging nervously near his waistline.

RAYLAN

We need not escalate this gentlemen. Just put your weapons on the ground and come out of this with a pulse. That's your only option.

BONES

I think I might have another idea or two...

Random ALERTS escalate around the warehouse followed by high pitched BEEPING.

Placed intermittent among the crates are drums of fuel with cell phone detonators attached and BLINKING... UNTIL

BOOM!! ONE by ONE the drums are ignited and the fuel sprays FIRE in all directions!!

Raylan is JOLTED by the blasts but keeps his eyes on Bones who stares him down while raising his weapon..!

TIME SLOWS DOWN as Raylan puts mind to motion and goes for his Glock, unsnapping the strap just as his fingers make contact with steel...

BOBBY sees them drawing and grabs for the unnoticed Glock he still has in his waistline, pushing backwards hard enough to knock Murphy off balance.

OSWALD raises his pistol as Raylan finally levels off at Bones -both men with guns pointed- FIRING at each other!

Raylan's bullet nailing Bones directly in the chest plate, while Bones' bullet grazes Raylan's shoulder causing BLOOD to streak!

BONES falls backwards as Raylan continues to move to his right, closer to Oswald and his heavy pistol that FIRES at Raylan's head -missing by inches.

BOBBY points his gun at Murphy's leg while Murphy aims his weapon at Raylan and SHOOTS -HITTING Raylan in the abdomen!

BOBBY FIRES ONCE, TWICE, nailing Murphy in the knee and thigh, then accidentally SHOOTS himself along with Murphy on the third SHOT.

RAYLAN absorbs the new hit and fires again, NAILING Oswald in his unarmored chest, sending him FLYING BACKWARDS DEAD onto the Cadillac.

FULL MOTION RETURNS as Bobby spins wildly away from Murphy, both bleeding and both trying to SHOOT the other one!

BULLETS fly on either side of them until Bobby successfully catches Murphy in the cranium and he drops.

Bobby hops on one leg as he waits to make sure Murphy doesn't get up. He stares unbelievably at the (self inflicted) bullet wound in his hip.

BOBBY

Owwwwwww!!!

The warehouse FIRE RAGES throughout the building and Raylan staggers to his feet, locating Bones on the ground nearby - frantically grabbing at this body armor.

Blood coats Bones' hand and it looks as if the chest plate didn't hold.

Bones looks to Raylan with disgust in his eyes.

RAYLAN

Some people got to learn the hard way.

Bones still has the gun in his hand and grips it tighter.

Raylan gets closer, reaches down and takes the gun away, tossing it into the flames as Bones goes unconscious.

SMOKE FILLS the warehouse and Raylan locates the hobbling Bobby.

The Cadillac PEELS OUT, as Emerson DRIVES HARD towards the hangar doors, looking to break through when BASH!!

The Caddy SLAMS into the wall, with the hood breaking through but nothing else. The air bag has POPPED and Emerson exits the vehicle, staggering and seriously shaken up before falling to the concrete floor.

Raylan and Bobby venture arm and arm, each helping the other exit the blaze towards the failed Cadillac escape attempt, where they find another industrial switch to open the big doors.

They hit the button, and the doors start to OPEN, DRAGGING the Cadillac across the tarmac floor with it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONT.

The hangar doors open wide as a dozen emergency vehicles descend upon their location, LIGHTS & SIRENS in full effect.

Bobby and Raylan stagger out COUGHING as giant billows of SMOKE escape the building. Both look like hammered shit and watch the oncoming vehicles with ash covered smiles on their faces.

A black Tahoe pulls up in front of them with Brooks and Guttererson exiting the vehicle, coming to Raylan and Bobby's side.

BOBBY

Hey! Look who it is! Glad to see you're all right!

BROOKS

Glad to see you're... not doing that bad yourself.

BOBBY

Oh, now you're hitting on me?

Brooks laughs.

GUTTERSON

You okay, cowboy?

RAYLAN

I'll be better when I'm out of Texas.

GUTTERSON

Truer words, my friend...

WE RISE above the commotion, watching as an ambulance arrives at their location with EMT's attending to Raylan and Bobby.

More vehicles park and workers get Emerson to his feet, while others enter the burning warehouse.

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL, HOUSTON TX - DAY

Raylan sleeps in a medical bed with fresh bandages, an IV, and equipment that BEEPS.

Winona enters with Raylan's beat up hat in her hands.

She sees he's sleeping and quietly approaches. Examining all the damage, she does her best not to let a tear fall but fails.

She places his hat on the food tray and takes a tissue as she prepares to leave.

RAYLAN
They charge me for those, you know?

She sees his eyes open, looking in her direction. She nods her head as she wipes the tears away.

WINONA
Told myself this wasn't going to happen ever again.

RAYLAN
Yeah, well... Everyone's got a game plan till they're punched in the face.

Coming from him, this makes her laugh. He sees the hat.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Where'd this come from?

WINONA
Grant was here. I gave him an earful. He told me he sent you.

RAYLAN
What'd you say to him.

WINONA
To pound sand up his ass.

RAYLAN
Eloquent.

She lingers near his bed and adjusts the hat.

WINONA
You're a good father, Raylan. Willa loves you so much and if she has to grow up without you...

More tears fall.

RAYLAN
I'm not going to let that happen. I promise you.

WINONA
It ain't always up to you.

RAYLAN
I know... I just, I want you to know, I'm glad that I moved.
(MORE)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 Being with Willa, being there for
 her, it means everything. More than
 any of this.

WINONA
 She'll be here in the morning.
 Richard is bringing her.

RAYLAN
 He's a good one.

WINONA
 Yeah, he is. When he calls me in a
 panic it usually means he left the
 garage door open.

She takes his hand.

RAYLAN
 Thanks for being here.

WINONA
 Yeah...

Their eyes meet and it feels like a place they'd both like to
 stay. Until-

BOBBY (O.S.)
 There he is!

Bobby wheelchairs it in, bandaged up, spry, and oblivious.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Up and Adam, Adam and up..!

He looks to see Winona and stops short.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Whoa, my apologies! Did not realize
 you had company my good man.

WINONA
 It's all right. I was heading out
 anyhow.

RAYLAN
 Bobby, this is Winona. Winona, this
 is Bobby.

WINONA
 How do you do?

BOBBY
 Much better now, that's for sure.
 This time yesterday, fugget-about-
 it.

(looks to Raylan)
 We've come a long way, baby.

RAYLAN
You don't have to leave. Bobby's
not-

WINONA
No, no. I'll be back tomorrow with
Willa.

BOBBY
Hey! Now we're talking. The fruit
of your loins! Can't wait!

She starts to exit, surprised by Bobby's sincere excitement.

RAYLAN
Well, all right then. Guess I'll
see you tomorrow.

She shakes hands with Bobby.

BOBBY
Great meeting you.

WINONA
You too.

She glances at Raylan, smiles, then exits-

RAYLAN
Winona..?

WINONA
Yeah?

RAYLAN
"Some people are better when they
move." You wrote that in the book
you gave me.

WINONA
Uh huh...

RAYLAN
Did you mean, to New Mexico?

Winona looks disappointed as Bobby shakes his head.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
What?

BOBBY
She's calling you the Sundance Kid.

Winona points at Bobby as Raylan buries his head.

WINONA
Salt Lake City, our first date? The
only movie you and your father ever
both liked?

RAYLAN
Shit.

WINONA
Raylan, Raylan, Raylan... See you
in the morning.

She leaves as Bobby does his best not to check out her ass.

RAYLAN
I'm going to pay for that one.

BOBBY
You sure you two aren't...?

Raylan waves him off.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Anyhew... I met your boss, Grant.
I'm heading down to the Federal
Court House in the morning for my
deposition. They had some
Millennials here earlier that got
all my files transferred, so I'm
good to go Rodney-O!

RAYLAN
(unconvincingly)
That's great.

He seems occupied elsewhere as he examines his hat -damaged
but not without character.

BOBBY
Not for nothing, but it's a
horrible idea to take women out to
movies on first dates.

RAYLAN
I'll try to remember that.

BOBBY
First dates should be somewhere
open and loud. It's easy to feel
comfortable that way. Gets them
talking.

RAYLAN
Thanks, Bobby.

BOBBY
Don't get me wrong. Rules are made
to be broken. I don't believe in
long distance relationships either
but I might be traveling to
Lexington here soon. How about that
Rachel Brooks?! Am I right?

RAYLAN
She's a champ. Where you plan on
traveling from?

BOBBY

After I'm done here, I'm going to head back to Amarillo. Mrs. Whittingham says my room hasn't been touched and I'm welcome back.

RAYLAN

That's nice to hear. Good for you.

BOBBY

Going to be strange living life above ground again.

RAYLAN

You'll get used to it.

BOBBY

Let me ask you something? Were tax payers' dollars used in the retrieval of that hat from the river?

RAYLAN

Probably. Why?

BOBBY

I just figured it would've been easier to find out where Mumford and Sons was playing next and just buy another one.

Raylan stares at him dead in the eyes as Bobby can't stop the grin from escaping his mug.

WE LEAVE the two of them behind-

EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL, HOUSTON TX - SUNSET

RAYLAN (O.S.)

Tazer to the nuts. I warned you.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Where you going to find a tazer around here?

RAYLAN (O.S.)

I'll use a crash cart.

This makes Bobby laugh as Raylan ultimately joins him.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Clear!!

THE END