

JUSTIFIED

"The Way Lady Luck Dances"

Written by

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Previously on JUSTIFIED

* Rachel vows to take Boyd down after he walks her and Tim into an ambush with the Mexican cartel to save his own skin.

* Raylan becomes Ava's handler after they spring her from prison with the agreement that she will help them prosecute Boyd. Ticked that Boyd helped the Marshals take down Daryl Crowe, Jr. without bargaining for her release, she agrees.

* Boyd ends his drug partnership with Wynn Duffy by returning all the heroin to him. Wynn and Katherine Hale propose that they go into business together robbing banks since Boyd is good at that.

* Despite Art's warning to stay away, Raylan sets up Nicky Augustine to be killed when the man refuses to rescind the hit he put out on Raylan and his then pregnant ex-wife, Winona.

* Eager to get Raylan out of his hair after learning of the part he played in Nicky Augustine's death, Art approves his transfer back to Florida before getting shot while protecting Raylan's ex-girlfriend, Allison from Daryl Crowe, Jr.

* Patrick Massett from the Bowling Green office tries to butter Art up so he'll recommend him to take over the Lexington office when Art retires. Art refuses because he has deputies in the office that are more trouble than Massett's fugitives and he's already grooming Rachel for the position.

* Raylan joins Rachel at a bar where she tells him that she's left her husband, Joe.

TEASER

INT. SEIZED MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Various collectibles, antique furniture and priceless artwork line the hallway. All tagged for auction.

INTERIM CHIEF DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL RACHEL BROOKS frowns at a keypad next to a set of double doors.

DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL RAYLAN GIVENS consults a clipboard. Flips through the pages.

RAYLAN

All's I'm saying is that a little face time with Ava may be just what she needs to convince her to step up to the plate.

RACHEL

You'd think not going back to prison would be incentive enough.

RAYLAN

You know how it is. She's home. Got a little comfortable. I just think it's time to remind her that we're not going to wait forever for her to give us something we can use against Boyd.

RACHEL

But you want to drive down to Harlan? This late in the day?

RAYLAN

I'll be back first thing in the morning.

He gestures around the hall that's been inventoried.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Besides, we're almost through here. This is the last room.

RACHEL

(re: the clipboard)
Assuming you find the access code.

TIM (O.S.)

That was bracing.

Rachel and Raylan turn to see DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL TIM GUTTERSON striding toward them with his own clipboard.

TIM (CONT'D)

I thought a house with its own ice hockey rink in the basement was pretty cool until I had to count up every puck, skate and stick.

RAYLAN

You have the keypad codes for the third floor?

Tim glances at the double doors then flips through his papers.

TIM

Yeah. Try pound, pound, eight thirty four pound.

The doors open when Rachel keys in the code.

INT. SEIZED MANSION - JEWEL ROOM - DAY

Lights automatically flick on in succession down the length of the room when the door opens.

Rachel, Tim and Raylan stand stunned at the entrance when they get their first sight of the velvet lined shelves. All packed with carefully organized jewels.

Tim gives a low whistle.

TIM

If there is such a thing as a mother lode, I think we might've just hit it.

Rachel raises an eyebrow at Raylan.

RACHEL

You just had to say we were almost done, didn't you?

They spread out around the room checking out necklaces, bracelets, watches and rings all made of priceless gems.

Tim's phone BUZZES. He checks his texts.

RAYLAN

I can catch up with Ava tomorrow.

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

No. Boyd Crowder is the priority.
Go. Tim and I will be fine.

Tim holds up his phone.

TIM

Actually, I just got a twenty on a
fugitive. But he'll be there a
while. I can stay.

RACHEL

Are you somehow under the impression
that I've forgotten how to do my job
since adding Art's responsibilities
to it? This is no different than the
hundreds of other times I've done
this. Go. Both of you.

Tim grabs one of the antique chairs from the hallway.

TIM

I know this is just more butt in
chair time which you were trying to
avoid by coming along with us, but
at least here, the chairs are nicer.

She gives him a side eye.

RACHEL

Are you aiming to make me change my
mind? 'Cause, I'm happy to run down
that fugitive instead.

Tim and Raylan hand her both clipboards then head out.

Rachel takes in her monumental task with a sigh.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

AVA CROWDER stands on the deserted bridge contemplating the
railroad tracks below. She doesn't even look up when
headlights briefly sweep over her. A car door closes.

RAYLAN (O.S.)

Not thinking about jumping are you?

Raylan joins her.

AVA

With my luck, it wouldn't help if I
did. I'd survive and you'd just
arrest me. Send me back to prison.

RAYLAN

I might have to do that anyway.
You're not giving us anything we can
use.

Ava finally turns to look at him.

AVA

Is that why you came all the way
down here, Raylan? Just to remind me
of shit I already know.

RAYLAN

Do you? Know it, I mean.

AVA

Well you might as well take me on
back, then. Far as I can tell, Boyd
has gone legit.

RAYLAN

We both know that's bullshit.

AVA

No. It's not. He's working
construction. Damn near 'round the
clock, too. Whatever he can find to
earn money. Keep you off our backs.

Raylan levels a hard glare on her.

RAYLAN

Our backs? You wouldn't be thinking
of skipping out on us, now would
you, Ava?

She doesn't cower before him. Prison put steel in her
backbone. She laughs.

AVA

And give you an excuse to hunt me
down and shoot me like a dog? No. I
don't think I'll be making things
that easy for you.

RAYLAN

You really think I could do that? To
you of all people?

AVA

Once upon a time, I might've bought
that line. But now, my eyes are wide
open. You are not the hero here,
Raylan. Not for anyone.

RAYLAN

This ain't about me being a hero.
This is about Boyd and seeing that
he answers for the swath of
destruction that follows him
everywhere he goes.

AVA

And what about the destruction that
follows you? When exactly do you
answer for that?

RAYLAN

Every goddamned minute of every
goddamned day. You think I *want* to
be here, Ava? I have a transfer just
waiting to take me out of this
shithole and back to Florida where I
can watch my baby girl grow up. The
only thing keeping me here is this
case against Boyd. The faster you
help me wrap it up, the faster I get
out of your life.

AVA

Wait. Is that the same baby girl you
couldn't even be bothered to see
when you were actually in Florida a
little bit ago?

That rocks him back on his heels. She's got his number and is
no longer afraid to use it.

AVA (CONT'D)

Come on, Raylan. I know you haven't
forgotten how word travels in these
hollers.

RAYLAN

Next time I drive all the way down
here, I expect you to give me
something useful.

AVA

I can't tell you what I don't know.

She refuses to back down from his disappointed gaze. Finally,
with a shake of her head, she turns her back on him. Walks to
her car.

AVA (CONT'D)

(fuck you)

Always a pleasure to see you, Deputy
Marshal Givens.

Raylan watches her go. The woman he once loved is long gone.

INT. SEIZED MANSION - JEWEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel stands and stretches. Surveys the room with pride. Every gem and piece of jewelry is tagged and cataloged.

EXT. SEIZED MANSION - DRIVEWAY

Exhausted, Rachel props the front door open to carry out boxes of clipboards with the full house inventory.

She deposits the box in the trunk of her Town Car and tosses her jacket in the front seat before heading back to the house.

Just as she's about to climb the stairs to the porch, a pair of large, meaty hands grab her from behind.

She goes for her gun, but it's knocked from her hand. It slides under a bush.

Undeterred, she puts up the best fight she can against a much bigger OPPONENT.

He grunts when she slams her head back into his nose. Still, doesn't release his grip.

A NEEDLE is jammed into her arm.

She tries to fight even as her limbs go weak.

Her body is dragged across the driveway. Tossed in the back of a van.

The vehicle takes off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ava comes in, fresh off her meeting with Raylan and gets ready for bed. No sooner does she lie down than there's a KNOCK on the door.

AVA
(resigned)
Come in.

BOYD CROWDER pokes his head in.

BOYD
I'm so sorry to disturb you at such an ungodly hour of the day. Especially seeing as how it hasn't been long since you've gotten in.

AVA
In case you've forgotten, Boyd, we're not engaged anymore. Just like I don't quiz you on your comings or goings, I don't owe you an explanation of mine.

BOYD
Nor am I expecting one.

AVA
Good. 'Cause I'm only allowing you to stay here until you finish fixing the place up after that shoot out. Of course, it wouldn't need fixing if you hadn't brought the Mexican cartel to my doorstep.

BOYD
Those are all fair points and again, I am so sorry for all the trouble I have caused you. If I could change any of it, I would.

He pushes the door open and brings in a breakfast tray complete with a daisy from the garden on it.

Ava eyes it warily.

AVA
What's that?

BOYD

I just thought I'd bring you a little midnight snack. I'm leaving for work soon which accounts for the earliness of the hour or lateness depending upon your point of view.

She sits up and he settles the tray around her before sitting on the bed himself.

There's an envelope on the tray. She pushes it toward Boyd. What she doesn't know, she can't report.

AVA

I think you left something here.

BOYD

It's a gift. For you.

She eyes him. What is he up to?

BOYD (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Open it.

She hesitates another moment. Carefully pries up the flap. She finds a checkbook and direct deposit advice inside. The account is in her name and his.

AVA

I don't understand.

BOYD

I am a changed man, Ava. An upstanding, hard-working citizen. And upstanding, hard-working citizens have a paper trail. What you hold there in your beautiful hand is the beginning of my new life on the straight and narrow.

AVA

(worried)

My name is on this account, too.

BOYD

That's right. You may have quit me, but I will never quit you. You are my responsibility and I will see to it that you are taken care of. Speaking of, I've got to get to work.

AVA

You're going in? At this hour? No.
Sorry. You don't have to tell me.

BOYD

Nonsense. I'm keeping nothing from
you. It's a new company and new
site. Down in Virginia. I'll be back
in a day or three after adding a few
more dollars to that bank account.

Boyd gives her a sweet smile as he stands. He puts her
engagement ring on her dresser.

BOYD (CONT'D)

If the rightful owner of this
precious piece of jewelry should
happen by, you'll be sure she gets
it? You have a good day, now.

He quietly closes the door behind him.

Shit. She is so screwed. What if there's nothing to get? She
shoves the checkbook back in the envelope.

Ava crosses to the dresser and picks up her ring. Like she's
drawn to it. Dare she hope they can make it work?

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

Raylan, more than a little tired after the long drive up from
Harlan, drags himself in. He grabs a cup of coffee on the way
to his desk.

Before he can even take his first sip, Tim brings over a file.
Raylan shakes his head.

RAYLAN

Unless that is regarding a fugitive
about to embark on an epic killing
spree, it can wait.

Tim ignores the snark. Eyes an ADMIN filing within earshot.

TIM

You just getting back?

RAYLAN

Crashed at Arlo's for a few hours.

TIM

Weren't you planning on selling the
place?

RAYLAN

Any particular reason you've decided
to practice your small talking
skills this morning?

The admin moves off. Tim levels a serious gaze at Raylan.

TIM

Have you heard from Rachel this
morning?

Tim's low key alarm penetrates Raylan's exhaustion. He glances
at her now empty desk out of habit. Cranes his neck to see in
Art's dark, empty office.

RAYLAN

She's not here?

Another MARSHAL walks by. Tim pretends to show Raylan the file
in his hands. The paper is blank.

TIM

I told myself I wasn't going into
full blown worry mode unless you got
here before she did.

RAYLAN

You try tracking her phone?

TIM

That's the strange thing. It's still
at the mansion. There were a lot of
jewels, though. Think she got too
tired to drive and decided to stay
put for a spell?

Now Raylan's worried, too.

RAYLAN

I'm sure that's it. We should run
out there and check. Quietly. Best
case, she overslept on a couch.
Worst case--

TIM

The Mexican cartel is looking for
some payback.

Raylan downs his coffee, ignores the burn and stands.

RAYLAN

I'll check it out.

TIM

I'm driving.

RAYLAN

If memory serves, you helped her
shoot those cartel guys all to hell.
They'll be after you, too.

TIM

Do I look like chicken little to
you? I only waited to run my
thoughts by you to make sure I
wasn't just being paranoid.

Raylan nods. Puts on his hat.

RAYLAN

Like I said. You're driving.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A giant statue of the town's founder on a horse with his sword raised high dominates the middle of the town's one major intersection. Quaint shops and offices line the outer edges of the square. Or they would be quaint if they were in a better state of repair.

One building on the corner has collapsed on itself. It's corded off and a SALVAGE CREW bustles around it.

INT. COLLAPSED BUILDING - DAY

Boyd whistles while he works. No one on the CREW is working harder than he is as they carefully pick through the building remains; discarding what can't be salvaged and keeping what will become part of the new building.

NELSON DECROIX (30s), the contractor/boss with bright red hair, walks up. The guy is beyond cool. He pitches in next to Boyd.

NELSON

I sure do appreciate how hard you
work.

BOYD

Like they say, if a man don't work,
he don't eat. And I aim to keep my
belly full.

Nelson looks around the other WORKERS, most of whom carry the tiniest bit of rubble at a time.

NELSON

I sure do wish others preferred to earn a good feast. I never would've bid on this project if I had known sixty percent of my crew had to be local.

He gestures to the fallen in building.

NELSON (CONT'D)

I mean, there is a reason this thing fell in on itself to begin with.

BOYD

So I take it you're not from around here.

NELSON

God, no. Texas. A *friend* - I would use the term loosely, but I don't want to speak ill of the dead - left me his company. To this day, I don't understand why he thought I could make a go of it.

BOYD

Sounds to me like your friend had more faith in you than you have in yourself.

NELSON

His worst quality. That's for sure.

Together, they hoist a large, corroded pipe and carry it outside.

EXT. COLLAPSED BUILDING - DAY

Boyd and Nelson discard the pipe in the bin. Winded, they both pause for a break.

Nelson stares in disgust at a GUY leisurely sweeping up tiny bits of debris while ignoring big broken slabs of concrete. Boyd follows his gaze.

BOYD

Good help can be a bitch to find.

NELSON

And the help I have found keeps me coming in late and over budget. After this job, my son and I are going on back home.

Nelson points out NATHANIEL (2), playing with a dump truck in the window of his truck camper RV. The kid has bright red hair like Nelson.

BOYD

He going to go into construction
like his daddy?

NELSON

God I hope not. Things go as planned
on this job, he will never have to
do a day of manual labor in his
life. He's smart. He can really go
places in life. I just have to get
him a solid foundation.

BOYD

As would any loving father.

Boyd's phone RINGS. He checks the screen.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Would you pardon me? This is the
little lady I'm trying to woo.
Things go right, I too, may get
myself a child or three.

Nelson grins.

NELSON

Say no more. Take a quick break.
You've earned it.

Nelson walks off leaving Boyd to his phone call. Once the man is out of earshot:

BOYD

Mr. Duffy. How might I be of service
to you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHARMING COTTAGE - DAY

Quaint and cozy, the place looks like it belongs in the grandmother's edition of Country Living magazine. If not for the maps covering one wall and assault rifles on the table.

WYNN DUFFY holds the phone so that both he and KATHERINE HALE can talk to Boyd on speakerphone.

DUFFY

I'm here with Katherine.

KATHERINE

Hello, Boyd.

BOYD

Mrs. Hale. It is a pleasure to hear your voice.

DUFFY

Some disturbing news has come to our attention.

BOYD

Lay it on me. Let's see if I can't put your weary minds at ease.

DUFFY

There are some rumors floating around about the terms of your lady friend's release from prison.

Boyd's smile takes a hit, but he keeps it out of his voice.

BOYD

What kind of rumors?

KATHERINE

Specifically, that my dear old friend, AUSA David Vasquez pulled on some strings to get her out. In return, she is to report all of your comings and goings to the Marshal service.

BOYD

Is that all?

Wynn and Katherine share a look.

DUFFY

You knew.

BOYD

Mr. Duffy, Mrs. Hale, I've done a lot of things in my life. Dealt with many people. I would not still be on this earth if I did not have the foresight to plan for every contingency.

DUFFY

And this is a contingency for which you've planned?

BOYD

What kind of fool do you take me
for, Mr. Duffy?

He's lying through his teeth. He's suspected Ava, but her
betrayal is now confirmed.

DUFFY

Very well, Mr. Crowder. How is
everything at your work place?
Things moving along okay?

Boyd's gaze slides across the street to the where the MANAGER
is just opening the tiny town bank for the day.

His smile returns to full wattage.

BOYD

Everything is moving along just
fine. I think we'll finish right on
schedule.

Katherine nods. She adds a push pin to the map on the wall. It
joins an impressive array of pins covering their little corner
of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee. They're planning the bank
heist to end all bank heists.

DUFFY

That's lovely to hear. We should let
you get back to your work.

BOYD

As always, if you need anything,
you know how to reach me.

KATHERINE

That, we do, Boyd. That we do.

Boyd shakes off the implied threat and hangs up. It barely
even registers now that he's got Ava on his mind.

INT. TIM'S SUV - DAY

Tim speeds along a lonely country road. Raylan rides shotgun
with his hat pulled low, trying to catch a nap.

TIM

How'd things go with Ava.

RAYLAN

If it's all the same to you, that's
too long a conversation for such a
short drive.

TIM
That well, huh?

RAYLAN
Okay. Maybe it's not that long.

TIM
Heads up.

Tim points out the windshield. In the distance, they can see Rachel's car still parked in front of the mansion.

RAYLAN
See? She did just oversleep.

They round a corner and see that the driver's door is wide open and unattended.

TIM
That look right to you?

Raylan unsnaps his holster and jumps out the moment Tim stops slightly behind Rachel's car.

EXT. SEIZED MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gun at the ready, Tim slides out of the SUV. He scans their surroundings while Raylan checks the car.

RAYLAN
Her jacket is here.

TIM
The phone?

Tim covers him while Raylan checks the jacket pockets. The phone slides out in his hand.

RAYLAN
Got it.

He flicks the car lights on. They're weak.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
That's been open all night.
Battery's almost dead.

Tim gets close enough to see the door.

TIM
Door's wide open.

Raylan and Tim share a look. As they've done countless times before, they carefully approach, guns ready.

Raylan stops at the bottom of the porch steps. Retrieves Rachel's gun from under the bush. He pockets it after showing it to Tim.

RAYLAN

(RE: disturbed gravel)

Those look like drag marks to you?

Tim checks out the scuff marks in the gravel.

TIM

I was hoping we'd be laughing about all this by now.

He follows the marks to where they abruptly end.

TIM (CONT'D)

Some kind of vehicle was waiting here. She's been taken.

RAYLAN

Well, shit.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SEIZED MANSION - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The area is buzzing with MARSHALS. All are busy collecting evidence of Rachel's abduction.

Raylan checks out the trunk of the car. He contemplates the boxes inside. Tim joins him.

TIM

What has you so fascinated over here?

RAYLAN

Let's say you're a member of the Mexican cartel. A couple American Federals take out the last guy your boss sent up here presumably in retribution for a deal that has gone all to hell involving Boyd Crowder.

TIM

I'm with you.

RAYLAN

Once you got one of those Federals wouldn't you take a look around and see what else she's got? You know, something that might ease your boss' pain over the deal that went south in the first place.

Tim nods. He picks up a giant evidence bag full of cash from one of the boxes in Rachel's truck.

TIM

I sure would. I couple hundred grand that's unexpected might even get me a promotion within the organization.

RAYLAN

On the off chance the cartel just sent up some really dumb guys, we might want to rethink our approach here.

TIM

Since taking over for Art, Rachel hasn't worked a single apprehension.

RAYLAN

But she got the job because she brought in some pretty nasty felons. It wouldn't hurt to reexamine those files. Make sure that everybody is still where they're supposed to be.

TIM

Let's go. On the way, we'll swing by the stables where Joe is working. He may be her ex, but it's just cruel to let him find out about this on the news.

Raylan and Tim head to the SUV.

RAYLAN

Two chiefs down in as many months. We're sure batting a thousand.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - DAY

Tim's SUV moves slowly along the gravel driveway leading past the large house at the front of the property. He parks beside a Bronco by the stables.

Tim and Raylan get out.

JOE BROOKS (42), steps out of the stables to see who it is. He smiles.

JOE

Well look who it is. How you fellas doing?

He greets them both with hearty handshakes.

RAYLAN

Joe. You're looking well.

JOE

Can't complain. Can't complain. What are you all doing out here?

Before either can answer, BAD SEED, a jet black horse shoots out of the far end of the stables. A rooster is strapped to its back. Neither animal is happy about the situation.

MARK EDISON ROTHCHILD (36), linebacker big with a broken nose and two black eyes, chases after the horse on a four wheeler.

His brother MAX (28), horse jockey small, grabs some rope and joins the fray.

Freaked out, the horse races haphazardly around the property.

Raylan, Tim and Joe barely have time to jump out of the way when the thing comes at them.

TIM

Is this really happening right now?

Mark Edison uses the four wheeler to corral the horse. Max lassoes him. Cuts the straps keeping the rooster on its back.

The rooster slides to the ground with a SQUAWK, but stays there stunned.

Free of its passenger, the horse calms a little. Slows to a canter. Max manages to mount him and bring him under control.

MARY ELIZABETH ROTHCHILD (34), looking like a million bucks and completely out of place in the run down stables races out of the house at the commotion.

MARY ELIZABETH

What in the world is going on out here?

The horse has calmed enough that Max can ride him near the group of shocked spectators. Mark Edison tends to the traumatized rooster which seems to be recovering.

MAX

Nothing.

Mary Elizabeth gives her brothers the stank eye.

MARY ELIZABETH

Were you trying to use that rooster as a jockey?

MARK EDISON

So what if we were?

Raylan eyes the man's broken nose.

RAYLAN

You fellows know that little trick didn't work out well for either the horse or the rooster the last time, right?

Mark Edison and Max exchange a look. Nope. They had no idea.

MARK EDISON

Yeah. Absolutely.

MAX

Only an idiot would expect a chicken
to ride a horse for real.

The brothers slink off into the stables.

RAYLAN

Uh huh.

Raylan turns to Joe.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Is there a place we could speak?

Mary Elizabeth catches sight of Raylan's badge and gun. She
turns on the charm. She is the southern belle of southern
belles.

MARY ELIZABETH

I don't believe we've met. I'm Mary
Elizabeth Rothchild. I do apologize
for that less than hospitable
welcome from my ill mannered
brothers.

RAYLAN

We're Deputy U.S. Marshals. Givens
and Gutterson. We just need a quick
word with Mr. Brooks here.

MARY ELIZABETH

Deputy U.S. Marshals? Oh my. Is
anything the matter?

TIM

We're not completely sure.

RAYLAN

When's the last time you've heard
from Rachel?

Mary Elizabeth eases closer to Joe. Gives him a worried look.

MARY ELIZABETH

Rachel? Isn't that your ex wife?

JOE

I'm not sure I can recall. We didn't
have the most amicable of splits.
Why? Has something happened to her?

RAYLAN

She's missing.

JOE

Oh my God. Missing? Do you know who took her?

Mary Elizabeth grabs Joe's elbow in support. Raylan eyes the gesture. Is she what happened to the Brooks' marriage?

TIM

We're working on it. The whole office has dropped everything. We're devoting every single one of our resources to finding her and bringing her home safe.

MARY ELIZABETH

Oh my. That does sound... thorough. She must be quite an impressive secretary to warrant such priority.

Mary Elizabeth doesn't feel quite right to Raylan.

Joe stares at his boots. Kicks at the dirt.

TIM

Uh, no, ma'am. She's not a secretary. Rachel's our boss.

Joe's head snaps up.

JOE

When did that happen?

RAYLAN

Since our last chief was shot in the line of duty. But don't worry. Art's a tough old coot. He's fine. We can't say the same of his assailant.

TIM

Now hold on. For all we know, he's enjoying his time in the grave yard.

RAYLAN

Fair point.

Raylan eyes Mary Elizabeth. Allows the threat to marinate for a moment.

MARY ELIZABETH

My goodness. You all have such dangerous jobs. I think I'll stick to horses.

RAYLAN

Yes ma'am.

JOE

The moment I hear anything from her,
I give you a ring.

MARY ELIZABETH

If there's anything else we can do
to help, don't you hesitate to let
us know.

TIM

We won't.

Having been dismissed, Tim and Raylan head back to the SUV and drive off.

INT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - HORSE BARN - DAY

More upset than the rooster was while riding the horse, Mary Elizabeth storms inside. All gentility is gone. Joe follows behind her.

MARY ELIZABETH

She's their boss? You said she
pushes files all day.

JOE

To be fair, I didn't know about the
promotion. We haven't exactly been
on speaking terms lately.

Mary Elizabeth levels the glare to end all glares on him. She takes a moment to calm down.

MARY ELIZABETH

This changes nothing.

She opens a stall door and smiles inside.

Rachel is bound and gagged in the corner.

JOE

This changes everything. Raylan and
Tim and excellent at what they do.
You don't want to risk them figuring
out your plan. Just cut your losses
now and call it a day.

MARY ELIZABETH

Have you looked around this place
lately? No. The plan stays the same.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You're going to fudge the workout times as agreed. I'll collect my winnings and be on my way to a non extradition country long before your friends return.

JOE

This is crazy, Mary Elizabeth. Look, if you let us go now, we'll keep our mouths shut. Promise.

Mary Elizabeth gives him a scary smile. Strokes his jaw.

MARY ELIZABETH

Is that the same kind of promise you made to her about being faithful? 'Cause we all know how well that went.

Joe's back goes up at that.

JOE

You're being unreasonable. What if I just back out now? Your whole little scheme will fall apart.

MARY ELIZABETH

Perhaps, but not before I arrange a quite horrible death for her. As I've just learned, there's no shortage of criminals I can pin it on. Or maybe I'll save that honor for you. Good old fashioned murder-suicide. Either way, I won't be losing any sleep.

She saunters out. Calls over her shoulder.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Lady Luck needs a massage before her next workout.

Joe starts to follow. Hurries back to Rachel.

JOE

Don't worry about her. She's all talk. Oh and, congratulations on your promotion.

He runs after Mary Elizabeth.

Off Rachel who knows Mary Elizabeth is nuts.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - DAY

Both Mark Edison and Max stand like recalcitrant children while Mary Elizabeth scolds them.

MARY ELIZABETH

Neither one of you have the good sense God saw fit to grant a goose. Do you know who those men were?

MAX

No, Mary Elizabeth.

MARY ELIZABETH

They were cops. Federal cops. Out here looking for our guest. What if they called animal control after that ridiculous stunt of yours?

MARK EDISON

We're sorry.

MARY ELIZABETH

I know you're sorry. You've been sorry your whole goddamned lives.

She takes a breath to calm herself.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Do I have to explain to you what's at stake here again?

MAX

No, ma'am.

(reciting)

We're betting big on Lady Luck to win the race after Joe reports some slow times to build the spread. We cash out, pay our debts and leave Kentucky for good.

MARY ELIZABETH

At least one of you is paying attention.

She opens the stall door revealing LADY LUCK. He - yes, Lady Luck is male - is jet black like Bad Seed but has stunning natural blond streaks in his mane and tail.

She strokes his nose. He whinnies softly and nuzzles her. Mary Elizabeth can't help, but smile. She adores this horse.

She smile disappears when she looks at her brothers again.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Get in a good workout then put him
in the spa.

MARK EDISON

Yes, ma'am.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - TURF TRACK - DAY

Mark Edison leads Lady Luck out for a workout as commanded.
Max takes the reigns and climbs in the saddle. The horse is
skittish. Max tries to calm him.

MAX

How about we work off some of those
carrots?

Lady Luck dances about. Max gets him under control. He's
professional. Horse and rider head to the starting blocks.

Mark Edison posts up on the edge of the track with a starting
pistol and stop watch. Joe stands next to him with a clipboard
and second stop watch. Mark Edison fires the pistol.

Lady Luck shoots out of the blocks like the champion he is.

Mark Edison and Joe watch him run in amazement.

JOE

He's hasn't looked this good in a
long time.

MARK EDISON

He just didn't want to peak too
soon.

Max's smile is gigantic as he spurs Lady Luck across the
finish line. Even without a watch he knows the horse just had
the run of his life.

Max walks Lady Luck around a moment then leads him over to
Mark Edison and Joe.

The three men are all smiles.

MARK EDISON (CONT'D)

Yeah! That's what I'm talking about.
It was like he had wings on his
hooves.

JOE

I'm going to go call this time in.

Mark Edison grabs his arm and gives him a hostile look.

JOE (CONT'D)

With a couple seconds added to it.
Geez. I know what I'm doing.

Mark Edison lets him go. He and Max high five and do a victory dance. They really get into their celebration.

MAX

Finally! Maybe Mary Elizabeth's plan
isn't so crazy after all.

Behind them, the horse staggers a few steps. Lady Luck drops dead.

The men freeze in terror at the THUMP. They really don't want to turn around.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Hotbed of chaotic activity. Everything is on hold except finding their boss.

Raylan and Tim comb through Rachel's fugitive files at their desks.

ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY DAVID VASQUEZ comes in. He motions Tim toward the conference room. Raylan catches the gesture and follows them in after grabbing some printouts off the printer.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Raylan stops David from closing the door and joins him and Tim inside.

DAVID

I just need a quick word with Tim
here.

RAYLAN

It's not the cartel, is it?

David shrugs at Tim.

DAVID

That was my quick word. Yes. We've
ruled out the Mexican cartel. For
this incident. Who knows about the
future? They've been known to have
long memories.

Tim shrugs off the implied danger and perches on the table.

TIM

I'm coming up empty on her fugitives. They're all either still in prison or dead. One or two may have gone straight, but they also have alibis.

DAVID

Could be somebody has a grudge against this office and she just happened to be an easy target?

Raylan snorts.

RAYLAN

She's not an easy target. She wouldn't have gone down without a fight.

TIM

The kind of fight that just might break a man's nose and leave him with two black eyes?

RAYLAN

It did look like a fresh break.

DAVID

Do you ya'll two need to get a room or you want to fill me in?

TIM

Sure, we'll make it a three way. We paid a visit to Joe, Rachel's ex husband, this afternoon.

DAVID

He was beat up and you didn't bring him in? The husband is always the first suspect.

RAYLAN

Not him. His boss' brother. Mark Edison Rothchild.

TIM

I don't recall them introducing themselves.

RAYLAN

They didn't. I might've run their backgrounds when we got back.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Something about Mary Elizabeth just seemed way off. And not just the way she wanted us to know that she was the mistress that broke up Rachel's marriage.

David rubs his temples and sinks in a chair.

DAVID

This is not happening.

TIM

We're all worried about Rachel, but these folks ain't hardened criminals. Our odds just went way up on our getting her back unharmed.

DAVID

Physically, perhaps. Careerwise... You both know Massett, the spineless ass kisser from up Bowling Green way? He's had his eye on this office for a while now. I suspect that's why you two didn't sound the alarm the moment you knew something was amiss.

Tim and Raylan exchange guilty looks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm not busting your balls for that. It was the right call. There are some folks in wrong positions that have a concern or two about a lady marshal running this office. This turning out to be a personal thing will not help our case.

RAYLAN

Sounds to me like we just have to keep things business and make sure the personal bits remain... coincidental.

DAVID

What do we know about this mistress that isn't personal?

Raylan slides the printouts down the table to David and Tim.

RAYLAN

Third generation horse folk. The stables fell on hard times when their folks were killed by a drunk driver after the Derby ten years ago. They haven't had a win since.

Tim scans the papers.

TIM

They're next to broke. No wonder the stables looked to be in such good shape. They're down to three horses. One is registered in a race tomorrow. According to this, Lady Luck has next to no shot of winning.

RAYLAN

I suspect that's Joe's doing. He's a timer. Reports in to the official book people use to lay bets.

DAVID

They're stacking the odds against Lady Luck so when she...

RAYLAN

He.

DAVID

(annoyed)

Really?

Raylan shrugs. David just shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So when he wins, they're going to see quite a payday.

TIM

Sounds like a criminal enterprise to me.

David smiles.

DAVID

Well this is a good start. Nothing I can take to a judge for a warrant, however.

RAYLAN

I think it's time to pay Joe another visit. When he's not around the Rothchilds.

DAVID

What are you still doing here? Go.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Raylan and Tim leave David in the conference room.

Raylan puts on his hat.

RAYLAN

Maybe we should bring Rachel's mama in. Just as a precaution. No sense giving them more leverage.

TIM

Is that your way of saying that you want to talk to Joe alone?

Off Raylan's confirming look.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'll bring her in.

He grabs his keys.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Raylan presses the elevator button. Tim joins him.

TIM

Besides, the way mothers and daughters talk, it's not a bad idea to see what she knows.

The elevator doors open. Raylan steps in without paying attention and nearly runs over WINONA HAWKINS who was exiting.

RAYLAN

Winona? You're here? Why are you here? Is everything okay?

WINONA

If you had the decency to return a phone call, you'd have the answers to those questions.

Tim shuffles uncomfortably.

TIM

Hey there, Winona. You're looking well. Florida must be treating you real good.

She continues staring daggers at Raylan while addressing Tim.

WINONA

Good to see you, too, Tim. I just need a minute with your friend here.

Tim peeks at Raylan who looks terrified that he'll be left alone with Winona.

TIM

Actually, we--

Winona glares at him.

Tim jerks a thumb toward the bullpen.

TIM (CONT'D)

--uh, I just remembered... I should tell David... See ya'll later.

Tim flees back toward the safety of the bullpen.

RAYLAN

I'm sorry, Winona. Can we talk later? Now isn't a good time.

WINONA

It wasn't a good time yesterday. Or last week. Or the week before. So tell me, Raylan. When is a good time?

RAYLAN

Rachel is missing. The entire office has mobilized to find her. Preferably before all that's left is her rotting corpse.

The wind goes out of Winona's sails. Long enough for Raylan to escape into the elevator. Stunned, she watches him go.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Raylan thinks he's gotten away clean.

Winona's hand stops the doors from closing. She steps in with him. This ain't over.

WINONA

I'll just walk you out.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Raylan and Winona stand on opposite sides of the car like complete strangers.

WINONA

I'm sorry to hear about Rachel. Is there anything I can do to help?

RAYLAN

That's kind of you. We're checking all angles. The cartel. Past fugitives. Leaving no stone unturned.

WINONA

Right. Of course. Well, I won't take up much of your time.

She pulls some papers from her pocketbook.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I just need your signature on these and I'll get out of your hair.

Raylan eyes the papers.

RAYLAN

And those are what?

WINONA

It's nothing major. Just your parental rights.

RAYLAN

I'm sorry. I don't think I heard you right. Are you asking me to sign away my claim on our daughter?

WINONA

Oh. So now, she's *our* daughter? She's never been our daughter, Raylan. She's my daughter. I just think it's time to make it official.

The doors open. Winona steps out, but Raylan just stands there stunned. After a moment, he follows.

INT. COURTHOUSE - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

Raylan catches up to Winona at the door.

RAYLAN

Why now?

WINONA

What are you talking about?

RAYLAN

What's so urgent that you need to terminate my rights at this very moment?

WINONA

I'm just ready to move on with my life. You having one foot in and one foot out the door isn't fair to either of us. Let's just make a clean break.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Raylan holds the door for Winona. They walk toward his car.

RAYLAN

We have a child together. There is no possible way that a break between us can be clean.

WINONA

No. You have a child when it's convenient for you. She needs a father who actually wants to be in her life.

Raylan grabs Winona's arm and makes her look at him.

RAYLAN

Now hold on. You know good and well my transfer back to the Miami office is good as done. I just have this one last thing to clear with Boyd--

WINONA

--One last thing. One last goddamned thing. There's always going to be one last thing, Raylan, and I'm tired of waiting for you to get around to us on your To Do List.

RAYLAN

Get around to you? You say that like you have no idea what all I've done for this family. The sacrifices I've made.

She snatches her arm from his grasp.

WINONA

You are not going to lay this Nicky Augustine mess at our feet. I did not ask you to do what you did.

RAYLAN

What I did was protect you. He was never going to stop until all of us were dead. Do you understand that?

WINONA

What I understand, Raylan, is that your actions have consequences.

RAYLAN

I was doing my goddamned job.

WINONA

Yeah, well, now I'm doing mine. Sebastian and I agree. We have to get as far away from the crossfire as possible. It's just not safe.

RAYLAN

Who the hell is Sebastian?

WINONA

You really did expect me to sit around and wait for you forever, didn't you?

RAYLAN

Forever? No, but a few months might've been nice.

She takes a moment to find the high road. She didn't come there to fight with him.

WINONA

I'm not going to argue with you. Sign the papers or don't. Either way, Sebastian and I are moving to Australia in two month's time so I'll never darken your doorstep again.

RAYLAN

Let's get something straight here, Winona. You will not under any circumstances leave this country with my child. If you try, I will use every single one of the considerable resources at the disposal of the United States Marshals Service to stop you.

Stunned, Winona backs off. Raylan gets in his car and drives away.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Boyd pretends to clean up the area long after most everyone has gone home.

Across the way, a SECURITY GUARD steps out of the bank for a smoke.

Boyd notes the time and jots the info on a little note pad.

Nathaniel peeks at him from around a corner. Boyd tucks the pad back in his pocket and smiles at the boy.

BOYD

Are you working late, too?

Nathaniel nods and toddles over toward Boyd. He picks up a handful of pebbles and tries to toss them in with the rest of the discarded concrete. He's too short so the stones bounce off the side. He tries again.

BOYD (CONT'D)

I do believe you are a natural. May I assist you in your endeavors?

The boy stares at Boyd. No idea what he's talking about.

Boyd hands the boy some broken concrete then lifts him so he can discard it.

Success! Nathaniel smiles his triumph. It melts Boyd's heart.

INT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - STALL - NIGHT

Rachel squirms uncomfortably. Her wrists are raw where she works at her bindings. A CRASH outside the stall startles her. She sits still to listen.

The door to her stall BANGS open. Mark Edison, wearing an apron and latex gloves, towers over her with a knife, but she doesn't cower or show him any fear.

He reaches down and cuts her wrists free. She pulls the gag down.

MARK EDISON

You're a girl. You're going to help us.

He cuts the bindings on her ankles and sets her on her feet.

RACHEL

What are you doing?

He drags her out of the stall.

INT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - NIGHT

Max stands on a foot stool, also wearing an apron, and combs Bad Seed's mane. The horse is completely wrapped in Saran Wrap from neck to hind quarters with only his mane and tail sticking out.

Discarded Saran Wrap boxes litter the ground. Several boxes of foil sit nearby along with a tub of L'Oreal Quick Blue hair bleach, Clairol platinum blond coloring and some paint brushes.

Rachel raises an eyebrow at the gear. She confronts Mark Edison.

RACHEL

So you think that because I'm a girl I know how to dye hair?

He shrugs with a nod.

MARK EDISON

We would have Mary Elizabeth do it, except she can't find out that her horse is dead.

MAX

I told you we don't need her. I watched all those hair dyeing videos on the The You Tube. I can do this.

Mark Edison glares at Max.

MARK EDISON

You wrapped a horse in Saran Wrap.
No way you know what you're doing.

Seeing an opportunity, Rachel picks up one of the paintbrushes.

RACHEL

No, no. That's right. The plastic
will keep you from bleaching his
coat.

She gives them a questioning look.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I take it that you don't want the
coat bleached?

Max shoots his brother a smug look. Mark Edison shakes his head then shows her a picture of Lady Luck.

MARK EDISON

We just need a few platinum streaks
here and here.

He indicates the areas on Bad Seed.

RACHEL

Okay. I'll help you. But I want
something in return.

MAX

Wait a minute. You're in no position
to demand anything.

RACHEL

Which one of us has the uterus? I
can dye that horse blindfolded with
one hand tied behind my back.

MAX

That doesn't even make sense.

RACHEL

Since I'm going to be stuck here
another night, I want more
comfortable quarters.

MARK EDISON

We can add some hay.

RACHEL

And I'm sick of being tied up.

MAX MARK EDISON
No way. Done.

RACHEL
I also want--

MAX
Enough! We don't have time for this.

Rachel stops pushing her luck. She picks up the tub of Quick Blue and reads the directions.

MAX (CONT'D)
Wait. Are you reading the instructions? I thought you said you knew what you were doing.

RACHEL
No. I said I have a uterus. You're the one who assumed having lady parts means I know everything there is to know about bleaching horse hair.

Max turns an annoyed look on Mark Edison who just shrugs.

MARK EDISON
What? This is an all hand on deck emergency.

The trio gets to work.

INT. COLLAPSED BUILDING - NIGHT

Boyd examines the weakened edge of the building. He notices some wires that look out of place. Follows them to the explosive charge they're attached to. He recoils.

Boyd carefully resets the detonation so it takes out the damaged part of the building instead of the part they're trying to save.

NELSON (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing?

Boyd glances at Nelson.

BOYD
You really should consider firing your explosives man. It's a wonder he hasn't already fired himself.

More than a little nervous, Nelson pulls Boyd away from the charges.

NELSON
Don't worry about it. It's fine the way it is.

BOYD
I don't mind--

NELSON
--Leave it!

Boyd frowns at the outburst. Studies Nelson who is watching the street below through the missing wall.

An armored truck rumbles toward the bank.

BOYD
Why do I get the feeling something a little more than cleaning up a collapsed building is going on here?

NELSON
I don't know what you're talking about.

Boyd gestures toward the GUARDS getting out of the truck and heading into the bank.

BOYD
So you're not planning to set off this here charge at the precise moment that truck drives by? Force it to stop until you can remove the debris from the street? Only, instead of removing said debris, you're just going to drive off with a truck full of money.

Busted, Nelson gives up the pretense.

NELSON
I'll do anything for my boy.

Boyd looks around the empty construction site.

BOYD
You got some partners somewhere that I can't see? That is a two man job at least.

NELSON

Oh. What would you know about it anyway?

BOYD

I might've misspent a fair bit of my youth. And there are safer ways to go about filling the family coffers.

NELSON

Like how? I've tried everything. Something always comes along to ruin it. I've tried being an honest man. It's not working out as well for me as it has for you.

Boyd doesn't even flinch at the erroneous assumption. But he's not about to let this guy rob the same bank he's targeted.

BOYD

But that's no excuse to give up.

Nelson glares at Boyd, clearly taking exception to the patronizing tone.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go off your reasoning. If you've messed everything else up so far, what makes you think you can pull off a successful bank heist? Even if you do manage to get the money, you're going to be on the run for the rest of your life. Is that what you want for Nathaniel?

Nelson smiles. The detonator is in his hand out of Boyd's sight.

NELSON

That's the beauty of my plan. Some asshole in Kentucky turned robbing banks into an art form when he came up with the idea to blow something up nearby then while everybody was looking in that direction, he strolled right out the cash. So you see? It's not even my plan.

Boyd's smile is tight since he's the asshole in question.

BOYD

You wouldn't happen to know what happened to said asshole, now would you?

Nelson gives an unconcerned shrug. Walks toward Boyd with a deranged look in his eye. Boyd wisely backs away; onto the solid remains of the building.

NELSON

He got away. And that's what I'm going to do. Except instead of them looking for me, they're going to assume I died in the blast and some other dude came along and committed a crime of opportunity.

BOYD

And I suppose you're telling me all this now because I'm meant to be the body found in the rubble.

NELSON

I truly am sorry, Boyd. You're a nice enough fellow. But you know what they say. Those are the guys who finish last.

Nelson detonates the charge.

His expression goes from smug to shocked dismay when the floor beneath him gives way instead of the floor beneath Boyd.

A little stunned himself, Boyd peers over the edge for a moment trying to spot Nelson. He races down to the street.

EXT. COLLAPSED BUILDING - NIGHT

Boyd picks his way through the fresh rubble. He moves a slab of concrete and finds a broken, bloody Nelson underneath. He's just barely alive.

BOYD

Assuming your theory is correct, I think this proves which one of us is truly the nice guy.

(beat)

I sure am sorry this happened to you. I never would've changed the charge's direction had I known about your plan from the beginning.

Boyd's apology is heartfelt. Nelson eyes him. Struggles to speak. Blood gurgles out of his mouth.

NELSON

My boy. Take him.

Boyd shakes his head.

BOYD

You don't know what you're asking.

Nelson fights to get a hand from under the rubble. Grabs Boyd in an iron grip.

NELSON

Take him. Please.

Boyd stares at Nelson, torn. The man clearly won't let him go until he agrees.

Boyd nods, speechless for the first time in his life.

Nelson dies.

Off Boyd, shocked and overwhelmed.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Restless, Ava cleans up her already spotless house. She wears her engagement ring on a chain around her neck.

BOYD (O.S.)

Ava.

So deep in thought, she jumps at his voice. Ava takes in the dust still covering him from head to toe, but lasers in on Nathaniel who is nestled in Boyd's arms.

AVA

Who is that?

BOYD

We need to talk.

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ava watches Boyd tuck Nathaniel in. He's built a pillow barrier around the boy to keep him from falling off the bed.

Boyd joins her in the hallway.

AVA

This is crazy. We've stolen a lot of things, but a child, Boyd. What about his folks? Won't they be looking for him?

BOYD

His daddy is the one who insisted I take him. From the way he talked, I don't think they have any other kin. What was I supposed to do? Deny a man his dying wish?

AVA

But why you? From what you've said, ya'll just met. He's entrusting his kid's care to you?

BOYD

I think it was more a matter of my being in the wrong place at the right time.

AVA

But you agreed. Things are already complicated enough around here.

Boyd takes Ava's hand. Looks deep in her eyes.

BOYD

I know.

She bites her lip. They're not still talking about the kid.

AVA

You know?

BOYD

I know.

She sighs.

AVA

Then you also know that this is exactly the kind of thing that can give Raylan the foot hold he needs to put you away.

BOYD

So we'll just have to work together to make sure that doesn't happen.

Ava stares at her feet, shifting uncomfortably.

AVA

I've already violated my deal just by talking to you about this.

She looks at him with tears in her eyes. All her worries and fears are starting to surface.

AVA (CONT'D)

I cannot go back to prison. That's not something I can survive.

Boyd pulls her close and kisses her temple.

BOYD

So we just have to figure out the best way to keep us both out of the long, ham-fisted reach of the law.

He smiles at her.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Shouldn't be too hard. Not with the two of us pooling our collective wits. We're so much stronger as a unit than we are on our own. That is a fact that has been proven time and time again.

Ava nods and looks at the boy.

AVA

All that bright red hair. How in the world are we going to explain that?

BOYD

"We." I sure do like how that sounds.

Boyd wraps Ava in his arms. She melts into him. She's home. Finally.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe, wearing an undershirt and boxers, relaxes with a beer in front of the television. A KNOCK on the door makes him sigh and drag himself away from his program.

He opens the door to find Raylan, who is still raw and more than a little regretful over the fight with Winona, on the porch.

JOE

Twice in one day. To what do I owe the pleasure?

Raylan cocks his head at Joe's casual tone. Steps inside without waiting for an invitation.

Raylan does a quick visual sweep of the premises before turning his full attention on Joe.

RAYLAN

Why don't you just go ahead and tell me where Rachel is so we can call it a night?

Joe isn't a good enough liar to keep the surprise out of his expression. He returns to his recliner trying to buy some time and project a cool disposition.

JOE

I told you. I haven't seen her.

RAYLAN

I have always liked you, Joe. And I was real sorry when I heard Rachel left you. But I have had one hell of a day and my tolerance for bullshit is a little bit below nil.

JOE

I'm sorry, Raylan. I wish I could help you out, but I can't tell you what I don't know.

Raylan sits on the couch across from Joe and rests his hat on his knee.

RAYLAN

Yeah, that seems to be going around. I don't think you are fully grasping the situation here. Rachel is the sitting chief deputy for the Lexington office of the U.S. Marshals Service. Do you have any idea what that means?

JOE

She got promoted. I'm happy for her.

RAYLAN

It means that there are a shitload of people out there using a considerable amount of resources to leave no stone unturned until we get her back safely. It also means that the people involved in her disappearance - even tangentially - are going to do a hell of a lot of prison time.

Joe starts to sweat. Raylan is getting to him.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

That's if she's unharmed. If she's killed, there will be no shortage of books thrown at those responsible. That is, of course, they even make it through the trial. You are aware that we Marshals handle prisoner transport? Any number of things can go wrong between lockup and the courthouse.

Unable to hold back any longer, Joe jumps from the chair. Starts pacing.

JOE

She's fine! Nobody is going to kill anybody. She'll be back by tomorrow evening.

RAYLAN

You mean after Lady Luck wins the race tomorrow afternoon?

Joe turns a shocked look on Raylan.

JOE

You know?

RAYLAN

That Ms. Rothchild is a treacherous, conniving snake in the grass? Yeah.

JOE

Mary Elizabeth can be scary, but she's not all bad. In fact, she can be downright sweet when the occasion arises.

RAYLAN

I'm sure she can. Now, let's--

JOE

--She's just misunderstood, is all.

RAYLAN

Misunderstood? Your mistress kidnapped your wife to make you rig a horse race. I think my understanding isn't the one that needs questioning.

JOE

Looka here. I know I'm a weak man. That's my failing, so you lay that at my feet. Not Mary Elizabeth's. I didn't even tell her I was married until after we'd made sweet love that first time.

Raylan grimaces.

RAYLAN

Joe--

JOE

No! You need to hear this. My side. I'm sure Rachel has told you about how she sees things.

RAYLAN

Actually, Rachel hasn't said a word--

JOE

I bet she didn't even mention how she drove me to it.

RAYLAN

No. She did not.

JOE

Aha! You're an outsider. You have no way of truly knowing what goes on in a marriage.

RAYLAN

Nor do I want to.

JOE

Rachel's got her gun and handcuffs and... How do you do it? Doesn't it chap your behind to do a woman's bidding all day?

RAYLAN

No different than a man's. It'd be harder if Rachel wasn't so good at her job. I trust her. More than that, I respect her. Of course I have no problem deferring to her command.

Joe snorts.

JOE

Well, with that kind of attitude, it's no wonder she comes home and tries to be the man here, too. Well, you know what?

Raylan rubs his temples.

RAYLAN

I'm sure you're going to tell me.

JOE

I'm the goddamned man around here. Not Rachel. Me. Screwing Mary Elizabeth was just a way to remind my wife of that fact. It kinda backfired, but--

RAYLAN

--Enough! We can sort out who is screwing whom later. Right now, we need to get to Rachel before Ms. Rothchild decides she's dispensable. An event that can happen at any moment now.

Joe waves off Raylan's concerns.

JOE

Rachel is fine. Maybe a little less mobile than she's used to being, but fine nonetheless. Mary Elizabeth will let her go after the race. Until then, we just have to sit tight.

RAYLAN

So you haven't turned in the times yet?

JOE

Oh yeah. They had to be posted by four this afternoon.

RAYLAN

Meaning that Ms. Rothchild has no further use for either you or Rachel.

Joe is a little slow on the uptake, but he finally gets there.

JOE

You think Mary Elizabeth sent me home so she could kill my wife?

RAYLAN

I sure don't want to find out. Do you?

INT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - NIGHT

Max, Mark Edison and Rachel put the finishing touches on Bad Seed.

RACHEL

He's looking a little too hot. Maybe we should open the door. Get a little air flow going.

MARK EDISON

Good idea.

He steps away to open the door.

While the horse blocks her from his view, she releases the rope that ties Bad Seed to an exposed beam. Deftly, she creates a slip knot and lays the looped rope where Mark Edison had been standing.

Casually, she stands and continues wrapping foil on the horse's tail to seal in the bleach. Keeps an eye on the trap she's set.

Max wraps foil on Bad Seed's mane then wipes his brow.

MAX

How much longer does this crap have to stay on?

RACHEL

Forty minutes, according to the directions. It's gotta stay in long enough to strip the color out.

Rachel eyes the man. He's on the verge of pitching a hissy fit. Mark Edison ignores them both. He whispers softly to Bad Seed and steps in the trap.

Bright lights flood the stable from outside. Seizing the opportunity, Rachel smacks the horse's ass as hard as she can.

Bad Seed startles and bolts outside.

The rope tightens around Mark Edison's ankle. He goes down hard and is then dragged away screaming.

Max freezes in surprise.

Rachel takes him down.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - NIGHT

Flood lights saturate the area with light. Black Town Cars and SUVs surround the place. MARSHALS take cover by their vehicles when Bad Seed, covered in Saran Wrap with foil in his mane and tail, gallops into view dragging Mark Edison behind him.

Feeling a little deja vu, Raylan and Tim half lower their weapons. They watch the horse gallop toward the grass track. Mark Edison struggles unsuccessfully to free his foot.

TIM

Now that is something you do not see every day.

Tim heads for his SUV.

TIM (CONT'D)
I've got him.

Rachel strides out of the stables with a bound Max in tow.

She throws a cocky grin Raylan's way. He takes Max off her hands. Shoves him in the back of his car.

RACHEL
Sure took ya'll long enough.

RAYLAN
You're spoiling the big rescue.

RACHEL
Then lets turn this into a good old fashioned apprehension.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Joe stands on the edge of the MARSHALS while Rachel briefs her men. She shrugs into a vest and adjusts a radio on her ear while she speaks.

RACHEL
We've got two suspects in custody;
one still at large. Be advised that
she could be armed so use caution.

Joe eyes the men who all accept Rachel's command without question. Maybe it's not so bad.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Dunlop, you take alpha team and
secure the house.

DUNLOP
Yes, ma'am.

Without hesitation, DEPUTY MARSHAL DUNLOP leads a group of MARSHALS toward the house.

A gun FIRES.

Everyone drops and looks for the source.

Mary Elizabeth, holding a rifle, sits astride a CHESTNUT MARE next to Raylan's car. The rear window is shattered and Max's brains are scattered all over the back seat.

VARIOUS MARSHALS

Drop the weapon! Show us your hands!

She turns a dispassionate look on all the MARSHALS who've now drawn down on her.

MARY ELIZABETH

(shrugging)

He killed my horse. I just found the half ass grave they dumped him in. Where's Mark Edison?

The MARSHALS carefully spread out. Trying to surround her.

She shakes her head and backs the horse up a bit.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No, no. Stay put.

RACHEL

How do you think this is going to go for you? You just murdered your brother in front of a shitload of law enforcement officers.

Unable to stomach the sight of Max's body, Joe stumbles a few feet away and pukes.

Mary Elizabeth sneers.

MARY ELIZABETH

God. You are so weak. Good thing your wife has the balls to man up. I should kill you just for that alone.

She addresses Rachel while leveling the rifle at Joe.

MARY ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Would you like that? Get rid of this albatross around your neck once and for all?

RACHEL

Lower your weapon. If you don't, you know exactly what I will have to do.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - GRASS TRACK - NIGHT

Mark Edison, battered and bruised from being dragged, sits handcuffed in the back of Tim's SUV. He rams himself against the door in response to seeing Mary Elizabeth surrounded by Marshals.

MARK EDISON

Don't you hurt her! You hear me?

Tim pays no attention from his makeshift sniper's perch. He lines up his sights.

RACHEL (PRE-LAP)

Who's got the shot?

TIM

Almost in position.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Mary Elizabeth smirks at Rachel.

MARY ELIZABETH

Oh, come now. You're not going to shoot me. Besides, how would that look? Executing your husband's mistress like this. What would people say?

RACHEL

That I'm doing my job.

Mary Elizabeth glares at Joe.

MARY ELIZABETH

What was I thinking? Taking your word that she was just a meek little secretary. If you'd just told the truth for once in your pathetic life, we wouldn't be here right now.

(to Rachel)

Under different circumstances, we could've been friends.

TIM (PRE-LAP)

I'm green.

RACHEL

I'm not going to warn you again. Surrender your weapon or I will authorize deadly force.

MARY ELIZABETH

Please. You're not going to kill me.

She clicks the safety off.

RACHEL

Take the shot.

MARY ELIZABETH

But I'm going--

A bullet drills her forehead mid-sentence. She's dead before she hits the ground.

The MARSHALS all jump into action securing the rifle and confirming her death.

Joe, traumatized, passes out.

EXT. ROTHCHILD STABLES - GRASS TRACK - NIGHT

Tim packs up his weapon while Mark Edison cries uncontrollably in the back of the SUV.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel is alone in the waiting room. Raylan brings her a cup of coffee. Sits beside her in silence for a moment.

RAYLAN

Any word on Joe?

RACHEL

He hit his head on a rock when he fainted. He should be just fine.

RAYLAN

That's good news.

Rachel takes a sip of coffee. Weighs her next words.

RACHEL

What Mary Elizabeth said. I think there's some truth there. I am used to wearing the pants.

RAYLAN

You're not blaming yourself for this are you? 'Cause, it's pretty obvious. That woman targeted Joe from the beginning. He was like a sitting duck. No idea what hit him.

RACHEL

Oh, I know Joe has his share of the blame in all this. I'm just saying that I do, too.

A DOCTOR comes in.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Brooks?

RACHEL
(no hesitation)
Yes. That's me.

She stands to talk with him. Raylan hangs back. Lost in his own thoughts.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Raylan taps lightly on the door after a good bit of hesitation.

Winona answers.

WINONA
What are you doing here? Please tell me you didn't come for round two. I just don't have the energy.

RAYLAN
I'd rather not do this out here.

She stares at him, wary. Lets him in.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Winona closes the door behind him. Raylan aimlessly wanders around the confined space.

RAYLAN
Joe was injured when we found Rachel tonight.

WINONA
What? Is he okay?

RAYLAN
I think he will be. She's still with him at the hospital.

WINONA
What happened to her?

RAYLAN
It was a helluva thing. His mistress kidnapped her. She was going to shoot Joe. Tim got there first.

WINONA

I see.

He puts his hat on the desk and runs his hands through his hair. He spots the parental rights papers.

RAYLAN

It's been that kind of day.

And just like that, he's talking about her request.

WINONA

Raylan, I don't want to hurt you,
Somewhere deep down, you know I only
want what's best for our child.

RAYLAN

Is he good to you?

WINONA

Who?

RAYLAN

Your paramour. Sebastian.

Winona smiles and nods.

WINONA

More than that. He's good with her.

Exactly what Raylan didn't want to hear. He just nods. Stuns Winona by picking up a nearby pen and signing the papers.

WINONA (CONT'D)

What changed your mind?

RAYLAN

It's what you need, right? Just
thought I'd try my hand at being the
hero for a bit.

Winona is destroyed by the decision, but keeps a poker face.

WINONA

Thank you, Raylan. You're doing the
right thing. For all of us.

Odd man out once again, Raylan puts on his hat and leaves.

END OF SHOW