

DOPE THIEF

Written by

Peter Craig

Based on the novel by Dennis Tafoya

Episode 7

"Mussolini"

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Dope Thief
Episode 107
"Mussolini"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

<u>SC#</u>	<u>SCRIPT D/N</u>
1-4.....	(ONE MONTH LATER) D14
5, 7.....	D15
6, 8-10B.....	D16
12.....	N16
13-19.....	D17
20-23.....	D18
24-28, 30.....	D19
33-34.....	N20
36-39.....	D21
40-53.....	D22
60-88.....	N22

Dope Thief
Episode 107
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CAST LIST

RAY DRISCOLL
MANNY CARVALHO
MINA CAMPBELL
THERESA BOWERS
MICHELLE TAYLOR
MARK NADER
SON PHAM
SHERRY ALARCÓN FUENTES
JOHN MARCHETTI

THE VOICE (O.S.)
GRANDMA "XUAN" PHAM
TINA PHAM
IZZY PHAM
LEWIS PHAM
~~SEÑORA ALARCÓN~~
DETECTIVE SARAH CRAWFORD
SHAMROCK
SPEECH THERAPIST
THERAPIST
MARSHAL
NEW MARSHAL
FEDERAL AGENT IN PARKING LOT
DETECTIVE IN PARKING LOT
NARCOTICS COP AT TAVERN
DEA AGENT AT TAVERN
HOMICIDE COP AT TAVERN
GUARD AT COUNTY JAIL
GUARD #2 AT COUNTY JAIL
HARLAN CABALLO
OLD (OLDER) INMATE
CUBAN INMATE
LONG HAULER
~~BLACK INMATE~~
TAXI DRIVER

Dope Thief
Episode 107
"Mussolini"

SET LIST

**in alphabetical order*

INTERIORS

COFFEE SHOP

COUNTY JAIL

- ~~COMMISSARY~~
- COMMON AREA NEAR PHONES
- CORRIDOR
- ~~LOADING AREA~~
- MANNY'S CELL
- PHONE AREA
- PROTECTIVE CUSTODY WING
- SEGREGATION CELL
- VISITORS AREA

~~DEA FIRING RANGE~~

DEA OFFICE

- CUBICLE

~~DEA LEVEL 1 FITNESS~~

DEA SATELLITE OFFICE

FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER
(PHILADELPHIA)

- CORRIDOR
- SEGREGATION CELL
- VIDEO CONFERENCE STATION

FEDERAL BUILDING

- CONFERENCE ROOM

FISHTOWN TAVERN

HOSPITAL

- CORRIDOR
- ELEVATORS
- ~~EN SUITE BATHROOM~~
- RAY'S ROOM
- WAITING AREA

~~INTERROGATION ROOM~~

~~MINA'S PICKUP~~

EXTERIORS

COFFEE SHOP

~~COURTHOUSE~~

~~FAIRHILL STREET~~

HOSPITAL

- PARKING LOT

~~MINA'S PICKUP~~

MINA'S WINNEBAGO

- OPEN FIELD

MOTOR COURT

- PARKING LOT

PARKING LOT IN CENTER CITY

~~PAWN SHOP~~

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

ROSS DRESS FOR LESS

- PARKING LOT
- PLOT OF GRASS

SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

SIDEWALK IN CENTER CITY

STORAGE FACILITY

- PARKING LOT

~~SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT~~

THERESA'S HOUSE

~~WILLIAM J GREEN FEDERAL
BUILDING~~

- ~~- COURTYARD~~

- ~~- PARKING GARAGE~~

Sinking Spring
Episode 107
"Fuck Marry Kill"

SET LIST cont'd

**in alphabetical order*

INTERIORS

EXTERIORS

MINA'S WINNEBAGO

- ~~— BATHROOM~~
- KITCHEN

MOTOR COURT

- CORRIDOR
- MANAGER'S OFFICE
- THERESA'S ROOM

PHAM GRAYSTONE

- KITCHEN
- DINING ROOM

PRISON LOADING AREA

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

REHABILITATION ROOM

~~SHERRY'S MOTHER'S SUBARU~~

SPEECH THERAPY OFFICE
(IN REHAB AREA)

STORAGE FACILITY
- CORRIDOR

THERAPIST'S OFFICE

1 EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE - DAY - A MONTH LATER (D14) 1

The house has been wrapped like a birthday present with POLICE TAPE.

Otherwise, normal life has resumed on the block. A neighbor walks a dog past; cars slide past.

The rumble of a DESCENDING JET becomes -

AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

2 INT. MOTOR COURT - THERESA'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (D14) 2

A HAIR DRYER. Theresa dries her hair as she watches WTXF. She checks a bedside clock. She turns the TV up as chipper music plays for "*The Pennsylvania lo-tter-yyywww*."

WTXF DAY DRAWING

And now, our DAY LOTTERY DRAWING.
But first: Today's Wild Phone
Number.

Shermie is whining at the motel door, leash in mouth.

THERESA
Shhhh. Shush up.

WTXF DAY DRAWING (CONT'D)
Six... followed by PICK TWO:
7...2.

She digs around on a cluttered nightstand that shows a month of restless life. She follows her card: 7... 4. *Shit*.

Shermie whines louder.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Get ahold of yourself.

She forages for another card while Shermie whines. Pick Three, Four, and Five move past with the sunny background music and cheap computer graphics: balls emerging from tubes.

WTXF DAY DRAWING
And *finally*... Treasure Hunt! 13...

(CONTINUED)

Theresa scrambles to look for her numbers in a spiral notebook. Next she searches in an old ART PAD from the attic, coming across instead --

-- A LOST NOTE from Ray.

There are NUMBERS written at the top of the page, which distract her from what's on the TV.

WTXF DAY DRAWING (CONT'D)
28... 24... 21... 16.

INTERCUTTING: Gold coins spin on screen and land in a row, while Theresa reads the letter (from 106):

"Ma, the lock-> 33-19-9. Unit 119. Self Storage, 62nd St."

Shermie whimpers, leash in his mouth.

THERESA
I heard you. You're hanging on for
dear life over there.

WTXF DAY DRAWING
Thanks for playing the Pennsylvania
Lottery. Benefits older
Pennsylvanians every day.

THERESA
Hear that, Sherm?

At the bottom of the note Ray has scrawled: "Everything I
have is yours."

WTXF DAY DRAWING
Congratulations to our winners.

Theresa looks more grim than ever at her daily loss. Shermie whines a little louder.

She seems to make a very sad decision with her eyes.

THERESA
I know, old man. The day's getting
away from us.

3 EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY (D14)

3

Down the gravel of a two-lane highway, cars blowing past, Theresa walks Shermie. She wears a head wrap that flutters against a stiff damp wind.

She's precariously close to the road, and there's a new unhinged quality about her, like she's fighting the urge to step into traffic. Then --

MOTORCYCLES BLOW BY.

(CONTINUED)

Theresa closes her eyes. She seems ready for whatever comes:
tired of the Sword of Damocles suspended over her head.

4 EXT. PLOT OF GRASS - ROSS DRESS FOR LESS - DAY (D14)

4

Nearby, she finds the only grass for miles, a small hill
overlooking the wide parking lot of a few shuttered stores
and a ROSS DRESS FOR LESS. There are four cars parked, but
it's otherwise deserted under skies as gray as gunmetal. On
an empty flagpole, the halyard clip clanks in the wind.

Sniffing around, Shermie leads her up the knoll.

THERESA

Don't get shy on me now, old man.

She hears MOTORCYCLES in the distance, amassing. There's a
mourner's look in her eyes.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Who ever woulda thunk it, Sherm?
We're the last two standing.

The growl of MOTORCYCLES rises, covering the halyard clip.

Theresa doesn't react, even as THREE rumble into the lot.

The dog growls weakly, then begins doing his business.

Theresa merely grimaces at the bikes, as she whisks out a
BLUE PLASTIC BAGGIE from her pocket.

She isn't going to alter a move she makes for these people.
She stays on the lone island of green, bare flagpole beside
her and the blue baggie flapping in her fist, while the
bikers file into the parking lot, revving engines, lowering
kickstands, fanning out around her.

She stands up straighter, resigned to whatever comes next.

One man steps off first and heads to the knoll: SHAMROCK. He
comes close enough for Theresa to hear him over the engines:

SHAMROCK

How you doin' today, Ma?

From the slight rise, Theresa stares back down with contempt.

SHAMROCK (CONT'D)

Don't even have a smile for me?

The bag flutters in her fist. She won't move, she endures his
amused grin. As she closes her eyes finally and whispers --

THERESA

Christ. Okay.

(CONTINUED)

-- UNDERCOVER AGENTS and TACTICAL POLICE leap out of the FOUR PARKED CARS. They drop RIFLES onto the hoods, surrounding the squad of bikers, shouting --

FEDERAL AGENT
Get on the ground! Now!

DETECTIVE
Down - down - down - down!

-- timed perfectly with TWO MORE UNMARKED SEDANS skidding into the lot, more agents and cops pouring out with RIFLES, outflanking and outnumbering the club. Stunned, the bikers are forced to surrender.

SHAMROCK
Fuck.

They place pistols onto the ground; they kneel; they lie prostrate onto damp concrete, faces pushed into the grit as --

-- FAR ACROSS THE LOT, MARCHETTI steps out of an abandoned store and speaks into a mic on his collar:

MARCHETTI
You okay over there, Ms. Bowers?

ON THE KNOLL - CLOSER ON THERESA

Now we notice how much Theresa is shaking. She nestles an EARPIECE deeper into her ear and adjusts a MIC from under the collar of her coat, visible for the first time.

THERESA
Jesus Christ. I'm fine.

She leans down and picks up Shermie's business, then rises to face the police and Feds across the lot.

THERESA (CONT'D)
But you scared the living shit
outta my dog.

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE

NOTE: SCENES 5-7 WILL BE CUT IN AS A NON-LINEAR MONTAGE ACROSS THE DIALOGUE OF SCENES 8, 10 and 10B, WHICH SHOULD PLAY AS ONE CONTINUOUS CONVERSATION IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM.

5 INT. REHABILITATION ROOM - DAY (D15)

5

Ray hangs IN A HARNESS, held upright like a puppet over a slowly moving TREADMILL.

Two PHYSICAL THERAPISTS keep him upright for each tough step.

6 INT. DEA SATELLITE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D16) 6

-- A SPECTROGRAM on a monitor expands and contracts.

7 INT. REHABILITATION ROOM - DAY (D15) 7

AT PARALLEL BARS - Ray looks down the long slot between them. It looks like an eternity to the other side.

Even with all his weight on his hands, with a C-BRACE on his leg, it's tough for Ray to shuffle his injured leg under him.

Each step sends pain up his spine to his brain. He stops.

His eyes look defeated.

8 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - DAY (D16) 8

Ray lies cuffed to his bed, a crowning insult. Theresa sits beside him.

THERESA

It's impossible to talk with all these creeps listening. We got to check everything twice in our heads before we say it.

(a beat)

But you gotta still believe in your family, Ray.

RAY

Family. What family?

THERESA

Are you serious, you little shit?

RAY

Okay, I know. You didn't give me life. But you saved it.

THERESA

And you saved mine.

RAY

My father's girlfriend.

THERESA

You never looked up and saw the big picture.

(a beat)

I needed you, too.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

THERESA (CONT'D)

You never read your father's rap sheet?

RAY

Don't hand me more than I can carry right now, Ma.

Through the OPEN DOOR, a MARSHAL watches with contempt.

THERESA

I wasn't his girlfriend. I was his *girl*. His favorite girl.

RAY

I don't need to know this.

THERESA

Grow up. Yes, you do. I was a kid, I needed money. I was fucking around anyway. Who cares?

RAY

Who cares?

THERESA

Love isn't always in royal courts, Raymond: sometimes it grows in the mud.

RAY

No shit.

THERESA

You needed me, I needed you. I got out of the life and we took care of each other. If that isn't family, then what the hell is?

RAY

Okay.

THERESA

You love somebody, you don't ask anything back. You get that now? This isn't some *deal* we worked out. This is just there.

She puts her hand on her heart and checks the MARSHAL.

THERESA (CONT'D)

It's how you grow roots back in this earth.

Ray mouths: "Wire?" Theresa nods, hand over heart and wire.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Let them sort my dirty laundry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THERESA (CONT'D)

Let's get this all on the record.
For frickin' posterity.

This elicits a smile from Ray, as she toys with law enforcement.

9 INT. DEA SATELLITE OFFICE - DAY (D16)

9

Following the SPECTROGRAM on the screen, Marchetti wears headphones and stands beside a seated TECH, listening to Theresa.

10 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - RESUMING (D16)

10

THERESA

Because you taught me this feeling.
And it's all we get. And when we're
dead and gone because we killed
each other in these stupid wars, we
gotta pray that there's a record of
it, I don't care where: Hallmark
cards or frickin' Shakespeare or
your courtroom documents. The only
good in us is this feeling.
Everywhere else, we are fucking
monsters.

The Marshal pokes his head into the door.

MARSHAL

Thirty seconds more, cop-killer.

THERESA

Oh, get over yourself.
(back to Ray)
So you stay strong, understand?
Whatever life it's going to be, you
hold onto it. For me.

She begins TAPPING HER HEART, messing up the WIRE.

RAY

I'm trying, Mama.

10A INT. DEA SATELLITE OFFICE - DAY (D16) [CONT OF SC9]

10A

Exasperated, Marchetti hears only tapping and rustling.

10B INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - RESUMING (D16)

10B

THERESA

(whispering)
And I saw your note.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THERESA (CONT'D)

I saw those "lucky numbers" you
wanted me to play.

RAY

When the time's right.

Her whisper is faint enough to stay below all surveillance.

THERESA

We'll play them together. No more
secrets, okay.

RAY

Nothing left to hide, Ma.

She resumes her full volume.

THERESA

Stay strong. My sweet son.

11 OMITTED

11

12 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT (RECORDED) (N16)

12

RAY sits in a WHEELCHAIR facing officers from the task force:
MARCHETTI, DETECTIVE SARAH CRAWFORD, and a LOCAL DETECTIVE
who only appears pacing across the bottom of the screen.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

If the plan was to rob a meth lab,
you picked a very opportune moment.

Ray only shows her a poker face.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

You're staring down a double-
homicide, Mr. Driscoll. You don't
have the luxury of silence.

Arms crossed, Ray holds fast.

MARCHETTI

We're trying to help you. When
you're in front of that judge,
anything you give us now is going
to help your situation.

RAY (ON SCREEN)

(a sad smile)

When I'm "standing tall" in front
of that judge.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

RAY (ON SCREEN)

Nothing.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

Now's the time to decide. You get the lawyer, we can't talk freely like this anymore.

RAY (ON SCREEN)

Well, I'm really going to miss this whole... help-the-police routine.

PULL BACK TO:

13

INT. DEA SATELLITE OFFICE - MORNING (D17)

13

Nader watches. He freezes it and studies Ray's body language.

NADER

Driscoll doesn't know anything. Go back to Carvalho.

At a keyboard, the TECH brings up a SEPARATE INTERROGATION. MANNY IN A CRAMPED PRISON CELL.

NADER (CONT'D)

Put them side by side.

As the video panels appear next to each other, Nader studies them like poker players: Ray seems emotionless, unreadable. Manny, on the other hand, brews like he's in VISIBLE PAIN.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

Where do you know Ray Driscoll from?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

I don't remember.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

The Youth Authority?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

If you know already, why ask me?

MARCHETTI

We're trying to have a conversation. You can't tell us anything about Ray?

Nader leans in and watches.

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

Okay. A conversation. So... when we met, he had a cast, I used to draw pictures on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANNY (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

We would play tic-tac-toe on his
broken arm. Does that help you?

NADER

(to the tech)

Skip ahead to the last part. He
talks in circles for a long time.

The TECH FAST-FORWARDS through more of the interrogation.

NADER (CONT'D)

Here, stop.

The tape resumes. Manny's posture has wilted, almost as if
he's shrinking into his chair. He looks ill.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

...the night of February 7th.

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

What was February 7th?

MARCHETTI

Was Ray with you that night?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

Where was I on February 7th?

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

You tell us.

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

I don't remember every day of my
life. Do you?

MARCHETTI

Are you familiar with Rick Staley?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

I know the name.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

You're saying you did NOT see Rick
Staley in February of this year?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

February was a long time ago.

MARCHETTI

You can remember playing tic-tac-
toe fifteen years ago. You can't
remember February.

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

I need my lawyer.

Nader leans close. Manny's body language is terrible: he's
roasting alive. His head is down and he sways.

(CONTINUED)

MARCHETTI

Whose plan was all of this, that's
all we want?

(no answer)

Manuel? Who won that game of tic-
tac-toe?

Manny is grieving now. He looks up, tears in his eyes.

MARCHETTI (CONT'D)

Did you win?

MANNY (ON SCREEN)

Nobody ever wins that game, man.

DETECTIVE CRAWFORD

So you better get your lawyer.

As the MONITOR SCREEN goes dark, we see only Nader's faint
reflection. From it, we MATCH CUT TO:

14 INT. PHAM GRAYSTONE - KITCHEN - MORNING (D17)

14

A VISITOR'S ZOOM ON A LAPTOP SCREEN. The kids fight each
other to talk to their father, broadcast from a COMMUNICATION
ROOM inside the INFORMANTS' WING of THE FEDERAL DETENTION
CENTER, PHILADELPHIA. The feed plays with glitches and
staggers of freezing.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

Everything is fine, except look at
this. They stole my finger.

Son shows the kids his MISSING FINGER, though he's clearly
doing the silly trick of bending it behind.

LEWIS

No! Dad! That's so stupid!

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

That's what happens. They take your
finger for every bad thing. That's
why you need to be good.

IZZY

Noooooo. You're doing it.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

Don't worry. I have a spare.

He does the trick of putting it back on -- and Izzy laughs
with relief. Son is upbeat and optimistic to the kids.

IZZY

Do you have your own ROOM?

(CONTINUED)

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
I have my own room, Izzy. Just like
you. Put mommy on, Put mommy on
now.

IZZY
Mommy said -- oh. Uh-oh.

LEWIS
She doesn't want to talk.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Mommy can't talk. She said she
can't talk to you right now.

Lewis shushes Izzy, who shoves her brother. Son pauses, still
not showing them much. REVERSE ON:

15 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - VIDEO CONFERENCE STATION - MORNING 15
(D17)

ON SON'S SCREEN, beyond the kids, he can see that the house
is packed up with MOVING BOXES. One of the walls is bare of
pictures, only ghostly squares of cleaner paint left behind.

SON
Then put Grandma on.

There's a BIG TIMER over the screen, showing the remaining 2
minutes for the call, winding down.

16 INT. PHAM GRAYSTONE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D17) 16

Far across the nearly-empty house, GRANDMA PHAM sits at the
head of the long DINING ROOM TABLE, at the only remaining
chair. Boxes crowd around her. Stoically, she listens to her
son, waiting, still not showing that she understands.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
Come on. Put Grandma on now.

Tina comes down from the stairs, carrying GARMENT BAGS.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
Go get her, hurry up.

She pauses as she hears her husband's voice -- then looks
over at Grandma Pham across the newly emptied space.

Grandma Pham nods to her to keep going. Tina heads into
another room, vanishing behind wrapped furniture.

The kids bring the laptop over to Grandma Pham.

She looks confused by the computer, but she settles into
place with it. They talk in VIETNAMESE WITH SUBTITLES:

(CONTINUED)

SON (ON THE LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
Where's Duy?

GRANDMA PHAM
No one has seen him.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
Could the lawyer get my bail down?

GRANDMA PHAM
No. Congratulations. A million
dollars. You're a big shot.

He sighs and looks down.

GRANDMA PHAM (CONT'D)
You're worth a fortune.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
I'm out of time, Mom.

GRANDMA PHAM
They say you're a flight risk.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
When there's nowhere left to go.

GRANDMA PHAM
Tina is leaving with the kids.

Son looks wounded but nods like it's inevitable. He might
even agree with her decision now.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
Okay.

GRANDMA PHAM
She's a weak woman. She knew the
deal. She knew a day like this
might come. You live this life, you
have to accept the consequences.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
She has to take care of the kids.
Don't judge her for it.

GRANDMA PHAM
Family means nothing to your
generation.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)
I only have a minute left, mom.
Skip the shame.

She looks over at a box, packed but not sealed. Antiques and
family heirlooms.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA PHAM

Everyone is happy for the clothes
and the cars and the beautiful
kitchen: no one is willing to pay.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

I'm paying.

On the top of the box lies a BOLO KNIFE with a wooden handle.

GRANDMA PHAM

I know.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

I played both sides for a long
time. The reason we were safe all
those years, it's because they let
us stay safe. All I had to do was
turn someone in once in a while. If
you have enough enemies, it's easy.
You never need to hurt a friend.

GRANDMA PHAM

Now you need real friends.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

I'm almost out of time.

GRANDMA PHAM

Our people. We still have allies on
the inside. If you need protection.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

They're not putting me anywhere
near the General Population.

GRANDMA PHAM

There is still such a thing as real
loyalty, son.

He looks with pure love at his mother.

SON (ON THE LAPTOP)

Loyalty is just love, Mom.

She leans close and her face is terrifying.

GRANDMA PHAM

No, my boy. No. Love is a weed. It
grows anywhere and has no roots.
Loyalty is different. Loyalty is in
your blood---

THE TIMER WINDS DOWN AND THE SCREEN SHUTS DOWN ON ITS OWN.

CUT TO:

STEAM

(CONTINUED)

Ghostlike, it rises off a NEBULIZER.

17 INT. MINA'S WINNEBAGO - KITCHEN - MORNING (D17) 17

As Mina massages the muscles of her throat, she's "steaming," preparing her voice for the long day ahead. A LIGHT PIANO slowly rises up in pre-lap in the background. She faces herself in a MIRROR, but it has now steamed over, leaving only the faintest outline.

SPEECH THERAPIST (PRE-LAP)
And you've been keeping hydrated?

With her finger, she draws a SAD FACE in the glass over hers.

After a moment, Mina alters the SAD FACE with two diagonal lines -- FROWNING EYEBROWS that turn it angry.

18 INT. DEA OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY (D17) 18

On a "soft unit," Mina mines data and fills out TIME CARDS, watching as OTHER AGENTS pass toward Nader's office, some of them from the BOSTON OFFICE.

SPEECH THERAPIST (PRE-LAP)
So let's do some vocalizing.

As they pass, she moves menial paperwork aside to uncover:

THE RAYMOND DRISCOLL-MANUEL CARVALHO CASE FILE. She opens onto the *transcripts* of the interrogations. A glimpse shows: "Who won that game of tic-tac-toe?"

19 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D17) 19

At a crowded meeting around a long table, Mina sits on the periphery taking notes, positioned along the wall between the AMERICAN AND THE DEA FLAGS.

SPEECH THERAPIST (PRE-LAP)
Try not to make too big a sound.

20 INT. SPEECH THERAPY OFFICE (REHAB AREA) - DAY (D18) 20

Mina stands stiffly in the office, facing the same SPEECH THERAPIST as she warms up on the piano with spare haunting notes, *sostenuto* pedal down --

SPEECH THERAPIST
Start with lip trills, follow the music.

She plays rising notes while Mina makes a sputtering hum.

21 EXT. MINA'S WINNEBAGO - PHILADELPHIA - DAY (D18) 21

Mina furiously jumps rope, scored to the post-lap of her buzzing lip-flapping, like a hornet trying to make a tune. In rapid beats between exercise and domesticity, scored to the trills: She does sit-ups, takes out trash, makes her bed with military precision.

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. DEA OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY (D18) 23

With the sound becoming a mad humming dirge, Mina goes through tapes and evidence she's assembled under her TIME CARDS. She sorts across pictures.

She looks at the DEAD SICARIO'S FACE.

She studies this one a long time, almost looking into the picture. Behind it, are THREE CARTEL OPERATIVES, all more official-looking men.

She looks next at the warring tribes of bikers: Cyrus, Shamrock, two more, then Malik's remains. She flips to a LIGHTNING BOLT TATTOO on a bare white forearm, pausing, thinking.

Then she opens a file onto JACK, records flowing quickly past shots of him with OTHER AGENTS. (NOTE: HERE WILL BE A PICTURE OF JACK AND SOON-TO-BE INTRODUCED BOSTON ASAC MCKINTY.) Gradually, mercifully, the lip-flapping exercise gives way to a pre-lap: a mandatory session with the therapist.

THERAPIST (O.S.) (PRE-LAP)
Must be hard to stay on the
sidelines.

INTERCUT, STAGGERING SCENES INTO EACH OTHER:

24 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY (D19) 24

Mina rakes the sand in a small ZEN GARDEN.

THERAPIST
But you're not isolating anymore?

25 INT. DEA OFFICE - CUBICLE - INTERCUTTING (D19) 25

She looks at the RAY DRISCOLL FILE for a moment, his most recent MUG SHOT (*from the hospital*) paper-clipped to it.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
You're keeping up relationships?

(CONTINUED)

But Mina turns to the CARVALHO FILE. BOOM! A pre-lap becomes:

26 EXT. MINA'S WINNEBAGO - OPEN FIELD - DAY (D19) 26

At her own homemade firing range, Mina is squeezing off shots with a GLOCK 19, shell-casings flying, eyes trained ahead.

27 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - INTERCUTTING (D19) 27

Mina glances at the THERAPIST. His legs are crossed under a colored light through a lampshade. Beside her is a SENSORY BIN OF RANDOM TOYS. She looks through them, distracted.

THERAPIST

Those are just nothing. I work with children sometimes.

MINA

And what do they do with this?

THERAPIST

I tell them to pick a toy. Put it in the sand. Then they tell me why they put it there.

MINA

Does that work?

28 INT. DEA OFFICE - CUBICLE - INTERCUTTING (D19) 28

She opens MANNY'S FILE, flips through pictures, and ends on a CALL TRANSCRIPT between CARVALHO and SHERRY ALARCÓN.

She looks at a PRINTED PICTURE OF SHERRY, posing with her girls. It looks stolen off Instagram.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Most of the time they can't tell me why they put it there.

She looks further and finds a CURRENT ADDRESS for Sherry.

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - INTERCUTTING (D19)

30

THERAPIST
We usually operate on instincts.

Amused, Mina reaches into the bin and sorts through the toys.

 THERAPIST (CONT'D)
It can help to vocalize those
instincts.

Out of the sensory bin, Mina picks a FAKE SHERIFF'S BADGE. She burrows it down into the sand at an angle.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 And why'd you pick that one?

She gives him a look that says: *Are you fucking kidding me?*

31 OMITTED

31

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. FISHTOWN TAVERN - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT (N20)

33

A clamor of voices and music. Marchetti is doing shots with a bunch of Feds, Narcs, and Homicide cops. He looks up and everyone follows his eyes to -- Mina.

Mina! NARCOTICS COP Campbell! DEA AGENT

The group greets her loudly, happy to see her. She tries to smile, but she's been away too long -- and it's forced.

HOMICIDE COP
Pull in, pull up a chair. Come on!

Her voice is inaudible over the music.

MINA
I can't stay.

NARCOTICS COP	DEA AGENT
I can't hear her. I can't ever hear her anymore.	(laughing) Thank God!

(CONTINUED)

Marchetti can tell by her demeanor, something is up. She wants to talk only to him.

HOMICIDE COP
Minnnnaaa! Stalin, Hitler or
Mussolini!?

MINA
What the fuck.

There's laughter at her confusion. Some are very drunk.

HOMICIDE COP
Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini? Fuck,
marry, kill?

MINA
(to Marchetti)
I need to talk.

34 INT. FISHTOWN TAVERN - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT (N20)

34

Mina and Marchetti have found a quieter spot by the bar as laughter rages in the corner and the jukebox plays 90s songs.

MINA
Is it somebody's fucking birthday?

MARCHETTI
Decresente. Homicide can *drink*.

MINA
I need you to do something for me.
Nader won't listen if it comes from
me.

Marchetti stiffens up. The group laughs hard behind him.

MINA (CONT'D)
Carvalho will flip.

Marchetti has to lean all the way to her mouth to hear her.

MARCHETTI
He won't. I swear to God. These
guys are loyal to each other.

MINA
Make sure they ride together to
their hearings --

MARCHETTI
Is this just a vendetta now?

(CONTINUED)

MINA

Trust me. He'll flip. And when he
does, go all-in on the drug
charges.

Marchetti stands up straight, away from her lips, to meet her
eyes. He looks skeptical, tired out by her.

She pulls him closer again.

MINA (CONT'D)

It wasn't just dress-up, dude. They
moved what they took.

MARCHETTI

The murder case is going to take up
all that oxygen.

MINA

Don't let it. Driscoll had how many
people helping with this?

MARCHETTI

Just Carvalho.

MINA

And Staley. And Manny's girl. And
his father, Pham and his crew --

Marchetti smirks, amused by some true DEA trickery.

MINA (CONT'D)

You aced your tests at Quantico.
How many people does it take to
define a class one drug trafficking
organization?

MARCHETTI

Three.

MINA

Doesn't matter where they get the
drugs. Stealing counts.

MARCHETTI

(laughs)

So we tack that on? So what? You
get to fry your con man twice. He
means nothing, Mina.

MINA

Cartels don't hit people who mean
nothing. Put it in Nader's head.
Charge Driscoll as a class one
trafficker.

MARCHETTI

You think Nader listens to *me*?

(CONTINUED)

MINA

If you have a good idea, trust me:
he'll claim it as his own.

MARCHETTI

MINA (CONT'D)

If this is just so you can No.
keep Jack's case alive --

Marchetti gets nervous looking at her predatory eyes.

MARCHETTI (CONT'D)

Then what?

MINA

Kill Hitler, fuck Stalin -- marry
Mussolini.

MARCHETTI

Well, I gotta push back now.
Mussolini was pretty ugly.

MINA

But you get to live in Italy.

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITORS AREA - DAY (D21)

36

Sherry sits across from Manny at a table divided by a
plexiglass barrier. While Manny is in cocoa-brown polyester,
Sherry looks as pretty as if for a first date -- but one that
has stalled in the midst of a hard conversation.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

Amor. Don't listen to that! They do this. They throw everything at you to scare you.

She's watching a *veterano* meeting with his children. She watches the little boy put his hand up to the glass, touching his father's hand on the other side.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Sherry, look at me.

SHERRY

There's a deal out there. You need to listen to the lawyer.

MANNY

Fuck the lawyer. I got a half hour with you. I want to memorize you.

She looks right at him, hard. It freezes him for a moment. He puts his cuffed hands up to the partition.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Baby, what is wrong with you? Put your hand up here.

SHERRY

I'm not playing games.

MANNY

Sherry, give me your hand.

SHERRY

I'm not touching that dirty thing - how many people touch that thing?

He leans in closer, laughing at her.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

If you're staying loyal to Ray --

MANNY

Sherry, stop.

When he notices her right hand, his smile vanishes.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Show me your hand.

She holds up two hands as if surrendering.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Where's the ring?

SHERRY

Te Pasate. If you're going to take the hit for Ray you can fucking marry *him*.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

I'm not going down for Ray. I'm just being quiet. And put the ring back on. I know what happens when you take that off: dudes are going to start sliding into your DMs --

SHERRY

Some dude's going to slide into YOUR DM tonight. Listen to the lawyer, man. He says they can drop you down to an accessory --

MANNY

They're making things up now. Lies.

SHERRY

Everything you did was a lie.

MANNY

A scam, not a lie.

SHERRY

Ray came up with it, Ray planned it --

MANNY (CONT'D)

Keep your voice down.

MANNY (CONT'D)

I was in control, too.

SHERRY

No, you weren't. I know you. You can't finish a fucking painting. Take the deal.

MANNY

Wear the ring.

SHERRY

I pawned the ring.

He stews for a long painful beat.

MANNY

Why would you do that?

SHERRY

To get you this lawyer. He's a good fucking lawyer. Now listen to him. You could be out again. A few years. Maybe less with a boot camp.

Manny is stuck, boiling inside, stretched as far as he thinks he can go in separate directions. *He's about to get stretched even further.* He says the worst thing he could say to her:

MANNY

Ray's family.

(CONTINUED)

She smacks her bare hand onto the glass in front of his face:

SHERRY
I'm your fucking family, *Amemao*.

She takes the hand back, places it on her belly. She gives him a pointed look. Manny's eyes go wide.

SHERRY (CONT'D)
Look around at all these badasses who never snitched. See 'em? They get to watch their kids grow up behind this dirty fucking window. They offer you a deal? You're going to take it.

MANNY
I'm going to be a father?

SHERRY
You're going to be a father.

To her surprise, Manny is thrilled. He tries to stand up to celebrate but the cuffs hold him down and rattle the table. He leans in and whispers, face so close it fogs the plexiglass:

MANNY
I love you, baby, *mira*. I'm going to do everything I can for you, everything for our family. I'm going to get the fuck out of here, and I'm going to take care of you --

SHERRY
I know you are.

MANNY
Because I fucking love you, you understand that?

SHERRY
I love you.

MANNY
This glass, this inch of glass, man, this is all that's between us, and I'll get through it, baby -- I'll be there on the other side.

SHERRY
I believe in you.

MANNY
I can't be a bad person and feel the way I do right now, the way I do about you --

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

Okay, *amor*. Then every decision you make now, you make it for the family. You're going to see this baby grow up --

MANNY

I will, I will, I promise I will.

37 INT. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D21)

37

Escorted ahead by COs, Manny's spirits are soaring.

MANNY

I'm going to be a father.

GUARD

Congratulations.

Manny notices a TATTOOED LIGHTNING BOLT on the inside of one guard's FOREARM. He's seen this mark before and it strikes him.

He looks up and meets the GUARD'S EYES. They keep leading him down the yellow line, past his cell block.

MANNY

Where am I going?

GUARD

To talk to your lawyer.

38 INT. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR NEAR SEGREGATION CELL -
CONTINUOUS (D21)

38

The COs stop Manny beside a SINGLE CELL.

GUARD #2

Uncuff him?

GUARD

You know these Latin guys. They like to talk with their hands.

Manny just smirks as they stop at the door and uncuff him.

39 INT. COUNTY JAIL - SEGREGATION CELL - CONTINUOUS (D21)

39

He's buzzed in, passes through an ELECTRONIC DOOR and faces --
SHAMROCK.

Fuck. Grinning, Shamrock shows him the SHANK.

(CONTINUED)

As Manny retreats to the corner, raising his arms, SHAMROCK swipes over and over across his forearms. Manny stumbles back, falls against the door and --

-- KICKS like he's drowning, endless frantic jabs of his feet finding Shamrock's shoulder and face. The blood is already weeping through the long slashes on Manny's arms and face --

-- as Shamrock regroups and comes ahead, swinging diagonally, carving across Manny's uniform, blood dampening the creases.

Manny has to move in TIGHTER to cut-off his range. He hugs close to the biker, immobilizing his arms -- then Manny *headbutts* him three times. The sound is like rocks clacking together -- and Shamrock's nose is obliterated.

Winching, Shamrock hangs onto the shank and lands another blind claw-swipe across Manny's face. But Manny takes advantage of his watering eyes and darts sideways, around the room, then comes up behind him to pillory his arms.

As the two men are LOCKED in this position, Manny's eyes move to the WINDOW in the door, where GUARDS watch with amusement.

Manny *bites off SHAMROCK'S ear* -- and spits it at them behind the window, spraying blood.

When the COs are visible again behind the splatter, they're no longer smiling.

Then Manny drives ahead with all his force, driving Shamrock's face into the door. He feels the biker's body go limp in his arms; then he turns, grabs his head and begins SLAMMING it into the bench -- one -- two -- three times -- turning his face to pulp until Manny notices --

-- THE SAME LIGHTNING BOLT on SHAMROCK'S ARM. The guards open the ELECTRONIC DOOR with a LOUD BUZZ.

AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

40 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY (D22)

40

AN INTERCOM BUZZES on the wall: "Paging Dr. Coleman, Dr. Coleman to the front desk."

Struggling past, beside a PHYSICAL THERAPIST, comes RAY with a walker and C-brace. THE MARSHAL hangs a few feet back, berating him.

MARSHAL

Can't walk light now, can you, G?

Ray stops and catches his breath. The fifty paces down the corridor seem endless.

(CONTINUED)

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Enjoy every step.

The PT puts her hand up to silence the Marshal. Ray resumes his journey.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
No, I'm supporting him, Miss. With taxpayer money.

Ray shakes his head: this kind of abuse has been happening for weeks. Out of the glare ahead, a figure begins clicking toward him on high heels.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
Let's get this cop-killer walking.

She clarifies out of the glare: MICHELLE.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
So he can walk to the gas chamber.

As she reaches the group, the Marshal backs off. Michelle greets the PHYSICAL THERAPIST and MARSHAL with a nod.

MICHELLE
Good morning. Can you give us a little space? I'll help him.

The Marshal is faux-gallant and flirtatious with her.

MARSHAL
Long as you don't let him get away.

MICHELLE
I'll try.

She takes Ray's arm and guides him back down the corridor with his walker. After a few arduous steps, she whispers:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Making new friends?

Ray laughs and shakes his head.

41 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA NEAR VENDING MACHINES - DAY 41
(D22)

They sit, Ray in pain, out of breath. He takes her hand -- and she squeezes back, just one quick pulse. Then she unwraps his fingers and puts his hand away.

He studies her eyes and realizes what she means: don't touch her. Not here. Maybe never again.

RAY
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

You understand?

Ray sees how professional she's become. It hurts, but he swallows it.

RAY

Is this for good?

MICHELLE

For good.

She goes through her bag. Ray laughs at a passing thought.

RAY

That's what "pro bono" means. I thought it meant "for free." But it means "for good."

MICHELLE

I need you to be clear-headed for a minute.

RAY

Trying.

MICHELLE

There's a chance Manny's going to plead guilty to lesser charges.

Ray looks down into clasped hands.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

If he does, he'll become a cooperating witness.

RAY

Against me.

MICHELLE

Look, I said a *chance*. We don't know for sure. The prosecution always wants you to think the world's turning on you.

RAY

Who's saying this?

MICHELLE

Manny's lawyer. The tone changed yesterday. Now the DA's building a case that this was YOU. Your plan, your business.

RAY

That's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE
I'm figuring you know DEA
terminology?

Ray smirks and nods. *Of course, he does.*

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You know what a DTO is?

RAY
A drug trafficking organization.

MICHELLE
And you know how many people it
takes to qualify as one?

He shakes his head.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
THREE. They want to try you as the
head of an organization.

RAY
So I'm a cartel boss now?

MICHELLE
Maybe it's DEA politics, some kind
of PR ploy for how ugly this is.
They're trying to paint a picture --

RAY
And Manny's helping them paint it?

She shrugs that she isn't sure yet.

RAY (CONT'D)
If he's saying I fired a shot --

MICHELLE
They don't need you to fire. If the
plan was yours...
(tailing off)
But if Manny brought Rick to you.
If the plan wasn't yours. If Manny
drove the car, which he did, if --

RAY
Stop.

Ray closes his eyes, all of this coming back to him at once.
He's shaking and Michelle has to wait, feeling it too.

MICHELLE
You can help yourself, Ray.

RAY
I got nothing to say.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

This is that *Come to Jesus* moment.
We're not defending your freedom
anymore. We're defending your life.
Murder of a Federal officer --
that's a death penalty case.

RAY

That Marshal tells me every day.

MICHELLE

We'll get a new Marshal assigned to
you.

(a beat)

Did you know more, Ray? About that
house. Is there something DEA's
trying to cover up?

RAY

I have a lot of pieces, yeah. If I
had a minute. If I ever walked free
again.

MICHELLE

That's not on the table.

She studies his eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You don't trust me either.

RAY

You promised me Theresa and her
little pissbag dog would be safe,
that's all I care about. After
that, let them all make up whatever
fucking story they want.

42 INT. COUNTY JAIL - COMMON AREA NEAR PHONES - DAY (D22)

42

Covered with slashes, some still open and damp, welts on his
face, and ripening bruises, Manny waits for the phone behind
a CUBAN INMATE whispering in Spanish. Manny's received no
medical care beyond a few pieces of tape and some iodine.
Behind the injuries, his eyes look shellshocked -- as he eyes
a small group of WHITE POWER INMATES by the wall.

An OLD INMATE is giving a lament beside him.

OLD INMATE

Motherfuckers just rep chasing.
That's only 'cause them guards got
their back.

Just then, a PUERTO RICAN SHOT-CALLER, HARLAN CABALLO (50s),
moves toward the phone. THE CUBAN INMATE gives up the phone
for him immediately, but he gestures for him to keep going.

(CONTINUED)

OLD INMATE (CONT'D)
Some of them motherfuckers in the
same club. In here, out there,
don't fucking matter.

Harlan gestures for him to be quiet as he studies Manny.

HARLAN
Respeto.

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
Respect.

The CUBAN INMATE hangs on the phone, but watches Harlan. His eyes move to the WHITE POWER GANG, ready for anything. The two men speak in measured Spanish, with subtitles.

HARLAN (CONT'D)
Quién eres? Porqué están tan enojados?

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES (CONT'D)
Who are you? Why are they so pissed at you?

MANNY
Soy nadie.

MANNY'S SUBTITLES
I'm nobody.

HARLAN
Piensas que soy estúpido?

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
You think I'm stupid?

MANNY
No, señor. Claro que no.

MANNY'S SUBTITLES
No, sir. Of course not.

MANNY (CONT'D)
(a beat, in English)
I just want to keep my head down.

HARLAN
Eso es imposible, esto es una guerra, si quieres vivir tienes que escoger un bando.
(studying him closer)
Puedo conseguite lo que quieras aquí dentro.

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
That's impossible. This is a war - if you want to live you have to choose a side.
(studying him closer)
I can get you anything you want in here.

MANNY
De verdad?

MANNY'S SUBTITLES
Really?

HARLAN
Cualquier cosa.

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
Anything.

MANNY
Ok. Tengo plata. Afuera.

MANNY'S SUBTITLES
Ok. I have money. Outside.

HARLAN
Todo bien, arreglamos mas tarde.

HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
All good. We'll figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

A WHITE POWER GROUP lingers, tangles of inked Swastikas visible.

CUBAN INMATE CUBAN INMATE SUBTITLES
Acepta, amigo. Es un regalo. Take it. It's a gift.

Manny notices hard eyes on him: SHAMROCK, bandaged around the ear, bruised, now buffeted by three other ARYAN INMATES.

LONG HAULER
Young boll, I know you not still
using that phone.

Shamrock's eyes are murderous as they stay on Manny. Scared, Manny meets his eyes and doesn't back down. His look shows that he understands what's coming for him again. *Soon.*

MANNY
What can you get me?

HARLAN HARLAN'S SUBTITLES
Dímelo tú. You tell me.

MANNY MANNY'S SUBTITLES
Necesito... I need...

He struggles, thinking, laboring as he eyes the Aryans.

MANNY (CONT'D) MANNY'S SUBTITLES (CONT'D)
Necesito algo para pasar una I need something to get me
noche más. through one more night.

44 EXT. PARKING LOT/PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - DAY (D22) 44

Chains go around the EDGE OF A WHEELCHAIR, handcuffs double-locked. A belt is secured. As we realize --

-- it's RAY. With MARSHALS on both sides, the process seems excessive for a man who couldn't escape. The only silver lining may be --

-- THE NEW MARSHAL, wheeling him toward the idling bus.

RAY
Just a second. Please. One second.

The NEW MARSHAL waits. The other marshals pause, meeting his eyes, confused. Why the delay?

Ray is simply looking at the trees in the distance. He's smelling the air. He looks at the sky, the contrails and cirrus clouds fracturing overhead. He's looking at it all like it might be the last time he ever sees it.

Ray looks back at this NEW MARSHAL, quiet, a kind face.

Ray's grateful for this single, fleeting moment. The other marshals are impatient. Ray understands the tiny kindness.

RAY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The New Marshal simply nods and begins ahead again.

45 INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - DAY (D22) 45

THROUGH MESH WINDOWS we see Ray rising into view on the automated platform. The Marshal and CO unchain him from his chair, and begin strapping him to the seat. It takes a moment for us to see we've been in the POV of --

-- MANNY. The only other prisoner, shackled one seat behind.

Ray sees him as he's turned and eased into the seat. He tracks the cuts all over him and closes his eyes.

As Ray is chained in place, he can't see Manny behind him. Manny's eyes are awash with shame and fear and loss; Ray looks abandoned and sick as the silence communicates to him.

They don't speak for a long time as the bus moves shadows over them. On this ride, they seem like strangers.

Manny's face goes through waves of grief, hovering just off Ray's left shoulder. The silence is excruciating.

(CONTINUED)

The men are acutely aware of every movement in the other; but neither can see the other's face.

Ray finishes his interior monologue first:

RAY
Whatever you need to do, do it.

MANNY
How can you say that to me?

They both face ahead, blind faces unable to see the other.

RAY
Say what? I said do whatever the fuck you have to. What else can I give you?

MANNY
You think so little of me.

The bus speeds up again and the engine is a little too loud.

RAY
For you to be offended by what I just said, that is fucking crazy.

MANNY
You never thought I could stand on my own. You never believed in me.

RAY
You're talking to yourself now.

MANNY
You'd rather go down for everything than show *respect* for me.

Ray's frustration begins to boil over. His body tenses like he could rip free of the restraints.

RAY
(erupting)
How do I not respect you?

MANNY
It's always easier for you to be mad.

RAY
I ain't mad, motherfucker. I'm *broken*. Look at me. You should'a let me DIE. Why risk your life saving me, just to be here?

As light passes over the ceiling, cast upward through the grates -- Ray cranes his neck to see part of Manny.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

I had to take care of you.

RAY

Are you kidding me!? I took care of YOU, bro. What the fuck were you looking at? All these years, I took care of your ass!

MANNY

Why are you shouting at me?

RAY

Because you're delusional. So go make up more shit for the Feds --

MANNY

YOU are the one who made everything up. Everything.

RAY

Okay, I hear you, counselor. Closing argument. Well, I didn't make this up. We're going to the murder block; we're going to the worst fucking block in Philly. Just you and me, dog. They knew how to break us. They went straight at you.

MANNY

You don't know what I said, you didn't even ask me!

RAY

Cut a deal. Marry Sherry and *fuck* me. You got a life on the other side of this, I DON'T. So go do your shit. I give you my blessing!

MANNY

I don't want your blessing. I want your *respect*.

They're both quiet now for a long time.

MANNY (CONT'D)

(breaking)

Who do you respect, Ray?

RAY

Shut the fuck up now.

MANNY

Who do you respect? Anyone? That Voice? The *Command* voice?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Do what you should'a done your
whole life now, Manny. Shut your
fucking mouth.

46 INT. MOTOR COURT - THERESA'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (D22)

46

The old-fashioned phone rings loud. It sits on a nightstand,
presiding over a PUZZLE that's fractured apart on a card
table. Theresa enters from outside, head-wrapped, walking the
dog --

-- and she bolts to the phone, getting it in time.

RECORDED VOICE

You have a call from an inmate. To
accept, press 1. You have five
minutes remaining.

She presses one and there's a long pause.

THERESA

Raymond? Where are you? What
happened at your hearing?

There's a long pause.

RAY (O.S.)

Ma. I want you to be ready.

THERESA

For what?

RAY (O.S.)

I want you to be ready to play
those numbers.

Theresa closes her eyes. This is terrible news.

47 OMITTED

47

48 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (D22)

48

AN ANONYMOUS POV through dirty glass, watches Michelle walk
with her briefcase. She's burdened after a difficult hearing.
She slips past a few loitering people outside into the COFFEE
SHOP.

49 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (D22)

49

Michelle has just ordered and now sits down at the long common table. She scrolls through her phone.

She looks up and sees a WOMAN wearing a BLACK COVID MASK over most of her face, eyes on her.

She looks back at her phone.

When she looks up again, the woman is right across from her. She lowers her mask -- and it's MINA.

MINA
You know who I am?

MICHELLE
Are you aiming for a mistrial?

MINA
Then you do. Good.

MICHELLE
You know we can't talk.

MINA
This is a chance encounter.

MICHELLE
Really?

MINA
It's a big city. Strangers cross paths.

There's the loud hiss of a frother nearby.

MINA (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

MICHELLE
Not really.

Mina moves closer, to the space right across from her.

MINA
My vocal chords didn't heal. I tried to rush my recovery. So now, I can really only whisper. It's okay for close friends. But I don't have any of those.

Michelle studies this woman like she's crazy.

MINA (CONT'D)
It makes it hard to land a joke.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

That was a joke? What are you doing right now, Agent Campbell? You've got more to lose than I do.

MINA

I don't have ANYTHING to lose.

MICHELLE

More than my client.

Mina shrugs as if she's not so sure.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Your people are now pushing this lunacy about Driscoll being a class one drug trafficker. That *must be* a joke.

Their connection is so intense that a few others notice at the coffee shop. As the barista is calling out in the background, Mina holds back on responding.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He's not any more a drug trafficker than he was DEA. Who's trying to push through those trumped-up charges?

MINA

Me.

Michelle nods, eyes on her, cold.

MICHELLE

Is that revenge? A career move?

MINA

Neither.

MICHELLE

It feels personal.

MINA

The people I work for, they got no use for Ray Driscoll. They want him to go away as fast as possible.

(a beat)

But if he knows what I think he knows, even if it's only a piece of this --

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

MINA
-- he can bring some very bad
people out of the dark.

Michelle is beginning to understand her long-term ploy -- and
she can't believe it.

MICHELLE
I'm not prepared to discuss this
with you here.

MINA
You understand. An informant's deal
isn't impossible.

Michelle leans in, astonished by this gambit.

MICHELLE
Yes, it is. Did you have a brain
injury? Ray Driscoll is the primary
defendant in a capital murder case.

MINA
He's just a thief.

MICHELLE
DEA would never allow a deal with a
murderer.

MINA
The rules say that. But we work
with killers every day. Once
someone is a big enough mover,
those rules are gone.

Michelle gasps with recognition.

MICHELLE
You're exaggerating the drug
charges... to give him value.

Michelle smiles, stunned. She shakes her head and re-
evaluates.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) MINA
But if you think I'm going to Let him decide that.
put my client out there as
bait --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
He's not talking to anybody right
now, not even me.

MINA
I'm putting an idea out there.
Maybe it gets to him.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Don't fuck with me, lady. It's YOUR partner who's dead. That murder case takes precedence over everything else. It'll be a miracle if my client ever sees the light of day again.

MINA

Then let's talk about miracles.

Michelle looks her up and down like she might be an alien.

49A EXT. SIDEWALK IN CENTER CITY - DUSK (D22)

49A

On her phone, waiting as it rings through, Michelle's excitement is so palpable that it takes a moment to notice --

MICHELLE

Theresa. Answer your phone, girl.

-- that we're in the ANONYMOUS POV, tracking Michelle. She stops and leaves a message where there's better reception.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

This is crazy. There's something developing. But I need your help. I need you to get to Ray. There's something he knows, something he has: We need it to save his life.

50 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - DUSK (D22)

50

CLOSE ON CARDS: DEALT OUT ON A HOSPITAL TRAY.

Ray sits propped-up in bed, watching as the NEW MARSHAL deals two hands of GIN-RUMMY out between them. Unlike the miserable interactions Ray had with the last Marshal, there's an easy rapport with this one.

NEW MARSHAL

Okay, aces are one, face cards are ten. Every other card is worth whatever number it says.

Ray's eyes look medicated. He studies his cards.

NEW MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Threes are three, fours are four.

Ray looks lost in thought.

NEW MARSHAL (CONT'D)

You want to get melds, which is the same card -- or cards in a row of the same suit. Right?

(CONTINUED)

Ray just looks over at him, his eyes a thousand miles away.

NEW MARSHAL (CONT'D)
If your heart's not in it, man...

RAY
Nah, I'm listening.

NEW MARSHAL
Cards that don't go with anything
are deadwood. You want to get the
least deadwood in your hand.

RAY
The meds they gave me. It's like
I'm not really here.

The NEW MARSHAL glances at Ray's CUFFS, dangling from his bed
frame. He opts to leave him uncuffed.

(CONTINUED)

NEW MARSHAL
Sounds about right.

51 OMITTED

51

52 EXT. MOTOR COURT PARKING LOT - DUSK (D22)

52

Theresa rushes ahead to the idling 215 TAXI, dragging a
hesitant SHERMIE. The DRIVER rolls down his side window.

TAXI DRIVER
Lady, not your dog.

THERESA
It's a six minute ride.

TAXI DRIVER
No pets.

THERESA
Well, hold on. I'll put him in the
room.
(feeling around herself)
I left my phone in there anyway.

53 INT. CAR - FROM ACROSS THE STREET - ANONYMOUS POV - DUSK 53
(D22)

With sparse traffic blowing past our view, SOMEONE is watching THERESA, through a drizzle-spotted WINDSHIELD from two hundred yards away. Theresa begins tugging Shermie back toward her room at the MOTOR COURT. A phone is ringing in the distance as Theresa approaches. But as we hear it, it's another call --

AUDIO MATCH CUT TO:

54 INT. DEA SATELLITE OFFICE - DUSK (D22) 54

CLOSE SHOT: THE SPECTROGRAM widens and thins for the MONITORED CALL.

RECORDING (O.S.)

You have a call from an inmate. To accept, press 1. You have five minutes remaining.

There's a deep breath first that expands the voice wave. As it thins and flows forward, we hear:

MANNY (O.S.)

Sherry.

SHERRY (O.S.)

You okay?

MANNY (O.S.)

I love you, okay. With all my heart. I need you to know that.

SHERRY (O.S.)

I love you, too, baby, what happened?

55 INT. COUNTY JAIL - COMMON AREA NEAR PHONES - DUSK (D22) 55

A timer clicks down above Manny's head. He keeps checking his back as he talks. Manny has been cleaned up only marginally in the infirmary. There are still slashes all over his face.

MANNY

They're coming for me again. They're trying to make a point out of me. They're trying to scare people.

SHERRY (ON THE PHONE)

Baby, you're scaring me. Let me pull the trigger. Let me get the money and get you the fuck out.

(CONTINUED)

MANNY

Just... don't say that on the
phone.

56 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NEAR STORAGE FACILITY - DUSK (D22) 56

Sherry steps out of her MOTHER'S CAR, on her phone. INTERCUT
BETWEEN THEM.

SHERRY

Don't tell me you're dying and then
tell me not to answer you! I don't
care what they hear on the phone!
Everything's out there now. I'll do
whatever I have to. I'll sell my
mother's fucking house.

MANNY (ON THE PHONE)

Okay, baby. Go get it. Go get all
of it. And I want you to get a
dress. A dress, okay, get a
beautiful dress -

SHERRY

Stop talking crazy.

MANNY (ON THE PHONE)

You keep everything else for the
baby. It's going to be a beautiful
baby, it's going to look just like
you.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

Amor. You go to somebody for
protection tonight. Anybody. You
promise them anything you have to.

MANNY (ON THE PHONE)

I cannot stand the fucking
pressure, Mami.

SHERRY

Baby, you stand up to everything,
you hear me. You stand up, and I
will get you out. And we'll run. Do
you hear me? We'll run forever if
we have to.

57

EXT. MOTOR COURT - ANONYMOUS POV - DUSK (D22)

57

We hear SHERMIE barking, alone in the WEEKLY-RATE MOTEL ROOM.

Roused by a SHADOW, the MOTEL MANAGER leaves his office.
TRACK AHEAD, closer to the panicked sound of Shermie's
barking.

MANNY (POST-LAP)

Go, go where I told you. Go take
everything. I love you.

(CONTINUED)

THE MANAGER continues with the SHADOW, passing to unlock the door. We don't see the man who complained. But he moves into the frame, BLOCKING THE VIEW.

Then we see only -

- HIS HAND reaching down as Shermie growls at it.

58 EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NEAR STORAGE FACILITY - DUSK (D22) 58

Sherry looks in all directions, making sure. There's not even a traffic light, only the flow of taillights in the distance, some planes in the sky. All the bright, noisy, distant ambient movement of the city and the way it pulsates at night. Nothing else.

FROM A DISTANT ANGLE -- THROUGH A WINDSHIELD

SOMEONE is watching. Someone from far off, watching Sherry cross a wide, empty parking lot toward --

59 EXT. THE STORAGE FACILITY - FROM A FAR ANGLE - DUSK (D22) 59

Sherry hits a key code at the entrance.

60 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 60

Sherry enters the dark facility past the crashing electronic door. Slowly, one at a time, the motion-sensitive lights flicker on above her. The place is empty and seems to breathe and hum with its old straining ventilation system. She walks and startles as --

-- OVERHEAD LIGHTS flash on above her.

61 INT. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 61

As the guards walk a line of prisoners back to their cells, Manny is aware of noise and movement in EVERY CELL on either side. Gang signs flash in the narrow windows. The guards keep moving him ahead, until they pass his TURN on the yellow line. As the line continues, the CUBAN INMATE moves ahead rapidly in line, aggressively -- until he --

-- slips something in a FOIL WRAPPER into Manny's hand. Manny is shocked at the illicit gift.

CUBAN INMATE
Un regalo. Sé fuerte.

CUBAN INMATE SUBTITLES
A gift. Be strong.

(CONTINUED)

They keep walking him ahead.

Manny clenches his fist around the foil wrapper, shaking with fear. As they move to another ELECTRONIC DOOR, the expected BUZZ of the door is --

62 EXT. PARKING LOT - CENTER CITY - NIGHT (N22)

62

-- A CAR ALARM. Unsure what triggered her alarm, Michelle moves to it in the lot. She hears the ALARM coming from a few rows away. She sees it sitting there, intact.

With the key fob, she shuts it off.

She pauses, catching her breath, taking a private moment to recover from everything she's seen that day. She scans the city around her, sirens coursing through the night.

63 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - SHERRY'S POV - NIGHT (N22)

63

Sherry passes NUMBERS on the STORAGE LOCKERS, using the flashlight on her phone as the lights go off again. As she follows a LINE on the floor it becomes --

MATCH CUT TO:

64 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22)

64

-- A LINE on the floor, where SON PHAM now walks amid six other prisoners, GUARDS on opposite sides. Son is the lone Asian prisoner and stands out.

65 INT. COUNTY JAIL - PROTECTIVE CUSTODY WING - NIGHT (N22)

65

A SINGLE CELL is unlocked for Manny. He's ready to fight or die as he's uncuffed and led into:

66 INT. COUNTY JAIL - SEGREGATION CELL - CONTINUOUS (N22)

66

Manny steps in. He turns quickly, ready to fight for his life. *There's no one there.* The door buzzes locked behind him, the guards recede away, leaving him in the relentless light. He looks down at his fist, tight over the foil. He crumbles the foil down until it's shape resembles -- some THIN WEAPON underneath.

67 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT (N22)

67

DARKNESS. The power goes out for just a moment in the hospital, until EMERGENCY POWER comes on, a grainy sallow light.

Sensing it, Ray wakes up in his hospital bed. The hospital is unnaturally quiet.

(CONTINUED)

Ray scans and notices that the Marshal is gone. The chair is overturned, and FLAMING HOT CHEETOS have spilled on the ground.

Ray uses his remote to raise the bed, sitting up, changing angles to look out the door at the corridor. Everything is darker than ever.

68 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22)

68

The MOTION-SENSITIVE LIGHTS go back out on Sherry.

69 INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT (N22)

69

A film of narcotic sweat simmers through onto Ray's face. Then the INTERCOM blares in his room:

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
They served you up for me tonight,
boss. On a fucking platter.

Ray jolts. With great effort, he manually moves his legs off the bed, pivoting counterclockwise. Hands shaking, he begins strapping on his C-brace.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
What a beautiful hole you dug.

Ray is racing, out-of-breath, barely able to clasp the brace. Then he reaches out, straining, trying to grab the edge of his WALKER near the bed.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
Keep digging. This is what you do.
It's what you did on the inside
too.

Ray gets the WALKER into place then -- as if jumping off a cliff -- takes the leap and TRANSFERS HIS WEIGHT, straining to hold himself upright.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
You dug graves. I knew your crew. I
still got people in every joint,
loyal to me.

Ray rests by the wide dark window, catching his breath.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
Now you dug a grave big enough for
yourself and everybody you know.

With the WALKER, one painful shuffle at a time, Ray moves closer to the intercom.

(CONTINUED)

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
Oh, there's room for plenty of
losers in there tonight. But I'm
going to make this a game.

Ray continues out of the room to the corridor, searching.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
I got people next to everyone you
know tonight.
(a beat)
And because you love being in
charge, genius, you get to choose.

70 OMITTED

70

71 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22)

71

A KEY PASS -- unlocks an ELECTRONIC DOOR with a buzz.

As a CO passes on, only his back visible, THREE CELL DOORS
swing open behind him.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Somebody dies tonight...

THREE RELEASED INMATES rush down the prison corridor. SINK
DOWN TO REVEAL --

THE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...tomorrow night, and the night
after. So who's first?

-- A SHIV in one convict's tatted hand.

THE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The suspense is fucking killing me.

72 INT. HOSPITAL - ON RAY - CONTINUOUS (N22) 72

Ray shouts with rage down the empty hallway.

RAY
Come for ME. I'm right fucking
here.

The INTERCOM continues the same unbroken monologue.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
You get to crawl across this earth
as a fucking cripple.

Ray struggles closer to the CIRCULAR DESK.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
And you will watch everyone you
love die in misery.

Ray is astonished to see the STAFF gone, the hospital empty.
A NURSE'S LEG stretches out from behind the DESK, limp, dead
or unconscious.

Ray searches for a weapon, first finding CURVED BANDAGE
SCISSORS -- then opting for sharper TISSUE SCISSORS.

The Voice reaches him from ANOTHER SPEAKER.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)
So who is it? You're the man in
charge. WHO DIES FIRST?

Ray surveys a FEW SYRINGES littered on the ground nearby.

73 OMITTED 73

74 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 74

With her flashlight, Sherry finds the STORAGE LOCKER with the
STOLEN MONEY. She looks at the base of the grate to see --

-- there's NO LOCK on it. She pulls it open and --

-- A FLASHLIGHT shines onto her. She *screams*.

75 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - SECURITY MONITOR - SEGREGATION BLOCK - NIGHT (N22) 75

In the sleeker, Federal facility, the gang of THREE PRISONERS
gather beside a CELL DOOR. The CO with the key pass
approaches.

A GLARE SHINES IN OUR EYES, clarifying in it, we find --

76 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 76
SHERRY squints into the light.

77 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - ON RAY - NIGHT (N22) 77
The Voice still taunts him.

RAY
Come on, you fucking coward! I'm
here! Come for me!

78 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 78
From behind the flashlight, the figure in front of Sherry
emerges -- THERESA.

THERESA
Christ, I thought you were a
murderer.

SHERRY
Mami! I am so happy to see YOU!

79 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (N22) 79
Ray sees, far down the corridor, in faint light, THE ELEVATOR
numbers are suddenly RISING, coming up from the lobby.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
We're running out of time. Who are
you picking? Who's got the worst
horoscope tonight?

RAY
I said it's me! I'm right here!

Ray suddenly startles to see -- ANOTHER PATIENT, wheeling his
IV, terrified.

RAY (CONT'D)
Go. Get a fucking cop. Get anybody.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
Maybe use the Chinese New Year to
decide.

The patient flees back into his room.

80 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - SEGREGATION UNIT - NIGHT (N22) 80
AN INMATE plunges into the SEGREGATION CELL.

(CONTINUED)

Surgically, efficiently, the ASSASSIN pauses over the SLEEPING FIGURE.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe the rat? The snake?

THE SLEEPING FIGURE lunges up fast as a snake, STABBING UPWARD.

81 EXT. PARKING LOT - CENTER CITY - ON MICHELLE - NIGHT (N22) 81

Michelle has finished some paperwork in her car. Her phone is ringing. She pauses as she hears a DOG yipping frantically nearby.

THE VOICE (O.S.)
The dog?

A PARKED CAR awakens, shining its HIGH BEAMS right onto Michelle, startling her.

Michelle looks irritated, until the CAR guns its engine and roars straight at her and she yelps with alarm.

82 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 82

Ray waits at the end of an empty corridor, clutching his WALKER and the SCISSORS, staring at the elevators, as the NUMBER rises. Someone's coming for him.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
But did you really think after all
this I was going to play by ANY
fucking rules? Maybe they all die
tonight. Maybe...

83 INT. FDC PHILADELPHIA - SEGREGATION CELL - CONTINUOUS (N22) 83

CLOSE SHOT ON BLOOD DRIPPING THROUGH THE MATTRESS, as we hear THE VOICE over the top, taunting -

THE VOICE (O.S.)
...I cut out all their lying
tongues.

- we follow the fresh blood to -

- SON PHAM.

He stabs THE ASSASSIN again through the sternum, tearing up a ribcage, fire in his eyes as he defends himself. All of Son's violent history is reborn here.

(CONTINUED)

He drops his potential killer onto the ground, and pauses, holding up THE BOLO KNIFE, smuggled in from Grandma Pham.

With grim resolve, he raises the knife over the ASSASSIN'S EYE -- and brings it down hard as -- BUZZ!

84 INT. COUNTY JAIL - SEGREGATION CELL - POV SHOT - NIGHT (N22) 84

GUARDS move into another cell toward a FIGURE (MANNY) on the BUNK, using a ROLL OF TOILET PAPER as a pillow, face obscured. The VOICE is laughing in pre-lap.

85 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (N22) 85

While THE VOICE laughs, Ray stands his ground. Ray wobbles and tries to leave his walker. He isn't quite ready.

THE VOICE (ON THE INTERCOM)
Who goes first, Ray?

RAY
FUCK YOU!

The elevator rises, rises. With anger feeding back through his veins, reviving him, for the first time --

CLOSE SHOT: Ray's HANDS leave the walker.

RAY (CONT'D)
Take me! Come on, motherfucker!
Come on! Take me! Take me!

DING! REVERSE ANGLE - AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE OPEN --

-- we see Ray, for the first time back on his own two feet, furious and determined, scissors in hand, facing --

-- Michelle, ruffled and shaken. She reaches out her hand for Ray and he moves to it.

As he reaches her, the ELEVATOR DOORS close behind them.

86 INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS (N22) 86

Ray drops down into the corner of the elevator as it descends. Michelle sits into the opposite corner, devastated, her suffering empathic eyes on him.

MICHELLE
Jesus, Ray, what happened?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

He's in the fucking building.

MICHELLE

Who's in the building? Who are you talking about?

RAY

He could be right under us.

MICHELLE

Ray, I came to tell you something.

Ray freezes, glaring at her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Manny's lawyer called me.

RAY

I don't care about that shit!

He looks at her and sees it's worse. His fear evaporates, becoming a blank look of shock. The elevator is shaking as it descends, the floors are beeping downward.

RAY (CONT'D)

They got him.

She's just staring at Ray, her look saying it all.

87 INT. COUNTY JAIL - SEGREGATION CELL - POV SHOT - NIGHT (N22) 87

The GUARDS approach the SLEEPING FIGURE, Manny. They turn him over to see --

-- his *OPEN EYES* facing upward, lifeless but with a look of deep longing. PAN DOWN, past the foil, to *what got him through the night*:

A NEEDLE IN HIS ARM.

88 INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT (N22)

88

As the elevator rocks downward, Ray reads everything from Michelle's face. He shows her the loneliest look she's ever seen. She moves closer and he puts his hand up to stop her.

MICHELLE

Ray?

RAY

Don't say nothing.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Okay.

RAY

Nothing.

MICHELLE

Okay.

RAY

I just need silence.

She starts to cry for him.

They try to sit in silence but the elevator keeps approaching some roaring sound below.

He just looks at Michelle crying -- and he can't even feel the vastness of it. He starts to feel alien, outside his body, watching this good woman cry *for* him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Are we falling?

MICHELLE

No, Ray. We're okay.

She shakes her head, trying to calm his crazed eyes.

He uses the wall to climb up.

RAY

We're falling. We're still falling.
Jesus, when do we hit the fucking
ground, Michelle. Where the hell is
the fucking ground?

He faces his own reflection in the elevator doors: a desolate man, waiting, holding his scissors, until the lobby floor rings and he faces whatever is on the other side as --

-- the ELEVATOR DOORS split his reflection in half.

BLACK SCREEN

ROLL CREDITS