

UNTITLED SEBASTIAN GUTIERREZ PROJECT
(AKA QUEEN OF THIEVES)

Episode 2: "CHARLES JUNIOR"

by Sebastian Gutierrez

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CHARLIE

(into phone)

I wish that were true, Earl, but those wells dried up a long time ago....

Charles Junior is seated on the couch. Covers an open briefcase with a folded newspaper. Drugs?

JUNIOR

Jett.

KOWALSKI

Junior.

JUNIOR

Welcome back. Everything go alright?

The way he asks puts her on edge. She regards him coolly.

KOWALSKI

Why wouldn't it.

Charlie is losing his patience with the guy on the other end of the line, rolling his eyes for Kowalski's benefit.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

I see... Uh-huh. Now listen, we'll get to that, but for now simply convey the level of my disappointment to Judge Prescott, which is in direct proportion to what he promised me on that boat. I have to go now, it's my mother's birthday.

He hangs up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jett!

He kisses her cheek, admiring her body.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You truly are the last Coca Cola in the desert, you know that? Drink?

KOWALSKI

Can't stay long. My kid's got the flu. But I brought you something.

She produces the ring from her purse. He marvels at it.

CHARLIE
You did it.

KOWALSKI
Well, Quinn did it.

CHARLIE
(to Junior)
And you had doubts she could pull
it off.
(to Kowalski)
Where is he? Quinn?

She watches Junior. *What does he know?*

KOWALSKI
Mexico. But the less you know, the
better.

CHARLIE
Are you two back together? Is this
goodbye?

KOWALSKI
I have to wait out my daughter's
school year. Wouldn't be smart
moving her now. We'll see how
things shake out after that.

CHARLIE
Still not used to your maternal
side.

KOWALSKI
That makes two of us.

CHARLIE
I have to send this off to make
sure it's the real deal. You
understand.

KOWALSKI
Of course.

CHARLIE
But I should be able to get your
money by the end of the week. How
was Miljan?

KOWALSKI
Exactly as advertised.

Charlie shakes his head. He embraces her. Junior watches.

MARIA
 (subtitled Spanish)
 There's a guy out there watching
 the house.

Kowalski frowns as she spots someone through the window
 looking at the house from across the street.

16

EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- DAY

16

Kowalski steps out and watches the man. He is tall, lean,
 hair almost shaved. Ex military? His name is EVANS (50).

KOWALSKI
 Help you?

He crosses the street.

EVANS
 Are you Daisy Kowalski?

KOWALSKI
 Who sent you?

EVANS
 Miljan Bestic.

He hands her a card with a name and number.

KOWALSKI
 (reading it)
 What can I do for you, Mr. Evans?

EVANS
 We would like for you to attend a
 meeting at that address on Tuesday
 morning.

KOWALSKI
 Who am I meeting?

EVANS
 I'll be there. Along with some
 people he's put together about a
 job.

KOWALSKI
 I get my own help.

EVANS
 (shaking his head)
 You run the job but we run the
 show.

Kowalski stares at him. This is an unfamiliar feeling for her: not calling the shots. A beat. Evans smiles a not unfriendly smile.

KOWALSKI

Was there something else?

EVANS

I understand how you feel but I am not your enemy.

KOWALSKI

Then who are you?

EVANS

I'll be acting as your handler.
(off her look)
Just remember nothing's black and white.

KOWALSKI

What about a panda?

He studies her. Coiled and dangerous. Not going to be so easy gaining her trust. Might never happen, in fact.

EVANS

Point taken.

KOWALSKI

Skunk, zebra, killer whale, soccer ball, keyboard, dominoes.

Evans takes this in. Smiles. Starts to turn, pauses.

EVANS

Most beautiful women with more than five brain cells have a problem with their beauty, it makes them fear they won't be taken seriously enough, so they overcompensate.

KOWALSKI

Not me, I'm not overcompensating. I'm naturally prickly.

EVANS

I can play this game all day, Miss Kowalski. But you know the consequences if you don't do as you're told.

She glares at him. Put in her place. He nods.

EVANS (CONT'D)
See you next Tuesday.

She waits until he walks away to head back inside.

17 **EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL -- NIGHT** 17

Freeway sounds. The parking lot is half empty.

JOSIE (V.O.)
We need to stop.

18 **INT. MOTEL ROOM -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT** 18

Through the plastic curtain we see Josie and Santiago soaped up under the shower spray. His hands and mouth all over her. She's fighting a losing battle to resist.

SANTIAGO
I know.

JOSIE
I mean as of right now.

SANTIAGO
If that's what you want.

JOSIE
You know it's not what I want. But we have to.

SANTIAGO
What brought this on?

JOSIE
Stop right now. I'm serious.

SANTIAGO
I know. I can see your serious face. Wish I could take a picture.

JOSIE
I feel queasy. I'm having a hard time sleeping. This is not me.

He gets on his knees and she lets him spend some time down there because, well, he's very good. Pulls him up as things start getting heated.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
No. Enough. Let me go.

SANTIAGO
I'm not sure I can.

18A INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

18A

Still half naked, they sit in bed eating their cold pizza.

JOSIE
I hate you sometimes.

SANTIAGO
I hate me all the time.

JOSIE
Don't be a smartass. I'm not the
one who's married. I shouldn't
give a shit.

SANTIAGO
This is why you're a good person,
cause you do.

JOSIE
I'm not that good. I just don't
like feeling like a--

She shakes her head. Runs her fingers through his hair.
It's all push and pull between these two. There's a RAP on
the door. Josie and Santiago exchange concerned looks.
Nobody knows they are here.

SANTIAGO
Who is it?

No answer. Josie pulls her gun from her holster.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)
(louder)
Who is it?

KOWALSKI (O.S.)
Tiago, it's me. Jett Kowalski.

Josie looks at him, *what the fuck?* She steps into the
bathroom, door slightly ajar, as Santiago opens the door.

SANTIAGO
How did you find me?

KOWALSKI
Do you trust her?

Santiago is taken back. What is this about? Kowalski has no time for games. Crystal clear:

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Is it safe to talk in front of her?

He nods, lets her in. Feeling stupid, Josie opens the bathroom door: half-dressed and armed. A moment. They all assess each other.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Which Baudelaire are you after?

SANTIAGO

One comes with the other, but it's Junior we're concentrating on.

KOWALSKI

Maybe I can help you.

Santiago reacts. She is the last person he'd ever expect to come to him with this.

SANTIAGO

What am I missing here?

KOWALSKI

I have my reasons.

SANTIAGO

Thought you quit.

KOWALSKI

I did.

SANTIAGO

So why come back?

She doesn't answer. A silent pause.

JOSIE

Rufus Quinton broke out of prison, you wouldn't know anything about that?

Kowalski ignores Josie, answers to Santiago.

KOWALSKI

Quinn is dead.

SANTIAGO

Jesus, I'm sorry.
(realizing)
Junior killed him?

KOWALSKI
 (cards close to the vest)
 Not... exactly.

SANTIAGO
 Where does Charlie stand in all
 this?

KOWALSKI
 That's what I don't know.

Josie and Santiago exchange cautious glances.

JOSIE
 You start this, you can't exactly
 pick and choose who gets hurt.

Kowalski glances at Josie. Eyes back on Santiago:

KOWALSKI
 I don't care who gets hurt.

CAMERA CIRCLES around Kowalski's cold, determined face and we

DISSOLVE TO:

19

EXT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE -- DAY

19

A POOL PARTY midway. Music, drinks, laughter. A DJ spins records in the corner. THE YOUNG MEN frolicking in the pool are fit, tanned and mostly naked. There are no women. We take in this decadent scene for a moment.

We follow Taggart as he makes his way past the entertainment and to Junior, on the phone, manning the grill. Taggart whispers something in his ear. Junior nods.

20

INT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE -- LIBRARY -- DAY

20

Junior closes the door behind him and enters a handsome library. A middle-aged man waits -- JUDGE PRESCOTT. He is not a fan of Junior's and is not pleased to be here.

JUDGE PRESCOTT
 Where's your father?

JUNIOR
 Hasn't shown up yet. Between you
 and me, not his sort of shindig.
 Bit of a homophobe, I'm afraid.
 Cocktail?

He goes to the bar, mixes himself a drink. Prescott watches him, confused.

JUDGE PRESCOTT

Then what did you ask me here for?

JUNIOR

Thought you might like to cut loose a little. You and I got off on the wrong foot.

Prescott rises, irritated.

JUDGE PRESCOTT

I don't know what you're high on, Junior, and frankly I don't give a shit.

JUNIOR

Name's Charles Junior.

JUDGE PRESCOTT

Don't test me. Never mind prison, only reason you're not dead is because of your old man. Commit that to memory.

JUNIOR

Was that a threat? Sounded like one.

JUDGE PRESCOTT

I don't threaten people, son.

He starts off. Junior grabs an envelope from the desk.

JUNIOR

Long as you're here, might as well take your payment. In full.

Prescott stares at the envelope, at Junior.

JUDGE PRESCOTT

You think I was born yesterday? You get that to me the way your daddy and I arranged, not here.
(looks around
Lord knows how many cameras you have watching right now.

Prescott marches off. Junior is about to follow, notices the bathroom door slightly ajar. Pushes it open. An attractive young blond man, BOBBY, stands frozen in place, coke lines on the sink, towel wrapped around his waist.

JUNIOR
Always hanging out behind doors,
Bobby.

BOBBY
Charlie I swear I didn't hear
anything, I didn't wanna come out
in the middle of--

Junior holds up a finger.

JUNIOR
Don't move a muscle. Be right
back.

He exits. Bobby exhales, scared.

21 **EXT. JUNIOR'S DRIVEWAY -- DAY**

21

Prescott walks to his car in the driveway. Hopper hands him the keys.

HOPPER
Sir.

Prescott approaches the car when suddenly he pauses, looks at the key chain. Looks over at the front door. A feeling of dread growing. Junior appears, waves.

JUNIOR
Thank you for swinging by, buddy.

Prescott looks at the car. Back at Junior. Does he seem a bit eager for him to get in the car?

JUDGE PRESCOTT
You are familiar with the concept
of insurance.

JUNIOR
I don't follow you.

JUDGE PRESCOTT
As in: something happens to me, a
new judge gets assigned your dad's
case and nails him.

JUNIOR
What just happened? Did something
spook you?

The two men size each other up. Junior looks at the car, putting it together.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 You're kidding. Really? You think
 that poorly of me? Why would I
 hurt you?

Prescott does not answer. All he knows is he's not getting
 in that car.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
 Want me to call you a cab?

JUDGE PRESCOTT
 (after a pause)
 I want you to start the car for me.

Junior stares at Prescott.

JUNIOR
 You're putting me on. I look like
 a valet to you?

Prescott doesn't move. Junior shakes his head, amused.
 Grabs the keys from the judge's hands and goes to the car.
 Sits behind the wheel. Inserts the key in the ignition.

A tense beat.

He turns the key, starts the car. The engine revs up.
 Perfectly normal. He climbs out of the car. Prescott walks
 past him, gets in the car and drives off. He'd rather feel
 stupid than be dead, but his ego is wounded. Junior heads
 back inside.

22

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

22

Junior beelines to the bathroom and pushes the door open. As
 instructed, Bobby stands exactly where we left him.

BOBBY
 Charlie, I swear to you--

Without warning, Junior SMACKS HIS HEAD over and over. Bobby
 cowers, drops to his knees --

JUNIOR
 I don't wanna hurt you, I wanna
 treat you nice, I wanna trust you--

BOBBY
 You can trust me, please let me
 show you how you can trust me--

He hugs Junior's legs pleading like a dog. JUNIOR KICKS HIM.

JUNIOR

Show. Me. I. Can. Trust. You.
Show me.

Finally, he climaxes with a grunt. Drops Bobby like a rag doll and pulls up his shorts, exits. Bobby whimpers softly on the bathroom rug, humiliated.

27

INT. KIRKBRIDE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -- DAY

27

JETT KOWALSKI'S FACE -- A PHOTOGRAPH laminated onto a Binetti, Rosen, & Walsh card -- FILLS OUR FRAME. The ID CARD sits at the bottom of a plastic basket along with a set of keys and a mobile phone. Her name on it says ROSEMARY BINETTI.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL KOWALSKI

walking through the metal detector. Conservatively dressed in a suit jacket and skirt, hair pulled back. The GUARD returns her briefcase and personal items.

GUARD

No object of any kind is to pass between you and the inmate, counsel, not even a cookie. You need Mr. Santella to sign something, you call one of us.

She nods.

28

INT. VISITING ROOM -- DAY

28

A broad room with a wide table built into it that stretches wall-to-wall. At four-foot intervals, plywood partitions rise to head-height, to create privacy. The GUARD addresses Kowalski, pointing:

GUARD

Number six.

Kowalski walks past a couple of inmates talking to lawyers and reaches the sixth partition where a career criminal named SANTELLA sits. Early 70's, sharp as a tack, hands that could kill (and have). He rises at the sight of her, grinning.

SANTELLA

I must be the luckiest guy in the whole fucking world.

KOWALSKI

(sitting)

Come on. A celebrity hard timer
such as yourself, you get lots of
visitors.

SANTELLA

None that look like you, Jett.

She lets him take her in for a moment.

SANTELLA (CONT'D)

How's the free world?

KOWALSKI

Still nothing free about it, Don
Santella. How are you doing?

SANTELLA

Catching up on my reading. Turns
out the Russians were pretty good.
The French, pretty overrated.

KOWALSKI

You're staying?

SANTELLA

I got six more years.

KOWALSKI

Wasn't my question.

SANTELLA

Too old to pull a crazy stunt like
that. I'm okay. I give talks at
AA meetings on self respect, how to
stay alive in here without taking
too much shit. It's about all I
can do for the fish. The basics.
If you see it coming --

KOWALSKI

---Hit first with something heavy.

SANTELLA

And if you don't see it coming --

KOWALSKI

You're fucked.

SANTELLA

(smiling)

You know the drill.

(MORE)

SANTELLA (CONT'D)
You ever miss the girls with shanks
and razor blades stuck in
toothbrush handles?

KOWALSKI
Not so much.

Santella looks at the guards, making sure they are far
enough. Small talk is over. He leans in.

SANTELLA
What can I do for you?

KOWALSKI
Miljan Bestic.

SANTELLA
Never heard the name.

KOWALSKI
I met him in Cuba.

SANTELLA
Trade?

KOWALSKI
Deals with trade. Lawyer of some
kind.

SANTELLA
Anything else.

KOWALSKI
He's dead. Just doesn't know it
yet.

He waits for more. She hesitates.

SANTELLA
Don't tell me unless you want to.

KOWALSKI
I got caught in a situation with my
pants down. Charlie's son, Junior,
set me up. I don't know if or how
much Charlie knows. I don't know
what the game is.

He studies her. Clearly respects her. Then:

SANTELLA
Make no mistake: rattling Charlie's
cage is suicidal. No matter how
much his power has diminished.

(MORE)

SANTELLA (CONT'D)

And he loves his screwup kid. It's his weakness. You ever meet Ray Brewer?

KOWALSKI

Don't believe I have.

SANTELLA

He's a -- well, not exactly a lawyer -- but works for my lawyer's firm. I'll see what I can find out about Bestic and get word to you through him.

KOWALSKI

I appreciate it.

He waves it off. Anything for her.

SANTELLA

If I could, I'd give you a big wet kiss, Jett, you are an inspiration to men everywhere.

She smiles at this.

29 **EXT. KIRKBRIDE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY PARKING LOT -- DAY** 29

Kowalski walks to a parked rental car in the lot and climbs in. Drives off.

30 **INT. LA FONDA RESTAURANT -- NIGHT** 30

Kowalski enters the restaurant, luminous in a sheer wrap dress. The MAITRE'D brings her to the best table in the room, where Charlie stands up for her, a true gentleman. She smiles, sits. He sits.

KOWALSKI

I see you already have your drink.

CHARLIE

Not as good as when you make it.
What would you like?

KOWALSKI

Chopin martini. Up, olives.

CHARLIE

(remembering)
Not dirty. But very cold.

KOWALSKI

Bruised.

The WAITER appears with her drink, already made.

CHARLIE

That's what I thought.

She is impressed. Charlie is old school and charming, with all the corny traits that entails. Also lethal, of course. They toast.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Means a lot to me, knowing that you'd want to have dinner as friends.

KOWALSKI

You're being too modest.

CHARLIE

I'm serious. There's not a lot of people I can relax and have fun with these days.

KOWALSKI

You don't seem relaxed tonight. What's on your mind?

CHARLIE

Oh, the usual.

KOWALSKI

I pride myself in never reading the paper or watching the news so I wouldn't know.

CHARLIE

Lucky you. The problem with the world is the news is always bad. From Ancient Greece onwards, we all live in the same nightmare, just react to it at different times.

She picks up the menu, moving on from the unpleasant subject.

KOWALSKI

Alright. What's good here?

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

KOWALSKI

(reading the menu)

Don't apologize. I agree.
Bad things happen, people die.
Over and over. That's why I don't
keep track.

(re: special)

How about the Branzino?

CHARLIE

Branzino's always dependable and
they love explaining in minute
detail how they can serve it whole
or filet it for you.

KOWALSKI

What percentage of people eat it
whole, I wonder.

CHARLIE

Mostly eskimos.

She chuckles. This pleases him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Your smile drives me crazy. Am I
ever gonna get you in bed again
after I pay you for this job?

KOWALSKI

That depends on you.

CHARLIE

Tell me what to do. Walk me
through it.

KOWALSKI

You know that version Nina Simone
does of "Save Me"?

CHARLIE

Sure do. Better than Aretha's.
What about it?

KOWALSKI

You put that on the record player
and be cool with the slow moves.

CHARLIE

(leaning in)

Then what?

Before he can respond, the young MANAGER appears. Big smile,
hipster mustache, little round glasses:

MANAGER
How's everything here?

CHARLIE
(go away)
Good.

MANAGER
I am Martin. If there is anything
you need, do not hesitate to ask.

Charlie stares at this guy. Hard.

CHARLIE
Where is Tony, the regular manager?

MANAGER
He's on vacation.

CHARLIE
So you're covering for him. You're
new.

MANAGER
(cheerfully clueless)
No sir. I've been managing the day
shift close to six months now.

The manager starts off, then pauses. Leans in.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
And may I compliment you on your
beautiful dress, Miss.

Kowalski nods politely. The oblivious manager moves on.

CHARLIE
Then what? After I put it on the
record player.

KOWALSKI
Then see if you can get me to bang
my head against the headboard and
come all over the bed.

CHARLIE
(smiling)
Tell me something you've never told
anyone before.

KOWALSKI
I used to be a boy.

A pause. He looks at her and then bursts out laughing.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
 Could be true.

He snorts he's laughing so hard. Shakes his head.

CHARLIE
 No. But don't go telling Junior.
 Might excite him.

KOWALSKI
 He has wild tastes, that one.

CHARLIE
 For the life of me, can't figure
 out how that boy turned out queer.

KOWALSKI
 My experience, men don't get to
 choose the direction their dicks
 bend.

CHARLIE
 Except with him I don't even think
 it's about the sex. It's a power
 thing.

The comment hangs there. They are finally talking about the things she wants to talk about. She doesn't rush him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Either that or he's trying to get
 back at me. It's almost as if he
 enjoys showing how out of control
 he can get. I just can't seem to
 get through to him.

He says this like a father who loves his son. She makes note of it. He raises an eyebrow, noticing Bennie headed over.

BENNIE
 (quietly)
 Sorry. But you need to take this.

Handing over the cell phone, covering the mouthpiece.

CHARLIE
 Who is it?

BENNIE
 Your buddy Curtis.

CHARLIE
 He called you?

BENNIE
 Couldn't reach you. Breaking news
 about Prescott.

Charlie grabs the phone.

CHARLIE
 (to Kowalski)
 Excuse me.
 (stepping aside)
 Sergeant.
 (listens. Expression
 changing)
 He what?
 (looking at Bennie grimly)
 When was this?

That's when the manager comes over with his fake smile:

MANAGER
 I'm so sorry, this is a cell phone
free zone.

Charlie holds up a finger, not to be disturbed. Listening.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Sir--

BENNIE
 He'll be off in one second--

MANAGER
 (insistent)
 Sir. I'm sorry. I need to ask you
 to take this outside.

Charlie's blood is boiling at the news on the phone. Doesn't even acknowledge the insect manager in front of him.

CHARLIE
 (listening)
 Wired to the ignition. Uh-huh.
 (listens some more)
 Fifteen thousand feet per second.
 No shit.

MANAGER
 It's not fair to the other diners--

Charlie clicks off the phone. Reeling. Ignoring the manager, he walks to Kowalski:

CHARLIE
 I have to deal with this.

KOWALSKI
 (keeping it light)
 If you needed time to find the Nina
 Simone record, you could've said
 so.

Charlie hesitates, decides to share. Lowers his voice:

CHARLIE
 A judge I bought just suffered an
 untimely death. It's a substantial
 setback for me.

KOWALSKI
 Who would do that?

CHARLIE
 The method suggests this kid who is
 forcing me to go to war with him.

He says this dialing the phone again.

KOWALSKI
 Who is he?

CHARLIE
 A Mexican bedbug, Jacinto Salas.

He pulls a couple hundred dollar bills from his wallet, sets
 them on the table.

KOWALSKI
 What are you gonna do?

CHARLIE
 Not sure. First I'm going to have
 to send him a clear signal.

Here comes the flustered manager again, interrupting--

MANAGER
 I am so sorry but this is simply
 unacceptable. If you need to make
 a phone call you need to--

Charlie slams the phone into the manager's face. Bennie
 swiftly eases him into the waiters station, out of view of
 the diners. Charlie smashes the phone into the guy's face
 three more times. Blood flies. The manager slumps. Charlie
 steps around him, hands the bloodied phone to Bennie to deal
 with and returns to Kowalski's table as if nothing.

CHARLIE
 Sorry about that. Will you accept
 a rain check?

She keeps her cool, despite what she's just witnessed.

KOWALSKI
 Of course.

He smiles. Holds her hand, meaningfully.

CHARLIE
 Bennie will deliver to your house
 what we discussed. After that, if
 you want to see me, call me.

He kisses her hand. We notice the blood on his sleeve.

KOWALSKI
 I do. And I will.

31 INT. KOWALSKI'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

31

Kowalski emptying two shopping bags on the bed containing
 bundled stacks of bills. About \$300,000.

LATER

She has covered the bed in rows of hundred dollar bills.
 Every inch of it. A blanket of money. She stares at it,
 numb. The moment is not the triumph she had hoped for.

Alice rushes in, wearing pyjamas.

ALICE
 Mom?

KOWALSKI
 Monkey.

Alice looks at the blanket of money. Doesn't think twice
 about it, tugs at her mother's t-shirt.

ALICE
 Mom, does everybody die?

Kowalski studies her daughter. Entering tricky terrain here.

KOWALSKI
 Eventually.

ALICE
 Even Maria?

KOWALSKI
Yes.

ALICE
Even you?

KOWALSKI
Yes.

ALICE
What about God?

Trickier.

KOWALSKI
Apparently not.

ALICE
Who is God?

KOWALSKI
God.

ALICE
Yes. Who is he, exactly?

KOWALSKI
He is... well. It's different for everybody.

ALICE
What does he look like?

KOWALSKI
What do you feel?

ALICE
I love you. And I love Maria.

KOWALSKI
That's what God is.

Alice thinks about this. She sort of understood that, but not really. Then looks at the money.

ALICE
Why is your bed covered with money?

KOWALSKI
I was just cleaning it up. Now go to sleep.

Alice looks at her mom. Good talk. Runs off.

32

EXT. MARY OF THE WOOD CHURCH -- DAY

32

Rosalie, sunglasses on, walks into church.

INSIDE A CAR ACROSS THE STREET

Bennie and Carl watch her.

CARL
You're stalking her.

BENNIE
Just wanna make sure she's okay.

CARL
Of all the pussy in the city.

BENNIE
It's not about that.

CARL
Not about her pussy?

BENNIE
Correct.

CARL
No one who has completed high school would believe that.

Bennie says nothing. They wait.

CARL (CONT'D)
Guy walks into a Confessional and says. 'Father, I haven't been to confession for 30 years, but you've made some nice changes'. 'I like the leather seats, open bar, cigars and the TV'. And the priest says, 'You idiot, you're on my side'.

Carl chuckles at his own joke. Bennie doesn't.

33

INT. KOWALSKI'S CAR -- MOVING -- DAY

33

Kowalski drives down the highway. She wears her hair in a ponytail, a baseball cap and shades. She takes the off ramp.

EVANS
(re: Octavio)
This is Octavio.

Kowalski nods.

EVANS (CONT'D)
Would you care for a drink?

KOWALSKI
No, thank you.

BLAIR
I thought you were inside?

Kowalski avoids answering by way of response.

EVANS
A soft drink?

KOWALSKI
Nothing, thank you.

LATER

Evans tacks a detailed FLOOR PLAN on a board.

EVANS
The Savoy is a piano bar dance club
out in Lynnville. The manager is a
guy named Joe Garson. Every month,
a dozen amateurs, big shot
wannabes, play poker in his
upstairs back room.

OCTAVIO
What kind of score are we talking?

EVANS
Should be anywhere between two
fifty, three hundred grand in the
safe.

WAYNE
What kind of security?

EVANS
A doorman, three guys on the floor.
Cameras. Local alarm company.

OCTAVIO
They call first to check in?

EVANS
 Verified Response. They call, talk
 to Joe, make sure it's real, takes
 them five minutes to get there.
 Then they call in the cops.

WAYNE
 How many exits?

EVANS
 Two.

BLAIR
 How many patrons in the club?

EVANS
 Around eighty between eleven and
 midnight.

A moment as it all sinks in. Doesn't sound very promising.

KOWALSKI
 I don't like it.

She walks out of the room. The others watch.

EVANS
 Let's take a break.

37 **EXT. MEETING HOUSE -- DAY**

37

Kowalski comes out to the porch. Evans follows her.

EVANS
 Miljan Bestic isn't asking your
 opinion. He needs this done.

KOWALSKI
 Lynnville is 40 minutes from my
 house.

EVANS
 So what.

KOWALSKI
 I don't do any job that close to
 home.

EVANS
 I realize we got off on the wrong
 foot here, but I'm not interested
 in your rules, I'm interested in
 your leadership.

(MORE)

EVANS (CONT'D)

We have a locksmith, a driver and muscle in there. We need you to come up with a plan. You got a week to set it up.

She stares him down. Angry that she is in this fucked position. But fucked nonetheless.

KOWALSKI

You expect me to believe we're doing this for two fifty?

EVANS

I don't give a shit what you believe. You walk back in there and put a plan together.

A moment. Making a point of taking her time. She turns.

38

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

38

Kowalski walks past the men talking amongst themselves, smoking, up to the floor plan. Studies it for a beat. Evans watches her closely. Finally:

KOWALSKI

Tell me about Garson.

EVANS

Not much to tell. Divorced. Doesn't gamble. Bit of a loner.

KOWALSKI

What's he into. Golf, guns, what?

EVANS

He likes girls.

BLAIR

What are you thinking?

KOWALSKI

Since we need to handle the alarm company on top of the club, we have no time to dick around with a safe so we need inside assistance. Let's get a girl to distract him.

WAYNE

What's wrong with you?

KOWALSKI

Nothing.

WAYNE

You look to me like a pretty good distraction. Am I out of line?

KOWALSKI

So if he's partial to redneck retards, you'll volunteer your ass?

WAYNE

(backing off)

OK, don't get so serious about it.

KOWALSKI

Let's scout the place. If we still like Garson for the inside, we get a girl and make him an offer.

The others take this in. Evans watches her. She is in control of the room. She checks her watch.

39 **EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS -- DAY** 39

Pouring rain. Kowalski walks from her car into another parked car. Not rushing, like the rain is not a problem for her. Climbs in back.

40 **INT. SANTIAGO'S CAR -- PARKED -- DAY** 40

Santiago and Josie in the front seat. Kowalski glances at Josie, speaks to Santiago.

KOWALSKI

I misunderstood. Thought it was just you and me.

SANTIAGO

She's my partner.

Kowalski nods coolly.

JOSIE

What's your problem?

KOWALSKI

(no problem)

I've seen men trust women before.

SANTIAGO

Stop it.

KOWALSKI
Charlie's going to war with Jacinto Salas.

Josie and Santiago exchange looks. The name means something.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Who is he?

SANTIAGO
He's connected to the Matices Cartel. Been stepping on a lot of toes since he moved here.

KOWALSKI
Drugs, what?

SANTIAGO
Import export: drugs, people.

KOWALSKI
He killed a Judge on Charlie's payroll.

SANTIAGO
That would be Prescott. Officially crashed his car against a tree. It's a fucking mess.

KOWALSKI
What is he after?

SANTIAGO
Charlie doesn't carry as much weight as he did twenty years ago, but keeps a finger in a lot of different pies. The Russians still love him and they bring a lot of money in. I'd say Salas is out to prove he can do a better job of protecting their interests.

JOSIE
Dumb question. Why don't you just kill Junior?

KOWALSKI
What kind of cop is she?

JOSIE
I mean if this is strictly revenge, I don't understand your play.

KOWALSKI

Let's do this: I feed you information on Junior and you put him away. In return, you don't ask me any more dumb questions.

JOSIE

In return, you play detective and go after what you're really after, keeping us in the dark. Putting us in danger.

Santiago watches Kowalski in the rear view mirror. Josie is correct, but Kowalski gives nothing away.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

You can't expect us to protect you when--

KOWALSKI

I don't want your protection. In fact, I ever see or even imagine I see a car keeping tabs on me, deal's over. I can't afford you putting my kid in danger. Gotta go. See you next week.

She exits. Through the windshield we see her walk to her car. Again, unhurried, getting soaked.

SANTIAGO

(gallows humor)
I knew you two would get along.

41 **EXT. ALICE'S SCHOOL -- DAY** 41

Kowalski rushes up the steps. She's late.

42 **INT. THIRD GRADE SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY** 42

The classroom is covered with colorful drawings made by the kids, bright letters, posters -- typical third grade stuff... about as far away from Kowalski's comfort zone as possible.

She looks completely out of place seated across from MISS KENNEDY, Alice's young and cheery teacher. She shows some class assignments to Kowalski, who looks at them dutifully yet wanting to get this over with.

MISS KENNEDY

... And here's the Earth Day Jubilee drawing.

KOWALSKI

In your note you said you have some concerns about Alice?

MISS KENNEDY

Not concerns exactly, just, we like to check in with the parents when the children show signs of -- she's very precocious, Alice.

Silence.

KOWALSKI

Yes.

MISS KENNEDY

And inquisitive. She's also been getting into fights with other kids about God. She says he punishes people unfairly.

Kowalski shrugs: *maybe Alice has a point.*

MISS KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Alice talks about Maria being sick.

KOWALSKI

She's very upset.

MISS KENNEDY

Is Maria... Alice's other mom?

KOWALSKI

No.

MISS KENNEDY

But she raises Alice with you.

KOWALSKI

(matter of fact)

We live with her. Her cancer was in remission but it came back.

MISS KENNEDY

Oh my God. That is awful.

(a pause)

This is obviously sensitive, but does Alice know her father?

KOWALSKI

No.

MISS KENNEDY

He's not around?

KOWALSKI

He died.

MISS KENNEDY

Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

(Kowalski blinks)

Does she know that?

KOWALSKI

No. It was, uh, a recent thing.

MISS KENNEDY

Oh my God, what happened?

Silence. Kowalski doesn't even pretend she might answer. Miss Kennedy smiles, embarrassed.

MISS KENNEDY (CONT'D)

None of my business. Kids are very intuitive. Maybe she's sensing something about her father. You should--

KOWALSKI

I'll talk to her.

MISS KENNEDY

(concerned)

How are you holding up?

Kowalski, not used to letting anyone into her personal life, has no idea how to answer. Considers the question and its appropriate social response. Comes up with:

KOWALSKI

Fine.

MISS KENNEDY

You know there's a really good psychologist on staff.

KOWALSKI

I don't need someone to talk to.

MISS KENNEDY

I meant for Alice.

KOWALSKI

Ah.

MISS KENNEDY

Well, do let me know if there's anything I can do. She's a special kid.

Awkward smiles. Kowalski shakes the young teacher's hand.

KOWALSKI

I agree.

43 **EXT. SAVOY CLUB -- NIGHT**

43

Kowalski -- in short blonde wig and glasses -- and Blair walk into the club, approaching the BOUNCER at the door.

44 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- NIGHT**

44

LOUD MUSIC. All around them couples dance, chat, flirt. Kowalski and Blair wait for drinks at the bar.

BLAIR

You remember Frank Sweeney?

KOWALSKI

Sure.

She says this clocking the ceiling cameras in the room. Her eyes alert and probing.

BLAIR

He's in a wheelchair. Shitting in a bag the rest of his life.

KOWALSKI

I heard.

We spot the SECURITY GUY at the end of the room.

BLAIR

And that asshole was top dog. Makes you wonder. You do this bullshit long enough and maybe there won't be anything left to salvage. Of your soul, you know?

We see club manager Joe Garson chatting up a table. All cocky smiles and confident handshakes.

KOWALSKI

I don't remember this poetic side of yours. I remember you pressing a gun to my head and squeezing the trigger, no questions asked.

BLAIR

It wasn't loaded.

KOWALSKI

You didn't know that. Cause you were.

BLAIR

I've been clean for years.

(off her look)

Okay, a year. Jett, I need this gig. I'm broke. Shit's different now. These new kids, they're fucking wacko. Wild wild west shit, no regard for nothing. Listen to me, I sound like an old timer.

She sips her drink.

KOWALSKI

Stay here.

She heads to the staircase leading to the upstairs bar.

45

INT. SAVOY CLUB -- UPSTAIRS

45

Smaller lounge area here. Five couples mingle. No bartender. A WAITRESS serves drinks, heads back down. Kowalski spots the door that must lead to the back room as well as another door across the way from it. Office? She walks over. Goes to open it when a SECURITY GUY stops her.

SECURITY

Help you, Miss?

KOWALSKI

(slurred)

Is this not the little girls room?

SECURITY

Rest rooms on the opposite side.

KOWALSKI

Are you sure? Last weekend I used this one.

Security guy is used to dealing with drunk women and this tipsy Southern belle sure is cute, so he's patient:

SECURITY

I don't think so. That's the manager's office.

KOWALSKI

It is? Maybe it was here.

She goes to open the other door.

SECURITY
Nope. That's a private room.

KOWALSKI
Ooh, private. Is that where the
VIPS smoke cigarettes and do drugs?

SECURITY
(laughs)
Nothing like that. No one in there
tonight. Come on, I'll walk you.

She grabs his arm and walks with him to the rest rooms.
Pauses to fix her heel, clocks all three ceiling cameras.

KOWALSKI
Awful nice of you. What's your
name?

SECURITY
Bill.

KOWALSKI
(squeezing his arm;
flirting)
Bill, have you been working out?

46A **EXT. RALEIGH HOTEL -- KOWALSKI'S PARKED CAR -- NIGHT** 46A

A decrepit old Art Deco Hotel. We are watching it from
inside a parked car. A wiry guy, NEAL (30) is talking to a
busty redhead, LEXY. He goes inside the hotel.

REVERSE ON KOWALSKI inside her car. She climbs out.

46 **OMITTED** 46

46B **EXT. RALEIGH HOTEL -- NIGHT** 46B

She walks across the street to where Lexy lights a cigarette.

LEXY
What's up, beautiful? You a cop?

KOWALSKI
Part time nun. What's the name of
that guy you were talking to?

LEXY

What guy?

KOWALSKI

(producing a \$50)

Is his name Neal?

Lexy goes to grab the \$50, Kowalski pulls it back.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Is it?

Lexy hesitates. Not sure she should be divulging this.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

I find it kinda weird I have to ask twice.

LEXY

Yes, that's him.

Kowalski hands her the bill, enters the hotel.

INT. RALEIGH HOTEL -- NIGHT

A few scattered girls -- pretty ones -- are lazing on sofas, waiting for action. The guy called Neal is at the reception desk, eating take-out. Something charismatic about him despite the steady dulling of his eyes. Kowalski looks around, taking it all in. Walks to him, past a YOUNG HOOKER stepping out of the elevator, a JOHN palming her ass.

NEAL

(not looking up)

Can I help you?

KOWALSKI

I'm looking for Neal.

He makes a point of eating his food a bit longer.

NEAL

Are you a reporter, a cop, lost?

KOWALSKI

(quietly; suddenly awkward)

No, I, uh, I've never done this before... My husband and I, we've been together a long time. Twelve years.

NEAL

Good for you.

KOWALSKI

Yes, and, um, I promised him something super special for our anniversary. He likes a very particular type of girl. Wholesome. Tall. Small town type.
(a beat)
Can you please help me?

Neal considers this woman.

47 **SCENES 47 - 50 OMITTED** 47

51 **INT. VAN -- PARKED -- NIGHT** 51

Nondescript. Parked in the shadows. Octavio behind the wheel. Kowalski in the passenger seat. Blair and Wayne in the back seat. They wait in silence.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see a car pull up in front of the building. JOE GARSON (55) comes out of the driver's side, opens the door for tall, wholesome, small town girl PHOENIX (25, stunning). They walk inside the building.

Octavio starts to move.

KOWALSKI

Give her time to get settled.

Octavio stops. They wait some more. Blair lights a cigarette. Kowalski closes her eyes. A beat.

52 **INT. GARSON'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT** 52

A modern apartment. Chrome. Black. Soft Jazz plays, hideous. We find Joe Garson mid-foreplay with Phoenix.

GARSON

Jesus Christ, your tits are unbelievable.

His hands are all over her like an octopus.

PHOENIX

You don't think they're too small?

GARSON

They're perfect.

PHOENIX

Wait, wait.

She brings things to a halt. Catches her breath.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Your really are gonna help me,
right?

Beat. He can't remember what he's supposed to help her with.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

With my singing?

GARSON

(oh, that)

Babe, it's not even a question.
These guys I'm telling you about,
they manage twenty different acts --
pop, r&b, hip-hop -- they're hooked
up all over the place, absolutely
top level guys.

She grins excited. Rolls out from under him.

PHOENIX

Okay then.

GARSON

What are you doing?

She strips out of her skirt and panties. Stands before him,
skin glistening. He can barely believe how beautiful she is.

PHOENIX

Wanna hear me sing right now?

Garson is alarmed. A song is not what he's after.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(giggling)

You should see your face!

She undoes his pants and smiles. Clearly he is ready to go.
She lowers herself onto him and starts rocking back and
forth. He can barely contain himself.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I can sing and fuck at
the same time.

Before he can protest, she starts to sing. The a capella
version of some infernally catchy pop song. Beat.

The tableau: Joe Garson leaning back, pants around his ankles. A beautiful naked girl straddling him. Ice crackling in the bucket with the chilled champagne. A glorious night outside his big windows.

Absolute bliss. (Aside from the warbled signing.)

SUDDENLY THE FRONT DOOR BUSTS OPEN AND THREE MASKED HOODS RUSH IN -- GUNS OUT --

The whole operation has a stealth, military air about it:

HOOD 1 yanks the girl off Garson, punches her in the gut -- she doubles over, he picks her up like a rag doll over his shoulder. HOOD 2 flips the couch back and Garson comes crashing to the floor, pants around his ankles. HOOD 3 (KOWALSKI) -- looks around the place, making sure everything is under control. Nods at the others. Rolls of DUCT TAPE come out, mouths are taped shut, wrists cuffed with PLASTICUFFS.

53 **EXT. VAN -- ROAD -- NIGHT** 53

Driving in the night.

54 **INT. VAN -- MOVING -- NIGHT** 54

Garson and Phoenix are bound and gagged in the back, weeping softly, scared as they've ever been. In the dim light we see shovels and rolls of plastic sheeting beside them. The van slows down.

55 **EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT** 55

Middle of nowhere. LIT BY FLASHLIGHT BEAMS, the hoods drag the prisoners to an area where A FRESH GRAVE has been dug. All three hoods are dressed in the same type jackets and gloves. The prisoners are forced to their knees.

Garson watches horrified as the leader yanks Phoenix by the hair, drags her to the grave and tosses her in. The girl screams through her mouth gag. The leader pulls out a pistol and FIRES THREE SHOTS down into the grave. The muffled screaming stops. The shots echo in the night.

Now the leader comes back for Garson. His eyes open wide, pleading. The leader gestures to the other hoods. They rip the duct tape off Garson's mouth --

He blubbers, snot everywhere, tears, full-fledged panic --

GARSON
Please-my-God-Jesus-Christ,
whatever-you-want-I-will--

The leader opens Garson's mouth and STICKS THE GUN BARREL inside. Garson almost dies right there. The leader speaks softly. Garson is surprised to hear a woman's voice:

KOWALSKI
If you do what I tell you, no harm
will come to you. Understand?

Garson nods vigorously, understands perfectly.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
In a few days, someone will visit
your club. They will tell you they
are a friend of Ashby's. You will
take them to your office and you
will open the safe.

Garson flinches at this. Kowalski shoves the gun a little deeper inside his mouth.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
That is all you have to do. We'll
take it from there. Understand?

He wants to say yes, but is conflicted.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Say yes and you live.

He nods. Kowalski motions for the other hoods to take him away. They pick him up and haul him in the back of the van.

He watches horrified as Kowalski grabs a shovel and walks over to the grave to bury the girl who just minutes ago was in his apartment, voluntarily naked, writhing on top of him.

The hoods start the engine and the van drives off.

Kowalski waits, then pulls off her mask. Peers down into the grave. Phoenix looks up at her, unharmed, strange grin on her face. These two know one another.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Let's get you cleaned up.

PHOENIX
Is it weird I'm horny as fuck right
now?

KOWALSKI
Perfectly natural.

She uses the shovel to help Phoenix climb out. They walk over to Kowalski's car, stashed nearby.

56

INT. KOWALSKI'S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

56

Kowalski drives. Phoenix, now in hoodie and sweatpants, drinks from a coffee cup. They are silent for a while. Kowalski grabs a roll of hundreds from her jacket.

KOWALSKI
(handing her cash)
Don't give it all to your brother.

She pulls over in front of a bleak apartment building.

PHOENIX
That guy, he's gonna be okay,
right?

KOWALSKI
Nice seeing you again, Phoenix.

Meaning don't ask any questions. But it's clear she cares about her. Phoenix nods, chastised.

PHOENIX
Don't be a stranger, stranger.

She climbs out of the car. Kowalski catches her own reflection in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

CUT TO BLACK

57

OVER BLACK

57

The sound of an alarm clock. BEEP BEEP BEEP...

58

FADE IN; EXT. CHARLIE BAUDELAIRE'S HOUSE -- DAY

58

Brand new day. Charlie opens his front door in a track suit. Takes in a big lungful of air and stars jogging down his neighborhood. Birds chirp. Sprinklers sprinkle. A moment later Bennie and Carl -- also in track suits -- fall into place jogging slowly behind him. Charlie smiles and waves at a NEIGHBOR watering her plants. She waves back.

59

SCENES 59 - 60 OMITTED

59

61 **INT. HOSPITAL -- DIAGNOSTIC IMAGING CENTER -- DAY** 61

Maria, in a hospital robe, lies on the table for her MRI scan, scared. Kowalski holds her hand as the TECHNICIAN places headphones on Maria and pushes a button. The table automatically slides into the scanner.

The MRI scanner begins its ODD SEQUENCE OF LOUD BEEPS.

ON KOWALSKI, lost in her own thoughts.

61A **EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)** 61A

Behind a long-haired woman's back as she walks to the fenced-off pool, taking off clothes until she's naked. It's Maria.

UNDERWATER

She dives in. Swims like a mermaid. Carefree.

SUBTITLE: NINE YEARS AGO

A shadow appears in the corner of the pool. A hand summoning her. A voice. She breaks the surface of the water and stares at the agitated Indian Motel Manager.

MOTEL MANAGER

You read the sign? You need swimming suit for pool! This is a family place!

MARIA

(subtitled Spanish)
I don't speak Indian. Sorry.

MOTEL MANAGER

I will call the police if you don't cover up! I will call the police!

MARIA

(subtitled Spanish)
You have no idea how ridiculous you sound.

She grins at him, turns and swims some more. He watches, flabbergasted. Maybe a little intrigued too. Looks up at Kowalski walking to her room with a bag from the drugstore.

MOTEL MANAGER

(loud for Kowalski to hear)
I have no choice but to call the police. This is a family motel. No naked swimming.

Kowalski doesn't give a fuck about this guy or the nudist swimmer. Enters her room and locks the door.

61B **INT. MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)** 61B

Kowalski unwraps the home pregnancy kit and sits on the toilet. Waits to pee.

61C **EXT. MOTEL POOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)** 61C

Maria steps out of the pool. Picks up her scattered clothes and purse and walks to her room. The angry manager watches her through the office window, phone to his ear.

61D **INT. MARIA'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)** 61D

Maria sits on her bed and pulls out a manila envelope from her purse. Re-reads the medical results.

INTERCUT WITH (SPLIT SCREEN)

61E **INT. KOWALSKI'S MOTEL ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)** 61E

Kowalski re-reads the pregnancy stick result.

Both women, despondent, look off in the distance, side by side in our split screen. A beat. Then:

	KOWALSKI	MARIA
Shit.		(subtitled Spanish)
		Shit.

61F **EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 61F

Hot night out. Kowalski comes out of her room, dazed, sits in one of the sad lounge chairs by the pool. The only other person here is Maria. Two-thirds into a bottle of Jack Daniels, chain-smoking cigarettes, singing to herself.

A beat. Kowalski walks over.

KOWALSKI
Mind if I snag one of those?

Maria shrugs. Kowalski shakes out a smoke. Lights it. Maria just talks.

MARIA

When I was a little girl in El Salvador I wanted to be a therapist because I wanted to know why people do the things they do...

Kowalski simply smokes, lost in her own thoughts.

MARIA (CONT'D)

My father died in a factory accident. And my brother was arrested when I was seventeen, for being a political insurgent. The two arresting soldiers came back and raped me. I wept for three days. I was inconsolable. As soon as I got better I tracked one of them to a bar and I knifed him. I don't see how he could have survived. I made my escape in the slowest bus ever, first to Mexico and gave my godmother's wedding ring to a coyote to bring me across.

KOWALSKI

(grabbing another
cigarette)

Do you mind?

Maria nods, go ahead. Offers her the bottle of Jack. Kowalski takes a swig. Maria continues talking like they're best friends, baring her soul to this stranger.

MARIA

I worked cleaning hotel rooms dreaming of starting my own family, even if I had to marry a stupid man to get pregnant. But it turns out I never can get pregnant. Which you would think is bad luck enough except no, now I have been diagnosed with cancer. The doctors give me one year.

She starts laughing at this. Defiant. Grabs the test results and starts ripping them up into little pieces and scattering them everywhere.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Fucking shit fuck fuck fuck you
fuck you fuck you.

ON KOWALSKI, lost in thought. PRE-LAP beeping sounds --

BACK TO:

61G **INT. HOSPITAL -- DIAGNOSTIC IMAGING CENTER -- DAY (PRESENT)** 61G

KOWALSKI, lost in her own thoughts. The MRI scanner finishes its ODD SEQUENCE OF LOUD BEEPS.

62 **INT. MEETING HOUSE -- DAY** 62

More pictures have been added to the board with the floor plan: shots of the parking lot, the fire escape in back, shots of the alarm company, a picture of Garson. Kowalski explains the final details of the plan.

KOWALSKI

We're gonna do this without firing any bullets. Blair and I will already be inside. When I call you, you'll come in, strictly crowd control. Blair and I will grab the money and the surveillance DVR. You exit through the front, we exit through the back. Silent alarm gets triggered, alarm company calls to check in, Garson tells them what's happened. They try to mobilize, realize they can't, they call in the cops. Everybody meets back here.

WAYNE

What about the poker players?

KOWALSKI

They'll never know we were there.

BLAIR

What if one of them comes out, needs to take a leak.

KOWALSKI

He goes downstairs, takes a leak. Nothing out of the ordinary is happening, nobody knows we're there. No yelling. No bullets.

WAYNE

How do you wanna handle security?

KOWALSKI

I'll send a guard your way and you handle him and the doorman. The other two can stay. You keep your eyes on them at all times. If and only if you see them coming up to the office, do you intervene.

WAYNE

But no bullets.

KOWALSKI

That's the only way this works. All those drunk people are a liability.

She distributes disposable cell phones.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Everybody has four numbers programmed, then we toss them.
(to Octavio)
Tell me about the alarm company.

OCTAVIO

Like I said, amateur hour.

KOWALSKI

Run it by me one more time.

OCTAVIO

The electrical for their garage door runs on a different box and they keep all vehicles there except for one. So once I blow that grid and disable the one patrol car parked on the street, they're fucked.

63

EXT. ALARM COMPANY -- NIGHT

63

AND WE'RE LIVE:

The building sits still in the night. A dark silhouette crosses frame towards

THE ALARM COMPANY TRUCK, PARKED

Octavio jimmys the door and gets in. Jump-starts the truck and drives around the block.

KOWALSKI (V.O.)

Block the driveway anyway.

OCTAVIO (V.O.)
 Sure. But I'm tellin' you, it's
 just a precaution.

KOWALSKI (V.O.)
 Do it.

He parks it in front of the alarm company garage, where we see THREE OTHER VEHICLES.

64 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- NIGHT** 64

Kowalski -- this time in short black hair wig, scarf, blouse and skirt -- heads up the stairs. People dance in the main floor. Blair watches her from across the bar. Checks to make sure the floor guard is distracted over by the DJ BOOTH.

65 **EXT. ALARM COMPANY GARAGE -- NIGHT** 65

OCTAVIO stands at the power box with wire cutters. He snaps four conduits with a crunching POP! The lights go out in the parking garage. As Octavio walks past the truck he has left blocking the driveway, he STABS two of the tires with a small blade. AIR HISSES OUT.

He crosses over to his car. Gets in. Drives off.

66 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- UPSTAIRS AREA -- NIGHT** 66

Joe Garson comes out of the private room where for a flash we see the POKER PLAYERS mid-game. He crosses to the staircase when suddenly Kowalski falls in step behind him.

KOWALSKI
 I'm a friend of Ashby's.

Garson tenses at the voice. Turns to look at her --

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
 Don't look at me. Let's go to your
 office.

Joe doesn't look, starts walking. Kowalski walks with him.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
 What's your doorman's name?

GARSON
 Mikey.

KOWALSKI
Send Bill down to see Mikey. Tell
him Mikey's ill. Ate some bad
shrimp or something.

Garson gestures at Bill (the friendly security guy from the
other night) with his chin. Bill comes over.

GARSON
Go check on Mikey. He had some bad
shrimp. He's puking.

Bill goes. Kowalski watches him. Produces a phone.

KOWALSKI
Good.

She hits SEND.

67 **EXT. SAVOY CLUB PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

67

Wayne answers his phone.

WAYNE
I'm here.

KOWALSKI (ON THE PHONE)
(into phone)
Bill from upstairs is coming to
Mikey the doorman. Bill is 6'3,
black, tan jacket.

WAYNE
Got it.

He snaps the phone shut. Heads over to the front door.
Octavio comes out of his parked car and joins him. He covers
the pistol in his waistband with his jacket.

68 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- UPSTAIRS AREA -- NIGHT**

68

Garson unlocks the office. Goes in. Kowalski slips in
behind him. Closes the door almost all the way.

69 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- NIGHT**

69

Blair heads up the stairs as security guy Bill comes down.

70 **EXT. SAVOY CLUB DOOR -- NIGHT**

70

Quiet out here. Bill comes out. MIKEY the doorman looks up.

MIKEY

Wassup, bro?

SECURITY

Garson said--

POP! POP! Bill and Mikey get tasered. They groan in shock and collapse, immobilized. Wayne and Octavio cuff them and tape their mouths.

71 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- GARSON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

71

Kowalski lifts her skirt and produces a sleek COMPACT BERETTA from a thigh holster.

KOWALSKI

Unlock it then step back.

Garson kneels in front of the safe. Turns the combination lock dial. Kowalski opens the cabinet and RIPS the DVR machine from it. He flinches.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Don't panic. Do what I tell you
and I'll get you out of this
without a scratch.

Blair enters, face taut. Locks the door behind him. Sets duct tape and plasticuffs on the desk. Pulls out four heavy-duty black bags folded into tiny squares and opens them.

Garson reacts. This is not promising .

72 **INT. SAVOY CLUB -- DOWNSTAIRS -- NIGHT**

72

Octavio is stationed near the front door. Wayne stands near the DJ BOOTH at the other end of the room. A short distance away, a SECURITY GUARD is talking to a WAITRESS. All around them, people dance and mingle. Octavio scans the room and finds the OTHER SECURITY GUARD, arms crossed, standing by the bar. The guard is distracted.

So far, so good.

73

INT. SAVOY CLUB -- GARSON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

73

The combination lock clicks and the safe opens. Kowalski gently taps Garson on the shoulder with her gun.

KOWALSKI

Step back and face the floor.
Hands behind your back.

He does as told. Blair kneels in front of the safe and opens it. Pulls out from it a GLOCK AUTOMATIC. Checks the clip.

BLAIR

What's this, asshole? Trying to surprise us?

Garson vigorously shakes his head, scared.

KOWALSKI

Cut it out.

Kowalski cuffs Garson's wrists behind his back. Blair starts pulling out the cash. He fills the bags with stacks of hundreds. Then reaches in and freezes. Looks at Kowalski.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

What is it?

A puzzled Blair pulls out four 10-kilo GOLD BRICKS.

GARSON

I'm holding that for someone.

BLAIR

How much is each of these suckers worth?

Kowalski knows but is not going to get into this right now.

KOWALSKI

Don't stop.

She duct-tapes Garson's mouth. He whimpers. Blair sets the bricks aside, keeps stuffing the bags with cash. She kneels beside him and helps fill the other bags. They work fast and quietly. In no time they have three full bags. She ties the first one with the drawstring, puts a brick in her coat pocket, grabs the other one; nods at Blair: grab the other two and let's go. She crosses to the door, opens it a crack, peering out.

That's when the GUNSHOT RINGS OUT behind her. THUNDEROUS.

74

INT. SAVOY CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- NIGHT

74

QUICK SHOTS: WAYNE, OCTAVIO, SECURITY GUY 1 and SECURITY GUY 2 all look up at the sound of the shot --

INT. SAVOY CLUB -- GARSON'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Kowalski snaps around. On the floor, Garson's head is blown off. Blair is pointing the Glock at her.

BLAIR

Sorry, Jett.

He FIRES at her and we

SMASH TO BLACK