

UNTITLED SEBASTIAN GUTIERREZ PROJECT
(AKA QUEEN OF THIEVES)

Episode 3: "PHOENIX"

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March 10, 2018

(SCRIPT NOTE: This episode picks up exactly where the last one left off.)

1

FADE IN; INT. SAVOY CLUB -- NIGHT

1

GARSON'S OFFICE

BANG! A GUNSHOT --

Kowalski twists in time to avoid a bullet in the chest but takes one in the upper arm. Blood jets. Blair fires a second shot into her gut.

The bullet RICOCHETS OFF THE GOLD BRICK in her coat and kills a lamp.

The light bulb explodes.

Kowalski falls to the ground outside the office door, dropping the gold brick she had in her hand.

DOWNSTAIRS AREA

The panicking CLUBGOERS rush to the exit. The SECURITY MEN yell at everyone to stay calm. Nobody's listening.

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Kowalski draws her BERETTA and shoots at the door frame as Blair appears, sends him ducking back into the office --

DOWNSTAIRS AREA

SECURITY GUY 1 moves against the tide, trying to make headway. He suddenly stops and crumbles, revealing WAYNE standing behind him, TASER GUN raised.

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

The door to the private poker game opens and a CONFUSED PLAYER spots Kowalski on the floor. She whips around and aims at his head.

KOWALSKI

(calm)

Close the fucking door.

He does not need to be told twice.

STAIRWAY

SECURITY GUY 2 charges up the steps. OCTAVIO follows him, gun in hand --

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Kowalski rolls behind a jukebox, waits for Blair to appear again. Calculates the distance to the fire exit. Blair peers out.

SECURITY GUY 2
PUT IT DOWN!

Blair spins around and fires at the security guy at the top of the stairs. One to the chest, lethal.

Kowalski uses the distraction, makes a run for it.

2 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT

2

She bursts out the door flying down the steps four at a time. A heartbeat later Blair appears at the door. She fires back at him. He returns fire, sparks fly everywhere.

Yells from inside. More shots. She keeps running, away from the pools of light, not looking back.

3 EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

3

RUNNING POV to the VALET in his booth, headphones on, oblivious to the events taking place inside the club. He looks up to see a crazed woman sprinting towards him, gun drawn. He slowly raises his hands.

KOWALSKI
Give me your phone.

He takes out his cell phone. She snatches it.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Get on the ground.

He does as told. She grabs four different car keys with clickers, starts clicking. Sees a car she likes, climbs in and peels out of the lot.

4 INT. CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

4

Kowalski drives. Pissed off. She pulls off her wig and glasses, her hair falls, changing her appearance. She takes off her coat, removes the gold brick from it. Tears off her blouse. Underneath, she's wearing a faded t-shirt. Holding the wheel with her knees, she rips off a strip of fabric from the blouse and applies pressure on the wound, pulsing blood.

MARIA
 (subtitled Spanish)
 Be careful, Daisy.

KOWALSKI
 I will.

CLICK. Maria's hung up. Kowalski stares at the phone, wondering who to call. Punches three digits. Changes her mind. Stares out the window, thinking this through. Calls a different number. It goes straight to VOICEMAIL.

VOICEMAIL
 Hi, this is Phoenix. Leave your name and number. Slowly. And I'll call you back.

BEEP.

KOWALSKI
 I'm coming over. Make sure you're alone.

She presses END, puts the car in DRIVE.

15 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT**

15

Rosalie walks to her new rented duplex, shopping bags in hand.

ACROSS THE STREET

Bennie watches her from inside his parked car.

16 **INT. ROSALIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

16

Rosalie shuts the door and hits the kitchen light. Her ex-husband is seated at the kitchen table, drinking the last beer in a 12-pack. She gasps.

ROSALIE
 What are you doing here?

His eyes are red. Drunk, high -- both.

BALLARD
 You're not happy to see me.

ROSALIE
 No.

BALLARD
I was worried about you.

ROSALIE
How did you get in? You can't be here.

BALLARD
I left you messages, but you don't call me back.

ROSALIE
Because I don't wanna talk to you.

BALLARD
Everything can't be on your terms. I wanna talk.

ROSALIE
I'm tired, Dwight.

BALLARD
Are you.

ROSALIE
Yes.

BALLARD
From what? Where were you?

ROSALIE
Okay you know what, go. Right now.

BALLARD
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I was just worried about you.

ROSALIE
You already said that.

BALLARD
Well it's true.

ROSALIE
You have no right to worry about me anymore.

BALLARD
Rosie, I don't wanna lose you.
(off her silence)
Where did you go?

ROSALIE
I went dancing.

BALLARD
You don't like dancing.

ROSALIE
I'm gonna call the cops.

BALLARD
(smiles)
Good idea. Call Steve. Or Bud.
Ralphie's a lieutenant now, I got
his number on speed dial.

ROSALIE
What I do is none of your business.
(pleading)
You have to let me go.

But somehow this only provokes him more:

BALLARD
None of my business my wife goes
out dressed like a whore?

ROSALIE
I'm not your wife anymore.

BALLARD
We're still legally married, good
times and bad times, in sickness
and in health.

She pulls out her cell phone and in no time he's on his feet
snatching it out of her hand. She tries not to cower:

BALLARD (CONT'D)
See what you're making me do?

ROSALIE
Fuck you.

BALLARD
Fuck *me*? That's not how my wife
talks.

ROSALIE
Get out.

He gets closer, right on her. She's cornered.

BALLARD
Why do you provoke me? You should
be apologizing to me. Be thankful
for a change.

PHOENIX
You do look a little pale.

KOWALSKI
I'm gonna pass out any minute.

She says this sitting down and unwrapping the strip of blouse tied around her bullet wound.

PHOENIX
Want something to drink?

KOWALSKI
After.

Phoenix aims the lamp at the wound, studies it, winces. She exits. Kowalski looks around the plain, simple apartment.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
How'd you get here?

KOWALSKI
I'm clean.

Phoenix returns with a medical kit and towels. Pushes aside her bag of weed and pipe and opens the kit on the table.

PHOENIX
What's in the coat?

KOWALSKI
Trouble. Don't look.

Phoenix tries to lift Kowalski's arm.

PHOENIX
Does that hurt?

KOWALSKI
(wincing)
What do you think?

PHOENIX
I'm gonna need that drink.

She pours herself a tequila. Downs it. Sets out medical tools. A professional manner throughout, which surprises us, since as far as we know, she is a prostitute. She douses iodine on the wound. Kowalski looks about ready to pass out.

KOWALSKI
God I hate that smell.

PHOENIX

Such a pussy. Come on.

She helps a woozy Kowalski up. Helps her walk into

24 **INT. PHOENIX'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

24

Phoenix helps Kowalski into bed, exits the room. Kowalski tries hard to stay awake. She can't keep her eyes open. We drift to BLACK and SILENCE. Then glimpse:

KOWALSKI'S POV --

QUINN lying dead, eyes locked on hers, his look asking why he did this to her.

A BLUR OF IMAGES: tattoos, prison jumpsuits, god-awful prison-grey walls, accompanied by a CACOPHONY OF VOICES. We are in:

25 **INT. WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY -- DAY (FLASHBACK)**

25

The women in line at the chow hall. PRISONERS on duty ladle goopy slop on plates. No way of knowing if this is breakfast, lunch, what. Phoenix receives her portion and looks for an empty seat.

As she walks past tough-looking top dog SVEC, she gets tripped and falls on her face. Inmates look over, quickly look away minding their own business.

Phoenix jumps up and confronts Svec --

PHOENIX

What the fuck is your problem?

Svec glances at her tatted-up cohorts, MARIPOSA and RIVERA:

SVEC

This asswipe talkin' to me?

Mariposa and Rivera play along. Svec goes back to her food. Phoenix pushes her.

PHOENIX

Yeah I'm talking to you, fuckhead.

Svec is up and on her before Phoenix can blink and down they go. Svec beating the shit out of Phoenix, Phoenix fighting back. GUARDS rush over and split them up. Just another day in prison.

SVEC

I tussled with big bad bitches like you before, convinced them's free to do whatever the fuck they want without any consequence. Except I think it's safe to say usually they are actually, you know, *big bad bitches* -- like Mariposa here. Not skinny little white rat shits like you. So today we're gonna get you acclimated to how it works here.

Phoenix cries, fights to get free.

MARIPOSA

(whispers)

You don't quit kickin' like a mule, that handle gonna break deep in your ass.

Phoenix's eyes widen, horrified at what's about to happen.

SVEC

Not gonna lie, you won't walk right for a few weeks.

Svec positions herself behind her as Rivera and Mariposa present her to Svec and her plunger when SUDDENLY SVEC DROPS TO HER KNEES, revealing Kowalski behind her. A thin red line appears on Svec's throat and in no time she's gushing blood, throat slit.

Mariposa and Rivera react as Kowalski moves on them swiftly and brutally. Dispatches Rivera with a RAPID FIRE PUNCH to the kidneys that doubles her over and CHOKES Mariposa with a wet towel. Mariposa struggles, face reddening like a tomato...

KOWALSKI

(quietly)

Don't fight it. You're gonna pass out but you're not gonna die.

Mariposa gasps, losing strength. Kowalski increases the pressure until Mariposa is out. Kowalski feels her pulse, looks over at Svec, spasming, blood gushing from her throat.

Kowalski grabs Svec's hand and places it on the cut.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Keep pinching the vein, don't choke, stay awake. Get to the infirmary within five minutes.

Kowalski bends over Rivera and takes hold of her right hand.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Anybody hears about this, you're
the one I kill.

She SNAPS the middle finger on Rivera's right hand like a
twig. Rivera screams.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
Understand?

Rivera nods, trembling, holding onto her broken finger.
Kowalski stands straight, looks over to Phoenix.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
You okay?
(Phoenix, shaken, nods)
Get your clothes on.

Phoenix doesn't need to be told twice.

28

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE -- DAY

28

The door opens and a FEMALE INMATE walks out. Through the
door we see prison deputy RACINE, a man in his fifties. He
checks a file, looks up.

RACINE
Next.

Phoenix comes in. He says nothing for a moment.

PHOENIX
You wanted to see me?

RACINE
Not particularly. But due
diligence is the name of the game.
Weren't you and Svec all jacked up
at chow hall the other day?

PHOENIX
No sir.

He sits on the edge of the desk, facing her.

RACINE
No?

He waits for an answer that doesn't come. Then:

RACINE (CONT'D)

Are you having a hard time hearing me?

PHOENIX

No sir.

RACINE

I asked: weren't you and Svec eyefucking one another last week?

PHOENIX

No sir.

RACINE

Because somebody fucked her up good. And that depraved piece of shit is no cell warrior, she can do some damage. Any ideas?

(silence)

I'll tell you this, for your own good. I am not fair. At least not to a fault. If I were, I wouldn't be here, would I? I'd be a judge or some bullshit. So I'm not fair. I'm effective. And when three of my girls end up in the infirmary, I ask questions. And I get answers.

(Phoenix stares at the floor)

Why are you looking at your feet? You got the answer written there?

Phoenix slowly looks up at him. A stare-down contest.

RACINE (CONT'D)

You are one helluva good looking girl, I can see why Svec would wanna own your ass.

(nothing from Phoenix)

What's the matter, you don't like to talk?

PHOENIX

No.

RACINE

You in the car with someone on this?

PHOENIX

No.

Racine opens her file on the desk, looks through it.

RACINE

Wanna know what I think happened?
I think Svec, Mariposa and Rivera
cornered you in the showers and
offered you to ride with them but
you were on the fence about it so
they figured they'd teach you a
lesson. Then... then somebody
intervened and I would be ever so
grateful if you told me who that
was. You ask around about me,
you'll find out that when I'm
grateful for something, I show it.

ON PHOENIX, silent.

29

EXT. PRISON YARD -- DAY

29

VARIOUS SHOTS of prison life: inmates stand around, some play soccer, most doing nothing. Phoenix smokes. Kowalski leans against a fence, coolly watching everyone and everything.

PHOENIX

Asshole just kept on talking,
scratching his balls.

(a moment)

Guys and their motherfucking balls.

Across the yard, Rivera and Mariposa look over, glance back down, cowered.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

You're not worried they'll come
after you?

A moment. Kowalski shakes her head. Phoenix waits for more. There isn't. Speaks the truth:

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

I don't know how this works but --
I mean, I have an idea. I look
dumb but I grew up in a rough
neighborhood and I've dealt with
some heavy shit before.

(off Kowalski's silence)

I know how that sounds but it's
true. I'm not just some dipshit
tweaker who sucks dick to fund a
habit. I actually did real well in
high school and I read books and
you know, my mom was a nurse, I
took some classes, rode with EMT's.
Learned all sorts of things...

(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

like how an untreated ruptured colon, which is most likely what I would have right now if not for you, can kill you.

(nothing from Kowalski)

Other fun facts too. For example, I learned that hanging yourself with a guitar string is a really bad way to kill yourself. I saw this guy who tried it and first the string cut through his trachea but he was still alive so he started fighting it and that severed his carotid artery and followed the angle of the jaw cutting everything in the way. Then it cut all the way to the temporal bone and still took a few minutes for him to die of either an air embolism or cardiac arrest due to lack of blood or oxygen.

(Beat. Still nothing from Kowalski.)

I also learned that what you see in movies when someone gets shot and everybody rushes to take the bullet out is actually dangerous nonsense because most of the time what's important is to clean the wound and repair the damage from the trauma. Taking the bullet out is the least important thing as it may be acting as a sterilizer for the wound.

(beat)

You don't talk much, huh?

Nothing from Kowalski.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

You don't talk at all. You're like a mute fucking avenger.

Kowalski cracks a hint of a smile. Phoenix looks her straight in the eye:

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, you want anything from me, ever, you just name it.

Kowalski nods, still staring in the distance. CAMERA PANS INTO darkness.

BACK TO:

30

INT. PHOENIX'S BEDROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

30

CAMERA PANS FROM darkness and locks on a CLOSEUP of Kowalski, asleep. She opens her eyes to see herself in a robe in Phoenix's bed. Her arm is in a sling. She closes her eyes and drifts back to sleep. BLACK. A MOMENT.

PHOENIX (V.O.)

Hey.

Kowalski wakes. The noon sun bathes the room in dappled light. Phoenix stirs liquid in a glass.

KOWALSKI

(groggy)

What's that?

PHOENIX

Poison. So I can steal that gold brick you brought with you.

She hands it to Kowalski. Kowalski drinks. The antibiotic doesn't taste good.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Four times a day. Don't skimp.

KOWALSKI

What'd I ask you not to do?

PHOENIX

You told me not to look. But what you meant was: one, don't be an asshole, two, don't steal it, three, don't tell my brother and four, be cool. And that's what I'm doing. I googled going rates. Anywhere between four hundred to seven hundred thousand. You have a buyer?

KOWALSKI

Stop.

PHOENIX

You need to fence it?

Kowalski shakes her head. Phoenix waits. Then:

KOWALSKI

A little out of your league, no?

PHOENIX

I know people different from the ones you do. Maybe you don't wanna go to your regular contacts, seeing as how clearly the job went a little sour. What happened with that guy? Did he make it?

KOWALSKI

You don't wanna get involved in this.

PHOENIX

Whose bed are you sleeping in?

Phoenix has a point. She already is involved. A moment.

KOWALSKI

What would you want out of it?

PHOENIX

Nothing.

KOWALSKI

Nobody wants nothing.

PHOENIX

That's my problem. Not enough ambition.

(a sudden thought:)

Dinner. You still owe me that.

KOWALSKI

Too good to be true.

PHOENIX

Me in a nutshell. Not ambitious enough and too good to be true.

She grabs the gold brick and holds it over her heart.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

What does that make me?

Kowalski knows what she means but isn't one for cutesy stuff.

KOWALSKI

A liability.

PHOENIX

No. It makes me... a hooker with...

She's playfully trying to get Kowalski to finish the sentence. Kowalski just stares expressionless.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
... a heart of... of...?

Here's Kowalski's cue. Kowalski closes her eyes.

KOWALSKI
Get out of my face.

Phoenix watches her, like a puppy dog who's lost their toy. Sets the brick down and exits.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
You suck ass at gratitude.

Unseen by Phoenix, Kowalski smiles. Tiny smile.

31 **EXT. DOWNTOWN SKYLINE -- DAY** 31

Brand new day in the business district. People move like good little worker ants to and fro.

32 **EXT. SKYLINE REAL ESTATE OFFICE -- DAY** 32

A high-end Real Estate office. Santiago and Josie walk up to the door. Josie stops Santiago.

JOSIE
Hold on.

She fixes his shirt collar, fixes his hair.

SANTIAGO
Are you fixing my hair?

JOSIE
(smiles)
Just a stray, mister. Don't wanna blow your cover.

He pushes open the door.

SANTIAGO
(under his breath)
What is it again, Bobby what?

JOSIE
Bobby Larcum.

33

INT. SKYLINE REAL ESTATE OFFICE -- DAY

33

They walk up to the receptionist, on the phone.

SANTIAGO

(cheery)

Hi, we have an appointment with
Bobby Larcum?

The receptionist nods, punches a phone line.

RECEPTIONIST

Bobby, you have clients at the
door.

(to Santiago)

He'll be right with you. Can I get
you folks some water? Coffee?

JOSIE

We're fine, thanks.

They take a seat, look through the bland magazines in the
waiting area. A moment later Junior's boy toy Bobby appears,
sharp in his skinny suit. All smiles and handshakes.

BOBBY

Mr. and Mrs. Castillo?

They rise, exchange handshakes.

JOSIE

Hi. Tiffany. We spoke on the
phone.

SANTIAGO

Call me Jack.

Bobby has a folder in his hand.

BOBBY

Where did you park?

SANTIAGO

Downstairs.

BOBBY

All three apartments are within a
four block radius. You wanna leave
your car here and jump in with me?

Santiago and Josie look at each other.

JOSIE

Perfect.

Salas holds up a finger as he continues reading, not wishing to be disturbed.

JACINTO
 (reading: subtitled
 Spanish)
 Praise him with tambourine and
 dance; praise him with strings and
 pipe! – Psalm 150:4.

He closes the book and looks up at his mother; she is half conscious, wheezing. He rises.

JACINTO (CONT'D)
 (subtitled Spanish)
 I'll be right back.

He crosses to the door.

37

INT. MIDLAND MEDICAL CENTRE -- HALLWAY

37

Jacinto Salas confers with his bodyguard.

BODYGUARD
 (subtitled Spanish)
 They have to re-calibrate the EKG
 monitors. It'll be five minutes.

Salas glances at the two technicians: Bennie and Carl. In uniform. Looking pretty darn official: ID badges, clipboard, cart with some high tech equipment.

BENNIE
 Three minutes, sir. We can do 2025
 first and come back if you need a
 moment?

JACINTO
 (to bodyguard: subtitled
 Spanish)
 You checked the paperwork?

BODYGUARD
 (subtitled Spanish)
 Yes, boss.

Salas gestures for the technicians to go right on it.

JACINTO
 Do not wake her up.

Bennie and Carl roll the cart in, super professional.

BENNIE

She won't even know we're here.

Salas stretches his arms, yawns.

JACINTO

(to bodyguard; subtitled
Spanish)

I'm going to take a piss.

He walks down the hallway.

38 **INT. EMPTY APARTMENT FOR SALE -- DAY**

38

A large loft-like space. Santiago and Josie look around, acting as prospective buyers.

JOSIE

Love the high ceilings. Great light.

BOBBY

Isn't it?

Santiago exits into the hallway.

39 **INT. EMPTY APARTMENT BATHROOM -- DAY**

39

Josie finds Santiago in the bathroom. It's a large, fancy thing with double sinks, shower and bathtub...

JOSIE

Nice tub.

SANTIAGO

Yup.

She catches their reflection in the mirror. They stand side by side. And even though they are putting on a show, something about the promise of domesticity affects her.

JOSIE

Which side do you want?

He smiles. Points at the sink on the right.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

This is what it would feel like to brush our teeth next to each other.

She mimics brushing her teeth like a married couple.

SANTIAGO
 (playing along)
 I could take a shower while you
 soak in the bath.

JOSIE
 I would get out and towel off just
 enough and sit right here and
 welcome you with open legs.

She pulls herself up on the counter to demonstrate.

SANTIAGO
 (laughs)
 We're on the clock, detective.

BOBBY (O.S.)
 What do you think?

He appears at the door.

SANTIAGO
 What are the specs again?

Bobby hands him the specs sheet. Santiago squeezes past
 Bobby in the tight doorway, pockets something as he does.

BOBBY
 The seller is very motivated.

JOSIE
 As are we.

40 **INT. EVERLEIGH PARKING GARAGE -- DAY**

40

Bobby clicks open the doors to his car. Josie and Santiago
 climb in.

BOBBY
 Okay, the last place is up the
 street and is a little smaller
 square footage-wise but it has a
 lot of charm...

Bobby checks his pockets. A beat. He's confused.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 That's weird.

SANTIAGO
 What's wrong?

BOBBY

I must've set my phone down in the apartment. Do you mind waiting for me, I'll be right back.

JOSIE

Go ahead.

He hurries off. Santiago waits two seconds before producing the cell phone he pocketed. Josie is opening her laptop, plugs the cell phone in, boots up a tracking program.

SANTIAGO

What if he notices the software?

JOSIE

What if we get this officially sanctioned by Carter?

Santiago looks out the window at the garage elevator.

SANTIAGO

When did you become such a smartass?

JOSIE

I learn from the best.
(finding a text chain)
Here he is, "CB". The boy likes to text.

SANTIAGO

How long, do you think?

JOSIE

Could be fifteen minutes.

SANTIAGO

What?

JOSIE

(not looking up; typing)
Could be ten.

SANTIAGO

This was a dumb idea.

Santiago shakes his head, gets out, heads to the elevator.

Jacinto Salas returns with a take-out coffee, nods at his bodyguard outside the door and goes into his mother's room.

42 **INT. RECOVERY ROOM -- DAY**

42

Gloria Salas is asleep. He leans in and kisses her forehead.

JACINTO
 (subtitled Spanish)
 See you tomorrow, mom. Get some
 rest now.

He notices something sticking out from under her torso... a red piece of paper? He pulls it out. It's a sealed envelope. Addressed to him:

To Jacinto Salas

He opens it and pulls out a POLAROID PICTURE from it. It has writing on the back but we can't read it because he turns it over and stares at the picture. It shows his sleeping mother with the barrel of a gun to her temple. This picture was clearly taken a mere minutes ago in this very room.

CLOSE ON JACINTO SALAS, blanching, stunned. He stares at the disturbing image, eyes welling up. An uncontrollable fury rising within him.

43 **OMITTED**

43

44 **INT. EVERLEIGH PARKING GARAGE -- DAY**

44

Josie working the laptop cell-phone transfer. Almost there. The screen counts down from 01:22... 01:21... 01:20...

Through the windshield she sees the elevator light come on. The floor start counting down from 7... 6... 5...

JOSIE
 (to self)
 Come on, fucker.

The elevator doors open and Bobby and Santiago emerge. The laptop screen still has 0:24 to go... Josie looks up, panicking. Santiago senses something and stops Bobby. Points at something in the elevator.

SANTIAGO
 Whoa, see what they did here?

BOBBY
 What?

SANTIAGO

They have a button for the 13th floor. It chafes me whenever I see the buttons jump from 12 to 14. Like people aren't going to catch on.

BOBBY

(patiently)
Oh yeah.

SANTIAGO

It's just a little detail but I gotta say, it makes me like them.

ON JOSIE: transfer finally done, Josie shuts her laptop, unplugs the cell-phone, opens her passenger door.

JOSIE

(holding up phone)
Is this it?

Bobby relaxes, relieved.

BOBBY

Where was it?

JOSIE

I felt something with my shoe under the seat, it must've just fallen out of your pocket.

SANTIAGO

Honey, you're a genius.

Bobby and Santiago climb in, all's well that ends well.

45

INT. PHOENIX'S CAR -- DRIVING -- MORNING

45

Phoenix drives and Kowalski rides shotgun, wearing the same hoodie Phoenix wore in the previous episode. In fact, they both sip from take-out coffees, echoing the earlier scene. They are silent, both have a lot on their minds. Kowalski's healing arm is still in its sling.

KOWALSKI

Right up here.

PHOENIX

This is where you live?

A grudging nod from Kowalski, who would clearly prefer if no one knew where she lives. Phoenix pulls over across from Maria's house. A beat.

KOWALSKI
I'll see you around.

She opens her door, then feels as if she should add something else. Gestures to her healing arm.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
You did good.

Phoenix is amused by Kowalski's lack of social skills.

PHOENIX
It'll be sore for a couple weeks.
Main thing is for it not to get
infected so keep taking the
antibiotic.

KOWALSKI
Will do, doc.

Kowalski pulls the handle, opens her passenger door, then remembers she's wearing Phoenix's hoodie and unzips it.

PHOENIX
You can keep that, return it later.

Kowalski ignores her, continues taking it off.

KOWALSKI
Don't have to.

PHOENIX
That's my good luck hoodie.

Kowalski stops because it's a pain to get it off the sling, then bends over and picks up the plastic bag with her robbery outfit and the gold brick.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Thank you.

KOWALSKI
Thank me?

PHOENIX
You trusted me. That means more
than you can imagine.

KOWALSKI
I knew you'd come through.

Phoenix has more to add. Hesitates, then blurts it:

PHOENIX
I'm done using.

That did not come out how she rehearsed it in her head.

KOWALSKI
(nonplussed)
Okay.

PHOENIX
For real.

KOWALSKI
I'm not here to judge you.

PHOENIX
I know that. But it's important
for me that you believe me.

Kowalski, hard to read throughout, just stares at Phoenix. Wonders if this is some sort of rehab speech. Doesn't want to get into it but figures she owes Phoenix this much.

KOWALSKI
Why?

PHOENIX
Because I'm trying to change.

KOWALSKI
(not buying it)
So you're a thrill seeker, peddling
your ass for kicks.

PHOENIX
I racked up a... a substantial tab
when I was hooked on black tar.
Once I'm paid up, I'm out.

KOWALSKI
Wild guess: your brother is
handling the loan repayment.

PHOENIX
He covered me with the guys I owe.
(off Kowalski's silence)
Not asking you to understand it, I
just wanted you to know that I
don't get high anymore.

Kowalski nods. Okay. Good talk. She climbs out of the car.

46 **EXT. MARIA'S HOUSE STREET -- DAY**

46

Phoenix watches Kowalski cross the street. Then she stops, comes back. Leans into the driver's side window.

KOWALSKI
What are you gonna do?

PHOENIX
About what?

KOWALSKI
When you're out of debt.

PHOENIX
(shrugs)
I'm gonna go back to school.

Kowalski considers this. Then turns and walks away. Phoenix shakes her head. Does not understand this woman she wishes she could connect deeper with.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
You're inscrutable.

KOWALSKI
(turns; didn't hear)
Huh?

PHOENIX
(quietly)
Nothing.

She waves and drives off.

47 **INT. MARIA'S HOUSE -- DAY**

47

Kowalski walks through the house to her bedroom.

KOWALSKI
Maria?

No reply.

IN THE BEDROOM

She opens the closet and removes a panel from the back wall; takes the gold brick from the bag and stashes it in her hiding spot, next to the ziploc-ed bundles of cash. A retching SOUND coming from the bathroom makes her tilt her head. She secures the secret panel and exits the bedroom.

THE KITCHEN

She puts on a pot of coffee. Fills up a glass with water. Shakes out a few pills from Maria's prescription bottles and grabs a face towel. Hands it to Maria as she walks in.

MARIA
(subtitled Spanish)
That man was outside watching the house.

Kowalski responds in English, but clearly understands quite a bit of Spanish.

KOWALSKI
Did Alice see him?

Maria shakes her head. A silent beat as they drink coffee.

MARIA
(subtitled Spanish)
I saw him out there when you were in Cuba. I didn't put it together before.

KOWALSKI
You sure?

MARIA
(nods)
I'm getting a little scared.

Unclear whether she's scared of Evans or her sickness. Or both.

KOWALSKI
Don't be. Doesn't help.

48

EXT. ALICE'S SCHOOL -- DAY

48

We are watching the children's playground from a CAR across the street. There's little Alice right there, running around with her friend Lauren, laughing and squealing.

INSIDE THE CAR

Evans watches the children play. Suddenly Kowalski climbs in the back seat, startling him.

KOWALSKI
You know how busy pedophiles are in jail?

EVANS
(into the rear view
mirror)
Miss Kowalski. You had us all
worried.

KOWALSKI
I'm fine, thanks for your concern.

EVANS
It's not your well being he's
worried about.

KOWALSKI
How about you? What are you
worried about?

EVANS
Now that you're here, I have one
less worry.

KOWALSKI
Why's that?

EVANS
We weren't sure if you and Blair
were in on this together.

KOWALSKI
In what world does that even make
sense?

EVANS
Two crew members knew each other
from before. Two crew members are
dead. The entire score is missing,
along with the two crew members who
knew each other. Makes you wonder.

KOWALSKI
You're putting me on, right? You
picked Blair, not me.

EVANS
Very convenient for you.

KOWALSKI
Fuck you. When's the last time you
got shot?

EVANS
I've been shot before, rest
assured.

KOWALSKI

Get the surveillance tapes and look at them. If you still think I'm in on this after you see them --

EVANS

I've seen them.

(off her surprised look)

A friend in the force got them out of evidence.

KOWALSKI

Then you know how badly you screwed up. You hired a spidermonkey on crack to handle a lot more than what you said we were gonna handle.

EVANS

I was not allowed to tell you about the gold.

KOWALSKI

Why?

EVANS

I follow instructions from my boss. Sometimes we don't see eye to eye. Let me show you something.

(he starts the car)

Would you mind sitting up in front with me?

KOWALSKI

I would, actually. I prefer the unobstructed view of the back of your head.

(What's that term, *thinly-veiled threat*? It's what this is.)

EVANS

Suit yourself.

He drives off.

49

EXT. JUNKYARD -- DAY

49

Piles of SCRAP METAL and STACKS OF WRECKED CARS. Evans pulls up and parks. Climbs out of his car and walks towards one of the rows of cars. A moment later, keeping her distance, Kowalski follows. Evans produces a set of keys from his pocket and unlocks the trunk of a wrecked OLD CADILLAC.

TWO SHOT -- EVANS AND KOWALSKI

Kowalski approaches until she's level with him and looks inside the trunk, fully expecting to see what she sees.

REVERSE ANGLE, IN THE TRUNK

The BODIES of the late Octavio and the late Wayne. Each with a HOLE DRILLED in their forehead.

BACK TO EVANS AND KOWALSKI

EVANS

After you left, Blair shot a guard. He's dead. Big mess. These two made it out but we felt they could not be trusted. Now Blair's in the wind with the two fifty and the four bricks. In order for you to be back in the good graces of Mr. Bestic, he asks that you find Blair and retrieve the score.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF FLIES hovering over the corpses.

KOWALSKI

And if I can't?

Evans does not reply because Kowalski's question is not an option. He shuts the trunk. Squints in the sun:

EVANS

You want a ride back to your daughter's school or to your house?

Off Kowalski's face we

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE -- DAY** 50

To establish the well appointed Baudelaire home in the suburbs, with the pretty hedges and multiple sprinkler systems, etc., etc.

51 **INT. CHARLIE'S STUDY -- DAY** 51

A library of wall-to-ceiling vinyl. Charlie is muttering to himself, looking for something and not finding it. He is pulling out records and setting them in different piles, reorganizing. You can tell the man takes his music collection seriously and is puzzled by what he is finding.

CHARLIE

(scanning shelf:)

The Four Tops, Aretha, Marvin Gaye,
Al Green, Isaac Hayes...

(pauses)

Who would put Minnie Ripperton next
to Donnie Hathaway?

Sets that Minnie Ripperton record aside, on top of other orphaned records. Notices something else. Pulls out a record as if it's a disease:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Julio Iglesias? What the fuck?

(embarrassed)

Next to Curtis Mayfield?

Just then there's a rap on the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

BENNIE (O.S.)

Boss, it's me.

CHARLIE

Come in.

Bennie enters. Sees Charlie and his piles of records. Is the old man losing it?

BENNIE

You okay?

CHARLIE

(shakes his head)

Some illiterate elf has been sneaking in here at night and movin' shit around so that somehow that S's now include The Staple Singers, The Stylistics, The Supremes and *The Delfonics?* The P's go: Parliament, The Persuaders, Wilson Pickett and *The Chi-Lites?*

He points at the stack of evidence, frustrated.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The O'Jays next to Gladys Knight, the Isley Brothers tucked in the Smokey Robinson section, Dee Dee Warwick next to Eddie Kendricks...

BENNIE

Man, I love Dee Dee Warwick.

CHARLIE

What's not to love? Not the goddamn point.

And now he produces the Julio Iglesias record.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Then I found this. That witch smuggled this in here and put it next to Curtis Mayfield.

Bennie makes a face. This is wrong. Charlie lights a cigar.

BENNIE

I can see why you're upset.

CHARLIE

Damn straight I'm upset. Everything go alright?

BENNIE

He'd have to be blind to miss it.

CHARLIE

I'm no fan of involving somebody's mother, but these goddamn farmers are religious. They won't drink or fuck a whore, it's only money they care about. And this guy, only reason he moved up here is to look after his mother post surgery. When I was younger, I would've just killed the bitch.

MRS. BAUDELAIRE'S VOICE can be heard loud and clear from another room. And though we have yet to meet her, she is a big presence in Charlie's story:

MRS. BAUDELAIRE (O.S.)

CHARLIE, YOU'RE NOT SMOKING IN THE HOUSE, ARE YOU?

CHARLIE

NO!

He cracks the window open, waves some smoke out. For a moment, he looks out in the distance, like somewhere out there he can see a part of him cut off forever.

Kowalski studies the mess calmly. As if by staring she will discover some hidden pattern. She walks over to the bedroom, glances inside. More destruction. A beat.

Then she walks straight to the kitchen cupboard and opens it. Very few items inside: canned soup, cereal, rice, candy. Blair clearly is no chef.

She grabs a box of cereal, feels it weight, puts it back. Tries another one. Sealed. This one feels slightly too heavy. She sets it on the counter and tears it open. Underneath the bag of cereal is a bundle of cash and a little baggie with dope. Classic thief stash. She checks the cash roll: around three grand. She pockets it.

There's nothing else that can help her here. She starts to walk out. On second thought, she goes back for the bag of dope.

56

EXT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

56

Kowalski approaches the conferring teens. Upon closer inspection, they fit the upstart drug dealer profile.

TEEN 1 (ORLANDO)

Help you?

She holds up the baggie.

KOWALSKI

You know where I can score some more of this?

The teens trade looks.

TEEN 1 (ORLANDO)

Get the fuck gone, bitch.

KOWALSKI

Ease up, I'm not a cop.

She produces the roll of cash.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

I'm looking for someone who can sell me some. Would that be you?

The teen chuckles, shakes his head.

TEEN 1 (ORLANDO)

Ma'am. Honest to God. Get outta here before you get hurt.

KOWALSKI

Tell you what. You don't call me
ma'am, I won't call you Limp Dick.

She says all this calmly, with zero venom. These guys cannot believe her nerve. Teen 1 grabs his crotch.

TEEN 1 (ORLANDO)

You wanna find out how limp I am?

KOWALSKI

(blinks)

Sure.

Not the answer he was expecting. His friend chuckles.

TEEN 2

Shit, fool. She outplayed you.

Teen 1 shakes his head.

TEEN 1 (ORLANDO)

(backing down)

Let's start over, okay? You still
want my dick after we talk, I'll
take you to up to my place.

(offering his hand)

I'm Orlando. You can call me O.

She shakes his hand.

KOWALSKI

Hi.

ORLANDO

What's your name?

KOWALSKI

Not important, Orlando. You strike
me as somebody who knows everything
that goes on around here, am I
right?

Orlando responds well to a little ego stroke. Can't quite hide the fact he indeed prides himself in knowing everything that happens in these parts. He shrugs.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

You know Blair up in 37? Skinny
white guy, nervous like a bitch,
always fixing his hair?

ORLANDO

What's he to you?

KOWALSKI
He's my ex.

ORLANDO
(no way)
You were making time with that
deadbeat?

KOWALSKI
We all make mistakes.

ORLANDO
(cupping his crotch;
confident)
I can guarantee you a better time
'n' that.

KOWALSKI
I don't doubt it. Seen him lately?

ORLANDO
I ain't seen him in a couple days.

KOWALSKI
Ever see him with anyone?

ORLANDO
Like a girl?

KOWALSKI
Sure. Anyone.

ORLANDO
No, see, that guy's always on his
own. Ain't been here longer 'n'
three months, I don't think. Keeps
to himself. Seriously, what's your
name?

KOWALSKI
Shardene.

ORLANDO
You're hilarious.

She sees no humor in this and can clearly see she's not going
to get any info from these clowns, decides to cut her losses.
Taps the railing, time to go.

KOWALSKI
Thanks anyway, "O".

She starts moving down the hallway. The teens trade looks.
What was that all about?

ORLANDO

Were you serious about wanting to buy some cheeba?

This stops Kowalski. She turns slowly.

KOWALSKI

How much?

Orlando holds up two fingers. She peels off two hundred bucks from the cash roll and walks back to them. Orlando, never taking his eyes off her, hands her a baggie that looks just like the one at Blair's. So he is, after all, the building dealer.

ORLANDO

Careful with this, okay?

She nods, pockets the baggie. A little more comfortable now, Orlando shares what he knows, as she figured he might.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Only time we saw him with someone was some dude in a wheelchair.

KOWALSKI

You sure about that?

The teens nod.

TEEN 2

It was real high-tech, the wheelchair... is that like his dad or something?

KOWALSKI

When was this?

ORLANDO

(shrugs)

Last week. Blair was treatin' him all respectful. Kissing his ass.

57

INT. SAVOY CLUB -- MAIN FLOOR -- (FLASHBACK)

57

THIS IS REPEATED FOOTAGE FROM THE PREVIOUS EPISODE. LOUD MUSIC. Kowalski and Blair wait for drinks at the bar.

BLAIR

You remember Frank Sweeney?

KOWALSKI

Sure.

KOWALSKI
I need to find Frank Sweeney.

He reacts to this.

SANTIAGO
What's this about?

KOWALSKI
Doesn't involve Charlie or Junior,
this is personal.

SANTIAGO
Not very smart, coming to me for
that kind of intel.

KOWALSKI
Who says I'm smart?

SANTIAGO
I'll see what I can do. What do
you have for me?

KOWALSKI
Nothing right now.

He regards her. This is not how the exchange of information
informant-cop is supposed to work. A beat.

SANTIAGO
I have a favor to ask you in
return.

KOWALSKI
Ask.

SANTIAGO
There was a robbery at the Savoy
Club out in Lynnville last week.
Know anything about it?

KOWALSKI
No. You working robberies now?

SANTIAGO
There was a woman involved.
Unfortunately the surveillance
tapes have been misplaced.

KOWALSKI
You guys need to hire better help.

SANTIAGO
Josie thinks it's you.

KOWALSKI

Josie feels threatened by me.
How'd you manage to come without
her today?

SANTIAGO

I explained to her you might feel
more comfortable talking just to
me.

KOWALSKI

Didn't like that one bit, I bet.

He does not reply. But his silence implies she's correct.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

How's it working out with the two
of you?

SANTIAGO

Fine.
(beat)
Some days are better than others.
(she smiles)
Why is that funny?

KOWALSKI

Just you.

SANTIAGO

Okay.

She opens the car door, gets ready to climb out. Turns:

KOWALSKI

I wish you'd go away and come back
ten years ago.

She grabs a pen, writes a number on a napkin.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Call me when you find Frank.

She exits. He watches her walk away. Thinking maybe she'll
turn to look back at him. She doesn't. He stares at the
napkin, perplexed. Understanding women less and less.

Kowalski walks through the house to the bathroom where Maria
is on her knees helping Alice towel off after a bath.

ALICE

Hi mom!

KOWALSKI

Hi monkey. How was your bath?

ALICE

It was hot but Maria says it wasn't.

MARIA

It was not hot.

ALICE

She says it's lukewarm but that is a load of crap!

She cracks herself up. Maria shakes her head. Kowalski tries to keep a straight face.

KOWALSKI

What did you say?

ALICE

(laughing)
A load of crap!

KOWALSKI

What's with this language?

ALICE

Sara says that all the time.

KOWALSKI

(to Maria)
Who's that?

Maria shrugs, helps Alice into her pjs.

ALICE

She is a girl who -- well, first I thought she was a boy, but she's a girl. Will you read me a story?

KOWALSKI

Sure.

Alice runs into her bedroom.

Kowalski and Alice in bed, Kowalski opens the book and starts to read. And this feels about as incongruous as Clint Eastwood reading a kids bedtime story:

KOWALSKI

(reading)

Once upon a time in a faraway kingdom there was a beautiful young girl named Olivia who wished she could fly. But only real princesses fly, said Mr. Horn, her imaginary unicorn...

She frowns, scans a few pages forward, reading to herself.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Who gave you this book?

ALICE

Maria.

(after a beat)

Keep reading!

Kowalski goes back to the page she was at:

KOWALSKI

(reading:)

So every day she would stare at the big sky and call out to Mr. Mingo, the pink flamingo.

Alice presses on the bandage on her arm. Kowalski flinches.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Ow.

ALICE

What happened?

KOWALSKI

I got shot.

ALICE

You got shot?

KOWALSKI

A shot. I got a shot. At the doctor's.

ALICE

Did it hurt?

KOWALSKI

Still hurts.

(back to reading:)

"What are you thinking about,
today, my pretty Olivia?" Mr.
Mingo the pink flamingo would ask.

We can tell by her face that she finds this book deeply
offensive.

ALICE

I hate shots.

KOWALSKI

Me too.

(back to reading:)

And Olivia, wide-eyed and true,
would always reply: "I wish I could
marry a prince so that one day I
could fly."

BUZZ. BUZZ. Her cell-phone is humming from the other room.

ALICE

Aw. Please don't stop. This is
the best part.

KOWALSKI

Count to fifty, I'll be right back.

She exits.

ALICE

(overwhelmed)

Fifty?

64

INT. KOWALSKI'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

64

She checks the caller ID, hesitates, answers.

KOWALSKI

Hi there.

CHARLIE

Jett, how are you doing tonight?

KOWALSKI

Just fine, you?

CHARLIE

Good, good.

INTERCUT WITH (SPLIT SCREEN)

65

INT. CHARLIE'S STUDY -- NIGHT

65

Charlie in robe and slippers, alone in his study. Does he have a tray with milk and cookies? (Perhaps.)

KOWALSKI

Just checking in on me?

CHARLIE

Yes, making sure all is good and also to let you know I found that record we were talking about.

KOWALSKI

Oh yeah?

We see the Nina Simone *My Way* record in his hands.

CHARLIE

Have it my hands right now, *My Way* from 1972. It's a french edition, starts with the Paul Anka tune made famous by Sinatra, ends with *Here Comes The Sun* by George Harrison. But right here on side one, track number four is *Save Me*, written by Aretha Franklin. Just wanted you to know.

KOWALSKI

(smiling)

Well then, I'll consider myself invited to your hotel suite.

CHARLIE

Maybe next Thursday, if convenient for you?

KOWALSKI

I think I can make that work. Thank you for calling, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Pleasure's all mine.

KOWALSKI

Good night.

She hangs up.

INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Kowalski enters. Alice sleeps. She pries the book from her hands and sets it aside. Curls up in bed beside her daughter. She places her hand on Alice's fragile little wrist and feels her pulse. She puts her other hand to the bandaged wound, feeling her own pulse. Soon both these pulses align, the sound faint at first -- but growing louder and louder, taking over our soundtrack -- *thump thump, thump thump* -- connecting mother and daughter together until we

SMASH TO BLACK