We are like the spider. We weave our life and then move along in it.

-- BRIHADARANYAKA UPANISHAD

FADE IN; INT. PARKED CAR -- DAY

Two guys in a car, BENNIE (30) and CARL (30), watching the SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING across the street.

CARL
Naw, man, don’t be telling me that.

BENNIE
Youd’ve done the same thing if Mrs. Charlie Baudelaire had asked you.

CARL
No I would not. Walk me through it. She’s in the pool, and she says come get in with me?

BENNIE
She says she’s all wet in there and I’m so dry, do I wanna join her for some laps.

CARL
That’s a whatchamacallit, a euphemism.

BENNIE
And I politely tell her I didn’t bring my trunks and just like that her maid’s bringing out this pair of surf trunks that belong to the big man. So I excuse myself, go to the john, no idea how I got myself in this predicament and as I’m about to slip them on, I notice they got built-ins.

CARL
What are -- oh you mean the meshy string thing?
(off Bennie’s grave nod)
No! You didn’t wear em!

BENNIE
What was I gonna do?
CARL
Cut them out or something! You’re basically sharing intimate space with another man’s junk.

BENNIE
I’m not gonna ruin Charlie Baudelaire’s trunks. His favorites, she said.

CARL
You coulda worn your underwear between you and the trunks.

BENNIE
In the moment I didn’t think about that. What I thought was, well, the man’s got a washing machine—

CARL
Washing machine? You telling me if you went in with some forensic CSI shit you don’t think you’d find some leftover dead skin, some skanky old scrotum shavings—

BENNIE
—Okay enough.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see a man exit the building, BALLARD. Unlocks his car. A moment later his pretty wife ROSALIE comes out in a bathrobe, hands him a bag.

BENNIE (CONT’D)
That his lunch?

CARL
That’s sweet. I wouldn’t mind a wife who makes me lunch every day.

Rosalie kisses her husband and he drives off. Looks both ways before walking back into the building. Bennie and Carl check their guns, get out of the car, cross the street.

INT. ROSALIE AND BALLARD’S APARTMENT -- DAY

Carl picks the lock. Bennie keeps watch. It only takes a moment and now Carl goes inside. Carl, gun drawn, walking toward the bathroom where we hear the shower on.

THE BATHROOM
ANGLE, SHOWER CURTAIN -- Carl draws it open to see a fit naked man, FELIX. He turns, surprised. Carl is disconcerted: this is not who he expected to see.

    CARL
    Who the--

The split-second hesitation is all Felix needs to PUNCH CARL IN THE FACE AND RIBS IN A SWIFT, MARTIAL ARTS-EXPERT MOVE. Carl hits the floor with a THUD.

FRONT DOOR

Bennie turns at the sound and walks down the hallway, gun first. Felix appears, gun drawn, angry --

    FELIX
    Who the hell are you?

Bennie takes one look at this crazed naked man and shoots him in the forehead. Felix collapses. Dead. A GASP. Bennie whips around to see Rosalie frozen at the bedroom door, bathrobe replaced with racy lingerie, mouth open in a silent scream. Eyes popping out of her head.

A tense beat. Bennie gestures apologetically to her, what could I do? Carl groans in the bathroom.

LATER

Bennie on the phone:

    BENNIE
    (listens, then:)
    That’s what I’m trying to tell you.
The intended, uh, kidnap victim was having an affair with a neighbor and he is, was, a jiu-jitsu instructor, what are the chances? And he overpowered Carl and I shot him.
    (listens, then:)
    No, the jiu-jitsu instructor.
    (listens, then:)
    I know. Took me by surprise as well, big surprise.
    (listens, then:)
    We’re still here. No, nobody heard, if they had, they would’ve come around by now. We’re safe, we just, well, now we have a body to move and it’s daylight.
    (listens, then:)
    (MORE)
BENNIE (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. I understand. I do
respect your orders. Not a hair.
She’s emotionally distressed,
understandably so, but in no way
harmed.

CAMERA PULLS BACK OUT OF THE APARTMENT...

MAIN TITLES

3 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

A SCHOOL BUS pulls up to the corner. The doors hiss open.
MARIA (40’s, Central American, skinny, short cropped hair),
helps an 8-year-old girl climb on. The bus takes off. Maria
walks back inside a small stucco single-story home.

SUBTITLE: TWO WEEKS AGO

A moment later a TAXI CAB pulls up and DAISY “JETT” KOWALSKI
climbs out: 40, big eyes, sexy black dress, heels, make-up --
she was out all night. She hurries inside the house. We
will soon learn Kowalski is more doer than talker, not a fan
of wasted motion.

4 INT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- -- KITCHEN DAY

Kowalski rushes in. Maria is making coffee.

KOWALSKI
Did I already miss her?

Maria shrugs, hands her a coffee.

MARIA
(subtitled Spanish)
A minute ago. I’m going to the
market. You want breakfast first?

Kowalski slumps into a chair, unstraps her heels. These two
are close.

KOWALSKI
No, thank you. I ate. When’s your
appointment?

MARIA
This afternoon. But I would rather
go alone.

KOWALSKI
Why?
MARIA
There will be others, don’t worry.

INT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- KOWALSKI’S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Behind Kowalski as she pushes open her bedroom door, undressing. One step into the carpeted, plain-as-a-jail-cell
room and she pauses. Something isn’t right. She cocks her
head. Starts to turn when a big hand flies to her mouth.

TAGGART
Easy.

The hood covering her mouth is TAGGART. The other one,
leaning against her closet pointing the gun, is HOPPER.
Kowalski is alert but not panicked. Like this is not the
first time this happens to her.

TAGGART (CONT’D)
I’m gonna talk, you’re gonna
listen. Okay?

(she nods)
So we’re clear. The people we work
for know where you live, know where
Alice goes to school, know the
address of her teacher Miss
Kennedy, know your maid Maria’s
daily routine, know your bartending
schedule four times a week. Do you
understand?

She nods. He removes the hand from her mouth.

TAGGART (CONT’D)
Sit down.

(she sits on the bed)
Last night you spent time with
Charlie Baudelaire in his hotel
suite -- none of my business but,
excellent taste on the old timer’s
part, if I may. Next time you see
him, we need a favor.

He nods at Hopper, who tosses HANDCUFFS on the bed.

TAGGART (CONT’D)
Engage Charlie in a little S&M and
have him cuffed when we come in.
We’ll take it from there. We just
wanna have a chat with him.

(then)
How’s that sound to you?
She doesn’t respond.

HOPPER
Tell her the best part.

TAGGART
Best part is you get to walk away. Alive. So does your daughter, her teacher and your maid.
(she doesn’t respond)
You do this for us, you walk out alive. You don’t do it... well, we know how to find you. Right?
(she nods slowly)
Do I need to slap you a little, make sure you’re grasping what I’m telling you?
(she shakes her head)
Do I need to drag your maid in here, hurt her?

She stares at him. Hard.

TAGGART (CONT’D)
You got nothing to say?

KOWALSKI
Maria’s not my maid.

**EXT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- NIGHT**

A well appointed Art Deco Hotel. The DOORMAN opens the door for Kowalski -- black dress, heels -- dressed to kill.

DOORMAN
Miss Kowalski.

**INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE LOBBY -- NIGHT**

Kowalski walks through the lobby to the elevator.

**INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE PENTHOUSE HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

She walks out of the elevator toward Charlie’s suite.

**INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S SUITE -- NIGHT**

The door opens and she is let in, walks past two men who we recognize as Bennie and Carl. She nods at them, familiar.
KOWALSKI
Bennie. Carl.

BENNY
A sight for sore eyes. He’s in the sort of mood only you can fix.

KOWALSKI
His wife again?

BENNY
What else?

Bennie opens the door for her to Charlie’s bedroom.

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

CHARLIE BAUDELAIRE, black, 60, has his back to us, looking out the window at the city below. Kowalski crosses to the bar to make him a drink. Brings it to him.

CHARLIE
Scary. The way you read my mind.

KOWALSKI
What’s so interesting out there?

CHARLIE
Thinking about my friend Jacques McCabe. Works as a tour guide in the Keys. Wait. Isn’t that where you’re originally from?

KOWALSKI
Gainesville.

CHARLIE
Right, I forgot. Well, a couple months ago Jacques is driving into Miami after the weekend and he’s stuck in traffic, some accident or something, the whole freeway’s backed up and he’s at the off ramp and he gets rear-ended by this cherry 1971 Ford Pantera. You familiar with the Pantera?

KOWALSKI
Not to be a girl about it but, no.
CHARLIE
Frankly I’m surprised. I would’ve thought you’d stolen more than one in your line of work.

KOWALSKI
Former line of work.

CHARLIE
Of course, former. The Pantera was exported into the States by the great Italian sports car manufacturer De Tomaso. Problem is they were so temperamental that even the King himself allegedly shot his after it wouldn’t start. In any case, Jacques gets rear-ended by one and he gets out of his car -- he drives a beat-up old piece of junk Jeep -- and the owner of the Pantera is just pale with grief, he can’t believe he’s done this. And they inspect both cars and realize there is absolutely positively zero visible damage, I mean, nothing whatsoever, not even a scratch.

EXT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- NIGHT

The doorman is helping a couple of GUESTS with directions when Taggart and Hopper slip by him into the hotel.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
... but then the Pantera guy’s wife gets out of the car and says wait a minute, nobody moves until the cops arrive, we are sticking to the letter of the law here...

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Ascending. Taggart unzips his jacket. We see the pistol in his waistband. Cracks his knuckles. Hopper pops gum.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
So now they’re out there waiting an hour and a half and finally a cop shows up and they explain what happened and this cop takes one look at the Pantera and says to them: “are you kidding me?

(MORE)
CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I’m not even writing this up, it’s so dumb. I suggest you get in your cars and go home.” So they do.

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT
Charlie finishes his story:

CHARLIE
Yesterday Jacques is talking to his insurance agent and the agent says, “you remember that guy that rear-ended you a couple months back?”
Yes. “Well, ten minutes after he got home that day, he dropped dead from a brain hemorrhage.”

KOWALSKI
No way.

She turns her back to him and he unzips her. She steps out of the dress and walks to the bed in her striking Agent Provocateur lingerie, garters and all.

CHARLIE
Previous condition. Totally unrelated freak coincidence. But it means this guy, thanks to his lovely wife, wasted the last hour and a half of his life waiting for a cop to write a non-ticket on a bogus non-accident. Beautiful, isn’t it?

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT
Taggart and Hopper, focused, walk past a MAID pushing a cart. A man falls into step behind them. This is CHARLIE BAUDELAIRE JUNIOR (30), crazy like a fox (though often just actually crazy).

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT
Kowalski reaches into her purse to produce a pair of HANDCUFFS --

KOWALSKI
Why don’t we put these on you, take your mind off such worrisome matters?
And off his tempted face --

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S SUITE -- LATER

Junior knocks on the bedroom door.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Who is it?

JUNIOR

Dad, it’s me. All clear.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Come in.

Junior comes in.

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie is in bed, one wrist handcuffed to the bed post, the other hand on a hidden gun on his lap. Kowalski leans on the edge of the desk, reapplying her lipstick, dress back on.

JUNIOR

We got them.

CHARLIE

Both of them?

JUNIOR

Both of them.

CHARLIE

Dead?

JUNIOR

Dead.

KOWALSKI

Whoa, whoa, save the shop talk for later. I don’t need all these details.

JUNIOR

How ya doing, Jett?

Something in his look says these two are civil to each other but that’s about the extent of it.

KOWALSKI

Not too bad, Junior.
She grabs her purse and crosses to the door.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
I’m signing off. I’m sure you boys need your family time.

CHARLIE
Hey. C’mere.

She stops, walks over to him.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
What you did tonight was above and beyond. I won’t forget.

KOWALSKI
Don’t mention it.

Charlie sets the gun on the bedside table, pulls a roll of hundreds from his jacket pocket. He caresses her cheek gently, offers her the money. She doesn’t take it.

CHARLIE
For Alice. Get her something pretty to wear.

KOWALSKI
You don’t need to do that.

CHARLIE
All it means is exactly that. A gift for your daughter. As a token of my gratitude.

She nods. Accepts the money. Glances at Charlie Junior as she walks by him.

INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE LOBBY -- NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Kowalski comes out. She is headed toward the exit when she notices someone she knows at the bar. She looks away but it’s too late. He already saw her.

She pauses. This is police detective SANTIAGO FIERRO, 40’s. Santiago is Guatemalan-American. Low-key, easy smile.

SANTIAGO
Jett? Wow. I didn’t expect to, wow. What’re you -- how’s things?

KOWALSKI
Things are fine.
SANTIAGO
My God, Jett Kowalski. You’re not staying here?

KOWALSKI
In the hotel? No. I’m just -- I’m meeting someone.

SANTIAGO
Ah. Business?

KOWALSKI
I could ask you the same.

SANTIAGO
You could.

A beat. There’s history between these two. Sparks.

SANTIAGO (CONT’D)
When did you get out?

KOWALSKI
Four months ago. Good behavior.

SANTIAGO
Happy to hear that. You working?

KOWALSKI
Part time. Bartending.

SANTIAGO
Bartending.

KOWALSKI
Pouring booze in a glass. For tips.
(re: his ring)
You’re married.

SANTIAGO
Full time.

KOWALSKI
Cute.

Kowalski notices the woman at the bar waiting for Santiago.
Her name is JOSIE.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
That her?

SANTIAGO
Colleague. We’re working.
KOWALSKI
You’re not undercover these days, are you?

SANTIAGO
It’s really good to see you.

KOWALSKI
Hope not. Unless you’re disguised as undercover cops.

SANTIAGO
I’m glad you’re out.

KOWALSKI
That’s sweet.

She turns, heads for the door. He waits, turns, re-joins his partner at the bar. Kowalski glances back to see if he’s watching her. He pretends he’s not.

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INT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kowalski tucks in a sleepy Alice for bedtime.

KOWALSKI
Good night, monkey.

ALICE
Good night, mom.

Kowalski kisses her and goes to the door, turns off the light, leaves the door slightly ajar for monsters and such.

ALICE (CONT’D)
Mom?

KOWALSKI
Yes?

ALICE
Do all monsters live on the moon?

KOWALSKI
Most of them.

Alice nods, satisfied with this. Kowalski turns to exit--

ALICE
Mom?

KOWALSKI
Yes, monkey.
ALICE
Maria seems a little, I don’t know.

KOWALSKI
That’s why she went to the doctor.

ALICE
She won’t tell me what’s wrong.

KOWALSKI
I’ll talk to her.

OMITTED

INT. TIPSY COW BAR -- NIGHT

Crowded. The music is loud, we can’t hear a thing. Kowalski tends bar. Shots are served, beers poured, tips collected, lewd passes navigated -- she’s a hard worker.

EXT. TIPSY COW BAR -- BACK EXIT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Kowalski comes out and sits on the back steps for a bourbon break. Pensive. A beat. A CAR creeps slowly up the alley. Kowalski rises, alert, about to head back in, when she recognizes the passenger. She hesitates.

KOWALSKI
You checking up on me now?

SANTIAGO
Get in. Five minutes.

Santiago rides shotgun, Josie is behind the wheel.

INT. SANTIAGO’S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Kowalski climbs in back. The car drives off.

SANTIAGO
Jett, this is my partner Josie, Josie, Jett.

Josie
Charmed.

KOWALSKI
You kids out cruising, see if you can set off some fireworks?
Santiago shows her the review LCD screen of his Nikon camera.

**SANTIAGO**
Tell me if you know these guys.

**ON LCD SCREEN --** surveillance pictures of the two men who harassed her, Hopper and Taggart.

**KOWALSKI**
Never seen them.

**SANTIAGO**
You sure?

**KOWALSKI**
Can I go back to work now, chief?

**SANTIAGO**
This guy’s name is Wesley Taggart. Real nasty piece of work. This one is Jordane Hopper. They work for Charlie Baudelaire Junior.

Kowalski winces. But doesn’t give anything away.

**KOWALSKI**
So what is that to me?

**SANTIAGO**
I find it curious that you’re tight with his old man and he has two clowns tailing you, that’s all.

**KOWALSKI**
When were those taken?

**SANTIAGO**
Twenty minutes ago. They’re parked out front, watching the bar.

Her head spins. They are supposed to be dead, after all.

**KOWALSKI**
They work for Junior, you sure?

**JOSIE**
Suddenly she’s interested.

**SANTIAGO**
They do. I can’t tell you anymore since I don’t think you want to be involved in any of this, am I right?
She nods, grateful. The car stops. Kowalski gets out.

    KOWALSKI
    Thanks, Tiago.

    SANTIAGO
    Good luck.

    KOWALSKI
    Be seeing you, Josephine.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD they watch Kowalski walk down the alley toward the back entrance of the bar.

EXT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kowalski walks to the front door, unlocks it, enters. Light comes on. A CAR pulls into frame, parks two houses down.

INT. PARKED CAR -- NIGHT

Taggart and Hopper in the car. Hopper checks his watch.

    HOPPER
    That looks like she’s done.

    TAGGART
    Wouldn’t mind tucking her in.

    HOPPER
    She’s probably showering off all that bar stink, rubbing soap between her legs.

    TAGGART
    Don’t think about it. Your head will explode.

He says this opening the car door.

    HOPPER
    Where you going?

    TAGGART
    Taking a leak. You wanna hold it?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

He walks behind the car, under the cover of a light post, unzips his pants and starts to take a piss.
Kowalski appears behind him and presses a wrench against the base of his skull, pretending it’s a gun.

KOWALSKI
Your piece. Slow.

He slowly opens his jacket and hands over his gun. She checks that it’s loaded, presses it against his head.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
On your knees.

He has no choice but to comply.

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INT. PARKED CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Hopper sticks a cigarette in his mouth, looks for matches in the glove compartment. The rear passenger door opens and Kowalski slips in.

KOWALSKI
gun to his skull
Easy.

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INT. HOTEL JOSEPHINE -- CHARLIE’S SUITE -- NIGHT

ON CHARLIE coming out of his bedroom in silk pyjamas, tying his robe. Clearly he’s been woken up mid-sleep. He pauses at the sight. Shakes his head. Can’t help but grin.

REVERSE ON KOWALSKI, wrench in her waistband, the gun trained on a humiliated Taggart and Hopper, hands behind their heads on the couch.

Charlie looks to Bennie and Carl standing by the door.

CHARLIE
Where’s Junior?

BENNIE
We left messages. Maybe he’s out?

KOWALSKI
You wanna explain what’s going on?

A beat. Charlie wonders where to start.

CHARLIE
Yes. Let them go.

KOWALSKI
Let them go?
CHARLIE
They work for my son. It was a test.

KOWALSKI
What test?

CHARLIE
To see if I could trust you.

She can’t believe this. Sets gun and wrench on the table. Doesn’t even have to say *Fuck You*. The look says it. Exits.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
I have a proposition for you.

She’s gone. Charlie looks at Bennie and Carl. They shrug.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Santiago and Josie fall on the bed. The following conversation happens as they help each other out of their clothes in a playful yet matter-of-fact manner that says this is not their first time together.

JOSIE
*Tiago.* Is that what she called you?

SANTIAGO
Give it a rest.

JOSIE
No, too glib for me but I can see the appeal.

SANTIAGO
I owe her more than that.

JOSIE
From your undercover days?

SANTIAGO
The woman is a world class thief.

JOSIE
Was she also something you had to do to protect your cover? A selfless sacrifice?
SANTIAGO
Ten years ago I infiltrated the organization of a five-star wacko named Frank Sweeney, you ever hear of him?

JOSIE
The drug lord, the one used nail guns on his competition?

Josie climbs on top of him.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

ON KOWALSKI. Striking in pencil skirt and heels. On the minus side, she’s passed out and tied to a wall radiator. A door slams shut, waking her. She quickly assesses the gravity of the situation: wrists/ankles tied together behind her back, a thick belt connecting her throat to the radiator.

SANTIAGO (V.O.)
And Kowalski was new to the crew.

Two men enter: a hood named MURPHY and the very slick drug dealer he works for, FRANK SWEENEY, 50, in a Paul Smith suit.

SUBTITLE: TEN YEARS AGO

SWEENEY
How ya feeling, sweetness?

KOWALSKI
I got a crick in my neck.

SWEENEY
Hear that, Murphy? Grace under pressure. I know what you are so you might as well get it off your chest.

KOWALSKI
What are you talking about?

SWEENEY
I got a plane to catch, so let’s speed this up, officer.

KOWALSKI
Talk to me. Tell me what happened.

SWEENEY
You tipped them off about Lafayette, is what happened.
(MORE)
SWEENEY (CONT'D)
The deal looked clean and simple, now it’s complicated.

KOWALSKI
Your logic is not tracking.

SWEENEY
Bring Blair in here.

Murphy exits.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT (PRESENT)
Josie lets out a tiny orgasmic gasp and collapses beside Santiago. They catch their breath, sweaty and spent.

SANTIAGO
So Sweeney had this trigger-happy speed freak named Blair put a gun to her head and squeeze the trigger a couple times.

JOSIE
Where were you?

SANTIAGO
In the other room, figuring out how to shoot my way outta the place. Three against one.

JOSIE
How’d you manage?

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)
Sweeney grabs the revolver from the speed freak named BLAIR (whom we will meet again in the next episode), produces two bullets from his pocket, drops them into the chamber. Spins it. Hands the revolver to Murphy.

SWEENEY
(to Kowalski)
How did they know we were coming?

Murphy takes the revolver. Sweeney nods. Murphy raises his hand, trains the revolver on Kowalski --

KOWALSKI
(improvising)
Ask Murphy where he was last night.


SWEENEY

Do it.

Murphy hesitates. Doesn’t want to kill her.

KOWALSKI

Ask him why he wasn’t at the safe house.

MURPHY

What are you saying?

KOWALSKI

Ask him about the call he made from the bar.

Murphy squeezes the trigger. The chamber clicks once — empty. Kowalski shuts her eyes tight. Suddenly Sweeney grabs something metallic from the desk and presses it against Murphy’s neck — CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! Murphy crumples. Sweeney is holding a high powered NAIL GUN.

SWEENEY

(to a stunned Kowalski:)
I’ve known all along he was the rat. Sorry I used you to smoke him out. Diego!

SANTIAGO (V.O.)

That was my name. Diego.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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Santiago enters, sees her on the floor. A trembling mess.

SANTIAGO (V.O.)

The way she played it, I didn’t have to shoot anyone.

SWEENEY

Help her get cleaned up. We leave in half hour.

Sweeney exits. Kowalski exhales. Santiago unites her. She studies him. Putting it together:

KOWALSKI

It wasn’t Murphy.

SANTIAGO

KOWALSKI
You’re the leak.

He helps her up. She locks eyes with him. Shaky. Drained.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
I hate cops... but I hate that son of a bitch worse. I suggest you walk out that door and never let me see you again.

She means it. She turns, about to be sick.

BACK TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Josie and Santiago eat cold pizza, still half naked. This is a ritual.

JOSIE
And you never saw her til today?

SANTIAGO
(sheepish)
I ran into her a couple times.

JOSIE
You mean to tell me you knocked boots with a known felon, detective?

SANTIAGO
She made me. And kept her mouth shut.

JOSIE
Why would she do that, you think?

Playing with him. Asking questions she can guess answers to.

SANTIAGO
(shrugs)
I took her advice and quit undercover. I was clearly not as good as the job required.

JOSIE
And Sweeney?

SANTIAGO
Ended up a quadriplegic. Mystery shooter.
JOSIE
Saint Jett Kowalski?

SANTIAGO
Nobody knows.

JOSIE
Her file says five years in Jackson.

SANTIAGO
On a Mickey Mouse charge. But they had to get her on something. I tell ya, she would’ve made a hell of a cop.

Josie takes this in, nods. Checks her cell phone.

JOSIE
You gotta go.

She kisses his chest tenderly. He touches the tip of her nose with his index finger. She smiles.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Prim and proper and all those things. Charlie, dressed in a slightly incongruous outfit (vaguely leprechaun-like, but you would never say that to his face) golfs with Kowalski.

CHARLIE
I want you to steal a ring for me.

KOWALSKI
(a beat)
A ring.

CHARLIE
A ring, belongs to a man I do business with.

KOWALSKI
This is what that test was about?

CHARLIE
The former version of yourself, I never doubted. But prison changes people. I had to make sure. I’m sorry.

KOWALSKI
I get the test part. But why have them follow me even after?
CHARLIE
Good question. I’ll have to check with my son.

KOWALSKI
I’m not going back to prison, Charlie. Not for you, not for anyone. Not ever. I quit.

CHARLIE
You didn’t quit, you were caught. Big difference. Do this job and you’ll have something to retire with.

KOWALSKI
I appreciate you coming to me and I mean zero disrespect but my civilian job pays for Alice’s school and even though--

CHARLIE
(not listening)
They call him the Russian, but he’s not Russian. He’s from, I don’t know, one of those Eastern European countries keeps changing names every five minutes. The point is, this bastard has a safe filled with all sorts of shit I have no interest in whatsoever and neither should you. It is of paramount importance, paramount -- that you understand if any of that shit were to go missing this job is officially a failure. Epic disaster, major repercussions. The only item of interest to me in this man’s safe, the safe I’m proposing you pick, is a ring about yay big, worth North of -- well, never mind what it’s worth exactly, but to you it’s worth half a million bucks.

Silence. She looks off in the distance. Then:

KOWALSKI
If you need a safe cracked, why not hire a safecracker?

CHARLIE
Good point. See, because it’s not all that simple. This man has many enemies.

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I’ve been going around it in my mind and I can’t think of any better way to get into his house to get to the safe than through the front door. And that’s where you have the advantage over any hotshot safecracker.

Now we’re getting to it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I’m not saying sleep with him. That’s your prerogative.

KOWALSKI
And all you want is this one ring?

CHARLIE
But here’s the fun part: I want you to replace the ring with a replica I’m gonna give you. You do your job right, he’ll never know.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT -- DAY
Charlie and Kowalski eat lunch, silent for a beat. Then:

KOWALSKI
And where is this Russian man?

CHARLIE
He’s in Havana.

KOWALSKI
Havana, Cuba?

CHARLIE
Birthplace of rum and Perez Prado.

KOWALSKI
What size crew?

CHARLIE
There’s the rub. This guy is very connected and it’s a very small island. Any kind of crew shows up, he’s gonna know. No crew, no weapons. It’s gotta be you plus the safecracker.
KOWALSKI
You want me to walk into a totally unknown situation with no backup whatsoever, with some Russian gangster, in Cuba?

He holds her gaze by way of response. She gives a tiny little shake of her head.

CHARLIE
You’re the only person who can do this job. If you don’t do it, it doesn’t get done. And I need this done.

She’s intrigued, so she knows she better get out of here now.

KOWALSKI
I gotta pick up my kid at school.

She exits.

EXT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Middle of the perfectly-still night. Everyone sleeps.

INT. MARIA’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Maria sleeps...

INT. ALICE’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Little Alice sleeps...

OMITTED

INT. KOWALSKI’S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Kowalski lies motionless, staring at the ceiling. Finally grabs the phone and presses SEND. A moment.

KOWALSKI
Only one person I’d even consider doing this with and he’s got three years left in Atwater.

CHARLIE
If that’s who you need, maybe that can be arranged.
KOWALSKI
(did she hear correctly)
That can be arranged?

INTERCUT WITH (SPLIT SCREEN)

INT. CHARLIE’S STUDY -- NIGHT

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

CHARLIE
For a fee. But if Quinn is the
only person you’ll do this with.

KOWALSKI
He is. And you said if I don’t do
it, it doesn’t get done.

CHARLIE
See that, I love how your mind
works. I’ll get back to you.
Sleep tight, Jett.

He hangs up.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

BENNIE (V.O.)
You ready for this?

FADE IN; INT. SAFE HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON Rosalie, blind-folded, looks up and nods, scared.

EXT. ATWATER STATE PENITENTIARY -- DAY

A CAR pulls up to the GUARD GATE. The man inside the car
shows the guard his ID. The guard opens the gate. As the
car drives through, we get a good look at the ominous
concrete structure housing a thousand of America’s worst.
The car parks. The man gets out, lunch paper bag in hand.

INT. OFFICER LOCKERS -- DAY

A row of lockers. CORRECTIONS OFFICERS change out of their
civilian clothes into uniforms.
Ballard opens his locker and changes. He peeks into the paper bag, sees the sandwich and his wife’s note:

*Have a great day! XOXOXOXO*

He puts his stuff in the locker when his cell phone hums.

**BALLARD**

Hello?

**BENNIE (ON THE PHONE)**

Associate warden Dwight Ballard?

**BALLARD**

Speaking.

**BENNIE (ON THE PHONE)**

Don’t say a word, just listen.

Now Rosalie’s voice comes on the line, crying --

**ROSALIE (ON THE PHONE)**

Honey, I’m okay but do as they say--

**BALLARD**

Rosalie?

Bennie comes back on the line:

**BENNIE (ON THE PHONE)**

We won’t touch her if you do as we say.

**BALLARD**

Who are you?

**BENNIE (ON THE PHONE)**

I can be your best friend or your worst nightmare, up to you. There’s an inmate named Rufus Quinton. You’re gonna trade him for your wife. You have today to figure it out, we make the trade tomorrow. I’ll call you at seven AM sharp. If you contact anyone, I give you my personal guarantee I will personally sodomize your wife every hour on the hour, chop her up and mail you the body parts.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Ballard stares at the phone. His entire world has just been upended. A GUARD walks past.
GUARD

How’s it hanging, Ballard?

A sickened Ballard doesn’t respond.

INT. SAFE HOUSE -- DAY

Bennie shuts his phone and addresses Rosalie. We are in a small bare room on a second floor. A bed, a bathroom, a small table. Rosalie is seated on a chair in her robe.

BENNIE

That’s for effect, put it out of your mind.

(she sobbs silently)
If your husband loves you, he’ll do as told and this whole episode will be an exciting survival story to share at cocktail parties.

(after a beat)
Except for the part about the jiu-jitsu instructor.

(she cries harder)
What are you doing anyway, messing around behind your husband’s back?

A SOFT RAP ON THE DOOR. Bennie grabs his nickel-plated Mag.

BENNIE (CONT’D)

Who is it?

CARL (O.S.)

It’s me.

Bennie opens the door. Carl enters, face all beat up and bandaged, a fresh set of women’s clothes in his hands.

BENNIE

Man, he got you but good.

CARL

You make the call? How’d it go?

BENNIE

I said personal twice in the same sentence, sounded stupid. But I think he got the message. How’s the apartment?

CARL

Wiped clean.
BENNY
And Bruce Lee?

CARL
In a landfill. We’re back in business. How is she?

BENNY
Emotional.

46
INT. ATWATER STATE PENITENTIARY -- NIGHT

Moving down the cellblock corridor with Ballard. He stops at a cell and unlocks it.

47
INT. QUINN’S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

RUFUS “QUINN” QUINTON, (40’s, black) ace safecracker, is seated on his cot, not expecting visitors. Cool.

BALLARD
(holding up slip)
Infirmary transfer.

QUINN
Wrong cell, pal.

BALLARD
If I were you, Quinton, I’d get up right now and come with me.

QUINN
None of that is very professional.

BALLARD
And I’d keep my mouth shut.
(Quinn doesn’t budge)
Come on now.

QUINN
Okay, don’t over-react.

48
INT. ATWATER CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

ON SURVEILLANCE MONITORS we watch Ballard escort Quinn.

49
INT. ATWATER INFIRMARY -- NIGHT

Ballard hands the transfer slip to a MEDIC.
INT. INFIRMARY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Quinn enters the examination room. Ballard right behind him.

QUINN
What’s the big mystery?

Ballard punches him in the gut, drops him on the floor. He
reaches behind a cabinet and pulls out a folded uniform.

BALLARD
Wear it.

He drops the uniform in front of Quinn, along with a
clearance badge.

EXT. ATWATER STATE PENITENTIARY -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Ballard and Quinn walk to Ballard’s car. Get in. Drive off.
We follow the car to the GUARD GATE, where both men show
their badges and the gate is opened. The car drives out of
the prison. Quinn is free.

EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY (EARLY MORNING)

A car parked in the otherwise empty station. Bennie and

Ballard’s car rolls in, parks in front of Bennie’s car, nose
to nose. Ballard and Quinn in the front seat. A beat.

Bennie nods at Ballard, signals over to the station office.
Ballard looks over to see Carl inside, high powered rifle
pointed straight at him. Bennie opens the door and Rosalie
steps out. Ballard opens the door and Quinn steps out.

A beat.

The prisoners walk slowly past each other, Quinn nodding,
Rosalie about ready to pass out. A silent choreography.

Once Rosalie is inside the car and Ballard is hugging her,
Carl opens fire -- 1-2-3-4 SHOTS -- BLOWING OUT THE TIRES --

INT. BALLARD’S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Ballard covers Rosalie, reaching for his gun --

ROSALIE
It’s okay, it’s just the tires!
54  **EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY**

Bennie rolls out, Carl jumping in back of the car. They pull out of the station, leaving the shaken Ballards behind.

55  **INT. BENNIE’S CAR -- MOVING -- DAY**

Bennie takes off his sunglasses. Quinn knows him:

    QUINN
    Bennie.

    BENNIE
    Quinn.

Carl is looking out the back window.

    CARL
    Was that great shooting or was that great shooting?

    QUINN
    Living the dream.

    CARL
    You can write that down.

    QUINN
    Anybody mind bringing me up to speed?

    BENNIE
    We’re on a need to know basis.

    CARL
    Tell you what I do know, I wouldn’t wanna be that chick’s therapist right now.

The car speeds down the road.

56  **INT. SAFE HOUSE -- DAY**

Bennie opens the door, shows Quinn in. Quinn takes in his surroundings: the kitchen, the bathroom.

    BENNIE
    Ain’t much, but this will be home for a while.
QUINN
You’d be surprised what I’m used to.

Bennie produces a bottle of Scotch from a bag.

BENNIE
I got this for you.

QUINN
Thanks. And this old thing?

He points at the 3-NUMBER GUN SAFE sitting by the wall.

BENNIE
Junior will explain.

Quinn nods. Bennie turns to leave, then pulls a pistol from his waistband, sets it on the table.

BENNIE (CONT’D)
You won’t need this, but just in case. It’s clean.

QUINN
I appreciate it.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN; INT. SAFE ROOM -- NIGHT

Quinn is asleep on the couch when a noise wakes him. A low RAP on the door. He grabs the pistol and inches over to the door, cocks his head --

JUNIOR (O.C.)
It’s me, Charles Junior.

Quinn opens the door. The two men eye each other icily.

QUINN
I don’t mean to come off ungrateful, but you could’ve asked me about the job before getting me out.

JUNIOR
Wasn’t my idea. It was my old man’s. And Jett.

QUINN
What’s she got to do with it?
JUNIOR
Oh. I don’t feel comfortable being the one telling you.

QUINN
Telling me what.

JUNIOR
You better let her explain. I’m here strictly on business.

QUINN
And what is our business?

Junior points at the safe.

JUNIOR
How long would it take you to crack that, no tools, no drilling?

QUINN
Ten minutes.

JUNIOR
(doesn’t believe it)
No kidding, you’re that good, even after all this time?

Quinn just looks at him. No need to answer. Junior produces two passports and a photograph, sets them on the table.

JUNIOR (CONT’D)
For your trip abroad. Jett will fill you in on the rest.

Junior walks to the door.

QUINN
Junior.

JUNIOR
Charles Junior.

QUINN
Charles Junior. Since when do Jett and your dad come up with ideas together?

JUNIOR
Don’t ask me that.

QUINN
I’m asking you.
JUNIOR
All I can tell you is, first time
it happened, the old man said it
was hands down the greatest two
days of fucking in his whole life.

Acting like it pains him to say it, but not doing this quite
convincingly. Junior exits.

Quinn looks at their new passports. He’s WILLIAM PALMER,
she’s MARGARET CHELSOM. He grabs a photograph of the mark,
MILJAN “THE RUSSIAN” BESTIC: dark haired, mid 50’s, elegant.
Studies the guy. A beat.

FADE TO BLACK

58A QUICK FADE UP; INT. MARIA’S HOUSE -- KOWALSKI’S ROOM -- NIGHT

Kowalski looking at herself in the mirror, holding up a red
blouse. Pretty sexy. Next she holds up a turquoise dress.
Pretty sexy too.

FLASH TO

58B INT. INDUSTRIAL ELEVATOR -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

TWO MASKED FIGURES in wetsuits ride the elevator down --
Kowalski and Quinn. CAMERA MOVES down to their gloved hands,
hanging at their sides. Quinn’s hand inches closer and
closer to hers. Reaches to hold her hand. She almost lets
him, then slaps his hand away.

58C INT. DOCKED BOAT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kowalski and Quinn (still masked) flash a light on the WALL
SAFE. He takes out a small drill and starts drilling into the
casing housing the keypad. Hands her a small device. He
plugs a cable into the keypad, the device in her hand starts
generating random numbers. They wait.

Quinn peels his mask up to his nose, gestures for her to do
the same. She’s confused. He gestures, go ahead. She does.
He leans in and they kiss. Then the device beeps. The safe
pops open. Kowalski unzips her backpack and starts stuffing
it with jewels.

(This is a flashback we’ll only catch a glimpse on in this
episode but will come back to in Episode 6)
Kowalski looking at herself in the mirror. Maria’s voice startles her.

    MARIA (O.S.)
    Go with the red.

Kowalski sees her standing at the doorway.

    KOWALSKI
    That’s very Catholic of you.

Maria walks over, both women side by side in the mirror like something out of Persona. She pulls Kowalski’s hair back so it’s off her neck:

    MARIA
    (subtitled Spanish)
    Being nervous is good.

    KOWALSKI
    You sound like a fortune cookie.

    MARIA
    (subtitled Spanish)
    Hold your ground. Don’t let him use his looks to distract you.

    KOWALSKI
    (can’t help but smile)
    Who are you right now?

    MARIA
    (deadpan)
    A Ride or Die bitch, full of wisdom.

    KOWALSKI
    (cracking up)
    Gonna give me some career counseling?

    MARIA
    Here’s my advice: unless you plan on having a long conversation before... go with the red.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN; INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT

On Quinn asleep. Then:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP:

A WOMAN'S LIPS, slightly parted. Kowalski’s.

BACK TO QUINN

Asleep. Then a light RAP on the door wakes him. He grabs the gun on the table and walks to the door. Waits.

KOWALSKI (O.S.)

It’s me.

He pauses before opening the door and there she is. Radiant in her red blouse. Bottle of wine in hand. A big grin spreads on her face at the sight of him.

He slaps her. She holds still, feeling the sting. They hold each other’s gaze. A thousand contradicting emotions. He reaches out to touch her cheek. She turns away. And now she leans into his palm, lets her face feel his touch. They stay like this for a moment, animals reacquainting themselves with the other’s scent. He touches her mouth, her neck, she closes her eyes. Not entirely clear whether he will strangle her or kiss her. Perhaps both.

QUINN

Are you with Charlie?

KOWALSKI

Seven years, so choose wisely: you wanna talk before or after?

A pause. She steps out of her heels, never losing eye contact. Unbuttons her blouse. Turns and heads to the bedroom. Holds her hand out behind her for him to follow.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN; INT. SAFE HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

QUINN, turning the dial of the safe, deep in focus. Kowalski comes out of the bedroom, glistening with sweat. Gets dressed. A silent beat.

QUINN

Junior says you’re the old man’s number one.
KOWALSKI
   Junior has a lot of time to think about things.

She sits on the table and glances at the STOPWATCH. Quinn listens for a CLICK from the tumbler.

DAISY
   Is that a number?

QUINN
   That’s the first one.

He turns the wheel some more, alert. She watches. No matter how many times she’s seen this, she’s always impressed.

QUINN (CONT’D)
   So it’s true?

KOWALSKI
   (opening a bottle of wine) What is? Charlie is the only person on the planet who’s lifted a finger to help me. Sent money for Alice while I was inside. Once in a while he needs a little break from the wife and I keep him company.

A second near-inaudible CLICK.

QUINN
   That’s the second one.

ON THE STOPWATCH -- the time is 5:33 and running.

QUINN (CONT’D)
   Charity then.

She pours two glasses.

KOWALSKI
   I forgot talking to you was like trying to solve a fucking puzzle.

QUINN
   I’m only trying to get up to speed.

KOWALSKI
   No, you’re not. You want the gory details so you can obsess about them.
Quinn spins the wheel a few more times. The silence is deafening. A beat. CLICK. He gets his third click, spins the wheel and opens the safe. She stops the stopwatch.

QUINN
You’re right. I’m sorry.

What did he say?

KOWALSKI
I’m right?

QUINN
You did what you had to do. You gave me back three years of my life. Thank you. I hated every minute in that goddamn place. What’s the time?

She shows him the stopwatch: 6:55.

DAISY
Just under seven.

QUINN
I can do better.

She hands him a glass of wine. They drink.

KOWALSKI
You know how many times you’ve ever said you’re right to me before?

The precise answer is zero. They drink.

QUINN
Not making it a habit either. Wanna tell me what deal you made with Charlie?

She takes a deep breath. Here goes nothing --

FADE TO BLACK
EXT. HOTEL NACIONAL -- HAVANA -- DAY

The taxi drops them off at Cuba’s most prestigious hotel.

INT. HOTEL NACIONAL -- LOBBY -- DAY

They check into two separate rooms.

EXT. MALECON -- DAY

They stroll down the seawall. Buy ice cream. Looking around.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT

Kowalski dances in the packed, sweaty club. Quinn makes his way through the crowd toward her, brings her a drink.

INT. HOTEL NACIONAL -- KOWALSKI’S ROOM -- MORNING

Early. Kowalski opens her eyes. Turns to see Quinn asleep beside her. Lifts the sheet to look at his body. Weighs her options. Tempted. Disappears under the covers.

INT. COMEDOR DE AGUIAR RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Kowalski and Quinn finish dinner, relaxed. She has just said something that makes him laugh. Quinn’s face changes.

KOWALSKI
What?

QUINN
He’s here. Don’t turn around.
He’s with a man and two young women.

KOWALSKI
What are they like?

Quinn describes the table from his vantage point:

QUINN
The man is very talkative. The women are young. The Russian seems bored.

She gets up.
KOWALSKI
Do me a favor, don’t watch.

Before he can answer, she walks off. He watches. She moves wonderfully. The dress clings to her in the heat.

MILJAN “THE RUSSIAN” BESTIC looks up. More striking than his picture: smart, patient eyes. Both manly and with a dancer’s grace about him. Sees her walking directly toward him. She passes within a few inches of him, eyes lowered. Disappears in the hall to the rest rooms. Miljan, smitten, turns to see who this mystery woman is with and sees Quinn.

The women with Miljan say something and laugh. He’s not listening. Excuses himself.

INT. HOTEL NACIONAL BAR -- NIGHT

Miljan spots her getting a drink from the bartender.

MILJAN
I couldn’t help but notice you having dinner outside. So I was wondering if you don’t trust your drink will make it intact from the bar to the table.

KOWALSKI
Are you a spy for the hotel?

MILJAN
If I was, I couldn’t tell you.

KOWALSKI
But you can keep a secret?

MILJAN
Depends.

KOWALSKI
(leaning in; whispers)
I’m taking a break from the world’s most boring dinner.

MILJAN
Are you here on your honeymoon?

She laughs at that, spilling some of her drink.

KOWALSKI
That would be unbearable.
MILJAN
Why is that?

KOWALSKI
My friend I came with, he’s not exactly... He plays for the other team, if you know what I mean.

MILJAN
Are you American?

KOWALSKI
I could be.

MILJAN
Americans always say “you know what I mean”. Why is that?

KOWALSKI
Maybe because we’re hard to understand. I’m Maggie.

There’s a directness to her he likes immediately. Her gaze is confident but not aggressive.

MILJAN
Miljan Bestic.

KOWALSKI
Miljan. Is that Polish?

MILJAN
Close. Maggie, let me buy you another drink.

KOWALSKI
I’d like to, but I can’t leave my friend alone too much longer.

MILJAN
Let me buy your boring friend a drink too.

She considers his offer.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

A WAITER brings another round to our trio.

MILJAN
So what brings you to Havana?
KOWALSKI
Ask him.

Miljan looks to Quinn. Quinn sips his drink for effect.

QUINN
Ava Gardner.

MILJAN
Ava Gardner? Isn’t she dead?

KOWALSKI
Not when we’re through with her. She’ll be as alive as you or me.

QUINN
You must forgive Maggie. This is the way actresses speak when somebody doesn’t write their lines.

KOWALSKI
Spoken like a true writer.

MILJAN
You’re a writer?

KOWALSKI
He writes movies.

MILJAN
Anything I would know?

Kowalski stifles a laugh. Quinn stares at her.

KOWALSKI
I’m sorry.

QUINN
What are you doing?

KOWALSKI
What do you think I’m doing?

QUINN
You’re drunk.

KOWALSKI
Hardly. I’ve had two drinks. (to Miljan)
I apologize for my behavior. Truth is, William has reason to be offended.

(MORE)
KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
See, in Hollywood lots of times writers get hired to write movies that for one reason or another never get made and you can have quite a lucrative career doing that. But you do develop a slightly off-putting air of bitterness about... everything.

QUINN
That’s Hollywood for you. Another day, another indignity.

MILJAN
(fascinated)
So you’re an actress.

KOWALSKI
I am.

QUINN
Do you like American nighttime soaps, Milton?

MILJAN
Miljan. I’m not very familiar with them.

QUINN
(rising)
Sorry. Whatever booze they put in that rum is no joke.

KOWALSKI
Just have one more round with us?

QUINN
I’m going to sleep.
(to Miljan)
I trust you will release Maggie from your grip at a decent hour? We have much to do tomorrow.

Miljan stands, shakes his hand.

MILJAN
Of course.

Quinn nods, nods at Kowalski. Not so deep down inside wants to kill this guy. We stay on his face as he exits the bar.
INT. QUINN’S HOTEL ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Quinn, seated at the edge of his bed. Hears the door open next door and footsteps. Looks at the clock. Now a soft rapping sound on his wall. He doesn’t move. Again a little louder. He waits a moment, then gets up. Opens the door. She’s half-turned in the hall, about to return to her room.

KOWALSKI
Did I wake you?
(he shakes his head)
He wants to have dinner tomorrow.
Some little family restaurant.

QUINN
How’s that work?

KOWALSKI
You’ll know where I am at all times.

They stare at each other. Neither one enjoying this setup.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
May I come in?

QUINN
What about your rule?

KOWALSKI
What rule?

QUINN
The no-sex-during-the-job rule.

KOWALSKI
First off it’s not a rule. And second, who said anything about sex?

QUINN
You just want to go to sleep together, no funny business.

She shrugs. More staring. Then he lets her in.

QUINN (CONT’D)
I’m warning you, I sleep naked.

KOWALSKI
You learn that in the clink?
FADE IN; EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

A quiet family neighborhood. We move into the small house-turned-restaurant.

INT. PALADAR “EL JARDIN” -- NIGHT

A garden turned into romantic restaurant with only two patrons: Miljan and Kowalski. A WOMAN clears their plates.

KOWALSKI
She met with him at the Havana Hilton. This is ’59, maybe ’60. He gave her a tour of his headquarters and drank Cuba Libres with her.

He signals the waiter for another drink.

MILJAN
He probably gave her a great many.

KOWALSKI
Is that what you’re doing?

MILJAN
Tell me more.

KOWALSKI
She thought Fidel made a whole bunch of sense. You know she asked him flat out if it was true that he hated Americans?

MILJAN
And what did he say?

KOWALSKI
That he found Americans to be very sympathetic, he only hated Richard Nixon. That’s gonna be a great scene, right?

She lifts the hair off her nape and holds the iced drink there, closes her eyes. He watches, transfixed.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
Tell me something Miljan Bestic, are you married?

MILJAN
Not anymore. Why?
She opens her eyes, lets her hair fall.

KOWALSKI
I’m not looking for trouble. Be honest with me. Do you have a girlfriend?

MILJAN
No. There are a couple women I date.

KOWALSKI
Are they over eighteen?

MILJAN
I hope so. I’m fairly sure.

KOWALSKI
(smiling)
How about kids?

MILJAN
Never found the time. You?

KOWALSKI
Nope. Always thought someday I’d have a little girl and name her after my grandmother.

MILJAN
What was her name?

She opens her eyes, lets her hair fall.

KOWALSKI
Grandma. Her name was grandma.
(he laughs; she leans in)
I wanna see where you live.

EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The car pulls into the gates of an elegant Colonial house.

EXT. BESTIC’S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

From inside the car, Kowalski watches the GUARD closing the gate. The car pulls up to the house.
EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- FRONT -- NIGHT

ANOTHER GUARD opens the door for them and they enter the house. Kowalski clocks each obstacle as she passes by.

INT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Miljan gently drops the needle on a record. An intoxicating bolero begins. He joins her on the couch, nursing her drink.

MILJAN
You ready for another one?

KOWALSKI
I need to use the bathroom first.

He motions down the hall --

MILJAN
Just past the first bedroom there.

She gets up. He watches her go. She knows he’s watching.

INT. KOWALSKI’S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Kowalski hits the light switch. Quinn is seated on the bed. She crosses to the desk and places two blank sheets of paper next to each other. Draws a diagram. She has a photographic memory. She explains the setup and WE SEE IN FLASHES WHAT SHE CLOCKED:

KOWALSKI
 Armed guard at the gate. Twenty second drive to the front door. Second guard. Entry way, kitchen off to the side, glass doors off the kitchen. Outside lights run on a switch, not timer, three here, here and here, this one’s out. Interior courtyard leads to a pool or maybe a fountain, not sure, but the master bedroom is off the hallway, across from the bathroom. Bathroom window opens out, you can fit but I like the kitchen better. The safe is either here --
 (marks a spot)
 Or here.

Quinn studies the diagram.
QUINN
Staff?

KOWALSKI
They leave by six.

QUINN
You sure there are no cameras.

KOWALSKI
None. It’s 1959 all the way.

QUINN
(after a beat)
We’re one man short.

KOWALSKI
At least.

He turns the drawing around, mulling it over. Then:

QUINN
Is Alice really mine?

This gives her pause.

KOWALSKI
Wow. You really want to go over
this again? Now?

Quinn holds her gaze, backs off. Looks back at the drawing.

QUINN
What’s over here?

KOWALSKI
Residential road, four, maybe five
houses, not particularly well lit.

He makes calculations.

QUINN
I need the garden lights out for
thirty seconds.
(off her nod)
And him out of the bedroom seven
minutes after that.

KOWALSKI
I’ll give you ten.

They exchange looks. It’s not the most foolproof of plans.
QUINN
When?

KOWALSKI
I had a tummyache. Promised to
make it up to him tomorrow.

ANGLE ON: THE DRAWING, closing in on it as we

MATCH TO:

EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

THE CAR pulls up to the gate. The guard lets them in.

EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- FRONT -- NIGHT

Bestic helps Kowalski out of the car. She’s dressed to kill
in a clingy cotton summer dress. Heat, humidity and cleavage
all conspiring in her favor. The second guard holds the door
open for them as they go inside. She thanks him, tipsy --

KOWALSKI
Gracias, compadre.

Quiet night. The only sounds are the million insects and the
faraway rolling ocean waves.

EXT. STREET BEHIND HOUSE -- NIGHT

A figure stashes a bicycle in the bushes. Slips into the
dark between lampposts. Waits. The top of Bestic’s wall is
lined with broken glass and barbed wire.

INT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Music plays from the living room. Kowalski enters the
kitchen, heads for the refrigerator, giggling --

KOWALSKI
... Because you can tell a lot
about a man by what’s in his
fridge! We are what we eat.

She bends over and opens the fridge, the light silhouetting
her sumptuous curves. She’s clearly playing for her
audience, shifting her weight provocatively.
KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
Some eggs, lettuce, okay, tomatoes, good, good... very healthy. A
little boring, I was expecting a
lot more red meat.

Bestic can’t resist any longer. Grabs her hips and spins her
around. She lets out a delighted cry.

MILJAN

He pins her against the fridge. Starts kissing her neck, her
shoulders. She is laughing hard--

KOWALSKI
Wait... wait... I wanna check the
freezer, make sure there isn’t a
human hand or something...

MILJAN
You’re not wearing anything under
that dress, are you?

KOWALSKI
(whispers)
I hate panty lines.

He moves in for a kiss and that’s when she ‘accidentally’
ellebows the light switch she has positioned herself by --

81
EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
The garden lights cut out.

82
EXT. STREET BEHIND HOUSE -- NIGHT
Quinn pulls the ski mask over his face, throws a blanket on
the wall and climbs over the broken glass and wire, hops
over. He’s dressed head to toe in black.

83
EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT
Quinn scurries across the garden towards the kitchen door.
We see the driver and guard in the distance, smoking by the
front of the house. Not alert to his presence. He arrives
at the kitchen door and peeks in.
INT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Bestic kisses Kowalski’s neck. She opens her eyes and sees Quinn outside. Not pleased.

MILJAN
Something I always wondered about. In movies, actors kiss all the time. How is that kiss different than a real life kiss?

Quinn gestures for her to get him out so he can come in.

KOWALSKI
You honestly can’t tell? Here’s a movie kiss.

She kisses him. During the kiss, she points for Quinn to go in through the bathroom instead. Change of plans. Quinn shakes his head, stubborn. Bestic senses something, starts to turn. She stops him --

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
And now here is a real kiss.

She pulls him into a passionate kiss.

EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Quinn simmers, finally moves towards the small bathroom window. He picks the lock in no time and slips in.

INT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Quinn steps off the toilet, quiet as he can, opens the door to the hallway. Clear. Checks his watch. According to the plan, he should have a full seven minutes starting now. He crosses to the room in front of him.

INT. BESTIC’S MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dark. He switches on his penlight. Art on the walls, a cross, a bed with brown silk sheets. Quinn takes one look at the paintings and picks the one with the naked angel. The safe is behind it. He starts his stopwatch and gets to work. All is silent. We concentrate on the stopwatch and on his hand turning the dial, fully focused. The first CLICK comes at 0:35. He clocks the number, turns the dial again.

A GLASS BREAKS in the kitchen. Followed by a mumble of voices, Kowalski’s laugh. Quinn keeps turning the dial.
CLOSE ON: THE STOPWATCH... the timer reads 2:25 when we hear the second CLICK.

ANGLE ON: QUINN calmly turns the dial, searching for that last number.

Now we hear footsteps as Bestic and Kowalski’s voices get closer. Quinn pauses. They are right outside the bedroom. We can see their shadows down the hall. They stop.

MILJAN (O.S.)
Do you know who Jean Tinguely was?

KOWALSKI (O.S.)
Ex-lover of yours?

MILJAN (O.S.)
Tinguely was a great Swiss artist. A sculptor. Developed something called metamechanics. In 1960 he built a machine whose only purpose was to destroy itself. What do you think of that?

KOWALSKI (O.S.)
I don’t know.

MILJAN (O.S.)
I think it’s a very courageous act. I too one day would like to build a machine whose only point is to self destruct.

Quinn stays calm. Has absolutely no way out. It’s all on Kowalski. A silent beat. Are they kissing again?

MILJAN (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Take it off. Come to bed.

His hand is on the doorknob. It turns.

KOWALSKI (O.S.)
That’s where you take all your girlfriends. Take me somewhere else.

Quinn waits. Bestic says something we can’t understand. But sure enough, they start walking away. That was close. Quinn focuses back on the dial. Turns, turns, turns... CLICK. The stopwatch reads 6:14. Opens it.

INSIDE THE SAFE
Documents, stacks of bills, drives, photographs, jewelry cases. Quinn ignores everything, quickly looks through the jewelry cases. NECKLACES and DIAMONDS flash in front of our eyes... but no ring.

He starts again, methodical. Feels an envelope, there could be a ring in it. Empties it. It’s not a ring, it’s a tiny USB drive. He slips it back in. Notices the pictures... SEX SHOTS: naked boys, some kind of sex party.... Charles Junior drinking with Bestic. Friends? Now Charles Junior in bed with two boys... in another one we see DEAD BODIES IN TRASH BAGS. (The same teen boys? Maybe).

Quinn slips the pictures back in, tempted to steal them, but sticking to the job at hand. And finally he sees it, discarded under property deeds: THE RING. He compares it to the one in his pocket, swaps it out. Shuts the safe door, spins the dial. Time to go.

87 EXT. BESTIC’S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The front gate guard listens to the ball game on the radio. RACK FOCUS to the background to see Quinn’s silhouette climb over the wall. The door guard walks up to the gate guard:

GUARD
(subtitled Spanish)
What happened to the lights?

The gate guard looks over at the pitch black patch of garden, not too concerned.

88 EXT. STREET BEHIND HOUSE -- NIGHT

Quinn pulls the blanket off the wall. Rolls it up as he walks to his hidden bicycle, takes off his mask. Jumps on the bike and rides off. Mission accomplished.

89 EXT. HOTEL NACIONAL -- DAY

Brand new day. Sunny, warm, tropical, paradise. Bestic’s car pulls up. Kowalski climbs out, still in last night’s outfit. She leans in, flashes her sexy morning-after smile:

KOWALSKI
Thank you for a great night. You are a true gentleman.

Miljan smiles in the back seat, pleased.
MILJAN
May I call you later?

KOWALSKI
I’ll be offended if you don’t.

She turns and walks into the hotel. The car drives off. Her smile disappears.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

She steps out of the elevator, taking off her heels. Looks up to see Quinn coming out of his room, carry-ons in hand.

QUINN
Are you okay?

KOWALSKI
What are you doing?

QUINN
Did he hurt you?

His tone is almost too considerate for her liking.

KOWALSKI
No. I’m fine.

QUINN
I packed your bag. Let’s go.

KOWALSKI
Now? But our flight isn’t until--

QUINN
I changed it.
   (pushing elevator button)
Fill you in on the way. Let’s go.

KOWALSKI
Really? I’m pretty beat.

QUINN
I’m sure.

KOWALSKI
Is that what this is about? You’re jealous?

The elevator door opens. He goes in.
EXT. ROAD TO THE AIRPORT -- DAY
A TAXI takes them to the airport.

EXT. TAXI -- MOVING -- DAY
Kowalski, upset, in the back of the cab with Quinn.

KOWALSKI
I don’t, uh, I don’t recall the part where you and I... declared our everlasting vows to each other. So for you to suddenly develop this unprofessional degree of--

QUINN
-- I would’ve taken the job too: It was the smart play. I’m not holding any of it against you. Seriously. But there’s something wrong here.

He looks spooked. More than that, scared.

QUINN (CONT’D)
(lowering his voice)
Bestic and Junior know each other. There are blackmail pictures in the safe. Junior with boy toys, then Junior with dead boy toys. Nasty stuff.

KOWALSKI
Whoa. Slow down. You’re going way too fast for me.

SUDDENLY THE TAXI SCREECHES TO A STOP KICKING UP A CLOUD OF DUST. TWO CARS have cut the taxi off. MEN rush towards them before they can open their doors. Drag them out of their seats. A TALL MAN jabs a needle into Kowalski’s neck and we

CUT TO BLACK

BLACK
The faint SOUND OF OCEAN WAVES grows louder and we

FADE IN; EXT. PLANTATION SHACK -- CUBA -- EVENING
Kowalski comes to. Arms bound in loops of rough sisal over her head. Feet barely touch the sand.
She has a hard time focusing, eyes glazed, drool down her chin. *How long was she out for?*

MILJAN enters, tilted. The whole world is tilted. He has a gun in his hand. She watches him get closer and bring the barrel to her nipple. She squirms but can’t avoid his touch.

MILJAN
Will you look at that? Classic paradox: mind says no but body says go. Like an Ava Gardner movie.

He caresses her with the gun again. She squirms but can’t avoid his touch.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
Isn’t that fascinating?

KOWALSKI
(ice)
Endlessly.

She can barely keep her eyes open, having a hard time putting thoughts together. Where the fuck is she? She sees MACHETES and GARDENING TOOLS hanging on the walls of the shed.

MILJAN
William the bitter screenwriter could write a great scene of this to put in your movie.

KOWALSKI
Where is he?

MILJAN
I wouldn’t worry about Mr. Quinton.

*Uh-oh. He knows their names.*

KOWALSKI
Where is he?

MILJAN
Dead.

She studies him, not wanting to believe it, no reason not to.

KOWALSKI
Where is he?

MILJAN
I told you.
KOWALSKI
For your sake, you better not have touched him--

MILJAN
I’m touching you and it doesn’t seem you can do much about it, does it? Who do you work for, Daisy Kowalski?

KOWALSKI
Nobody.

MILJAN
Your parents: Fitzgerald fans? Or Walt Disney’s?

She glares, dull-eyed. He wipes drool off her chin.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
Let’s switch subjects.
(pause)
Who do you work for?

KOWALSKI
I told you. Nobody.

MILJAN
Fair enough, fair enough.
(louder)
Bring him in.

The DRIVER drags Quinn in. He is stripped to the waist, eyes swollen shut, beat to hell. Kowalski wakes right up, horrified.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
Thieves come into my house to steal from me. And when I ask a simple question, they refuse to answer.

Kowalski and Quinn lock eyes. He slowly shakes his head: don’t tell him anything. Miljan snaps his fingers.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
Disney. Know how I know? You named your daughter Alice. Daisy Duck, Alice In Wonderland. Am I right?

If the idea is to scare her senseless, he wins. He knows about Alice. Miljan calmly walks over to Quinn.
MILJAN (CONT’D)
Is he the father? Terrible thing for a child, growing up without a father. Then again, I did.

KOWALSKI
Please don’t hurt him.

He checks the clip of the gun. Does not seem to be bluffing.

KOWALSKI (CONT’D)
I’ll tell you whatever you want to know.

MILJAN
I know.

Quinn locks eyes with her. Knows what’s coming.

KOWALSKI
Please don’t hurt him.

Bestic points the gun at Quinn, all the while looking at her.

MILJAN
Who do you work for?

KOWALSKI
Charlie... Charlie Baudelaire.

MILJAN
Wrong answer.

Bestic SHOOTS Quinn. Kowalski shuts her eyes in a silent scream and goes into full fledged-shock. A harrowing beat.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
(subtitled Spanish)
Feed him to the dogs.

The driver drags the body away.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
I know how you feel. But life is like this sometimes. He was an escaped convict, wanted by the authorities... of no use to me. Like a wounded animal who no longer has a purpose. You, on the other hand...

(holding up the stolen ring, admiring it)
... are a pet with a new master.

(MORE)
MILJAN (CONT’D)
No need for me to threaten your
daughter’s life now, you know I
will kill her unless you do as I
say. You will return home. You
won’t mention a word about this.
You will collect the money from
Charlie. And await my
instructions.

He pries her mouth open and forces the ring in her mouth.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
My question was simple: who do you
work for?

She stares straight into the eyes of this monster, blood
boiling. He leans in, gently fixes her hair.

MILJAN (CONT’D)
And the right answer, Jett -- is
that as of today, you work for me.

CLOSE ON Kowalski: lips quivering. Scared as she’s ever
been. But defiance shines in her eyes. This guy might be in
denial about it... but one day she will kill him.

SMASH TO BLACK