

**PENOZA (working title)**

Pilot

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Based on the original NL Film & TV series *Penoza*  
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Feb. 17, 2012

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ACT I

MOVING THROUGH A DENSE, DARK FOG - NIGHT

Nothing is visible but the wet, thick blanket around us... until we catch GLIMPSES of nearby CITY LIGHTS. Looming CLIFFS. A BRIDGE. Finally, we emerge from the fog to find --

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

ON THE WATER, SKIMMING the surface LOW AND FAST until we hit --

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

CAMERA STILL AT WATER LEVEL - but we can SEE the normally packed tourist trap is deserted. The naval battleships, fishing boats - empty, dark, eerie. CAMERA MOVES TO --

EXT. BENEATH THE DOCK (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

-- PUSH INTO THE BLACKNESS - suddenly, a PAIR OF EYES catch the light. A MAN, in a small motorboat, eyes darting, breath short. He's afraid... or excited. This is IRWIN LAZAREV, 30's. He looks up as BOOTS STEP overhead. PAN UP TO --

THE DOCK DIRECTLY ABOVE

FOUR MEN - quickly, quietly unload crates of iced FISH from a FISHING BOAT, and stack them onto a forklift. Two of the men look like RUSSIAN FISHERMEN, but both have GUNS in their belts. Clearly, they do more than just fish. The other two men, JULIUS and STAN, are American. Decidedly not fishermen. Both are armed. Dangerous.

Julius spins as a CRATE tips over. Its contents spill out - fish, ice, and a sealed BRICK OF WHITE POWDER, marked with the image of a LAUGHING DOG. He hurries to repack it --

UNDER THE DOCK - Ice DROPS down on Irwin, hitting his boat with sharp KNOCKS. He holds his breath...

ABOVE DOCK - Julius stops - did he hear something?

FISHERMAN #1

(Russian accent)

That is the last one.

Julius shakes it off as the two Fishermen climb onto their boat, start the ENGINE. The two camps share a terse nod. Transaction complete. As the fishing boat MOTORS out of port, Julius climbs into the FORKLIFT - starts the motor...

JULIUS  
Check the ties.

ON STAN - as he moves in front of the crates, out of Julius' view. He doesn't see Irwin come up on him with a PIPE aimed at his head - BAM! The fork lift MOTOR drowns the sound.

ON JULIUS - waiting - then something catches his eye --

IRWIN'S SMALL, EMPTY MOTORBOAT

-- as it floats out from under the pier where it was hidden. Someone is here. Julius pulls his gun - circles the forklift - FINDS STAN lying there unconscious.

JULIUS SPINS - just as A PIPE HITS him. He drops. Irwin KICKS his gun away, goes to move him. But the half-conscious Julius struggles, twists around, then SEES Irwin's face. Stops.

JULIUS  
Wait, I... know you.  
(as Irwin steps back)  
You crazy? No one steals from  
Schiller.

Irwin tries to hide it, but is clearly in over his head, and Julius knows it. He sits up with more confidence --

JULIUS  
Walk away - maybe he just kills you.  
Do this - your whole family's dead.

IRWIN  
You're right... Schiller can't find  
out who did it.

With that, he pulls out a GUN with a silencer and SHOOTS Julius in the head. Does the same to Stan. He then SHOOTS several holes into the MOTORBOAT to sink it. As Irwin hurries to FORKLIFT and drives it up the dock --

CLOSE ON FEET PEDALING A BIKE - DAYBREAK

-- up a very steep hill. PAN UP TO the rider, MARTA WALRAVEN, 40's. She pushes hard; intense, focused. Exercise is her religion. Her meditation. INCLUDE --

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - MARIN COUNTY (CONTINUOUS) - DAYBREAK

The pedaling gets harder, the mountain steeper. But this woman is capable of almost anything, though she may not know it yet. Finally, she CRESTS the mountain. Exhales heavily as she floats over the flat surface. Made it! She stops for some water, taking in the SPECTACULAR VIEW OF THE BAY AREA.

DINA (O.C.)  
You are a complete bitch!

Marta laughs as her best friend, DINA TOMLIN, 40's, walks her bike up. Though sweaty, Dina is perfectly manicured, dyed, preserved. Her style contrasts Marta's earthy naturalism.

DINA  
You said we'd do an intermediate ride.

MARTA  
This *is* intermediate. Admit it, you feel great. Clearer. Stronger --

DINA  
Strength is overrated. I can hire people to lift things.

Marta laughs again. Clips into her bike and pushes off.

MARTA  
Race you to the bottom.

DINA  
Bitch!

ON MARTA, wind in her face as she coasts downhill, her reward.

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - KITCHEN/GREAT ROOM - MORNING

10-year-old BORIS bursts into the great room, chased by his brother, GABRIEL, 17. Gabriel is handsome in a techno-geek way. Boris is slight, sensitive, immediately lovable.

GABRIEL (O.S.)  
I let you borrow them a week ago --

BORIS (O.S.)  
-- I gave them back!

INCLUDE MARTA in the kitchen, hurriedly cleaning up breakfast dishes, dressed for her day. The kitchen has top-of-the-line everything, windows overlooking Sausalito Harbor. But it's homey, littered with soccer cleats, newspapers, homework.

MARTA  
Guys, stop --

GABRIEL  
(gets Boris in a headlock)  
-- They're Bose headphones.  
You know how much they cost?

BORIS  
They're - in my locker at school.

MARTA  
Gabriel, enough!

They keep fighting. Marta's husband enters, FRANKLIN, 40's, handsome, jeans, T-shirt, flip flops - his work attire. He gives Marta a quick kiss - and digs around the counter as --

FRANKLIN  
Where are my keys, babe? Steven's waiting for me at the Marina --

MARTA  
(re: the fighting boys)  
Franklin, can you do something here?

Franklin glances at the situation, assess it --

FRANKLIN  
Boris - kick him in the shins.

Boris KICKS Gabriel.

GABRIEL  
Ow!

Boris runs past Franklin, who musses his hair affectionately. Then Franklin sees Marta's appalled look --

FRANKLIN  
What? He needs to toughen up. You're the one who's worried about the bullies at school.

Marta might argue, but they're interrupted by their daughter, NATALIE, 16. Pretty, artsy, off-beat bohemian. To Marta --

NATALIE  
Can I have a hundred dollars? I need new brushes and paint.

MARTA  
What happened to your allowance money?

NATALIE  
Dad?

MARTA  
*Natalie.*

But Franklin distractedly pulls out a wad of cash, peels off two fifties, points to his cheek. Natalie kisses it, exits as --

NATALIE  
Thank you, Daddy.

MARTA

Way to set boundaries, babe.

FRANKLIN

Artists need paint. S'all good. Come on, keys, where you at...

Marta's not happy, but acquiesces. All the tenacity we saw in her exercise takes a back to keep the peace. Then Gabriel FLINGS a set of keys at Franklin's shoulder --

FRANKLIN

Ow!

GABRIEL

Toughen up, Dad.

Clearly not enamored of his father. Gabriel exits. Marta picks up the keys (we might NOTE a small PLASTIC SAILBOAT dangling from the chain). Looks at Franklin, concerned --

MARTA

You need to talk to him --

FRANKLIN

Damn, left my phone upstairs.

He grabs the keys, kisses her again, hurries out. Off Marta --

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - MOTOR COURT - MORNING

The house is built of wood, stone, and glass, well integrated into its natural surroundings. It's all about understatement, which is important to this family.

BORIS exits the front door, backpack on. He looks over his shoulder - no one's behind him. He hurries to an AUDI SEDAN --

INT. AUDI SEDAN (CONTINUOUS) - MORNING

Boris climbs in, glances around one more time - reaches into the GLOVE COMPARTMENT and pulls out a HANDGUN. He weighs it, unsure, afraid. He's startled by the SOUND of Gabriel and Natalie exiting the house, piling into Gabriel's VOLVO.

Boris quickly slips the GUN into his backpack. His fingers are still on the zipper when - the DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR OPENS - FRANKLIN climbs in. But he sees his son, realizes --

FRANKLIN

Crap. It's Friday.

Franklin leans out the window as Marta exits the house, heading for her LEXUS HYBRID SUV.

FRANKLIN

Marta! Can you take Boris?

MARTA

I have to meet my sister in the city.

Franklin's look pleads with her. Which pisses her off. But she sees Boris's worried little face...

MARTA

Fine. Yeah. It's fine.

BORIS climbs out, heads for her Lexus. FRANKLIN drives off, not realizing what's missing from his glove compartment as --

INT. MARTA'S LEXUS (CONTINUOUS) - MORNING

-- Boris climbs into the passenger seat, Marta at the wheel.

MARTA

Classic rock. Reggae. Jazz.

He shrugs. She glances at him, worried. Kisses his face.

BORIS

... Classic rock?

She smiles, loves this boy. She punches in a station, shifts into gear. PUSH IN ON BORIS' BACKPACK...

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - UNION SQUARE, SF - DAY

Marta hustles into the upscale shop - stops, gasps at the sight of her younger sister, KATRINA "KAT" LAZAREV, 30's, beautiful in her wedding dress. Kat is sweet, fun, loyal, but immature, untested. And in a state of complete stress.

MARTA

It's *perfect*.

KAT

At least *one* thing is.

-- as Kat shoots an exasperated look to --

THEIR MOTHER, VERA LAZAREV, 60's, strewn across a chaise. Bitter, melodramatic, extremely well-heeled.

KAT

She won't come to the wedding if Dad brings the Poodle.

MARTA

Seriously?

VERA

You *could* ask him not to bring her.

KAT

Then *he* won't come.

MARTA

We'll put you at different tables.

VERA

Wonderful. She'll have the seat of honor and I'll be the bathroom attendant, handing out paper towels.

MARTA

Mom, Felicity's his girlfriend now.

VERA

She's *twelve*.

(to Kat)

Don't hold in your belly.

KAT

(to Marta, imploring)

Help me! I can't take more stress --

IRWIN (O.S.)

Who's causing you stress!?! --

The women turn as IRWIN enters. Still on edge from our opening scene. Roguishly handsome, brash, charming.

IRWIN

-- I'll break their legs.

VERA

Irwin, give your sad, old mother a hug.

He does so. Vera adoringly grabs his face.

VERA

Where have you been lately? You look exhausted.

IRWIN

So many women, so little time.

She swats his arm reproachingly but chuckles, proud.

IRWIN

I can't stay. Just dropping this off --

(pulls out a TIE)

For your starving artist, who can't afford a tie for his own wedding --



KAT

-- Not today, Irwin --

IRWIN

Fortunately, he has no problem accepting loans - ties from me, checks from Dad --

KAT

Joe doesn't even know about those!

-- as she sits, head in hands. Marta pulls Irwin aside --

IRWIN

Corset's cutting off her sense of humor --

MARTA

Mom won't come to the wedding if Dad brings Felicity. Will you talk to him?

IRWIN

Like he'd do *anything* for me? Look, don't worry about the Poodle, Dad's just her temporary safety net.

MARTA

You mean her ATM.

IRWIN

That too. She had to get a restraining order against her last boyfriend. Guy's a pro boxer, Valentin Petrov --

MARTA

Does Dad know?

IRWIN

No - hey, I gotta go talk business with Franklin. Good mood? Bad mood?

MARTA

He's Franklin. "S'all good."

She says it with some annoyance. Irwin kisses her cheek, then Kat's, then Vera's, races out. Off Marta, an idea brewing...

EXT. MARINA - SAUSALITO - DAY

Small boats, yachts, sailboats, fishing charters, dry storage facilities, fuel dock. FIND THE OFFICE, located in a HOUSEBOAT. The door SWINGS OPEN - Franklin exits with Irwin. They're partners, in-laws and, though they argue, old friends.

IRWIN

It's a unique opportunity --

FRANKLIN

I'm not interested in that crap --

IRWIN

We need to expand, diversify --

FRANKLIN

So you always say. But we're still in business *because* we keep it small. Buy from the same grower. Store it off-site. And we *do not diversify*.

They approach a BOAT on which STEVEN TOMLIN, 40, works. He's the foot-soldier, not the general, prefers it that way.

IRWIN

Help me out, Steven.

STEVEN

I *could* use the income, Frankie. Dina's gallery is costing me --

IRWIN

-- and I have a lead on a buyer. Maybe we should put it to a vote --

FRANKLIN

A minute ago, it was an "opportunity." Now there's a buyer and a vote? What else don't I know --

STEVEN

-- Psst - heads up...

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF THE DOCK

FBI AGENT JAMES LEEFLANG heads toward them. Late 30's. Neat, smart. Anger brewing beneath the surface, but kept well in check. His younger PARTNER, CELIA TREJO, waits up the dock.

FRANKLIN

What're *they* doing here? ... *Irwin*?

Irwin deflects by giving Leeflang a friendly wave as he nears --

IRWIN

Agent Leeflang. It's been a while.

LEEFLANG

We've been focusing on bigger fish.

STEVEN

Good for us, bad for the big fish.

LEEFLANG

One big fish in particular. I believe you know *Schiller*.

A chill runs down Franklin's spine. But he hides it.

LEEFLANG

Seems he got ripped off two nights ago. Two men were killed. Right on the docks where the load was delivered. We figured the sellers wanted to hold onto both ends of the deal.

IRWIN

Case solved. Thanks for stopping by.

LEEFLANG

Then we found a sunken motorboat under the dock. Bullet holes in it. Someone else was there and drove the load out.

FRANKLIN

Which all has nothing to do with us --

LEEFLANG

Whoever did it knew the time and place of the off-load. Hard information to come by without ties to the Bratva.

FRANKLIN

We're not Bratva. I'm not even Russian.

LEEFLANG

You became both when you married a Lazarev.

STEVEN

(holding up his cell phone)  
Ethnic profiling. Caught on tape.

He laughs nervously. No one else does.

LEEFLANG

Here's the thing. Forensics can tell where a boat is from, just by the algae on its hull. Seems that motorboat came from right around... here.  
(no response, glances at Irwin)  
Maybe you got tired of being small time.

STEVEN

Yeah, maybe we lost our minds.

LEEFLANG

Either way, Schiller will figure it out. Which means whoever did it is dead. Everyone he cares about is dead. Unless... he lets the Bureau help him.

Again, they have no reaction. Leeflang just shrugs.

LEEFLANG

You have my number.

Leeflang heads back up the dock with a satisfied expression. They watch him disappear. The second he's gone, Franklin SPINS on Irwin --

FRANKLIN

What did you do?!

IRWIN

-- No one's gonna find out --

STEVEN

-- Wait, what? --

Franklin violently PINS Irwin against a boat, choking him --

FRANKLIN

*What did you do to us?*

IRWIN

I - told you - I wanted to expand...

Franklin recoils, as if hit. Steven paces, freaked out.

STEVEN

You said - you had product. You never said it was Schiller's!

FRANKLIN

My God. *You killed two people.*

IRWIN

Trust me, they were not good guys. Look, it's safe in the J Boat --

STEVEN

It's here!?

Franklin leans against the boat, horror washing over him --

FRANKLIN

We're all dead.

Off him - HEAR THE RING OF A SCHOOL BELL --

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

CLOSE ON BORIS'S BACKPACK - as we HEAR the sound of children at play. INCLUDE Boris, wearing his backpack, walking across the blacktop at recess, toward the periphery to --

A SECLUDED KNOT OF REDWOOD TREES - where he finds TRENT, 13. Trent leans against a tree, listening to his iPod with BOSE HEADPHONES. Boris approaches with trepidation.

TRENT

Look. It's Doris.

BORIS

Will you please return my headphones?

TRENT

What headphones?

BORIS

The ones on your head. You borrowed them last week.

TRENT

You're saying I *stole* them.

BORIS

Give me my headphones.

Trent picks up a pinecone, PELTS Boris with it.

BORIS

Don't do that.

But Trent keeps LOBBING PINE CONES, unaware of the ticking time bomb in Boris' backpack - for which Boris now reaches --

TRENT

What did you say, Doris?

-- Suddenly, Boris PULLS OUT THE HANDGUN. Trent rears back --

BORIS

*Give me my headphones.*

OFF his intensity, the gun shaking in his hands --

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - THE RICHMOND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

CLOSE ON MARTA - aware only of Kat's wedding crisis. She strides through the drab, treeless ethnic neighborhood. Store SIGNS written in Russian. She passes two BABUSHKAS who wave, friendly. Everyone knows each other here. Marta arrives at --

EXT. CAFE ROSSIYA (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

A traditional Russian restaurant. Leaning in the doorway, is LUTHER, 40, her father's bodyguard. Deadly calm, but wry, lean, muscular. He smokes a cigarette. Marta smiles.

MARTA

You the doorman now?

LUTHER

They won't let me light up inside.

MARTA

Good. Maybe you'll quit smoking.

LUTHER

(deadpan)

Yes. That's very likely.

MARTA

(smiling)

Is he here?

LUTHER

In his office.

Marta gives Luther a friendly kiss on the cheek. For a split second, his eyes linger on her. We might sense he has a soft spot for her. He holds the door open --

INT. CAFE ROSSIYA (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

-- Marta enters this Old World restaurant: wood paneling, heavy rugs on the floors, ornate light fixtures. As Marta's eyes adjust to the dim lighting, she SEES --

MARTA'S POV - ANDREI LAZAREV, 60'S

-- holding court at a back table, his "office." Charismatic, commands respect, a man of appetites, but aging well.

He's surrounded by several MEN in their 60's, speaking in low tones. This is old school Russian mob. A dying breed. An ENVELOPE of cash is slid across the table to Andrei.

Marta turns away, wants nothing to do with his business. Frankly, doesn't love being here. She waits by the bar. Her father then sees her, dissolves his meeting with a wave.

ANDREI

We'll finish this later.

As they leave, he goes to Marta with open arms. They hug --

ANDREI

*Devochka moya.* You never visit.

MARTA

I'm here now, Dad.

ANDREI

Do you want to eat? I'll have Sasha bring you some pelmeni.

MARTA

I can't stay. I just... Dad... Mom doesn't want the Poo - Felicity, at the wedding.

ANDREI

Does she know how much it's costing me?

MARTA

She won't come.

ANDREI

Then *she* can pay for the band, and the caterer, and the invitations - *and* Felicity's dress --

They're interrupted by a SQUEAL. FELICITY, AKA the POODLE, enters and sees Marta. Killer body, trashy style, well-meaning but oblivious. She scurries to Marta, hugging her.

FELICITY

Hi hi hi hi hi!

MARTA

Hi, Felicity.

FELICITY

Aren't you *so* excited for the wedding tomorrow? Andrei bought me the most amazing dress. You have to see it --

Marta shoots her father a pleading look, but he's a man whose own needs come first. Felicity pulls her toward the back, to A LOCKED DOOR - which she quickly unlocks --

INT. CAFE ROSSIYA - THE BACK ROOM (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

-- Felicity pulls Marta inside and reaches into a closet. Marta notices a large stack of ROLEX BOXES. Again, she doesn't want to know, turns away --

MARTA

Felicity - Kat added some last minute guests to the wedding and --

FELICITY  
Feel the material!

She pulls out the small piece of fabric that is her dress.

MARTA  
That is... a statement.

FELICITY  
I know!

MARTA  
Anyway, we were hoping you could help  
redo seat assignments, place cards --

FELICITY  
Oh my God. I'm so glad you asked!

She hugs Marta again. For a second, Marta feels bad. Then she hands Felicity a list --

MARTA  
Yeah, well, here are their names.  
They've all rsvp'd --

FELICITY  
(re: the list, face falling)  
... Valentin Petrov will be there?

MARTA  
Yes, the boxer. Do you know him?

FELICITY  
No, I - I'm sorry... I, God, I've been  
fighting something... a cold...

MARTA  
Oh, well, just feel better by tomorrow.

That seems unlikely, given how green Felicity looks. Marta can't help a tiny smile. Her cell RINGS - she answers --

MARTA  
Hello? Yes, it is...

She stops abruptly, horror growing on her face...

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Marta pulls up in her Lexus to FIND a SQUAD CAR at the curb. She SEES, in the back seat, BORIS, looking small, terrified. TEARS spring to her eyes as she climbs out and starts toward him. But the PRINCIPAL blocks her path --



PRINCIPAL

We were lucky, Mrs. Walraven - I happened to be nearby and contained the situation before anyone else saw...

She nods, keeps moving, but the Principal stops her again.

PRINCIPAL

The police will let us handle it, and the other boy's parents have agreed, but only if Boris is expelled.

MARTA

(flaring, spins on him)  
And the monster who's been bullying him? Will he be expelled? --

PRINCIPAL

He wasn't the one with the gun --

MARTA

-- I've been telling you about him for months, and you've done nothing --

PRINCIPAL

-- You could appeal. But the police would be forced to build a case against Boris. Which could lead to an investigation of your *entire* family.  
(pointed)  
Do you understand, Mrs. Walraven?

The threat is clear. Marta seethes but can do *nothing*. Frustration, fury, shame course through her as the Principal walks away. Marta turns back to the squad car...

PUSH IN ON HER FACE, as she looks at Boris. Her baby. And she has failed him. It's a terrible moment. Then we see something click in her mind. *A decision*.

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGH

Marta descends the stairs and enters to find Franklin sucking down a beer. Glancing out the window nervously.

FRANKLIN

Is Boris alright?

MARTA

No. He's not.

Franklin nods, distracted, anxious... though not about Boris.

MARTA

This is my fault. I swore I'd never expose them to the life I grew up in...

FRANKLIN

Babe, they don't know anything about it.

MARTA

I let Irwin pull you into to this...  
"side business." You kept promising  
to get out. And I kept doing *nothing*.

FRANKLIN

The kids have never been exposed --

MARTA

He had *your* gun! We pay those private  
school tuitions with *your* drug money.  
We're *lucky* Boris only got expelled. He  
could have *killed* someone or gone to  
jail - *his life could have ended today*.

The shame and guilt finally hit Franklin. He sits heavily.

FRANKLIN

You're right. Jesus. I'm... sorry.

MARTA

Franklin. I mean it this time. You  
have to quit that business.

FRANKLIN

I... I'm not sure that's --

MARTA

-- After Kat's wedding tomorrow, we'll  
make a plan to downsize. We can sell  
the house. I can help at the Marina  
like I used to. Make the charter  
business profitable again --

FRANKLIN

I... can't now, things are complicated.

MARTA

-- You don't understand, Franklin.  
(looks him in the eye)  
I *will* protect my kids. At any cost.  
So if you don't get out *now* - I *will*  
*take the children. And I will leave*  
*you.*

It's clear she means every word. Off her, fierce --

END OF ACT I

ACT II

CLOSE ON HUEY LEWIS!

(Or some other semi-famous Bay Area musician) SINGING his big hit "POWER OF LOVE" (or something). WIDEN TO INCLUDE --

INT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION - EVENING

Huey performs for this raucous party of boisterous, half-crooked Russian émigrés, and doughy, conservative Midwesterners. Platters of food everywhere. Libations flowing. Toasts being made --

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - FIND radiant bride KAT, and groom, JOE CRUMB, 30's. He wears a suit and Irwin's tie, but an artist's long hair and tattoos. Still, he's a sweet, Midwest transplant who adores his bride. The SONG ENDS --

HUEY

Thank you! Thanks! I have time for one more, but I'll need some help... from my old friend Andrei!

Andrei feigns embarrassment, but climbs on stage. He's beyond awful, but the crowd loves him --

ANGLE ON A TABLE

Marta sits next to Vera, who holds BORIS in her lap - he still looks at sea. Franklin sits on Marta's other side, distracted, drinking too much. Marta resists the impulse to assuage him. She lets loose a piercing two-finger WHISTLE --

MARTA

Rock on, Dad!

She punches "devil's horns" fingers in the air. Even Vera has to smile at Andrei's antics.

VERA

What a ham.

Marta glances at Franklin, who does another shot of vodka.

Suddenly, Marta's best friend, DINA, lurches up behind them, bejeweled, designer-dressed, her husband in tow, (who we discover is) STEVEN. Steven and Franklin share a silent look, and then a shot of vodka. Dina is oblivious --

DINA

Kat looks *stunning*! It reminds me of your wedding dress...

Marta and Franklin's eyes meet briefly. It was so long ago.

DINA  
'Cept Kat didn't barf all over hers.

MARTA  
I was nervous!

DINA  
I still got you down the aisle.

MARTA  
That you did.

Marta, laughing, pulls her into a hug. These two are tight.

DINA  
Get up and dance, you two!

-- as Dina drags Steven out to the dance floor. Marta smiles. Then sees Franklin pouring another shot. She's concerned.

MARTA  
You want a pirozhki to go with that?  
They're from Dad's restaurant.

FRANKLIN  
I'm good.

MARTA  
I'll get you one.

Marta rises, heads past - GABRIEL and NATALIE, who watch the drunken dancing. STAY ON THEM as Natalie eyes Franklin --

NATALIE  
What's wrong with Dad?

GABRIEL  
Probably feeling like the moron he is  
for leaving a frickin' gun in his car.

NATALIE  
(surprised by his hostility)  
Or it's 'cause you've been such a jerk  
to him lately. What's your problem?

Gabriel debates answering but walks away instead. FOLLOW HIM PAST - IRWIN, who we STAY ON as he talks on his cell --

IRWIN  
Near the Alameda bridge. In an hour?

-- he looks up as ANDREI passes him, disdainful --

ANDREI

It's your sister's wedding. *Hang up.*

Irwin flushes with shame, resentment. ANDREI CONTINUES PAST --

THE BUFFET TABLE - where Marta loads a plate. She glances at JOE, as a DRUNK RUSSIAN slips an ENVELOPE, his gift to the couple, into Joe's pocket. He heartily claps Joe on the back, then stumbles away. Joe, curious, pulls out the envelope, reels at the CASH inside. Marta approaches --

MARTA

Careful, Joe. There's always a catch.

She's emotional, but Joe doesn't quite get it. She SEES --

ANGLE ON FRANKLIN

Irwin approaches him with Steven in tow. Irwin leans in.

IRWIN

My buyer wants in. Let me walk you through it.

Irwin nods toward the exit, heads out. Steven shrugs, follows suit. Franklin sighs, rises, heads out, but glances over at --

MARTA - He forces an unconvincing smile as he exits. Marta, concerned, begins to follow, when DINA dances up, grabbing her.

DINA

Why aren't you dancing?

MARTA

Where are Franklin and Steven going?

DINA

I don't know and I don't care. Ya can't touch this! --

-- as she breaks into a ridiculous hammer dance. Marta laughs, gives up and joins Dina on the DANCE FLOOR, both doing hammer dances. Natalie, nearby, is mortified.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

-- The MUSIC wafts over the bobbing vessels as we land on a sleek J BOAT. HEAR the men's voices inside --

INT. J BOAT HOLD (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

START ON A FALSE WALL as a KEY unlocks it - it's pulled aside to REVEAL the sealed BRICKS OF LAUGHING DOG COCAINE. INCLUDE Franklin, who stares at it in disbelief. Irwin's proud.

STEVEN

Smells like rotten fish.

IRWIN

Covers the product scent in case of dogs. It's okay, they're sealed tight.

He tosses Steven a BRICK. Steven slices into it. Takes out a credit card and begins cutting a line.

FRANKLIN

We can't sell this. The only thing we have going for us is that Schiller knows we're not in this business --

STEVEN

(snorting a line)  
... It's good.

FRANKLIN

Seriously, Steven?

IRWIN

My buyer has no connection to Schiller. He's from Japan. Has an official at a Yokohama port. We'll use our export contacts on this end --  
(off Franklin's look)  
What? You have a better plan?

FRANKLIN

We dump it.

STEVEN

Throw away seventy-five keys?

IRWIN

My buyer's ready to negotiate. He's in Oakland for the night. I'll slip away, you'll say I never left.  
(see Franklin's struggling)  
Hey, I don't want force you --

FRANKLIN

-- You already did, Irwin. The second you stole this.

Irwin shrugs. Franklin debates a terrible decision. Finally --

FRANKLIN

Christ. I'll do it. But only to make sure it's done right. Then I'm out.

IRWIN

Sure. Out. Over. Done.

-- as Irwin kneels by a bench, lifts the cushion - reaches into a compartment - SEE THREE GUNS in there. He grabs one.

STEVEN

We keeping the load here?

IRWIN

Safest place for it, since Frankie registered this boat under a fake name. Can't be traced to us.

He then faces Franklin. Hugs him, sincere, grateful.

IRWIN

This is gonna be good for us.

Franklin just looks at him, emotional, torn. Irwin climbs out. Steven follows, looks back at Franklin with concern --

STEVEN

You coming?

FRANKLIN

I just... need a minute.

Steven climbs up out of the hold. Franklin, alone, looks at all that coke. Hates it. He closes the false wall. LOCKS IT.

A long beat. He pulls out his CELL PHONE. Debates his next move, tormented. Then Franklin dials a number...

INT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - Dina dances with the coked-up Steven, who masks his condition - or Dina's choosing to ignore it.

NEWLYWEDS KAT AND JOE - dance cheek to cheek. Loving. Passionate. Ready to spend their lives together.

JOE

My family's a little afraid for me.

KAT

Why?

Joe nods to a TABLE of drunk, carousing THUGS. Kat laughs.

KAT

They're my father's friends. I don't even know them.

JOE

I knew about your family... but, man.

KAT

You married me, not my family.

JOE

So we're staying away from all that?

KAT

It's just you and me. The Crumbs.

JOE

You're seriously going to take my name.

KAT

Kat Crumb. I love it.

They kiss. Joe pulls her close. PICK UP Kat's mother, VERA, who passes them - STAY WITH VERA as she goes to --

THE BAR - Vera sidles up to ANDREI, who's doing a shot.

VERA

You didn't bring your poodle?

ANDREI

I don't know who you mean.

(then)

She's sick.

VERA

Aw. Poor lamb. And poor you. I know how much you love to dance.

Andrei eyes her, the booze fueling whatever buried feelings he might still have for her... This as FRANKLIN passes them. STAY WITH FRANKLIN, who looks like a wreck. He approaches --

MARTA'S TABLE - She looks up, sees his face. She rises as he offers her his hand --

FRANKLIN

Dance with me?

MARTA

Is everything okay?

FRANKLIN

I want to dance with my wife.

MARTA

(beat, smiles)

Is that so?



ON THE DANCE FLOOR - As Marta and Franklin move together.

MARTA

Did you tell Irwin and Steven? That  
you want out?

FRANKLIN

I'm working on it.

He pulls her closer. Then he nods toward someone --

FRANKLIN

Wow.

Marta follows his gaze to --

ANDREI AND VERA - dancing together. What's worse, Andrei's  
HAND furtively moves down to Vera's butt.

Marta buries her head in Franklin's shoulder.

MARTA

My eyes, my eyes!

Franklin can't help but laugh, as he spins her... off them,  
their first shared laugh of the night...

EXT. RICHMOND BRIDGE - NIGHT

IRWIN'S BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE drives across the long steel  
bridge toward the East Bay. As it reaches the other side...

INT./EXT. ESCALADE - SAME

Irwin drives. Then he sees, in the REARVIEW MIRROR - AN UNMARKED  
SEDAN rev up behind him. Its RED & BLUES FLASH, a SIREN blaring.

IRWIN

Nonononono....

Irwin SPEEDS up, but a SECOND SEDAN pulls up, then two more.

Irwin pulls over to the SHOULDER, POUNDING on the wheel in  
frustration. He watches FBI AGENTS pour out of the sedans --

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

LEEFLANG sidles up to the driver's window, knocks on it. It  
rolls down to reveal a now smiling Irwin.

LEEFLANG

Please step out of the car.

As Irwin gets out, TREJO initiates a SEARCH of his vehicle.

IRWIN

Since when is the FBI issuing speeding tickets?

LEEFLANG

'Fraid speeding is the least of your concerns.

He holds up a document. Irwin takes it, surprised.

IRWIN

A warrant? For what?

LEEFLANG

Hands on the hood, please.

Irwin spreads eagle on the hood. Leeflang pats him down as --

IRWIN

There was no tail - I was looking.  
How'd you know I'd be here?

Trejo approaches, carrying IRWIN'S GUN.

TREJO

Serial numbers are filed off.

LEEFLANG

This isn't good, Irwin. A convicted felon in possession of a weapon. It'll buy you some jail time.

IRWIN

Not enough to make it worth all this.

LEEFLANG

Maybe. But see... Schiller has people on the inside. I can't help you in there. But I can help you out here - if you want to discuss Schiller's missing product.

He looks at Irwin. Waiting. But Irwin smiles cheekily.

IRWIN

I'll take that speeding ticket now.

Leeflang just looks at him as ANOTHER AGENT leads him away.

TREJO

So that's our endgame here? Throw him in the pen and hope he talks?

LEEFLANG

He won't talk. Has too much to prove.  
But I agreed to get him out of the way  
on a minor charge. Part of the deal.

TREJO

Your tipster better come through.

Leeflang knows this all too well. Off him, tense --

INT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The party is winding down; a few remaining couples slow  
dance, including FRANKLIN and MARTA. He gazes at her, glad  
he has her. Then someone TAPS him on the shoulder --

STEVEN is there, holding a cell phone. Glaring.

STEVEN

Come on.

He strides outside. Marta gives Franklin a questioning look.

FRANKLIN

He's high. I'll deal with him.

He kisses Marta. She might follow, but she SEES BORIS  
sitting alone. She goes to him.

MARTA

I thought you went home with Grandma.

BORIS

I haven't seen her.

MARTA

In that case, you're gonna have to  
dance with me.

He shyly lets her pull him to the dance floor. She glances  
at the door, SEES Franklin and Steven in a tense discussion --

EXT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

Steven is in Franklin's face.

STEVEN

They just "happened" to pull Irwin  
over now. With a gun in his car. We  
were the only ones who knew!

FRANKLIN

Why would I tip them?

STEVEN

'Cause you're afraid to go through  
with this. You'd rather have him in  
jail, you chickenshit - am I next?!  
You goddamn coward -- !

-- He **SHOVES** Franklin, who **SHOVES** back. Steven **THROWS A PUNCH**. Franklin blocks him. They scuffle. **MARTA** - hurries out. **GUESTS** follow, shocked. Appalled.

MARTA

Stop this!

**KAT AND JOE** exit, horrified. Franklin shoves Steven down.

FRANKLIN

You're high, Steven. Go home.

STEVEN

I'll kill you!

-- as he jumps up and **LUNGES** at Franklin, **KNOCKING** him down. Punching him. Franklin swings back, defending himself. Finally, **LUTHER** appears, **PULLS** Steven off Franklin --

LUTHER

Calm down, brother.

Steven struggles against Luther's iron hold. Dina runs up --

DINA

What the hell, Steven!  
(to Luther)  
Will you just - let him go?

LUTHER

(beat, to Steven)  
It's a party, man.

STEVEN

A party, yeah.

Finally, Luther lets him go. Steven pulls away, **PISSED**. He glares at Franklin, then storms off. Dina is mortified.

DINA

I'm... so sorry.

She shoots Marta an apologetic look, hurries after Steven. Marta goes to Franklin, who forces a smile for the crowd --

FRANKLIN

'S'all good folks. We're celebrating  
the happy couple here, right?

He gestures towards the Clubhouse. People are reluctant, but slowly move inside. Marta just pulls Franklin away --

EXT. ANOTHER DOCK - NIGHT

Marta pulls Franklin to a dark, private area.

MARTA

Was that about you getting out?

FRANKLIN

I - don't know. It's a mess --

MARTA

Franklin. I meant what I said.

FRANKLIN

I know.

MARTA

I *will* leave --

FRANKLIN

-- *I know!*

A long pause. Finally, he looks at her. Dead serious.

FRANKLIN

If this is what you really want, I can get out --

MARTA

-- It's what I want --

FRANKLIN

-- But we'd have to go. Leave everything.

MARTA

What are you talking about? You'll just... stop. Go legit --

FRANKLIN

-- Marta, we're in The Life --

MARTA

You're barely connected --

FRANKLIN

You don't know - over the years, protection fees, my trade routes - it keeps me tangled up - and now --

(stops himself)

We'd have to take the kids and go --

MARTA

-- Go where?

FRANKLIN

I don't know. But we could never come back. We'd leave everything, the Marina, the family --

MARTA

-- Gabriel has S.A.T's. And Boris --

FRANKLIN

This is the only way, Marta.  
(looks into her eyes)  
*Do you want out?*

They stare at each other, overwhelmed by the intensity of the moment. This man is the father of Marta's children, the love of her life. But what he's asking... then...

MARTA

Yes.

The word takes her by surprise. Then with more conviction --

MARTA

Yes. I want that.

She laughs. So does he. It's just so absurd. And exhilarating. They hold each other, then kiss...

INT. MARTA AND FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marta and Franklin make love as they haven't in a long time. We see the passion of their connection. Their deep attraction to, and love for each other. Off them...

EXT. SAUSALITO BAY - MORNING

The sun rises on this lovely hamlet - who'd ever want to leave it?

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE ON SEVERAL LISTS - packing lists, to do lists, notes to self. INCLUDE MARTA, who is abuzz with energy. At the counter, BORIS eats his Lucky Charms. FRANKLIN strides in, jangling his car keys.

FRANKLIN

Come on, Bor, we're gonna go work on the boat!

BORIS

It's Saturday.

FRANKLIN

We gotta get it in shape. Might be using it soon.

He and Marta share a conspiratorial smile. Then Franklin tosses his keys to Boris.

FRANKLIN  
I'll let you drive.

Boris grins, slips the keys in his pocket. Franklin puts his arm around Marta, kissing her. They're like newlyweds.

Then Franklin GRABS up Boris, THROWS him over his shoulder in a fireman's carry - Boris laughs --

BORIS  
Put me down!

FRANKLIN  
Not 'til you swab them decks, matey.

-- as Franklin carries him out. Marta smiles after them. She moves to put the Lucky Charms away - then SEES - FRANKLIN'S KEYS - lying on the floor. Clearly, they fell out of Boris' pocket. She kneels, picks them up --

Then she HEARS something outside - a MOTORCYCLE, then a sickening POP POP POP! Everything stops down to SLOW MOTION as she realizes - it was the sound of AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE.

Marta shoves Franklin's keys into the POCKET OF HER HOODIE as she BOLTS for the door --

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - MOTOR COURT (CONTINUOUS)- MORNING

-- Marta BURSTS out to FIND --

FRANKLIN lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood.

BORIS standing beside his father, in shock, frozen.

Marta runs to Boris, covers his eyes. Then looks down at her husband. She releases Boris, who seems almost catatonic --

Marta kneels beside Franklin, the life bleeding out of him. She tries to stem the bleeding, putting pressure on a wound.

MARTA  
Franklin! Can you hear me?!  
(yelling)  
Help me!!! Someone HELP ME!!!

As we PULL UP AND BACK on her SCREAMING for help. Weeping over Franklin's body...

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. A LONG HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Empty, but for one NURSE walking toward us, carrying a plastic bag. The SQUISH SQUISH of her shoes is the only sound we hear. As she nears, INCLUDE --

MARTA - dazed, lifeless, watching the Nurse approach, staring at THE BAG - the print of Franklin's shirt visible through the clear plastic. The Nurse offers it to Marta.

NURSE

Your husband's personal affects.  
(off Marta's blank look)  
I need to ask you about arrangements...

Marta doesn't hear her. She turns, looks at --

HER CHILDREN - a dazed BORIS sits with ANDREI and VERA. GABRIEL sits on the floor, emotions raging. KAT, JOE and LUTHER are there. Joe holds a weeping NATALIE.

AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL - POLICE hover. LEEFLANG is with them, watching the family closely.

ON THE NURSE - as she offers Marta a sheet of paper --

NURSE

This is a list of funeral homes - if you haven't already engaged one.

Marta just stares at it, tears rising again. Luther intercedes, guides the Nurse away with a firm hand --

LUTHER

I'll be handling arrangements...

Marta breaks down. Kat comes to her. Holds her.

KAT

Oh, honey...

MARTA

Boris saw it. He saw everything. I can't even imagine...

KAT

Children are strong. Stronger than us.

ANGLE ON LEEFLANG

-- SEEING the depth of Marta's grief. He feels something he rarely does: sympathy. His partner, Celia Trejo appears --



TREJO

James. It wasn't in his personal effects. Maybe one of them has it.

LEEFLANG

I doubt they even know about it.

TREJO

Someone must. Or he wouldn't be dead.

He can't disagree. He turns to go, pulling out his PHONE --

ANGLE ON BORIS AND ANDREI

As Vera steps away, Andrei pulls Boris closer, affectionate.

ANDREI

You saw what happened, didn't you?

(off Boris' shrug)

If the police question you, you can say what you saw. Just tell them. But if they want to know other things about us. Just say you don't know. That's all. We're not their business.

BORIS

There was a motorcycle.

ANDREI

That's good. You tell them that.

Another generation being indoctrinated.

ON THE END OF THE HALL - DINA PUSHES THROUGH

-- hurries to the family, tear-stained. Something hardens in Marta's eyes as Dina approaches --

DINA

I came as soon as I heard --

Dina tries to hug Marta - but Marta backs up.

MARTA

I think you should leave.

DINA

What? Of course I'm not leaving --

KAT

It's not you. It's just too much --

MARTA

-- Why isn't Steven here?

DINA  
I'm... sure he's coming --

MARTA  
-- What did he and Franklin fight  
about last night?

DINA  
I don't know. Business? Irwin would  
know --

MARTA  
Steven threatened to kill Franklin.  
Now Franklin's dead.

DINA  
My God, Marta, he'd never do that.

MARTA  
(pointedly)  
Are you sure?

-- and for just a millisecond, Dina isn't. Marta sees it.

MARTA  
Tell him to stay the hell away from my  
family.

Dina sees Marta has shut her out. Devastated, she retreats.

Marta's strength is tapped out. She crumbles. Gabriel goes  
to her. Holds her. Marta reaches for Boris, pulls him into  
the hug. Natalie joins in. Off this tableau of grief...

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The kids enter - dazed, devastated. The house feels empty.  
Gabriel goes off in one direction. Natalie in another.  
Boris just stands there with a thousand yard stare.

Marta comes in behind him. Sees he's at sea. It's  
heartbreaking. She gently guides him upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie tears her "pretty" SKETCHES out of her pad. Begins  
a dark black charcoal sketch of something haunting, grim.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Gabriel approaches the pool. Stares at it. JUMPS into it  
fully dressed. Sinks to the bottom and stays there. Off  
him, we PULL UP AND BACK ON THE POOL to INCLUDE --

EXT. BACK OF THE WALRAVEN HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WALLS OF GLASS, we SEE THE FAMILY, each member in a different room, separate, alone.

-- LIVING ROOM - Natalie scratching her grief into her sketch pad;

-- BORIS' ROOM - Boris standing in his pajamas at the window.

-- MARTA'S ROOM - Marta sitting on the edge of her bed in a her robe. Just... dazed. Hollow.

INT. MARTA'S ROOM - SAME

ON MARTA still sitting on the bed. Overwhelmed. STAY ON HER as NIGHT TURNS TO DAY and we FIND OURSELVES --

INT. MARTA AND FRANKLIN'S ROOM - MORNING

Marta has been here all night. KAT appears in the doorway, gently knocks on the jamb, goes to Marta, kneels by her.

KAT

Are you hungry? Do you need anything?

MARTA

I need... to *know*.

Marta looks up; Kat sees the anger in her face.

MARTA

I need to know who did this.

KAT

We'll find out. Dad has... people --

MARTA

No. I want to look this murderer in the eye. If it was Steven...

KAT

(nods, completely gets it)  
Maybe Dina was right, Irwin might know what they were fighting about --

Marta abruptly rises. Pulls on a sweater, grabs her purse --

MARTA

Can you stay with the kids? --

-- Before Kat can answer, Marta's gone.

INT. PRISON - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Marta sits at a table across from IRWIN. They talk in whispers, cautious not to be overheard. They're both emotional.

IRWIN

We'll find out who did this.

MARTA

I might already know... Steven...

IRWIN

Steven? No, I don't see it --

MARTA

They fought at the wedding. Do you know why?

Irwin debates how to respond. Finally, with some reluctance --

IRWIN

If I had to guess, I'd say it was about... Schiller.

MARTA

(reacts, chilled)

You have nothing to do with him.

IRWIN

We... took something of his. A large amount. We thought we pulled it off.

MARTA

That... makes no sense. Even Dad is afraid of Schiller. Franklin wouldn't put us in that kind of danger --

IRWIN

-- *It was Franklin's idea.*

She looks at him, not believing, but he's so convincing.

IRWIN

-- He wanted one last pay day, to cash out. I don't know why.

MARTA

I... asked him to quit...

IRWIN

This isn't your fault, sweetie. We don't know what he was thinking.

She's still confused, trying to decipher it all.

IRWIN

The only thing we can do now is get rid of the load.

(off her dazed nod)

(MORE)

IRWIN (CONT'D)

It's in the J Boat, berth sixteen.  
There's a false wall - Franklin's keys  
will unlock it. I have a Japanese buyer  
with no ties to Schiller --

MARTA

What are you talking about?

IRWIN

You have to pick up where Franklin  
left off. Steven can do the legwork --

MARTA

Are you crazy? I have three kids.

IRWIN

Marta, listen to me. Schiller has  
guys in here. If I can't buy  
protection, I won't last long.

She feels for him, loves her brother. She makes a decision.

MARTA

I have to give it back to Schiller.

IRWIN

*What?*

MARTA

Franklin did this, and he paid the  
price. I'll return the stash, the  
debt will be settled. You'll be safe,  
the kids will be safe.

IRWIN

You're wrong, Marta - Marta!

But Marta is already striding out. Off her decisive face...

INT. STEVEN & DINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Expensive art, designer furnishings. They live beyond their  
means, but have great taste. LOUD MUSIC PLAYS as STEVEN  
works out on a ROWING MACHINE. He's stressed, trying to  
figure things out. He stops. SNORTS a spoonful of coke.

DINA enters. Watches him for a moment. Then comes up  
behind him. Wordlessly, she begins to rub his neck. Then  
kiss it. Her hands move up his thighs.

Steven pulls her close. As they kiss, she whispers, breathless --

DINA

Just tell me...

STEVEN

... What should I tell you?

DINA

... I want to know... what you did...

STEVEN

... I do a lot of things...

DINA

... You were mad. Maybe he...  
deserved it...

It takes a beat for her question to sink in. He pulls away --

DINA

You can tell me.

STEVEN

Why would you even - I can't believe  
you asked me that.

Steven storms out the front door. OFF DINA, distressed --

EXT. STEVEN & DINA'S HOUSE (CONTINUOUS) - AFTERNOON

-- STEVEN exits - and is immediately GRABBED from behind. A  
SECOND MAN WITH A KNIFE SLASHES Steven's face, then his  
CHEST, cutting through his t-shirt. Then his forearm.

Steven drops, bleeding. He looks up at the knife wielder,  
LEON, 30's, slick, detached, chillingly graceful.

LEON

It will be major arteries next.

Leon's younger, meaner associate, WALL, 20's, leans down --

WALL

You took something that belongs to Mr.  
Schiller.

STEVEN

It wasn't me! I swear! - AGH!

-- As Leon SLASHES Steven's other arm - off his SCREAM --

INT. STEVEN AND DINA'S HOUSE - SAME

-- The MUSIC is still loud. Dina hears nothing outside --

EXT. STEVEN AND DINA'S HOUSE - SAME

Steven, bloodied, terrified, looks up at the two hit men --

STEVEN  
I didn't take it --  
(holds up a hand)  
-- but I know where it is!

Wall hoists Steven up. They drag him to their car --

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - MOTOR COURT/INT. LEXUS - EVENING

As MARTA'S LEXUS pulls in, Marta is stunned to find the driveway crammed with unmarked SEDANS. AGENTS carry boxes and computers out of the house --

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marta BURSTS in, aghast at the agents digging through her things, furniture upended. Open, empty drawers.

Marta SEES Natalie holding a frightened Boris. Natalie's scared, too. Marta rushes to them. Gabriel joins them as --

NATALIE  
They have a warrant, Mom.

MARTA  
It'll be alright. Gabriel, drive them over to Kat and Joe's. I'll join you after I straighten this out.

GABRIEL  
Come on, buddy, let's blow this clambake.

He takes Boris' hand. They head out with Natalie. Marta then turns to find herself facing Leeflang.

LEEFLANG  
Mrs. Walraven. I'm Agent James Leeflang --

MARTA  
-- My husband is barely cold. My children are still in shock. And you do this to us?

LEEFLANG  
We needed to get in before anything could be removed.

MARTA  
Tell me what the hell you're looking for. I'll find it and you can get out.

LEEFLANG

A computer memory stick. We've already searched your husband's car, his place of business --

MARTA

-- How do you know there *is* a stick?

LEEFLANG

Franklin called me the night before he was shot. He planned to give it to me in the morning.

MARTA

Franklin. Was going to give something... to you.

LEEFLANG

He made a deal; he wanted you safe --

MARTA

-- You don't know what he wanted. *You did not know my husband.*

LEEFLANG

Maybe I knew him better than you did.

A beat - then Marta turns, heads for the stairs.

LEEFLANG

You can't go up there. We haven't --

MARTA

I'm barely holding it together here. So I'm going to get myself and my children a change of clothes. And I'm going to leave before I explode.

She turns, disappears up the stairs. Leeflang taps Trejo --

LEEFLANG

Watch her.

INT. MARTA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marta enters, pulling off her clothes. Trejo comes in right behind her, watching every move. It's humiliating. Marta digs through a pile of clothes. Pulls on a T-shirt, mutters --

MARTA

Should be looking for whoever killed my husband - not destroying someone's home - traumatizing children...



-- She grabs the HOODIE she wore the morning Franklin got shot. Slips it on. All under the watchful eye of Trejo.

INT. MARTA'S LEXUS/EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marta pulls into the lot, parks. As she opens the door, she digs FRANKLIN'S KEYS out of her pocket - but stops, SEEING something on them...

-- THE SMALL PLASTIC SAILBOAT dangling from the chain. She PULLS IT APART - to reveal a memory stick. She's devastated...

MARTA

Oh, Franklin...

A long beat - but she inhales courage and gets out --

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Marta heads down the dock to BERTH SIXTEEN, the J BOAT. She climbs aboard with trepidation. Then climbs down into --

INT. J BOAT HOLD (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

Marta looks around, finds the false wall. She pulls out Franklin's keys, UNLOCKS the wall - PULLS IT ASIDE --

TO FIND that the secret compartment is EMPTY. Marta is flummoxed... then suddenly --

She HEARS footsteps above. Panicked, she looks for a weapon - pulls open cabinets, then SEES the seat cushion askew. She digs into the cabinet under the seat, FINDS A GUN --

-- Just as STEVEN is thrown down the ladder with a THUD.

LEON and WALL descend the ladder... to find themselves facing the GUN. Marta clearly knows how to use it... though she's never aimed one at a human being before.

MARTA

Get off my boat.

WALL

Your boat? You're Walraven's wife?

He and Leon share a look. Leon eyes Marta.

LEON

Something was stolen from Mr. Schiller. He wants it back.

Marta just keeps aiming her gun. Leon gives Steven a small kick.

LEON

This asshole says it was here. In that compartment. So either he's lying or someone moved it.

Leon steps toward her - she COCKS THE GUN.

MARTA

I told you to leave.

LEON

Your husband's dead. Your brother's in jail. That leaves you and little Stevie here responsible for Mr. Schiller's property.

MARTA

Me? I had nothing to do with it.

LEON

You'll return what was taken, or its cash value.

WALL

About one point five million, plus interest.

LEON

I would do this soon.

The two hit men start back up the ladder.

MARTA

I don't want any part of this. This isn't my business.

LEON

*It is now.*

And they leave. OFF MARTA, in way over her head...

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. MARTA'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Marta drives. Steven lays in the passenger seat. Bloodied, with bandages from a first aid kit on his wounds. He looks like hell. The car goes over a bump. He groans in pain.

MARTA

Oh for God's sake. Let me take you to a hospital.

STEVEN

No. The cuts aren't deep.  
(silence, then...)  
Franklin moved the stash. Irwin was in jail so it had to be Franklin. Or you.  
(off her sharp look)  
You had his keys. You obviously knew where it was.

MARTA

Or you moved it, sold it, and are lying so they don't kill you.

STEVEN

That wouldn't be much of a plan.

MARTA

You're not much of a planner.

EXT. STEVEN'S HOUSE/INT. LEXUS (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

-- The Lexus stops. Steven starts to climb out, but Marta stops him. Looks him in the eye.

MARTA

Did you kill him?

STEVEN

No! No, I did not kill Franklin! Why the hell would I do that?

MARTA

To keep it all for yourself.

He just shakes his head. The LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE come on.

MARTA

If you did it, I'll make sure you pay.

STEVEN

If you took that stash, I'll make sure you pay.

DINA steps out of the house in her robe. Steven exits the car. She sees his bloodied clothing. Hurries over --

DINA  
My God! What happened?

STEVEN  
... Someone... jumped me at the  
Marina. Mugged me. Marta found me.

It's a lame excuse. Marta doesn't confirm or deny. A beat... SEE Dina decide to accept it. She turns to Marta --

DINA  
Thank God they didn't hurt you, too.

It's genuine concern. Marta's moved, they share a look... the beginning of a rapprochement. Then Marta drives off --

INT. KAT & JOE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kat opens the door for Marta, who walks into her embrace. Exhausted. JOE and NATALIE are washing dishes.

KAT  
I was just making up a bed for you.

MARTA  
Thank you... for everything.

Kat nods, moves off. Marta goes to Natalie, kisses, holds her. Natalie pulls away, doesn't want to look like a kid...

INT. KAT AND JOE'S APARTMENT - LOFT - NIGHT

Marta ducks a low beam, FINDS Boris asleep on a futon. Gabriel lies next to him, working on his computer. Marta gently kisses Boris. Then crawls next to Gabriel.

MARTA  
I'm so sorry you have to go through  
all this.

GABRIEL  
It's not your fault.

They lean on each other. A beat.

MARTA  
I thought they took all our computers.

GABRIEL  
This one was in my locker at school.  
My entire music library is on it.

MARTA

Can I borrow it?

GABRIEL

Um, you're not exactly tech savvy...

She pulls out Franklin's keys, shows him the MEMORY STICK.

MARTA

I need to see what's on this... It was your father's.

A beat. Gabriel hands her the laptop.

INT. KAT & JOE'S APARTMENT - GUEST ALCOVE - NIGHT

Marta sits on the bed with the laptop and tries to open the memory stick, but AN ICON POPS UP: "Password protected."

She PUNCHES several keys, frustration building. Finally, rather than kill the computer, she sets it aside. Then curls into a ball to keep from screaming with rage...

INT. ROSSIYA RESTAURANT - MORNING

Marta sits with Andrei. LUTHER sits behind them, drinking espresso, listening. Andrei POUNDS the table in frustration --

ANDREI

There's not a goddamn thing I can do.  
All my money is tied up in assets.  
Whatever's left goes to your mother,  
and to Kat and her starving artist...

MARTA

I know.

ANDREI

But you have assets, right? Savings  
accounts. Kids' college funds.

MARTA

I - yes, I'll - talk to the bank.  
Franklin handled all our finances.

LUTHER

He must have hidden some cash.

MARTA

... I don't know. How can I not know?  
(realizing)  
I should send the kids away. They're  
not safe.

ANDREI

There is no "away." Not for Schiller.  
But if you keep them here, Luther can  
protect them.

MARTA

Can you at least talk to Schiller?

Andrei and Luther share a look. Andrei darkens, haunted.

ANDREI

It might make things worse. This "new  
Bratva," people like Schiller. They  
have no code, no country, no identity.  
They're everywhere, but you never see  
them when they come for you...

He's distressing Marta more. Luther intercedes.

LUTHER

Without your father, you can claim  
ignorance.

ANDREI

Yes, a grieving widow trying to fix a  
husband's mistake. Schiller might  
give you more latitude.  
(takes her hand, emotional)  
This kills me, that I can do nothing.

MARTA

Loaning me Luther, that's not nothing.  
(beat, then)  
Do you think Schiller killed Franklin?

ANDREI

I don't know. But it wouldn't even be  
close to the worst thing he's done.

Off Marta, taking that in...

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - MILL VALLEY - DAY

Marta climbs out of her car, walks toward the bank, but SEES  
LEEFLANG exit the bank, head for his car. She stops him --

MARTA

What are you doing at my bank?

LEEFLANG

We believe your husband acquired funds  
through illicit means. We have the  
right to seize all your accounts --

MARTA

-- *You what?! --*

LEEFLANG

-- as long as you're under  
investigation --

MARTA (CONT'D)

How much more hell are you  
going to put us through --

LEEFLANG

*Hey. You're not the victim here --*

She's obviously hit a button.

LEEFLANG

-- People like you, you're worse than  
the criminals. You don't commit the  
crimes, but you condone them by doing  
nothing. And when your world goes to  
hell, you blame everyone but yourself.

*(calming himself, a beat)*

You can cooperate, or we can hold on to  
your funds. It's your choice. *Yours.*

As he walks away, Marta chokes back a sob. He's given voice  
to her deepest fear and shame. And it's devastating.

INT. KAT & JOE'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marta enters, defeated, but resolved with her course of  
action, moving fast before she changes her mind. She starts  
toward the guest alcove - toward the memory stick - but  
STOPS abruptly when she sees --

NATALIE, sketching as always. But her hair has been DYED  
PITCH BLACK. She looks at Marta defiantly. Marta is about  
to say something - but there are more pressing matters. *The  
memory stick.* Marta simply turns, heads directly for --

INT. GUEST ALCOVE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

-- Marta enters, FINDS Gabriel on her bed, looking at his  
COMPUTER. She stops short when she sees the memory stick  
plugged into it. Gabriel's face is dark. Bitter.

GABRIEL

I got past the password protections --

MARTA

-- That was not for your eyes!

GABRIEL

I wanted to *help.*

She sees the pain in his eyes. It hurts her. She softens.  
He pushes the laptop to her.

GABRIEL

Did you know Dad was gonna do this?  
 (off her confused look)  
 Mom, *everyone's* in here. Uncle Irwin.  
 Steven. Grandpa --

Marta doesn't believe it. He shows her, scrolling through --

GABRIEL

Photographs, accounts, dates. Was Dad  
 gonna hand all this over?

MARTA

He said... witness protection, but not...

GABRIEL

Our *entire* family? And here I thought  
 he was just a pot exporter --

MARTA

You knew?

GABRIEL

Few weeks ago I dropped by the Marina  
 at night. Saw some stuff. Wasn't a  
 big deal, it just... changed things.

MARTA

Does Natalie -- ?

GABRIEL

No. She thinks Dad walked on water.  
 Turns out he was a piece of --

MARTA

-- Hey, whatever your father did, was  
 to protect you.

GABRIEL

You wouldn't have done it. You'd have  
 found another way.

Her hopeless expression suggests there may be no other way.  
 Gabriel sees her distress. Kisses her cheek, starts out --

GABRIEL

By the way, he left you a message.

Marta, reeling, looks at the computer monitor. Sees  
 Franklin's FACE frozen in a video. He looks like a  
 stranger. She just has to push play to hear it...

END OF ACT IV



ACT V

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

ON FEET PEDALING - attacking the pedals like she's trying to kill them. INCLUDE MARTA, breathing hard, but unrelenting. More intense than we've ever seen her.

CUT AWAY TO:

INT. MARTA'S ROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT]

CLOSE ON THE LAP TOP as Marta presses "play." A VIDEO OF FRANKLIN BEGINS. He speaks directly to camera, emotional, scared. Tears spring to Marta's eyes at the sight of him.

FRANKLIN

Hi Marta... man, I'm praying you never see this, 'cause if you're watching - then something went *really* wrong --

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

BACK ON MARTA, biking, pushing harder and harder...

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - STREET - EVENING

Marta exits, fully dressed, high heels. She strides to Leeflang and Trejo's SEDAN. Hands him the MEMORY STICK --

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

BACK ON MARTA, fighting thirst, pain, but she keeps pushing...

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

I just want to say I'm... so sorry. I didn't want to leave you. To leave you with all *this*...

INT. LEEFLANG'S SEDAN - EVENING

BACK ON LEEFLANG, laptop is on his lap. Trejo next to him. CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER - as they watch the same video --

FRANKLIN

I love you and the kids so much. I... tried to keep them safe...

INT. MARTA'S ROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK TO LAST NIGHT]

ON MARTA still watching the video, sobs now choking her. She's wracked with grief - and more than that - rage --

FRANKLIN

... But now it's up to you...

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

Marta finally reaches the crest, FLOATS over flat land...

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Don't trust *anyone* but yourself...

INT. LEEFLANG'S SEDAN - EVENING

BACK ON LEEFLANG, TREJO and the VIDEO --

FRANKLIN

... I left you some security -  
in the garden, under the  
bonsai. You need to take the  
J Boat and go...

LEEFLANG

No names, dates - she must  
have erased it.

TREJO

That's a Federal offense, if we can  
prove it --

LEEFLANG

-- She wouldn't make it that easy.

TREJO

James, she's a *housewife*.But Leeflang's face tells us he suspects there's a hell of a  
lot more to Marta than that. Off him, begrudgingly impressed --

INT. A LONG, DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

START ON MARTA'S HIGH HEELS. Walking down a corridor -  
echoing against the slick wood flooring.INCLUDE MARTA. Moving toward us down this sleek corporate  
hallway. Her face is grim, clinging to courage. She reaches  
a door. Takes a beat, then PUSHES IT OPEN, entering --

INT. SCHILLER'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

A HUGE ROOM with a spectacular view of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.  
The décor is stark, ultra modern, restrained elegance. In the  
corner is a DESK OF HIGH-TECH COMPUTER EQUIPMENT, manned by an  
ASIAN CPA-LOOKING GUY.Behind an enormous desk sits CHRISTIAN SCHILLER. Handsome,  
immaculate, a deadly wolf in very expensive sheep's clothing.THREE WELL-DRESSED COLUMBIAN MEN sit facing him. But Marta  
just strides to his desk.

He's not surprised (we SEE a SECURITY MONITOR on his desk of the hallway). She DROPS a fat POUCH in front of him. Dirt still clings to it --

MARTA

Here. Now, leave me alone, Mr. Schiller.

Leon and Wall appear next to her - but Schiller raises a hand. They back off. Schiller turns to the Colombians.

SCHILLER

*Si me disculpan un momento, por favor.*

The Colombians rise. They head out, eying her as they pass. Their FACES are hard, intimidating. Schiller nods to Leon, Wall and the CPA-looking guy. They all leave.

Marta's alone with Schiller now. He rises. She sees the power in his build, the confidence with which he carries himself as he rounds the desk toward her.

SCHILLER

Mrs. Walraven. I'm assuming you haven't been searched. May I?

She doesn't say yes or no, but allows Schiller to remove her jacket, which he does *slowly*. He frisks her. Not invasive, but thorough. Almost sensual. She is stoic. As he finishes, she faces him, strong, insistent --

MARTA

There's five hundred thousand in that pouch. It's all I have. And it's enough. You've already taken my husband from me.

He walks in a slow circle around her. His eyes taking in every detail. Gauging every reaction. Every breath.

SCHILLER

Why would I kill your husband?

MARTA

He... stole from you.

SCHILLER

Yes. And I want my property back.

MARTA

I don't know where it is.

SCHILLER

But your husband knew. So ask yourself, would killing him get me what I want?

She doesn't know the answer to that. Is Schiller messing with her? He sits on the edge of his desk in front of her.

SCHILLER

There are two things that matter in the world of business: money and trust. Money usually isn't the problem. One can always get money back. But trust - once you've lost it, you have nothing.

(then)

Do you understand? Your husband cost me the trust of... some associates.

MARTA

There's nothing I can do about that.

SCHILLER

Actually, we can help each other.

MARTA

I don't want your help.

SCHILLER

Are you close to your brother? Prison is a dangerous place --

MARTA

-- What do you want from me?

SCHILLER

I need to replace what was taken. There's a new consignment coming in. You have a trade route, port contacts, customs officials --

MARTA

-- I don't. I know nothing about it.

SCHILLER

Steven can help you with the nuts and bolts. But I don't want him in charge. You seem far more... capable.

MARTA

You want me to import --

SCHILLER

-- One consignment.

There's a long beat as they size each other up. Finally...

MARTA

Then you'll leave us alone?

He walks her to the door, pulls it open for her as --

SCHILLER

Remember what matters, Mrs. Walraven.  
Money...

-- as he offers her the POUCH of cash --

SCHILLER

... and trust.

They share a look. Guarded, charged. She warily takes the pouch from him. He smiles. As he closes the door --

-- WE HOLD ON MARTA'S FACE. Trapped but, we can see, determined to do *whatever* it takes. Off the door SHUTTING --

END OF PILOT