

THE LINE

"HAMLET WILL FUCKING KILL YOU"

by

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First Revision

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PILOT EPISODE

"HAMLET WILL FUCKING KILL YOU"

A world of low light, high contrast, hand-held, motion blur, the aesthetic is borrowed from--if anywhere--an episode of COPS, right down to blurred-out logos and bleeped swear words.

EXT./INT. 3-SERIES BEEMER -- DAY

OVER BLACK, A SINGLE, SHAKY HAND-WRITTEN WORD APPEARS ONSCREEN AND HOLDS FOR A LONG MOMENT:

"LEO"

FOUR GUYS cruise through the neighborhood in a stock-looking 3 Series Beemer. 20s. A *Saturday Night Fever* vibe.

We feature ONE KID, his name is LEO. Even though other guys may be more vicious, more audacious, more fearless, Leo is our way in to this world, our eyes, ears and heart.

NICKY

Hey, I wanna bang her too.

TONY

Everyone wants to bang Kat Deeley;
I will bang Kat Deeley.

DRE

And how do you propose to
accomplish this?

TONY

First of all, I'm her type...

LEO

She told you this?

TONY

Not her personally.

DRE

You got a way in to meet Kat
Deeley?

TONY

This chick who knows her ex-
assistant, Skyler. Said I was
totally her type.

LEO

Dude, you're in.

Leo nods at a parked car, a nothing little Nissan.

Dre points a device that looks like a remote at the Nissan.
It beeps a few times.

TONY
I got a three-point plan to bed
her.

Nicky hops out of the Beemer and opens the now-unlocked driver's door, gets in, jams a sharpened screwdriver into the ignition and fires it up.

LEO
Does the first one involve opening
up the time/space continuum? Cause
if you can crack that, then I think
she's all yours.

Tony takes a swat at Leo. Nicky puts on his turn indicator.

TONY
Fuckin brainiac.

Nicky pulls out into traffic, slow and steady. The other
guys follow in the Beemer.

INT. BEEMER

Tony, Leo and Dre follow Nicky through the streets, continue
bullshitting.

TONY
Just listen...cause this will be
the way it goes down: One, put
myself in her vicinity...

DRE
She's got a nice vicinity.

TONY
(ignoring him)
I gotta identify, like, where she
hangs so I can put myself near her.
Two, I gotta run a long con that
will work...gotta offer her
something she wants, besides the
obvious. So, I'm a movie producer,
I got a project, bullshitbullshit,
she's perfect for it, gonna break
her out of the whole spokesmodel
thing, bullshitbullshit, she starts
to think, I might just wanna fuck
this guy.

LEO
This is gonna be a great
relationship.

TONY
(ignoring him)
Three, gotta make sure she sees or
hears about what I'm packing...
(indicating his package)
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

She's gotta understand that my manhood will overwhelm her, will take her to new heights of sexual ecstasy...

LEO

Wait. You're a big-dicked producer she meets at the Coffee Bean or wherever she goes on a regular basis? That's your three-point plan?

TONY

(slightly deflated)
That's my three-point plan. And I will be banging Kat Deeley. It could totally work. Why do you gotta be a hater?

EXT/INT. CHOP SHOP -- DAY

They pull into an alley. A garage door opens and they pull in to the chop shop. It's all business...Nicky rifles through the glove box, grabs an iPod, pair of shades, hops out of the car.

A couple of tatted up Eastern European kids nod as the two cars pull in. Immediately, a few Salvadoran guys go to work on the car; up on the lift, the wheels come off, off the lift, airbags come out, then seats, then the engine...all in the b.g. during the following:

LEO

Hey, Lash.

LASHKO

Leo, whatup.

LEO

About the same. What're your needs?

LASHKO

They don't change a whole lot, dawg. Toyota, Nissan, Honda...got an order for a 69 Goat, if you happen upon one.

LEO

It'll be our pleasure to keep an eye out.

LASHKO

No worries.

TONY

Lash, you still bangin high school girls?

LASHKO

Tony, you still getting head from trannies?

TONY
Not since you stopped blowin me.

Lashko counts out cash to Leo...Leo counts it carefully. Leo stands there, his hand still out.

LASHKO
What.

LEO
(quiet but intense)
The F150, from this morning. Two
Gs.

LASHKO
Right...you guys are lucky to have
one brain between you.

The guys stand around Leo as he counts their shares of cash.

TONY
I gotta eat.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DELI RESTAURANT -- DAY

The guys exiting the deli...Tony working a toothpick and expounding:

TONY
...and all I'm saying is you're not
taking into account that it's me,
and I overwhelm the dime pieces
with shock and awe--

On their way out, an old Armenian guy sees Leo, starts yelling in Armenian, his face creased with age and grief.

He yells for a few moments, then spits in Leo's face. Leo stands there, motionless, taking it. Leo mouths the words, I'm sorry, but no sound comes out.

TONY (CONT'D)
Awright, awright, easy, Takvor.

Tony wipes Leo's face and the old guy keeps yelling, crying. Finally, Tony puts his thick arms around the guy and hugs/restrains him until he quiets. Then:

TONY (CONT'D)
You know Leo doesn't speak
Armenian.

Tony kisses the guy's cheek, lets him go roughly.

Leo is just staring at the old guy, his face some kind of mask of pain and regret.

NICKY
Don't worry about it, Leo, he's a
nutjob.

LEO
No he's not.

DRE
Hey, we're laggin, let's go.

They start down the sidewalk, Leo still staring at the old guy, who finally turns and goes inside the restaurant.

Leo turns and joins his boys. A big, lensy shot of the four of them walking down the sidewalk.

--LEO: still lost in his pain until Dre runs up and body checks him, they start laughing and goofing around.

--TONY: Pure animal, eyes hooded and flat, taking in everything

--DRE: Along for the ride, co-dependent, wanting to make sure everybody's happy.

--NICKY: Good soldier, walking between Leo and Tony.

We stay with them, their power, youth...

They keep walking toward camera until they fill the frame as--

SMASH TO OPENING TITLES

ACT ONE**INT. CLUB N.JOY-- NIGHT**

Loud house music, Hollywood club rats, certainly a brisk drug trade happening somewhere within.

Our crew enters the club...Tony in full peacock mode.

They take a "Reserved" sign off a table and sit.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS
(yelling over the music)
This table is reserved, you can't
sit there!

Tony looks her up and down, smiles.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
I said it's reserved! My manager--

Leo quietly steps in and hands her a hundred.

Tony looks her up and down, leans over very close and hands her another hundred. Hangs on to her hand, hamming it up.

TONY
I missed that, sexy, what?

She grins. Leo looks at Dre and Nicky, who cough up bills.

WAITRESS
You guys want a bottle?

LEO
Sure. Josh in back?

WAITRESS
Yeah, but he's super busy--

LEO
Tell him we're here.

She walks away, says something to the bartender, who looks at them, then talks to someone on his headset.

JOSH comes out from the back, walks toward them, club ghoulish hipster in his 20s. Coked to the gills.

Waitress sets down the bottle.

JOSH
Everything to your liking?

LEO
Have a seat.

JOSH
Dude, I'm swamped...

Leo, Tony, Dre and Nicky just look at him. He sits.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(nervous and cokey)
Right on, right on...slammin and
jammin...biz-in-ess...

LEO
Can't believe you opened your club
this far down Sunset.

JOSH
Edgy, baby, right?

LEO
You got some Kevlar balls.

Josh laughs, again the nervous/coked combo.

Leo notices Josh's one long pinky fingernail/coke spoon.

LEO (CONT'D)
Wow...old school nose shovel.

JOSH
Perhaps you gents are in the market
for a little Bolivian marching
powder yourselves--

LEO
Let's cut the bullshit, Josh. This
neighborhood, your posh little
venue...you're gonna need people
looking out for you. People who
have the weight of...other people
behind them...

JOSH
I'm all covered, thanks Homes.

TONY
Who? Who's got you covered?

JOSH
There's the man right there,
walking in.

They look over and there he is, walking in the door...

LEO
Hamlet.

NICKY
That Armenian prick.

HAMLET YOSSARIAN enters the club in a fog of self-importance, a bloated scumbag who has affected a regal bearing, surrounded by a posse of gorgeous bottom feeders, what looks like (and turns out to be) the entire female cast of a porn flick, a few guys who look like cage fighters, and a Body Man, staying close. Hamlet says something to the Body Man, who stands away from Hamlet's table at the ready...

JOSH

Yessir, Hamlet and company got me dialed and riled. Total protection package. We wanted to go with the heavy hitters, I'm sure you understand. Anyway, gents... bottle's on me. Love to have you here anytime. Call ahead next time and I will drop the bombdiggity booth on you boys, we're talkin super-duper plush--

Tony reaches over and grabs and breaks his pinky finger in one fluid motion. SNAPS as loud as dry kindling.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Motherfucker! Ahh! My finger!

In the crowded, noisy club, the small gesture goes unnoticed to the surrounding partiers. Josh stares in horror at his finger, bent at a 90 degree angle.

TONY

Just couldn't hear him talk anymore...

DRE

It's like free rehab, dude...he took out your coke spoon.

Leo pours a shot and slides it over to Josh, who cradles his pinky hand, whimpering.

LEO

Drink it.

Josh downs the shot and Leo pours him another. Josh drinks it.

LEO (CONT'D)

If you're not happy with your total protection package, let me know.

Josh nods, gritting his teeth, tears streaming down his face.

TONY

Oh, hey, Josh. Tell Hamlet about this and we'll find you and take care of the other nine fingers.

JOSH

Ahhhgg...

He stands up and staggers toward the office.

Tony stands up and heads for Hamlet's table, a few shots braver.

LEO
Tony, no-no.

TONY
(in the zone)
Just sayin hey.

LEO
Use your words.

STEADICAM OVER TONY'S GIANT BACK

As he lumbers across the club...those who don't move out of his way are gently body-checked...now we have a peek-a-boo of Hamlet and company through the crowd...closer, closer...

HAMLET'S TABLE

Still over Tony, we see the assembled group at Hamlet's table look up...there are a number of pornlets, still in their slightly kabuki make-up, lashes and hair extensions from the days shoot. One porn girl is particularly sparkly, TASHA, dark hair and eyes, olive skin, probably Armenian, and she belongs to Hamlet. A white-blond Russian girl hangs on one of the porn guys.

They all look at Tony expectantly, ready for some kind of throwdown. He doesn't say a word, just beams in on the beautiful-if-surgically-augmented Tasha clinging to Hamlet's side. She looks back at him.

HAMLET
What? You the busboy? So clear some glasses, busboy.

Tasha is uncomfortable, but drawn in by Tony, eroticized by the threat hanging in the air.

The Body Man edges in, at the ready.

Tony stays focused on Tasha...finally turns his gaze to Hamlet.

TONY
You want me to clear some glasses?

Tony leans out over the table, both hands on it, ready to flip it...

LEO
That's okay, Tony...

Leo's hand lands firmly on Tony's shoulder. Nicky and Dre are posted up at either side of him.

TONY

What.

LEO

Hamlet, Mr. Yossarian,
(gesturing to the hottie)
And this must be Ophelia. Let us
buy you a bottle...vodka?

Waitress is standing by, starts to head to the bar...

HAMLET

Vodka? I look like peasant to you?

LEO

You want the truth?

HAMLET

Know what? Let's have a bottle of
the '90 Latour Pauillac.

WAITRESS

It's twelve hundred...

Leo takes out his stack, counts off bills.

LEO

(to Waitress)
Keep the change.
(to table)
Enjoy that bottle. You'll like it,
but the '94 is a far more coveted
vintage.
(to Hamlet)
Watch out for Laertes.

HAMLET

Smart ass.

They walk away from the table.

DRE

You kiddin me? Drop twelve hundred
on a bottle for that pig?

LEO

Two Gs with the tip. That pig is a
major player. Good to show him we
got class...

DRE

Whatever.

LEO

...and balls.

Leo holds up Hamlet's valet ticket.

EXT. CLUB VALET AREA -- NIGHT

Leo hands the ticket to the valet, who reaches for the keys.

LEO
 (to the guys)
 We'll drive it around and leave it
 at his house.

TONY
 Fuck it, man. Let's chop the
 bitch.

LEO
 This is not one for chopping...

The valet pulls up in a gleaming Lamborghini Murcielago,
 bright yellow.

NICKY
 Sweet Jesus.

DRE
 Fuckin A.

LEO
 Easy, gents.

Leo hands the valet a hundred. The Beemer comes in behind
 the Lamborgini...

IN THE CLUB

The Body Man sees the Lamborghini at the valet, starts
 pushing through the crowd...

AT THE VALET STAND

Leo nods to Nicky to drive, to Dre and Tony to take the
 Beemer...

CLUB DOOR

Bursts open...Body Man running toward them...

NICKY AND LEO

See the Body Man galloping toward them and jump in the Lambo
 and drive...the car does not disappoint...it rockets out of
 the driveway, followed by the Beemer with Tony driving...

BODY MAN

Shoves the valet out of the way and gets in a car just
 arriving, a CRX tuner, and gives chase...

ON THE ROAD

The three cars blast down Sunset...jockeying through traffic.

IN THE LAMBO

Leo dials and gets Tony...

LEO (CONT'D)
See if you can box him out, then
lose him.

IN THE BEEMER

Dre drives...

TONY
Leo says box him out.

Tony speedshifts down and the CRX comes screaming up on the Beemer's bumper. The Lamborghini rockets ahead.

BODY MAN

Is boxed out by the Beemer, which Tony has slowed to drive next to a pick up truck. Body Man launches the CRX up on to the sidewalk and punches it, blowing past the Beemer and just catching sight of the tail lights on the Lambo as it jams off Sunset on to Doheny and into the Hills of Beverly...

IN THE BEEMER

TONY (CONT'D)
Sonofabitch!

IN THE LAMBO

Nicky glances in the rearview as they wind through the residential streets of Beverly Hills.

NICKY
I think we lost him...

And the CRX appears, fishtailing around a corner after them.

Distracted, Nicky misses a turn and oversteers, sliding the front end into an estate wall, releasing the airbags.

OUTSIDE THE LAMBO

A moment of quiet, the doors push open, Nicky and Leo stepping out, dazed, as the CRX rounds the corner, pulls over and the Body Man jumps out, starts moving toward them...

BODY MAN
You are so fucked.

And then Dre in the Beemer, gunning it around the corner, the Body Man in the middle of the road, the Beemer SLAMS him full-on, throwing him twenty feet into a river-rock mailbox...he crumples to the ground.

Tony staggers out of the BMW, sees the Body Man on the ground...

LEO
Tony, let's go.

Body Man isn't gone, not quite...he looks up at Tony, who looks down at him. An expression of what?--hope?--washes over Body Man's face, before Tony, with his hand-made cap-toe boots, KICKS him in the face.

LEO (CONT'D)
Tony!

Once. Twice. Body Man dies, his body empties out.

LEO (CONT'D)
What the hell...what did you just do?

Beat. Total quiet, stillness. Nothing will ever be the same.

Then, doors opening, neighbors calling into the night. Leo gathers himself.

LEO (CONT'D)
(to Tony, of the Beemer)
Will it still drive?

Tony nods.

LEO (CONT'D)
Get in the car.

Leo pushes Tony back to the Beemer, Dre sitting there stunned.

IN THE LAMBO

Nicky furiously wipes down prints.

LEO (CONT'D)
Forget it.

Leo reaches under the bashed hood, pulls out the fuel line, sparks his Zippo and throws it on the gasoline-soaked ground. Slowly, then in a WHOOSH, the Lamborghini is engulfed in flames as Leo and his crew take off.

For a moment, the scene is perfectly, brilliantly illuminated.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS -- LATE NIGHT/PRE-DAWN**

--A coyote trots down the middle of Franklin.

--On an urban rooftop, two colorful kiddie pools, still.

--A line of palms backlit by the city.

INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT

The shop is in full swing. The chop crew are cutting up the Beemer, making it disappear.

Our guys are in various states of shock and distress. Tony in particular is high on First Blood, dazed, in shock, turned on. He may be a sociopath in the making, but until tonight he had never killed a man. He looks down at his boot, still spattered with the vic's blood, closes his eyes, somehow at peace.

NICKY

No, no, no...I'm telling you he's like, at least a mid-level guy...we're so screwed...

DRE

Leo, your dad knows Hamlet.

LEO

My dad works on his cars. And if my dad knew about this I'd be dead anyway. What about your uncle Andrei?

DRE

(looks up at them, sighs)
Yeah, awright.

INT. RUSSIAN AMERICAN MCMANSION -- MORNING

The guys look like shit. Except Tony, who looks great.

The remains of a small spread of food and tea. Tony eats. No one else touches it.

UNCLE ANDREI, a semi-retired Russian numbskull in his late 50s.

UNCLE ANDREI

Hamlet will fucking kill you.

DRE

So...it's just a done deal?

UNCLE ANDREI

Depends.

NICKY

On what?

UNCLE ANDREI

On his mood, whether he could get it up for his whore or not, how good the coke is, how bad the coke crash is...

DRE

Nah...that's not...you come around the corner and you hit him. He dies. It's an accident.

UNCLE ANDREI

So goes the rational response. You also stole his threehundredthousand dollar car and then torched it.

LEO

You know him, whatta you think?

UNCLE ANDREI

I've worked with him a couple times...he's an asshole. Dangerous. Not particularly respected, because he's a fool, but still dangerous. If the guy you killed is family, or an inked AP member...I would look at Mexico.

Leo and Dre look at each other. Dre won't ask, so Leo does.

LEO

Would you talk to him for us?

UNCLE ANDREI

Would I talk to him? What if he decides to kill me?

LEO

We could arrange a tribute to you for helping us...

UNCLE ANDREI

This is a family thing, Leo.

LEO

A fifth of everything we chop for the next month.

UNCLE ANDREI

You boys earning out there?

LEO

Yeah. It's real good.

UNCLE ANDREI

Half. For two months.

Tony finishes eating and carefully wipes his mouth. Leo nods to Andrei, done.

UNCLE ANDREI (CONT'D)
 Disappear until you hear from me.
 Don't go out, don't be stupid.
 Thumbs in your ass. Bed by nine.
 You hear me?

TONY
 (flatly)
 We're good.

UNCLE ANDREI
 (annoyed by Tony)
 When I came here, I was not like
 you...it's like you walk on a
 carpet of I'm-too-good-to-give-a-
 shit.

LEO
 We appreciate it.

They move to the door.

UNCLE ANDREI
 If I pull a miracle and Hamlet does
 decide to let you live? He's gonna
 own you.

INT. DRE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Dre sits in his room, decorated much like a kids room: a Ryan Sheckler skateboard poster, a Nine Inch Nails poster, a lot of crap on the floor.

Dre counts his stack of cash. Separates it into thousand piles. He finishes counting and starts again.

MOM'S VOICE
 Andrei! Dinner!

DRE
 Not hungry, mom!

MOM'S VOICE
 Come down and say hello to your
 brothers...don't be a hermit!

DRE
 Awright!

He starts at the beginning again, counting his stack.

INT. NICKY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Nicky sits in his empty apartment, a few boxes and a big flatscreen. Wearing big headphones.

He's going apeshit on Call of Duty 5. Disassociated.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

*

Tony walks in to the kitchen at his house and sits down at the table. Everyone's waiting and dinner is on. It's old school: father (MIKHAIL) at the head of the table, face like a wrecked road map of Russia, with stops along the way at every vodka distillery; long-suffering Russian mom, KATRINA, once beautiful; daughter ZINA, 16, tall and stunning, ridiculous cheekbones and utterly out of control.

Tony sits and starts eating like an animal.

MIKHAIL

Take your elbows off the table.

Tony looks at his father defiantly, but the elbows come off.

ZINA

What happened to you?

Tony keeps eating, doesn't answer.

MIKHAIL

Answer your sister.

ZINA

Yeah, answer your sister.

MIKHAIL

(to Zina)

Watch it.

TONY

What happened to me? Nothing happened to me. I'm eating dinner.

ZINA

You're all puffed up.

TONY

I'm eating my goddamn chicken. Why would I be all puffed up eating my chicken?

ZINA

Dude, you know you're all puffed up.

KATRINA

Leave him alone, Zina.

MIKHAIL

(Russian)

Maybe you should shut up too.

KATRINA

(Russian)

Perfect. Let's all shut up.

TONY

(to Zina)

Don't you have a handjob to get to?

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)
Shut it, Anton.

ZINA
Asshole.

TONY
I'm not the one--sixteen years old--
out clubbing and getting a
reputation already.

ZINA
What about what you're out doin'?

MIKHAIL
I said shut it.

TONY
I know you said shut it. It's all
you ever fuckin say.

Mikhail BANGS his plate on the table. Tony gets up and walks out.

INT. LEO'S DAD'S GARAGE -- DAY

Leo helping his dad (DMITRI) out, a mechanic. Leo's working under a car, a Mercedes 600...

DMITRI
(Russian, subtitled)
Just bleed it, don't open the line
all the way or you'll lose
pressure.

LEO
I got it.

DMITRI
(English now)
This is most time you've spent in
the shop in years.

LEO
Yeah.

DMITRI
What happens? Your criminal
friends all in jail?

LEO
Nah. Just thought I'd help out a
little. Make a little money.

DMITRI
Why you here, Leo? You leave
college, disappear every day...

LEO
I gotta make some money.

DMITRI
Why? This is why I do this...so
you can finish college.

LEO
College doesn't pay me.

DMITRI
Of course...it's your studies...
then you can get a real job in the
world, not in the underworld with
your friends. You really think,
after everything, that it will make
a difference if you give them more
money?

LEO
They'll take it. They'll still
hate me, but they'll take it.

DMITRI
We already paid, Leo. You pay
every day. Let it go.

A VOICE from the door...Leo freezes for a second...

VOICE
Excuse me? Mr. Stepanov?

DMITRI
Yes.

VOICE
Agent DeMoss, FBI, and this is
Agent Davidovich. Can I ask you a
few questions?

DMITRI
FBI?

ANGLE -- LEO'S POV

Looking from under the car, a partially obscured view of
NICOLE DEMOSS, showing her badge to Dmitri. We can't see her
face, just her body in silhouette against the sun blasting in
the open garage door. A lean, badass-looking guy in his 30s
stands next to her.

From Leo's POV he can see her holstered gun under her jacket.
He has a view of Davidovitch, a view of his dad, but can't
see the woman...

DEMOSS
I just want to ask about a car you
did some work on?

DMITRI
I work on a lot of cars.

DEMOSS
 Sure, I know...but this one is
 pretty memorable.

DMITRI
 I work on memorable cars. It is my
 specialty.

DEMOSS
 Okay...a 2007 Lamborghini
 Murcielago.

Dmitri looks at her, the traditional Russian distrust of
 authority showing in his inscrutability..

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 It's a 300,000 dollar car. I'm
 guessing you don't see a lot of
 them.

DMITRI
 No.

DEMOSS
 The owner of the car isn't in any
 trouble. In fact, he would
 appreciate any help you could
 offer.

Dmitri just looks at her.

DAVIDOVICH
 The car was involved in a homicide,
 Mr. Stepanov.

DMITRI
 It is Mr. Hamlet's car.

DEMOSS
 Yes, Hamlet Yossarian.

DMITRI
 I keep it tuned. It's a difficult
 car to tune. It was perfectly
 tuned when it left my shop.

DEMOSS
 You're not in any trouble. I just
 want to know anything you might be
 able to tell me about Hamlet
 Yossarian...maybe that could help
 us find out what happened the other
 night. Or whether you knew his
 associate...

DeMoss shows him a photo.

DMITRI
 He is the dead man?

DEMOSS
That's right.

DMITRI
I maybe saw him come in once with
Mr. Hamlet. Mr. Hamlet sits, has a
cup of tea, this guy stands in the
doorway and scares away customers.

DEMOSS
How about you? Under the car.
(she gestures with her
foot at Leo)

DMITRI
He doesn't know.

DEMOSS
You know Hamlet?

LEO
King of Denmark? Killed by
Laertes?

DEMOSS
Different Hamlet. But you're a
smart guy.

LEO
Thanks.

DMITRI
My son. He's a student. All he
knows is his books.

Leo creeps a little further under the car. Now he can just
see her legs.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
I have to finish this car.

DEMOSS
All right. I appreciate your time.
Anything comes up, give me a call.

She hands him a card.

DMITRI
Of course.

DEMOSS
(to Leo, slightly
threatening)
Keep studying, smart guy.

INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT

Leo, Tony, Dre and Nicky. Tense. Even Leo is starting to
lose his shit.

DRE
Sounds like they think Hamlet's
The Guy.

LEO
You're delusional...they came to my
dad's shop. She talked to my dad
and me.

NICKY
If Hamlet doesn't kill us, maybe
this FBI bitch will nail us.

TONY
Why are you all crying like little
girls? They got nothing. And you
really think Hamlet's gonna kill us
all? Why don't you grow a pair?
The only thing that's gonna take us
down at this point is a bunch of
pussy boys spilling to the cops.
And that ain't gonna happen. Is
it, Dre?

DRE
Why you gotta say that to me?

TONY
I'm asking is all.

Tony pulls out a big long pepperoni Slim Jim and bites into
it.

LEO
What the hell is wrong with you,
Tony? You're acting like this is
business as usual. You killed a
guy.

TONY
That could be argued.

DRE
Hey--

LEO
Shut up. Dre hit him...you killed
him. You looked in his face and
killed him. And you're walking
around like the king of everything,
eating Slim Jims, like you go
around killing guys every day.
That's not us. Dude, we're small
time, and that's the whole point.
We stay under the radar, we make
fat bank.

TONY
That's your plan, Leo. Why d'you
think that's my plan?

LEO
 Okay, tell me. And I hope it's
 better than your three-point plan
 to bang Kat Deeley.

TONY
 I want, like, what Hamlet's got.

LEO
 You wanna be a fat pimp porn
 impresario with an entourage looks
 like they came out of a Fellini
 movie? Awesome.

TONY
 I don't know what you're talkin
 about but...I wanna be rich...I
 wanna be powerful like Hamlet.

LEO
 Great, Tony. Why don't you tell
 him that before he puts a bullet in
 your head.

A slight commotion up front as Uncle Andrei bulls his way in.

UNCLE ANDREI
 What's with the beaners?

LEO
 They're from El Salvador. They're
 good guys, hard workers.

UNCLE ANDREI
 They're not us.

DRE
 How'd it go with Hamlet, Uncle
 Andrei?

UNCLE ANDREI
 It was...it was better than I
 thought. Apparently the guy you
 took out was on his to-do list
 anyway. Hamlet didn't like him,
 hired him from outside...
 (gestures toward the
 Salvadorans)
 Generally doesn't work out.

LEO
 Right.

UNCLE ANDREI
 He wants the car back.

NICKY
 But we--

UNCLE ANDREI

I know what you did. He wants the exact car. He wants not one difference. He doesn't want a better car, he certainly will not accept a lesser car. He wants an exact dupe of the car without a scratch, and clean paperwork, matching VIN number, like it drove through a time machine from before you fuckheads crashed it.

LEO

Okay.

UNCLE ANDREI

And if you do that, and he doesn't kill you, he may have some shit work for you.

SMASH CUT -- MUSIC OVER THE FOLLOWING

VARIOUS LOCALES

-- The Guys dressed in all black, stealth. Leo at the electric's box of a BEVERLY HILLS security gate. He finally snips two wires and, with a push from Tony, the gate glides open.

-- Using the remote, they disarm the new Lamborghini, push it out of the garage.

-- Dre backs a flatbed tow truck in to the drive, and in about twenty seconds it's on the flatbed.

-- SALVAGE YARD. Nicky cuts the VIN tags off the old Lamborghini...

-- The Guys watch as the old Lambo is CRUSHED by the metal compressor.

-- CHOP SHOP. Leo carefully places the old VIN stamp in the "new" Lambo.

-- CHOP SHOP. Leo and Tony watch as Dre, Nicky and Lash buff out their offering.

-- Leo, behind the wheel of the Lamborghini, drives with Dre down the Strip, followed by Tony and Nicky in the Beemer...

INT. HAMLET'S GLENDALE PALACE -- DAY

A hideously Nouveaux-riche architectural turd-pile in the hills of Glendale, a pseudo-Italianate nightmare.

Hamlet sits there drinking tea with a couple of hard-looking guys. Another Armenian walks in and nods to them. Hamlet hoists himself up and walks out...

EXT. HAMLET'S GLENDALE PALACE -- DAY

Hamlet walks out into his *piazza*-style driveway with a flourish; he's the man.

Our Guys stand by the Lamborghini, a phalanx of their own. The thing gleams. It's Hamlet's Lambo, back from the dead.

He walks around the car, checking out the guys as much as the car, the dead-eyed minions looking on.

HAMLET

It's okay.

LEO

Thanks.

HAMLET

Now you gonna bring my body man back from the dead?

Leo doesn't flinch. Thankfully, neither does Tony.

DRE

My uncle mentioned...anything we could do to help out. We're really sorry...

HAMLET

Don't cry. He was on his way out. I have a pickup and delivery. Simple stuff. You think you can handle it without killing anybody?

He shoots a look at Tony, the obvious muscle, and Tony deadpans back.

EXT./INT. SUV -- NIGHT

The guys drive by in a Navigator.

LEO

Keep driving, I just wanna make sure there's no eyes on us.

NICKY

I bet it's guns. You think it's guns?

TONY

Hamlet does everything; guns, porn, dope, counterfeit...

LEO

Pull over. I'll go in.

TONY

I'm goin with you.

EXT. PALM READER -- NIGHT

The door opens and an OLD WOMAN stands there looking at Leo and Tony.

OLD WOMAN
Palm? Tarot?

LEO
From Hamlet. Pick up.

She speaks curtly in Russian to someone we can't see. Three RUSSIAN GIRLS appear in the doorway, early 20s, overnight bags in hand. Leo registers surprise, then cool.

TONY
Thank you Jesus.

The Old Russian Woman hands Leo a slip of paper.

OLD WOMAN
Take them. No stops.

She closes the door and Leo and Tony stand there with the girls. Tony immediately beams in on the biggest and blondest of them.

TONY
I'm Tony.

He extends a hand and the blonde shakes it.

MARINA
Marina.

TONY
(Russian)
I love you.

Marina laughs.

LEO
Let's go, Tony.
(to all three girls)
I'm Leo, this is Tony.

Leo turns and heads toward the Navigator.

NIKA
Nika...

The third girl, Anna, looks at Leo searchingly.

ANNA
Anna...
(sotto, thick accent)
Can you tell me where you take us?

LEO
All I have is an address.

INT. NAVIGATOR -- NIGHT

Leo sits next to Anna in the back seat. Dre drives, Nicky shotgun.

ANNA
(Russian)
You speak Russian?

LEO
(Russian)
Not really.

ANNA
(back to English)
Can we stop somewhere? Get a drink?

LEO
No, sorry. I'm supposed to take you straight to the place we're going.

ANNA
Where are we going? Why can't we have our visas?

LEO
I don't know anything about your visas...we're just picking you up and dropping you off.

ANNA
I'm supposed to be work as *au pair*. Why won't they let me out of sight? When do I go to family I'm working for?

LEO
I'm sure whoever I'm taking you to knows the answers to your questions. You can get it figured out then.

ANNA
I look at you, I can see you would like to help. Am I right?

LEO
I wish I could. Really.

ANNA
I miss my family. Your family is here?

LEO
Yeah, they're here.

ANNA
 You know what it like? To miss
 people so much?

This hits him hard.

LEO
 Yeah, I know.

ANNA
 Hamlet...the others...we are not
 safe...

Leo looks at her, she's maybe 20, 22, his age, and gorgeous.
 She looks at him, hungry with hope.

LEO
 Lemme...look around. I'll ask
 about getting you to your job.
 It'll be okay.

She looks at him, beaming in, not looking away. Finally, he
 breaks her gaze.

ANNA
 It will not be okay.

He looks out the window.

LEO
 Pull over here, Dre.

EXT. GLENDALE STREET -- NIGHT

Dre pulls over. They let the girls out.

Leo walks next to Anna.

LEO
 I'll do what I can.

Tony and Leo walk them up the path. They get to the door.

EXT. GLENDALE "SAFE" HOUSE -- NIGHT

The door opens and the girl from Hamlet's table at the club
 stands there. TASHA. She recognizes Tony and Leo. THREE
 HUGE DUDES just inside the door, guns, scary.

TASHA
 No problems?

LEO
 Nah. Everything's cool.

TASHA speaks roughly in Russian to the girls, telling them to
 get in the house. They hurry inside.

Anna is the last one to go. She turns and looks at Leo...

ANNA

That starving, hopeful look again.

Leo manages a slight smile, then she's gone.

ON LEO

Watching her go, gone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Everything looks different now, saturated, green, settled, smooth, almost safe.

AGAIN, THE HAND-WRITTEN SCRAWL ON THE SCREEN, THIS TIME IT READS:

"NIC"

"Five Days Earlier"

INT. AN OFFICE -- DAY

NICOLE DEMOSS sits on a couch a few feet away from DAVIS, her husband. In a chair sits BLUMA, 40s, a therapist, slightly narcoleptic.

DEMOSS

I just want things to be clear...I want to know if we take certain actions it will be better.

BLUMA

Mmmhmm.

DEMOSS

There's this...ambiguity...like I get to a wall and push on it and my arm just sinks...I would like some...solidity. Some sort of prescription--

BLUMA

An actual prescription?

DEMOSS

No...well, yes, like a protocol, a series of actions that will have predictable results.

DAVIS

Jesus, Nic. It's a marriage, not a medical procedure.

DEMOSS

Well, maybe we should be treating it more like a medical procedure. Carefully.

DAVIS

Carefully would be good.

DEMOSS

Don't say it like that.

DAVIS

I wasn't saying it like anything.

DEMOSS
Like I don't. Like I don't treat
it carefully and you do. Like I'm--

BLUMA
How has it been going with the
little surprises?

Beat.

DEMOSS
We haven't really--

DAVIS
Haven't really done that.

BLUMA
A surprise visit to the workplace,
a sexy message on the voicemail...
always take a moment, no matter how
busy you are...real intimacy can
happen in seconds between real
intimates.

EXT. DEMOSS DRIVEWAY -- LATER

DeMoss in the suburban driveway of her Thousand Oaks home,
facing off with Davis.

DEMOSS
I'm on a case.

DAVIS
You're always on a case.

DEMOSS
Right, but an active--

DAVIS
Doesn't matter, Nic. Whatever
you're doing will always sound more
important than hanging drywall.

DEMOSS
But I can't take him in the Crown
Vic, and I can't use my home car at
work. I can get written up.

She gestures to her standard issue tan Crown Vic sitting next
to the minivan.

DAVIS
I don't know what to tell you. We
already made a deal...like a
promise? One of those?

DEMOSS
Yeah, thanks.

He wants to back off a little now...

DAVIS
I'm lucky to have a job and I don't
wanna lose it.

He moves toward her, maybe to hug or kiss her, just as she
turns to call into the house:

DEMOSS
Emmett! Let's go, bud!

Davis backs off, now it's his turn to be pissed off again.

DAVIS
(quietly pissed)
Cool...

He moves toward his truck. She sees that he's pissed off.

DEMOSS
What? Oh c'mon...really?

DAVIS
What.

DEMOSS
Come here.

He reluctantly moves toward her and they kiss. There's
something very real there, however fractured.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
(in close)
There it is.

DAVIS
I'll pick him up tonight from
Ciaran's and take him to dinner. I
gotta go.

He fires up his truck and rumbles off.

A sandy-haired blond kid, 11, EMMETT, comes out of the house
in his soccer uniform, cleats and skateboard in hand, iPod
dangling, straps himself in the back seat of her Honda
minivan.

EMMETT
I couldn't find my shinguards.

She sighs.

INT. HONDA ODYSSEY

They drive. Emmett looks at her in the rearview.

EMMETT
Do you have to work tonight?

DEMOSS
I do, pal. That's when the bad
guys I'm going after do most of
their bad work.

EMMETT
Can't you find some bad guys with
regular hours?

They connect in the rearview, share a smile. DeMoss opens
the briefcase on the seat next her and pulls out her Glock
23. She takes a clip and pops it in, holsters it.

DEMOSS
I'll work on that.

Her phone rings.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
DeMoss.

EXT. PORN SHOOT, POOLSIDE, CALABASSAS -- AFTERNOON

A guy on the phone, CALEB HOPPER, 24, absurdly handsome.
Looking every bit like a PA on a film set. Viewers will
recognize him from Hamlet's entourage at Club N.Joy. All
around him, the busy goings-on of a porn shoot. Grips move
equipment, the "talent" walk around in robes or naked.

There's a pool, and the three oiled and pumped-up porn stars,
two female and one male, one of whom we recognize as Hamlet's
girl, TASHA.

HOPPER
Hey...I'm on set.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

DEMOSS
Anything?

Hopper turns away, sotto:

HOPPER
I haven't been able to get away...

DEMOSS
Don't worry about getting away from
set. Get close to the girls. Find
out everything you can about how
they got here. Whether they're
here by choice or not. That's what
we need...we need to get these
girls to trade testimony for
freedom...

EMMETT
(taking his earbuds out)
Do you like Kanye or Lil Wayne
better?

DEMOSS
If we want to make a human slavery
case we need to prove the slavery.

EMMETT
Mom?

DEMOSS
(to Emmett)
I don't think it's cool to use
criminality or gang affiliation to
sell records.

HOPPER
What?

DEMOSS
(to Emmett)
....But I like Lil Wayne. Not the
new stuff though.

HOPPER
I'm not following...

EMMETT
Cool. Me too.

Emmett puts his earbuds back in.

DEMOSS
How far along is the shoot?

HOPPER
They're taking a break before...um,
the anal.

DEMOSS
Right.

Hamlet walks on set, and his Body Man, who we also recognize,
posts up at the door.

HOPPER
Hamlet Yossarian just walked in.

DEMOSS
Watch him with the girls...look for
an opening.

She has pulled up to the soccer field.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
(to Emmett)
Kick some butt, amigo.

HOPPER
What?

DEMOSS
 (to Hopper)
 Talk to you later.

She gets out and hugs her son.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 Keep the ball moving. Give and go.

HOPPER
 I'm sorry...are you--

EMMETT
 Kay. Bye, mom.

She kisses him and watches him run over to the team.

EXT. PORN SHOOT, CALABASSAS -- LATER

Hopper cruises the two actresses. He sees TASHA talking to Hamlet and scopes out the other one, an anxious-looking smaller girl, blonde with one blue and one green eye and drop-dead gorgeous, VIKA...

HOPPER
 Hey.

VIKA
 (sullen)
 Hello.

He hands her a water.

HOPPER
 This your first movie?

VIKA
 I've done a few.

HOPPER
 Really?

VIKA
 Three.

HOPPER
 You like it?

VIKA
 (guarded)
 Yes.

HOPPER
 Where you from?

VIKA
 Ukraine.

HOPPER
Really? I was just there a year ago. I loved it.

VIKA
You have been to Ukraine?

HOPPER
Yeah...I started in Kiev and worked my way down...Kirovohrad, Mykolayiv, Odessa--

VIKA
You went to Mykolayiv? Is my hometown!

HOPPER
You're from Mykolayiv? Amazing...I loved it....the Buh River, the Black Sea, those cool shipyards...

VIKA
You really have been there...

HOPPER
You miss it? I would.

VIKA
I do.

An AD calls for them to return to set.

HOPPER
Anyway...
(in Russian)
...nice talking to you.

VIKA
(amazed, in Russian)
You speak Russian?

HOPPER
(Russian)
A little. Actually, more than a little.

She watches him go.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING -- DAY

DeMoss walks through the office...

GLENN CHAMBLISS stalks up, a real pencil pusher...

GLENN
Hey, you got a call-down...your weapons cert is expired.

DEMOSS
Are you serious?

GLENN
Dead serious.

Her phone rings. She holds a finger up to Glenn, looks at the caller ID: EMMETT.

DEMOSS
(to Emmett)
Are you okay?

INTERCUT EMMETT

EXT. SOCCER FIELD

EMMETT
Coach says I can't play without shinguards.

DEMOSS
What about the extra set he always brings?

EMMETT
He says it's absolutely the last time.

DEMOSS
Tell him thanks and we won't forget next time.

EMMETT
'Kay.

DEMOSS
Love you.

She picks the conversation up immediately.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
I'll take care of it next week.

GLENN
Collins says today. No excuses.

DEMOSS
Collins knows I'm up Hamlet Yossarian's ass today and I can't schlep down to the range to renew my--

SAC (Special Agent in Charge) JERSEY COLLINS, 40s, intercepts her as Glenn peels away to his office.

COLLINS
Collins also knows that litigation for things like a lapsed firing certification cost the Bureau 120 million last year. And I can pull your weapon and dock your pay.

DEMOSS

C'mon Jersey...this is what we're gonna waste the day on? I'm actually getting close on Hamlet...and Hamlet's halfway up the food chain of the Russian Mob--

COLLINS

Yeah, about that...Nicole...I'm getting a lot of grief from the Human Trafficking guys about this...

DEMOSS

It's not their leads or their agents on the inside risking bodily harm.

COLLINS

I don't disagree...

DEMOSS

Then cover me on this.

COLLINS

It's not just internal, I've got Justice and ICE all in my face--

DEMOSS

My jurisdiction is International Organized Crime; Hamlet's a blood-in, hardcore mobster. So one piece of his business is trafficking girls, he's got a lot of tentacles, we got an overlapper. I'm happy to share the wealth with the trafficking guys. But they have nothing on the location of his safe houses, and neither do we, and until we do we can't move in. He's kept no paper trail leading to the girls. How about you loosen the reins on the resources?

COLLINS

My balls are in a vise, you know that.

DEMOSS

I've seen some terrible things in my life, but that image is gonna stick. If we could have three or four more agents, an overnight shift, a dedicated airship--

COLLINS

A dedicated airship? Are you high?

DEMOSS
 Boss, before you make further
 offensive and regrettable
 statements, let me tell you why we
 need a chopper for these guys, for
 this case specifically...my squad
 is not safe out there, I have no
 one backing up Hopper, I have--

Her phone rings. She puts up a finger, hold on...Collins
 glances at his watch.

DeMoss looks at the caller ID: DAVIS.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 Hi--

INTERCUT DAVIS

INT. HIS TRUCK

DAVIS
 Where are you?

DEMOSS
 The office.

DAVIS
 I want you to touch yourself.

DEMOSS
 Um--
 (remembering the shrink)
 Hang on.

Collins shrugs, his look says, I'm a busy guy, holds up an
 imaginary phone and mouths, Call Me.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 Jersey, hold up...The airship is
 key to establish a pattern of
 movement, big picture...I'll be off
 in like five seconds, I will find
 you--

Collins is gone.

DeMoss sighs.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 Hi, Babe.
 (beat)
 Davis?

He's gone.

INT. FIRING RANGE -- LATER

She wears goggles and hearing protectors.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM...

An FBI Primary Firearms Instructor watches her shoot and makes marks on a clipboard.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM...

On the bench beside her, her phone rings. We see it sidling around from the vibration. But all we hear is the loud cacophony of the firing range.

PUSH IN ON THE PHONE: The caller ID reads: DAVIS.

She keeps shooting, oblivious.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. PORN SHOOT, CALABASSAS -- NIGHT**

Hopper is carrying cable to the truck.

Vika stops him.

VIKA
Some of us are going to a club
after...you would like to join?

HOPPER
I'm just a PA...we don't get to
hang with the talent.

She smiles.

VIKA
(Russian)
You do if you speak my language.

HOPPER
(Russian)
Then by all means, let's do it.

She walks away, he grabs his phone.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING IOC TASK FORCE BULLPEN -- NIGHT

DeMoss and Davidovich looking at a dry-erase board with the Hamlet Yossarian case on it, circles, pictures, arrows...

DEMOSS
We can't get any more inside than
we already are...and we got
nothing.

DAVIDOVICH
Maybe we oughta just drag his ass
in and see how we do.

DEMOSS
The second we pull him in he's
gonna button it up even further.

Her phone.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
Hey...

INTERCUT HOPPER**EXT. PORN SHOOT, CALABASSAS -- NIGHT**

HOPPER
We're wrapping out...I got an
invite to a club...

DEMOSS
 Actually, we have no back up for
 you--

HOPPER
 Hamlet's hosting.

DEMOSS
 Where?

She grabs a pad and pen.

HOPPER
 I don't know yet...I'm guessing
 somewhere on the strip...I'll try
 to text you.

DEMOSS
 Wait...

He's gone...shit...

INT. CLUB N.JOY -- NIGHT

Note: We've seen this entrance from the Boys' POV in Act One.

Hopper enters the club with Vika and the rest of Hamlet's
 entourage. Now from Hopper's POV. We see the table with
 Leo, Tony, Dre and Nicky across the room, see them looking
 toward Hamlet and company.

VIKA
 (Russian)
 You will sit next to me.

HOPPER
 (hot for her)
 Yes I will.

INT. MINIVAN -- NIGHT

DeMoss cruises in the minivan...tries to call Davis:

DAVIS (V.O.)
 You've reached Davis DeMoss and
 DeMoss Builders, leave a message.

DEMOSS
 Hi Babe, I'm stuck...here...I'm not
 sure when I'll get out of here, but
 I'll call you when I'm on my way.
 Love you.

She pulls in and sits watching the entrance to the club.
 From her POV, she can just barely see Hamlet's table...

INT. CLUB N.JOY -- NIGHT

They are at the table now. Tony comes strutting over. But this time from HOPPER'S POV, and since he's so focused on Vika, he hardly notices Tony...

HAMLET

What? You the busboy? So clear some glasses, busboy.

TONY

You want me to clear some glasses?

Tony leans out over the table, both hands on it, ready to flip it...Hopper finally snaps out of his pornstar crush for a second to take note of the threat hangign there...

LEO

That's okay, Tony...

Leo's hand lands firmly on Tony's shoulder. Nicky and Dre are posted up at either side of him.

TONY

What.

LEO

Hamlet, Mr. Yossarian,
(gesturing to the hottie)
And this must be Ophelia. Let us buy you a bottle...vodka?

Hopper scopes Leo and company out...interesting unknowns. He subtly fires a few PHONE PHOTOS out of his cell, laying on its side on the table. He slides the phone off the table and we FOLLOW it as he sends the photos to DeMoss...

INT. MINIVAN -- NIGHT

DeMoss gets the photos, looks at them, can't see a thing from the dark club...

INT. CLUB N.JOY -- NIGHT

Hopper sits with Vika and the porno posse.

UNDER THE TABLE...Vika's hand moves up his leg, and up, and up...

Hopper's face says it all...

Abruptly, he gets up from the table...trying to stay on the job...

HOPPER

Just gonna run to the...bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He pushes the door open and just as the door is closing, Vika grabs it and enters. Locks it behind her. She kisses him...he breaks it.

HOPPER
Y'know...we hardly know each other--

She pushes him against the wall and kisses him hard and deep.

HOPPER (CONT'D)
Well, I do feel like I know you better now.

VIKA
Can I trust you?

HOPPER
Well...yes. You can.

VIKA
I need help. I don't want to be here doing this.

HOPPER
We don't have to do anything--

VIKA
No...here in the States, doing this, the movies...everything he has me doing.

HOPPER
Who?

VIKA
Hamlet.

HOPPER
Ok...I can try to help...I might... know some people who could help you...my...cousin's a lawyer.

VIKA
He has people back in Ukraine...they will hurt my family. He take us, tell us we have jobs in America, then they...take us to a house...they force us, break us...for weeks. He has my papers...he says I have to do a hundred of these movies...I can't--

HOPPER
Maybe...my cousin can help with all that...but you'll have to tell him everything.

Someone knocks on the bathroom door...one of the girls says something in Russian.

Vika opens Hopper's belt and runs her hands through his hair...

HOPPER (CONT'D)
I think we should--

She flips the door unlocked kisses him again...the Russian girl opens the door, "surprising" them.

Vika straightens herself and walks out...Hopper follows her.

INT. MINIVAN -- NIGHT

DeMoss watches the club. Her phone rings...caller ID: DAVIS.

DEMOSS
Hi.

INTERCUT DAVIS

INT. DEMOSS HOME, BURBS -- NIGHT

Davis is drinking...sitting on the couch.

DAVIS
Hi.

DEMOSS
Everything okay? Emmett get down all right?

DAVIS
He's been asleep for three and a half hours.

DEMOSS
Right.

DAVIS
Look--

DEMOSS
Anyway, I'm sorry about earlier... it's been--

DAVIS
I want out. I'm done.

DEMOSS
What?

DAVIS
I'm moving out.

DEMOSS
What are you talking about?

DAVIS
Nothing fancy, Nic. I'm just
leaving. I can't do it anymore.

DEMOSS
Can you wait until I get home and
we can talk?

DAVIS
When will that be? Three? Four in
the morning? Tomorrow afternoon?
It's too much. I need a regular
life.

DEMOSS
We have a regular life.

OUTSIDE

DeMoss sees a commotion at the valet stand. The Lamborghini
roars off. Body Man comes outside...seizes the CRX...

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
Shit.

DAVIS
I just...can't keep waiting around--

She fires up the minivan...sees the Beemer blast after the
Lamborghini, then the CRX follow. She whips a hugely
dangerous U-turn and follows...

DEMOSS
Listen. I love you. And I have to
go.

DAVIS
Nicole--

She hangs up and jams after them. Now we see the car chase
from the POV of DeMoss following in the minivan.

THE MINIVAN

From the back...weaving through Sunset traffic, on the rear
window, one of those 3D bumper stickers of a soccer ball
smashed through the window...

DEMOSS
(on phone)
I need any units, UC, LAPD, any
airships...Sunset strip heading
West, in pursuit of a yellow...
Lamborghini, black BMW 3 series and
a grey CRX tuner...just turned
Northwest up Doheny...

She catches sight of the CRX turning onto Doheny but can't
get to the right lane in time...she throws another crazy turn
but is blocked...

...And finally guns it through an opening between cars...
 She catches tail lights around a corner and floors it...
 She whips around the corner in a four wheel drift, pulls out
 of it to reveal...
 A Porsche pulling into its drive gate...wrong fucking car!!

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
 God damn it!

She has skidded to a stop...she jumps out and listens:
 A PHONE RINGS...hers. She looks at the caller ID: DAVIS.
VOICES...close...car doors...she draws her Glock, holds it
 low and starts jogging...
 A WHOOSH and the night lights up...fire...she flat-out
 runs...across a lawn toward the light...

THE SCENE

The CRX, pulled over, running, headlights slanting across the
 scene...
 The Lamborghini, in flames, crashed into the estate wall...
 The Body Man, dead, bloodied, harsh headlight spilling across
 his lifeless face...
 DeMoss looks around, hears the sirens, stumbles to the
 ground..gets on the phone...punches the speaker.

VOICE
 Dispatch.

DEMOSS
 DeMoss, 56711...Agent down...we
 have an agent down. Doug...Doug!

And we pull away from the scene, DeMoss opening his shirt,
 beginning the futile CPR, hear the dispatcher's voice, see
 the flames, as--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**BLACKNESS. PHONE RINGING**

Light blasts in as DeMoss opens her eyes.

INT. DEMOSS' OFFICE -- DAYBREAK

She finds her phone. Her hair is all over, still in her last night's clothes.

DEMOSS
(wrecked voice)
DeMoss.

VOICE
We're on.

DEMOSS
Awright.

She stands. Goes to a small mirror and fixes her hair. She digs out some Altoids and eats three.

Puts on her jacket and we follow her through the--

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING FBI OFFICES -- MORNING

She dials as she walks.

DAVIS (V.O.)
You've reached Davis DeMoss and
DeMoss Builders, leave a message.

DEMOSS
Hi...I don't even know where we are
right now...

Someone tries to flag her down and she waves them away.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
...But...I think we should...talk
...think about all of it...go in
and see Bluma...I guess.
(beat)
We lost an agent last night. An
undercover, from my task force,
Doug McGrath. We worked together
every day for the last six years.
I have no idea when I'm gonna get
home. I love you. Kiss the boyo
for me.

She starts to lose it, but stuffs it. Hangs up. Walks right in to--

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

A deeply somber gathering of FBI brass.

The Assistant Director is there, ROBERT INNISH, 50s, as well as her SAC Jersey Collins, a handful of analysts and accountants, the SACs from other divisions.

COLLINS
(quietly, to DeMoss)
This is a helluva way to get a promotion.

DEMOSS
What?

INNISH
We're upgrading your Organized Crime Task Force to Tier One, Agent DeMoss. You'll have everything you need at your disposal. We don't take the loss of an agent lightly.

DEMOSS
Neither do I, sir.

INNISH
Neither do we take the spending of our resources lightly. The buck will stop with you on the IOC...your career lives or dies right here on this task force. You need to do nothing less than shut them down. Not just Hamlet Yossarian and the players in the McGrath homicide. You need to make it clear to the Russian Mafia in all its iterations that the U.S., specifically Los Angeles, is a hostile environment for their enterprise and that we will prosecute or kill each and every one of them.

DEMOSS
We'll do our best, sir.

INNISH
Yeah, that's not gonna cut it. I said shut 'em down.

DEMOSS
Yes, sir.

INT. DEMOSS HOME, BURBS -- LATER

She walks in...

DEMOSS
Hello?

The place is dead quiet. DeMoss walks over to the coffee maker, a note:

"Me and Emmett will be at my mom's. Call her about seeing him. Best if we don't talk for awhile. D"

INT. SHOWER

Steaming water pours over her.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING FBI OFFICES -- MORNING

DeMoss walks through the offices, on the phone to her son.

DEMOSS

I know it's confusing sweetheart,
everybody's confused. I don't want
to pretend it's not...I know...I
just need you to know I'm here and
I love you...Yeah, you do have
homework, you need to go to your
homework site and download it...I'm
sure Dad can help you...I have to--
...I know...I have to run...I love
you.

She sucks it up and enters--

INT. IOC TASK FORCE BULLPEN (WAR ROOM) -- MORNING

Over the office plaque on the door, a newly-placed hand-drawn sign in red, WAR ROOM.

The players are assembled. Hopper, Davidovitch, LANIE COSGROVE (late 20s) from Forensics, as well as a handful of new faces. DeMoss has grimmed up and delivers the following with brisk, professional efficiency. It's only because we're in close on her that we know she's feeling the loss.

DEMOSS

I'm Special Agent DeMoss, this is
Agent Davidovitch, Agent Hopper,
Agent Cosgrove...we'll forgo any
further introduction because as I'm
sure you know, last night we lost
an important member of the IOC Task
Force, Doug McGrath. He was either
murdered or fell victim to an act
of reckless manslaughter in the
course of carrying out his
undercover duties. For those of
you who didn't know Agent McGrath,
he was an excellent person, a
dedicated agent and great personal
friend, had a wife and three young
children...

And over the following we will see these agents doing what they do; going out in the field and pursuing leads:

DEMOSS (CONT'D)

He was working deep cover inside the crew of Hamlet Yossarian, a made mid-leveler in the Armenian Power organization. We've been pursuing him on a number of fronts, including money laundering, racketeering and human trafficking and sex slavery. We have a mandate to solve this homicide, take down Hamlet and his crew, or flip them, flip as many shitheads as we can and develop a decent portfolio of Confidential Informants, and make the Russian Mob choose another place to do business. These guys are stealth, we have no idea who the top guys are, they sometimes collaborate with Chinese and Latino gangs, and their victims are everyday Americans...and we are gonna have a helluva time shutting them down.

--DeMoss and Davidovitch at the crime scene, walking through with the techs...

--Cosgrove in the M.E.'s surgery, looking at the corpse of Doug McGrath, in deep discussion with M.E...

--Hopper, in a clandestine meeting with the Russian girl, Vika, she shakes her head, backs away from him...

--DeMoss and Davidovitch canvassing the club at night...

--DeMoss' perspective of the interview with Dmitri and Leo...

INT. WAR ROOM -- DAY

DeMoss sits with Davidovitch in the War Room, looking at the blurry surveillance pictures of the boys...A picture of Hamlet Yossarian, a few of his crew.

The Wall has a hierarchical diagram with a few photos but mostly is full of empty spaces and question marks...blank spaces fill the upper echelon of the Russian Syndicate.

Across from the criminals, a picture of the slain agent, McGrath, has been tacked up on the board. She stares at the picture.

Hopper walks in.

HOPPER

The girl, Vika, she's gone...she either got scared or someone got to her.

DEMOSS

Rocco, what about the perps?

DAVIDOVICH
 These kids just don't show up in
 the system.

DEMOSS
 Put em up on the screen again.

Davidovitch goes to the keyboard...

ON THE FLAT SCREEN

The digitally enhanced photo shows Tony, now almost recognizable, Leo behind him, darker and blurrier, the two other guys completely unrecognizable.

DAVIDOVICH
 Not one person in the club or at
 the valet claims to have seen a
 thing. These guys have a lock on
 this club. I'm guessing Hamlet
 wants to handle it in-house.

DEMOSS
 Hopper, you saw these guys...names?
 Anything?

HOPPER
 I was...really preoccupied with the
 girl. But I remember the big guy
 seemed like the muscle...he wanted
 to impress Hamlet's girl. He was
 about to flip the table and this
 guy--
 (pointing to Leo)
 --stopped him, seemed like the
 peacemaker. Maybe the leader.
 Seemed kinda smart by comparison.

DEMOSS
 Why?

HOPPER
 He knew about wine, made some
 comment about Hamlet, y'know,
 Hamlet the play, something about
 Laertes.

DeMoss and Davidovitch look at each other.

SMASH CUT

EXT. LEO'S DAD'S GARAGE -- DAY

Leo has the keys to his dad's garage, is about to unlock the door...

And is slammed face-first into the door by Davidovitch, roughly cuffed. DeMoss behind him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Leo sits at the Y.F. (You're Fucked) Table with classic tough guy inscrutability. If you look a little closer you might be able to read the fear.

DeMoss enters with Davidovitch.

DEMOSS
How ya doin, Shakespeare?

LEO
I'm wondering why I'm here.

DEMOSS
"As flies to wanton boys are we to
th' Gods,
They kill us for their sport."

LEO
Lear.

DEMOSS
Very good.

LEO
You beat on me and brought me in
here to play duelling Shakespeare
quotes?

She puts a picture down in front of him. A crime scene photo.

We see him react, perhaps more than we've seen him react to anything thus far. He looks for a long moment and looks away.

THE PHOTO

Is of a young man, Leo's age, dead, a trickle of dark blood coming down his nose.

DEMOSS
You recognize him?

LEO
You know I do. My cousin.

DEMOSS
Your cousin you killed.

LEO
No, that's not--

DEMOSS
You were driving, right?

LEO
I've been over this a lot of times.

DEMOSS

Just help me out. You hold these races that you organized--

LEO

You don't know anything about it--

DEMOSS

You get a hundred cars up some canyon in Malibu in the middle of the night. You race...you take your cousin in the car, you crash at--how fast--like a hundred thirty, forty? And you kill him and walk away.

LEO

No...he was...no.

DEMOSS

He was what?

LEO

He was crazy. You could never go fast enough for him. He was screaming for more speed up until the second we lost it. But other than that, yeah. You pretty much got it. I killed him. My aunt and uncle don't speak to me, my mother can hardly look at me, his grandfather spits on me in the street...it doesn't matter that I wish it had been me. I just wanna...pay them back.

DEMOSS

You want to pay them for their son? How much would that be?

Leo shrugs, but he knows exactly.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)

They already settled a civil suit against you. But no criminal case. I could open a case, maybe grab a conviction, get you a couple years of ass-pounding at Pelican Bay. I could make this every day of your life.

LEO

It already is.

DEMOSS

Yeah, maybe I oughtta do that. See how that goes.

Leo looks at her...he's a mess, trying to hold it together.

LEO
He was my best friend.

She looks at him a long time, sizing him up.

DEMOSS
You know why you're here. You know what we want. We want Hamlet. We want those girls he brings over out of bondage. We want anything we can get on the murder of Hamlet's body man. We want the guys Hamlet works for and the guys they work for on up the ladder. We can place you at the scene. We can place your crew at the scene. We have enough to keep you all busy for a long time.

Leo looks down at the table.

LEO
You're talkin to the wrong guy.

DEMOSS
I don't think so. You have a brain in your head. Use it. I'm offering you a deal, shithead.

Leo doesn't react. Just looks down. DeMoss comes over to him, drops a photo in front of him.

INSERT PHOTO

MARINA, one of the girls Leo delivered for Hamlet. Her face is blue-white and wrecked.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)
Found her in a barrel of lye in a landfill...luckily her head was floating on top. We got a tip the last guys she was seen with were four mooks that looked like you and your crew.

Leo is stuck to the photo, short of breath, panic beginning to set in...

He stands up, urgent now.

LEO
I gotta go.

DeMoss indicates they should let him pass.

EXT. CAR POV, GLENDALE "SAFE" HOUSE -- DAY

DeMoss watches through a telescopic monocular as Leo rushes to the house. Davidovitch holds a parabolic shotgun mic and the sound on Leo pops in and out.

Leo bangs on the door.

LEO
Where is she? Where's Anna? Open
the goddamn door!

The door opens a crack and one of the big dudes is there, a flashy chrome 45 held down by his side.

BIG DUDE
Get the fuck outta here...

LEO
I'll get outta here when you show
me Anna.

The guy looks over his shoulder...inside, another guy nods. Tasha brings Anna out...she doesn't look great, but she's very much alive.

LEO (CONT'D)
(to Anna)
It's gonna be okay. It's gonna be
okay, Anna.

ANNA
They're going to take me...

The guy holding her gives her a backhand.

LEO
Hey!

Leo reacts by pushing forward, but the Big Dude raises the 45 under Leo's jaw.

BIG DUDE
See you here again I'll pop a cap
in your skinny ass.

IN THE CAR

Davidovitch draws his weapon, DeMoss puts a hand up.

Leo backs away and runs back to the car.

INT. LEO'S CAR -- DAY

He makes a call as they watch him.

INT. FBI CAR -- DAY

DeMoss' phone...checks the number. Smiles.

DEMOSS
DeMoss.

LEO
I wanna make a deal...

DEMOSS
Good.

LEO
I'll give you something.

DEMOSS
Like what?

LEO
Hamlet. He's into everything. Sex slaves.

DEMOSS
We know that.

LEO
I can deliver a girl...she's okay,
I know she'll testify if I promise
her she'll be safe.
(beat, he hardens)
But I'm not a fuckin rat. I'll
help you when it doesn't hurt me or
my crew.

DEMOSS
You got a lawyer?

LEO
I know one. It's all gotta happen
fast or she'll be gone.

INT. SECRET MEETING PLACE, WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Collins, DeMoss, Leo, Hopper, Davidovitch, Leo's lawyer, a stenographer. The lawyer reviews his contract.

This is the way an informant is born in the real world; with offers, counters, contracts, lawyers. Every dollar is accounted for and every base is covered.

LAWYER
(reading through final
contract)
Terms of Confidential Informant...
Forty K a year base plus reasonable
expenses, terms of meetings,
exemption from Tier One and Two
OIA...terms of discontinuation
...looks good...
(to Leo)
Okay.

Leo looks at the Lawyer, at DeMoss, sighs. Signs the contract.

DEMOSS

Good.
(to the others)
Give us a minute.

The players file out, leaving DeMoss and Leo.

DeMoss sits down across from Leo. Here we are, with the two most important players in the show, for the first time doing what they will be doing each week:

DEMOSS (CONT'D)

We made a deal. Now it's time to go to work. Tell me about the murder of Hamlet's guy.

LEO

It wasn't a murder.

DeMoss looks at him. Beat.

LEO (CONT'D)

Just...a really bad accident.

DeMoss looks at Leo for an uncomfortably long time.

LEO (CONT'D)

What.

DEMOSS

It wasn't a murder. Good to know.

LEO

Yeah. I guess.

She keeps looking at him...walks around and slaps him across the face with just about everything she has. She's shaking, barely in control.

DEMOSS

Then why was there a goddamn footprint across his face?

Leo looks up, stung.

DEMOSS (CONT'D)

If you're working with me it means a salary and immunity from committing certain crimes. Do you think we just give that shit away?
(MORE)

DEMOSS (CONT'D)

You will deliver me what I need and you will nurture your contacts and you will be an earner for me or I will dump your ass and then drop a dime on you, and I'm guessing when we find you, your own mother won't be able to ID you. Do you understand?

He nods, numb.

LEO
What about the girl?

DEMOSS
You're riding with me...

MUSIC OVER:

EXT. "SAFE" HOUSE -- NIGHT

A full FBI Insertion Team...Davidovitch and DeMoss leading the action...they place a Power Ram on the door and blast it off its hinges and flow inside...

INT. "SAFE" HOUSE -- NIGHT

They take Hamlet's guys down, then lead the girls out of the back...they are bruised, clothes torn and all but gone, disoriented, terrified...all the girls are out...but no ANNA.

After a beat, Anna stumbles out, holding herself, in shock, but then realizing, just maybe, these aren't the bad guys, she begins to sob with relief...DeMoss leads her over to the car, opens the door, and lets her climb in.

INT. FBI CAR -- NIGHT

Leo sits there. Anna's face, even in its diminished state, lights up.

LEO
Hey...

ANNA
It's you.

LEO
What'd I tell you?

ANNA
You told me it would be all right.

LEO
So you believe me now, right?

ANNA
Yes. I believe you.

LEO
You want Hamlet to rot in prison?

ANNA
Yes. Of course.

LEO
Then you gotta believe me one more
time.

EXT. HAMLET'S GLENDALE PALACE -- NIGHT

Hamlet in his robe watching soccer, drinking, working a
cigar.

ANNA (V.O.)
Hamlet...Hamlet Yossarian...would
take the girls he really "liked"
and would rape them himself. He
enjoy it. The others, they would
be raped by his gang, threatened,
given drugs, beaten, until they
don't know who they are anymore...

He hears something...parts the curtain slightly...

IN THE NIGHT...

Crouched figures running low across Hamlet's property...

Hamlet goes to his couch cushion and pulls out an AK, an old-
school 47 complete with banana clip...

ANNA (CONT'D)
But my friend Marina, she went
crazy. She was one of the girls he
"liked." She tried to stop him,
she fight him, and he killed her.
He killed my friend, he hurt...so
many...

He cracks the glass door open slightly, takes aim at one of
the running figures...

ANNA (CONT'D)
I am lucky. I never forget who I
am.

A SHOT...Hamlet's hit in the shoulder, the AK clattering to
the ground and the insertion team surrounding him, moving in
to pin him down and clear the house.

DeMoss stands there holding her Glock...a beat of shock,
then: we PUSH PAST DeMoss and to the darkened window of one
of the unmarked cars. PUSH THROUGH the window to reveal LEO,
eyes blazing, staring at the downed figure of Hamlet.

INT. DEMOSS HOME, BURBS -- LATE

DeMoss walks into her house...dark...just moonlight.

A figure stands in silhouette. Immediately she starts to go
for her weapon.

