

**THE LIFE**

Pilot

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Based on the Dutch Endemol series "Penzoa"  
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NETWORK DRAFT  
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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 SWINGS TO --

EXT. PIER 39 (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

-- PAST the slumbering SEA LIONS lolling on the docks. We CONTINUE to the dark shadows --

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

-- to FIND the only human activity on the docks --

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 for a moment. Did he hear something?

FISHERMAN #1  
 (Russian accent)  
 That is the last one.

Julius shakes off his concern. Checks the crate count as the two Fishermen climb onto their boat and start the ENGINE. The two camps share a terse nod. Business 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 in the face. He drops. Irwin KICKS his gun away, then goes to move him, but the half-conscious Julius twists around to SEE Irwin's face.

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  
 (beat, torn)  
 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. Irwin's face tell us there's no turning back now.

He then SHOOTs several holes into the MOTORBOAT to sink it - THE SEA LIONS are disturbed, start BARKING furiously. As Irwin hurries to FORKLIFT and drives it up the dock...

SMASH TO:

CLOSE ON FEET PEDALING A BIKE

-- 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 appliances, marble, bay windows overlooking Sausalito Harbor. But it's understated, 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.

FRANKLIN

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

He gives Marta a quick kiss - and digs around the counter --

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

(turning to Franklin)

Dad?

MARTA

*Natalie.*

-- But Franklin, still looking for his keys, pulls out an unusually fat wad of cash, peels off two fifties and points to his cheek. Natalie kisses it - and 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 seat here. Then Gabriel FLINGS a set of keys at Franklin's shoulder --

GABRIEL

-- Incoming --

FRANKLIN

Ow!

GABRIEL

Toughen up, Dad.

He's 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 - then reaches into the GLOVE COMPARTMENT and pulls out a HANDGUN. He weighs it in his hand, unsure, afraid.

He's startled by the SOUND of Gabriel and Natalie exiting the house, and 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 --

MARTA  
Sorry I'm late - did I miss it -- ?

She stops, gasps with emotion at the sight of --

Her younger sister, KATRINA "KAT" LAZAREV, 30's, beautiful in her wedding dress. A seamstress makes final adjustments. Kat is sweet, fun, loyal as hell. But immature, untested. And at the moment, she's 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. Failure in marriage and success in alimony has made her dour, bitter, and extremely well-heeled. She waves her champagne flute at a SALES ASSISTANT for a refill.

MARTA  
Mom, it's ten in the morning.

VERA  
It's free.

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

One, the towels won't be paper; cloth is greener. Two, Felicity's his girlfriend now.

VERA

She's *twelve*.

(to Kat)

Don't hold in your belly.

KAT

(to Marta, imploring)

Help me!

MARTA

What am I supposed to do? She doesn't want to come.

VERA

Of course I *want* to come. But not to be humiliated.

KAT

I can't take any more stress --

IRWIN (O.S.)

No stress allowed!

The women turn as IRWIN enters. Still on edge from our opening scene. We see he's roguishly handsome, brash, always ready to turn on the charm - especially for his family.

IRWIN

Anyone who causes you stress gets their legs broken.

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

(grins)

So many women, so little time.

She swats his arm reproachingly but chuckles, proud.

IRWIN

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

He brandishes a TIE. Hands it to Kat with a flourish.

IRWIN

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

KAT

I could barely convince him to wear one, much less buy one.

IRWIN

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

KAT

(upset)

Joe doesn't even know about those!

Marta pulls Irwin away, out of earshot --

IRWIN

That corset's cutting off her sense of humor --

MARTA

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

IRWIN

Like he'd do *anything* for me? Look, don't worry the Poodle, she won't stick around. Dad's just her 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  
 (idea starting to brew)  
 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, and races out. Vera waves her glass --

VERA  
 Refill over here *please*.

EXT. MARINA - SAUSALITO - DAY

Home to small boats, large yachts, sailboats and houseboats.  
 Fishing charters, dry storage facilities, fuel dock. FIND --

THE OFFICE, located in a HOUSEBOAT. The door SWINGS OPEN -  
 Franklin exits, with Irwin dogging him. They're partners, in-  
 laws and, though they argue, old friends.

IRWIN  
 It's a unique opportunity --

FRANKLIN  
 I'm not interested in that stuff --

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

(nodding up the dock)  
Psst - heads up...

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF THE DOCK

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

FRANKLIN

(sotto)  
What're *they* doing here? ... *Irwin?*

Irwin deflects by giving Leeflang a friendly wave --

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. Our  
guys are practiced at giving nothing away.

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. So  
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 motor-boat came from right around... here.

FRANKLIN

Look, we're just trying to run a marina here. Why would we risk it?

LEEFLANG

(glancing 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.

IRWIN

On speed dial.

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 punched in the stomach. Gasps for breath. 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

TRENT, 13, 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, lean, muscular - he'd be sexy if there were a feeling person in there. He smokes a cigarette. Marta smiles, affectionate.

MARTA  
You the doorman now?

LUTHER

They won't let me light up inside.

MARTA

Good. If they keep exiling you,  
you'll finally 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. Of course! 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  
-- The caterer has to be told - I  
can... do that...  
(re: the list, face falling)  
... Valentin Petrov will be there?

MARTA  
Yes, the boxer. Do you know him? We  
should seat him at your table --

FELICITY  
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  
turns to go, guilty, but she can't help a small smile. As  
she heads out - her cell phone RINGS. She answers --

MARTA  
Hello? Yes, it is...

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

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

ON MARTA - her expression now one of forced composure. She  
faces the PRINCIPAL, the school's LAWYER, and a POLICE  
OFFICER. Her father's daughter, Marta knows not to react to  
law enforcement, but rage bubbles under the surface.

PRINCIPAL

Mrs. Walraven. The *only* reason Boris hasn't been locked up is that I happened to be nearby and contained the situation before anyone else saw.

LAWYER

It's in everyone's best interest to resolve this quickly and quietly. The parents of the other boy agree, and the police are willing to let us handle it if everyone cooperates.

Marta nods tersely.

PRINCIPAL

To begin with, Boris will be expelled --

MARTA

*Boris* expelled?! What about that monster -- ?

POLICE OFFICER

-- The "monster" wasn't the one with the gun, lady.

MARTA

Yes, that was unacceptable. But Boris was pushed to it. I've been telling you about that bully for months. And you've done *nothing*! We should sue you --

PRINCIPAL

-- Then the police will have no choice but 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.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Marta exits the Principal's office, head held high. But as she storms past the lockers, emotions course through her - frustration, fury, shame. She pushes out the doors --

EXT. SCHOOL (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

-- and stops, when she SEES BORIS sitting in a squad car. Looking terrified. Small.

Marta's heart breaks. She chokes back TEARS. That's her baby, and she has failed him. It's a terrible moment.

Then we see something click in her mind. A decision. Followed by determination...

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - BORIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie and Gabriel lie on either side of Boris, reading him, "The Phantom Tollbooth." Natalie reads the narrative; Gabriel does the character voices, trying to get Boris to laugh. These kids clearly take care of each other.

INCLUDE MARTA - leaning in the doorway, watching them, how beautiful they are, how vulnerable. Off her, eyes welling...

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marta enters to find Franklin pacing, 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

(quietly)

This is my fault. I swore I'd never expose them to the life I grew up in. But I just... let it happen.

FRANKLIN

Babe, they don't know anything about it --

MARTA

(not hearing him)

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

(spinning on him)

He had your gun! *Your* gun. We pay those private school tuitions with *your* drug money.

FRANKLIN

It's just weed --

MARTA

-- *Don't you dare downplay this!* Boris could have *killed* someone today - or been hurt himself. Or gone to jail. We could have gone to jail. What happens to our kids then?

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

FRANKLIN

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

MARTA

(quiet but firm)  
Franklin. I mean it this time. You have to quit that business.

FRANKLIN

(panic rising)  
I... I'm not sure that's --

MARTA

-- After Kat's wedding tomorrow, we'll sit down and 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.  
(sincere)  
We'll get by.

FRANKLIN

I... can't now. Things are complicated --

MARTA

You don't understand what I'm saying...

She kneels in front of him, looks him dead in the eye.

MARTA

If you don't get out *now* - *I will take the children. And I will leave you.*

He, and we, have never seen this resolve in her before. It's clear she means every word. Off her, fierce --

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. MARINA - DAY

ANGLE ON THE WATER - sun glistening off it. A festively adorned BOAT cuts through it. INCLUDE ITS PASSENGERS --

Standing in the bow is KAT, radiant in her wedding dress, and her groom, JOE CRUMB, 30's, in a suit and Irwin's tie. Joe looks like an artist - long hair and tattoos. But he's a sweet, honest, Midwest transplant who adores his bride.

Irwin is seated behind them, steering them up to --

THE DOCK

-- where a large WEDDING PARTY awaits them. It's their seaside wedding RECEPTION.

They're CHEERED ON by their guests, a mixture of boisterous, half-crooked Russian émigrés, and doughy, conservative Midwesterners. As Kat and Joe climb onto the dock - FIND --

MARTA - amid the celebratory crowd with Boris, Gabriel and Natalie. Marta glances over at the nearby --

FRANKLIN - who looks stressed and distracted. She's tempted to go comfort him, but resists. Refocuses on her sister.

Marta's best friend, DINA - bejeweled and designer-dressed - pushes through to HUG Marta. Her husband is in tow, (who we discover is) STEVEN.

DINA

Kat looks *stunning*, the music was gorgeous - even the priest didn't drone on too long.

STEVEN

Not bad for an Orthodox ceremony.

Dina can see Boris is still at sea. She pulls him to her --

DINA

It was just like your Mom and Dad's wedding - but without the barfing.

BORIS

Ew. Mom threw up?

MARTA

I was nervous!

Boris smiles. It's so good to see. Marta, grateful, pulls Dina into a half hug --

MARTA

You got me down the aisle though.

Dina hugs her back. These two are tight.

Meanwhile, NATALIE glances at Franklin. She leans to Gabriel --

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 suddenly Dina grabs them up --

DINA

Come on you guys. Let's go get drunk.

GABRIEL

Yes!

MARTA

No!

But she laughs as she guides her family up the dock --

SMASH TO:

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. Platters of food everywhere. Libations flowing. Toasts being made. Most of the GUESTS are plowed. The DANCE FLOOR goes nuts for Huey...

KAT AND JOE - are at the center of the dancing, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Natalie dances with Boris. Nearby, Gabriel bobs his head, then sees a CUTE CATER-WAITRESS. As the SONG ENDS to wild APPLAUSE --

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. Grabs a  
mic. The band starts playing "THE HEART OF ROCK & ROLL."  
Andrei is beyond awful, but the crowd loves him --

ANGLE ON A TABLE

-- Where Marta sits, Vera to her left, Franklin to her  
right. Marta lets loose a piercing two-finger WHISTLE.

MARTA

Rock on, Dad!

She punches "devil's horns" fingers in the air. Even Vera smiles.

VERA

What a ham.

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

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 --

STAY ON GABRIEL - as he follows the CATER-WAITRESS, who offers  
a tray of beers to a table. She then turns to find Gabriel --

GABRIEL

One of those for me?

CATER-WAITRESS

How old are you?

GABRIEL

Old enough.

CATER-WAITRESS

(smiles, flirtatious)  
I bet you are.

She carries the beers away. He grins. We FOLLOW HER PAST --

IRWIN - who we STAY ON, as he talk on his cell phone --

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 into Joe's pocket.

RUSSIAN  
For the newlyweds.

-- and he 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 and Steven approach him. Irwin leans in.

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

Irwin nods toward the exit. He heads out. Steven shrugs.

STEVEN  
Let's hear him out.

Franklin rises, starts out with Steven 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  
They've got hookers in the back.

MARTA

Seriously. Has Franklin talked to Steven yet? About the business?

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 boats 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.

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.

IRWIN

Throw away seventy-five keys.

STEVEN

Maybe this one time we could consider --

IRWIN

My buyer's ready to negotiate. He's in Oakland for the night. I'll slip away, you'll say I never left.

Franklin struggles, weighing his options.

IRWIN

I'm not going to 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 underneath - pulls out a GUN.

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. Wish me luck.

Irwin climbs up the ladder. Takes off. Steven starts up. Looks back at Franklin, expectantly --

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, torn. 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 GABRIEL passes them --

STAY ON GABRIEL

-- as he approaches cute the CATER-WAITRESS. She is, again,  
holding a tray of drinks.

GABRIEL

I'm still waiting on my beer.

BLISS

I'm still waiting on I.D.

GABRIEL

The law makes exceptions for nephews  
of the brides.

BLISS

Your aunt? So you're a Lazarev.

GABRIEL

Half. I'm Gabriel.

BLISS

(intrigued now)  
I'm Bliss.

GABRIEL

Bliss? Let me guess, hippie parents?

BLISS

Point Reyes organic cheese makers.

Gabriel laughs. She hands him a beer.

BLISS

To your aunt.

He toasts with his glass - but quickly lowers it as FRANKLIN  
passes. But Franklin's not paying attention. Gabriel just  
rolls his eyes, keeps drinking. Then he SEES --

ACROSS THE ROOM - NATALIE AND BORIS make kissy faces at  
Gabriel, teasing him. But when a SLOW SONG starts to play,  
Natalie, seeing her moment, leaves Boris - hurries to --

JOE - takes his hand, PULLING him out to the DANCE FLOOR --

NATALIE

You owe me a dance, Joe.

-- As Joe holds her, she buries her face in his shoulder... with a little more affection than might be appropriate...

ON MARTA AT A TABLE

Franklin approaches, looks like a wreck. She rises.

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 right now.

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 all this worth the effort.

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

Hope you change your mind before someone shanks you.

-- as another agent CUFFS him and 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

Boris, you're still here? 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!

He SHOVES Franklin, who shoves him back --

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 --

INT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION - SAME

Marta HEARS the raised voices. Looks up from dancing with Boris. SEES the fight brewing. She kisses Boris' head --

MARTA

Stay here, baby.

EXT. MARINA CLUBHOUSE - RECEPTION (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

STEVEN

Am I next?! You goddamn coward -- !

-- as he 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, then hurries after Steven. Marta goes to Franklin, who forces a smile --

FRANKLIN  
(to the crowd)  
'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. Marta touches Franklin's face. This man is the father of her children, the love of her life.

MARTA

Yes.  
 (with more conviction)  
 Yes. I want that.

She laughs. So does he. It's just so absurd. And exhilarating. They hold each other. Together. A team. Then kiss... deeply, passionately...

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. MARTA AND FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marta and Franklin make love as they haven't in a long time. We see the intensity 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 going to 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 that was the sound of AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE.

Marta shoves Franklin's keys in 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, conflicting 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 making the 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, Steven would 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.  
One by one, they go off in separate directions. Marta  
enters last... finds herself alone.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Gabriel approaches the pool. Stares at it. JUMPS into it  
fully dressed. Sinks to the bottom and stays there.

INT. NATALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie tears everything off her walls, then grabs a can of  
BLACK PAINT. Slathers it on the white walls.

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Boris stands on the deck, staring out at the bay.

INT. MARTA AND FRANKLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marta pulls off her clothes. Dumps them on the floor.  
Pulls on a robe. Sits on the bed. Overwhelmed. STAY ON  
HER as NIGHT TURNS TO DAY and we --

TIME LAPSE TO:

INT. MARTA AND FRANKLIN'S ROOM - MORNING

MARTA still sits on the bed, staring out. KAT appears in  
the doorway. She gently knocks on the jamb, then goes to  
Marta, kneels next to her.

KAT

Are you hungry?  
(no response)  
Do you need anything?

MARTA

(beat)  
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 had a point - 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?

KAT

Of course, but --

-- Before she can finish the sentence, Marta's gone.

INT. PRISON - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Marta sits at a plastic table. Convicts and their families  
all around. She looks up as --

-- IRWIN is let into the room by a guard. As Irwin enters, another INMATE purposely jostles him. Things are tense for him in here. He sits with Marta. Takes her hands in his.

They talk in whispers, cautious not to be overheard.

IRWIN  
(looks her in the eye)  
We'll find out who did this.

MARTA  
I might already know... Steven...  
(off his surprised look)  
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  
(realizing)  
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)

It's in a J Boat in berth sixteen. There's a false wall - Franklin's keys will unlock it. You can ship the product out along our normal route --

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  
... Was it you?

STEVEN  
... Was what?

DINA  
... Did you kill Franklin?

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

STEVEN  
What did you say?

DINA  
I want to know.

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

-- And he 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

KAT follows Agent Trejo around, her Bratva roots showing --

KAT

You have no right! We're in mourning --  
 (stopping Trejo)  
 -- You listen to me, you piece of --

Joe, shocked at her behavior, quickly pulls her away --

JOE

Honey, you can't talk to the F.B.I.  
 like that.

They turn as Marta BURSTS in, aghast at the Agents digging through her things, furniture upended. Open, empty drawers.

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

NATALIE

They have a warrant, Mom.

MARTA

It'll be alright.  
 (to 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 shares a nod with Kat. She and Joe follow the kids.

LEEFLANG (O.S.)

Mrs. Walraven.

She turns to meet Leeflang for the first time.

LEEFLANG

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'll leave it the way we found it. But 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.

MARTA

A... memory stick?

LEEFLANG

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

In exchange for our protection.

MARTA

And now he's dead.

LEEFLANG

He came to me too late. But he made a deal because he wanted you to be 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

Ma'am, you can't go up there. We haven't --

MARTA

(spins on him)

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 - NIGHT

Marta drives out of the driveway. She reaches into her pocket and digs out FRANKLIN'S KEYS. Allows herself a grimly satisfied smile. She DIALS a number on bluetooth --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KAT AND JOE'S LOFT APARTMENT - SAME

A large artist's studio with several alcoves. Kat answers --

KAT

Are you okay?

MARTA

The place is a mess. But I managed to grab Franklin's keys. How are the kids holding up?

Kat glances at Gabriel, headphones on, plugged into his laptop. Natalie sketching Joe, who watches TV with Boris.

KAT

They'll be alright.

MARTA

I'm gonna be a little while. I have to go over to the... Marina to...

-- as she sees something on Franklin's keys. THE SMALL PLASTIC SAILBOAT dangling from the chain.

Marta pulls over. Praying she's wrong, she PULLS APART the sailboat - to reveal a memory stick. Off her, devastated...

MARTA

Oh, Franklin...

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Marta hurries 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 nudges Steven with his shoe as --

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, including 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. He looks like hell. The car goes over a bump. Steven groans.

MARTA

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

STEVEN

No. Nothing's broken.  
 (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 (swollen) eye.

MARTA

Did you kill him?

STEVEN

No! No, I didn't kill Franklin! Why the hell would I do that?

MARTA

To keep it all for yourself. I know how much Dina likes spending money.

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 face. 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, but shifts into gear --

MARTA  
People will do anything for money.

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  
Hi, baby. 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 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe finishes the last of the dishes. Natalie has resumed  
SKETCHING. Joe peers over her shoulder to see the SKETCH --

JOE

Great technique.  
(leaning over her,  
pointing)  
Especially over here, this shading.  
Nice contrast...

His face is right next to hers... but he's completely  
surprised when - she kisses him. He backs away *fast*.

JOE

Wow - that's not - even remotely okay.

NATALIE

I'm sorry. I just - Joe, I love you.

Joe completely shaken, hurries out. Off Natalie, mortified.

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.

Marta glances at FELICITY across the room.

MARTA

You mean that asset?

ANDREI

Whatever's left goes to your mother,  
and to Kat and her starving artist.  
I'm the only one keeping them afloat.

MARTA

I know.

ANDREI

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

MARTA

Yeah, 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.

Luther nods reassuringly. She turns back to Andrei.

MARTA

Can you at least talk to Schiller?

Andrei and Luther share a look. Andrei rises, pacing.

ANDREI

It might make things worse. This "new  
Bratva," these people like Schiller.  
They have no code. No honor among  
thieves. They're barely Russian.

LUTHER

We stay out of their way - they let us do business.

ANDREI

(almost to himself)  
... 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. Yes, you're a grieving widow trying to fix a stupid husband's mistake. Schiller will give you more latitude.

She's dubious. He takes her hand, genuine. Emotional.

ANDREI

This kills me, that I can do nothing.

MARTA

Loaning me Luther, that's not nothing.

He kisses her. She rises, starts to go, but turns back --

MARTA

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 as she leaves...

EXT. MILL VALLEY - DAY

MARTA'S LEXUS makes its way through this tony, granola-y, protected haven. The Lexus pulls into --

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT (CONTINUOUS) - DAY

As Marta exits her car, her phone RINGS. She answers, HEARS --

RECORDED VOICE

You are receiving a call from an inmate in FCI Dublin. If you want to accept this call, press seven...

Marta presses #7; INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAIL - SAME

Irwin is on the pay phone. There's a long line of INMATES behind him. The room is LOUD.

IRWIN

Can you hear me? Marta? Have you done anything yet?

MARTA

With what, Irwin? It's all gone.

Two THUGS approach Irwin. Others back away, sensing trouble.

IRWIN

Gone?! What do you mean, gone?!

MARTA

Someone moved it and now I'm being held response - Irwin?

-- but the call ends as a THUG hits the SWITCH-HOOK --

THUG #1

Schiller sends his regards.

-- as he PUNCHES Irwin in the face. Irwin spins, SWINGS BACK, hits Thug #1. Inmates CHEER. Irwin and Thug #2 BRAWL. Thug #2 is big, but Irwin is scrappy and ruthless.

Thug #2 punches Irwin against the pay phone. Irwin grabs the receiver and BASHES Thug #2's head with it. Irwin keeps bashing, until two GUARDS appear and drag him away.

IRWIN

Schiller can go to hell!

EXT. BANK - DAY

Marta exits the bank, holding back tears, panic. Anger. A mortified BANKER holds the door for her --

BANKER

I'm so sorry, it was beyond our control...

He feels terrible. But she just keeps walking to --

THE PARKING LOT - It's all just too much. Then she SEES --

LEEFLANG - leaning on her car. Trejo remains in the nearby unmarked sedan. Marta storms to him --

MARTA

How dare you! First you tear apart our house, now you seize all our money?

LEEFLANG

We believe your husband acquired funds through illicit means. We have the right to seize it as long as you're under investigation.

MARTA

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

LEEFLANG

(flaring)

Hey. You're not the victim here --

She's obviously hit a button. But she holds her ground.

LEEFLANG

-- People like you, you're worse than the criminals. Maybe you don't commit the crimes yourself - 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 with us, 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. Resolved. She 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

Did you know Dad was gonna do this?  
(off her confused look)  
(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You haven't seen it? Everyone's in here. Irwin. Steven. Grandpa --

Marta doesn't believe it. She sits. He scrolls through it --

GABRIEL

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

MARTA

(stunned)  
He said we'd leave it all. He meant... witness protection...

GABRIEL

Here I thought he was just a pot dealer --

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 he did, or was going to do, he did it for you.

GABRIEL

You wouldn't. You'd find another way.

MARTA

I'm not sure there is another way.

Gabriel sees her distress. He stops down his frustration. Kisses his mother's cheek, starts to leave.

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. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - DAY

ON MARTA'S FACE - standing out in front. Staring up at it. Angry. Confused. Grieving...

But she swallows it all as her KIDS join her. Together they climb the stairs to Franklin's funeral...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - DECK - DAY

The FUNERAL RECEPTION. The same people we saw at the wedding are now staid, speaking in hushed tones.

Marta looks around at all of them. ANDREI. VERA. KAT. Her KIDS. She holds all their fates in her hands.

ANGLE ON GABRIEL - somber, deep in thought.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Still old enough for a drink?

He looks up to see BLISS, the cater-waitress from the wedding. She smiles, flirtatious.

GABRIEL

I'm fine. Thanks.

BLISS

Oh - I'm sorry - are you -- ?

GABRIEL

The son. It's okay...  
(almost to himself)  
... I didn't know him very well.

BEHIND him, VERA passes. STAY WITH VERA, as she moves to --

The Poodle, FELICITY. The younger woman straightens, surprised by Vera's approach.

FELICITY

I'm... sorry for your loss.

VERA

(nods, then)  
It's too bad you weren't at the wedding to keep an eye on Andrei.

FELICITY

I'm sure he was fine.

VERA

My poor girl. You think you're special,  
don't you? He's good at making women  
feel special. For six months. A year.  
But he always comes back to me.

(starting to go)

At Kat's wedding? You weren't there.  
But I was.

Felicity is horrified. OFF VERA'S SMILE...

INT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

ON ANDREI. Doing a shot of vodka as the caterers move  
around him. The PHONE RINGS. Andrei finds it, answers.

ANDREI

Hello?...

He listens a beat, then presses #7 on the phone, INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAIL - SAME

IRWIN stands at the pay phone.

ANDREI

Irwin. Your sister misses you.

IRWIN

They wouldn't let me out for the  
service.

ANDREI

Do you want to talk to Marta?

IRWIN

Actually, Dad, I'm glad I got you.  
I'm hoping you can talk to her for me.  
About some business...

Andrei looks out the WINDOW. SEES MARTA hugging BORIS.

ANDREI

Your sister has enough on her plate.

IRWIN

Dad, I need help --

ANDREI

You know how to do time. Be a man for  
once.

Andrei hangs up. OFF IRWIN, devastated, the root of his  
pathology clear to us now...

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - DECK - DAY

Kat plays hostess, filling drinks, etc. She then SEES Natalie approach Joe. But Joe quickly moves to the other side of the deck. Natalie looks hurt. Kat isn't pleased.

ANGLE ON JOE - Hiding out in a corner. Kat approaches him.

KAT

Why are you being mean to Natalie?

JOE

Mean?! I'm not - Kat...

(shaking his head)

I'm not sure I can take this family of yours --

KAT

-- *They're your family now, Joe.*

He's surprised by her intensity. Then she smiles, his loving bride again. She pulls him into a hug.

KAT

Don't worry. We'll get through this, then everything will be normal again.

JOE

I'm beginning to think we have different ideas of what's "normal."

She just laughs, not seeing his genuine concern.

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - DECK - LATER

As the reception continues, Marta looks out at --

MARTA'S POV - THE MOTOR COURT

Beyond the gate, an unmarked sedan is parked. LEEFLANG leans on it. Just watching, waiting.

DINA (O.S.)

I remember when we met Franklin...

Marta, startled, turns to face Dina, who smiles sadly.

DINA

... We both thought he was hot. I was totally going for it. But... he only had eyes for you. I had to settle for the "short friend."

She nods ACROSS THE DECK - where the bandaged STEVEN leans on the rail, drinking. He catches Marta's eye. Gives her a nod. It's clear he's mourning Franklin, too.

MARTA

At least he's alive.

DINA

Oh God - of course, that was - I keep getting it all wrong...

She starts to cry. Marta looks at her. Weak. Flawed. Like Marta herself feels. Marta puts an arm around her.

MARTA

You and me both.

The two women hug. Marta, the stronger of them. She looks over Dina's shoulder at --

MARTA'S POV - LEEFLANG

Watching her. Waiting for her to give in.

OFF MARTA'S FACE - a decision being made --

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:

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE - EVENING

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

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

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

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE/INT. LEEFLANG'S SEDAN - EVENING

BACK ON LEEFLANG, laptop is on his lap. Trejo next to him.

CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER - The only file that pops up is the ICON for Franklin's video message. He presses PLAY. A VIDEO OF FRANKLIN PLAYS - He speaks directly to camera --

FRANKLIN

Marta, if you're watching this, something went really wrong...

EXT. MT. TAMALPAIS - DAYBREAK

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

FRANKLIN (V.O.)  
I'm so, so sorry. To leave you. To  
leave you with all *this*. I love you  
and the kids so much...

She reaches the crest, and FLOATS over flat land...

FRANKLIN (V.O.)  
... and I tried to keep them safe.  
But now it's up to you...

EXT. WALRAVEN HOUSE/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...

TREJO  
That's it? No names, dates?

FRANKLIN (V.O.)  
Marta, don't trust anyone  
but yourself...

LEEFLANG  
She called my bluff.

Off Leeflang, angry, but impressed with Marta's chutzpah...

CLOSE ON MARTA'S HIGH HEELS

-- as they step onto slick polished floors. HEAR chill  
DOWNTempo ELECTRONICA music. As she walks forward, INCLUDE --

INT. ASIAN FUSION RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The opposite of Andrei's old school restaurant. Contemporary,  
minimalistic, sensual lighting. Avant garde images projected  
on walls. Handsome wait-staff, chic clientele.

Marta strides directly to the BACK of the restaurant, to an  
ELEVATOR. She presses the button. Nothing happens. She  
looks up at A SECURITY CAMERA. Stares at it, unflinching.  
Beat. The doors slide open --

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

It climbs higher. Marta's face is grim, clinging to courage.  
Finally - DING - the doors open. MARTA steps out into --

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, we FIND 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 monitor on his desk - the feed from the elevator security camera). She DROPS a fat leather WALLET in front of him --

MARTA

Here. Now, leave me alone.

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

SCHILLER

*Si me disculpan un momento, por favor.*

The Colombians rise. 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

I take it you haven't been searched  
for weapons.

(off her non-response)

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 three hundred thousand in that  
wallet. 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, Mrs. Walraven?

MARTA

He... stole from you.

SCHILLER

And killed two of my employees.

MARTA

No. He wouldn't do that.

SCHILLER

Then it was your brother? Or Steven Tomlin?

She says nothing. Won't incriminate them.

SCHILLER

Mrs. Walraven, 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 discreetly replace what was taken, as soon as possible. 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

I'm sure 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 WALLET of cash --

SCHILLER

... and trust.

They share a look. Guarded, charged. She warily takes the wallet 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