

destroyer

Written by

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**A FIELD OF BLACK**

shifting into a blazing, speckled red.

Radio static.

VOICE (V.O.)  
11 Charlie Lima 7. Possible 187,  
request Homicide.

HARD CUT TO AN EXTREME CLOSE UP

**INT. BELL'S CAR - AFTER DAWN**

A woman's eyes, closed.

Blinking open in a fearsome sunlight.

As we widen we see that the sunlight comes through a windshield.

That she's in a car.

That she's a cop.

She looks pretty rough.

Gets out of the car. This is DETECTIVE BELL.

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT PARK - AFTER DAWN**

We follow her through the park, quiet at this hour.

Early sunlight is hard on her. A bit of a wreck.

We see her goal ahead. Cops gathered at a crime scene, above the concrete and wild growth of the L.A. River.

HER POV: Eyes flicking back to see her approach. Disrespect there, maybe amusement.

DET. KUDRA is in charge, older. His partner, DET. GAVRAS, a young, together Latina.

DET. GAVRAS  
Long night?

DET. KUDRA  
Dragging anchor there, buddy.

It looks like it.

BELL  
Dragging anchor.

DET. KUDRA  
You know the LT is looking for you?  
Need to take care of your own  
pressing shit, don't you?

BELL  
Yeah, I got it.

She moves up into the scene.

DET. KUDRA  
Hey, Bell. This is handled so...

Bell waves him off.

BELL  
So what is it?

Then she looks down at

A BODY

A male, face down.

DET. KUDRA  
You want us to, uh..?

BELL  
Yeah, come on.

From Gavras, a barely perceptible, impatient rolling of eyes.  
Not missed by Bell.

DET. KUDRA  
Shot three times at least, from the  
exit wounds. Right here.

BELL  
With?

Gavras, just trying to get it over with:

DET. GAVRAS  
.38, dropped at the scene...

She points. On the ground: a pistol, handle wrapped in dirty red tape.

DET. GAVRAS  
... maybe a ghost gun, no serial,  
no prints, no witnesses. Look...

BELL  
Am I wasting your time?

Casual, a verbal shrug:

DET. GAVRAS  
City's time. You got no role here.  
Our scene.

Kudra glances at Gavras, *okay enough*.

Bell leans down over the body. A moment on her face: an intensity, a disturbance rippling underneath.

BELL  
Who's this?

DET. KUDRA  
No ID, no idea.

Bell nods, then looks at the back of the victim's shaved head.

A distinctive tattoo visible on the base of the neck.

Under and near the body, something interesting. Several 100 dollar bills, deeply stained in purple from an exploded dye pack, are scattered around the body, a couple of them barely visible just underneath it.

DET. KUDRA  
Few of those. Blown dye pack, but not, interestingly, recent. Waiting on tech.

A couple other cops approach. As Kudra and Gavras turn to engage them, we stay on Bell. Looking closely at the tattoo, the bills under and near the body. We close in on one of the bills.

For a moment, the other detectives seem to forget her. She's an afterthought. Finally glance back.

DET. KUDRA  
This is covered. Go... lie down.

However he intended it, it comes off harsh. Suppressed smiles from cops.

BELL  
What about if I know who did this?

Kudra looks at her and shakes his head.

DET. KUDRA  
Then we could probably use that,  
detective. You gonna solve this  
right now then or...

She walks away from them.

DET. GAVRAS  
The fuck she's going?

DET. KUDRA  
The fuck I know. Just leave her.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Bell sits on her own. Still not looking good. Disturbed,  
distant.

A rhythm insinuates itself. A skateboarder, watched by a  
couple friends, is trying to land a trick. A whoosh, a  
clatter as he fails. Again.

Bell watching, thinking.

The skateboarder tries again. Fails. CUT TO:

BLACK. A title:

**DESTROYER**

**INT. NORTHWEST DIVISION - MORNING**

Bell enters the precinct. Preoccupied, a cup of coffee to cut  
through the haze. Ahead, her superior, LT. OSHIMA.

LT. OSHIMA  
You getting your mail here now?

BELL  
I don't get it. What?

LT. OSHIMA  
I'm saying apparently you live  
here.

BELL  
I spend a lot of time here yeah.

She tries to keep moving. It works. He's unwilling to chase.

**INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

From behind, we see Bell, hunched over her desk. She holds something she's found there:

An envelope addressed to her in a handwritten scrawl. She opens it. Pulls something out of it-- an ink-stained hundred dollar bill, just like the ones near the body.

Looks over her shoulder. Room crowded with cops. Thinks.

**INT. SUPPLY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

We close in on Bell, alone in the locked room.

She stares at the marked hundred dollar bill.

Very close on the bill. Deeply stained.

Mind moving, stress growing. Near the intensity of panic.

She puts the bill into an evidence bag. Puts the bag in a backpack.

**INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

As Bell moves toward the front door, we watch her from across the room, through other people.

Walking across the bullpen, pace increasing. A sharp, tamped-down urgency to her movements.

**EXT. NORTHWEST DIVISION - MORNING**

She throws the backpack into the backseat of her car, gets in.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - DAY**

Bell drives.

A voice insinuates itself.

*SILAS (V.O.)  
Look at that face. Little dog.  
You're hungry.*

We rotate slowly behind her. Find a scar at the base of her neck, where a tattoo has been removed. The same location as the tattoo on the body in Echo Park. The faint remnant of the same shape.

SILAS (V.O.)  
*Hungry little mutt. You want.*

**EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY**

The monumental government office building in Westwood. The Los Angeles branch of the FBI.

LAWSON (O.S.)  
Detective Bell...

**INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS**

Bell sits across from a smiling GIL LAWSON (50's), an FBI lifer, in the corner of the building's almost empty cafe.

LAWSON  
My God, if I knew you were coming,  
I could've rustled up more of a  
welcome party.

BELL  
I only wanted to see you.

Something in her voice cuts off the small talk.

LAWSON  
What's up?

BELL  
Silas is back.

A pause. Lawson sits back, looks at Bell-- a strange, almost sad look.

BELL  
He's back. I know it. Somewhere in  
L.A.

LAWSON  
What makes you say that?

Bell produces a clear sleeve containing the ink-stained bill. Lawson's demeanor shifts.

LAWSON  
Where'd you get this?

BELL

I got it.

Lawson looks at Bell, but that's all she's giving up.

LAWSON

Why now?

BELL

Cleaning up. Starting again. I don't know.

LAWSON

Well, we've had nothing on this end. Not since it all happened. What, 17 years now?

He subtly examines the bill.

LAWSON

If this is a match, it's gonna light up a lot of people up and down the hall. How did...

Bell looks down.

BELL

I need you to look this up for me and then forget that you did. At least for awhile. I want to be sure.

LAWSON

All right.

He gets to his feet, switching gears as Bell follows him.

LAWSON

How's Shelby? How old is she now?

BELL

Sixteen.

LAWSON

Incredible.

Pause.

BELL

I don't remember your kids' names.

LAWSON

(a laugh)  
That's okay. Come on...

He puts a hand on her shoulder as he leads her toward the exit.

LAWSON  
Been way too long, Erin.

BELL  
I know.

As they walk away--

LAWSON  
I look different? Been making these protein smoothies...

Slow motion as Bell follows Lawson past a few occupied tables. Bell seems uncomfortable.

BELL'S POV: The eyes of the agents seem to be on her.

Lawson nods to one them as he passes.

**INT. LAWSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Lawson's office has a commanding view of the 405 freeway.

LAWSON  
Close the door.

She does so as he wakes his computer.

LAWSON  
Let's see it.

BELL  
Look, if this is going to jam you up with anybody...

LAWSON  
(looking up)  
Don't do it? You don't mean that.

A small smile from Bell.

LAWSON  
Fuck 'em. Far as I'm concerned, you're one of us.

Lawson brings up a database of stolen bills. As he hunt-and-pecks the number in:

LAWSON

You're lucky the numbers from that job are in the database. Bank only tracks those big shipments. Most of the time we're screwed as far that goes.

As he waits for the result:

LAWSON

How much is still out there? 3 million? 4?

ON BELL: a noncommittal shrug. She watches his face as the result comes up.

BELL

It's a match, yeah?

He nods. He looks to Bell, who is off in her own world.

LAWSON

Hey. Why don't you tell me where you got this? Let me handle it. We can still keep it between us.

BELL

I'm sorry. I can't.

He looks at her for a moment, seems to choose his words.

LAWSON

What happened was...

BELL

No, Gil.

LAWSON

We put you and Chris there. Too green. Shit deal, you weren't ready.

Bell betrays nothing.

LAWSON

You know how most of these leads go. This has been ice cold for a long time. Toby's in Chino, the rest... they're all gone.

(pause)

Do you want to go down that hole again for nothing? I'll call you if something comes up.

BELL  
I'll be all right.

Silence. Lawson sighs. He considers Bell for a long moment.

LAWSON  
You look terrible.

BELL  
I had a rough night.

LAWSON  
Have a lot of those?  
(pause)  
Did you ever talk to someone?

BELL  
A little.

LAWSON  
I check in on you, you know. Most  
detectives with your years in  
would've been moved up to RHD a  
long time ago.

BELL  
Come on, Gil...

LAWSON  
Okay.  
(pause)  
Look, I don't know if this is your  
thing, but I do a Bible study on  
Wednesday nights. Anytime you want  
to pop by...  
(sees her look)  
I know, but it's very low-key. No  
one's handling snakes. It's just...  
it's good to not be alone, you  
know?  
(pause)  
Think about it.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
*Where did we meet?*

**INT. BAR - NIGHT - 17 YEARS AGO**

*A younger, confident Bell, late 20's, sits across from CHRIS, an FBI agent. He's young too, but a few years older than her.*

BELL

A bar in Hemet. 2002. Where'd you grow up?

CHRIS

All over. Mostly Las Cruces. What bar?

BELL

Tappy's. Why Las Cruces?

CHRIS

Dad got transferred to White Sands. He left. We stayed. Why were you always at Tappy's?

BELL

Bartender gave me a break on drinks. Where'd you go to school?

CHRIS

Centennial High. Expelled, got my GED. Did half a year at Doña Ana Community, tossed for dealing. What's across the street from the bar?

BELL

Car dealership. Their sign is this huge neon bear. What was the mascot at Centennial?

CHRIS

Hawks. What was the name of the bouncer, the one with the hair?

BELL

Martin. How'd we meet?

CHRIS

Marlon.

BELL

Fuck.

CHRIS

Fuck is right. They can check that.

BELL

Marlon. Marlon. Okay. How'd we meet?

CHRIS

*We were both at the bar trying to order. A Dire Straits song came on the juke box. You screamed "who put this shit on?" I turned and confessed.*

BELL

*No. We said Pink Floyd, Chris.*

CHRIS

*Fuck that. I like Dire Straits.*

Off the sounds of a Dodger game, CUT TO:

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

Bell sits at the bar, empty drink in front of her, on edge. We're on her face. The sound of the game, the other patrons.

The bartender passes, Bell points at her drink.

BARTENDER

Double rum and coke?

She gives a thumbs up-- suddenly there's a drink in front of her. Time now passes in waves-- the game jumps forward-- the drinks arrive almost on top of each other. As another lands, the game is gone, replaced by the news. The bar is crowded now. Bell looks more relaxed.

A GUY roughly her age pushes into the bar next to her to order. Bell glances up. He's decent looking. Okay...

BELL

You're too old for this place.

He forces a smile, doesn't bite.

BELL

You want to see a trick?

GUY

Um...

BELL

Come on, it's a good one. I just need... salt and pepper. And a comb. Shit. Forget that last part. It's the surprise. Hold up.  
(calls down the bar)  
Can I get some salt and pepper?

BARTENDER  
We don't serve food here.

BELL  
Okay well, you dump the salt and pepper on the bar and I say to you, I bet I can separate the grains, and you say "bull-shit!" Then I...

GUY  
(flat)  
Use a comb?

An awkward pause. She knows it's done.

BELL  
Got it. On your way.

Turns back, spills a drink. Not necessarily her fault.

BELL  
Fuck. Sorry.

Bell's phone rings. She fumbles for it, puzzled when she sees the caller.

BELL  
Hello?

**INT. BELL'S CAR - NIGHT**

Bell shouldn't be driving but she is: slowly and carefully down Sunset Boulevard in Silver Lake, looking for something.

**EXT. SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT**

Bell exits her car, approaches EDDIE (30's), who sits on a stool outside a CORNER DIVE BAR. Eddie has the look of an off duty cop doing security.

BELL  
Thanks for the call.

EDDIE  
Might not be her. Just passed by.  
Thought you'd want to know, though.

BELL  
No. It's good. Thanks.

She points next door. "That one?" Eddie nods, can tell she's a little off.

EDDIE  
You all right?

Bell nods, heads a few doors down toward--

**INT. LITTLE JOY - NIGHT**

A semi-hip Echo Park bar. Bell enters, somewhat keyed-up. She walks through, scanning the rooms.

The sound of a laugh somehow cuts through the rest of the noise. Bell pushes through the crowd, toward the corner--

A couple is draped all over each other, kissing. JAY, a wiry, skater-looking guy (20's), looks up as Bell approaches.

BELL  
You. What's your name?

JAY  
I forget. What's yours?

The girl, SHELBY (16), turns, sees Bell, goes white.

SHELBY  
It's my fucking mom. What are you doing here?

BELL  
A friend called. Shelby...

SHELBY  
A cop friend? Jesus, you're staking me out?

BELL  
Get up. Let's go.

JAY  
Sorry. She's with me.

BELL  
Stop talking.  
(takes her arm)  
Come on...

Shelby wrests herself loose. Bells loses her balance, has to catch herself.

SHELBY  
Don't touch me! Jesus, are you drunk?

JAY  
 Maybe you need some coffee, mom.

She ignores this, looks to Shelby.

BELL  
 This is who you're missing school  
 for? What are you? Twenty-three,  
 twenty four?

JAY  
 The fuck do you care?

BELL  
 She's sixteen. You know what  
 statutory rape is?

JAY  
 Age of consent is...

Bell slaps him, hard and brutal.

BELL  
 Shut the fuck up. You gonna tell me  
 about the law?

JAY  
 What the...  
 SHELBY  
 Fuck! Mom!

Bell advances. Jay doesn't back down. The beginnings of a  
 scuffle--

BELL  
 Go ahead. Tell me some more.  
 JAY  
 I ain't afraid of you. Let's  
 throw.

-- which ends quickly as an overweight BOUNCER gets between.

BOUNCER  
 Out. Now. Now!!

As he shoves them to the door, Bell steps to the side,  
 clumsily fishes out her badge and flashes it.

BOUNCER  
 I don't care.

BELL  
 You don't care?

JAY  
 Yeah, bitch out with that badge.  
 Drunk-ass cop.

The bouncer turns back to Jay.

BOUNCER  
Get the fuck out...

As the bouncer "escorts" Jay and Shelby to the door, the bouncer looks to the bartender, motions toward Bell with a shrug-- "What the fuck do I do with her?"

The bartender and Bell lock eyes.

BELL  
She's underage. In your fucking bar!

He doesn't say anything. The whole thing is weird. The whole place is paralyzed. Bell suddenly feels all the eyes on her.

**EXT. SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT**

Bell waits by her car outside the bar. We hear the sound of a phone call, a voice answering.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Hey, what's up?

BELL (V.O.)  
Yeah. I need a favor...

A unmarked SEDAN pulls up. Bell goes to her car, opens the trunk and retrieves a GRAY HARD CASE.

The trunk pops on the sedan, Bell puts in her gear, gets in.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

At the wheel, ANTONIO (30), African American, Bell's partner. Young for a detective. A comer. Calm but sharp.

Bell gets in, closes the door.

BELL  
Thanks.

ANTONIO  
Shit, Bell. You smell like a pirate.

BELL  
(slumps)  
Rum and coke, man.

ANTONIO

You can do better than that. Have some self respect.

BELL

There is no better than that.

He glances at her. A quick, warm smile as he pulls into traffic. Silence. Bell stares out the window.

ANTONIO

You okay?

She nods.

BELL

It just got away from me tonight.

ANTONIO

How often that happen?

Bell rolls her head over-- shoots him a look.

ANTONIO

All right.

They drive for a long moment. She looks at him, gauging...

BELL

Look. I got some shit to deal with.

ANTONIO

Okay...

(looks at her)

Family shit? Doctor shit?

BELL

Yeah, I got a yeast infection.

ANTONIO

Jesus. This is my *workplace*, man.

BELL

(a smirk)

Work shit.

ANTONIO

So. Tell me.

BELL

That's my point. I need a little... room to move. I miss a meeting or two, maybe you cover.

ANTONIO  
No. We work it together.

She shakes her head.

BELL  
I'll bring you in when it's time.

Antonio looks at her-- bullshit.

BELL  
Give me this, Antonio. It's nothing  
out of bounds. I'm not gonna  
jeopardize your rise to the top.

ANTONIO  
Fuck you...

BELL  
Throw me a bone when you're mayor.  
Captain's pension or something.

Partner nods, taking it.

ANTONIO  
You got a rep as a partner, you  
know.

BELL  
I know.

ANTONIO  
This ain't helping.

BELL  
You love me though.

ANTONIO  
Do I.

BELL  
Mmm. I can see it your eyes.

ANTONIO  
I'm not looking at you.

A pause.

BELL  
We good on this?

ANTONIO

If you wash your hair. How many of those drinks actually got in your mouth?

BELL

Enough of 'em.

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

We observe Bell from a distance as she eats. Watch her behave.

Preoccupied, she huddles over her food like a starving animal, protecting it from someone who wants to take it away.

She raises her head. Alert. A creature who has caught something on the wind. She listens, looks out the window down to the street.

Nothing there.

**INT. CRAWLSPACE - HOUSE - ANGELINO HEIGHTS - MORNING**

For a moment we watch ETHAN, a man in his forties, work under a house. It's hot. He's sweating as he tries to connect a duct. It won't fit quite right.

A male voice from above.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ethan? Come up.

ETHAN

(shouting)

No way. I'm not climbing back out of here.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come on. Cops.

Ethan lets out his breath. Starts to shimmy out.

ETHAN

Fucker.

**EXT. HOUSE - ANGELINO HEIGHTS**

Ethan moves across the lawn toward Bell, who waits outside her car. He gestures at the house, his van in the driveway, advertising his HVAC business on the side.

ETHAN  
I'm working.

BELL  
Okay.

ETHAN  
How'd you know I was here?

She points to the number on the side of his van. Touches her temple.

ETHAN  
People who live here don't want a cop coming around. It looks...

BELL  
I'm not in uniform.

ETHAN  
Whatever. Looks weird.

BELL  
I could be your probation officer or something.

ETHAN  
Yeah, I hope that's the takeaway.

BELL  
I saw Shelby last night.

ETHAN  
Oh, yeah? Where?

BELL  
A bar.

ETHAN  
Doesn't surprise me. I called you.

She doesn't respond.

ETHAN  
Some nights she doesn't come home. Texts, maybe, to tell me. Shows up at school for attendance, I guess, leaves.

BELL  
They're that stupid at school?

ETHAN  
They catch up after like a week.

BELL  
She's staying with that little  
shithead?

ETHAN  
Jay.

BELL  
Jay.

ETHAN  
Yeah. What a fuckin gem. You tried  
to talk to her?

BELL  
Yeah.

ETHAN  
Maybe you should try again, 'cause  
I don't fucking know. She doesn't  
say shit to me.

BELL  
I don't have a lot of time or  
sympathy for her fucking issues  
right now.

He shakes his head.

ETHAN  
Okay.

BELL  
What?

ETHAN  
Just okay.

She looks over at his van.

BELL  
How's money?

He shakes his head. No interest in talking about it.

ETHAN  
What are we gonna do?

BELL  
I just pulled a case.

ETHAN  
So I should deal with it.

BELL  
She chose to live with you.

ETHAN  
Right.

BELL  
I'm saying it's gonna take me away  
for a while.

ETHAN  
So who's dead?

BELL  
Nobody. A John Doe. It's  
complicated.

As she walks away, he shakes his head, turns away.

ETHAN  
Well, always great to see you.

She walks on.

**INT. / EXT. METAL FABRICATOR - DAY**

TAZ FURNER, military tattoos, leans against his pickup truck, which is parked in the shed-like interior of a steel fabrication business, talking to another guy.

When the other guy goes back to a foreman's office, Bell rolls up.

Loud, mainstream country is playing from the truck.

BELL  
Turn that shit down so we can talk.

TAZ  
I thought you liked country music.

BELL  
That's not country music, Taz.

He shrugs.

TAZ  
Baby likes it.

She looks inside the truck. There's an 13-month old squirming in a car seat.

BELL

Really.

TAZ

What else I'm supposed to do? I'm an involved parent, man. Where's Antonio at?

BELL

He's not here for this.

TAZ

For what?

BELL

Murder weapon. Smells like it comes from you.

TAZ

Whoa, what?

BELL

I'm saying I have a body and the gun comes from you.

TAZ

No. No no no... you got no way of knowing that.

BELL

Because it's a burner with no serial, probably built from spare parts, which is something you do. So I know.

TAZ

But, I mean... that's like fuckin circular...

BELL

I'm gonna need everybody you've been selling to.

TAZ

I can't tell you that. I got credibility with my clients.

BELL

Then I can just review your records and see.

TAZ

You know I don't got "records." Why are you fucking with me?

BELL

I need who you've been selling to.  
Specifically the crazy white  
people.

TAZ

That's like *everybody* I sell to,  
man. *Why* are you *fucking* with me?

She shows him a picture.

BELL

Anybody with this tattoo on them?

TAZ

I told you...

She reaches into the truck, zips open a heavy canvas duffel.

TAZ

Hey.

The bag contains both long guns and handguns. Bell takes the  
bag out of the truck. He tries to grab it. She rips it away.

BELL

I'm taking these with me.

TAZ

What?

The other guy, the one who Taz had been talking to, reappears  
on a landing above.

TAZ'S GUY

What's up, Taz?

TAZ

I'm about to see.

The air has changed. It's precarious. Her alone, the two of  
them much bigger, projecting the potential of violence.

TAZ

Don't do it, fool.

She hauls the bag to her car. Taz follows, pushing up on her.  
His friend, following looking around as if for witnesses.

BELL

Call me with names, you want em  
back.

TAZ

For real? You are fucking up right now. Don't make me notice you.

He tries to grab the bag again. She rips it away violently.

BELL

Give me some names.

She throws the bag into her car, gets in.

**IN BELL'S CAR**

As she pulls away, Taz pounds on the car.

TAZ

You are fucking up!

She drives. It takes a second to notice her hand shaking on the wheel.

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

The duffel of guns lies on the closet floor. We creep slowly toward it. A voice intrudes.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

*All right. Kiss me.*

And we are back in:

**INT. BAR - 17 YEARS AGO**

BELL

*Why?*

CHRIS

*So I know. I don't want to look surprised the first time it happens in public.*

*She looks at him for moment--*

CHRIS

*Dead serious.*

*She takes the back of his head with one hand and pulls him in for a long kiss.*

*They break, considering each other. Neither betrays anything.*

CHRIS  
Okay. Got it.

*A flicker of a smile between them.*

BELL  
You think you can fake liking that?

CHRIS  
Probably, yeah.

SOUND OF A CELL PHONE RINGING, from the caller's end. It rings and rings, no one picking up, into and over:

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - LATE DUSK**

The house is darkened. A still shot, empty, waiting.

Then we are surprised to see movement.

Bell shifts, gets out of a chair, like a mound of vegetation that has come to life.

Just a silhouette.

We see what moved her: outside a car has pulled up and parked. She watches it for a moment, staying out of view.

A man gets out of the car, looks around. We recognize Gil Lawson, the FBI agent from Westwood.

She puts her gun in her waistband.

**EXT. BELL'S STREET - NIGHT**

Bell comes out strong, rattling down the steps.

Gil, just coming around the car, looks up to see her coming. He has a bottle of wine.

LAWSON  
Hey! So...

BELL  
What are you doing here, Gil?

LAWSON  
Hey, easy. I called...

BELL  
Did you?

LAWSON  
Yeah, I... do you realize your  
phone has no...

BELL  
Yeah.

He starts to say something. Changes his mind, starts over.

LAWSON  
So, I was thinking about you.

BELL  
You were.

LAWSON  
Not like... *man*, you are difficult  
to talk to. You know that?

Bell waits. Looks up and down the street. Nobody is around.  
He holds up the bottle.

LAWSON  
Let's have a drink.

BELL  
Why?

LAWSON  
Because that's a normal social  
custom that normal people... I  
don't know. Because you definitely  
aren't going to come to bible  
study.

BELL  
No, I'm not. Why?

LAWSON  
Because I'm worried about you.

Bell keeps her distance.

LAWSON  
Can we go inside? This is...

BELL  
This is good.

He cocks his head. Shrugs.

LAWSON

Alright, then. I came here to say that I don't think it's good for you to be scratching up all this shit about back then. 17 years, Erin. It isn't healthy. To go there.

BELL

Who says it isn't healthy? Who says that?

He turns, a small smile, looking over his shoulder as if expecting someone, back to her.

LAWSON

Me.  
(pause)  
Who else...?

BELL

You came to my house.

LAWSON

I'm an old fashioned guy who shows up to visit his friends in person.

She waves this away. Finally:

LAWSON

Since I saw you, it's been bothering me. I wouldn't have come if it wasn't important.

BELL

You are telling me to let it go.

LAWSON

I see where you are going and I don't think it's good for you. I had to say something.

She watches him. Dusk has now put him in shadow, made him a silhouette. Inscrutable.

BELL

Who wants it let go, Gil? Spell it out.

LAWSON

There's nothing... nothing to spell out, Erin. Just let it be.

He looks around at the empty street. Bell shifts imperceptibly. A queasy, unplaceable menace here now. Quietly:

LAWSON

You don't need somebody to talk to?

Something coiled and wired in her.

Gil puts the bottle on the curb, goes around and gets back in his car. Out the window:

LAWSON

You really ought to fix your phone.

As he drives away we linger on her. Her gun hand free.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - FREEWAY - DAY**

Bell drives out of the city, east, into the desert, through the wind farms. We hear a phone conversation.

BELL (V.O.)

I need to interview a prisoner about an open case.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Go ahead.

BELL (V.O.)

40054063, Soll, Toby.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hold on.

Sound of typing.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

That prisoner has been discharged.

BELL (V.O.)

What? When?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

End of last month. Compassionate release.

Road signs to Palm Desert. We begin to INTERCUT:

**INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - 17 YEARS AGO - NIGHT**

A spread of dossiers and files on a conference table. Someone's hand, picking through them.

LAWSON

Local scene is several loosely connected groups, gangs, "anarchist collectives," whatever-the-fuck, comes out of the music and drug scenes.

**INT. HOUSE SHE GREW UP IN - FLASHBACK - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

The younger Bell, just over her shoulder, breath rising and falling. She moves through a beaten desert house, dark in the daytime. Glimpse of TV flashing, silhouettes on a couch, two young men, unmoving. Her brothers? They pay her no mind.

**INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - 17 YRS AGO - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

LAWSON

Mostly drug related, but guns are starting to flow through and we think there's a hard center in there somewhere that has moved into armed robbery, planning more, interested in affiliating with some of the Bureau's bigger targets regionally.

**INT. BELL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

Her old room. A bit trashed, nothing's moved here in a very long time. Bell quickly rifles through drawers, not wanting to be here. Grabs a few things. We notice an old punk t-shirt.

**INT. DINER - FLASHBACK - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

Chris and Bell sit across from each other. Look and demeanor changed. Bell wears the shirt, has chopped her hair ragged.

**INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - 17 YRS AGO - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

LAWSON

We're placing our agent undercover as a team with a local asset. Sheriff's Deputy. This is her.

**AN IMAGE INTRUDES:** Bell's service portrait, her in uniform.

AGENT

*This girl? Really?*

LAWSON

*She'll look right enough next to our guy.*

**INT. DINER - FLASHBACK - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*Chris and Bell don't speak. Chris rolls and unrolls the paper wrapper from a straw. Bell's twitchy energy is very different from what we know of her today.*

**INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - 17 YRS AGO - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

LAWSON

*One of our CI's has a cousin in one of the groups, this kid by the name of Toby Heath. The CI will make the introduction.*

**INT. DINER - FLASHBACK - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*We see the INFORMANT COUSIN sliding into the booth, greeting Bell and Chris. TOBY slides in next to Chris. Toby is young, skinny, nervous, in a sleeveless punk t-shirt.*

TOBY

*Wanna come to a party?*

*He looks at Bell. She smiles. Suddenly, music, getting very loud, very fast.*

**EXT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*We move toward a shabby house, windows completely blacked out, junk-strewn yard, fire burning in a metal drum.*

**INT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - SAME**

*Bell and Chris enter the packed house, smoke hanging in the air. Music overdriven, so loud it distorts. A couple people push out past them.*

*Toby moves into frame, arms around their shoulders.*

TOBY

*Let's meet the man.*

*They walk. We are in Bell's POV as they come around a corner to the living room, where everyone is looking at someone.*

*Silas.*

*Finally he looks up.*

*Lets us see his eyes.*

*Close on his eyes. They could make you do anything.*

**EXT. TOBY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - PALM DESERT - MORNING**

A battered, nondescript bungalow. A few tchotchkes by the door work hard to liven things up.

We watch from afar as Bell approaches the door. It's answered by an OLDER WOMAN. And after a brief conversation, she lets Bell inside.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Toby, you've got a visitor.

**INT. TOBY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

There's a hospital bed in the living room. A TV plays. TOBY (late 30's) unshaven, lies in the bed. Cancer. He's been through the wringer, but his eyes are sharp behind his specs.

Toby's MOM, 70's, cat sweatshirt, leads Bell into the room. As soon Toby sees her, a laugh, overtaken by coughs.

TOBY

Jesus. You look old.

Bell takes him in. The older, sicker version of him.

TOBY

Fucking Bell. Of course you're here.

BELL

How you doing, Toby?

TOBY

Incredible. They released me because I'm just too healthy.

MOM

I was just on my way out.  
(kisses Toby)  
I'm going to step out to the store.

TOBY

Yeah, you do that. And will you  
just get the cookies this time? I  
don't care about the fucking sugar.  
We're past that.

MOM

We'll see.

TOBY

Yeah, we know what that means!

She exits.

Bell and Toby look at each other for a long moment. Toby is  
having trouble breathing.

Toby, strained, points to the shelves behind Bell. They're  
packed with owl figurines. All sorts. They're everywhere.

TOBY

Do me a favor. Turn that one away.  
The dirty beige one. Turn it so  
it's not facing me.

She does so. It seems to bring him relief.

TOBY

You tell one fucking person you  
like owls, now every genius knows  
what to get you. She could've  
stopped it anytime, but no. She  
loves it.

BELL

So what. They make her happy.

TOBY

That cutesy fucking thing is going  
to be the last thing I see! Gonna  
be staring me in...

He coughs, agitated. His eyes are wet as he settles.

BELL

How long?

TOBY  
(shakes his head)  
Couple months. Might be able to leg  
out four or five.... probably not.

He's wheezing. It seems to make him angrier.

TOBY  
Why the fuck are you here?

BELL  
Silas is back.

Bell lets that hang, stares at him. Toby looks away.

TOBY  
I ain't gonna spend my last days  
thinking about Silas.

BELL  
He's a murderer. I need to bring  
him in.

TOBY  
How do you even know he's back?

BELL  
He sent a message.

TOBY  
Jesus. You're so fucking sad.  
You'll never get close to him. You  
know that. How do you know he's  
back? Because he let you.

BELL  
You're still scared of him.

TOBY  
Scared of what? That he'll come  
kill me a few days early? Kill my  
mom? Shit, take her...

BELL  
He's coming, Toby. Finally cleaning  
up maybe. It's already started.  
You're easy to find...

TOBY  
I told you, I don't care. I'm  
fucking dead.

BELL

Don't go out like this Toby. This is pathetic. Do something good for once. Make that your last act. I gotta believe you have it in you.

Toby starts laughing, which turns into a coughing fit.

TOBY

Go out on a good note? I don't know where he is, Bell. If I did, I would've traded that a long time ago and taken my chances. You think I chose to rot in Chino for 15 years?

BELL

You chose to rob banks.

TOBY

Yeah, well. I can't give you Silas.

He lets her get up before he hits her with it...

TOBY

But I'll give you Arturo.

BELL

Arturo? How?

TOBY

We found ways to keep in touch. Just in case. I can get you to him.

BELL

Where is he?

TOBY

(shakes his head)  
It's not free.

BELL

What do you want, Toby.

A weird, pained look on his face. With some effort, he pulls back the blanket, exposing himself.

BELL

Jesus Christ. No. Fuck you.

TOBY

Fuck you. You could've let me go!  
(coughs)  
This is what it costs.

BELL  
It's not going to happen.

TOBY  
I'll bet you'd do a lot worse  
things for a shot at Silas.

BELL  
No.

Neither believes that. Toby looks her straight in the eye.

TOBY  
You have nothing else I value.

Bell fumes, a caged animal. Stock still, she looks ready to burn the house down.

TOBY  
You're my last chance, Bell. And  
I'm yours.

After a long moment, a cold blackness falls over her. Staring right at him, she takes him in her hand.

BELL  
I should rip it off.

TOBY  
But you won't.  
(pause)  
Move in front of the owls.

Bell steps to her right, blocking the shelf from view... and starts. Toby lets out a breath. Silence except for the TV.

TOBY  
Open your shirt.

BELL  
No.

TOBY  
Open your shirt!

Bell looks at him in utter contempt. Unbuttons her shirt. Toby sighs as she continues.

It goes on for a moment, interrupted by an intense coughing fit by Toby.

TOBY  
Keep going.

He wheezes as she does so. It's a bit of a labor. He looks pained as he tries to concentrate.

                  TOBY  
Spit on it.

                  BELL  
Fuck you.

After some effort, he comes with a weird grunt. She wipes her hand on his shirt as Toby catches his breath.

                  BELL  
Fucking hell. So?

                  TOBY  
He's back in the city somewhere.

                  BELL  
Somewhere?

                  TOBY  
Works at some little Iglesia on the east side. Christo Resucitado, it's called. Sits there all day giving free legal advice to immigrants. Guess he's got a guilty conscience or something.

                  BELL  
And what about you? How's your conscience?

                  TOBY  
(shrugs)  
I didn't shoot anyone. That girl in the bank was just fucking dumb. That's on her.  
(pause)  
Same with Chris. He didn't have to be a hero.

She masks it, but the mention of the name is a gut punch.

                  BELL  
No. He didn't.

                  TOBY  
I mean, I kind of liked him, but he chose to play. So...

                  BELL  
Okay.

TOBY  
But he was all right.

She heads to the door. On her way out, she turns the owl back to face him.

BELL  
Have a nice month.

TOBY  
Fuck you. We were a family.

**EXT. IGLESIA CHRISTO RESUCITADO - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY**

Bell is parked across the street from a humble storefront church, watching. Toby's words continue uninterrupted.

TOBY (V.O.)  
You're the ones who lied. You're  
the ones who stabbed us in the  
back. Not the other way around.

She can detect no movement. It's closed up.

Bell dials Shelby. It rings and rings. No answer, no voicemail.

**EXT. IGLESIA CHRISTO RESUCITADO - MOMENTS LATER**

Bell approaches the church.

She notes a schedule posted on the wall-- "*Servicios : Martes  
Jueves Sabado 7pm, Domingo 4:30pm*"

Bell's phone rings. Glances at it. She picks it up. Before she can speak, a voice:

SHELBY (V.O.)  
Fucking *what?*

**INT. ONE DOLLAR CHINESE - DAY**

Bell sits down across from a skeptical-looking Shelby at a cheap Chinese place.

BELL  
Thanks for meeting me.

She looks around, smiles almost imperceptibly.

BELL  
You know, I could've taken you to a  
nicer place.

SHELBY  
I like this place.

A tense pause. Finally:

BELL  
Look. I don't know what to say.  
Maybe we can just start fresh, you  
know?

SHELBY  
Are you still drunk?

BELL  
No.

SHELBY  
Are you gonna keep stalking me?

BELL  
I'm allowed to know where you are.  
I need to be able to find you.

SHELBY  
Why?

BELL  
Especially right now, I need to.  
That's what you need to know.

Jay approaches, sliding into the booth kissing Shelby.

JAY  
Hey, babe...  
(to Bell)  
What's up?

Bell, surprised, rejects this immediately.

BELL  
No. I'm sorry. No.

SHELBY  
What?

BELL  
This is between the two of us.

SHELBY  
You owe Jay an apology too.

She stares at Bell, waiting. Jay makes himself comfortable, a thin shit-eating grin. Finally--

BELL

No.

SHELBY

You don't think you did anything wrong?

JAY

You hit me. Maybe you should go to AA or something...

SHELBY

Well?

JAY

... rage junkie and shit.

Bell ignores this, keeping her eyes on her daughter.

SHELBY

You don't think you made a mistake?

BELL

We're not here to talk about me.

Shelby looks over at Jay. "See?"

JAY

Somebody else's fault I guess.

Bell moves her stare to Jay.

BELL

Okay. I'd like to have a conversation with my daughter, now. In private.

SHELBY

He's not going anywhere.

BELL

I don't have time to fuck around, Shelby.

JAY

I think she just feels safer with me here.

BELL

Are you here to see how much shit  
I'm willing to swallow? I can make  
your life really difficult.

Jay sinks into the booth, insolent. Bell looks at Shelby.

BELL

I need you to pull it together. I  
need you to be home at Ethan's  
every night. Get your ass back in  
school.

SHELBY

Right, what else do you "need?"

Jay lets out a hiss.

JAY

This is bullshit.

Bell erupts, slamming the table.

BELL

Stay the fuck of out this!

People turn. Shelby pushes Jay out of the booth and is up.

BELL

Shelby...

Bell reaches for her, is shrugged off violently.

Shelby is already outside. Gone. Bell knows she's blown it.

BELL

Fuck!

**EXT. STREET / IGLESIA CHRISTO RESUCITADO - NIGHT**

Bell sits in her car, back in front of the storefront church.

At night, it's transformed. Street dark, but there's singing  
inside, light inside, spilling out. Life inside.

Smoke from a grill on the sidewalk curls in front of the  
light.

People start to come out, service over.

**INT. IGLESIA CHRISTO RESUCITADO - NIGHT**

Bell walks into the church. People are picking up, folding up metal chairs. People look at her, she looks at them.

A small knot of people talking to the preacher.

She approaches them. A man steps forward.

MAN

Can I help you?

BELL

Yes, I hope so. I was told... that here I could...

She puts on a nervous face. She's a good liar.

BELL

I need to see Arturo Guerrero.

The man's expression falls for just a moment.

MAN

No, I'm sorry.

BELL

Please. I know he's here.

MAN

He isn't. How did you find us? Who sent you here?

BELL

I was told not to say.

MAN

I don't think we can help you.

One of the other people starts to head down a hallway. Bell grabs his arm to stop him.

BELL

I need help. Alba, she takes care of my kids. They are going to deport her. I don't know what to do... I can pay. I can pay...

The people exchange looks.

MAN

I'm sorry. There's other places you can go.

BELL  
I can't..! I have to...

Voice lower:

BELL  
Because of my job. I work for the  
government.

He studies her for a moment. Then:

MAN  
Ok. It'll be a minute. You can  
follow me.

BELL  
Thank you.

He goes down a hallway. She follows.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A short hallway. At the end, an office door.

The man gestures for Bell to sit in a chair against the wall.  
She remains standing.

She watches the door.

A woman comes out, holding a folder of papers. She turns  
back, embraces the man who has followed her out of the  
office.

Arturo.

**INT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*In the past, Arturo suddenly looks up.*

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING**

Arturo looks up through the door, seeing Bell.

Like seeing a demon. A furie.

He backs into the office.

BELL  
Arturo!

She starts running. Pulls her gun.

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

In Bell's POV: She bursts through the door. Movement, she swivels. Gun up--

-- a woman covers her face and screams, dropping folders--

-- while across the room a door bangs open. Arturo is out.

Bell runs.

**EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - SAME**

Bell runs after Arturo up the street.

Shuttered businesses, acid streetlight, few people.

Arturo darts onto a residential street.

Bell follows.

When she turns onto the street, she can't see him anymore.

Two ways he could have gone. One direction, an alley and bungalows. The other a long driveway.

She goes down the alley.

**EXT. ALLEY / SIDES OF HOUSES - CONTINUOUS**

Bell moves through the dark.

Sound of her breath. She's lost him.

Swallowed by complete dark until--

Motion detector tripped, floodlights up in the alley.

BLINDING LIGHT catches Arturo turning the corner.

She runs after him.

**EXT. END OF HOUSES / SCRUB HILL - CONTINUOUS**

Bell is fixated.

Chasing him farther from other people.

Farther from help.

Headlong and undeterred by what she might be headed for.

Arturo reaches the end of the row of houses, which abuts a scrub hill.

Arturo scrambles up into the scrub.

Running out of breath. Looks behind him, hoping she's gone

Bell is still there, slowing, but not stopping.

BELL

Arturo.

He runs.

Leaving the pool of light.

**EXT. SCRUB HILL - CONTINUOUS**

Suddenly in the wilderness, Arturo keeps going.

Stumbles, rolling his ankle

Cries out

Leading Bell to the next hill.

**EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - HILLSIDE**

This one is steep.

He climbs desperately

Bell gaining

Sound of helicopters and the wild leaking in

Arturo now almost crawling.

BELL

Arturo.

Bell following. An existential climb.

BELL

Just stop.

He climbs.

BELL

Just fucking stop.

She reaches up to try to grab him. He kicks out at her, rubble clattering down. Kicks again.

She fends it off.

He reaches the top, throws himself onto

**EXT. VICTORY GROVE PARK - CLEARING**

He staggers a bit farther, slips. She's on him.

ARTURO

Please. I don't know why you're...

Arturo shrinks from her.

ARTURO

You don't need to do this. I'm out, I'm so far out.

BELL

Where is he?

He looks at her, confused.

BELL

Silas.

ARTURO

Silas?

She nods.

ARTURO

I don't know. Gone I thought.

BELL

Well, he's back. And you know what happens.

Arturo breathes.

BELL

How do I find him?

ARTURO

I've been hiding all this time, Bell. Hiding from *him*. I don't talk to anybody.

BELL

You don't have to save anything for later, man. You can just help me.

ARTURO  
Save for what?

BELL  
For a plea. I'm not arresting you  
and I'm not giving you to anybody.  
You understand?

ARTURO  
Okay.

BELL  
I don't care about you. I need to  
get him.

Bell looks at him closely. He looks scared of her. He shakes his head, puts his head in his hands, grabs handfuls of hair.

ARTURO  
There's a lawyer, DiFranco.

BELL  
Okay.

ARTURO  
He helps launder the money and  
distributes it. Petra sees him for  
that every once in a while. Petra's  
still with Silas.

*A FLASH:*

**INT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*Petra stares directly at us. A hungry, unnerving 20 year old woman.*

**EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

BELL  
Petra.

ARTURO  
DiFranco gets you Petra and Petra  
gets you Silas.

BELL  
I thought you didn't talk to  
anybody?

ARTURO

This was an accident. Didn't ask to know about him.

BELL

You'll show me where he is.

Arturo sags a bit, under the consequences. Then:

ARTURO

Yeah.

Bell nods. After a moment:

BELL

So that's what you do now? You give legal advice.

ARTURO

Sure.

BELL

That's funny.

He shrugs. She smiles, darkly.

BELL

So when's it add up to even? How do you keep track of where you are?

ARTURO

It doesn't work like that.

BELL

When are you done?

He shakes his head.

ARTURO

When do you think?

He looks up at her.

ARTURO

You look tired.

BELL

Fuck, man. Nobody ever taught you not to say that to girls?

ARTURO

You do.

BELL  
Yeah, well.

ARTURO  
So he's back.

BELL  
Yeah.

ARTURO  
Did you think it was over?

Bell doesn't answer.

ARTURO  
I wish I thought you could get him.

HIS POV: She is lit from behind in the wash of stadium lights from below. Her face completely in shadow, a pool of black. Steam rising from her sweat, rise and fall of shoulders.

**EXT. BELL'S HOUSE - DAWN**

Bell sits on her steps. Whatever she's thinking about is hidden from us. She rocks back and forth almost imperceptibly.

Dawn light creeping up. Fireworks, or a shot, echo up from far away. She stands and we abruptly cut to:

**INT. GANG HOUSE - THE PAST - NIGHT**

*The communal home for Silas's crew. It's dilapidated-- second-hand furniture, walls bare.*

*The crew is partying. Weed, coke, beer. A couple of guns litter the table as well. Heavy music blares.*

*People strewn everywhere, smoking, arguing, hooking up. Chris and Toby are playing Madden football, talking shit.*

*Silas, a ball of energy, half wrestles/half makes out with a woman on the couch, laughing, taunting. Petra sulks around the edges.*

*Arturo returns from a beer run, setting a case down.*

ARTURO  
*New soldiers, ready for action...*

*He grabs one for himself and flops down on a couch, making himself at home in Bell's lap.*

BELL  
Support the troops.

Bell laughs, strokes his head. Something about this catches Silas's eye. A beat, then--

SILAS  
Hey Arturo...

Silas scoops up a revolver from the table, empties a few bullets, spins the barrel--

SILAS  
... let's see if it's your time.

-- and tosses it at Arturo, who barely catches it.

TOBY  
What the hell, Silas?

**INT. BELL'S CAR - 405 FWY - MORNING**

Bell drives south on the 405. On her face as sound continues-- music, reactions in the room.

SILAS (V.O.)  
Let's go. Let's do this.

**INT. GANG HOUSE - THE PAST - NIGHT**

The room has gone silent, save the music/TV. All eyes on this.

ARTURO  
Huh?

Silas mimes shooting his own head.

SILAS  
Let's find out, huh?

Arturo tries to laugh it off. Silas shakes it off.

SILAS  
Come on.

CHRIS  
Fuck that. Don't do it, Arturo.

Silas, still sprawled on the ratty couch, calmly takes up another gun, gestures toward Chris with it.

SILAS

*This doesn't concern you, brother.*

*Chris raises his hands, reluctantly backing down. Bell and he exchange a quick glance. Silas addresses the room.*

SILAS

*This is about Arturo! And Arturo's got free will. It's his decision. His!*

*He locks on the freaked-out looking Arturo.*

SILAS

*Don't do anything you aren't comfortable with. There's no judgements.*

*Arturo can see the gun dangling in Silas's hand. He hefts the one in his own, about to look down.*

SILAS

*No.  
(points to his eye)  
Look here. Just do it. Or don't.*

*Arturo looks at Silas, but he's alone. His breathing faster, faster. Trying to will himself.*

*Bell and the others-- helpless, wishing it away.*

*Silas, sitting forward on the couch like a gargoyle, bouncing with anticipation.*

*Arturo, almost hyperventilating. Tears. Suddenly he yanks the gun, bracing-- a collective gasp as he pulls the trigger--*

*Click. Nothing. Arturo melts, exhaling deeply. Silas sinks back, looks him up and down.*

SILAS

*Jesus, man. You gotta stop letting people push you around like that. Fuck.*

*Arturo drops the gun and storms out. Silas taps the leg of the WOMAN next to him.*

SILAS

*Go fuck him.*

ARTURO (O.S.)

*I don't feel like fucking!*

*Silas nods the woman toward the door-- do it anyway.*

*The room looks shaken, except for Silas, who is thrilled.*

*Chris picks up the gun from the floor, notices something--*

*CHRIS*

*There were three fucking bullets in there.*

*SILAS*

*Fuck, really?*

*He winks at Chris, moves on. Bell looks to Chris, each using the other to remain calm, to keep it together.*

**EXT. DIFRANCO'S HOUSE - PALOS VERDES - DAY**

A large Spanish style house, built on the side of a hill. An unobstructed view of the Pacific.

Bell gets out of her car, rings the buzzer at the gate. After a moment, a MAN'S VOICE over the speaker.

DIFRANCO (O.S.)

Come around the side, Detective Bell. We're in the back.

A buzz. The gate opens and we follow Bell as she makes her way along the side of the house. A metallic clank can be heard every couple seconds-- across the yard, DiFranco's teenage son, RYAN, takes cuts in a batting cage.

A BODYGUARD beckons her toward the open patio doors that lead to the living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

DENNIS DIFRANCO (60), stands up, smiling.

DIFRANCO

Dennis DiFranco. You want an iced tea or something? A beer? I'm having iced tea.

BELL

How do you know my name?

DIFRANCO

Pleasure to meet you, Mr. DiFranco. What a lovely home you have.

(MORE)

DIFRANCO (CONT'D)  
Spectacular view. Jesus, honey. Do  
like people do.

Bell doesn't bite, stares at him. DiFranco shrugs.

DIFRANCO  
Arturo said you'd be coming.  
(holds up a hand)  
And before you get all frothy, he  
calls me. I have no idea where he  
is. And every time I get a call  
from Arturo, I report it to the FBI  
and we go through all the motions.  
(gestures to his house)  
I do know *something* about the law.

Through a window, DiFranco spots something in the batting  
cage. He storms out of the room, going outside.

DIFRANCO  
Goddamnit, Ryan! What did Mike tell  
you about your elbow?!

Bell watches through the window as DiFranco angrily makes his  
son demonstrate the correct form. Finally, DiFranco huffs  
back into the room, muttering.

DIFRANCO  
Jesus Christ...  
(looks at Bell)  
Okay, why don't do we get to  
whatever you've come here to accuse  
me of.

BELL  
You're funneling money to Silas  
Howe. Money from the Palm Springs  
job.

A pause. DiFranco laughs.

DIFRANCO  
Is that what Arturo told you?

BELL  
Sounded credible to me.

DIFRANCO  
Arturo is a weak and desperate man.  
I keep advising him to surrender.  
He'll be much happier.

BELL  
Why does he call you?

DIFRANCO

Because he's under the *mistaken* impression that I can help him in some way. Money, favors... I don't fucking know.

BELL

Because you knew Petra.

DIFRANCO

Her father and I golfed back when she was in high school, so we were acquainted. Pretty girl. Fun.

He smiles.

BELL

You had sex with her when she was a minor?

(pause)

That's the "fun?" Yes?

A long pause. DiFranco's smile warps. Finally--

DIFRANCO

She got in trouble a couple times. Drugs. I helped her out. That was twenty years ago.

BELL

Bullshit.

Seeing something out of the corner of his eye, DiFranco yells toward the open window.

DIFRANCO

Elbow! Elbow! Fuck!

He returns his attention to Bell.

DIFRANCO

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?

BELL

Silas and Petra used you to hide their money from the bank job.

(silence)

I'm guessing it's almost gone. That's why Silas resurfaced. And you're going to tell me where.

DIFRANCO

I am? Or what? You're going to take me in? Use Arturo's statement to turn me? Let me ask you something. Did you arrest Arturo? Is he currently in custody?  
 (looking around)  
 And where's your partner?

Silence.

DIFRANCO

I think... you're down here on your own, playing out some little vendetta. Maybe coloring outside the lines on this one?

BELL

Where's the next money drop?

DIFRANCO

I did some Googling, Bell. I know your whole sad story, that *bank*. What you failed to prevent. Silas really fucked you up good. He's special like that, though.

(pause)

You know what *successful* people do, Detective Bell? They get over shit. They move on. They build things. Big fucking houses on cliffs in Palos Verdes. Would you call your life since Palm Springs a success?

BELL

Where's the next drop?

DIFRANCO

You ever watch Super Chicken? Stupid fucking cartoon, old. Anyway, whenever they'd get into a jam, Super Chicken's sidekick would start to complain and Super Chicken would say "You knew the job was dangerous when you took it, Fred!"

(points at her)

You knew the job was dangerous when you took it. Right? You chose to play cops and robbers. And you lost bad. So... get over it.

BELL

Silas is a murderer, and you're going to help me bring him in.

DIFRANCO

You're barking up the wrong tree,  
hon. And the more you insist on  
doing it, the sadder and stupider  
you look. You know?

She doesn't answer. Something occurs to him.

DIFRANCO

Looking back, do you think it was  
your stupidity that got those  
people killed?

Bell snaps, moves on him. She's barely got a hand on DiFranco before the BODYGUARD appears behind her from the house. Bell takes a hard punch to the kidney-- she goes down. The guard kicks her in the side for good measure.

Bell writhes on the ground, heaving. The guard grabs her gun, stuffs it in his coat pocket. DiFranco looks down at her.

DIFRANCO

How'd you think this was going to  
go? Roll up with your badge ask me  
a few questions with that hang dog  
look and I'd just confess? Has that  
ever happened? You have no  
leverage.

Bell struggles to her feet, the guard watchful. Her strength punctured. DiFranco looks her in the eyes.

DIFRANCO

You'll never touch Silas. Because  
he's in your head. And he's smarter  
than you.  
(to the bodyguard)  
Show her out.

**INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The guard leads Bell through the house, toward the front door. Halfway there, Bell doubles over, starts retching.

BODYGUARD

Fuck. In there. In there...

He pushes her into a powder room. Bell struggles inside, closes the door.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bell braces herself on the counter, hacking. Tears come, but she chokes them down, unwilling to give in. A long moment as she collects herself.

A knock on the door. Bell takes a deep breath.

Her eyes fall on the stone soap dish. Bell takes it in her hand, opens the door--

BODYGUARD

Oka...

-- and smashes it into the bodyguard's temple. As he reels, she hits him again. He crumples.

Bell takes her gun back. Heads back toward the patio.

**EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

DiFranco has moved out on the lawn to watch his son. Bell closes the distance fast, still holding the soap dish. Ryan notices her first--

RYAN

Dad!!

DiFranco turns, too late. His eyes barely register alarm before Bell punches him across the face.

He falls hard to the grass, his cheek open and gushing. Bell doesn't stop, delivering a series a vicious blows.

RYAN (O.S.)

Stop! Stop!

In the cage, Ryan backs away, fumbles for his phone. DiFranco sputters, furious--

DIFRANCO

NO! Don't fucking call anyone!

BELL

Yeah, don't call. Your dad probably hasn't hidden things as well as he should've.

Bell takes out her gun--

DIFRANCO

Please. Please...

-- she keeps it at her side, watchful of the house and Ryan.

BELL

Here's where I'm smarter than you... I don't think I have Silas under control. You think you've got any choice with him? He's controlling you. You're his.

DiFranco looks weak, scared. A tough guy who's never been hit.

BELL

He's out of money, isn't he?

He hesitates. She moves like she's going to kick him.

DIFRANCO

Almost. Yes.

BELL

You better hope whatever he's planning pays off. You think he's going to let the payouts stop?

DiFranco shakes his head, resigned.

BELL

When's the next drop?

DIFRANCO

Next Wednesday, Griffith Park. Near the Merry-Go-Round.

BELL

Move it up to tomorrow. You're going to do it the same as you always do. I'll be recording it. Anything goes wrong, any tip-off or something like that, it goes right to the FBI. Got it?

DIFRANCO

Silas won't be there. It's always Petra.

Ryan stares on, paralyzed. Bell gestures to the kid, looks down at DiFranco.

BELL

You teaching him to be a piece of shit like you?

DIFRANCO  
No... no, he's a good kid.

She walks away. After several steps, turns back to him.

BELL  
You don't get it. I'm trying to  
help you, too.

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bell enters her bedroom. She coughs violently, wincing. Feels her lower back, where she was hit. Suddenly--

BLACK

She finds herself on her knees, half on the bed, half on the floor.

BLACK

She sleeps.

**EXT. GANG COMPOUND - THE PAST - NIGHT**

*Darkness but for fire light. Others sleep. Only Silas and Bell awake. We see them very close, so that it takes on the feeling of a dream.*

SILAS  
Look at that face. Little dog.  
You're hungry.

He kicks a small log back onto the fire.

SILAS  
Hungry little mutt. You want.

BELL  
Like what?

SILAS  
You want us. A family.

BELL  
What else you want to tell me about  
myself?

SILAS  
You're a liar. You're a user.  
That's how you survive. That's what  
turns me on.

*The statement isn't overtly sexual. It's flat, just an observation.*

*SILAS*

*You used to being noticed for what you are?*

*She studies him. Is there a threat in this? Does he know?*

*SILAS*

*Always been underestimated. You want to be recognized. Want to be seen. You want to be powerful. You want to have power over people.*

*She doesn't look away.*

*SILAS*

*But you can't do what you want, why? Because you're ashamed? Because somebody's gonna see you and you're gonna get punished for what you want?*

*He throws another branch onto the fire.*

*SILAS*

*I got good news and bad news. Nobody's fucking watching.*

**INT. BELL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Bell is awakened by the sound of her phone chirping. She looks at the screen-- it's Ethan.

*BELL*

*Hey. What's going on?*

*ETHAN (V.O.)*

*Everything's okay... but Shelby is in the hospital.*

*BELL*

*Where?*

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT**

Bell storms in, met by Ethan outside the exam room.

*ETHAN*

*She's fine. Just a fractured wrist. Some kind of fight, apparently.*

**INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bell enters, followed by Ethan. Shelby is on the bed, wrist in traction.

BELL  
Jesus Christ. A fight?

SHELBY  
Don't worry, I'm okay.

BELL  
Don't give me that shit. You think I don't care?

SHELBY  
Hard to tell.

Bell forces herself to take a breath.

BELL  
Tell me what happened.

SHELBY  
Nothing.

BELL  
Shelby.

SHELBY  
Nothing! What, we were at this club, and out of nowhere this guy starts being a dick to Jay.

BELL  
Out of nowhere.

SHELBY  
Whatever. So Jay gets into it a little with this guy and like his girlfriend starts filming it, threatening all kinds of shit. So I just tried to take her phone... and she fucking starts hitting me, and we got all tangled up and I fell on my wrist... so now I'm here.

Silence.

ETHAN  
The police weren't involved, so this is it. We gotta go to an orthopedist tomorrow morning to get a permanent cast.

BELL  
What club?

SHELBY  
Huh?

BELL  
What was the club?

SHELBY  
(shrugs)  
Some place on Cahuenga.

BELL  
What's its name?

SHELBY  
I don't know.

Bell looks around, spots the plastic bag of Shelby's effects. She rummages through it, finding her wallet.

SHELBY  
Hey. Hey!

Bell snatches a card from her wallet, holds it up to her. It's a fake ID.

BELL  
Pathetic.

SHELBY  
Bitch.

ETHAN  
Hey.

Bell says nothing, just looks at Shelby, who won't return her gaze.

BELL  
You're in over your head, Shelby.  
Where do you think this ends up?

Silence. Bell hands Ethan the ID, heads toward the door. Before she exits, to them or no one:

BELL  
So who's gonna be accountable?

She's gone. Shelby looks at Ethan. He holds up the ID.

ETHAN  
Come on, use your fuckin head.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Bell exits the emergency room into the night, in her own angry world.

She notices Jay a ways away, near a different entrance, leaning against a wall, smoking.

He smirks at her. Rolls away and heads into the hospital.

Suddenly, from behind her:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns, quickly. Sees who it is.

BELL

The fuck, Antonio.

Approaching, Antonio nods toward the hospital.

ANTONIO

My friend at Hollywood caught the call. Why aren't you picking up your phone?

She keeps walking. He follows.

BELL

I told you I needed a minute.

ANTONIO

I got an Special Agent in Charge calling me from the FBI, pushing me on what you're doing, where you are. What's that about?

BELL

Old friend.

ANTONIO

Taz Furner all hot, saying you are holding his shit for some reason?

BELL

I'm working.

ANTONIO

You need to deal me in.

BELL

Listen, I'm looking out for you here.

(MORE)

BELL (CONT'D)

This thing I'm on-- this guy I'm  
looking for-- I own it. Just me.  
Okay? Can you hold on for a bit?

He nods. She walks away.

BELL

I'll see you.

**EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY**

We move into Griffith Park. Families here, regular life. We find Bell. From a distance, in her car, she watches the carousel.

DiFranco arrives. Waits.

Bell watches him until a woman slowly approaches.

It's Petra.

**EXT. DESERT - 17 YEARS AGO - DUSK**

*FLASHBACK*

*Bell and Petra laughing in the back of a desert pickup as it bounces over dunes, rifle at Petra's hip.*

**EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY - CONTINUING**

She has a feral quality, a threatening looseness.

Bell watches for any communication between the two. DiFranco says nothing. He has a bag for her, which he puts down next to her.

DiFranco leaves. Petra takes the bag and walks toward the parking lot, toward a waiting car.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME**

Petra gets into the car, driven by someone else.

Bell follows them as they drive out.

**EXT. ROAD / APARTMENT - SAME**

Bell follows them toward Glendale.

**EXT. STREET - GLENDALE - LATER**

The car parks outside an apartment building. Petra and the driver, a young man, go inside.

Bell parks her car. She watches the door. No one comes out.

**INT. CAR - PETRA'S STREET - NIGHT**

Bell is still watching. In Petra's place, lights in the window go out.

Bell sits in the dark, waiting.

**TIME CUT:** Bell still there, later, seen through windshield smeared by light overnight rain.

**INT. GANG HOUSE - THE PAST - DAY**

*Moving down a hallway, Bell, high, finds a partially open bedroom door. She stops, watching through the crack. Inside, Silas rocks back and forth, Petra's forehead against his.*

SILAS

*How big?*

PETRA

*Very, very fucking big. Huge money.*

SILAS

*It's for sure?*

PETRA

*From my dad's friend. It's real.*

*Their voices continue as we cut to Bell walking down the hallway, toward the living room, where people nod out, bullshit, listen to music. Chris among them, using. Enmeshed in the group, in every way.*

LIVING ROOM

*We are on Bell's back as Chris' eyes flicker up to meet hers.*

PETRA (V.O.)

*What do you think?*

SILAS (V.O.)

*I think we do it.*

*Chris follows Bell to another bedroom.*

*BELL*  
*Close the door.*

*He does. She kisses him. They haven't been pretending for a while now.*

**INT. BELL'S CAR - PETRA'S STREET - MORNING**

With Bell as she watches-- she has been up all night, staking the place out.

Petra finally emerges, on the phone with someone. The conversation seems intense.

The driver from yesterday follows her out, waits for her to finish her conversation.

When she is done the two walk past their parked car...

Right toward Bell.

She shrinks, slides her gun out. But they are animatedly talking with one another.

Still walking in her direction, they stop a few cars short and get into a different car, a Honda. They drive.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - FREEWAYS - DAY**

We are with Bell as she follows the Honda to the 5, the 105. Signs for LAX. Off at Sepulveda. Driving up the long boulevard.

**EXT. STREET / INT. BELL'S CAR - 98TH STREET**

Finally the Honda pulls to the curb on a side street.

Sits there.

Bell pulls over, watching.

Inside the Honda, Petra is moving around. Bell can't see what she is doing.

After a few moments, Petra opens her door.

Petra gets out, sunglasses on, shoulders a large handbag. She walks around the corner. The Honda pulls away, past her.

Bell creeps her car up closer, watches. Petra is now walking up the street.

Halfway down the block, Petra finds another woman, younger, greets her. The woman is also wearing sunglasses and a long coat.

A sprinter van approaches, stops.

Four men emerge.

A startling sight. It takes a second to process.

They wear masks.

They never stop moving, up steps that lead...

toward a bank.

As the van pulls away...

Petra and the long-coated woman pull masks on, rush behind them...

Bell stares at

One of the men, long, dark hair flowing behind his mask.

A *FLASH*

**EXT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*Silas in the past, glancing back at Petra, his hair the same long hair.*

**EXT. 98TH STREET - CONTINUING - DAY**

It's him.

A glimpse of guns coming out and the group is inside.

Seconds pass, Bell processing the situation, calculating.

She slams the steering wheel.

BELL

Fuck.

Reaches for the radio. Silently curses again.

BELL

211 in progress. SoCal Mutual bank,  
9000 block Aviation Boulevard, at  
least six armed suspects.

Almost simultaneously:

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
211S. Silent alarm at SoCal Mutual,  
9800 Aviation Boulevard, Hawthorne.  
Repeat multiple armed suspects.

MALE OFFICER (O.S.)  
5 Adam 20 responding.

BELL  
Silent approach. Off duty LAPD on  
scene, request SWAT.

She punches the wheel again.

BELL  
Fuck.

She gets out.

**EXT. 98TH STREET - CONTINUOUS**

She pulls her sidearm, starts toward the bank. Takes a couple steps, then turns back.

*A metronomic beat begins. It plays under everything to follow.*

Opens her trunk, unlocks the gray hard case we saw when Antonio picked her up.

SEEN FROM IN FRONT OF THE CAR:

She closes the trunk.

We see she has an MP5 submachinegun.

We follow her up towards the bank.

A couple pedestrians are walking toward her on the sidewalk. Seeing the gun, they move aside in shock.

BELL  
Go, go.

We follow her, silently waving civilians away, as she moves toward the bank.

She looks at her watch, approaching the front of the bank.

**INT. LOBBY VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

Bell moves into the lobby. Empty guard desk.

Strain of the situation evident on her face.

She moves to the bank entrance. The blinds have been pulled, covering the glass door and windows.

Bell leans carefully to see through an opening in the blinds.

BELL'S POV:

Customers and a guard on the floor. Silas, visible, speaking loudly, can't hear what he's saying.

It looks unstable.

Imprecise.

Bad body language in the younger men and women of the crew. Unsettled.

All seen by Bell.

INSIDE THE BANK:

Shouting. The crew is amped up.

Petra tries to calm them.

They are all over the place. Money starts to come out in duffels from behind the counter, the vault.

Bell watches Silas.

Thinking. Managing her breathing.

**OUTSIDE ON THE STREET**

Behind her.

The first unit, a POLICE SUV, approaches, no lights. Stops.

**FROM THE SUV**

Through the lobby window, the OFFICERS see Bell hunched against the wall by the inside entrance. She holds up her badge.

**INT. LOBBY VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS**

The two officers come into the lobby, joining Bell: one MALE with a shotgun, one FEMALE.

Bell looks inside as the cops take up positions on the other side of the door.

INSIDE: an argument between two of the gang members, standing over the disarmed guard. A gun waved recklessly. One kicks the guard.

Situation deteriorating.

Then a customer runs for the door.

One of the gang members-- CAMO MASK-- steps in front of him.

Both are knocked down, sprawling.

BELL

We have to go now.

MALE OFFICER

We don't wait for..?

BELL

This is a gunfight, you get it?

**INSIDE:**

The customer's hands up and shaking.

Camo Mask retrieves his gun. Angry.

**IN THE LOBBY:**

Female cop puts her hand on the door. Bell signals she's going right. Bell's gun up.

**INSIDE:**

Camo Mask lifts his gun, points it at the customer who fled. Inside, people are screaming.

**INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

The cop pushes the door open.

Bell moves in.

The cops follow her.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Police officer...

MALE OFFICER  
Police get...

Camo Mask turns, swings gun up.

Bell fires a burst.

Pink mist in the air.

Camo Mask, dead weight, straight down to the floor.

Screams start.

Bell finds Silas as he runs toward the back. Fires, misses, he's gone.

Both cops still shouting.

Bell advances, behind check-writing kiosk, ducks just as rounds hit right above her head. Sizzling sound.

The female cop is trying to move up with Bell as panicked people run past her toward the door.

Bell pops up.

Gunfire chews up the kiosk.

She ducks back down. Leans around the side

Fires three bursts.

Wild fire in return.

The male cop fires his shotgun.

Hits the long-coated woman in the upper torso and neck.

She staggers back, falling over a crawling customer.

Silas is moving toward the back door.

A gang member near Petra fires, hitting the male cop, who falls to one knee.

The cop's partner drags him behind a planter.

Bell advances, exposing herself to fire, blasting away at Silas.

He's ducking through an office

Bell ducks behind a desk.

Petra and the two remaining men are firing at her

And then they disappear into the back, the same way Silas went.

A moment of quiet.

Moaning

Crying

Crunch of glass.

Bell pops up.

All gang members are out.

She moves

Glances at an unmoving body: Camo Mask soaked in blood.

And by the door, past the long-coated woman, who is holding her throat, squirming on the floor.

The injured male cop is heard radioing in.

The female cop moves up, kneels next to the wounded long-coated woman.

And Bell reloads. Can't see into the office. Has to go in after Petra.

**INT. BACK OF BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME**

Empty. Door to the outside open. Bell moves outside.

**EXT. BACK OF BANK / STREET - SAME**

Civilians everywhere. Confusion building, still not comprehending.

BELL

Get down get down!

Then

Wild shots back up at her from the street.

Panic.

She scrambles behind a large planter.

There is too much background for her to return fire.

The van is rolling already. Silas is in it. He's gone.

Petra yells and rages at the receding van.

**DOWN THE STREET, FAR AHEAD:**

One of the men fires wildly back, toward the bank, as he, Petra and another man are running up the street.

Sirens now, blocks away.

Petra stumbles and hits the ground hard. She cries out, leg giving way as she tries to get up.

She crawls, the men not slowing. Back to her feet, limping.

Ahead, in the distance, red and blue flashing light bars coming toward them.

All three of them go around the corner.

Bell is already running toward her car.

**INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Bell breathing rapidly, keyed up.

Radio traffic from responding units.

She veers onto the side street, looking for Petra.

Far ahead, the three are visible, struggling to shed or reverse jackets as they run.

Bell weaves up the street to follow. The three reach an intersection, cross.

**EXT. STREET - SAME**

The two men head down the street.

Petra can't keep up.

**WITH PETRA**

She limps. Looks around, feral. Fumbles sunglasses on. A glove torn by her fall.

*The metronomic beat continues.*

Ahead, the men veer up some stairs into an unseen establishment, disappearing.

Petra hesitates. Sees something. Splits off.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - SAME**

Approaching the intersection, Bell slows, craning forward, looking.

She sees Petra, just as she enters a storefront.

Bell passes the entrance, turns into the alley behind the buildings.

**INT. COOL COAST CREAMERY - SAME**

Petra walks into an ice cream place, trying not to limp so badly. Very close on her, her flat expression.

A dozen tables. Families. A few girls, around 14 years old. Two lines about three deep. She joins one.

A breath. She shoulders her heavy bag. She tries to fit in. Everything cool.

In the line next to her, a mother and a SEVEN YEAR OLD BOY.

Close on the boy.

He is looking at Petra. Petra's bare left knee is badly wrecked and bleeding. He looks at the bloody knee neutrally. Just observing.

He looks up. Petra glances down at him. She advances in the line toward the manager, an African-American man in his forties.

Her bag hangs down by her side at his eye level. The boy is fascinated by her.

She looks quickly over her shoulder. Moving toward the counter.

Hand resting on her bag.

Looking at the manager.

Door opens. It's Bell, coming toward Petra, Glock 9 up.

Never stopping--



BELL

Get off me!

Bell throws the man off. Petra lunges, drags Bell to the floor. Clawing at her all the way.

On the tile floor, Bell fends her off with her left hand, still hitting Petra with the gun in her right.

PETRA

Piece of shit fuck you Erin!

Terrified customers, frozen. Don't know who is what.

Petra gets up, stomps Bell viciously in the chest and gut with her heavy boot. A sickening impact. Petra tries to run, but Bell catches her foot and drags her back down.

Bell hits her again.

#### **ACROSS THE ROOM**

The mother and children try to leave. As they open the door--

A cop running past shouts at them.

RUNNING OFFICER

Stay in there!

The mother backs away from the door. More cops, with long guns, run past. Running up the street toward where Petra's accomplices disappeared.

Bell hauls the bloodied Petra up.

PETRA

Unnnhhh

Bell slams her against the wall.

All eyes up at her, scared. Stuck in crouches halfway up, hands out, or cowering under tables.

Bell pushes the moaning Petra behind the counter, toward the kitchen.

To the customers--

BELL

Lock that door, stay inside.

A teenage girl crawls to the front door to lock it. To the manager--

BELL  
Keep them here.

To the room-- an afterthought:

BELL  
I'm a cop.

Outside, gunshots. Two pops. Three pops. Then a barrage.

Bell pushes Petra through

**INT. CREAMERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Bell herding the injured, now-submissive Petra ahead of her.

PETRA  
My teeth.

Some are broken. Her mouth is bloody.

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The alley outside. Bell looks around, hauling Petra roughly toward her car, which Bell has left here.

PETRA  
Erin... Erin, fuck... my knee, man.

Sirens getting closer.

Bell gets to her car. Pops the trunk.

BELL  
Be quiet. Be very fucking quiet.  
Get it?

PETRA  
What are you doing with me?

BELL  
Shut up.

Shoves her into the trunk. Petra snorts blood, coughing or laughing.

Bell slams the trunk. Goes to the front of the car, crouches, puts one hand on the hood. A breath, waits a beat, thinking.

Sounds of the ongoing gun battle in the mini mall. A helicopter approaching. Then-

Two COPS coming down the alley. Bell shows her hands, then her shield.

BELL  
LAPD, off duty.

The cops come up on her. Bell points.

BELL  
Lost her. Went toward El Segundo,  
caucasian female, 5'6, dark hair,  
long tan coat.

COP  
You okay?

BELL  
Yeah.

They run down the alley, calling it in.

Bell watches them. As they round the corner, she stands up.

Gets in her car, goes.

#### **EXT. 405 FREEWAY / ROADS**

Watching the taillights of Bell's car: past the airport sprawl as the sun starts to go down.

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
Hey, Bell, it's Antonio. You gotta  
call me right now. What the fuck is  
going on?

Past oil pumps, losing the light.

LT. OSHIMA (O.S.)  
... need you to report right away  
to make your statement...

Cresting the hills, sun down, Los Angeles before us.

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
Where the fuck are you?

#### **INT. PETRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Petra is on the floor, leaning against the wall, handcuffed to something. The fight has gone out of her.

Bell sits across from her. Petra's phone on the floor between them.

BELL  
This place is disgusting.

A pause.

PETRA  
You know, you are not a very nice person.

Bell almost smiles.

BELL  
You live like this, it's your choice. Being here. It's all your choice.

PETRA  
Always the same fucking thing with you... 17 years later, it's the same fucking thing...

BELL  
You could call your daddy anytime and be gone from this.

A seamless cut to the past:

**INT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*Bell reflected in a mirror, Petra behind her. We can see both Petra's tattoo and the identical one Petra is giving Bell.*

YOUNG BELL  
*You could call your daddy anytime.  
You're rich.*

YOUNG PETRA  
*You don't fucking get it.*

**INT. PETRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

Back in the filthy apartment, as if the conversation is just continuing.

PETRA  
Well, he's dead now. So.

A pause.

PETRA  
Where's your daddy at, Erin?

Silence. Petra looks at the phone.

PETRA  
Shouldn't be too long.

BELL  
Good.

PETRA  
What if, what if when I pick up  
that phone I just scream?

BELL  
You won't.

PETRA  
Aren't you gonna be in trouble? For  
doing this to me?

BELL  
It won't matter if I bring him in.

PETRA  
You know he's never gonna let you  
take him.

BELL  
He doesn't have to *let* me do  
anything.

PETRA  
Oh, man... yeah he does. He  
controls everything.

BELL  
You're still walking around saying  
stupid shit like that?

PETRA  
He owns you just like he owns me.  
And he's gonna kill you if you do  
anything he doesn't want. So why  
don't you just leave it alone?

BELL  
I *left* it alone. He started it  
again. People are dead.

PETRA  
See? Like I said, like I said.

A pause.

PETRA  
He doesn't even fuck me anymore.

BELL  
Don't be pathetic.

Petra shrugs.

PETRA  
He's got these girls, 19, 20. All  
new, whenever he wants there's  
more. You saw today. It's a mess.

Bell shifts, winces, takes a sharp breath. Her hand goes to her abdomen, where Petra stomped her.

PETRA  
I hurt you.

Bell doesn't respond.

PETRA  
You hurt me pretty bad.  
Can you help me out?

She nods toward the bedroom.

PETRA  
My kit is in there.

Bell moves up, slowly, but instead of going to the bedroom, crouches over her. Suddenly intimate, face to face.

BELL  
No.

PETRA  
Come on... help me out, Erin.

BELL  
I'm not gonna give you that shit.

PETRA  
C'mere.

Petra awkwardly strokes Bell's hair with the back of her hand. An ambiguous gesture.

PETRA  
You came all this way to tell me  
how disgusting I am?

Bell stares at her, like she's trying to understand the behavior of an animal. Petra lunges, snaps at her, laughs.

PETRA  
Seeing you makes me think about  
Chris. Do you ever?

**INT. GANG HOUSE - BEDROOM - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

*Images of Chris and Bell, like pictures falling apart.*

**INT. PETRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING - NIGHT**

BELL  
Shut up.

PETRA  
I'm gonna die 'cause of what  
happened to him, right?

BELL  
You'll go on death row but I doubt  
they'll get to you.

PETRA  
You'll get me a deal.

BELL  
That's the idea.

She looks away, mouth moving a little-- like a conversation happening with herself for a moment.

PETRA  
He was so sweet to me.

A moment of curiosity on Bell's face. Petra's eyes flicker up at her, noting it. Continues.

PETRA  
I remember... I told him... I'm not  
into kissing. Chris wanted to,  
though. I just wanted to go down on  
him but he wanted to kiss. It  
freaked me out. He kept pulling me  
back up. And then he was so gentle  
when we fucked. It was like I was  
somebody else.

Petra smiles wistfully, as if this is the sweetest story ever told.

Bell doesn't react.

Now Petra smirks, still playing games.

PETRA

I mean, I *think* it was him.

The phone buzzes. Bell picks it up.

BELL

Be real simple.

Bell holds the phone to Petra's ear, close enough to monitor the conversation.

PETRA

Yeah... No... I know. Okay, I'll wait then. I'll see you.

Nods to Bell, who hangs up. A jumble of emotions starting to break through Petra. Regret at the betrayal. Relief.

PETRA

There'll be a text to say when and where.

Bell checks the battery charge on Petra's phone. Satisfied, pockets it.

PETRA

You think you're better than me but you aren't shit.

BELL

It doesn't matter.

PETRA

You wanted to be one of us. You wanted the money just as bad. You just didn't have the balls to take it. You aren't better than me.

BELL

But I am better than you.

PETRA

That's so *important* to you.

A crooked smile.

PETRA

You were a cop, fuck you. Doing your job. But you wanted it just the same as me.

Petra curls up on the floor.

PETRA

Can you get the cops here soon,  
huh? I think I need some help.

Bell nods and leaves her.

VOICE (V.O.)

And how much is a lot?

OTHER VOICE (V.O.)

Depends... somewhere between seven  
and ten million, probably.

**EXT. TACO STAND - INDIO, CALIFORNIA - DAY**

A shack on a windswept patch of desert. Chris and Bell huddle at one of the few outdoor tables. A perfect rendezvous spot-- the middle of nowhere.

Chris and Bell, sharing a pair of headphones, finish listening to a recording.

CHRIS

Tape's clearer than I thought. All  
that wind.

BELL

It's good.

Chris nods, shuts off the tape, satisfied.

CHRIS

Jesus Christ. That kind of money...  
I didn't see it coming in so high.

BELL

I know... you think they could pull  
it off?

He weighs it.

CHRIS

Maybe? Doesn't matter. We have more  
than enough to arrest. We should  
call Gil, get him to work on  
pulling us out.

Bell nods, eyes on the table.

A pause.

*She looks at him--*

BELL  
*What if we don't?*

**EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Sitting in her car, Bell breathes out.

Petra's phone is on the passenger seat where she can see it.

Bell opens her door, gets out. Ethan is exiting the house, carrying a bottle of wine.

BELL  
You look nice.

ETHAN  
Thanks. What's up?

BELL  
I need to ask you big favor.

ETHAN  
Okay...

BELL  
I need you to take the money.

His face changes.

ETHAN  
Stop talking now.

BELL  
Ethan...

ETHAN  
We had one promise.

BELL  
And I've kept it. Have I ever mentioned the money? I've never fucking touched it.

ETHAN  
Until now. What the fuck's the matter with you?

BELL  
I want you to use it.

Ethan looks around, as if to see if anyone can hear them.

ETHAN

No.

BELL

Take Shelby. Get her out of here.

ETHAN

What? What the fuck?

BELL

This place is going to kill her.

ETHAN

Erin...

BELL

I can't fix it. I don't know what else to do.

ETHAN

So you're checking out.

BELL

Do you like it here? Have you ever? You came here for me.

ETHAN

That's not even close to the point.

BELL

You can leave. You both can. She's better off with you.

ETHAN

Bullshit.

BELL

You think that's easy to say?  
(pause)  
I need time.

ETHAN

You've had a lot of fucking time, Erin.

They both let that land.

BELL

Take her.

ETHAN

You think a change of scenery is going to fix everything?

BELL

It's a good start. Do you even know  
how much it is?

He won't bite.

BELL

Three hundred thousand.

ETHAN

Jesus...

BELL

You know what you could do with  
that anywhere but here?

He shakes his head, not wanting to hear it.

BELL

You sell the house, you start over  
anywhere you want. I'll make sure  
you get it completely clean. You  
won't have to worry.

ETHAN

Erin.

BELL

It's for her.

ETHAN

No. Don't do that. Don't put it on  
her.

BELL

Please. Take it. Let one good thing  
come from my mistake.

ETHAN

I could've been that thing.

BELL

I know.

ETHAN

You can't handle that I know  
everything and still love you.

A long pause. Finally--

BELL

Nope.

Ethan can't look at her, just stares off, shakes his head.

ETHAN

I gotta go.

He gets in his car. She seems reluctant to let go. Into the strange silence:

BELL

Who is she?

ETHAN

Doesn't matter. This one's in its death throes. Just punishing myself at this point.

He starts the car, but doesn't move. Stares ahead, as if forcing himself to swallow something. He looks at her through the open window--

ETHAN

Get the money.

-- and reverses down the driveway.

CLOSE ON BELL, watching as he drives away.

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Bell, back to us, is sitting on the side of her bed, hunched over in exhaustion and pain. We slowly close in. She feels her side, her chest. She hurts.

**INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT**

*CLOSE ON THE YOUNGER BELL*

*The work has taken its toll, the role now reality. She looks like hell-- gaunt, disheveled, eyes ringed. She sniffs.*

BELL

*Can I have the bathroom key?*

*The CLERK behind the counter hands her one.*

*Bell snatches her bag from the counter and makes her way back through the store, her glance shifting constantly.*

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

*The door closes hard. Bell rips at the package we can't see, sits on the toilet, peeing.*

*Her phone rings. It's Chris. She answers.*

*CHRIS (O.S.)  
Where are you?*

*BELL  
Sorry. Sorry. I'm on my way.*

*CHRIS (O.S.)  
You gotta get back, babe.*

*The call ends. Bell stands, goes to the sink. She looks in the mirror, trying to collect herself. It's no use.*

*A deep breath. She looks down at the pregnancy test sitting on the sink-- TWO LINES are visible.*

*A breath escapes her. Another. She starts to shudder. It's hard to tell if she's laughing or crying.*

**EXT. BA SELF STORAGE - DAY**

*A series of low bunkers beneath a split in the 101 Freeway in Silverlake. Above, traffic courses by on either side.*

*Bell drives along one of the bunkers, stops halfway down.*

*She gets out, unlocks one of the units, throwing open the slim rolling metal door.*

*She checks Petra's phone to make sure she has service, then moves inside.*

**INT. STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS**

*Bell navigates the tight space, basically a double wide closet, which is stuffed with all sorts of detritus: boxes, an old shelving unit, an upended couch.*

*At the back, Bell pulls aside some boxes. Notices something, alarm growing-- they are stained. Rips aside an old blanket, also stained, revealing a black, military-style duffel. Bell heaves it up and over, setting it down heavily on the floor in front of her.*

*She zips open the bag and we see the stacks of bills--*

*BELL  
No...*

*-- soaked in PURPLE DYE, just like the one we saw earlier. So is the next one... and the next.*

BELL  
No.. no... no!

She claws her way through the bag, confirming the worst. Most if not all of the money is tainted. Useless. She finds the remnants of the exploded DYE PACK, which must have exploded after she put the duffel here, years ago.

BELL  
Fuck!!

Bell throws a stack hard against the back wall. She kicks out at the bag in anguished rage.

She sinks to her knees.

We watch her, looking at the ruined money that surrounds her.

She starts to pick through the mess, looking for clean bills.

There aren't many.

She sits.

Exhaustion and stress starting to crack through Bell's face.

She winces, in pain. Lost.

OVER THIS: the sound of a phone ringing and ringing, relentlessly. No answer.

**EXT. FLETCHER BOWRON SQUARE - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

Bell waits on a bench in this urban park-- concrete, civic art, tents. She checks Petra's phone again. Nothing.

Jay appears from nowhere, flopping down across from her.

JAY  
People here. Don't try any shit.

BELL  
Yeah, you've outsmarted me.

JAY  
(getting up)  
Fuck this...

BELL  
Sit.

Jay relents. They size each other up.

JAY  
So. What? What do you want?

A moment passes. Bell forces herself to produce a padded envelope, reveals its contents--

BELL  
Eleven thousand four hundred sixty dollars.

JAY  
Where'd you get that?

BELL  
Do you care, Jay?  
(he shrugs)  
It's yours if you want it. You agree, I send it general delivery to Spokane. That's where you're from, right?

He doesn't answer, intensely wary.

BELL  
You go the main post office there, you show your ID, you get your money...

JAY  
(interrupting)  
You're just gonna give me that money?

BELL  
You show your ID, you get your money... and you don't come back.

Jay looks at her for a long moment. Scoffs.

JAY  
Some fucking mom you are. Why that amount?

BELL  
It's what I have.

JAY  
Pretty sad.

BELL  
That's what I think it costs.

He looks at her with contempt.

BELL

You stay in Spokane. You don't come back. You don't contact her again. Not a single text.

JAY

She loves me, you know. We take care of each other.

BELL

I don't care. If you come back I'll kill you.

Silence.

BELL

It'll be easy. Because I don't care what happens to me.

A pause as Jay processes. Finally--

JAY

I don't want to live in Spokane.

BELL

I don't give a fuck where you live. But if you contact Shelby again, even once, I'll kill you.

Jay shakes his head, muttering something.

BELL

I'm terrified by how much I love my daughter. You should be too. Take the money.

JAY

I should, just to play you.

BELL

Don't make excuses for what you want. It's weak.

JAY

... tell Shelby about this shit.

BELL

You won't do that.

Jay looks out at the traffic on Hill Street, trying to swallow this, desperate not to give her what she wants. But suddenly he's on his feet.

JAY

Fine. No one's worth this shit. You better fucking send it.

BELL

Don't worry.

JAY

She's never going to love you, you know.

BELL

She doesn't have to.

Jay looks her over one last time.

JAY

Cunt.

Bell stands. Jay realizes his mistake, girds himself. But Bell just walks away.

BELL

I'll go find a post office.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - DUSK**

Bell drives.

She glances down at Petra's phone.

Nothing.

The city washes over her through the windshield.

We close in on her.

Something approaching her that she can't avoid.

**INT. DESERT DINER - THE PAST - DAY**

*Chris and Bell look at each other, rehearsing their story.*

CHRIS

*We had no indication we were blown.  
We were sent to meet a dealer  
contact they had.*

BELL

*Name him. Use a real one, doesn't  
matter.*

CHRIS

Ok. Tic Tac.

BELL

We were sent to meet a dealer we were familiar with whose street name was Tic Tac.

We begin to INTERCUT: Chris and Bell rehearsing, the moments leading up to the crime.

**EXT. GANG HOUSE - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

Off by herself, Bell watches Petra as she, along with Silas and the others, prepares. Petra is arguing with Silas about something-- Bell notices that Petra has left her open bag on the ground a bit away. Her cellphone is visible inside.

Bell looks at Petra, who is wrapped up in her argument, then at her watch. Bell takes her cellphone, calls "PETRA" on her contact list. Lets it ring, holds for 10 seconds, saying nothing. Ends the call. Making a trail.

**INT. DESERT DINER- THE PAST - CONTINUING**

BELL

When he wasn't there, we called Petra to tell her we were coming back.

CHRIS

She didn't answer, which was not atypical.

BELL

We returned to the house.

CHRIS

No one was there. We suspected...

BELL

No. We became concerned enough that...

CHRIS

We became concerned enough that we went to two locations we knew they were looking at.

**INT. BELL'S VAN - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

We see them pull on masks, one by one, in slow motion.

The conversation at the diner INTERCUTS with this.

BELL (V.O.)

While we were at the first-- the jewel repository in the file-- they were already hitting the second. It was over when we got there.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We take full responsibility for losing contact, but...

**INT. DESERT DINER - THE PAST - CONTINUING**

Bell looks directly at Chris, reciting the words without emotion.

BELL

There was no forewarning and we believe we did nothing to cause them to mistrust us.

A moment.

BELL

Okay?

CHRIS

You're a good fucking liar.

**INT. BELL'S VAN - OUTSIDE THE BANK - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

Outside the desert bank, Bell and Chris look at each other through the windows of their respective vans.

**INT. DESERT DINER - THE PAST - CONTINUING**

CHRIS

He's got us driving on the day. That's good. We'll be outside.

BELL

Masks anyway.

CHRIS

We get to the meetup, take our share, they all scatter. We come back to the scene, tell our story.

BELL

We do the after-action reports, go through the motions for a while until it quiets down enough to quit. Then we're gone.

**INT. BELL'S VAN / BANK PARKING LOT - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

As Silas gets out of his van, he sees Bell through her windshield, an unnerving half-smile as he pulls on his mask.

Silas says something to Chris through the driver-side window. Chris gets out, pulls a mask on. He doesn't look happy about it. A change of plan.

Arturo takes Chris' place behind the wheel.

They move toward the bank. Chris glances back, through his mask, at Bell.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Something goes wrong, then what?

BELL (V.O.)

We break cover, call it in ourselves. Make arrests when responders get there.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We have to work that story out too. We say they took our phones, we made the first move we could.

She watches him go inside.

**INT. DESERT DINER - THE PAST - CONTINUING**

On BELL : certainty.

BELL

Yes.

**INT. BELL'S VAN / BANK PARKING LOT - 17 YEARS AGO - DAY**

She watches from the van as it starts to go down.

*Faster cuts.*

*The chaos of memory and extreme emotion, both what Bell can see through the windows and her projection of what she can't.*

**INT. BANK LOBBY - SAME**

*The images come.*

- *They take control of the bank.*
- *We focus on a young TELLER, a girl probably just out of high school. She is shaking. We follow her throughout this, always aware of where she is.*
- *Gang members pull bags out of the vault.*
- *Employees shove money and other items into the bags.*
- *Chris, masked, watches, anxious.*
- *The teller is crying as she loads the bags.*
- *Petra stalks in front of the vault.*

*PETRA*

*Come on, come on!*

- *The gang members leave with loaded duffels.*

*Silas is the last to leave the bank. To the teller:*

*SILAS*

*No dye packs in here?*

*She is too scared to respond.*

*SILAS*

*It's clean?*

*He walks out the door.*

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

*Bell watches them exit, throwing bags in both vans.*

*Toby gets into the passenger seat of hers.*

*Silas comes out.*

*The dye pack blows in one of the duffels.*

*Purple mist fountaining out.*

*On Chris, halfway to the van.*

*On Bell's face.*

*Silas, still close to the door, turns and walks back into the bank.*

*Chris turns, decides.*

*He runs toward the bank, lifting his gun.*

*He shouts something, pulling off his mask.*

*Identifying himself as FBI.*

*Silas is already inside, gun raised.*

*In her van, Bell reaches for the driver's door handle to get out.*

*Feels Toby's gun jammed into her neck.*

TOBY

*The fuck?! The fuck?!*

*Chris is going through the door.*

AND THEN

137

**SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE FROM INSIDE THE BANK**

137

*Silent and horrifying.*

*Chris gets inside.*

*Chris fires.*

*Misses.*

*The teller puts her hands out.*

*Chris keeps coming.*

*Chris and Silas both fire, many shots.*

*Chris falls.*

*Silas turns the gun on the teller.*

*Fires.*

*Puts another bullet into Chris.*

*A scream begins over this.*

*But the scream isn't coming from the footage.*

*The person we are hearing screaming is Bell.*

*Silas walks outside.*

**INT. BELL'S VAN - DAY**

*Sirens coming.*

*Silas is picked up by the other van.*

*Toby jabs his gun at her.*

TOBY

*Drive! Just go! What the fuck?!*

*She thinks.*

*Has to survive.*

*Silas' van speeds past them.*

TOBY

*Fucking go!*

*She accelerates.*

*Her face in chaos.*

*She drives faster and faster.*

TOBY

*You're fucking cops?!*

*She makes a sharp turn. Silas' van continues on.*

TOBY

*Not this way.*

*She accelerates again.*

*Looking for something*

*Thinking*

*Surviving*

TOBY

*Where are you going?*

*She turns the van down an alley*

*Looking*

*TOBY*

*What...*

*Accelerating into a cinder block dumpster enclosure*

*BLACK*

*Toby unconscious.*

*BLACK*

*She stumbles out of the van.*

*BLACK*

*Bends over in agony.*

*BLACK*

*Takes one large duffel out, drags it to a different dumpster down the alley. Buries it.*

*Limps back to the van*

*Takes cellphone*

*Calls*

*BELL*

*Officer needs assistance.*

*Drags Toby out of the van.*

*She starts crying.*

**INT. BELL'S CAR - NIGHT**

*Back with Bell, today, crying.*

*The sound of the phone. It rings and rings. Finally:*

*SHELBY (O.S.)*

*You got me, okay? Fuck.*

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT**

*Bell sits across from her daughter.*

SHELBY

What's going on? Why am I sitting here?

BELL

I want to talk.

Shelby shakes her head, incredulous.

SHELBY

Now you want to talk. Why? What is there to talk about? You don't tell me shit. You sit there silent. What am I supposed to do? Stop fucking up? What the fuck do you know, Erin? You want to talk. You never want to listen.

BELL

It's not about that.

SHELBY

So the worthless school shrink made me do this thing. Like poking around looking for a "good" memory from when I was a kid and I'm like... I don't remember *anything*.

Bell looks at her.

SHELBY

Like *nothing* about being a little kid. It hasn't even been that long.

BELL

I don't think I do either.

SHELBY

Yeah, I know. You want me to be grateful you didn't burn me with cigarettes or...

BELL

All right.

SHELBY

Fucking just go and leave you and your brothers alone for a week with a couple boxes of cereal...

BELL

I never told you that.

BELL  
Ethan told me that.

Pause.

SHELBY  
Too bad. You were just supposed to  
do better. I'm gonna go.

BELL  
Just... don't. For a second.

SHELBY  
What do you want?

BELL  
I want to go back. I'm trying to  
find something decent.

SHELBY  
You know the one thing I remembered  
with the shrink? I don't even know  
if it actually happened. I was  
maybe seven. You came and got me  
out of school early. You said you  
were taking me camping, like a  
surprise camping trip. We went up  
into the mountains. And a bad  
snowstorm came in. We didn't have  
the right gear. We got lost trying  
to get back to the car. Did that  
happen?

BELL  
Of course it happened.

SHELBY  
How long were we lost?

BELL  
Overnight.

SHELBY  
You were messed up. I knew  
something was wrong with you  
because I was looking at your  
shoes. They were just sneakers.  
They were so wet they were falling  
apart.

Bell nods. Shelby fights to stay hard.

\*

SHELBY

It was dark and cold and you know... I felt... I wasn't scared. It's so fucked up. I felt safe because I was with you. I knew you were... strong and you would protect me. But at the same time...

She shakes her head.

SHELBY

Why were we out there?

A tear goes down Bell's face. It surprises her.

SHELBY

I kept saying that. We shouldn't be here. Why did you take us here?

Bell wipes the tear away.

SHELBY

We were out there all alone for no reason. Like a couple animals. It was cold. I just said why? You didn't answer me. You couldn't just answer me. I would have taken anything. But you don't *spe*ak.

BELL

I know what it's like to grow up mad.

SHELBY

That's not my fucking fault.

BELL

I didn't want that for you. But I'm mad. I'm still so mad. I thought it burned something in my brain, but that's just an excuse.

SHELBY

Yeah.

BELL

Someone very important. Your dad got killed...

SHELBY

Ethan's my dad.

BELL

Your...

SHELBY  
Ethan's my dad.

BELL  
Just let him be then.

Bell has to force herself to continue.

BELL  
It was my fault he died. It was my  
fault other people died.

SHELBY  
What?

BELL  
I'm not good. It's me. I'm the one  
who's bad. Not you.

Shelby looks away, around, uncomfortable.

BELL  
I'm sorry for lying to you. I stole  
and I lied and worse and my whole  
life, my whole life...

SHELBY  
What am I supposed to say?

Bell shakes her head, in unknown territory.

BELL  
You can be better than me.

She gets up abruptly.

SHELBY  
What's going on?

BELL  
I do love you.

She leaves, quickly, kissing her on the forehead.

We sit with Shelby for a moment.

The sounds of mundane life in the diner. On Shelby, something  
changing.

Out of the window, she can see her mother down the block,  
fidgeting at the corner, waiting for the walk sign.

Shelby watches her.

Alone. A potent, frightening mess. Her mother.

Shelby starts to cry, as surprised by tears as Erin was.

The beginning of some kind of peace.

Through the window: Bell is walking, then jogging, across the street.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

We see Petra's phone, in Bell's hand.

The text has arrived.

Bell reaches her car.

She puts the phone away and gets into her car.

**EXT. CITY STREET - EAST SIDE - NIGHT**

We follow Bell's car as it makes its way into the night.

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT - LATE NIGHT**

Bell's car parks under an overpass. A desolate park entrance ahead.

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT PARK - LATE NIGHT**

Bell exits her car.

She pulls on a jacket-- a pained expression--

She moves in the darkness across an empty gravel lot toward an opening in the chain link fence.

Her face hard, almost completely shrouded in darkness.

We walk with her.

She goes through the fence, down onto a dirt path that curls around the river.

Drawn forward by a dim fire on the path. Next to it:

A FIGURE, barely visible, crouches at the top of the embankment, taking things from a duffel bag and burning them.

CLOSE ON THE DUFFEL-- we catch glimpses of a long-haired wig, some clothes.

As the figure stands--

BELL (V.O.)

Silas.

The figure straightens, calmly raises his hands slowly.

SILAS

That voice. Petra's not coming, is she?

Carefully he turns, coming into the light-- SILAS. Older now. But the same wild glimmer in his eyes. A hint of a smile.

SILAS

You get what I sent you? Wanted you to know you didn't get away.

Coming full into the light, we can see him.

That his head is shaved.

That he wears a red jacket, just like the body from the beginning.

And on the back of his neck the tattoo we saw on the victim.

Bell keeps walking toward him.

She has a gun.

It isn't her service pistol, but the revolver with a red tape-wrapped grip.

SILAS

You're still mine.

Bell FIRES.

As the bullet hits Silas--

**INT. NORTHWEST DIVISION - BULLPEN - FLASHBACK - DAY**

*Bell at her desk in the precinct house, looking at the envelope addressed to her--*

LT. OSHIMA (V.O.)

*You're getting your mail here now?*

-- which she opens, removing an ink-stained hundred dollar bill.

BELL (V.O.)  
He sent a message.

**INT. NORTHWEST DIVISION - SUPPLY ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY**

She stares at the bill in the supply room.

BELL (V.O.)  
I need a little... room to move.

**INT. LAWSON'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Bell with Lawson at the FBI offices--

LAWSON (V.O.)  
Why don't you tell me where you got  
this? Let me handle it.

**INT. BELL'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Bell rummages through the bag of guns she took from Taz--

BELL (V.O.)  
I've got a murder weapon and it  
smells like it comes from you.

TAZ (V.O.)  
Whoa, what?

-- choosing the revolver with the red-taped handle.

**EXT. BELL'S CAR - FREEWAYS - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Bell tails Petra.

TOBY (V.O.)  
You're so fucking sad. You'll never  
get close to him.

**INT. BAR - 17 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Chris and Bell kiss at the bar long ago.

BELL (V.O.)  
He's a murderer.

**EXT. DIFRANCO'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Bell at DiFranco's, storming back onto the lawn.

DIFRANCO (V.O.)  
 You'll never touch Silas. Because  
 he's in your head. And he's smarter  
 than you.

**INT. TORRANCE BANK - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Bell firing at the fleeing Silas in the bank.

PETRA (V.O.)  
 He's never gonna let you take him.  
 He owns you just like he owns me.

BELL (V.O.)  
 No.

**EXT. GANG COMPOUND - 17 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

The younger Silas at the campfire, where we saw him and Bell.

SILAS  
 Nobody's fucking watching.

ON BELL: Losing the fight to stay closed to him. Her  
 composure breaking. He's telling her the truth.

SILAS  
 But I see who you are.

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUING**

Bell FIRES. Again.

She shoves a handful of marked bills into his chest as he  
 reels backwards, fires again.

Silas' legs give way and he DROPS.

He's dead, in the position we saw the body in the opening.

Silas is the body. He is the victim. And Bell is the killer.

We have been watching the plotting of a crime, not its  
 investigation.

Bell stands over his lifeless body for a long moment. She  
 drops the gun near his body.

BELL (V.O.)  
 What about if I know who did this?

As Bell crouches down, looking at the bills scattered around him, DISSOLVE TO--

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT PARK - MORNING**

-- Bell, now at taped-off crime scene.

BELL  
 What about if I know who did this?

We follow her away, exactly as we saw in the beginning.

**INT. BELL'S CAR - SAME**

She sits.

She tries to put her keys in the ignition

Fumbles them

Starts to reach to pick them up, gives up.

Sinks back into her seat.

She pulls up her shirt

Chest and abdomen swollen and purple

Spreading darkness underneath, internal bleeding.

Very bad.

Outside, the skateboarder's efforts catch her attention.

She looks out the window.

Her eyes flutter.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
*It's a bad idea.*

BELL (V.O.)  
*I'm tired, Chris...*

**EXT. TACO SHACK - INDIO - DAY**

*The continuation of the conversation we saw earlier-- Bell is vivid and alive in the resentment that has led her here.*

BELL

*I'm tired of scrapping... my whole fucking life. Jealous and hungry and scared. I want to spend one day on the other side of that...*

CHRIS

*I know. That's me too. But this isn't the way.*

BELL

*Please. Please. You gotta give me this, Chris. I need this...*

*Silence, Bell grows defiant.*

BELL

*You want me to say it, I'll fucking say it. Do it for me, okay? Do it for me. For us.*

*Chris looks at her for a long moment.*

CHRIS

*Do you love me?*

BELL

*You know I do.*

CHRIS

*Because if we do this... you gotta promise me you're not going anywhere. It's you and me. 'Cause that's the only reason...*

*She throws her arms around him.*

BELL

*Fuck yeah, I'm in.*

CHRIS

*Anything goes wrong... Anything. Someone gets their hair mussed... we pull the pin. We identify and shut it down. Okay? And we accept the consequences.*

BELL

*Yes. Yes.*

CHRIS

*No one gets a fucking scratch.*

BELL

*The plan is good. It's good.*

*As if to convince himself, he kisses her, keeps her head in his hands.*

CHRIS

*I'm doing this for you. Only you.*

BELL

*I know. I know. I love you.*

CHRIS

*I love you too.*

*They look at each other, everything sinking in. He stands.*

CHRIS

*I gotta get back.*

*As he walks back to his truck, Bell calls out.*

BELL

*Nice ass.*

CHRIS

*(looks back)*

*It's all yours.*

*A final smile across the parking lot. As Bell watches Chris drive away... DISSOLVE TO:*

**INT. BELL'S CAR - DAY**

*She opens her eyes.*

*Someone's coming toward her out of the fracturing light.*

*It's Antonio.*

*She holds the stained bill in her hand.*

*She watches the skateboarder.*

*She understands something.*

*What's happening to her.*

*Antonio reaches the car. He leans down.*

ANTONIO

*Where the fuck have you been?*

She doesn't answer. He studies her for a second.

ANTONIO  
You okay? You need anything?

BELL  
I'm fine. A little fucked up. You know. Need to rest.

ANTONIO  
Do that.

The repetitive sound of the skateboarder, sounds of the park.  
Then:

BELL  
You'll solve this.

This hangs for a second. He looks at her, curious. She indicates an envelope on the seat next to her.

BELL  
Take that.

ANTONIO  
What's this?

BELL  
You'll figure it out. And don't keep it to yourself.

He looks at her, curious.

BELL  
Tell people. Yeah?

ANTONIO  
All right. Yeah.

He studies her for a second.

BELL  
Just need a minute, okay?

ANTONIO  
Okay, Rum and Coke. Be back.

He leaves her.

We stay with him for a few moments as he walks away, starting to open the envelope.

BACK WITH BELL

Letting go of her last efforts to appear okay. Her eyes go to the skateboarder, trying and failing.

WITH ANTONIO

In the envelope: a key and the invoice for Bell's storage locker. A slip of paper with Petra's name, an address.

WITH BELL

Watching the skateboarder. Her eyes clouding. The repetitive sound of the skateboard on pavement.

**EXT. THE WOODS - THE PAST - DUSK**

*Bell carries her daughter on her back.*

*They forge ahead in the snow.*

*Bell looks back at her daughter.*

*Details, as Shelby saw them:*

*Bell's shoes, wet and falling apart.*

*Her hair.*

*Her heavy, determined breaths.*

*She keeps going.*

*We drift off of her, stay focused on Shelby.*

*Until we can see nothing more of Bell.*

*Until all we can see is Shelby's face, looking ahead.*

**EXT. BOWTIE PROJECT PARK / INT. BELL'S CAR - DAY**

Move toward Bell's car. Her head back against the headrest.

Bell isn't moving.

She's gone.

In the background, a little way away

The skateboarder finally lands the trick.

CUT TO BLACK