

High Justice

One hour crime/dark comedy/action TV series

Written by

Stevan Serban and Aleksa Serban

Pilot episode

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**TEASER**

**EXT. REHAB CENTER - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The floor is covered with heavy-duty plastic tarp. In the middle of the room, a man sits on a chair. Grizzled but still fit like a fighter.

He is wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt, damp from a recent workout. A fresh bruise is blooming on his face. He is breathing hard from pain and anger.

Both his legs are tied to the chair with duct tape. His hands are duct taped together behind his back. Meet VICTOR KOWALSKI (50).

POV shifts to behind Kowalski's chair, looking past him at FRANKIE (mid 30s), pretty but not memorable. She is sitting opposite Kowalski, legs crossed and one arm hanging down over the back of her chair.

She is wearing panties and a sports bra. A tank top and leggings are in a pile on the floor next to her.

KOWALSKI

We both know how this is going to end.

(beat)

You're gonna ask me who sent me. I won't say, so you shoot me in the knee. I still won't say, so you cut off a finger, maybe two. You'll end up getting pissed off and shoot me in the head because you can't find out anything. So--

The woman lifts the arm that had been hanging behind the chair, and we see she is holding a gun with a silencer. She matter-of-factly shoots Kowalski.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**INT. ST. JUDE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - DAY**

Frankie sits almost perfectly still, but her gaze is constantly darting around, and her whole demeanor exudes intense concentration and constant calculation.

She's an apex predator, lazy and still until the moment she's ready to spring, and never misses a thing.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**OTHER HALF OF CONFESSIONAL BOOTH**

FATHER PETER (60) enters, sits down, and slides the window open. He peers at the paper stuck to the mesh and sees a doodle in red ink of a smiley face with an evil grin and horns.

His eyes grow wide in surprise.

FATHER PETER  
Who's there?

FRANKIE  
Blowjob or hand job?

Father Peter flinches, as though he's heard a ghost.

FATHER PETER  
(harsh whisper)  
God in Heaven! Claire? You're supposed to be dead.

FRANKIE  
Hello to you, too, Padre. And I go by Frankie now.

FATHER PETER  
Frankie?

FRANKIE  
Fun, right?  
(a deep sigh)  
Is something wrong with me, padre?

FATHER PETER  
Other than you kill people for money? No, I think you're just fine.

FRANKIE  
Isn't judging a sin?

No response. Frankie says nothing for a moment.

FATHER PETER  
I'm listening.

FRANKIE

I don't kill people for money anymore--I'm in the witness protection program. Made a deal with the devil to save my soul. (rueful chuckle) We actually work at a rehab center.

FATHER PETER

We?

FRANKIE

There's three others.

FATHER PETER

Well...it sounds like honest work.

FRANKIE

It's okay, once you get past the smell of BO and vomit as the fuckers detox.

Frankie is lost in thought for a moment.

FRANKIE

But three days ago, I did kill a man--

FATHER PETER

--oh my God! But you just said--

FRANKIE

--I said I don't kill for *money* anymore. I killed *this* guy for free.

FATHER PETER

Jesus Fucking Christ...

Father Peter crosses himself again.

FRANKIE

He was a hitman hired to take one of us out, so it was self-defense. Maybe I put a little topspin on it. Old habits, right?...does that make me a bad person?

No response from Father Peter. Frankie looks up at the roof of the confessional.

FRANKIE

I mean, He did create us in His  
image. If we're bad, then He must  
be bad, too. That's logical, right?

END OF TEASER

**ACT ONE**

**EXT. REHAB CENTER - DAY**

Somewhere in Queens, New York. An old, medium-sized church that looks like it had been remodeled into condos at one point. The sign that used to have the denomination now reads:

**ACRES OF HOPE  
DRUG AND BEHAVIORAL REHABILITATION**

**SUPERIMPOSE: ONE MONTH EARLIER**

**INT. FIRST FLOOR PATIENT ACTIVITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Frankie is collecting yoga blocks and mats, putting them away.

ALEX (30) enters, wearing a t-shirt and jeans with a splattered painter's apron over them. He's fit and handsome enough to be an Instagram model, but there's no filter that can blur the expression of a cocky, working-class Italian American kid.

He knows you want him, and you can have him for a night-- which is exactly what he wants you to think.

FRANKIE  
You just missed class.

ALEX  
I can smell it.

Frankie opens a window.

FRANKIE  
Your class isn't for another hour.  
So how can I help you?

Alex puts his hands in his pockets but doesn't say anything.

FRANKIE  
Speak now or forever hold your  
peace.

ALEX  
Do you really think we are safe  
here?

FRANKIE  
Why do you think I know the answer  
to your question?

ALEX  
You look smart.

FRANKIE  
Smarter than the other two?

ALEX  
Ha, then let's put it this way: you  
look smart and stable.

Frankie smiles.

FRANKIE  
I think we're pretty safe here.  
That's why they call it the witness  
protection program and not the  
witness "let's hope for the best"  
program.

ALEX  
Okay. It's just...

FRANKIE  
...just?

ALEX  
No. Nothing. It's cool.

Alex leaves with his hands in his pockets. Frankie looks  
after him thoughtfully.

**EXT. REHAB CENTER - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

CHESTER (late 30s), a well-groomed African-American man with  
perfect posture, approaches the front door. He smooths his  
hair and adjusts his tie, checking the knot is tight.

CHESTER  
(sings quietly)  
*Tomorrow will be too late, It's now  
or never, my love won't wait...*

**INT. REHAB CENTER - FIRST FLOOR PATIENT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

There is no one in the lounge. DING-DONG - the front door  
bell rings.

DING-DONG - again. Sound of a toilet flushing and GONZALO (late 50s), the security guard, rushes out of the staff lounge, fastening his pants and rushing for the front door.

GONZALO

I'm coming, I'm coming! Why does someone always have to ring the bell while I'm on the restroom. Fucking Murphy's Law.

Gonzalo opens the door. Chester enters.

GONZALO

Sorry for the wait. Fifty plus, you know...man issues.

CHESTER

Yes, and it always happens when I'm at the door. Fucking Murphy's Law and all that. Where are the new employees?

GONZALO

Robert and Lisa are up in the common room, I think. Alex should be getting ready for his painting class, and Frankie just finished yoga. That's what I saw on the cameras before I...you know...

CHESTER

Thanks, Gonzalo.

GONZALO

You're welcome sir. Oh, I think Branegan he wanted to ask you about hiring someone to haul away a bunch of the old equipment in the basement.

CHESTER

Hauling away...

GONZALO

Well, you're property management, so I guess he thought he had to get your okay for the extra budget or whatever. Want me to call him?

CHESTER

No, I'll talk to him.



Gonzalo goes back to the front desk, and Chester walks through the double glass doors into the lounge.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - THIRD FLOOR COMMON ROOM & KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS**

ROBERT (mid 30s), is sitting at the table with his laptop. He is a tall Chinese American wearing an older but clean black men's thin quilted jacket, with a faux-retro AC-DC t-shirt under it.

His jeans might be frayed, but they came that way and cost a lot. Even his Vans sneakers are perfectly tied and relatively clean. He would pass for a washed-up K-pop idol, with dark circles under his eyes and constant questioning frown.

Enter LISA (25), a chill Latina with a delicate stud nose piercing and full lips, dressed like a grunge hipster with her beanie, flannel shirt, black leather jacket, and motorcycle boots.

Big headphones are around her neck. She takes a bottle of whiskey from the cabinet under the sink and pours a double into a large coffee mug. She puts the whiskey back, sits in the window seat, and puts the headphones on her ears.

ROBERT

I don't know about you, but I don't believe in those "budget constraints." That's bullshit.

Lisa takes a sip of whiskey and pulls a quarter out of her pocket that she proceeds to roll across her fingers.

Robert does not stop working on the laptop and never looks up as he continues his monologue.

ROBERT

What is this, some kind of fuckin' summer camp for convicts? They promised me a witness protection program, plastic surgery, a place to live, and even a job! And where the hell am I? I got the plastic surgery, but look at me! I'm fucking cursed to run the entire IT infrastructure of a medical facility on Windows 10, and I have to share a room with a freakishly handsome moron who talks about chiaroscuro in his sleep.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And all I can do is pray to God every day to wake up from this nightmare.

(beat)

You have no comment of course. Because your horizon extends no further than trying to figure out how to soup up the engine of the passenger van so it drives like a Ferrari.

Chester enters.

CHESTER

Good morning. How are you all?

ROBERT

Totally peachy, US Marshal Elvis.

CHESTER

(loudly to Lisa)

I'M GOOD THANKS!

ROBERT

Why are you shouting?

CHESTER

I'm not talking to you.

Robert finally looks up looks at Lisa. She takes the headphones off her ears.

LISA

Sorry. What?

CHESTER

Good morning.

LISA

Uh, yeah. Same to you.

Robert looks at Lisa angrily and points his index finger to his ear.

ROBERT

How long have you...

Lisa puts the headphones back on her ears, takes a sip of whiskey and continues playing with the quarter.

CHESTER

You know, you do have an office downstairs. Why are you working up here?

ROBERT

Because offices are symbols of capitalist oppression, and because some smart guy invented Wi-Fi.

CHESTER

Funny. All right, what's bothering you, other than being a criminal living off the taxpayers' dime.

ROBERT

Very funny. There's so much stuff bothering me, I don't even know where to start.

CHESTER

From the beginning. But let it be haiku and not Lord of the Rings.

ROBERT

First of all, this roommate thing--

CHESTER

Don't good socialists share? Anyway, it's temporary. Next question.

Robert looks at him confused.

ROBERT

Okay. You know I'm a genius. The Che Guevara of the grey hat hacking revolution that will change this world once and for all--

CHESTER

--I told you haiku and not novels.

Robert is angry.

ROBERT

How do you think I am supposed to do my job on Windows 10? Don't even get me started about the state of the firewalls.

Chester takes a Best Buy credit card out of the inside pocket of this jacket and hands it to Robert.

CHESTER  
I want receipts. And I will be  
looking at those receipts.

Robert takes the credit card.

ROBERT  
It'll do for a start.

CHESTER  
Long live the revolution, Che  
Guevara!

Chester comes over and waves to Lisa. She looks at him. He showed her his eyes with two fingers and directed them towards her—"I'm watching you." She shrugs as he turns and leaves.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - THIRD FLOOR SUITE - LISA AND FRANKIE'S ROOM - LATER**

Frankie is lying on the bed doing a crossword puzzle.

Lisa enters. She walks over to her closet and pulls out a joint from a metal candy box. She closes the box and puts it back in the closet. Lisa looks at Frankie.

LISA  
Wanna join?

FRANKIE  
Here? In a rehab center?

LISA  
(knowingly innocent)  
This is for medical purposes.  
Besides it's legal.

Frankie leaves the pencil and crossword puzzle on the bed. She puts her hands behind her head and crosses her legs.

LISA  
If you change your mind, I'll be on  
the roof.

Lisa leaves the room. Frankie closes her eyes.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**INT./EXT. CONGRESSMAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

In front of the house, we see several dead bodyguards. Inside, another dead bodyguard lies in the hallway.

**INT. CONGRESSMAN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

The CONGRESSMAN is sitting in a bathrobe at a massive desk. We see the fear on his face.

Frankie is standing in front of him with a silenced pistol pointed at the top of his head. She is holding a yellow folder in her other hand.

CONGRESSMAN

You're an amateur. Professionals don't ask questions. You should have killed that fucking bitch, taken your money, and goodbye Charlie.

FRANKIE

Hmm. You know, I get rid of regular bad guys who do regular bad things. And yeah, I'm good enough that I can choose my contracts, except in this one goddamn case--just when I decide to fucking retire.

CONGRESSMAN

You have no idea who you're messing with!

FRANKIE

Don't I? You hired me to get rid of that old woman, but I don't assassinate people just because you don't agree with their fucking position on tax policy.

CONGRESSMAN

I'm just a small fish.

FRANKIE

(eyes the fat man with his bathrobe hanging open to reveal his belly)  
You don't look like a small fish.

CONGRESSMAN

Tell me what they offered you. I'll double it.

FRANKIE

You think I'm going to do a double-cross and kill you? Who's the fucking amateur now?

Frankie lowers her gun.

FRANKIE

You're my ticket to retirement. But a little personal satisfaction is just the cherry on top.

Frankie raises his gun and shoots him in the shoulder.

CONGRESSMAN

Aah...you fucking bitch!

She leaves.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY**

Frankie and the FBI BLACK SUIT are sitting at the table.

BLACK SUIT

You know, I could arrange for you to work for us. You don't have to give it all up.

FRANKIE

I completed my mission.

BLACK SUIT

If you ever change your mind--

FRANKIE

--I'll find you.

FBI BLACK SUIT looks mildly startled/alarmed.

**END FLASHBACK.**

Frankie is still lying on her bed. She opens her eyes and looks thoughtfully at the ceiling.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - STAFF BREAK ROOM - DAY**

BRANEGAN (fifty-something), an energetic housekeeper and facilities guy, there's no problem he can't solve, gets up from lunch table and throws away the bag and wrappers from his burger and fries.

Frankie is at the other table, making the schedule for her yoga classes.

FRANKIE

Hey, Branegan, is there something up with the hot water? My shower was freaking freezing this morning.

BRANEGAN

Yeah, sorry about that. Still waiting for the junk haul people to come pick up all the crap in the basement. I mean, I can get to the boiler, but there's not a lot of room to work.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Maybe you should join my yoga class. It'll make you flexible.

BRANEGAN

(chuckles)

Ain't no flexibility gonna get me past all those old freezers and creepy ass old confessionals. This church is like a hundred and eighty years old. I remember being an altar boy here when I was a kid.

FRANKIE

Awww, you must have been so cute.

BRANEGAN

Damn straight I was. But fuck if you'd ever catch me going into that basement even back then. Who the fuck knows what bodies are buried down there.

Frankie blinks. Branegan leaves. Enter MARTA (35), head nurse, a pleasant, plump Puerto Rican woman.

MARTA

You know honey, everyone just raves about your yoga classes. I'd sign up myself if I didn't have to work reception on Tuesdays.

FRANKIE

(with a teasing smile)

The class is on Mondays.

MARTA  
Really? Go figure.

Marta takes out a half-assembled stun gun from her floral print lunch bag.

MARTA  
Can you help me with this?

FRANKIE  
Are you really allowed to carry this in here?

MARTA  
You never know who's gonna walk through that front door.  
(beat)  
I feel like I've almost got it, but I can't figure out the last bit.

FRANKIE  
Let me take a look.

Martha gives it to Frankie who strips and reassembles it with the speed of a professional.

MARTA  
Wow, you use these toys?

FRANKIE  
(without missing a beat)  
ROTC in high school.

Marta looks at Frankie, unsure whether to believe her.

MARTA  
Uh, thanks.

FRANKIE  
You're welcome.

Marta leaves. She stops at the door and turns back.

MARTA  
I almost forgot. That new patient who was admitted three days ago. He just been cleared for group integration.  
(beat)  
I talked to Dr. Helga, but she says I'm imagining things.



FRANKIE  
Something's wrong?

MARTA  
Maybe nothing. But I have a nose  
for this stuff. That guy is weird.

FRANKIE  
Everyone here is weird, including  
the staff.

MARTA  
That's the point. He's weird  
because he's just so normal.  
Claimed he was in withdrawal but no  
sweats, fever, seizures. No temper  
tantrums. He don't even smoke.  
Nothing.

Frankie becomes interested in Martha's story.

FRANKIE  
Is he assigned to anything with me?

MARTA  
Pilates on Thursdays. He's gonna do  
painting on Wednesdays, and arts  
and crafts on Mondays.

FRANKIE  
What is his name?

MARTA  
Viktor Kowalski.

FRANKIE  
Viktor Kowalski? Sounds like a name  
straight out of the movies.

MARTA  
I don't know much about movies, but  
this guy is real. And trust me,  
he's as much of an addict as my  
cat.

FRANKIE  
Where is he now?

Marta looks at her wristwatch.

MARTA  
He's in for his therapy  
appointment. Why do you ask?

Frankie looks at Martha.

FRANKIE

I'm just curious.

MARTA

I don't think therapy's gonna do  
him any good. I don't think  
anything here is gonna do him any  
good.

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO****INT. REHAB CENTER - SECOND FLOOR PATIENT ROOM HALLWAY - DAY**

Frankie walks down the corridor where the patients' rooms are located. She stops in front of one of the doors and looks left and right, double-checking that she's alone.

She quickly opens the door and goes inside.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - KOWALSKI'S ROOM - DAY**

Frankie looks around the room, carefully observing every detail. The bed is made with military precision. Aside from a few generic store-brand toiletries, there are no personal belongings or individual details.

She opens the wardrobe. It contains a small suitcase and only a few pieces of clothing hanging up.

FRANKIE  
Fucking Mr. Clean.

Frankie looks under the bed, then picks up the mattress. Under the mattress is a gun with a silencer. She looks at the gun.

FRANKIE  
Well, well...who's the target, Mr. Clean?

She hides the gun inside her track jacket and puts the mattress back, matching the military tight tuck.

Frankie goes to the door. She opens it slowly and listens, then glances to see if the coast is clear. She quickly leaves the room.

**EXT. REHAB CENTER - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY**

Lisa is in the van passing various boxes of groceries to Alex and Robert. Alex looks at each box.

ALEX  
Too much meat. We need some vegetarian options.

ROBERT

Oh, now you're a fucking registered dietitian?

ALEX

Meat encourages aggression and raises your blood pressure. Besides, a plant-based diet is more sustainable.

LISA

Can you two do a single fucking thing without arguing? C'mon, go! I gotta to go to the airport to pick up a new patient.

Alex and Robert unload the last boxes, and Lisa slams the cargo door shut. She peels out of the parking lot like the van really is a Ferrari.

**INT. CHESTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chester, Men's Warehouse suit on and shooting his cuffs like it's Armani, sings Elvis as he attempts some classic moves next to his desk.

The speakerphone is on, and it dials a call.

CHESTER

(singing)  
*You look like an angel, walk like an angel, talk like an angel, but I got wise--*

BOSS

(from speaker)  
--hello?

Chester leans into the speaker confidently.

CHESTER

(into speaker)  
It's Chester, sir.

Chester straightens his tie and smoothes his hair, even though no one can see him.

BOSS

I know that.

Chester shifts uneasily.

CHESTER

So, it's been a month since we last talked about my promotion, and I was wondering--

BOSS

--What didn't you get about it from our last conversation, which was, incidentally, only three weeks ago.

Chester pulls a face at the phone.

CHESTER

Sir, with all due respect, you said this was a *temporary* assignment, but that was three years--

BOSS

--Temporary doesn't have a time-limit.

Chester clenches his fists.

CHESTER

(bursts out)

These clowns should be in a psych ward, not witness protection.

(almost a whimper)

You can't even imagine what it's like trying to make sure they don't off the patients or start a cartel from the lunch room.

He finally sits down and rubs his forehead.

BOSS

Sounds like *you're* the one who needs the psych ward, you fuckin' crybaby. Need me to send someone over to adjust your meds or change your fuckin' adult diaper?

Chester jabs both middle fingers up at the phone.

BOSS

Keep those four assholes in check, and if you call me again about this shit, you'll be looking at a *demotion*.

The boss ends the call. Chester looks thoughtfully at the phone.

CHESTER

So I didn't deserve the promotion?

(beat)

We'll see. Next time he'll call me!

**I/E. REHAB CENTER - FIRST FLOOR PATIENT ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY**

Alex, in a white t-shirt and torn jeans - both spattered with paint - sits on a painter's stool and sips coffee.

Patients sit at their easels and paint.

FRANKIE

Ohhh, so they're supposed to be painting a deer in a forest.

Alex looks up at her, surprised and then warily looks out at the patients hard at work.

ALEX

Why, what did you think they're supposed to be painting?

FRANKIE

A wiener dog in jail.

Alex gives her side-eye.

FRANKIE

A fox walking through a library?

Alex rolls his eyes, and Frankie huffs a laugh.

FRANKIE

Okay, okay, some of them aren't half-bad. Y'all put Bob Ross to shame.

She cocks her head toward the class and, under the guise of sharing the joke with them, scans the room, pausing for half-a-beat on Kowalski, who catches her eye. She gives him a cheerful smile and a wink. He chuckles--ostensibly at the joke.

An orderly enters and announces it's time for lunch. Patients leave. Frankie refocuses on his personal painting.

FRANKIE

You're hella talented.

Alex says nothing.

FRANKIE

I hear it's hard to make it in the art world, but you've got talent--

ALEX

--My instructor, her husband was one of the biggest art dealers in San Francisco. Sold works to all the tech bros. He was also thirty years older than her. She got him to sponsor a big gallery show for me. A month before the show, he caught us together. In my studio. No gallery show for me. In any gallery, anywhere. Ever.

FRANKIE

You're not supposed to dip your dick in the office paint can. Still, everyone deserves a second chance.

ALEX

Even me?

FRANKIE

(thoughtfully)  
Guess you'll never know.

Frankie looks at her wristwatch.

FRANKIE

My yoga class starts in ten. Want to join?

ALEX

I had a client who was all into that tantric sex yoga. Kinda turned me off of the whole thing.

FRANKIE

Too bad. (She winks.)

**INT. REHAB CENTER - STAFF BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Frankie, her small drawstring workout bag over her shoulder, hurries over to Marta's locker. She puts on medical gloves and easily picks the lock and digs through Marta's bag.

She pulls out Marta's stun gun. She thinks she hears a sound and quickly looks around, but she's still alone. She shoves the stun gun into her bag.

She closes the locker and strips off her gloves, shoving them in the bag, too. She leaves, but now, she is casual and unhurried.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - PATIENT ACTIVITY ROOM - LATER**

Several patients are present in class. Among them is Kowalski. Up front, Frankie demonstrates VIRABHADRASANA 2 (warrior 2).

The patients try the same, with varying degrees of success...and failure, except Kowalski. He's in perfect position, just like Frankie.

Frankie finishes the demonstration of the sun salutation and bows, watching as the patients bow back. She catches Kowalski's eye and gives him a friendly smile.

Frankie looks at her watch.

FRANKIE

You guys were great. Next time,  
we'll kick it up a notch!

The patients laugh and groan, take their things, and leave.

Frankie is trying to move a box. Kowalski watches her. She pretends the box is heavy.

Kowalski approaches her.

KOWALSKI

Do you need help?

FRANKIE

Oh no, that's okay. This is just  
old equipment I need to take to the  
basement. I can get Branegan to  
help me later.

KOWALSKI

(with a friendly, almost  
flirty smile)

Aw, come on. Branegan'll give  
himself a hernia lifting this.  
Besides, you got me all limbered  
up.

Frankie smiles.

FRANKIE

All right. Thank you.



Kowalski bends down and picks up the box.

KOWALSKI  
So, which way?

Frankie picks up her bag and slings it over her shoulder.

FRANKIE  
Follow me. We'll see just how  
limber you are.

Frankie and Kowalski laugh cheerfully and exit.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - HALLWAY AND DOOR TO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Frankie and Kowalski approach the door to the basement.

FRANKIE  
Let me open the door for you.  
Careful of the stairs.

Frankie opens the basement door. Kowalski starts to go down the stairs.

Frankie pulls out the stun gun, puts it to Kowalski's neck, and fires. She then kicks him so that he takes a big tumble down the stairs, the heavy box banging into him.

Frankie locks the door behind her. She kisses the stun gun.

FRANKIE  
Thank you, Marta.

Frankie puts the stun gun in the bag and rushes down the stairs after Kowalski.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The floor is covered with heavy-duty plastic tarp. In the middle of the room, Kowalski sits on a chair. A bruise is blooming on his face from a blow he received just a moment ago.

Both his legs are tied to the chair with duct tape. His hands are duct-taped together behind his back.

Frankie is sitting opposite Kowalski, legs crossed. She has stripped down to her panties and a sports bra. Her workout clothes and bag are in a pile on the floor next to her.

She is examining the gun in her hand. Again, we notice how she can sit almost unnaturally still, even though her eyes are taking everything in.

Kowalski regains consciousness and slowly raises his head.

He looks around the basement. There are no windows. The massive door at the bottom of the stairs is closed. He looks at Frankie.

KOWALSKI

That's my gun.

Frankie is silent and drapes her arm over the back of the chair. Kowalski smiles ironically.

He studies her.

KOWALSKI

What are my chances?

Frankie is still silent.

KOWALSKI

If you're gonna kill me in your underwear, couldn't you at least have made it sexy?

He huffs a sigh and winces.

KOWALSKI

I've heard about you. And your sick bikini performances. But all I get is a workout bra?

(beat)

You think you're a hitman. But you're not.

(beat)

A hitman is a professional. A professional does what he's paid to do and disappears. Clean and quick. But you don't do that. You drag it out. You make it messy because you're angry. And no matter how many people you kill, it'll never bring your parents back. And you know that.

(beat)

I heard you retired. But here you are.

(MORE)

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

You can do all your deep breathing and find your goddamn center until the fucking cows come home, but you'll never stop killing. You're addicted. That's why you're not a hitman. You're not a professional. To me, you're just a psycho. You are just a sick, sick freak.

Frankie is silent and still.

KOWALSKI

We both know how this is going to end.

(beat)

You're gonna ask me who sent me. I won't say, so you shoot me in the knee. I still won't say, so you cut off a finger, maybe two. You'll end up getting pissed off and shoot me in the head because you can't find out anything. So--

Frankie raises her hand with the gun and fires a bullet into his head.

FRANKIE

I love these last speeches. It's really the part of the job I miss the most.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - SECOND FLOOR NURSE'S STATION - DAY**

Marta is slamming papers around the desk and shaking her head. Frankie and Alex are walking by and stop, concerned.

MARTA

This is too much now! I went in to give him his meds, and Mr. Rock Star was jerking off. Again.

ALEX

Himself or someone else?

Marta frowns at the quip. Frankie is unobtrusively helping Marta with papers but also pausing to look quickly at specific papers.

**FRANKIE'S POV** - Medical report with the name Viktor Kowalski.

**BACK TO SCENE**

MARTA

I can't handle it. It's wrong...he  
is so good-looking and has a--

Frankie does not look up from sorting and organizing papers.

FRANKIE

--unnaturally giant cock?

MARTA

How am I supposed to sleep tonight?  
As soon as I close my eyes all I'll  
see--

FRANKIE

--his unnaturally giant cock?

MARTA

*Dios mio...*

FRANKIE

Be happy he's not asking you to do  
it for him.

Alex gives Frankie a side eye.

FRANKIE

If it gets him through to Thursday,  
he'll be outta here, and you can  
move on to the next pathetic excuse  
for a human being that comes  
through the doors.

Marta sighs and turns to leave.

MARTA

Speaking of, there's been no sign  
of Mr. Kowalski for a couple of  
days.

Frankie freezes at the name, then pulls herself together  
before Alex notices.

FRANKIE

He probably changed his mind about  
rehab. I'll take his file down to  
storage for you.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - THIRD FLOOR SUITE - COMMON ROOM & KITCHENETTE - LATER**

Frankie is on the couch doing a crossword in yet another waiting room-style Reader's Digest large print book. Alex sits at the other end, sketching.

Robert is at his laptop with headphones on, excitedly muttering and gesticulating at what seems to be a streaming tortoise race.

Lisa is in her own world, ensconced in the window seat, drinking whiskey from her coffee mug and playing with a quarter.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**EXT. BUSY NORTHEAST TOWN STREET - DAY**

It's October 31st. Halloween.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

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

The car is parked in front of the bank. Lisa sits in the driver's seat. Beside her is her LOVER. In the back seat are UGLY JACK and SISSY.

They are preparing to rob a bank.

LOVER  
Ugly Jack?

UGLY JACK  
Born ready, bro.

LOVER  
Sissy?

SISSY  
Yeah, boss.

Ugly Jack and Sissy put Santa masks on their faces. Lisa and her lover look at each other.

LOVER  
Here's to our future, babe.

They kiss. The lover puts on a Darth Vader mask.

LISA

If you screw up this time, I'll  
kill you.

LOVER

Let's go, assholes!

The robbers get out of the car and enter the bank. Lisa stays in the car.

Lisa puts in her ear buds. She takes a quarter and turns it between her fingers.

People and children with various masks and costumes pass through the street. Lisa watches them.

A woman talking on a mobile phone holds the hand of a little girl (4), wearing a Catwoman costume. She stops in front of the bank to finish the conversation.

The little girl looks at Lisa and smiles and waves at her. Lisa smiles and waves back at her.

BANG--gunshots echo from the bank. More gunfire from the bank. A red blood stain blooms on the shirt of the woman holding the little girl's hand. She drops the phone, her jaw hanging open in shock. She has been hit by a stray bullet.

The girl is still looking at Lisa and smiling. The woman falls to the sidewalk, accidentally jerking the little girl still holding her hand.

A quarter falls from Lisa's hand. She looks at her hand and sees that there is no quarter.

The robbers run out of the bank and shoot in the direction of the bank. The little girl collapses on top of her mother, a matching blood stain spreading over her back.

Lisa starts the car and drives away from the scene of the crime at high speed, leaving the robbers behind.

**EXT. ABANDONED CAR PARK OUTSIDE THE CITY - DAWN**

We see Lisa's car. The driver's window is open. Cigarette smoke is coming out of the window.

Cigarette butts litter the ground by the driver's door.

We see Lisa, sobbing into her hands, one of which is holding a burning cigarette.

She lifts her head, and we see that her face is red and wet with tears. It is obvious she has been crying for a long time. She slams the steering wheel furiously.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

The FEMALE AGENT (40), and Lisa are sitting at the table. The female agent is gathering up papers. Lisa signs a final paper and pushes it and the pen over to her.

FEMALE AGENT  
You could have disappeared. We would never have found you. Why?

LISA  
So in the program, I'll have a place to live?

FEMALE AGENT  
Of course.

LISA  
Will anyone know who I am?

FEMALE AGENT  
Not a soul. That's the whole point of the witness protection program.

LISA  
Will I have a job that I can live on? I'm not...qualified for much.

The woman in blue nods.

FEMALE AGENT  
Don't worry. We'll take care of you.

**END FLASHBACK.**

Lisa is still by the window. Her face is cold emotionless. She takes a sip of whiskey.

ROBERT  
(loudly and suddenly)  
Come on!

Alex startles, and his pencil makes an erratic mark that he has to erase. He frowns at Robert.

ALEX

Are you gambling again, Che Guevara?

ROBERT

It's not gambling, it's a scientific experiment. Testing my bio-probability algorithm. If you even understand what I'm talking about. And I already told your dumb face that I'm not Che Guevara anymore.

ALEX

What's the point? The probability is that tortoises are slow.

Robert rolls his eyes at Alex.

FRANKIE

(without looking up)

If that gambling shit you're doing here gets you caught and gets the rest of us up shit creek, I'll make sure you wash up on Jones Beach with a tortoise shell sticking out of your chest.

Robert continues typing furiously.

ROBERT

Fake profile, Shanghai-based IP address, dark web masking--no chance of them catching me.

Marta walks in. Agitated as usual.

MARTA

Mr. Rock Star stopped jerking off, but now he's walking around naked. I can't take this anymore.

ALEX

Are you falling in love with him?

MARTA

God, no, all gross and flaccid like that? I just need Dr. Helga to increase his dosage. And maybe have her slip a blue pill in with the others so I don't get nightmares.

Marta starts to head out. Over her shoulder--



MARTA

--oh yeah, and someone called the front desk three times asking about Kowalski. I told them he wasn't here anymore.

Marta exits.

ALEX

(to Frankie)  
Where the hell did Kowalski go, anyway?

Frankie doesn't look up from the crossword.

FRANKIE

I killed him.

ROBERT

That's not funny, Frankie.

Frankie doesn't respond to his comment. Alex startles and watches her warily.

ROBERT

Wait...it's not a joke? Who the fuck are you?

FRANKIE

Contract killer. Well, ex-contract killer.

(beat)

This one was on the house. He came to kill one of us.

Lisa's expression is subtly troubled.

FRANKIE

Kowalski was a pro. And no, he didn't confess who sent him. But one of us has an old friend who is very good at finding people in witness protection.

Everyone is silent.

LISA

My ex is in prison...he'd want to find me... because I sent him there.

(beat)

It was a bank robbery gone bad. I was the getaway driver. I got away.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

He's still got people on the outside, but I don't know how good they'd be at finding me.

ROBERT

Oh my God. Fuck. I was hacking financial and security shit for some Bulgarians. Then suddenly, boom, it's kicking down doors and guns drawn like a goddamn movie. The whole alphabet showed up. FBI, CIA, NSA. I ended up here, and the Bulgarians went to prison. They've still got connections. Real deep-state-spy-versus-spy-shit. They could probably find me in a heartbeat.

ALEX

I didn't send anyone to prison.

ROBERT

Well fucking bully for you. Wait, don't tell me, you're a writer researching "witness protection" from the inside for your next book. (He scoffs.)

There's a slight shift in Alex. He hasn't exactly moved or frowned. But suddenly, he's tense, harder, almost predatory.

ALEX

I worked as an escort for lonely, rich old women. Art doesn't pay the bills until you're dead. Shit. I didn't die. My client died. Murdered. I didn't see anyone or do anything. I'm just collateral damage in the case.

Robert looks at Frankie.

ROBERT

You're...really a killer. Wait, who did you kill to land in the program?

FRANKIE

It's hard to say.

(beat)

There were a lot...it could also have had something to do with that congressman--

ROBERT  
--wait...oh my God, that was you  
who killed the congressman?

Frankie visibly startles, which is both extremely unusual for her and reveals that the congressman's death is news to her.

ROBERT  
That shit was all over the  
headlines. Reddit was losing its  
ever-loving shit over all the  
conspiracies.

Frankie pulling herself together, poker face back in place.

FRANKIE  
You never know. Maybe it was the  
Bulgarians paying that congressman?

ROBERT  
Fuck you!

ALEX  
I do not understand anything.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**I/E REHAB CENTER - BASEMENT - LATER**

Frankie and Alex are looking into an open deep freezer chest.

Lisa and Robert are standing next to them. Lisa passes the joint to Robert. He draws the last smoke and looks where to throw the butt.

On one of the shelves, he sees an ashtray in the shape of a skull and puts the butt in it.

ROBERT

Now I know why those Bulgarians  
wouldn't let me chill my vodka in  
their freezer!

Frankie reaches inside and pulls out a black bag containing Kowalski's body parts and hands it to Robert.

ROBERT

For me? OK.  
(beat)  
What's inside?

FRANKIE

Hands. Mostly.

Robert drops the bag like it's on fire. He turns pale, sweating, dizzy, almost staggers. Lisa takes her flask out of her pocket and hands it to him.

LISA

Go outside and wait for me.

Robert takes the flask and leaves.

LISA

I'll take his bag. Give me mine and  
let's go.

Frankie looks Lisa straight in the eyes.

FRANKIE

No. Just take this one.

Lisa picks up the bag.

FRANKIE

Follow my instructions, and we'll all be safe. It's like planting a tree, except the hole has to be six feet deep.

LISA

(sarcastic)

Yes, ma'am.

Lisa leaves.

ALEX

Wait. Why do they only have one bag, and you and I have five?

FRANKIE

Because I say so. Grab those bags. We gotta get going..

ALEX

WE? You said--

FRANKIE

--I changed my mind.

(beat)

Got a problem with that?

ALEX

I need to think.

**EXT. FERRIS LAKE FOREST - NIGHT**

A small deserted parking lot next to the woods. A nondescript older Honda Civic is parked. The headlights are off, but the ceiling dome light and trunk light are on.

Alex and Frankie are in their underwear, but he looks terrified instead of turned on. Alex is carefully folding their clothing and putting it on the backseat.

Frankie pulls on medical scrubs with the "Acres of Hope" logo on them and then tosses a set to Alex, which he proceeds to put on.

ALEX

Why the scrubs?

FRANKIE

They get thrown in with all the other uniforms sent out for industrial washing in high heat with bleach and anti-oxidizing detergent. No trace evidence survives that shit. And no one is gonna look twice at...stains.

From the trunk, Frankie pulls out a shovel and an oddly loaded plastic bag, clearly part of a Kowalski popsicle. She nods to him to grab the same from the trunk.

They start hiking into the dark woods, Frankie leading with astonishing confidence despite the only light coming from her cell phone flashlight.

ALEX

Looks like you know this area.

FRANKIE

It's a good place when you need to clear your mind.

They come upon a tiny natural clearing, and Frankie drops her bag to the ground. She then puts her cell phone on the ground and leans it against the bag so the flashlight is pointed on the ground.

She has an eerily serene smile on her face.

Alex puts his bag on the ground next to hers.

FRANKIE

All right, I think...here. There'll be enough space here.

Alex looks nonplussed, as if it finally has hit home that this place is probably full of bodies and body parts she has buried.

Frankie starts digging.

FRANKIE

You know, it's almost zen by the time you get down two feet. Just you and the earth and the night.

ALEX

(somewhere between hysterical and sarcastic)  
I think I prefer yoga.

They are both silent as they continue digging.

ALEX

How many...I mean are you--

FRANKIE

--In this area? Three.

(beat)

Do you want me to tell you their names and which parts?

ALEX

For God's sake no! I don't want to know--

FRANKIE

--Let's get it straight once and for all. Like an idiot, I decided to stop doing what I was doing and that's why I'm here now with three other idiots. The guy we just buried came to kill one of us. I have no idea who was he supposed to kill, but I will fucking find out. So here we are burying Kowalski, but it could just as easily have been Kowalski burying you in this fucking forest. Got it?

Alex doesn't answer the question, but starts digging with more animation.

FRANKIE

You're welcome!

**INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

Lisa is pushing a shopping cart full of food. Robert puts four boxes of corn flakes in the basket.

LISA

What the hell?

ROBERT

Your favorite.

LISA

I already got one.

ROBERT  
 Well, I like them, too.  
 (continues quietly)  
 Frankie--

He looks around furtively to make sure no-one hears.

ROBERT  
 --killed this guy and now it's all  
 gonna lead back to us. And I'm not  
 going down for murder--

Lisa speaks loudly on purpose, to annoy him.

LISA  
 --Put those back. It's wasteful.  
 You know how many children die of  
 hunger every day?

ROBERT  
 (quietly)  
 But Kowalski didn't die of hunger.

He glances around again to make sure no-one is listening in.

ROBERT  
 (quietly)  
 I fight the system. Not people.

Lisa notices a PICKPOCKET unzipping an OLD LADY's handbag behind her back.

Lisa launches herself at the pickpocket, riding and swerving her shopping cart to smash into the pickpocket, sending him sprawling in front of the old lady, the stolen wallet falling from his hand right in front of her.

The old lady looks at her wallet on the floor, and then at the pickpocket. The pickpocket's face turns to fear when he sees the look on her face.

The old lady takes the handbag off her shoulder and begins beating the pickpocket furiously with it.

Robert looks on in confusion, then to Lisa, who offers Robert a look of satisfaction.

LISA  
 Look. We're the good guys. Better?

Lisa grabs her cart and continues on. Robert hugs a box of corn flakes to his chest and stares after her like he's in love.



ROBERT  
What a woman...

**I/E. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa and Robert approach the car with a shopping cart. Lisa opens the trunk. We see a black garbage bag and shovel in the trunk.

Robert forgot that Kowalski--or at least a piece of him--was in the trunk. He quickly closes the trunk and looks around in panic.

ROBERT  
No!

Lisa looks at him questioningly.

ROBERT  
Out of the question, I am not going to put my food next to--

LISA  
--the Kowalski pops?

ROBERT  
Shhhhh...

Robert grabs the grocery bags from the cart and throws them in the back seat of the car.

Lisa watches him and shakes her head.

**EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - INT. LISA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa sits in the driver's seat, Robert in the passenger seat. He is breathing heavily and looks pale and a little sweaty, clearly in the middle of a panic attack.

LISA  
Shall we, Che Guevara? Before the Kowalski pop melts completely?.

ROBERT  
(gasping)  
I can't do that.

LISA  
What?

ROBERT  
 I can't dig a hole.  
 (increasingly hysterical)  
 I don't know how to dig a hole and  
 I won't dig a fucking hole!

LISA  
 Didn't you ever bury a pet when you  
 were a kid?

Robert is furious but also still panicking and breathing hard.

LISA  
 Ohh, I get it. You never had a pet.

ROBERT  
 I had a pet. I had a bunch of pets--

LISA  
 --on your computer.

ROBERT  
 Yes, on my computer. So what!

LISA  
 Whatever. So what are you proposing  
 we do with that bag in my trunk?

Robert thinks.

ROBERT  
 We'll throw it in a dumpster.

LISA  
 Isn't that how shit always gets  
 found on TV?

ROBERT  
 This isn't TV. Hang on, I'm  
 googling dumpster collection days  
 for this part of Queens.

He taps quickly on his phone.

ROBERT  
 Okay, we're in luck. Now we just  
 have to find a half-full dumpster  
 that doesn't have a camera trained  
 on it. It'd be great if it had a  
 big tree blocking it, so if we  
 match the satellite to the  
 collection route--

He's calming down as he's tapping furiously on his phone.

ROBERT  
--All right. Got it. Take a left  
out of the parking lot.

Lisa thinks then shrugs.

LISA  
Okay, Siri, tell me where to go.

Lisa starts the car. The car turns left out of the store parking lot.

**I/E. LISA'S CAR SOMEWHERE IN QUEENS - LATER**

Robert is sitting in the passenger seat, working on his laptop.

Lisa approaches the car and sits in the driver's seat. Robert closes the laptop.

LISA  
Are you okay now?

ROBERT  
I'm good.

Lisa looks at his laptop.

LISA  
Working on something, or just  
surfing?

ROBERT  
If I tell you, I'll have to kill  
you.

Lisa looks at him. Robert smiles.

ROBERT  
That was a joke.

LISA  
So you do have a sense of humor.

Robert becomes serious.

ROBERT  
You know that night...I...I thought  
I was so smart I'd never get  
caught, and--

LISA

--You don't have to talk about bad things--

ROBERT

--No, I have to talk. Because I didn't tell anyone about it.

(beat)

I had a feeling that I shouldn't take that job with the Bulgarians. But they offered me huge money and only I could do the job. I had no idea the FBI had been following them for a long time.

(beat)

It was the worst night of my life.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**INT. ABANDONED FACTORY OFFICE - NIGHT**

Office furniture is scattered throughout the messy office. Four CRIMINALS are sitting at one big table. Bulgarians.

There is leftover food, pistols, Kalashnikovs, and a few bottles of vodka on the table. The Bulgarians are drunk, laughing and speaking Bulgarian to each other.

In one corner is a hacking "cockpit" with consoles, cables, and other equipment. Robert is sitting in the middle of it, completely engrossed between the keyboard and the screens.

**EXT./INT. ABANDONED FACTORY AND OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A dozen FBI agents sneak up on the office.

**INT. ABANDONED FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

The FAT CRIMINAL is speaking to Robert.

FAT CRIMINAL

Hey, Bruce Lee, is it almost done?

Robert doesn't turn around but just gives a thumbs up on one hand in response.

FAT CRIMINAL

I love this Chinese guy. He doesn't even have time to answer.

Bulgarians laugh loudly and comment in Bulgarian.

FBI agents break into the office. The Bulgarians grab their guns, and it becomes a shoot-out. Robert lies on the floor, hiding behind the computer equipment.

Several FBI agents are killed. All the Bulgarians are killed.

FBI agents approach Robert with guns pointed at him.

FBI AGENT #1  
Show me your hands!

Robert looks at him fearfully.

FBI AGENT #1  
Show me your hands!

Robert is shaking with fear.

FBI AGENT #1  
Show me your hands, motherfucker,  
or I'll blow your brains out!

Robert shows his hands.

When they see that he is unarmed, two agents approach him and brutally throw him to the floor and handcuff him.

FBI agents take Robert away. He looks back at the bodies of the murdered Bulgarians. Robert's face was splashed with the blood of the fallen Bulgarians.

**INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY**

A BALD FBI AGENT (50), and Robert are alone in the office.

BALD FBI AGENT  
We can't ban you from using the  
computer, the internet... but just  
one wrong step and you're in jail  
for a very long time.

ROBERT  
I'm not a criminal. I am a  
scientist. I just want to finish my  
project.

BALD FBI AGENT  
You're a smart guy. Use your brain  
for something good.

ROBERT  
I will.

**END FLASHBACK.**

Lisa and Robert are sitting in the car. They are both silent.

Lisa looks at Robert's laptop.

LISA

Whatever that project of yours is,  
I hope you now know what you're  
doing.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - THIRD FLOOR SUITE - COMMON ROOM & KITCHENETTE - DAY**

Alex, Frankie, Lisa, and Robert are sitting at the table finishing their evening meal. They all eat in silence.

ROBERT

They're gonna send us all to  
fucking Alaska to live with the  
penguins.

ALEX

Penguins don't live in Alaska,  
asshat, and you're thinking of  
Siberia.

FRANKIE

No one's gonna be living with  
Russians or penguins, which are in  
Antarctica, because we're gonna  
tell Chester, and hopefully he'll  
be cool so we don't have to kill  
him, too.

Robert gets up angrily.

ROBERT

No! Out of the fucking question!

LISA

Fine by me. He's so fucking uptight-  
-

ROBERT

--For fuck's sake, it's like you  
two are having a competition for  
who's the biggest moron.

Alex looks at his wristwatch.

ALEX

We could vote on it or something.  
Chester'll be here in ten.

ROBERT

He doesn't come in on the weekend.

ALEX

I called him.

ROBERT

You called him? What did you tell  
him?

ALEX

I told him I was tired of the  
shitty underwear and stank-ass  
socks you leave all over the  
bathroom. You never clean the  
toilet. You've never once washed a  
single plate in the goddamn sink.

ROBERT

Oh, you're perfect? There's fucking  
paint on everything, and you open  
the windows when the air  
conditioning is going!

FRANKIE

You done, Che Guevara?

Nobody says anything.

FRANKIE

We have to tell Chester, alright?  
He's a U.S. Marshal. Sooner or  
later, he'll figure out what  
happened. Plus, confession is good  
for the soul.

They look at her like she's lost her mind.

ROBERT

Then why did we get rid of the  
body?

FRANKIE

That new arrival in 3B is in for  
bath salts. I couldn't risk him  
finding Kowalski and eating his  
face.

LISA

Good call.

ROBERT

Fucking idiots.

Robert looks deeply afraid.

FRANKIE

Look, if we tell him right now, we can spin it like it's actually his fault. He should have known before me about Kowalski. That's his job. He's always yammering on about that promotion he'll never get. If Kowalski got one of us, it would've been the nail in Chester's career coffin.

ALEX

You are a genius.

FRANKIE

Let's give him a chance. He's got more resources than we do. If he can't figure it out, then we'll take care of it.

Everybody thinks for a moment about what Frankie just said.

LISA

I'm with Frankie.

Frankie looks at Alex, waiting for an answer.

ALEX

Like you said, we can always kill him later.

They all look to Robert.

ROBERT

Okay, smartasses, what if he just says no?

Frankie reaches into her pocket and pulls out an FBI agent's ID.

FRANKIE

Then I'll show him this.

Everyone looks at the FBI ID card with Kowalski's picture on it.



ROBERT  
You killed a fucking FBI agent?

FRANKIE  
If he's an FBI agent, I'm an  
Alaskan penguin."

Everyone is shocked and silent.

Chester enter the room and sees he's interrupting a tense moment. They look at him with expressions ranging from somber to steely.

CHESTER  
What's going on here? Did someone  
die, huh?

Robert gulps, and Chester looks at him sideways.

The room is silent. Chester looks at them all and is suddenly nervous.

CHESTER  
Shit. What did you fucking do? Did  
someone actually die?

ROBERT  
Don't fucking look at me. I just  
planted a tree.

CHESTER  
(to himself)  
I just can't catch a break.

AND OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. ST. JUDE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY**

As we watch a few shots of the interior of the church, a beautiful male voice can be heard softly singing Elvis' "Stand By Me" in the background.

MALE VOICE

*When the storms of life are raging  
Stand by me  
When the storms of life are raging  
Stand by me  
When the world is tossing me  
Like a ship out on the sea  
Thou who rulest wind and water  
Stand by me...*

Now we see the confessional and realize that the song is coming from there.

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

Chester sings passionately. He imagines holding a microphone in his hand and imitating Elvis' movements.

The little window opens.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**OTHER HALF OF CONFESSIONAL BOOTH**

The priest is Father Peter from earlier.

FATHER PETER

Hello, Elvis, confess your sin and you shall be forgiven.

Chester starts as if he has woken from a dream.

CHESTER

Who's there?

FATHER PETER

What do you think?

CHESTER

Sorry, father, I thought I was alone.

FATHER PETER  
Do you want me to go?

CHESTER  
No, no...  
(beat)  
It's been a long time since I  
confessed, Father. Um. I lied to my  
mother that I was going to church  
regularly, and...I took part in a  
murder.

Father Peter looks up at the ceiling of the church  
incredulously.

FATHER PETER  
(under his breath)  
Lord, have I wronged You in some  
way?

CHESTER  
Sorry?

Father Peter turns his attention back to Chester.

FATHER PETER  
Who sent you here?

CHESTER  
What? Nobody. I was walking and  
thinking...for hours. And then I  
was just standing in front of this  
church. And then I heard his voice?

FATHER PETER  
Whose voice?

CHESTER  
I'm not sure.  
(beat)  
Elvis?

Father Peter shakes his head. He cannot believe what he is  
hearing.

FATHER PETER  
Who did you kill, my son?

CHESTER  
Actually, I didn't personally kill  
anyone. But it's *like* I did.  
(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I mean, *legally* speaking I *definitely am an accessory after the fact*, but if you ask *Him* up there then I didn't really--

Father Peter peers through the little window.

FATHER PETER

--Is this some prank? Where's the camera?

Chester is even more nervous.

CHESTER

Look, I'm a U.S. Marshal, and I'm responsible for some protected witnesses. And I'm supposed to get promoted very soon, and they've screwed it all up, and now I'll probably get demoted, and I'll never be able to prove that my father didn't commit suicide, and Mandy Washington'll keep trolling my social media and putting those stupid shit emojis in my feed like I'm some kind of joke just because I wouldn't go down on her while she had her--

Father Peter clears his throat. Chester sighs.

CHESTER

--Sorry, I'll get to the point.

FATHER PETER

That would probably be for the best.

CHESTER

These witnesses of mine killed a guy. I think he was...out to get them, but everyone is the same in the eyes of God, right?

Father Peter looks like he's just put two and two together and mouths the word: CLAIRE.

FATHER PETER

Oh, er, um, yes, that's right, son.

CHESTER

I think they must have buried him somewhere--

FATHER PETER

--You don't have to go into all the details. The Lord probably knows all that already.

Chester looks desperate.

CHESTER

The problem is if I report this to the boss, I'll get blamed for not keeping them in line, and I can kiss my promotion goodbye, let alone the legal mess we'll all be in. But if I don't report it--

Chester looks up at the ceiling.

CHESTER

--I don't know what *He* would think of that.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Alex and Frankie are lying in bed after sex, both looking thoughtfully up at the ceiling.

ALEX

I don't feel like going to prison. Not my idea of a good time.

Frankie looks at the ceiling.

FRANKIE

Chester's a pussy. He'd never put himself at risk for anything. He'll keep his mouth shut.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

You are a master of manipulation.

FRANKIE

Human nature is just math, nothing complicated about it.

Alex thinks.

ALEX

Speaking of math, maybe we could turn this weekly fraction into an actual equation of something real--

FRANKIE  
--Thursday sex.

ALEX  
I know, but--

FRANKIE  
--Thursday sex.

ALEX  
Thursday sex.

Frankie is a little embarrassed that she was so rude to him.

FRANKIE  
So...if you didn't do anything or see anything, how'd you end up in witness protection?

ALEX  
It's a long sad story.

FRANKIE  
We're not in a hurry. Anyway, we're only at halftime.

ALEX  
One of my clients...she was a real bitch. One evening we were hanging out in her penthouse--

FRANKIE  
--playing tiddlywinks?

Frankie smiles.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK: INT.PENTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Alex steps out of the shower. He takes a towel and dries his hair. He leaves the bathroom and enters the bedroom.

In front of the bathroom stands a beautiful African-American FBI AGENT with a gun pointed at Alex.

FBI AGENT  
Hands up!

Alex lowers the towel from his head around his neck. The smile on his face grows wider when he sees the FBI agent inadvertently checking him out.

She looks at Alex's genitals, then, surprised by what she saw, quickly looks up and looks into Alex's eyes.

ALEX

Well, hello! Welcome to the party.

He raises his hands in the air with a joking, conspiratorial smile and wink.

The FBI agent is pissed.

FBI AGENT

Put that towel around your waist!

Alex, still smiling, wraps the towel around his waist. He's thinking this is some kind of role-play his client/lover has arranged.

Alex tries to look over the FBI agent's shoulder in the direction of the bed, but it's clear he can't see the bad.

ALEX

Okay, honey bunny, I'm really scared. Tell this pretty lady she can go ahead and cuff me.

The FBI agent looks at Alex in shock.

ALEX

Honey bunny, you there?

The FBI agent slowly moves one step to the side, still keeping Alex in her sights.

Now we see the lifeless naked body of a beautiful woman in her late forties. Her throat has been cut and a large heart was carved on her stomach with a sharp object. There is a lot of blood on the bed.

Alex grabbs his head with both hands in shock.

ALEX

Oh my God...

Alex collapses to his knees, shaking and starting to retch.

The FBI agent finally lowers her gun.

FBI AGENT

Wait, what the fuck is going on?

**INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Alex and the FBI agent are alone in the room. The witness protection program agreement and a pen are on the table.

FBI WOMAN

You were in the wrong place at the wrong time and with the wrong person. This is the only way you're going to stay alive.

ALEX

So, if I don't sign this paper, he's gonna find me...and...

The FBI woman nodded her head. Alex picks up the pen and looks at the paper.

ALEX

I still want to paint. If I can't paint, nothing matters.

**END FLASHBACK.**

Alex and Frankie are lying in bed.

FRANKIE

Did you love her?

ALEX

I don't fall in love with clients.

**INT. REHAB CENTER- THIRD FLOOR SUITE - COMMON ROOM & KITCHENETTE - DAY**

Robert is sitting in the armchair. Frankie is on the sofa doing a crossword. Alex is at the kitchenette counter making sandwiches.

Lisa is on another couch reading a car magazine, a large coffee mug with whiskey on the coffee table in front of her. A bottle of whiskey is under the table.

Chester paces irritably around the room.

ALEX

What's your problem, anyway?

Chester pauses and looks at Alex.



CHESTER  
What's my problem? My problem is I should be out in the field doing real work instead of sitting behind a desk.

Robert looks at Chester like, "What are you on, dude?"

CHESTER  
I am a law enforcement official, not a goddamn babysitter.

ALEX  
It's the same paycheck though, right? I'd love to get paid to sit on my ass.

Chester tries to come up with something else.

CHESTER  
Whatever! I'm just tired of being punished with this shit assignment.  
(beat)  
No offense.

Lisa pushes the issue.

LISA  
But what if this assignment is really a reward and not a punishment?

ALEX  
She's right. Do you know any other marshal responsible for an entire group of protected witnesses?

Chester, angry, pretends not to hear.

CHESTER  
I don't need a pep talk from criminals who all took a deal with Uncle Sam and now act like butter won't melt in their mouths.

They look at him like a screw came loose. Chester pulls up a chair and sits in frustration.

FRANKIE  
Well, I'm sure I could get something to melt in my mouth.

Chester looks at her. She has a smirk on her face, and he rubs his forehead.

CHESTER

You got a second chance, and you don't even know how to use it.

ROBERT

Hey, we're the fucking protected witnesses! You were supposed to take care of that Kowalski guy, not *us*.

Chester has no reply to that. Alex looks at Chester.

ALEX

He's correct. Play your cards right, make sure no more hitmen get close to us, and maybe we can actually *help* you get out from behind that desk for good.

(beat)

Whiskey?

Lisa reaches over and passes Alex the bottle. Alex puts a glass in front of Chester, but just as he lifts the bottle to pour Chester motions him to stop.

Chester takes the handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes down the glass thoroughly and sets it down on the table.

Alex finishes pouring whiskey in the glass. Chester tips it back in one gulp.

CHESTER

What're you gonna do now?

ALEX

Well, for now, we're not gonna go after you and...

Alex draws his index finger across his throat. Chester stares at him in shock. Frankie grabs Chester's attention and shoots Alex a scolding eye.

FRANKIE

It's not about what we're gonna do now, it's about what *you're* gonna do, Chester.

Chester looks inquiringly at Frankie.

FRANKIE

You need to find out which one of us Kowalski came to kill.

CHESTER

Easier said than done.

FRANKIE

You've got the resources and the freedom to move around. We can't afford to blow our cover, right?

ALEX

We don't want to have to move to Alaska.

ROBERT

With the fucking penguins.

ALEX

I already told you there aren't any penguins in Alaska.

Chester looks at them in bemusement.

FRANKIE

And we'll even give you a clue to get you started.

Frankie takes Kowalski's FBI ID out of her pocket and gives it to Chester.

Chester takes it.

CHESTER

Holy Mother of Seven Lakes, you killed an FBI agent!

ROBERT

It's actually an Alaskan penguin.

**INT. REHAB CENTER - PATIENT ROOM - LATER**

Chester and Robert are going through Kowalski's room, which is clean and empty. Dresser drawers are open and empty. The bed mattress is up on its side.

The closet door is open to show it's also empty. The door to the bathroom is open as well, and there are no toiletries or towels. It's like a hospital room that has just been reset.

ROBERT

Well, at least the cleaning staff  
is doing their job.

Chester gives him a side eye while he continues to work meticulously, reaching under the desk to check for false panels or hidden compartments.

Robert, bored, walks over the window and looks out, then pulls a face.

ROBERT

Too bad they don't do windows.

Chester jerks up and comes over. He looks closely at the glass, and we see a big smile break out over his face as he identifies two perfectly clear fingerprints.

CHESTER

I'm gonna need flour and packing  
tape.

Robert looks confused.

CHESTER

Look, it's not like I carry a CSI  
kit in my car. This isn't TV.

Robert, a little dubious, shrugs and leaves to get the things Chester requested.

Chester pulls out his phone and takes a couple pictures of the fingerprints. He then texts them, and we hear the "swoop" sound of a text being sent. He dials and puts the phone up to his ear.

CHESTER

Special Agent Washington, please.  
It's US Marshal Chester--Mandy? Uh,  
hi. Look--no! No, no, no! Don't  
hang up. It's important. It's work.  
I have a work question. I... need  
your help--look just do this one  
thing for me, we'll call it even--

Chester sighs in relief.

CHESTER

I'm sending you a fingerprint--run through all the agency and military databases first--huh, yeah, possibly internal--I can't talk about it right now, but solving this is my golden ticket--oh, and one more thing--I need a personal cell phone number--come on please--yeah, it's for Special Agent Viktor Kowalski--thanks, baby--I mean Agent Washington.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. REHAB CENTER - FIRST FLOOR PATIENT LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Frankie is at a table, updating patient personal training charts on clipboards.

Chester is sitting in the armchair, cooling his head with a glass of whiskey. He's loosened his tie and undone his shirt button.

Alex walks in, grumpy and moody, looking at his cell phone. He looks at Frankie and Chester. They didn't even notice him.

ALEX

Hello to you too.

He sits on the sofa and puts his feet on the coffee table.

Frankie looks at him for a moment, then goes back to her work.

Alex is looking for something on his phone. Everyone is silent. Alex put the phone down next to him.

ALEX

What if someone...somehow--

Chester took a sip of his whiskey.

FRANKIE

--finds six bags of Kowalski?

Chester spits out the whiskey in shock.

CHESTER

Six *bags*?

ALEX

You didn't tell him?

Alex and Frankie ignore Chester's question.

FRANKIE

Of course I didn't tell him.

ALEX

So how on earth do you think he will protect us if we don't tell him everything?

CHESTER  
Hello, I'm here!

FRANKIE  
No one's looking to put flowers on  
Kowalski's grave.

RINGTONE ON A MOBILE PHONE Chester looks at the phone, gets  
up and goes to the other end of the lounge.

CHESTER  
You found something--hey, calm down  
--Why are you yelling at me--okay,  
if they're not in any database,  
that's important information--Come  
on, you're not going to lose your  
job over checking one fingerprint--  
What other thing--ah, Kowalski--he  
what? When did he hang himself?  
Hello? Hello, Mandy?

Chester returns to his armchair with a worried expression on  
his face. Frankie watches him. DING-DONG the front door bell.  
Chester flinches.

CHESTER  
Where the fuck is that security  
guy?

FRANKIE  
Gonzalo? Probably in the toilet.  
Prostate problems.

CHESTER  
Is he ever not in the toilet?

DING-DONG door bell again.

ALEX  
I'll get it.

Alex opens the door.

DETECTIVE GOODMAN (40), badge up, is standing at the door.  
Alex looks like he just shit his pants.

ALEX  
Can I help you?

GOODMAN  
Yes. Good evening. I'm Detective  
Goodman, NYPD.

Alex forces a smile that looks like he's now trying to hold in a shit.

GOODMAN  
And you are?

ALEX  
Gardner. Alex Gardner.

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN  
Like James Bond.

ALEX  
Sorry?

GOODMAN  
You said your surname first, then  
your name and surname together.

ALEX  
I didn't notice.

GOODMAN  
You work here?

ALEX  
No. Actually, yes.

Goodman nods.

GOODMAN  
Can I come in?

ALEX  
I need to think.

Alex says nothing and stares at the detective. The detective looks at him in confusion.

ALEX  
I'll be right back.

In a daze, Alex slowly closes the door and walks back to the lounge.

ALEX  
(to Chester)  
I think you should go to the door.  
It's a detective.



Chester instantly puts down the glass, buttons up his shirt, and fixes his tie. He heads for the door, smoothing his hair as he goes.

He opens the door.

GOODMAN

Hey there, Detective Goodman, NYPD.  
You are?

CHESTER

U.S. Marshal Chester.

He pulls out his badge.

CHESTER

Sorry, habit. I mean I'm a marshal,  
but I...volunteer here. Wife makes  
me do it. Happy wife, happy life,  
am I right?

Chester offers an odd smile. Goodman looks at him strangely.

GOODMAN

Yeah. Well, I just have some  
questions for the folks here. Just  
between us, we're investigating a  
possible homicide. Construction  
crew found a bag of body parts in a  
dumpster at a site for a new  
parking lot. I need to find out if  
anyone here has noticed any unusual  
activity the last few days? I mean,  
unusual apart from what goes on  
here.

Goodman gestures at the building. Chester looks like he's  
about to vomit all over Detective Goodman. He opens his mouth-

-

END OF PILOT