

PISTOL FREEWAY

Episode #101 (Pilot)

"The Moon Waxes and Wanes"

Teleplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKIES OVER WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - DEAD OF NIGHT

Riding high over the Sunset Strip, heading west--

Neon lights sizzle.

Luxury supercars stream in opposing directions like mechanical ants hustling along, satisfying their deranged queen tucked away in the gold-plated hills.

We drop in and--

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - CONTINUOUS

Follow a pristine black Ferrari California flying down the Strip.

The license plate reads: "ZOOZ."

INT. FERRARI (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Amid the red leather interior, the *Driver* slows the masterpiece to a stoplight. TOMER "TOOM" BAR-SIPOR (36) adjusts his grip on the wheel like a prizefighter readying his dukes. He's brown. Chiseled. Hazel-eyed.

The three Cartier bracelets on his right wrist sparkle and annoy the glittering city lights.

A white BMW convertible filled with THREE INSTAGRAM 'MODELS' pulls up on the Ferrari's right side.

BMW DRIVER/INSTAGRAM MODEL ONE

Handsome!

INSTAGRAM MODEL TWO

What's 'Zooz?'

TOMER

(in a faint Israeli accent--
-not as thick as before,
which we'll see later on)

It's He-brew for 'get the fuck out
of my way.'

The Girls LAUGH.

Tomer smirks as he checks out the chicks--

BMW DRIVER/INSTAGRAM MODEL ONE
Gorgeous prancing horsey.

TOMER
Cute, you know the nicknaming.

BMW DRIVER/INSTAGRAM MODEL ONE
Of course babe.

TOMER
It is a good thing to be knowing.
This is the West. These are the
horses.

INSTAGRAM MODEL THREE
Whose horses?

TOMER
(gazing at the driver)
Cowboys and Indians.

INSTAGRAM MODEL TWO
Which kind are you sexy man?

Tomer 'up-and-downs' the girls' Beemer convertible and looks
away--

TOMER
L.A. bitches in Nazi cars.

The girls' eyes pinwheel at one another in pure confusion.

The light turns green and the Ferrari BLOWS THROUGH the left-
turn lane--

EXT. LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA - CONTINUOUS

The supercar makes its way down the hill--

A few blocks down, Tomer pulls over--

Parks--

And steps out of the Ferrari. He belongs in an encyclopedia
depicting the "Mediterranean Adonis."

EXT. INNIES & OUTIES, LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA -
NIGHT

Tomer struts up to EITAN GOTTESMAN (early 30s). Israeli.
Stocky. The serious type.

The two men hug.

TOMER
(in Hebrew)
Achi, ma koreh?

EITAN
(in an Israeli accent)
Same as yesterday. Same as
tomorrow.

Tomer nods 'yeah' and opens the door.

INT. INNIES & OUTIES, LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA -
CONTINUOUS

As Tomer enters, the BOMBASTIC STRIP CLUB STORMS outward like a tornado wind. Halsey's "I am not a woman, I'm a god" BLASTS across the speakers. The stage brandishes two nearly naked girls dancing their hearts out like daddy finally decided to show up to a recital...

Tomer strolls across the club to the bar, finding--

JACOB "JAKE"/"KOBI" MEYER (27) sitting at a lonely barstool, drowning in front of a 'glass-half-empty' of Johnny Walker. The Blue bottle couples his glass like a bad prom date. He's tall. Dark. Handsome yet still a 'kid,' but not as much so as when he and Tomer first met (*we'll see later on*)--

TOMER
This is how you answer my little
sister playing games with you?

Jakes stands up at half mast, in mourning--

The two men hug and sit at the bar--

JAKE
She's not fucking around this time.

Jakes takes a swig of his second or sixth Johnny Blue.

TOMER
Ma HaBayah? Me?

JAKE
Partially.

TOMER
*Ma? She doesn't want you to grow up
to be a "big-mean gangster" like
me?*

JAKE

Baby Stalin's opinions have their
own taxes.

TOMER

Kobi, I love my sister, but
(gesturing to the two
strippers)
there are many fishes in the seas.

Jake swigs again, as we flashback to--

INT. THE SPUR, HAWTHORNE, CA - TEN MONTHS EARLIER

The small gritty club housing far more living souls than the
worst fire marshal would allow even on a drunken binder--

Dim yet neon, the club vibes something out of the eeriest
cyberpunk shots of *Blade Runner*--

High and/or buzzed, young adults melt together like liquid
metal, T-1000 style--

HIP-HOP NIGHT--

The RUCKOUS of a rap battle persists--

Jake's KILLING IT.

JAKE

...I'm M.C. God Wrstlr and I'll
give your mom the shocker.

The CROWD ERUPTS IN CHEERS AND 'FUCK YESES.'

SHOT: WE SEE JAKE ON STAGE FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROOM. WITH A
LOOK OF ACCOMPLISHMENT, HE GLANCES OVER TO A GIRL. ALL WE SEE
IS THE BACK OF HER LONG DARK-BROWN HAIR.

We zoom back to--

INT. INNIES & OUTIES, LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA

Tomer--

TOMER

(snapping his fingers)
Kobi! Look, look, get your head
from the glass.

Jake peers up.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (nodding to a brunette
 stripper)
 You see there? She is 316.

JAKE
 Not how that works dude. The
 scale's one to ten.

Tomer smirks.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 She's like a 7.5. The busted grill
 doesn't do her any favors--so maybe
 a 7. But you know what I'm saying.

TOMER
 No, no, no. I am not doing your
 Malibu-Barbie system.

ON JAKE: "Say what?"

TOMER (CONT'D)
 I am talking about the *mispar* of
 how many times I am wanting to fuck
 her.

JAKE
 Fuck who?

TOMER
Eyzeh tipesh.
 (beat)
 The beauty of a girl is only for
 you. To me she is 316. How many
 times are you wanting to fuck her?

JAKE
 I don't know. I've never fucked
 her.

TOMER
 How many times are you thinking you
 want to fuck her?

JAKE
 I don't want to fuck her.

TOMER
 Why are you staring at her tits?

JAKE

I don't know.

(beat)

Elana is my *bar mitzvah* girl.

TOMER

Bat mitzvah. Bat, bat--

JAKE

No, no--that's not what I'm saying. She sets the standard... The girl you wanted when you were 13--that's the girl you spend your life chasing.

TOMER

If this is true, you need to marry my bitch sister.

JAKE

She won't take me back.

TOMER

Because of your aunt?

Jake and his glass nod 'yes.'

TOMER (CONT'D)

Kobi, we can't lose family to make family.

(beat)

For Jews like us we only have each other.

JAKE

I don't know what she has against auntie. She's just a nice old lady.

ON TOMER: "I wish I didn't give a fuck."

EXT. RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CA - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: ONE YEAR EARLIER

SoCal's everlasting sun starts to lose its glow as the day dims.

Locals power walk, *bags* in hand--designer and shopping.

Tourists move in slow motion. Chinese. Saudis. Mid-Western Americans. Many others.

In their own manners, the clusters of visitors snap selfies and take in the glamour of La-La Land.

We rise up and focus in on--

EXT. THE STREETS OF BEVERLY HILLS, CA - CONTINUOUS

A lone female's prowl. With pep in her step, SAMMI MEYER (60s) walks her bulldog, ELLA, down the street.

Sammi's skinny jeans and tailored-black blouse showcase a fit woman whose Hollywood attraction and allure may have aged some but have yet to fade and she knows it--

Sammi crosses Wilshire Boulevard, heading south and traversing the borders of Rodeo's Disneyland atmosphere toward the anonymity of a quaint neighborhood.

A Beverly Hills parking cop--MIKEY (early 50s)--passes by on the opposite side of the residential street.

MIKEY

Hi Ms. Meyer.

SAMMI

(waving)

Hey'ya Mikey.

Mikey gives Sammi the instinctual once-over while trying to think of something to say--

MIKEY

Damn, that will always be the cutest dog ever.

SAMMI

You know it.

Sammi leads Ella down the street until we arrive to--

EXT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT, BEVERLY HILLS, CA - CONTINUOUS

A late 1920s Spanish Colonial Revival building.

MIKEY

Your place too--the prettiest building on the block.

SAMMI

You mean the work of art that was once a home before butchers in the 60s hacked it up.

MIKEY
 (feigning a grimace)
 Yeah.

Sammi salutes 'goodbye' to Mikey, as--

She and Ella spring up three small brick steps to the front door.

Sammi JOSTLES her key in the lock and enters into the--

INT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

FOYER:

WINDED SOME, Sammi unhooks Ella's leash. The dog twirls a couple times.

SAMMI
 Ella. Be a good example baby.

Ella BARKS in confirmation and looks up at her master.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
 Charles, Raúl...

The pair of dogs BARK SOFTLY, announcing their approach to the--

KITCHEN:

CHARLES and RAÚL appear and run up to Sammi. She shows them who's boss and--

Picks up a giant wooden spoon.

She proceeds to gather and mix together wet with dry dog food in a salad bowl.

From the kitchen countertop, Sammi takes a white paper bag stamped "Beverly Pet Hospital" stamped and pulls out a bottle that reads "Gabapentin Tablets 300mg."

She pours out a few of the pills on the countertop and places the bottle among a large collection of neatly arranged prescriptions.

Sammi uses the pointy end of the wooden spoon to grind up the tablets.

She sprinkles the powder into the dog-food salad, further stirs the concoction, bends down, and fills three dog bowls.

Ella, Charles, and Raúl huddle around the evening offering. Sammi pets each dog one after another as they NIBBLE away.

Sammi gets up and eyes her own prescription collection on the countertop. She taps her smartphone: "6:49 p.m." appears in front of a smartphone wallpaper of Sammi, her dogs, and a younger Jake.

ON SAMMI: "Shit. Time for me too."

She slides her phone into her jeans back pocket and twists off the caps of three prescription bottles--

A cellphone RINGS--

She pulls the phone back out--it's not ringing.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
(sotto voce)
Right.

She unclenches her hand, lays her pills on the counter, and leaves the room in search of the incessant RINGING.

The dogs step it up and RAVASH their dwindling meal.

SAMMI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, shit! Yes... Tell'im I will
be there 20 minutes tops.

Sammi walks back into the kitchen, opens the fridge, and twists the cap off of a V8 bottle. She pours a tall glass.

The dogs CHOMP away at the few remaining morsels.

Sammi grabs the wooden spoon and smashes up the pile of pills on the counter. She shovels the mound of powder into the V8 glass and GULPS it down.

We jump to the--

FOYER:

She throws her Rebecca Minkoff satchel over her shoulder, picks up two large black duffle bags, and heads for the door.

We skip to--

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SAMMI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sammi POPPING her gray Toyota Corolla's trunk and throwing in the two duffle bags.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

She tosses her satchel on the passenger seat and situates into the driver's seat, adjusts the rearview mirror, and--

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Reverses the sedan out of the driveway.

She drives up a block and stops at the light, waiting to turn left onto Wilshire Boulevard.

EXT. TOYOTA COROLLA, WILSHIRE BOULEVARD INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Stopped at the light, the Corolla's left turn signal BLINKS in the face of oncoming traffic.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Sammi's POV: She gazes into her rearview mirror. A large dark circle appears from nowhere and starts to shrink and pull and stretch her vision into a tiny black dot. It drags her consciousness along, until--

Blankness.

SMASH CUT TO:

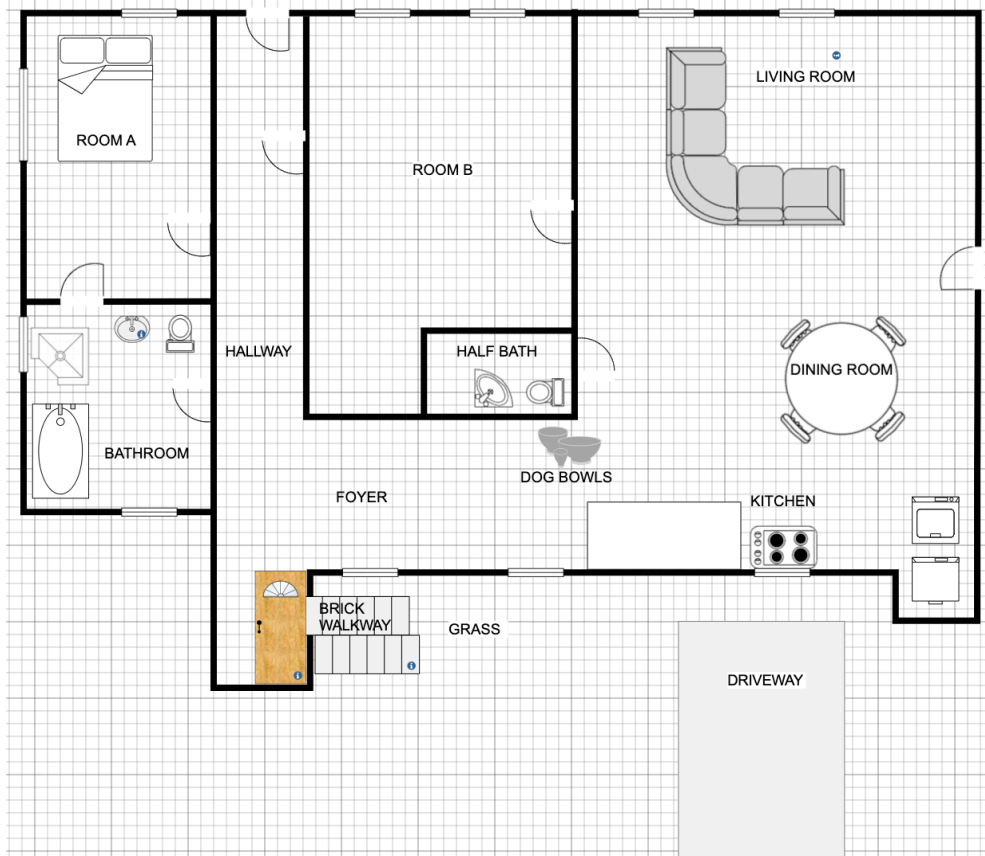
INT. BEDROOM (ROOM A), SAMMI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sammi GASPS awake in her bed.

She rests up in a frenzy and pats the tops of her pants. She's still wearing the same skinny jeans and black blouse.

She hops out of bed and exits her bedroom (room A), heading for the front door.

**** Apartment Floor Plan Begins ****



**** Apartment Floor Plan Ends ****

Sammi's entourage of dogs BARKS OBNOXIOUSLY and follows her--

EXT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

To the empty driveway.

SAMMI
(to the dogs)
What the heck happened guys?

She peers up at the sun.

The sun glares back.

INT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

KITCHEN:

Once again, Sammi multitasks. She's feeding her dogs while holding her smartphone to her ear.

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Beverly Hills Police Department. Is
this an emergency?

SAMMI
(into her cell phone)
No, umm--

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
How may I direct your call?

SAMMI
(into her cell phone)
I need to make a report of a theft--
my car's been stolen.

POLICE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Directing you now.

SAMMI
(into her cell phone)
Thanks.

The line TRILLS. She paces into the--

FOYER:

DETECTIVE BECK (O.S.)
Auto Theft. Beck speaking.

SAMMI
(into her cell phone)
Yes, I need to report a stolen car.

She looks at her collection of pill bottles.

I/E. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - DUSK

An unmarked police car (the kind that doesn't even try to hide its purpose) PULLS INTO the driveway.

Sammi peeks through her kitchen's Venetian blinds.

The blinds remain CRINKLED, as she exits the apartment to greet a strapping man.

He's Mid-30s. Caucasian. Clearly a police detective. This is CHRIS SPEARMAN.

SAMMI

Detective Beck. Thank you for the speedy response.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

No ma'am. Not Beck. I'm Spearman. I'm with the Los Angeles Police Department. I know you rang up BHPD, but they called us since we have a smidge of unfinished business with you.

Spearman shakes Sammi's dainty hand. She's so nervous it seems like her hand may snap in half.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN (CONT'D)

You were in an automobile accident two evenings ago--

ON SAMMI: Shocked.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN (CONT'D)

You crossed traffic up here on Wilshire and slammed your sedan into a couple of parked cars.

SAMMI

(her hand springs up,
covering her mouth as
tears well up)

I did what?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

You don't recall?

SAMMI

No sir. Not at all.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

Well, that's troublesome.

ON SAMMI: Still in pure disbelief.

SAMMI

I didn't hurt anyone, right?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

No ma'am, just mad hammered a couple cars and totaled your vehicle.

SAMMI

Why am I home? I wasn't taken to the hospital?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

See ma'am, that's the most peculiar part. You were lucid when the officers arrived on scene. The paramedics checked your vitals. Since the accident occurred so close to your residence, an officer and paramedic walked you home and put you in bed.

SAMMI

'Put me in bed?'

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

Yes ma'am. Fed your dogs. I believe both were on your request.

Sammi shakes her head 'no' and sits down on the three small-brick doorway steps.

SAMMI

I'm in deep shit right?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

Well ma'am, considering your statement now. I will have to recommend a license suspension until you have some medical tests conducted.

SAMMI

A license suspension?

ON SAMMI: "Game over."

The detective's response goes inaudible as Sammi spaces out, lost in thought...

She resists the recurring blankness. A beat, as she pulls herself together.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

Ms. Meyer do you understand?

SAMMI

Yes, yes, I do and I'm truly sorry.

ON SPEARMAN: He gives Sammi a slow once over, freezing on her face. He tries to remember where he's seen her before.

We jump to the--

INT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

FOYER:

Sammi SLAMS the door behind her. The dogs gather and look up at her with sympathetic eyes.

The dogs follow her to the--

KITCHEN:

Sammi kneels down and pets one right after another.

SAMMI

(to the dogs)

We're some lucky motherfuckers.

She smirks, stands, and leaves the kitchen, heading for--

ROOM B (rather than her bedroom):

Sammi opens the door and makes her way through a room styled on Mid-Century Modern nostalgia. She admires her organizational skills as displayed atop an out-of-place Art Deco-era vanity:

... Stacks of bound and worn hundred dollar bills.

... A fancy scale.

... Sheets of small unperforated plastic baggies.

... Cartons containing vials of all sorts and sizes.

... Chemical testing kits.

... A CZ P-09 pistol. Four accompanying magazines.

... And 16 uncut glistening bricks of pure cocaine.

Sammi approaches one of the bricks. She hoists up the lonely brick to the sunlight whimpering through the blinds. She breaks the seal and tears off a cluster--

SAMMI (CONT'D)

(putting down the brick
and holding up the chunk)

Pure glacier.

The nugget of cocaine sparkles like an exploding star.

The ominous tiny black dot we saw earlier reemerges and starts to expand, growing larger and larger until we see--

EXT. TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING), WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - TWO EVENINGS PRIOR

The stoplight turns green and Sammi inches her Japanese make forward.

Oncoming traffic passes in a seemingly endless current.

The light turns yellow.

Then red.

Sammi makes the customary L.A. red-lit left-hand turn.

The Toyota straightens out from the turn then--

IN A SUDDEN, the Corolla swerves left, speeding across traffic and--

SMASHING VIOLENTLY into a row of parked cars.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING), WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - SIMULTANEOUS

IN SLOW MOTION, the airbag DEPLOYS and blows Sammi back into her seat like an astronaut lifting off to the heavens.

Her Rebecca Minkoff satchel flies from the passenger seat to the windshield--

ON IMPACT, white powder explodes and hails across the car's interior.

It's *snowing* in L.A.

Realtme returns to--

INT. KITCHEN, SAMMI'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Sammi snapping out of her recollection.

SAMMI
Fucking shit--where is it?!

TITLE CARD: PISTOL FREEWAY

INT. KITCHEN, SAMMI'S APARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Sammi hovers over a batch of *matzah*-ball soup, stirring and salting, stirring and peppering.

She adds in diced carrots and stirs some more.

Jake hustles over and commandeers the giant wooden spoon out of Sammi's hand. At this point in time, Jake still acts like a spoiled Jewish-American kid who dresses and talks the part of a wannabe hip-hop star.

JAKE

Auntie, why ya cookin'? You needz
to be restin'.

SAMMI

Give me the damn spoon back before
I sic Ella on you. She already
thinks you're a *schwarze*.

Ella sneaks up to Jake's feet.

ON ELLA: GROWLING, she means business.

ON JAKE: "Okay, but don't make me say: 'I told you so.'"

He looks down at Ella, hands over the wooden spoon to Sammi, and retreats across the open floor plan to the--

LIVING ROOM:

Jakes plops down on the couch and flips on the TV. KTLA. The Los Angeles Dodgers lead the Houston Astros 6-0 in the 6th inning.

SAMMI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What exactly did that tow-yard
hussy say?

JAKE

Ho-town Asterisks.
(beat)
Yo, when the Dodgers split from
Brooklyn, you think they knewz all
us Jews would creep'em to L.A.?

SAMMI (O.S.)

Focus, *schmuck!*

JAKE

Yeahz.
(beat)
That ratchet-ass lady at that dirty-
ass desk said your car didn't have
nothingz worth keepin' in it.

SAMMI (O.S.)

Oh, she did, did she?

JAKE

It is what it be auntie. Don't go makin' a scene over there. You probably forgot where you put your bags. You check under your vanities?

Sammi walks over to the couch and lords over Jake.

His little-boy puppy-dog eyes pop up at her.

With the giant wooden spoon, she WHAPS him across the face--

He HOLLERS and nearly rolls off the couch.

A large red splotch creeps across Jake's cheek. Chicken broth runs down his jawline and drips off of his chin.

SAMMI

(wagging the spoon at Jake)

You're going to go back down there. You're going to take Tomer with you and maybe some of the other Israeli *haverim* if he says so.

(beat)

Motherfucker!

Sammi seethes her way back to the kitchen and directly starts to stir the *matzah*-ball soup again.

JAKE

(sitting up and wiping off his face)

I can't go jeopardizing my rapzadasical prospects--

SAMMI

You're going to go back down there! And you are going to come back here with a better fucking answer!

Jake glances over at her and nods "yes."

SAMMI (CONT'D)

And stop speaking like a moron.

Ella BARKS a reiteration.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA - DAY -
ESTABLISHING

Jake's suped-up black 2000 Honda Civic with a red racing stripe putts eastward toward West Hollywood.

INT. HONDA CIVIC (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jakes sifts through his Spotify until locating a playlist entitled, "The JayS West Coast Gangstas."

He pushes play--

Mack 10's "Foe Life" begins to BUMP through the ride's Bose speakers--

JAKE

(rapping along, not
missing a beat)

Mack Ten you know you rule hip hop
and Ice Cube you know you rule hip-
hoppin' and Mack Ten you know rule
hip-hoppin' and--

(his driving doesn't
detract from his
replicative hand
movements as he rap
karaoke)

Wait a minute, that ain't how the
West Coast rock, nigga! Mack Ten
nutty as they come leave'em face
down and numb from the waist down.
It's Sunday a gun day, rollin' down
a one way. In my 'lac front and
back, over train tracks. On yak and
herb nigga swerve. It get's on my
nerves, banked my Danas on the
curb. In the gutta lane. I'm a
butta man. Foot to the flo', what
you want from the sto'. I'm broke
as a muthafucka nigga buy my
single. Comin' from Ingle is my
jingle. Seen yo' bitch at the sto'
could took her. But niggas start to
handcuff they hoes like T.J.
Hooker. Fool I'ma vet you can bet
that I can dance underwater and not
get wet. It's the nappy headed
nigga that can kill and rap.
Everybody run when I bust a cap.
Puttin' Inglewood up on the map.
Look at what I do when I pull my
strap.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Bust two rounds nigga about to clown. Bitch hit the silent alarm it's goin' down. Foe life, foe life. Mack Ten comin' through the hood with stripes. Foe life, foe life--

EXT. TOMER'S POSTMODERN JAPANESE HOME, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

From the street, Jake pushes an intercom on the front gate. TRILLING.

Jake's face remains a little blotchy.

ELANA (O.S.)

Leave it at the gate.

JAKE

(holding down the button)
It's not a delivery. I'm here for 'Toe-mur.'

ELANA (O.S.)

(instructively)
To-mér.
(sotto voce)
Amerikai.

JAKE

(perplexed)
How's that?

A beat of *nada*.

ON JAKE: "I can't win today."

The gate BUZZES open.

Passing an impeccable Koi pond and urban garden, Jake strolls up to the front door. Waiting to "greet" him--

ELANA BAR-SIPOR (26) *hangs* on the doorway. Like a throwback from a bygone '80s-Mod era, she's something out of a Robert Palmer video. Light-eyed brunette. Girlish face, done up in heavy make-up: dark-blue eye shadow, bubble-gum pink lipstick. Pure sex invades her face. Her boyish body speaks fluent-New Wave woman.

ELANA

What's up Marky Mark?

ON JAKE: They say it only takes men a second to fall in love.

JAKE
 Funny young lady.
 (clasping hands)
 Is *To-mér* around?

ON ELANA: She likes his face, but his swagger couldn't repulse her more.

ELANA
 Quick learner. Big-bad 'gangsta,' huh?

JAKE
 Not of that, I'm just tryin' to do rightz by my auntie.

ELANA
 Your auntie?

JAKE
 Sammi Dees. The film actress.

ELANA
 Sandy D. I'm suppose to know who that is?

Tomer grabs the door. At first, all we see is his giant hand on the door--

Tomer pulls the door open--

TOMER
 (in a thickish Israeli accent)
Koos emek.
 (to Elana)
Lama at tamid...
 (to Jake)
 She wears Hugo, so she is thinking she is now the boss.

Elana starts hammer-punching Tomer's chest--

He puts his hand on her forehead and steps back. She's now out of reach.

Tomer CHUCKLES.

Elana relents and slams the door on Tomer's shoulder.

ELANA
 (strutting off)
 Fuck you Tomer. Fucking jerk.

Tomer rubs his shoulder and extends his hand to Jake.

JAKE
 (shaking Tomer's hand)
 I'm Jake, sorry bruh. Did I piss
 off your girl?

TOMER
 Elana--she is my baby sister. No
 worrying about her. The cycle flows
 is unfriendly.

ON JAKE: Relief.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 She is mad because I said she
 cannot be Cyndi Lauper.

JAKE
 She's a singer?

Tomer shrugs without judgment.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (pointing with his thumb
 to the street)
 My ride's right here. Should we
 rollz out?

Tomer peeks over his property's wall to see the rice burner.
 He lights up a non-filter Lucky Strike, taps his phone, and
 walks toward the garage, as it--

I/E. TOMER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Slowly opens and reveals the gorgeous black Ferrari
 California with red leather interior--the one we saw earlier.
 You remember? (The Insta 'models' certainly do.) Parked
 alongside, a loaded custom gunsmoke-gray Range Rover with a
 license plate that reads: "GOLAN06."

JAKE
 Whoa. I think I gotz a lot to learn
 from ya.

ON TOMER: "Of course you do."

JAKE (CONT'D)
 "Zooz?"

TOMER
 (taking a drag)
 "Move it."

Startled, Jake starts to jog toward the Ferrari's passenger door.

ON TOMER: "Fuckssake."

TOMER (CONT'D)
No, no, I am telling you that he says this word.

JAKE
What does?

Tomer grimaces and gestures to the SUV--

TOMER
(opening the SUV's back)
We are going to need spaces.

Tomer picks up a shovel resting against the garage corner next to a line of 5-gallon dispenser water jugs.

Tomer tosses the shovel in the SUV's back--

TOMER (CONT'D)
(nodding)
Put two of those big water cups in the trunk.

JAKE
O-kay.

Jake picks two up of the jugs and puts them in the SUV's back and shuts the hatch.

INT. CARLOS' HOME, BEL AIR, CA - DAY

CARLOS "CAUDILLO" AGUILAR (late 40s) lounging in front of an 80-inch TV. He's brown. In-shape. Brutish. He smiles at the screen shining on his face.

ON THE TV: A 1970s sexploitation film plays through a scene of naked female prisoners in a jailhouse shower. Skinny girls. Real tits. Full bushes.

He picks up his cell phone and scrolls to "Sammi DDDs," revealing a "XIII" tattoo on his right hand.

PHONE TRILLS.

INT. SAMMI'S COKE ROOM (ROOM B) - MOMENTS EARLIER

Sammi paces back and forth across the room.

Bricks of coke line the Art-Deco vanity.

An M-4 assault rifle tent poles against a corner.

She picks up and rotates a coke brick.

The brick glistens in the sunlight seeping through the blinds.

ON SAMMI: She can never get enough of the glorious sight. A rainbow scans across the brick.

Her "other" smartphone RINGS.

She pulls out the phone: "NO CALLER ID."

ON SAMMI: She knows who's calling.

SAMMI
(answering)
Hey'ya.

INTERCUT - CELLPHONE CONVERSATION

CARLOS
(in a Mexican-American
accent)
Hey-ya, back.

SAMMI
(pacing, talking faster
than normal)
I'm great thank you. The high
holidays went well. You know, the
Kippur fasting tires you out a
little, but uh, for the other
thing, I'm working things out.

ON CARLOS: The TV changes scenes, mutating the colors and shades on his face.

CARLOS
Yur... 'working things out.'

SAMMI
(still pacing)
Yeah.

CARLOS
I don't know what this means *mi*
hija. All I know is people wait and
you no show. Now I hear *y* see
things. The streets have eyes--not
only ears.

SAMMI

(pacing more quickly)
Caudillo, you need to know: I did
 not fuck you over here. I did not.
 I would never. I had some car
 trouble and that led to some shit,
 but I did not fuck you.

ON THE TV: Two lesbian inmates MOAN as they fuck each other
 with glass Coke bottles.

CARLOS

I know. I would love for you to
 fuck me. There...fore, I think I
 would know if you did.

SAMMI

Carlos you know I'm too old for
 you...

Carlos watches the scene on the TV for a beat and smiles--

SAMMI (CONT'D)

Which one were you watching this
 time?

Carlos rests up like he just shook off a Voodoo spell.

CARLOS

(clearing throat)
Friday Night in the Hoosgow.
 (beat)
 You know 'hoosgow' comes from
Español--juzgao? You gringos steal
 everything.

SAMMI

I'm no fucking grin-go. What's your
 point?

CARLOS

Nah'ting. There are some things
 worse than the 'hoosgow.' This is
 why I know you're gonna make it
 right. You can't be fuckin' up with
 the *jotios* breathing down your
 back. They smell the blood in the
 water. Even a gang of little faggot
 fish can nip at a *grandote* shark
 and bring'er down.

SAMMI

(pausing her rhythmic
 pace)

(MORE)

SAMMI (CONT'D)

I'm no giant shark--I'm a goddamn scary-motherfucking dinosaur.

ON CARLOS: "*Órale*, I love this *puta*."

EXT. LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Tomer's Range Rover speeds down the boulevard, heading north to south. The human geography quickly transforms from pampered and privileged to blue collar and homeless. The topography melds from Beverly Hills' decadence to L.A.'s gritty working-class grind.

INT. RANGE ROVER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Tomer commands the wheel.

Jake sits in the passenger seat and taps his finger on his knee to the beat of Radiohead's "The National Anthem."

JAKE
Radiohead fucks.

TOMER
Fucks?

JAKE
Yeah, they're the shit.

TOMER
You think they are shit?

JAKE
No, no, I mean Radiohead is really good.

TOMER
(nodding 'yes')
Raa-diohead. I see them in Tel Aviv with Dudu Tassa. *Mamash tov*.
(beat)
You are knowing Dudu Tassa?

JAKE
Israeli music?

TOMER
Yes.

JAKE
Nah. I only know that gangsta rapper Subliminal.

A beat of the men nodding 'yeah' at each other.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Shouldn't you pay attention to the road?

TOMER
Jaakk...Yaakov--Kobi!

JAKE
Kobi?

TOMER
Ken, ken, yes. Yaakov makes the same: Kobi.

JAKE
Say whatz?

TOMER
(in Hebrew)
Ezeh tipesh...Kobi. Kobi.

JAKE
What's up with the boomshakala "be" sound?

TOMER
Bet, Bet. Like Ja-cob. What no Hebrew?

JAKE
Nah, my dad let me skip outz on Hebrew school after day one. He didn't like chick rabbis and shit.

TOMER
(shakes head 'yes')
Nachon. Blashemy.
(beat)
Bar mitzvah?

JAKE
Nah.

TOMER
(shakes head 'no')
You have *brit*?

JAKE
Huh?

TOMER
Brit, brit millah?
 (gestures scissors
 snipping)
 Cut off the pigskin?

JAKE
 Ah, a "*bris.*" Yeah, of course. I'm
 a Jew bruh.

ON JAKE: "This dude's high-octane driving is gonna get us
 both killed."

TOMER
Tov. I need to trust you.

JAKE
 How would you know that from thatz?

TOMER
 No army but you are a Jew. Beggars
 cannot do the begging--no?

JAKE
 Yeah, something like that.

An awkward beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Why's your sister have no accent,
 but you're like Israeli as fuck?

Tomer HONKS the horn and flips off a driver driving slowly in
 the slow lane.

TOMER
 (to the driver)
Ben-zonah!

Beat.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (back to Jake)
 Same *abba*. Different *emmas*. Elana
 grows up here. I grow up there. I
 do the army. She does the spending.

They glance over at each other and CHUCKLE.

Beat.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 Natatorium. You know this word?

JAKE

Yeah, it's an indoor pool or some shit.

TOMER

Wow, smart guy.

JAKE

Nah, Auntie Sammi paid my way into Milken. I didn't belongz. But, now I know a bunch of rich-person shit.

TOMER

(pointing his finger)

Your auntie loves you very much.

JAKE

No doubt. I'm here with you aren't I?

TOMER

(smirking)

Okay, okay, so, I pay to build a pool in my house and I call it a pool--

JAKE

I'm with ya.

TOMER

They say it is no more a pool. It is a nata--

INT. BEDROOM (ROOM A), SAMMI'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Sammi stares into her *real* vanity's mirror. This one fits the room's decor.

SAMMI

(to her reflection)

You are not going out like this.

You will never go out like this.

(beat)

Fender bender. Punk city cop.

Purple Mafia queers. Some Mexican

gangster who jerks off to your

movies. You are not ever going out

like this!

She picks up and chucks a perfume bottle. As the bottle and mirror collide and SHATTER into pieces the perfume makes a splash. Perfume streams down the shattered mirror.

We see dozens of versions of the same image of Sammi's reflection in shards of glass and reframe on the--

INT. SAMMI'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

LIVING ROOM:

Jake reclaims his spot on the couch.

JAKE
You okay auntie?

SAMMI (O.S.)
Yes!

He flips through the TV's channels and settles on a movie:
Blood In Blood Out (1993).

ON THE TV: A jailhouse scene between two Mexican-American gangsters--

THE TV (DIALOGUE FROM FILM)
...He was right about the drugs.
Whoever controls them, controls
everything... You ever see an old
drug dealer--they don't exist.

JAKE
(laughing)
Stupid *pendejos*.

TOMER (O.S.)
Kobi!

JAKE
(beat)
Yeah? Whatcha need?

TOMER (O.S.)
(in Hebrew)
Bo!

Jake GRUMBLES to himself, gets up, and makes his way to--

The Coke Room (ROOM B):

Tomer proceeds to DUCT TAPE a GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN (early 30s) to a chair. She's bottle blonde. Thin. Her button-up blue-collar shirt dons an embroidery: "Kelsey-Lynn." Her long sleeves surely conceal track marks. A few inaudible words SQUEAK through her freshly duct-taped mouth.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (to Jake)
 Take her hair.

Jake corrals her hair as Tomer finishes the wrap up job.

Beat.

Tomer rips off the strip of duct tape on her mouth and sticks it to the right side of her face. The strip of duct tape dangles like a hesitant jumper on the side of a metropolitan bridge.

JAKE
 (to Tomer)
 Yo, ya think she really knows somethin'?

TOMER
 Emm...is there ehh white wuman that do not know somesing?

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN
 Fuck you!

JAKE
 Knowz real good how to be bossy-ass bitchz. Not so sure about'em knowing substantialz. And I'm speaking from experience.

ON JAKE: "I'm enjoying all this a little too much."

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (to Tomer)
 Should we re-tape her mouth?

Tomer makes a face.

ON JAKE: "Ahh."

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (to the woman)
 In a minute, my boss lady is comin' in here wantin' some answerz. Real onez. She's gonna bring a nasty weapon. A nasty nasty weapon.
 (shaking his head)
 I suggest you fess before she rollz up.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN
 Who the fuck are you guys? Like retarded Italians?

TOMER

Italkim?

(laughing)

You are thinking the Romans do better than us? What they do today? Drive the little-girl motor-scooters?

(clasping and shaking her jaw back and forth)

VAROOM, VAROOM, VAROOM.

ON THE GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN: "Shit."

TOMER (CONT'D)

(releasing her jaw)

My people, we make the Romans to be bitches. How you call this in American speaking:

(mimicking an American-gangster accent as best he can)

"We punk them out. Make them hold our pockets."

Tomer pulls the interior of one of his designer jeans' front pockets inside-out.

TOMER (CONT'D)

You are wanting to hold my pockets?

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

(panting)

Fuck you fucking weirdo!

Tomer and Jake make way as Sammi emerges--

Frail in physiology. Gargantuan in aura. Sammi keeps her arms folded behind her back.

ON THE GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN: "A grandma?"

Finding her rhythm, Sammi paces in a circle around the woman tied up in the chair.

ON THE GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN: "It's all starting to make sense."

The Grungy White Woman peers down at the giant wooden spoon peeking out from behind Sammi's back.

IN A FLASH, Sammi unleashes and WHACKS the Grungy White Woman across her face with *the* wooden spoon: *Bitch slap.*

The hanging duct tape-strip flaps and sticks onto her lips sideways.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (Trying to PFUFF OFF the
 duct tape)
 Fucking fuck! Bitch!

With a different trajectory, Sammi SMACKS the Grungy White Woman again: Pimp slap.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (Fully PFUFFING OFF the
 tape)
 What the fuck?!
 (starting to CRY)
 I just work there. I didn't take
 it.

Sammi grips her weapon of choice and--with the pointy end--
 BAM: she hits the Grungy White Woman in the center of her
 forehead: Spoon punch.

The Grungy White Woman jolts backward and her shirt's top
 button pops open, exposing her cleavage.

A quarter-sized red dot swells on the Grungy White Woman's
 forehead. Half dollar. Whole dollar. Whole forehead.

The apex turns purple and breaks--

Blood drips down the captive's face.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (hysterically)
 I don't know anything. I don't know
 shit! I didn't take your loot!

SAMMI
 Tell me everything, you think, you
 might know.
 (nodding to Tomer)
 Or
 (beat)
 I'm going to let my scary friend
 here take you for a dip in his
 indoor pool.

ON THE GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN: Horror.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
 Check this guy out. He's like a
 bronze statue of some ancient god.
 Maybe you'd like to go for a swim
 with him?
 (beat)
 Right?

(MORE)

SAMMI (CONT'D)

If your womb wasn't rotted out from all the crank? PCP? You'd want to bear his children. Probably a little Special K.

(turning to Tomer)

What do the kids call it when they huff whip cream up their orifices?

Tomer shrugs.

JAKE

Whippets?

SAMMI

(SNAPPING her fingers)

Thank you Jakey.

(looking at Kelsey-Lynn)

Alright, alright, I get it.

(beat)

Yet, you see--this is not a dip you want to take. Tomer here might fuck you, but it won't be romantic. He won't kiss your neck and you orgasm. He might, but only after you're dead.

(beat)

A corpse purges, leaks, and dries up real quick. This will make your *pachach* snug again--probably for the first time since step-daddy started tucking you in at night.

ON JAKE: He's not enjoying this so much anymore.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

Fuck! All I know is my boss sold your haul to some gay guys.

SAMMI

Gay guys? What gay guys?

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

I don't know, some really really gay guys.

SAMMI

Like West Hollywood really really gay guys?

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

(shaking her head 'yes')

Like that.

SAMMI

(looking to Tomer)
 She's *shvitzin'* all over the place.
 Take'er for a dip. See if we can't
 find out more about these *fegalas*.

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

What the fuck?! We're not trying to
 get caught up with the 'Big Boss.'
 I told you all--

SAMMI

Caught up with the what?

GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN

The Big Boss. The V. You.
 (beat)
 I'm so sorry V.

Tomer takes hold of the duct-tape strip on the Grungy White Woman's face and fastens it across her mouth. HER TEARY-EYED PLEADING MUFFLES INTO SQUEAKS. Tomer grabs the Grungy White Woman's chin to quiet her.

SAMMI

V.

Tomer leans forward toward the Grungy White Woman and further opens her shirt, exposing more cleavage.

ON JAKE: His eyes widen from Tomer's 'creeper' move.

The Grungy White Woman SCREAMS into her muzzle.

Tomer walks to the corner of the room and opens the closet. He RUMMAGES through unseen junk.

Sammi and Jake glance at one another. The Grungy White Woman's eyes look for anyone to make contact with in a clearly hopeless endeavor.

OLD 90S SQUEEZE TOY (O.S.)

You're my best friend.

TOMER (O.S.)

Koos emek.

OLD 90S SQUEEZE TOY (O.S.)

I love you.

TOMER (O.S.)

Fuck!

ON THE GRUNGY WHITE WOMAN: Fright.

ON SAMMI: Stasis.

ON JAKE: "Am I the only sane one here?"

Tomer rushes back toward the Grungy White Woman--

ON JAKE: He recognizes Tomer carrying one his favorite old pieces of Dodgers' memorabilia.

In one hand, Tomer holds a big blue foam 'Los Angeles #1' finger. With the other hand, he pulls out a CZ P-09, chambers a round, and sticks the pistol inside the foam finger.

The Grungy White Woman SCREAMS--

Tomer draws down on the Grungy White Woman from the top of her head--

The pistol BLASTS a round through the foam finger and through the top of her head. Blood SPATTERS downward covering her chest and lap toward the Persian carpet squared up under the hostage chair.

The GUNSHOT WHIMPERS AN ECHO throughout the room. Her body convulses, tipping over the chair and THUDS as it hits the floor.

Tomer lowers his pistol.

Jakes stands frozen like an ice sculpture melting from a blowtorch.

SAMMI
(stepping forward)
Tomer?! Fuck!

Tomer nods to the Grungy White Woman's chest and steps back.

Sammi kneels and takes a closer look--

On the Grungy White Woman's right breast: a faded-jailhouse *swastika* tattoo peeks out from her bra.

Sammi pulls the woman's shirt away from her left breast--

Another dull-jailhouse tattoo reads: "Princess Jew Killa."

SAMMI (CONT'D)
(to Tomer)
Really?!
(beat)
What did you think she was?

ON TOMER: Stone cold.

SAMMI (CONT'D)

(standing)

I need to relax.

(to Tomer)

Get this Nazi cunt King Tut the fuck out of here.

Sammi meanders to a turntable on the entertainment center against the wall and uses the pointy end of the wooden spoon to HIT the play button.

Antonio Vivaldi's "Violin Concerto in E Major, RV 269, No. 1, Spring: I. Allegro" begins to PLAY across the surround sound system.

JAKE

(without missing a beat)

Vivaldi.

TOMER

(un-duct taping the dead body from the chair)

Milk school?

Sammi notices a smattering of blood from the wooden spoon smudged on the play button. She licks her thumb and wipes the blood off of the button.

Sammi turns and tosses Jake the wooden spoon and walks off--

Jakes catches the spoon and--

JAKE

(nods 'yes')

Milk school.

TOMER

Nachon.

Beat.

SAMMI (O.S.)

How the fuck am I ever gonna get that out of my Oriental?!

The two men look at each other.

TOMER

(to Jake)

You okay? Maybe--

Tomer's speech goes inaudible as--

ON JAKE: He glimpses at the dying smoke emitting from the Dodgers #1 finger on the ground.

Tomer's voice comes back--

TOMER (CONT'D)
Ma? You no like burying dead Nazis?

ON JAKE: He "mans up."

JAKE
I'll be number onez on this.

Tomer nods in recognition.

INT. FIST - VARIOUS - WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

THE GAY CLUB'S MAIN INTERIOR:

If the walls could talk...

Journeying through the establishment:

... The dance floor. *Sweaty boys.*

... The bar. *Flirty men.*

... The shadows. *Sexy silhouettes.*

... The line for the restroom. *Sex and cocaine.*

We follow an assistant, TEA BOY (mid-20s). Smooth faced. Slick attire. The boy-bodied little helper KNOCKS on a door.

CHARLIE CHARGER (O.S.)
Not something I tend to say: Enter!

The young assistant opens the door to the--

UPSTAIRS MANAGEMENT OFFICE:

Behind a stunning one-of-a-kind ocean-salvaged blue-stained wood desk, CHARLIE CHARGER (late 40s)--toned and manly--welcomes in the boyish assistant.

Charlie's POV: Tea Boy begins to SPEAK but soon goes inaudible as his youth not only blurs Charlie's vision but deadens his hearing.

CHARLIE CHARGER (CONT'D)
One more time. She's getting away with it?

TEA BOY
The Hispanics re--

CHARLIE CHARGER
Latinos...

TEA BOY
The Latinos demand a sit-down
between you two.

CHARLIE CHARGER
Us two? As in, me, and the runner-
up for best-supporting porno
actress 1979?

TEA BOY
Yes.

Beat.

CHARLIE CHARGER
(nearly imploding)
The impulse of this distressing
news requires you to come here and
make daddy feel better.

Tea Boy struts toward Charlie.

EXT. NEAR PHELAN (MOJAVE DESERT), CA - DEAD OF NIGHT

An empty 5-galloon dispenser-water jug sits on the desert
floor.

Jake opens the second 5-gallon dispenser-water jug and pours
it onto the stubborn ground.

Tomer oversees.

Jake picks up the shovel and STRIKES the soil. It digs
unwillingly into smaller clumps.

A large hole in the dirt testifies to their hearty effort.

A body wrapped in a Dodgers-blue tarp awaits alongside.
Large, unkept, white, female feet dangle outside the scope of
the wrap job.

TOMER
Okay, okay. *Zeh oh.*

Jakes stops digging.

TOMER (CONT'D)
We can put her in.

JAKE
It's only half dug.

TOMER
(gesturing)
Yalla.

Jake and Tomer pick up the body. Struggling, Jake attempts to stick her in horizontally. Tomer maneuvers the body to drop it in vertically.

JAKE
What are you doing?

The body falls to the earth.

Tomer LAUGHS and sits down on the desert floor.

TOMER
Kar-li.

JAKE
Say what?

Tomer wipes the sweat from his brow, pulls out his lighter from his jacket, and fires up a non-filter.

Jake stabs the shovel into the ground, sits down across from Tomer, and rests against the shovel.

TOMER
In Israel, I do the army in Golani brigade, Egoz unit. We are fighting in cold...what you call this? Cold-- Cold--

JAKE
Conditions.

With his cigarette, Tomer points affirmatively.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Golani rocks SpecOps, like Delta Force? SeALS? I watched a documentary--

TOMER
No, no, not this fancy.
(beat)
More like United States Army 10th Mountain Division, *mashehu cazeh.*
(MORE)

TOMER (CONT'D)
Special forces, no special
operations.

JAKE
Can I hit a drag?

Tomer forks over the non-filter and Jakes takes a 'hitter's puff.'

JAKE (CONT'D)
Bury a lot of bodies in the army?

TOMER
Lebanon. Friends--not enough
enemies.

ON JAKE: A somber respect washes over his face.

Tomer repos the cigarette, puffs the finale, and tosses the nub to the ground.

TOMER (CONT'D)
(standing)
I forget, you goy Jews like to bury
the dead like Jesus.

JAKE
What? *Ma*?

TOMER
(claps his hands
facetiously)
Already, learning the Hebrew... Now
learn some Jewish...
(stretching his arms
vertically)
We bury the dead *kamo cahah*.

JAKE
(rising)
Ah right, the casket shit is some
Pope money-making invention. That's
why we dug so deep. I thought you
were just being extra cautious.

Tomer winks.

The two men rise. They lift up the body and drop it into the cowboy-California grave.

Tomer picks up the shovel and begins piling on the dirt.

The eerie desert sky tells the tale of many disappeared. The men put forth the Mojave's latest offering.

Beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Should we say a few wordz?

TOMER
Ma, ohev heGoyim oo mashehu? Say
'some words' from the 'Savior' or
somesing?

JAKE
Fuck. You really do see me as a goy
don't you?!

Tomer shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Let's go. Fuck this bitch.

TOMER
(pausing his step)
There is the *neshamah* for everyone.

JAKE
Nesha-what?

TOMER
Soul.

ON JAKE: "Fuck." He's disappointed in his newfound
misanthropy.

TOMER (CONT'D)
I am laughing on you. *Yalla*, I have
the Lakers game to see.

JAKE
They don't play until tomorrow
night.

TOMER
Ken, I do not want to be late.

ON JAKE: Even nothing else, he appreciates Tomer's humor.

INT. BEDROOM, SAMMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sammi sits up in bed flipping through an outdated photo
album. In the background, the TV emits NOISES OF SIMULATED
LESBIAN SEX. Sammi peeks up at the exaggerations--

ON THE TV: It's the same movie we saw Carlos watching earlier. Only this scene depicts THREE GIRLS with a PRISON GUARD and her PR-24 baton.

Sammi picks up the remote and clicks off the TV in a HUFF.

She resumes perusing the photo album--

Jake over his years consumes many of the pages:

... Playing tee-ball.

... Starring in a junior high school play.

SAMMI

He would play Othello.

... On stage in high-school, rapping; TWO WHITE BOYS function as his "hype men." Jake *indeed* resembles Marky Mark in this picture.

... Sammi and Jake in a selfie together at a Dodgers game. He's brandishing a "#16" ETHIER jersey and flashing a "peace sign"; she wears a Dodgers cap and a bothered blank face.

Sammi peers up at the shutoff TV. Her glare reflects back at us and we skip to--

INT. THE FORMOSA, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - EVENING

A MAN IN THE SHADOWS, as he lounges comfortably in a chair suitable for Gatsby.

Three other men (we can call them the THREE AMIGOS) sit across on separate art-nouveau style chairs. They look forward at a fifth man with all the skepticism coagulated in hell.

The fifth man, Detective Spearman, who we met earlier on in Sammi's driveway, tilts before them less drunk than usual.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

It's him. Her.

(beat)

She's the heavy hitter.

A beat as the Three Amigos stew somewhat confused.

AMIGO #1

How drunk are you today detective?

ON SPEARMAN: He contemplates--

AMIGO #1 (CONT'D)
What supports your claim?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN
The beaner bikers and now the
Aryans--they all say they've never
hit anything so pure. This must be
the new stash heard on the yard.

The Three Amigos squirm in mocking unison.

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN (CONT'D)
We've always said: taste tells the
source. Or at least something,
someone, very close to the source.

AMIGO #1
The purity's confirmed?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN
(demonstrating)
I'm a pinch away. When I get my
hands on the clam, I'll dig out the
pearl.

AMIGO #2
Reel this back in fisherman. What's
her record tell us?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN
Clean. Two arrests: One in 1978 for
indecent exposure on a film set and
another in '96 for trespassing.
Make-up factory--some kinda animal-
rights thing.

AMIGO #2
Indecent exposure?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN
70s-titty pictures. Back when
Burbank would run you down for
booty shit. I've watched some of
her movies--lost a lot of aspiring
offspring.

The Three Amigos LAUGH A BIT.

AMIGO #3
You're telling me this dame
survived the 70s nudies and lived
on to cry about puppies in the 90s?
(MORE)

AMIGO #3 (CONT'D)

What the fucked happened in the 80s
that gave her the power to start
bitching instead of being used as a
bitch?

DETECTIVE SPEARMAN

The 80s--Like today, that's coke.
Do I shut her down? Bring her into
the fold?

MAN IN THE SHADOWS

(chalky voice--one might
think its Tom Waits)

Don't touch her. She spent too much
of her life being touched. Uncle.
Older boyfriend. Hollywood. You
can't touch her now. In time,
she'll reach out and touch us. The
coyotes will be circling soon.

ON AMIGO #1: Feigning like he understands.

ON AMIGO #2: Confused.

ON AMIGO #3: Blank.

INT. RANGE ROVER (MOVING), 10 FREEWAY - DEAD OF NIGHT

Raviv Kaner's "Rotza Shalom" PLAYS.

ON TOMER: Deep in thought--

Yellow-divider lines PULSE by--

Tomer steers the SUV to the freeway exit--

SKIPS IN THE ROAD'S TIMBRE jolt Jake awake.

JAKE

This sounds like I'm dead and
meeting the maker.

TOMER

You want me to play some rapping
music?

JAKE

Nah, no, I don't need thatz right
now. Let this roll.

I/E. TOMER'S HOME - VARIOUS - WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - MOMENTS LATER

Tomer leads Jake up to the house and through--

THE ENTRANCE:

Tomer kicks off his Hermès slip ons.

TOMER

Shoes.

Jake carefully removes his dirt-encrusted Nike Dunks.

Like an emperor returning to the imperial palace after a successful military campaign, Tomer struts through the--

SALON: Minimalist. Fashion coffee-table books seemingly everywhere. An original Yves Klein painting adorns the main wall above a massive white couch.

Like an explorer venturing back from a death-defying journey out West, Jake follows Tomer to the--

LIVING ROOM/NATATORIUM:

Sitting with their toes in the pool, Elana, NOA BAR-ZION (brunette and late-20s), and YASMIN KHOURY (raven-haired and mid-20s) drink from champagne flutes and MUTTER GOSSIP IN HEBREW.

Jake admires the pool...and Elana. She's wearing a navy-blue dress with white-polka dots. They make brief eye contact.

Noa gets up and jumps into Tomer's arms.

NOA

Motek!

(kissing him)

Mitgaga'ah aleha.

Outside through the large, floor-to-ceiling, sliding doors, a collection of guys and girls CLOWN AROUND: drinking, jacuzzin', and playing *shesh besh*.

JAKE

(to Elana)

Hey.

ELANA

What's up Marky.

JAKE

Jake.

ELANA

Duh, retard.

TOMER

(scrunching Noa off some)
 Jake, my fiancée Noa, you meet
 Elana already, and the very pretty
 brown girl with blue or green eyes
 or somesing is Yasmin.

Noa clasps Tomer's chin--not unlike the way Tomer did to the
 Grungy White Woman a few hours earlier. She turns to Jake--

NOA

(in a thick Israeli
 accent)

Cute.

ON TOMER: A scowl for the payback.

YASMIN

(in a Middle Eastern
 accent)

Good to meet you.

Jake submits a bashful wave.

TOMER

(gesturing to Jake)
Bo nilech, bahootz.

Tomer slides open one of the floor-to-ceiling glass doors.
 The chorus of Mergui's "Asur" BLARES.

Tomer and Jake step outside to the--

BACKYARD:

Jake's POV: He notices--

A jacuzzi encapsulating a kool guy rocking abs--BEN-ZION
 "B.Z." PERETZ (mid-30s) smokes *shisha* with a different girl
 on each arm: ADAR YAMIN (brunette and 21) and DAFNA LEVI
 (redheaded and 22).

At a barbecue, two guys BICKER over the best way to grill
 steaks: JEAN-PIERRE "J.P." SAQR (mid-30s), Arab and handsome,
 doublefists two Almaza beers. ADRIAN "OKIE" PEREZ (early
 30s), Mexican-American, stocky, the quiet type, notices Tomer
 appear and points with BBQ tongs for the rest of the gang to
 pay respect--

OKIE

Toom!

BEN-ZION
 (blowing a massive cloud
 of *shisha* smoke into the
 air from the jacuzzi)
Toom, habibi!

Okie accidentally spills his tequila drink into the barbecue
 and a gust of flames SHOOT UP--

THE GANG COLLECTIVELY
Opa!

TOMER
*Ma zeh--Lag b'Omer? I was going to
 go to sleep, but--*

Everyone kind of freezes for a beat.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 I am only laughing on you. *Yalla!*

The kickback's mood returns--

Somebody WHISTLES.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (in 'Heblish')
*Kulam tuckshiv, this is our new
 friend. Hoo lo medeber ivrit, veHoo
 ohev musikah rap--*

ON THE COLLECTIVE: SNICKERS.

TOMER (CONT'D)
 (in 'Heblish')
*Aval he's the nephew of Sammi. Hee
 meshalemet haHesbonot shelanu. He's
 a good kid. So be nice. Shem shelo
 Jake. Lo, lo, Kobi.*

Most of the gang raise their glasses to Jake, as he scans the
 circus.

At a long table, Eitan pauses playing *shesh besh* with a gray-
 haired guy, GIDON TOLEDANO (mid-60s). The two salute a
 delayed 'hello.'

The other side of the table displays a spread of *hamutzim*,
 Israeli salad, hummus, tabouli, and rice.

In the hot tub, Ben-Zion kisses Dafna on the cheek.

JAKE
Two models. Propz.

TOMER
We just celebrate B.Z. and Adar's
son for the *Pidyon HaBen*...to
protect him against all the evil--
and necessary--*hara'a* we do.

Ben-Zion turns to Adar and kisses her on the lips.

ON JAKE: Mesmerized by this new world he's stepped into--not
unlike Alice or Dorthy.

TOMER (CONT'D)
B.Z.'s a sweet man but he's a
reserve *Magav'nik*, so we keep him
away from J.P.

ON BEN-ZION: Pride.

Jean-Pierre juke-fakes throwing one of his beers toward the
jacuzzi.

Ben-Zion shakes his head.

JEAN-PIERRE
I would never, but only because of
the ladies.

BEN-ZION
(Ignoring J.P. and
beckoning Tomer)
Boss, arohat esh.

Noa Kirel's "Pouch" begins PLAYING.

TOMER
(to Jake)
Yalla, everyone eat.

Elana, Noa, and Yasmin join the gang outside. Noa puts her
arms around Tomer. Yasmin hugs Jean-Pierre from behind.

Elana catwalks to Jake and hands him an Almaza beer. An
offering in its own right.

JAKE
(surprised)
Thanks--

BEN-ZION
 (to Elana)
 (sniffling)
Eyfo haBira sheli?

ELANA
 (nodding to the beer by
 the side of the jacuzzi)
 Right under your coked-out nose.

ON ADAR: She shoots Ben-Zion death-angel eyes.

Elana rests her head on Jake's shoulder and grasps his bicep.

ON JAKE: Fuckin' surprised as shit.

JAKE
 (takes a big sip)
 Great beer. Israeli?

BEN-ZION
 (in a severely thick
 Israeli accent)
 Lebanese.
 (staring at Yasmin)
 You have to get inside and taste
 the enemy.

ON JEAN-PIERRE: "Keep looking at my girlfriend and I'll
 murder you with my bare hands!"

Ben-Zion smirks.

Jean-Pierre approaches Jake and shakes his hand.

JEAN-PIERRE
Ahlan, welcome.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, the girls throw up their hands in the air
 and repeat Noa Kirel's line on beat--

THE GIRLS COLLECTIVELY
*"Ze rak ani, ha-'pouch' veHaKhom
 shel Israel. Whoo-Whoa! Whoo!
 Whoa!"*

ON JAKE: He's deep down a killer rabbit hole...Enthralled.
 Trying to play it 'kool,' yet incorrigibly all smiles.

INT. KITCHEN, SAMMI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jake arrives after the long night/morning out. Even looking like hell, he struts in like a new man: repurposed and proud of himself.

He plops down at the kitchen table and opens a greasy McDonald's bag. He pulls out and unwraps an Egg McMuffin and takes a ravenous bite.

Sammi emerges--hovering, per usual. It's what she does best these days.

ON JAKE: The familiar scenario somehow feels different this time. He wields some kind of new, although still intangible, power.

JAKE

You know, since Kobe--helicoptering isn't good press.

SAMMI

I hear Kobe is your new nickname with the posse.

JAKE

(taking another bite)
Kobi, with an "I," not an "e."

SAMMI

I figured--the "I" symbolizes the Hebrew yud--the letter of God.

Sammi EXHALES. Her three dogs RUN UP to her.

SAMMI (CONT'D)

Wait. Are you eating pork in my house? At my kitchen table?

JAKE

It's cow.

SAMMI

Even if it is beef, which I am pretty goddamn sure it is not, you're mixing meat and milk with that fucking nuclear cheese.

Sammi SMACKS the Egg McMuffin out of Jake's mouth and onto the floor.

The three dogs SCRAMBLE.

JAKE
Fuckin'-a, auntie!

SAMMI
And now they're gonna go fucking
ham for it.

He starts massaging his temples.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
(pulling Ella back)
Not for you baby girl.

Ella WHIMPERS.

JAKE
(to Ella)
You're telling me kid.

Jake gets up and RUMMAGES through the fridge--

SLAMS the fridge door shut.

He picks up a tangerine from the fruit bowl on the counter,
adjacent to the now infamous prescription line-up.

SAMMI
Bad, boy.

JAKE
(taking a seat at the
kitchen table and
starting to peel)
I'm the bad guy now?

SAMMI
I didn't say that. There's no 'bad
guys' or 'good guys.' Cops and
robbers. In my experience, the cops
are robbers too.

JAKE
Auntie, I'm bent. I just buried a
Nazi bitch next to a weird-looking
cactus. What do you wantz?

He throws a couple tangerine bits into his mouth.

SAMMI
I need you to be *my* bad guy on our
good side.

JAKE
That's some twisted shiznit.

SAMMI
Speak English.

JAKE
You. We. We're gambling here.
Rightz? With all this gangsta shit.
Gambling. Gamblers.

SAMMI
I'm the gangster? My father and his
brother Pockets ran--

JAKE
Gambler shit. Like everyone else in
our family.
(beat)
I don't gamble. A lot of the
homiez...Jayden: five carders.
Even, Tomer, my new brotha-from-
another-motha, asked if I wanna hit
up his *Shabbat* poker game. Nah nah,
gambling rubs me wrongz like.
Makin' me feel a certain kinda way--
not a good certain kinda way like
country girls make you feelz.
Malibu in the summer--

SAMMI
Gambling! The moon waxes and wanes.

Jake's POV: He flashes back to hours before. In the moonlight, Tomer smacks and pats the desert ground with the shovel after finishing burying the Grungy White Woman.

Back to now--

ON JAKE: Too tired to listen.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
The fallacy tells you to walk away.
It's shadow coaxes--makes you stay.

ON JAKE: He's not quite sure he gets it.

SAMMI (CONT'D)
The gambler wins. The gambler
loses. Either way, only gamblers
win. They play. Everyone else--the
sheeple--they beg to spectate with
no chance of ever winning anything
at all. Except maybe some booger-
flicking entertainment.

(beat)

(MORE)

SAMMI (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be around forever,
you know.

JAKE

(looking down)

I don't want to play the game. The
only game I want a part in is the
one I run.

ON JAKE: His puppy-dog eyes gaze up at her.

We flash into the future to--

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY -
A FEW YEARS LATER

A cold bureaucratic room.

Two Feds--AGENT ANDREW LATID (late 30s) and AGENT JENNIFER
GINSCORN (late-20s)--try to put the 'scare' into Elana. Bad-
cop, bad-cop, and all.

ELANA

(smirking)

Sammi...

The Two Feds eyeball each other.

ELANA (CONT'D)

Carlos... before his head got
splattered all over the wall--

AGENT GINSCORN

Spattered.

ELANA

Say what?

AGENT GINSCORN

You said 'splattered.' It's
'spattered.' I was under the, now
clearly mistaken, impression that
you thought you were smart. West
L.A. girl; Lycée; UCLA B.A. in
political science--whatever that
does.

ELANA

(flipping them off)

'I wasn't born with enough middle
fingers.' But, I take this finger
back.

(nodding to Gincorn)

(MORE)

ELANA (CONT'D)

You'd like that too much wouldn't
you!

Agent Ginscorn stares down Elana--

AGENT LATID

Your big
(making quotes)
'bro.'

Beat.

ELANA

My kind-hearted brother--

AGENT GINSCORN

"kind-hearted" murdering piece of
shit brother?

ELANA

Fuck you. I mean that in a nice non-
dyke-y way. Don't want you getting
any ideas--excited-ass zonah.

Agent Latid gives Agent Ginscorn a look.

AGENT LATID

Your boyfriend.

ON ELANA: Tears of rage prep. Well. Stream.

ELANA

My pretty boy?
(beat)
Yeah, he's some kind of criminal
motherfucking mastermind. You
motherfuckers are way more lost
than I imagined!

AGENT LATID

Miss Bar-Sipor, who then? You?

ELANA

(wiping away her tears)
We all know the name. At least
we've all heard it before in some
bullshit stories. Street myth,
whatever the fuck. And as soon as I
say the name--not even the name:
the first letter of the name, I'm
going to walk the fuck out of here.
Not because I'm some kind of snitch
C.I.

(MORE)

ELANA (CONT'D)
fuckwit, and not because you're
gonna give me 'the deal of a
lifetime,' but because you two are
some kind of special cuck-simp
motherfucked Fed bitches.

ON ELANA: Her gorgeous eyes spew *pure-ugly* rage.

CUT TO BLACK.

The chorus from Disturbed's "Conflict" BLASTS.

END EPISODE