

# FRANKIE

27

1/3

CONTINUED (4)

NINA

Nina.

They shake and Sophia smiles gratefully. Over Nina's head we get a glimpse through the playdate window as Alex dives on another kid, and a five-year-old brawl seems to break out.

INT. KAJU NAIL TOWN - NINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frankie finds Nina at her desk. He's carrying the morning paper and very happy.

FRANKIE

Look at this!

(slams the paper on  
the desk)

Arizona congressman popped with a pro  
AND a key of coke. Do you believe it?  
Problem solved! What a lucky --

← START

Nina just sits there with a smile on her face.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

This was you. This was you? How?

Off Nina, cut to QUICK SHOTS of:

-- Nina handing an ATTRACTIVE ESCORT a large amount of CASH.

-- A dinner party. The Escort makes eye contact with a GRAY-HAIRED MAN in a suit. He smiles.

-- A hotel room. Empty bottles of champagne. Clothes strewn everywhere. The Gray-Haired Man is now naked, laughing as he snorts a line of white powder off the Escort's ass.

-- A VIDEO CAMERA in the next room. A short MEXICAN MAN tapes the encounter.

-- An office. A television showing the footage. The Gray Haired Man hangs his head and cries like a baby.

BACK TO NINA

NINA

He'll be changing his tune on the  
border wall legislation presently.

FRANKIE

Wow. Really. You did all that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Nina is just a little bit giddy here -- she didn't know she had it in her.

NINA

I know, right?

FRANKIE

I'm amazed. Where did you find a hooker?

NINA

Craigslist!

FRANKIE

You're your father's daughter. You've got a real aptitude for this.

NINA

Yeah, well, first and last time. I'm perfectly happy hiding money.

FRANKIE

(joking)

I don't know. Pretty soon you're not gonna need me around anymore. Badass.

NINA

Actually... there is something. There's woman at the school, another mom. Her husband's fucking her around in the divorce.

FRANKIE

(big smile)

You made a friend?

NINA

No --

FRANKIE

You made a friend! Aw, I'm so happy for you right now. You got another girl to like you.

NINA

She doesn't have anybody in her corner, and this is easy for us to fix.

FRANKIE

Absolutely. This is good, Nina. Life isn't all work. This is a step in the right direction.

CONTINUED

# FRANKIE

29

3/3

CONTINUED (2)

NINA

I'm glad you approve. Because I need  
you to rob her husband.

← END

EXT. CULVER CITY STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE on a photo of Sophia's husband, RON, in shorts and holding a spatula by the backyard grill. Frankie holds the photo. He sits in his car, parked in front of a one-story office building.

The passenger side door opens, and HECTOR, 20s, gets in. He's a friend and business associate from Mexico, speaks with a slight accent. He's carrying a 7-11 bag.

FRANKIE

He hasn't left yet.

HECTOR

(re: photo)

You know who that is. Ron Petersen.  
Movie producer.

FRANKIE

Yeah? What movies?

HECTOR

Science fiction and fantasy mostly.  
They're pretty good.

FRANKIE

Never heard of him.

Hector opens his 7-11 bag. He pulls out a pudding snack cup and a plastic spoon.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You can't eat pudding in my car.

HECTOR

You want one? I have an extra.

FRANKIE

Not in the car.

HECTOR

But I'm hypoglycemic. If I don't eat  
every two hours I can faint.

Frankie shakes his head.

CONTINUED

# FRANKIE

29

1/3

CONTINUED (2)

NINA

I'm glad you approve. Because I need  
you to rob her husband.

EXT. CULVER CITY STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE on a photo of Sophia's husband, RON, in shorts and  
holding a spatula by the backyard grill. Frankie holds the  
photo. He sits in his car, parked in front of a one-story  
office building.

The passenger side door opens, and HECTOR, 20s, gets in.  
He's a friend and business associate from Mexico, speaks with  
a slight accent. He's carrying a 7-11 bag.

FRANKIE

He hasn't left yet.

HECTOR

(re: photo)

You know who that is. Ron Petersen.  
Movie producer.

FRANKIE

Yeah? What movies?

HECTOR

Science fiction and fantasy mostly.  
They're pretty good.

FRANKIE

Never heard of him.

Hector opens his 7-11 bag. He pulls out a pudding snack cup  
and a plastic spoon.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You can't eat pudding in my car.

HECTOR

You want one? I have an extra.

FRANKIE

Not in the car.

HECTOR

But I'm hypoglycemic. If I don't eat  
every two hours I can faint.

Frankie shakes his head.

CONTINUED

# FRANKIE

30

2/3

CONTINUED

FRANKIE

Jeez. Eat your damn pudding.

A long beat.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Give me the other one.

Hector hands him the extra pudding and spoon. Outside, we see RON exiting the office with a YOUNG WOMAN, holding hands.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Ronnie and his piece of ass. Hope she's worth it you deadbeat scumbag.

INT. CULVER CITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark and empty, a small outfit -- a couple cubicles and a copy machine. The walls are covered with framed direct-to-video movie posters. We hear the doorknob jiggling for a moment, then the door opens -- Hector gets up from his knees, pockets his lock picking tools. Frankie carries a file box.

Frankie turns on the desk lamp and starts pulling open drawers, Hector starts going through a filing cabinet.

HECTOR

Dude.

FRANKIE

What?

He holds up a script.

HECTOR

'Raptor Moon.' It was about raptors... taking over the moon. So dope.

(off Frankie's glare)

I'm gonna keep looking.

Frankie checks the credenza behind him, finding several hanging file folders. He flips through them.

FRANKIE

Hold it... this is it. Taxes, bank ledger. We got everything.

He starts filling the file box with the documents, then hefts it and heads for the door.

CONTINUED

← CONT.

# FRANKIE

31

3/3

CONTINUED

HECTOR

Wait.

(Frankie stops)

If you take that, the cops are gonna know the wife is involved. They'll know it's because of the divorce.

Frankie thinks a beat.

FRANKIE

Damn. You're right.

He looks around, points to the flat screen on the wall.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Take the flattie. And any other electronics. We'll make it look like a regular robbery.

HECTOR

That's good.

Hector helps Frankie rip the flat screen off the wall. They set it on the desk and Hector goes after the DVD player. Frankie looks around.

FRANKIE

Ooo, Herman Miller chair. I need that.

Frankie rolls it over and they put the TV, the other electronics, and the file box on top of it. Hector also nabs the script, rolls it up and puts it in his back pocket. Frankie points to the wall.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What about the poster?

Hector looks at the "Raptor Moon" poster. He wants it bad.

HECTOR

You think?

FRANKIE

Why not? It's a nice frame.

Hector takes that down too. He's very happy. Frankie surveys their work -- the place looks ransacked.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

They roll awkwardly out.

← END

# FRANKIE

50

1/2

CONTINUED

VASQUEZ

It's just money. You got no choice.  
You know him, Nina.

Nina grows calm.

NINA

Yes, I do.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON a SLEDGEHAMMER. Presently being carried down the hall by Nina, who marches toward her bedroom, resolute. Frankie comes up the stairs. He's carrying a duffel bag.

FRANKIE

Nina, Nina, wait a second --

NINA

How much did you bring?

FRANKIE

Four-fifty -- Nina, you gotta think about this.

They enter --

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nina goes to the closet, immediately starts pulling clothes off the rack and dumping them onto the floor.

FRANKIE

If you do this, it will never stop, okay? Sandoval will always use your family to get to you. You know that.

NINA

He has my son. I don't have a choice.

She lifts the sledgehammer and winds up -- SMASHING the back wall of the closet. Once, twice. She drops to her knees, starts ripping back the plasterboard. Inside the wall, stacked between the studs -- BUNDLES OF SHRINK-WRAPPED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. She yanks out a suitcase and starts throwing the money inside.

FRANKIE

Yes, you do. I've already talked to some people. A few phone calls and we can take care of this. Permanently.

CONTINUED

← START

CONTINUED

NINA

No. I can't risk it.

FRANKIE

Nina -- it's too late to go back to how things were. You've been pretending that you're just like all these other women up here -- you've got a nanny and your kids go to private school and you... whatever, shop at Whole Foods. But you're not like them. You were never like them. You're in a dirty, dangerous, messed up business. You think you're just the money person? Every murder, every payoff, every drug shipment is financed by what we do. You need to embrace that now. You need to be dangerous. Or you and your family are gonna get devoured by it.

Nina zips the suitcase and stands.

NINA

You're right. A hundred percent right. But I can't think about that now. I'm getting my son back.

← END

And she's gone, pulling the suitcase behind her.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

A beautiful, sunny day. Palm trees line the streets. It's that movie shot that makes Beverly Hills look perfect.

Nina drives, looking frantic. Her cell phone rings. She looks down at the screen -- it's Sandoval. Steeling herself, Nina puts her cell to her ear and answers.

NINA

(into cell)

Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CORPORATE JET - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

Sandoval is on the airplane phone. He is so happy with himself.

SANDOVAL

Hey, princess. You got my money?

CONTINUED