

**RIDE OR DIE**

(PILOT)

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Circle of Confusion  
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY 14/INT. CAR - PALMDALE - DAY

A shitty old FORD TAURUS speeds past frame down an empty desert highway.

We catch up to the driver, SPENCER (21). He's sweating, with a look of mortal terror on his face. Probably because he's wearing a vest wired with bricks of explosive C-4.

His eyes dart to the speedometer. There's a NOTE taped to it with an arrow pointing to the 65 mph mark that says "BOOM!"

A beautiful, black 1970 DODGE CHARGER rumbles up from behind with monstrous power, then pulls up parallel to Spencer.

It's DOMINIC "DOM" TORETTO. Yes, that Dom Toretto, in all his gravel-voiced "Fast & Furious" glory. LETTY ORTIZ rides in the passenger seat and shouts to Spencer.

LETTY

Slow down!

SPENCER

I can't! I can't go below 65!

DOM

(to Letty)

Take the wheel.

Spencer watches in shock as Dom switch places with her and then crawls out the passenger window.

SPENCER

(disbelief)

Wait, you're not gonna--

Dom leaps like a freaking superhero through the open window into Spencer's backseat.

DOM

I'm going to disarm the bomb.

SPENCER

How could you possibly know how to do that? Doesn't that require like years of training?

Dom climbs into the front seat to inspect Spencer's vest.

DOM

I need you to calm down.

SPENCER

Sure, no problem. One minute I'm out getting your lunch order and the next, I'm getting kidnapped by a bunch of angry Ukrainians. And, oh, look, I'm WEARING A BOMB VEST. You know what? This isn't worth it.

Dom spots something in the distance. *Shit*. A traffic jam of 18-WHEELERS up ahead. They're running out of road.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(still freaking out)

The car chases. The criminals. The physical violence.

(voice breaking)

Last week, I had to ask the dry cleaner how to get brain matter out of white t-shirts.

DOM

There's no time. We gotta ditch.

SPENCER

This is the worst internship ever!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LUISA DIAZ (mid-20s) grips her phone. She's intense, like she's tracking Jason Bourne from a dimly-lit CIA command post.

LUISA

(into phone)

I want you to listen to me very carefully. We've got one shot at this. We have to make it count.

CHYRON: "DIPLOMATIC SECURITY SERVICE - L.A. FIELD OFFICE - ONE MONTH LATER"

LUISA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Venti latte for Helen, no foam.  
Venti americano for Jeff. Tall iced tea for Bryan. Great. Thanks.

She hangs up and settles into boredom again. Pull back to reveal her perfectly organized desk...

In the office supply room...

In the basement, where they also keep old TACTICAL FIGHTING DUMMIES -- a graveyard of dead rubber torsos.

It's the worst place to put Luisa, who can never sit still, always buzzing with potential energy. Think Leslie Knope, but before she knew what to do with herself.

She decides to staple some papers. Doesn't work. She punches it. BANG! Nope. BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG. Luisa makes the stapler suffer for her boredom.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICE - DSS - LATER - DAY

Luisa sits nervously as HELEN (40s, tired) plops down at a desk across from her with an armload of files.

HELEN

Okay, I pulled your application for the Field Agent Training Program and I've got great news, Kathy.

LUISA

Luisa.

HELEN

Great news, Luisa.  
(checks different file)  
No, you were denied.

Luisa sags, crushed.

LUISA

Was it my convoy security driving test?

HELEN

(re: file)  
It says you vomited on the instructor.

LUISA

We were simulating the stress of an ambush. I was being realistic.

HELEN

Yeah... it was during the written portion of the test.

LUISA

I just need a little field experience. Are there any positions opening up outside the office?

HELEN

What's your current title?

LUISA

Third Assistant to the Office of  
General Office Support.

HELEN

Yikes. Can you fit any more sad  
words in there? Anyhoo. You're  
welcome to re-apply for the  
training program next year.

Helen closes Luisa's file and starts to put it away. Luisa  
impulsively grabs it. They have an awkward tug-of-war.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What's happening?

LUISA

I can't spend another year in the  
basement getting coffee.

Dejected, Luisa gives up and lets go of the file.

LUISA (CONT'D)

I just thought by now I'd be  
busting terrorists or protecting a  
UN Ambassador.

HELEN

There's nothing wrong with being  
good at getting coffee.

LUISA

I want to be good at something that  
matters.

Helen watches her a beat. She reopens Luisa's file.

HELEN

You've got a decent security  
clearance, strong foreign language  
aptitude... I might have something  
for you. But you need more than  
academics for this. You need --  
what's the word -- lady balls. Do  
you have lady balls?

LUISA

Absolutely.

Luisa's phone rings. Her RINGTONE is Katy Perry's "Teenage  
Dream" and her phone case has bunny ears.

Under Helen's glare, Luisa silences the phone and peels the bunny ears down.

LUISA (CONT'D)

I promise I have huge lady balls.

HELEN

It's just an internship, but it's paid and you'll be working with other interns, getting valuable field experience.

LUISA

That's perfect! Which department?

HELEN

It doesn't really have a name. We keep it off the record.

MUSIC: fade in Flo Rida's "GDFR"...

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - BOYLE HEIGHTS - DAY

Dom's DODGE CHARGER barrels down an empty industrial street.

HELEN (V.O.)

It's what we call a "special team."

One by one, the Charger is joined by a 1966 CORVETTE STINGRAY, a 2010 LAMBORGHINI MURCIELAGO, a 2012 NISSAN GT-R, and a 1970 PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA. They expertly navigate into a V-formation with the Charger out front.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - GARAGE/INT. PRIUS - SAME

Luisa drives her 2004 Prius down the same streets, navigating with her phone. Her work outfit is what she assumes is "field wear" -- a tan shirt and convertible tactical pants that zipper off into shorts.

LUISA'S PHONE

(Siri)

*Your destination is on the right.*

Luisa rides up to a massive warehouse with a hangar door that suddenly starts opening.

The CARS COME HOWLING around the corner, headed for the warehouse. Luisa's in the way. She panics, slams the brakes.

The CARS SCREECH to a jumbled halt around the Prius, messing up their perfect formation.

Dom exits the Charger and slowly walks towards Luisa's car.

LUISA  
Oh shit shit fuck.

Luisa gets out and braces herself. She can't see Dom's eyes, only her nervous reflection in his aviator sunglasses.

DOM  
You messed up the "V."

LUISA  
Pardon?

DOM  
(gesturing)  
We like to drive in a "V."

LUISA  
Sorry about that. I'm Luisa Diaz,  
the new intern. It's my first day.

DOM  
I guess you play with the hand  
you're dealt.

It sounds good. But what does it mean?

LUISA  
Um...

DOM  
There's a storm coming.

Dom abruptly turns and gets back in his car. Confused, Luisa's eyes drift up to the sunny, cloudless sky.

The cars slice right past her and disappear INTO THE GARAGE. Luisa gets back in her Prius, trying to collect herself.

LUISA  
Okay, not a great start. Just stay  
positive, make it happen. Breathe  
in...  
(takes cleansing breath,  
relaxes)  
There we go.

BANG! Luisa's AIRBAG EXPLODES from her steering wheel, sending white powder everywhere. She punches the airbag, making it suffer, just like that fucking stapler.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A cavernous, polished, top-of-the-line garage with tools and any other glorious tech toys a "special team" would need.

Dom and his famous crew -- Letty, TEJ, ROMAN, and SHAW -- exit their cars, dumping suitcases and gear on the floor.

MARCO GARZA (late 20s, tattoos and skater clothes, but talks like a drill sergeant and doesn't have time for your bullshit) enters with a giant ice bucket of CORONAS.

Marco hands each returning driver a beer like an NFL water boy. This is their routine.

MARCO  
How was Berlin?

LETTY  
We lost track of the Doomsday Cube.  
If we don't get our hands on it by  
Monday, the entire city of Pasadena  
could be-- are those bagels?

Letty points to a nearby breakfast spread.

MARCO  
Sesame.

LETTY  
You're the best.

MARCO  
I know.

DOM  
Everyone huddle up. We have to talk  
about tonight's drop.  
(to Marco)  
Is everything ready?

MARCO  
Of course.

Marco plays it cool until Dom is out of sight, then runs off.

INT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

ON MARCO as he throws open a side door in the garage, revealing a workshop -- a smaller, junkyard version of the fancy "executive" garage.

MARCO

Hey, are we almost done?

Reveal PATRICK COLTON (mid-20s, stylish, charmer, wants to be James Bond without all the running) holding up a parachute behind a 1995 Toyota Supra...

...while NEERA CHAWLA (early-20s, insane genius Doc Brown-type who's always in work overalls) is blowtorching an attachment mechanism for the parachute to the Supra's trunk.

PATRICK

This is the last one. We've been working all night. And I burned my retinas.

NEERA

I told you to wear the goggles.

PATRICK

(re: hair)

There's three hundred bucks worth of hair product in here.

Neera spots something behind Marco and looks confused.

NEERA

Does anyone else see a coked-up homeless zookeeper?

Marco turns around. REVEAL Luisa has entered the workshop, holding her cardboard box of office supplies, reporting for duty. The powder from the airbag is on her face and her LL Bean work clothes do, in fact, scream "zookeeper."

LUISA

I'm here! It's so great to finally meet everyone. Where should I put my stuff?

After a beat:

PATRICK

I'm sorry, who are you?

INT. WORKSHOP - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

Marco, Patrick, and Neera are huddled in a corner lounge area -- beat-up couch, mini fridge, bucket of Corona.

MARCO  
(to Patrick)  
Why didn't you tell me DSS was sending another intern?

PATRICK  
How would I know?

MARCO  
You're the DSS liaison.

PATRICK  
What? Ohhh. I thought that was a joke. Like, "Hey, wouldn't it be funny if Patrick was the DSS liaison."

MARCO  
I don't have time to train someone new.

NEERA  
Just tell Dom we don't need her. He'll send her back. I mean, she messed up the "V."

LUISA (O.S.)  
Please don't send me back.

REVEAL LUISA is right next to them on the couch.

MARCO  
Do you mind?

LUISA  
I was already sitting here. You actually walked over here to talk.

MARCO  
Nothing personal. But they keep sending interns with no experience. We spend all this time training them and they end up quitting or getting disemboweled.

PATRICK  
Poor Spencer. That was gross.

MARCO

He got a brand new colon on the government's dime. He's fine.

LUISA

(making the best of it)  
Well, you're in luck, because what I lack in experience, I make up for with resourcefulness and punctuality.

NEERA

She won't last the day.

LUISA

I assure you, I can last the day.

Neera pulls out some cash and throws it on the table.

NEERA

Two pm.

MARCO

Four pm.

PATRICK

Four-oh-one.

MARCO

Damnit! Every time.

To Luisa's horror, Marco and Patrick throw down cash for the bet. Then we hear a voice from the garage:

DOM (O.S.)

Interns!

INT. MAIN GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dom and the crew are huddled around a table, in heist planning mode. The interns and Luisa hang back.

DOM

I need everyone on deck. I want ideas. Whatever we can do to get the Doomsday Cube out of Yakuza hands.

Luisa starts to raise her hand. Marco, who is standing next to her, quietly pulls it back down.

DOM (CONT'D)

Anything at all.

Luisa goes to raise her hand again. Marco pulls it down again. They have a little whisper fight.

LUISA  
What's the problem? He said  
"everyone."

MARCO  
He doesn't mean us.

Luisa raises her hand anyway.

DOM  
Speak.

LUISA  
The Kobayashi Group. They're the LA  
branch of the Yakuza.

Luisa continues, getting nervous as Dom walks towards her.

LUISA (CONT'D)  
DSS surveils them for passport  
fraud. If the Doomsday Cube is  
coming back into the country, the  
Kobayashi probably know about it.

Dom stops, gives her a heavy-lidded stare. Then:

DOM  
Change of plans. We're aborting  
tonight's drop. Set up a Yakuza  
meeting at Club Taiyo. And we need  
the cars race ready. No parachutes.

FUCK. The interns react. All that work down the toilet.

DOM (CONT'D)  
Not bad, Zookeeper. If a lion could  
speak, we couldn't understand him.

LUISA  
(still can't decipher)  
Um...

INT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Luisa unpacks her cardboard box of office supplies, excited.

LUISA  
I don't entirely understand when he  
talks to me, but I'm ready. Let's  
do this!

Luisa stops, surprised to see Marco and Neera glaring at her. Neera stomps off to disassemble her parachute attachment while she has a hissy fit in Hindi.

NEERA

(Hindi; subtitled)

*I should have fucking finished  
medical school.*

Marco coolly crosses to Patrick, who opens a massive SUPPLY LOCKER filled with booze, designer sneakers, other goodies.

PATRICK

Who are we bribing today?

MARCO

Hideo Nakamura, manager of Club Taiyo.

Patrick pulls out an expensive BOTTLE OF WHISKY.

PATRICK

I could send over a nice 1991 Lavagulin.

LUISA

Good idea. The Japanese have a strong gift-giving culture.

MARCO

That's not going to work. I better do this in person. We used to race souped-up Camaros together. Now he owns an exclusive nightclub and I'm a fucking intern so that worked out great.

LUISA

The etiquette is to wrap it nicely, but place it in a shopping bag to avoid being too ostentatious.

Marco's rage bubbles over. He gestures around his body, showing Luisa the boundaries of his personal space.

MARCO

I'm gonna need you to stay out of this area while we take care of things.

LUISA

Are you mad because Dom cancelled the drop? Now they're just going to a club. Isn't this easier?

MARCO

Easier?!

PATRICK

Marco, remember our talk about what stress does to your skin?

Marco swallows his rage and crosses away.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't mind him. You just need to pace yourself. I support you. Don't give up.

LUISA

(eyes Patrick)

Uh-huh. What was your bet, four pm?

PATRICK

Four-oh-one. I could really use the money.

Marco heads back over to them.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Here he comes. He's probably going to angry-explain something.

MARCO

(angry-explaining)

You think Dom and the crew just roll up to the club and hang with the Yakuza? I have to get them on the VIP list. They need bottle service, race-ready cars, and club wear that makes them look tough but is also roomy enough for spontaneous fighting. That's what we do. We take care of the details.

LUISA

Luckily, you have an extra person now who's great at details.

NEERA

Spencer was chipper, too. And then...

Neera violently mimes getting disemboweled. We think.

NEERA (CONT'D)

Those were intestines.

LUISA

I know you're busy. But I promise I can help. Why not use me and make your life easier?

Marco seems to take this in, eases up.

MARCO

There is something you could do  
that would really help us out.  
The coffee run.

It's a punch in the gut. *Not coffee. Anything but coffee.*  
Luisa's eye starts twitching.

NEERA

What's wrong with your face?

LUISA

Coffee it is. I'm great at getting  
coffee. Fine. Wonderful. Gooooood.

INT. MAIN GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Marco approaches Letty, who has her head buried under the  
hood of the Stingray.

MARCO

Hey, Letty, can I ask--

Letty's covered in engine oil. Like a ridiculous amount.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Wow, you really got up in there.  
(then)  
Did you talk to Dom about letting  
me ride with you guys on a job?

LETTY

I did. He said he'd think about it.

Letty softens, seeing Marco's disappointment.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Just make sure we're ready for the  
meeting tonight. Dom will be happy  
and I can bring it up again.

MARCO

Thanks.

LETTY

Don't give up. There's a mission in  
Fiji next week and we need someone  
to jump out of a plane on a jet ski  
to get to an island.

MARCO

Why don't you just use a boat?

Letty just stares at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Never mind. I'll get you a towel.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER - DAY

Luisa returns from the coffee run, but only Neera is there, working on the cars.

LUISA  
Where's Marco?  
(annoyed)  
I have his steamed chocolate milk.

NEERA  
He went the club to get Dom on the list.

Luisa sees that Marco left the WHISKY BOTTLE on the table.

LUISA  
Mr. Super-Intern left his bribe here.

INT. CLUB TAIYO - SAME - DAY

An upscale, minimalist nightclub, empty during the day. Marco sits at the bar with the Japanese manager, HIDEO (30s, New Age/hipster). Marco eats a bar snack with chopsticks while Hideo watches him maternally.

HIDEO  
I'm worried about you. You were like the King of Fontucky. You made it to Formula One. Abu Dhabi and all that crazy shit. Now you're here. What happened?

MARCO  
I punched one too many people.

HIDEO  
I should show you my zen garden.  
(off Marco's look)  
I'm just messing with you. Can you imagine? You guys are too bad-ass for a zen garden. Tonight, I'll give you the bad-ass booth.

MARCO  
Thanks, Hideo. I really appreciate--

They hear a commotion by the door, then a BOUNCER drags Luisa in by the arm. She's carrying a fancy shopping bag. Marco reacts to the sight of it.

BOUNCER

(Japanese; subtitled)  
*I found a zookeeper in the foyer.*

LUISA

Hi, I'm Marco's friend. He forgot your gift.

MARCO

No, I didn't.

HIDEO

(lighting up)  
For me? Wow, it's so well wrapped.

Luisa mouths "You're welcome" to a confused Marco. Hideo grabs the bag and pulls out the whisky bottle. He looks instantly pissed.

HIDEO (CONT'D)

What the hell is this? I'm two days from a thirty-day chip.

LUISA

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

Luisa grabs the bottle, but Hideo doesn't let go.

HIDEO

This is my favorite.

LUISA

You shouldn't.

It's getting weird. Two more Yakuza BOUNCERS approach.

MARCO

Just let him have it.

LUISA

No, he's two days from his chip.  
(to Hideo)  
I'm going to take this back, okay?  
This is for your own good.

Luisa stomps on Hideo's foot. He yelps in pain and lets go. The bouncers draw their GUNS.

HIDEO

Why are you wearing convertible pants?!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB TAIYO - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Resume on the Bouncers with their guns drawn on Marco and Luisa. Hideo cradles his foot, upset. And a little whiny.

HIDEO

Why'd you have to stomp on my foot?!

LUISA

I didn't want to ruin your sobriety.

(to Marco)

I thought you were giving him whisky!

MARCO

No, I said that's not going to work!

HIDEO

(to Luisa)

You are a very stressful person. It makes me want to drink.

MARCO

I'm sorry, Hideo. She didn't know. She's just an intern.

HIDEO

Aren't you just an intern?

Marco tries to keep his cool, but ends up bickering with Hideo while Luisa freaks out about the guns.

MARCO

Technically. But I'm really more like one of the crew.

HIDEO

But you're here as Dom's errand boy.

LUISA

Could they put the guns down now?

MARCO

(focused on Hideo)

Who's ass did you kiss to get this club?

HIDEO  
I can't believe I let you date my  
sister.

LUISA  
(Japanese; subtitled)  
*Everybody put your mother loving  
guns away!*

They look at her in shock.

HIDEO  
Your Japanese is like a gangster  
film.

LUISA  
Gokudo movies are kind of a guilty  
pleasure.

HIDEO  
(Japanese; subtitled)  
*"After all, we're either bound for  
a red kimono..."*

LUISA  
(Japanese; subtitled)  
*"Or a white kimono."*

Hideo calms down and motions for the guns to be put away.

LUISA (CONT'D)  
Can we talk for a second?

Luisa leads Hideo to the side to separate him from Marco.

LUISA (CONT'D)  
I feel terrible about this and I  
have no doubt you'll get your  
thirty-day chip. There's this book  
called "The Power of the Positive  
Mind"--

HIDEO  
I've read it. It was a breath of  
fresh air.

LUISA  
Again, I'm really sorry. Is there  
any way we can still get Dom and  
the crew on the list for tonight?

HIDEO  
(bargaining)  
I don't know.  
(MORE)

HIDEO (CONT'D)

We're all booked and I would have to give you James Franco's table.

LUISA

Is there anything I can do?

HIDEO

I want Dom's car.

LUISA

The Charger?!

HIDEO

I want it for a joyride. It is the best car.

LUISA

Is there maybe something else? I've only been there a day but I'm pretty sure that car is like one of his children.

HIDEO

I get a joyride, you get them in the club. Do we have a deal?

There's no way. Luisa shakes her head like "that's not gonna happen." But something else comes out of her mouth.

LUISA

Yes.

EXT. CLUB TAIYO - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Luisa panic-walks out of the club, mind reeling. A beat later, Marco runs out after her.

MARCO

What happened? You just took off.

LUISA

(covering)  
We're all good.

MARCO

What does that mean?

LUISA

It means... they're in. I got them back on the list.

MARCO

(overjoyed)  
Seriously?!

LUISA

You're not mad about me showing up?

MARCO

Yeah, you're super annoying and pushy but then you pulled that gangster shit out of your butt. That was impressive.

Marco crosses away to his car, shouting in victory.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Back on the list!

Off Luisa's guilty look...

INT. MAIN GARAGE - LATER - DAY

Neera is underneath the Nissan on a mechanic dolly, only her feet visible. Patrick approaches holding up two men's shirts.

PATRICK

Neera.

NEERA

I'm in the middle of something.

PATRICK

I need your brain.

Neera scoots out from underneath the car. She's not working, she's eating a sandwich.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Club wear for Shaw. We've got similar bone structure.

Patrick holds the shirts up to his face. Neera gets up and looks closely.

NEERA

Your eyes look yellow. You should get your liver enzymes checked.

Unfazed, Patrick smiles at Neera. He has a soft spot for her, but it's like flirting with a distracted badger.

PATRICK

Some people like my eyes. I even do a little modeling on the side. Mostly print.

NEERA

Oh, yeah, I forgot. You did those billboards warning people about Chlamydia.

PATRICK

(proud)

Gonorrhoea, actually. But the Chlamydia people have expressed interest. Are you going to the Ridgecrest Rally this weekend?

NEERA

Why are you asking about private time?

PATRICK

I was thinking we could...

Before Patrick can finish, the garage DOOR RAISES up, revealing a dazed Luisa. Neera checks her watch.

NEERA

Fuck. It's two-twelve. I lost the bet.

PATRICK

(to Luisa, "sweetly")

Do we think we'll be holding on until four?

Luisa makes a beeline for DOM'S CHARGER.

LUISA

This is Dom's car, right?

Neera caresses the Charger like it's a winning thoroughbred.

NEERA

Chrysler 426 Hemi V-8 engine supercharged with a BDS 9-71 Roots style blower.

LUISA

It really is beautiful.  
("joking" but fishing)  
Mind if I borrow her for the night?

NEERA

(joking back)

Sure, I'll just go get the keys.

Neera laughs and slaps Luisa on the back. Luisa tries to laugh along with her, but it kind of looks like crying. She sees Marco cross through.

LUISA

Hey, buddy. Could we have a little chat? It's pretty important.

MARCO

We're taking the cars to Jose's to get ready for tonight. We can talk there.

LUISA

Who's Jose?

MARCO

He's like if God had a mechanic.

EXT. JOSE'S CAR WASH - BOYLE HEIGHTS - LATER - DAY

Part car wash, part car enthusiast mecca. It's where Lowriders, street racers, and weekend warriors all come in peace to give their cars a spa day.

The crowd greets the interns as mini-celebrities as they arrive with Dom's car, the Stingray, and the Lambo. Luisa gets some side-eye as she parks her Prius.

INT. PRIUS - SAME

Before getting out, Luisa duct-tapes her exploded steering wheel back together while giving herself a mumbling pep talk.

LUISA

You're running out of time. You just need to tell him and deal with it. Rip off the bandaid.

INT. JOSE'S CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A cash register area with cafe tables and a view of the cars. Luisa enters and sees Marco talking to JOSE (mid-50s). She spots CORONA bottles for sale in the fridge.

ANGLE ON MARCO giving Jose instructions for the cars. (Note: Marco and Jose speak to each other in Spanish.)

MARCO

...No polisher on the Nissan and use the chenille mitts.

JOSE

Got it. I heard you brought a Prius?

MARCO

Is that a problem?

Jose rests his hand paternally on Marco's shoulder.

JOSE

Today it's a Prius, tomorrow it's a Leaf, and then all of a sudden you're into Smartcars.

MARCO

It's fine. I can handle it.

JOSE

If you need to talk to someone, I'm a phone call away.

Jose crosses off and Marco takes a seat at a table. Luisa approaches him an armload of Coronas and plasters on a smile.

MARCO

I don't drink until the job's done.

Luisa ferociously chugs a beer. Marco relents and takes one.

LUISA

I have to tell you something.

MARCO

I know.

LUISA

You know?!

MARCO

It's okay. You're only human. But I don't date co-workers.

(off her confused look)

I thought that's what you-- Women seem to like-- I used to be a race car driver.

Momentarily derailed, Luisa grabs another beer.

LUISA

That's a pretty cool job. Not as cool mine, which was making sure the office had enough toner.

MARCO

I went from Formula One driver to intern. You can't beat that.

Luisa and Marco lighten up with each other. What follows is a competitive, but cathartic, "loser-off."

LUISA

I live in my parents' backyard. I call it a "tiny house" because that sounds better than "Winnebago."

MARCO

I gambled away my race winnings.

LUISA

My mom is a pediatric cardiologist. I get coffee and she fixes baby hearts.

MARCO

Dom is my older brother. From another mother.

LUISA

Wow.

Conceding defeat, Luisa pushes the last beer over to Marco.

MARCO

Yeah. I'm a 28-year-old gopher for my own brother. He needs a tux delivered to Dubai? Sure. He needs a grappling hook fitted to a Dodge Charger? No problem.

(as gravel-voiced Dom)

"Just take care of it, Marco."

Luisa seems to take this in.

LUISA

I have to go to the bathroom.

She abruptly scurries off. Marco shakes his head. What a freak.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Luisa splashes water on her face and looks in the mirror.

LUISA

Just take care of it, Luisa.

INT. JOSE'S CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

ON MARCO at the table. DING! He gets a text. He checks his phone. (Note: We SEE and HEAR texts as they pop on screen.)

LUISA TEXT

I'm borrowing Dom's car for a couple hours.

MARCO TEXT

You're hilarious.

LUISA TEXT

Please don't call the police.

Marco's smile fades as he gets a weird feeling. He looks out the window at an EMPTY PARKING SPOT. he bolts.

EXT. JOSE'S CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

Neera and Patrick are chatting by a Lowrider. Marco sprints past them in a screaming panic.

MARCO

She took the Charger! We gotta go!

PATRICK

What?! Who?

MARCO

Zookeeper. She just took it.

They scramble with Marco to the Stingray and Lambo.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Shit.

The cars are getting serviced -- the Stingray is up on a car lift and the Lambo is getting new rear tires.

The interns turn and look in horror at their only available option, all by its lonesome, ready to go -- LUISA'S PRIUS.

EXT./INT. DOM'S CAR (THE CHARGER) - SAME

The Charger stops and starts in a zig-zag pattern down the street like a drunken monster.

A determined Luisa grips the steering wheel, trying to get a handle on the muscle car's power.

LUISA

Lady balls lady balls lady balls...

EXT./INT. PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos in the Prius as Marco peels away from the car wash. Neera in the passenger seat, Patrick in the back.

MARCO  
(re: duct tape)  
Why is the steering wheel like  
this?!

PATRICK  
(disgusted)  
Why are there so many self-help  
books back here?!

MARCO  
I can't get this thing to go any  
faster.

PATRICK  
Put it in "B."

MARCO  
What the hell is "B"?

PATRICK  
I don't know. I've never been in a  
Prius, because I'm not a virgin.

NEERA  
Guys, relax. There's a shit-ton of  
torque on the Charger. She's going  
to fry the rear tires and be dead  
in the water.  
(points out window)  
There she is! Take a left.

Marco stomps the brakes and cranks the wheel into a turn,  
becoming the first driver in history to drift in a Prius.

INTERCUT ACTION:

CHARGER -- Smoke flies off the rear tires as Luisa jerks down  
the road. She's getting better, but she's fishtailing.

PRIUS -- Part of the airbag spills menacingly out of the  
steering wheel. Marco eyes it warily.

PATRICK  
She's at the light!

NEERA  
That's a long, straight drag ahead.  
She's going to demolish you.

Marco maneuvers around cars and manages to pull up next to  
Luisa. They roll their windows down.

PATRICK  
Don't scare her off.

MARCO  
(to Luisa, "casual")  
Heyyyy. How about pulling over?

LUISA  
I'll have the car back in the garage in two hours. Just trust me. It's better this way.

MARCO  
(dropping casual)  
I'm going to MURDER YOU.

Marco holds the Prius steady in neutral, but floors the gas. Luisa braces herself. The light goes green.

Marco drops the car in drive and it leaps forward, but the Charger has too much power. With all her might, Luisa blows past him. Marco tries to keep up. It's no use. She's gone.

Luisa watches them disappear in her rearview mirror.

Marco has to swerve to avoid a DELIVERY TRUCK. He slams on the brakes and screeches to a halt. Everyone takes a breath as the dust settles, then --

The passenger airbag EXPLODES, punching Neera in the face.

INT. CLUB TAIYO - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Hideo's at the bar. DING. He gets a text, checks his phone.

LUISA TEXT  
I got the car. Meet me out front.

EXT. CLUB TAIYO/INT. CHARGER - MOMENTS LATER

While Luisa pulls around the corner to the club entrance, something across the street catches her eye:

A BILLBOARD of Patrick in his best "blue steel" look, with the slogan, "DON'T HOOK UP WITH GONORRHEA."

*Huh?* Luisa's eyes are on it, distracted, when... BOOM. CRUNCH. In a flash, a body slams against the car. Luisa hit someone. It's Hideo.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DSS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY

Luisa is on her phone, trying to leave a voicemail. She has raccoon eyes from crying through her mascara. After we hear Patrick's outgoing message, Luisa puts on her "calm" voice.

PATRICK (V.O.)

(voicemail)

"This is Patrick. You know what to do."

LUIZA

(on phone)

Hey, it's Luisa Diaz. I had to leave the car at Club Taiyo. I accidentally hit Hideo with it and now he's in the hospital and he was pretty mad so FYI Dom and everyone associated with him are permanently banned from the club. Bye.

Luisa hangs up. REVEAL HELEN watching her in awe from across the desk.

HELEN

How'd your first day go?

(off Luisa's look)

I'm just kidding. You're in a lot of trouble.

LUIZA

I assume I'm fired.

HELEN

Not yet. You have to go down the hall for that.

Helen hands Luisa a stack of paperwork and checks her watch.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Take your time. Maybe take a lap or something. Just don't get there before five-oh-eight.

Confused, Luisa notices some TIMES and NAMES scribbled on a whiteboard in Helen's office.

LUIZA

Did you bet on what time I would  
get fired?

HELEN

I could really use the money.

INT. WORKSHOP - SAME TIME

Patrick has just delivered the news to Marco and Neera.

MARCO

Banned?!

NEERA

At least she's okay.  
(off their looks)  
The car.

MARCO

Play it.

Patrick holds up his phone and plays Luisa's message. Marco loses his shit while the message is playing, knocking over tools, etc.

LUIZA (V.O.)

"...so FYI Dom and everyone  
associated with him are permanently  
banned from the club. Bye."

Letty enters the workshop. Marco quickly collects himself.

LETTY

Hey, man. I told you I had your  
back. I talked to Dom and he wants  
you to ride with us. Tonight. You  
did it!

Letty high-fives a shocked Marco.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

MARCO

Yep. Great. Thanks.

As Marco ushers Letty out:

LETTY

What's the matter? You look like  
Dom does when I try to explain  
intersectional feminism.

MARCO

Nothing. I'm pumped. Gotta get ready!

After getting Letty out of the workshop, Marco makes a beeline for the Bribe Locker and opens the doors to the loot.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm going to need all of this.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DSS - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

Luisa sits alone at a table. The paperwork Helen gave her sits neatly next to her. She looks over and sees a mirror, obviously two-way.

LUISA

Why do I smell baby oil?

AGENT HOBBS enters. (AKA Dwayne Johnson's character from Fast & Furious movies.) His biceps glisten unnecessarily in his work attire -- slacks and an Under Armour sleeveless shirt.

Hobbs puts another file on the table and sits down.

AGENT HOBBS

I'm Agent Hobbs. Were you able to make contact with Alexei Zhirnov?

LUISA

With who?

AGENT HOBBS

You can drop the cover. You're in a safe place.

LUISA

Is this my exit interview?

AGENT HOBBS

Wow, your American accent is great.

LUISA

I'm from Long Beach.

AGENT HOBBS

Your file says Grozny.

Hobbs flips open the file and looks at a PHOTO of a woman. Not Luisa.

AGENT HOBBS (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm in the wrong room. Just  
so I'm clear, you are not a  
Chechnyan sex worker?

LUISA  
Is anyone going to fire me?!

Hobbs sees that Luisa is about to lose her mind.

AGENT HOBBS  
Why would you want to get fired?

LUISA  
I suck at my job and it's  
humiliating.

AGENT HOBBS  
Ohh. I see. You're a scaredy baby.

LUISA  
I am not. I am not a--

AGENT HOBBS  
Scaredy baby. Look, I don't know  
what you do, but it sounds to me  
like you're scared of failure.

LUISA  
People always say that like it's a  
bad thing.

AGENT HOBBS  
If you leave now, you're a failure.  
If you stay, you learn from it.  
Then one day, you stop failing and  
do your job, whatever that is.

LUISA  
Is that what happened to you?

AGENT HOBBS  
No. I don't have any personal  
experience with failure.

LUISA  
Well, I'm not like you. Sometimes I  
think there was a Nerd Rapture and  
I got leftovered.

AGENT HOBBS  
Fine. Is that your paperwork? If  
that's how you want it, I'll go  
rustle up someone to terminate you.  
(MORE)

AGENT HOBBS (CONT'D)  
(catches himself)  
Fire you. I was told I need to be  
more clear about that.

Hobbs takes Luisa's file, heads for the door. Luisa blurts:

LUISA  
Wait. Don't do that.

AGENT HOBBS  
Change your mind?

LUISA  
Maybe. I'm thinking about it. I'm  
really tired.

AGENT HOBBS  
("atta girl")  
Spoken like a failure!

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - INFO DESK - LATER - NIGHT

Marco pushes a delivery cart filled with cigars, designer sneakers, and golf balls up to a Reception Clerk at the desk.

MARCO  
Delivery for Hideo Nakamura.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marco pushes his cart down the hall towards a private room. He stops.

MARCO  
You've got to be shitting me.

Luisa has appeared at the other end of the hall. She stops, guilty, when she sees Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Are you working for the Albanians  
or something? Are you an agent?

LUISA  
No. Why does everyone think that?

MARCO  
Because no one is this aggressive  
about fucking things up.

LUISA  
I have a plan. I found out the name  
of the head bouncer and--

MARCO

Stop. I've got this. I just need to calm Hideo down enough to get Dom into the club tonight.

LUISA

But I can fix this.

MARCO

Stop trying to fix stuff!

LUISA

Stop betting against me!

Marco's phone RINGS.

MARCO

(answering)

What.

INT. NISSAN/EXT. CLUB TAIYO - SAME - NIGHT

Patrick and Neera are in the Nissan, following Dom and his crew, driving in V-formation. They're pulling up to the club.

PATRICK

(on phone)

They're early. Tell me you got them on the list.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

MARCO

(on phone)

Why are they early? They're never early.

LUISA

I'm going in.

MARCO

No you're not!

Luisa darts into the room. Marco runs after her, keeping Patrick on the phone.

INT. HIDEO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marco and Luisa stop short. Hideo is out cold, drooling. Marco pokes him. He's in a deep morphine sleep.

MARCO

No, no, no, no.

(on phone)

How close are they?

INT. NISSAN/EXT. CLUB TAIYO

Patrick and Neera watch Dom and the crew exit their cars and walk past the line of clubgoers, all wrangling to get in. Dom heads for the front, like he always does.

PATRICK

(on phone)

Dude, they're walking up to the front.

INT. HIDEO'S ROOM

Luisa frantically searches the room for something.

MARCO

They're at the entrance. I'm so screwed.

Now she's going through Hideo's clothes.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Are you robbing him?

She finds Hideo's phone.

LUISA

I'm getting Dom on the list.

Luisa ever-so-gently picks up Hideo's thumb and places it on his phone, unlocking it. She then starts texting.

INT. NISSAN/EXT. CLUB TAIYO

Patrick and Neera's POV: Dom is talking to the Bouncer.

PATRICK

(on phone)

They're talking to the bouncer!

What do we do?!

NEERA

Stop panicking. You're disappointing me.

The Bouncer won't let Dom in. Dom can't believe it.

INT. HIDEO'S ROOM

MARCO

Hurry up.

LUISA

I'm texting in Japanese! Give me a break!

EXT. CLUB TAIYO/INT. NISSAN

PATRICK and NEERA'S POV: The Bouncer gets a text and checks his phone. He waves Dom and the crew in.

PATRICK

(on phone)

They're in!

INT. HIDEO'S ROOM

Marco rejoices.

MARCO

They're in. Oh thank you Jesus.

Marco slumps with relief into a chair. Luisa slumps with relief against Hideo's bed, but she pops up again.

LUISA

We better get out of here. He's waking up.

MARCO

How can you tell?

LUISA

He just grabbed my ass.

EXT. HOSPITAL - WESTLAKE STREET - LATER - NIGHT

Luisa and Marco walk away from the hospital, on a city street. They pass a pawn shop window that has an assortment of TVs, all playing a car chase scene from an action movie.

MARCO

I think I can still make it to the club. You can get to your car okay?

LUISA

I'm right down the block.

MARCO

(unceremonious)

Great. Well. It's been real.

Marco turns and exits frame.

                  LUISA  
          Okay, see you Monday.

A beat. Marco re-enters frame.

                  MARCO  
          What?

                  LUISA  
          Nothing. I'll see you Monday.

                  MARCO  
          DSS didn't fire you?

                  LUISA  
          No.

                  MARCO  
          Oh.

Marco seems paralyzed with dread.

                  LUISA  
          They gave me a second chance.  
          Unless... Are you going to tell Dom  
          what I did?

                  MARCO  
          Luisa, you stole Dom's car.  
          You put a high-ranking member of  
          the Yakuza in the hospital. You  
          then impersonated him, so you could  
          manipulate other members of his  
          organization. If I tell Dom what  
          you did, he's going to want you to  
          ride with him. And that's my spot.

Marco gives her a stern look, then walks away. As Luisa processes what he just said, a newfound confidence slowly washes over her.

The car chase playing on the TV screens behind her ends in an EXPLOSION. Luisa walks away from the "explosion" towards camera, slow and unflinching, action-movie style, like she just set the city on fire.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW