

29 **INT. BRENDA'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY** 29

Brenda waits across the street from a church's day care center. She watches...

...small children play in a cheerfully plastic playground as NADIA ORWELL, early twenties - pretty in hard sort of way - walks up the sidewalk with an EMPTY STROLLER.

Brenda picks up a PICTURE of Nadia from beside her on the passenger seat: a booking photo from vice. She slips it into her lap and then grabs her CELL PHONE and dials as she opens the car door.

30 **EXT. FRONT OF DAYCARE CENTER - DAY** 30

Nadia disappears inside the church with her STROLLER.

31 **EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF DAYCARE CENTER - DAY** 31

Brenda watches the children play for a moment, waiting for an answer. She sighs. It's a message service.

BRENDA (ON PHONE)

Hey, Fritz, it's me. Uh- Brenda. Just wanted to say thank you for dinner last night. And see, I can call when it has nothing to do with work. Ha, ha, ha. And I had a very nice time, too. Nice. Sorry. What a stupid word. I meant to say I enjoyed myself very much. And I just, you know, wanted to call and tell you that so, okay, and thanks again, really, and I guess I'll talk to you later. Bye.

Nadia reappears with her baby.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

You have a good day now. Bye-bye.

Brenda hangs up. Puts the phone back in her voluminous PURSE. Nadia pushes the STROLLER towards her. Brenda approaches, displaying her BADGE.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Nadia Orwell? Deputy Chief Brenda Jean Johnson, LAPD. I need to talk to you for a moment about Zoya Petrovna.

Nadia tightens her grip on the stroller and quickens her pace. Brenda continues walking beside her.

NADIA
(Russian accent)
I do not know this Zoya.

BRENDA
Really. She calls you almost every day. When's the last time you talked to her?

NADIA
I have American husband now. We have money. Pay tax. My baby is citizen.

BRENDA
But you used to work for Nick Kosloff.

Brenda steps in front of the stroller to stop Nadia.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Don't you think it's strange you haven't heard from Zoya since last Friday?

NADIA
I do not know this Zoya.

Nadia tries to leave. Brenda pulls a PICTURE of the dead Zoya from her purse and holds it up for Nadia to see.

Nadia's hands tighten for a moment on the stroller.

BRENDA
Did you care about her at all, Nadia? Did she mean anything to you? Can you help me? Please? Can you help me?

32 **EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DAY**

32

Nadia sits, one hand clutching the handle of the STROLLER, the other propping up her head with an elbow on her knee.

NADIA
I try tell her is more bad than we thought. But Zoya come anyway. We all come anyway.

BRENDA
How do you get in?

NADIA
Is arranged. Visa and passport
arrive in mail with ticket to LA.
We get off plane. Queue up for man
in airport. What is it? Customs.

As she speaks, Brenda pulls PICTURES out of her PURSE.

BRENDA
One of these men stamp your
passport?

Nadia points out Danny Booth. She spits.

NADIA
Sick pig. We all have to date him.
Zoya his favorite. She look young,
you know. To him, she was a drug.

BRENDA
Think he could have killed her?

NADIA
(shrugs)
Any drug can make you crazy.

Brenda shows her more pictures.

BRENDA
What about one of these men?

Zoya points to the picture of the Congressman.

NADIA
He not kill her. He not do nothing.
Just smell feet.

BRENDA
And Nick Kosloff?
(as Nadia looks away)
You're afraid of the Kosloffs. I
understand. Nick was your boss,
right? His father's a scary guy.
But nothing you say will go
anywhere else. I'm just trying to
find out the truth. I just want to
know what happened to Zoya.

NADIA

(a beat)

Nick like her. Took her to a party.
Put her in nice house. Zoya happy
at first.

BRENDA

What happened?

NADIA

She want husband like I get. Want
to be American, okay? One day she
call. Tells me she coming up with
baby. Next day she cry. Nick hit
her. Said she have baby, he send
her home.

BRENDA

Was she planning on leaving him?

NADIA

She cannot leave. Nick keep our
passports until we have money to
get them back. Always is more than
they say.

BRENDA

You got away though.

NADIA

(a beat; near tears)

You get three others to take your
place, they let you go.

BRENDA

(getting it; it's ugly)

And so you got Zoya to come?
Knowing what would happen to her?

NADIA

(shaky)

I betray her. Yes. So will you. Who
was Zoya to Americans?

(rocking her stroller and
weeping)

Nothing but Russian whore. Like me.

(Nadia weeps)

I tell her not to come. I tell her
is more bad. I tell her.

Brenda puts a consoling arm on Nadia's shoulder.