

THE PENGUIN

EPISODE 108

"A Great Or Little Thing"

Written By

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6th & Idaho
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1 **INT. OSWALD'S CHILDHOOD APT - BEDROOM - DAY [EMDR MEMORY]** 1

SILENCE. A DARKENED SPACE. A woman lays motionless on her side, in what appears to be a bed. Though the details of her environment are vague; out of focus. We SLOWLY PUSH IN to REVEAL -- the woman is FRANCIS COBB, exhausted and grief-stricken.

A familiar RED LIGHT passes over her, and as it does, Francis's surroundings begin to come into focus, like details of a memory: an unkempt bedroom, piles of dirty laundry, stacks of half-eaten microwave dinners, empty whiskey bottles... Then --

A GRATING BUZZER breaks the silence. Francis ignores it, but it starts up again. In short, unyielding bursts -- BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ...

Francis angrily sits up, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror -- but the face reflected back is that of YOUNG FRANCIS (107).

Francis brushes her hair aside, not noticing the difference, and we realize -- this is not Present Day. Francis is in an EMDR session, reliving a traumatic memory, experiencing it as if for the first time.

Then, again -- BUZZ, BUZZ. Francis sighs and extracts herself from bed. The RED LIGHT FADES as she shuffles into --

2 **INT. OSWALD'S CHILDHOOD APT - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS** 2

-- the entryway, where the apartment is empty and still. We recognize it now -- this is Oz's childhood apartment (107). Francis hesitates by the door as her eyes land on the coat rack. TWO JANSPOUT BACKPACKS hang there -- Benny and Jack's. Oswald must be in school. A familiar voice draws her back in.

REX (O.S.)

Fran... it's me.

Francis peers into the peephole to SEE -- REX CALABRESE.

REX (CONT'D)

Come on, doll. Open up...

OFF Francis, resting her head on the door, considering...

3 **INT. OSWALD'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER** 3

The Grandfather Clock TICKS as Francis solemnly sits at the kitchen table. Rex stands at the counter, making coffee.

REX

You gettin' any sleep?

But Francis's attention is on something else -- a CRAYON STAIN left on the wood. Rex sets the coffee in front of her, then takes a seat. Rex sips. Francis leaves hers untouched.

REX (CONT'D)

They were good boys.

Francis's finger traces the crayon stain, remembering how angry she was at Benny for drawing stars on the table, and how silly that anger feels now...

Rex pulls a FLASK from his jacket and pours some whiskey into their mugs. Finally, Francis sips.

REX (CONT'D)

Might do ya some good to get out of the house. I'm worried about you, Fran.

(takes her hand)

I wish ya woulda let me pay for their funerals. Give Jack and Benny a nice send-off. I can talk to Father Vincent. I'm sure he --

Francis yanks her hand away.

FRANCIS

Why? So people could shove tissues in my face and tell me it was God's Will? I don't need a public display to mourn my boys.

Rex watches her for a moment, trying to avoid any more emotional landmines.

REX

Oz has been comin' around the store a lot lately. Says you won't speak to him... and you barely look him in the eye...?

FRANCIS

(with spite)

Oswald's always been so goddamn needy.

(off Rex's surprise)

I'd made peace with it, I did. That he was different. But now...

Francis begins to break down, her anger turning to sorrow.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

What he's done... I can't.

REX

What he's done...?

Francis suddenly gets up from the table and leaves the room.

REX (CONT'D)

Fran?

STAY WITH Rex, taking in the tattered space, the dishes piled in the sink, the FAMILY PHOTOS on the fridge... Then Francis re-enters with a FLASHLIGHT and slams it on the table, speaking with frantic anger.

FRANCIS

I found this in his coat.

Rex stares at the flashlight, confused.

REX

I don't...

FRANCIS

He was with 'em, Rex. He lied to me. He came home actin' all sad, like he was the victim. But he knew. The whole goddamn time, he knew -- my babies were drownin' in those tunnels and he didn't say a goddamn word! He had every chance. Every goddamn chance to say somethin', to do somethin' -- anything -- to stop it.

REX

(rationalizing)

He's a kid. maybe he didn't know --

FRANCIS

He locked 'em inside. The room where they found 'em, the cops told me they had to pry the fuckin' door open to reach 'em.

Rex takes this in. Francis grows increasingly distraught.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

If I had known, if he had just... I coulda saved 'em -- they'd be here with me right now. But Oswald didn't want that. No... this is what he wanted. Me. All to himself.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I got the devil in my house, Rex.
What the hell am I supposed to do?

Rex stands and begins to pace. Slowly, thoughtfully. Then he chooses his next words carefully.

REX

There are a couple different ways
to handle this type of situation.

(beat)

If Oz is what you say, well, guys
like him... they can serve a
purpose. Go on to do big fuckin'
things. Especially in my line of
work. But ya gotta know how to
control 'em. Most guys who come to
me say they're lookin' to make
money. Now, that's fine. Nothin'
wrong with greed. But greed don't
buy loyalty. I want loyalty? I
bring in guys who're lookin' for a
father. Guys like that, who got a
void to fill? They'll do anythin'
for me.

(beat)

Now Oswald, he don't need a father.
He's got you. He's devoted to you.
You can use that, if ya want...

(off Francis, struck)

Foster what he's got - embrace it,
raise it... Maybe he'll be great.
Maybe not. I dunno. You'd have to
bet on him to see.

Francis looks away, shaking her head, disgusted by this idea.

FRANCIS

You want me to look the other way,
ignore what he's done? What kinda
mother would I be if I... I can't.

REX

(beat)

Well then, maybe you let him go...

Francis looks up at Rex, taken aback --

FRANCIS

By let him go, ya mean...?

He nods -- Rex means kill Oswald. She turns away, feeling
like the wind's been knocked out of her.

Her eyes linger on the Grandfather Clock, watching the pendulum SWING back and forth... *TICK TICK TICK*... Then she turns back to Rex, speaking with desperate affection.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

... And you'd be willing to help me with somethin' like that?

4 **INT. OSWALD'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT - BEDROOM/KITCHEN - LATER** 4

ON Francis, all dolled up, in the same flashy dress from 107, steadying her breath and herself, trying to gather the courage she needs for the night. She slips on her heels when A KNOCK interrupts...

OSWALD (O.S.)

Ma, I got dinner for ya.

We have caught up to our FLASHBACK in 107, but now we're seeing Francis's side. She steels herself one last time, then opens the door to FIND --

5 **INT. OSWALD'S CHILDHOOD APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 5

-- a microwaveable meal on a tray laid out on the floor. She steps over it, looking toward OSWALD (12). He turns when he hears her, his face brightening with hope.

OSWALD

You're up...

FRANCIS

Get dressed. We're goin' out.

Oswald beams, too excited to notice a wave of disgust passing over Francis, as we PRE-LAP the sound of UPBEAT JAZZ MUSIC --

6 **INT. MONROE'S - NIGHT** 6

The same smoky club from 107, packed with PEOPLE dancing and drinking. A BIG BAND plays. A SINGER belts out a sultry tune. It's lively and fun.

In contrast, Francis sits in a leather booth, puffing on a cigarette in a long holder, staring at the back of Oswald's head, drunk on misery, and her second WHISKEY SODA.

Oswald looks back at her and smiles, enamored by the music. Francis manages a half-smile in response. Then --

OSWALD

Ma, look who's here!

Francis follows Oswald's gaze to SEE -- Rex, at the bar. She and Rex LOCK EYES, a silent understanding between them.

FRANCIS

Yeah, sweetheart... Rex is gonna drive ya home later.

OSWALD

Really?

FRANCIS

Really. I... I know I been absent lately. So, I wanted to make tonight extra special.

If it wasn't clear before, it is now -- Francis plans to have Oswald die by the hands of the man he idolizes. Retribution for her sons. Oswald mistakes the tension in her eyes for grief.

OSWALD

I know you miss 'em, Ma.
(an afterthought)
I do, too.

Francis stares at Oswald, unsettled. Then she downs her empty drink and searches for the waiter, desperate for another. As she does, her eyes land on a COUPLE across the way, watching her. She recognizes them, but something's off.

REVEAL -- SOFIA GIGANTE and JULIAN RUSH. The moment we see them, the STAGE LIGHTS shift from WHITE to RED and begin to dance across Francis's face. The MUSIC LAGS to a distorted warble and the patrons are suddenly gone. It is now just Francis, Sofia, and Julian.

FRANCIS

What are you...? You ain't supposed to be here.

Francis's hand begins to tremble. Sofia turns to Julian, in a hushed whisper --

SOFIA

What do we do?

JULIAN

It's alright. Play along.

Julian smiles at Francis, trying to put her at ease.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

There's nothing to worry about,
Francis. Let's try and stay in the
moment, okay?

Francis looks around confused, starting to panic.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You're with Oswald. Your son. You
took him to the jazz club, Monroe's.
Go with it.

FRANCIS

(mumbling)

Yeah... I did... That's right...

The colors shift as Francis slips back into the memory.

OSWALD (O.S.)

Ma.

(beat)

I ordered you another drink.

The MUSIC restarts. People dance again. A WAITER crosses
FRAME and when Francis looks back, Sofia and Julian are no
longer there. Everything is as it was. She turns to SEE --

-- a WHISKEY SODA SLIDE in front of her. She stares at the
drink, then at Oswald, who grins proudly. He recognized a
need of hers and met it, unasked.

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

I'm gonna take care of you, Ma. You
know that, right?

(beat)

You been workin' so hard for the
three of us. It's gonna be easier
now.

ON Francis, disturbed by the suggestion that life will be
easier without Jack and Benny.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

I'll get a job. More than one. I
got all kinds of ideas on how to
make cash on the side, too.

FRANCIS

(cold and dismissive)

You sound like your father.

OSWALD

(defensive)

That ain't true. I mean what I say.

Francis glimpses Rex at the bar. He motions toward the back door. *Time to go.* She nods slightly. Oswald grows impassioned.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

What do ya want? Tell me and I'll get it.

Francis chugs her drink, then eyes Oswald with suspicion and amusement...

FRANCIS

... What do I want?
(then purposefully cruel)
Jesus. You got it all figured out, don't ya? Look at you. Your balls have barely dropped, but you're gonna take care of me? I don't think so, sweetheart.

But Francis's cruelty doesn't deter Oswald. It only strengthens him.

OSWALD

'Course I'm gonna take care of you. I'd do anything for you.

Francis stalls, tension in her eyes -- Oswald has already proven this to be true, in the most unimaginable way.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

I see you, Ma. In ways other people don't.

(Francis scoffs)

I do. I see the way ya smile when ya want people to think you're enjoyin' somethin' you ain't. How ya smoke more when you're thinkin', and drink more when you're sad. I see how hard ya work; how smart ya are... and how ya wish people who matter would notice. Or that people like that wouldn't matter at all.

(off Francis, stirred)

No one else believes in you like me. No one else is gonna give ya what you deserve. I'll get ya outta the Eastside. Put ya up somewhere real nice. Better than what we got now.

FRANCIS

Better's easy with where we are.

OSWALD

The best then! On the top floor. In a penthouse, like ya want. With a view of the whole friggin' city. I'll get ya expensive clothes and jewelry. Nice shit, too -- the kind where people see ya on the street and think, "she's important."
 (feeling empowered)
 If ya don't believe me, well -- you don't got to. 'Cause I'll prove it to you. Every damn day.

Francis stares back at her son, deeply rattled.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Just... don't give up on me.

Francis now understands what Rex was saying about "guys like Oz." What they have is different. Keeping Oswald alive, and finding a way to love him, or at least use him, is her alternative to what she asked of Rex. But making a deal with the devil would also fundamentally change who she is as a mom.

Francis glances at Rex, who remains OUT OF FOCUS. Then Oswald stands, blocking her view of Rex, and extending his hand --

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Come on, Ma... dance with me...

HOLD ON Francis, considering Oswald's outstretched hand, and all the consequences that come with taking it. Then finally, Francis reaches out... OFF Francis and Oswald's hands connecting, we --

FADE TO:

TITLES: THE PENGUIN

7

INT./EXT. TRIAD VAN/CROWN POINT - STREET - DAY

7

FIND VICTOR AGUILAR riding in the backseat of a Triad van, stressed. He looks up to LINK TSAI, who is driving --

VICTOR

Left here!
 (beat)
 Come on, come on, come on...

The van rounds a corner to SEE CARS stopped in the middle of the road and a SMALL CROWD staring up at a HUGE PLUME of SMOKE in the distance, rising above the buildings.

LINK

What is that...?

Victor JUMPS out of the van, stunned and distraught, followed by FENG ZHAO, Link, and a couple of TRIAD SOLDIERS.

VICTOR

Oh my God.

In the same moment -- SEVERAL other vehicles -- including TWO MOTORCYCLES -- SKID to a stop, REVEALING -- "DONNY BOY" SULLIVAN, GEORGE MCHUGH, BILLIE CARSON, NAOMI SEILER, ABLE CROWN, and his brother, CHARLES CROWN. Victor managed to rally some of the FIRST AND SECONDS of the gangs like Oz asked, but they're too late.

Victor is unable to discern anything through the dust and debris. But Victor's thinking less about the operation and more about --

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Oz...

His heart pounds with uncertainty. He turns to everyone --

VICTOR (CONT'D)

He could be hurt! We gotta get down there.

Behind him, the gangsters stare out at the destruction, angry and dismayed.

DONNY BOY

He's probably dead.

ABLE CROWN

It's gonna be crawling with cops.

VICTOR

(to Donny Boy)

You-you don't know that. We gotta see.

ZHAO

(shaming Link)

Your friend has put us in a dangerous position.

(to Triads, in Mandarin)

Let's go.

DONNY BOY

(motioning to go)

McHugh.

George is hesitant, but follows his boss's lead.

VICTOR

Wait. That's it?!

ABLE CROWN

(walking away)

We're here for the product. Not The Penguin.

Link gives Victor an apologetic look, as the gangs push past Victor, moving toward their vehicles. ON Victor, his stress building --

VICTOR

You're all a bunch of f-fucking cowards, you know that!

The Number Ones -- Donny Boy, Able, Billie, and Zhao -- stare back with surprise and anger. Charles and Naomi share a look -- *this kid's fucking audacious.*

DONNY BOY

What'd you say?

Victor doubles down, taking up space, like Oz would want. Trying out that Oz Cobb bravado he's come to know so well.

VICTOR

What the hell do you even stand for? You're just gonna let the Maronis and Gigantes do w-whatever they fucking want?!

Donny Boy inches closer, hand on his GUN. Link eyes him, impressed, but mostly concerned that Victor's mouth is about to get him in trouble.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(emotional, aggravated)

This is my neighborhood! Look at it. The whole world treats us like we don't matter and you're just gonna run away?! Th-that's bullshit.

WHACK! Link suddenly PUNCHES Victor in the stomach. Victor falls back. Link's trying to do him a solid -- *shut the fuck up.*

Victor GASPS for air. The heads of the gangs turn their backs, getting into their cars. But the SECOND IN COMMANDS, Naomi, George, and Charles, give Victor a look of sympathy. Still, they do nothing. Link leans into Victor, speaking with quiet force.

LINK

Watch what you say. You gotta know your place, or you're gonna catch a bullet. Then you really don't matter.

Link gives Victor one last look, then follows Zhao to their car. OFF Victor, holding his gut in pain, watching the gangs drive off, leaving him alone...

8 **EXT. CROWN POINT - STREETS NEAR SINKHOLE - MOMENTS LATER** 8

THICK SMOKE. DUST COVERED FACES. PEOPLE SCREAMING. CHAOS. PICK UP Victor, ash raining down on his shoulders. He reaches a GIANT SINKHOLE and stares down in disbelief. There's no way to access it. Oz and Victor's entire operation is gone. Is Oz dead too?

Then, through INJURED RESIDENTS and debris...

ZEKE (O.S.)

Victor!

Victor turns and spots ZEKE, whose face is bloody and dust-ridden.

VICTOR

Zeke...

Victor rushes over, out of view of the sinkhole --

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What happened? Where's Oz?!

ZEKE

(heartbroken)

Sofia -- she blew it all up. She just... Everyone was trapped. I...

POLICE LIGHTS penetrate the smoke as COPS arrive, hastily clearing people away.

VICTOR

What about Oz? Did he get out?

9 **INT. MONROE'S - DAY** 9

OVER BLACK, we HEAR SCATTERED SOUNDS, hard to distinguish at first -- feet shuffling, duct tape peeling, a table scraping against wood... Then -- HINTS OF LIGHT AND COLOR barely begin to seep through, and with them come familiar voices...

SOFIA (O.S.)

He's moving...

Then, EYELIDS are PRIED OPEN and the hints of color become a PIERCING WHITE LIGHT and a BLURRY FACE we *almost* recognize. We are in OZ's POV. What's going on? Where the hell is he? In a hospital...?

JULIAN

It's time to wake up.

CRACK! The sound of SMELLING SALTS opening. Oz's EYES BLINK as he catches a glimpse of them. Then -- JULIAN'S FACE begins to come into focus, though Oz doesn't recognize him... Oz tries to speak, but his response is MUFFLED for some reason. *Is he okay?*

He glances around the tattered room, trying to piece together where he is -- torn leather booths, broken stage lights, tables piled with DIRTY WINE GLASSES and BEER BOTTLES nearby, suggesting people left in a hurry. Then finally, Oz sees an old sign dangling from a wall that says, "*Monroe's*"...

Oz's breath QUICKENS. His heart POUNDS. *Why the hell is he here?!* Then his FOCUS SHARPENS to SEE -- Sofia sitting at a table, kitty-corner from him. *Is she... smiling?*

SOFIA

Oz...

A SURGE OF ADRENALINE KICKS IN and we JUMP TO -- OSWALD COBB, eager to rip her throat out, but unable to move. His hands and feet are BOUND to a chair. He tries to SHOUT, but his mouth is covered, too. This is why his voice was muffled.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It's been a minute...

SOFIA'S GUARD puts a forceful hand on Oz's shoulder. Then -- Oz looks across the room to SEE -- FRANCIS being dragged to a chair. Her hands and mouth are covered with DUCT TAPE, and she appears more disheveled than when we last saw her. *What is this? What the hell is going on?*

Oz SCREAMS her name, but it's pointless with the gag. Francis hears him, though she pays him no attention. *Is she disappointed in him? Is something wrong with her?* Then Julian moves to Francis's side. ON Oz -- who the fuck is this guy?

SOFIA (CONT'D)

You know, when Berto and I were kids, we found this nest out by the greenhouse, with two baby birds inside.

Oz GLARES at Sofia, STRAINING against his binds, helpless --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

One of the birds was bigger than the other; stronger. And the mama bird gave it more food...

Oz GROANS through the mouth gag -- *Jesus Christ*.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(smiles, undeterred)

I thought it was unfair, too. And I got nervous for the smaller bird. It was so weak and frail, you know? I thought it was going to die. Then one morning, when the mama bird was away, I saw something I'll never forget.

(with wonder)

The smaller bird viciously attacked the bigger bird and killed it. And then -- it pushed its brother out of the nest.

A slow horror grows inside Oz...

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It was the most disturbing thing I'd ever seen, at least at the time. Can you imagine? Doing something so terrible, to your own brother?

ANGLE ON Oz, unnerved by what Sofia is poking at. Francis finally looks up -- locking eyes with her son.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

But that's not even the wildest part...

(looking between Oz and Francis)

When the mama bird came back, and saw one of her babies was missing, guess what she did?

Oz looks at her expectantly.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Nothing. Instead of punishing the smaller bird, she kept feeding it, caring for it, as if nothing even happened... Do you think the mother knew, Oz? What her baby did?

(turns to Francis)

Francis, what do you think? Should we find out?

(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Share some hard truths... Maybe
it'll bring about some healing. You
never know...

Francis shifts in her seat, uncomfortable. Sofia gets up and
begins to circle Oz...

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Oz, would you like to start?

Sofia RIPS the TAPE from Oz's mouth and he instantly RAGES --

OZ

You crazy fuckin' psycho! What is
this shit? Talkin' about fuckin'
birds?! Jesus Christ.

SOFIA

(amused)
You don't like my story?

OZ

(to Francis, frenzied)
Ma! You okay? Look at me. I'm gonna
get you outta here --

SOFIA

You're right, Oz. It was stupid.
You have the better one anyway.
(Oz scoffs)
So, go ahead... Tell us what
happened. Tell us why you left your
brothers to die in those tunnels?

HOLD ON Oz, stunned silent. *What the fuck?*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Why did you tell your mom you
weren't with them? Why did you lie
to her?

Oz is filled with sudden dread -- *how the hell does Sofia
know this?* He scrambles --

OZ

What the hell are you talkin'
about?

SOFIA

Stop pretending. She knows, I know,
we all know what you did.

Oz looks at his mother, tension building. Francis stirs in her seat, groaning, shaking her head -- *she doesn't want to do this*. Oz panics --

OZ

You did something to her... What the fuck'd you do?

Sofia studies Oz with a real curiosity, trying to understand.

SOFIA

You act like you tell her everything, and she acts like she believes you. Why?

(to Francis)

Why are you both so afraid of the truth? It's sick...

(beat, to Francis)

Almost as sick as asking that man to kill your son...

Sofia moves to Francis and PULLS off her tape --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Rex, right? That's his name?

Oz eyes his mother, engrossed. *Could Sofia possibly be referring to Rex Calabrese?*

FRANCIS

Shut up! Shut up!

OZ

What kinda weird fuckin' game are you tryin' to play?

Sofia ignores Oz's deflections, keeping her attention on Francis.

SOFIA

Your last night together was going to be here, in this club. Right, Francis?

(points to the dance floor)

Was it right over there, where you two danced? Is that where Oz made you his promise?

Oz's eyes flick to Sofia -- *did his mother tell her this?*

FRANCIS

Stop it, goddammit!

Oz searches his mother's face, panic rising. *Why isn't she denying it?*

SOFIA

Was it worth it? Did he give you everything you wanted? Did he fulfill his promise? Or do you wish you would've let Rex take him for that ride?

Oz's chest tightens, remembering how excited he was by the idea of Rex driving him home. *Is this... true?*

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(to Francis)

What did you lose by keeping him alive? I know what I lost; what he took from me. He deserves to know what he did to you. How you feel about him. How angry you are. Tell him. Tell him.

Francis remains silent, as her hand begins to tremble. Sofia turns to Oz. He, too, is shockingly quiet. Sofia's not getting what she wanted from this. She sighs, frustrated --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Fine.

She glances at Julian. They share a strange smile. Then Julian unties Francis' restraints and GRABS her wrist, FORCING her hand onto the table, splaying out her fingers. Francis FREAKS. Oz desperately TUGS on his binds --

FRANCIS

No! Stop! Stop it!

OZ

What the fuck?! Don't touch her!

Then Sofia pulls out a CIGAR CUTTER -- the same one she stole from Oz's loft in 106.

SOFIA

Was it my brother's right or left pinky you chopped off?
(remembering)
Right. It was the right.

OZ

Jesus! Don't! No!

FRANCIS

Stop! Oswald!

Oz YANKS on his binds, but he can't get free. Sofia tosses the cigar cutter to Julian, who quickly slips it over Francis's pinky. Sofia's voice remains calm over Oz's PROTESTS and Francis's SCREAMS.

SOFIA

Here's the thing, Oz. Just because someone knows something, doesn't mean they don't need to hear it from the person who hurt them. I'll never get that from my father. But I'm offering you the opportunity to give it to your mother. She deserves the best, doesn't she? So, give her your best.

OZ

FRANCIS

Sofia! Stop! For fuck's sake! Oswald, help me! Don't!

SOFIA

It's simple. All you have to do is tell your mom the truth. Tell her what you did to your brothers. Tell her why. And we all can take a breath.

OZ

This is insane! I told ya, I don't know what the fuck you're talkin' about!

Sofia looks to Julian with intent. Obeying, he slowly PRESSES the cigar cutter down onto Francis's pinky. Blood seeps from the wound. She SCREAMS --

FRANCIS

OZ (CONT'D)

Oswald!

Stop this! Goddammit!

Oz's binds loosen slightly, but Sofia's Guard keeps him at bay.

SOFIA

OZ (CONT'D)

Admit it, Oz.

I didn't do shit! I wasn't even with 'em!

Sofia looks at Oz with shocked disappointment.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

OZ (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you? Tell her. For her sake!

She knows that. Ma, you know that --

Julian SQUEEZES more, making a DEEPER CUT, staring at the blood as Francis WAILS --

FRANCIS

It's my fuckin' finger you spineless prick! Jesus, just say it. Tell her!

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I already fuckin' know!! I know what you did to Jack and Benny. I always known.

Oz stares at his mother, stunned. Sofia and Julian exchange a look. This is what Sofia has been waiting for: the truth.

SOFIA

Oz...

Sofia holds his stare -- *your turn*. Oz looks to his mother SCREAMING in pain. He can end her suffering, and save her finger, all he needs to do is tell the truth...

FRANCIS

Fuckin' say it! Please, Oswald!

The blade cuts a little deeper -- Oz looks to Francis --

OZ

Ma, ya got things confused! This is your disease talkin'... That's it!

Sofia stares back in shock -- *Oz will never fess up*. Francis begins to cry, her pain and disappointment starting to blur.

FRANCIS

I hate you! I hate you for what ya did! I never stopped hatin' you!

Francis's vitriol lands on Oz, though he doesn't know what to do with it... Sofia motions for Julian to stop. He releases the cigar cutter. Sofia looks intently at Oz, realizing...

SOFIA

Jesus Christ, you would've let me do it; you would've let me cut it off.

Francis pulls her hand into her chest, and collapses back in her chair, refusing to look at Oz, her anger and resentment quietly building.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Because... you don't care about her.

OZ

Fuck you.

SOFIA

(plainly)

You don't. Not enough. Not like you say. You don't feel a fucking thing.

Then Francis looks up from her chair and stares hard at Oz, her body vibrating with pain.

FRANCIS

I had enough to give, Oswald... I had enough to give all three of you.

Then, tears welling, Francis gets up and moves toward Oz. Julian goes to stop her, but Sofia shakes her head. This is between Oz and his mother now.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You didn't have to leave 'em down there. You didn't have to take 'em from me! They were my babies. My world. Your brothers.

(in his face)

You're a disappointment. A waste of space. And I wake up every goddamn day, sick that I'm your mother.

(glances at Sofia)

She's right. She's fuckin' right!

Then Francis grabs one of the dirty BEER BOTTLES and angrily SMASHES it against the table --

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I shoulda let Rex kill ya when I had the chance.

-- and SHOVES its JAGGED EDGE into Oz's stomach. Oz looks down at his bleeding wound, SHOCKED. HOLD ON FRANCIS, staring back, relieved, but as we ARM AROUND, REVEAL --

-- 12-YEAR-OLD OSWALD before her, bleeding from his belly --

OSWALD

Ma...?

Francis stares back at her young son, resolved.

FRANCIS

You're the devil. The goddamn devil!

Over this, we HEAR the SOUND OF HEAVY RAIN as Francis looks across the room to see JACK and BENNY, sopping wet, their faces blue, staring at her in silence.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Jack...? Benny...?

BACK TO THE PRESENT MOMENT -- ANGLE ON Oz, Sofia, and Julian watching Francis with trepidation. She is staring at the corner of an EMPTY ROOM, terrified, tears filling her eyes. It's a jarring transition, visually and emotionally --

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

My babies... I'm sorry.

Francis is in a traumatic state of mind, experiencing another Lewy Body Dementia hallucination. It becomes CHAOTIC quickly:

OZ

Ma... there ain't nothin' there.

Francis begins to slur her words, feeling unsteady.

FRANCIS

I'm sor. sor... Ss...

Her arm goes numb. Something's wrong. Oz is distressed --

OZ

Ma!

She grabs for the table but loses her balance and slips, SLAMMING her head against the edge before CRASHING to the floor.

OZ (CONT'D)

NO!

The rest happens fast -- Oz screams, YANKING his forearms up, and BREAKING apart the chair he's in, FREEING himself as Sofia and Julian hurry to Francis's side.

SOFIA

Francis?

The Guard sees what Oz has done and moves toward him --

SOFIA'S GUARD

Hey!

The Guard reaches for his GUN as Oz grabs a SHARD OF BROKEN GLASS and JAMS it into his neck. The Guard goes down. Blood SPRAYS. Oz TEARS OFF the rest of his binds with brute strength, and grabs the Guard's weapon. Sofia looks up.

SOFIA

Shit.

Oz SHOOTS, but Julian pulls Sofia behind a table for cover. ANOTHER HENCHMAN comes at Oz, but Oz aggressively BARRELS toward him, murdering him quickly and brutally.

Sofia pulls her GUN and shoots at Oz. Oz uses the henchman's dead body as a shield against her gunfire until -- he reaches his mother, where he finds Francis on the ground, unconscious.

OZ
I got ya, Ma.

Oz shoots back at Sofia, giving himself cover. Then, he hoists his mother up, trying to ignore the pain from the wound she gave him, as he slings her over his shoulder and continues outside.

10

EXT. MONROE'S - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

10

ON DETECTIVE WISE standing by his unmarked police cruiser, putting Drops in his eyes, high out of his fucking mind, when -- **BANG!** A bullet cuts through his EYEBALL. His body drops to REVEAL -- Oz behind him, gun out.

OZ
It's gonna be alright.

Oz lays his mother in the back of the cruiser as ANOTHER HENCHMAN comes around the corner, shooting. Oz ducks down, then FIRES BACK, killing the Henchman.

He hobbles into the driver's side, and tears off down the street just as Sofia BURSTS out of the club, GUN in hand. She takes aim at the cruiser, but it's too far away.

She lowers her gun without firing, just as Julian hurries out of the club to see the taillights disappear...

Sofia stares down the empty street, her mind beginning to percolate.

11

INT. EAST MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY

11

Oz hustles after a GURNEY, as an ER DOCTOR and ER NURSE hurry Francis down the hallway of an Eastside Hospital. A few dust-covered residents are being treated in the background. The ER Doctor is checking Francis's pupils.

OZ
She fell... Hit her head and then she stopped makin' sense. She's got this condition -- Lewy Body... it's a dementia type thing.

Oz can barely keep up, his leg dragging behind him, as he covers his own stomach wound with his jacket.

OZ (CONT'D)

It's okay, Ma. You hear me?

Francis is wheeled through the ICU double-doors. Oz tries to follow, but the ER Nurse blocks his path.

ER NURSE

Stay in the waiting room. We'll find you.

OZ

You can fix her, right?

ER NURSE

We'll do everything we can, Sir. Just stay nearby.

The ER Nurse disappears behind the doors, leaving Oz alone. He stands there watching, helpless. As his adrenaline dissipates, he grabs for his gut, wincing in pain -- BLOOD seeps through his shirt. Oz needs a doctor, bad, but can't risk the attention. Not while Sofia is looking for him.

He limps away, passing a NURSE'S STATION, where a NURSE stares up at a TV, distracted. On the screen we see a SINK HOLE spewing smoke and ash into the air above Crown Point.

NEWSCASTER #1 (ON TV)

Rescue workers pull bodies from the rubble, as authorities continue to search for the cause of the deadly explosion in Crown Point...

Oz glances up at the screen, irate, before swiping the nurse's CELLPHONE off the desk and hobbling down the hall.

12

EXT./INT. ELLIOT BRIDGE/VOLVO - DAY (DRIVING)

12

FIND Victor SPEEDING across the Elliot Bridge. He feels around the backseat, searching, then grabs a TIRE IRON from the floor. He places it on the passenger seat. With or without the gangs, Victor is gonna find Sofia, and hopefully Oz.

He sees a sign in the near distance -- "BRISTOL TOWNSHIP," a sign he knows means danger. This is a bad idea, but what choice does he have? Where else does he have to go? He grips the wheel, resolved. Then -- his PHONE VIBRATES. A NUMBER Victor doesn't recognize. He cautiously picks up to HEAR --

OZ (V.O.; ON PHONE)

Kid! Where the hell are ya?

VICTOR

Oz!

OFF Victor, breathing a sigh of relief -- Oz is alive.

13

INT. EAST MERCY HOSPITAL - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

13

FIND Oz rummaging through shelves, gathering RUBBING ALCOHOL, a SMALL TOWEL, and a SKIN STAPLER.

He lifts up his shirt to examine his bloody stab wound. It's bad. He grunts, stifling his pain, grappling with the reality that his mother did this to him.

He hastily cleans the wound, exhausted but bristling with rage. Then -- footsteps. A hint of a shadow beneath the door. Oz eyes the shadow, pulls his GUN close...

The door opens, shedding light into the dark space, REVEALING Victor, standing in the doorway. He sighs.

OZ

In here. Shut the door, kid.

Victor closes the door and steps into the room. He notices Oz's stab wound, the pain on his face.

VICTOR

Shit. W-what happened? Are you okay?

CLICK! Oz begins to STAPLE his wound closed, taking the pain. Victor winces.

OZ

Yeah. Sofia... she stabbed me.
Fucked with my Ma, too.

Oz can't bring himself to admit the truth. Victor treads lightly...

VICTOR

What'd Sofia do to her...?

Oz dodges the question, gesturing to a cart nearby --

OZ

Just, uh... hand me that gauze.

VICTOR

(hands over the roll)
Is she alright?

OZ

(a beat, then --)

Yeah. She's gonna be.

Victor knows to stop pressing. But whatever happened, Francis is likely not okay... As Oz bandages his side, Victor watches him, overcome with guilt -- *this is his fault*.

VICTOR

I'm s-sorry, Oz. I got there too late. The gangs -- I tried to m-make them see, but... They just left.

Oz takes a breath, sinking deeper into his despair.

OZ

It ain't you, Vic. It's just how it is. I got nothin' left to offer 'em.

Oz trails off, wallowing in self pity. Victor tries to pull him back from the brink.

VICTOR

(strong)

You're wrong.

(beat)

It's not just about the drugs or the money. That's part of it, maybe. But guys like Link -- he believes in you.

OZ

(laughing)

Link's a fuckin' Deputy, kid. He can't do shit without the *Dai Lo*.

Victor fumes -- Oz needs to listen.

VICTOR

Goddammit, Oz. Listen to me.

(off Oz's surprise)

You gave p-people jobs in Crown Point, got the p-power on... Nobody else did that. Nobody even tried. You gave people dignity. That's bigger than Bliss.

(beat)

So, get the hell up and - and get your shit together, and you know, I dunno, be you.

Oz stares at Victor, dead silent. Victor shifts awkwardly. After a loaded beat, Oz cracks a smile --

OZ

You been practicing that one?

VICTOR

(quietly, with a smile)

Shut up.

Oz pulls his shirt over his wound.

OZ

It was pretty good. You gotta project more though. From your gut.

(stands)

Alright, let's get the fuck outta here.

VICTOR

Wait, I don't...

But something in Victor's speech has sparked an idea for Oz, and he's already moving to the door --

OZ

Sofia's expectin' a brawl. So, we're gonna come at her sideways.

VICTOR

Wh-what about your mom? Shouldn't we stay?

Oz takes a beat, considering. He doesn't want to leave, but...

OZ

She ain't gonna be able to look at me 'less I get this done. I got a promise to keep.

OFF Oz, with renewed strength, walking out the door, Victor in tow.

14

INT. FALCONE MANSION - HALLWAY/GREAT ROOM - DAY

14

FIND Sofia walking down the hall, carrying a BOTTLE OF GIN in one hand and a JAR OF OLIVES in the other. She's barefoot, the SCARS on her shoulders exposed. A CROWD of VOICES echo down the hall. But as she turns the corner into the great room, they go silent.

Inside we FIND Feng Zhao, Donny Boy, Able Crown, Billie Carson, and VASILY KOSOV -- leaders of the gangs Oz gathered in 106 -- sitting opposite each other at the dining room table. DOM and ANOTHER GUARD stand nearby, watching them.

Link, George McHugh, Charles Crown, Naomi Seiler, and FEDOR LASKIN, all the second in commands, stand lined up along the wall.

Sofia approaches the head of the table with an air of nihilism.

SOFIA

Thanks for making the trip across the bridge. I know it's a hike.

The leaders shift in their seats, tense. They don't know why Sofia's invited them here. Sofia sets the gin and olives on the table.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

This was my father's home. As you can imagine, a lot of terrible shit happened in here...

Sofia begins to muscle open the jar of olives --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

What I want to know is... who wants it?

POP! Sofia gets the jar open. She reaches inside with her fingers. The gangsters are confused, unsure what to make of her off-putting behavior. Sofia takes a swig of gin then bites into the olive, realizing they're gawking.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't know how to make a dirty martini. But I needed a drink, so...

Zhao glances around -- he'll be the one to speak up.

ZHAO

I don't think we're quite clear on what you're offering.

SOFIA

I'm leaving Gotham, Mr. Zhao. There's nothing left for me here. My home, territories, businesses...
(motions around her house)
... can all be yours -- well, not all of yours -- whichever one of you brings me Oz first.

They stir, sharing uncomfortable looks. *Who wants to break the news to her?*

BILLIE CARSON

He's dead.

SOFIA

(sighs)

He's not. So, I'll make this simple: whoever finds Oz first will have the means to control Gotham... for as long as they can hold onto it.

Murmurs spread through the group. Link steps forward.

LINK

This isn't real, right?

Everyone looks over at Link in the corner. Zhao gives him a harsh stare.

LINK (CONT'D)

You want us to believe you're gonna walk away, from... all this? Why would you do that?

Sofia thinks back to something Julian said to her once, about why he left Arkham (104)...

SOFIA

Because I can.

Sofia's answer hangs in the air. She finishes her shot.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's better, starting from scratch...

(beat)

So who wants it?

The Bosses eye each other across the table, a sense of competition growing. The Seconds in Command share looks, seemingly sizing each other up. OFF Zhao and Link, locking eyes -- *game on*.

15

INT./EXT. VOLVO/CITY HALL - DAY

15

FIND Oz and Victor sitting in the Volvo outside of an UNSEEN BUILDING. There's tension in the air as Oz finishes ZIPPING up his boot and adjusting his clean shirt. He looks at his hands -- *still grimy* -- and grabs BABY WIPES from the floor to clean them.

OZ

(to Victor as he wipes)
Alright, stay put and don't do
anythin' that'll call attention to
yourself.

Oz tosses the used wipes onto the floor.

OZ (CONT'D)

We may need to get outta here
quick. Sofia's on the hunt.
Got it?

VICTOR

Yeah.

Oz pulls out his GUN and places it in the GLOVE BOX. Victor watches -- wherever Oz is going, he can't take his weapon with him.

Oz gets out of the car, leaving the passenger door open as he moves to the trunk. Victor stays in the car, watching Oz pull out a PEACOAT. Oz puts it on, then SLAMS the trunk shut and returns to Victor, eager for approval.

OZ

Alright, how do I look?

Despite Oz's change of clothes, it still looks like he's been through the ringer.

VICTOR

You look... dope. Yeah. I-I like
it.
(trying too hard)
Fresh.

OZ

(smirks)
Eh, lookin' the part's only half
the thing.
(a deep breath, then --)
Alright. Into the fuckin' lion's
den.

And with that, Oz turns and looks up to REVEAL -- GOTHAM CITY HALL.

STAY WITH Victor, as he watches Oz hobble past PEOPLE in power suits and skirts, moving toward a SIDE ENTRANCE. Suddenly -- Victor's PHONE VIBRATES. He recognizes the number. Takes a beat, considering, then decides to ANSWER --

COUNCILMAN HADY

(whisper screaming)

What the fuck, Oz? I did what you asked. If anyone sees us, I'm --

Oz finds the speaker's GAVEL and POUNDS it on the table, cutting the Councilman off -- Hady shuts up.

OZ

Shit, that fuckin' works.

(beat)

Wanna come a little closer, Councilman? Nice acoustics in here, but I'd prefer not to shout.

Hady hesitantly moves closer. After all, Oz assaulted him mere days ago.

OZ (CONT'D)

There ya go... So listen, I never got to thank you for helpin' me out -- Crown Point's prettier with lights.

(beat)

But they're pullin' bodies outta the rubble down there now. Fuckin' tragic. People are gonna point fingers. My guess is, most of 'em are gonna be pointed at City Hall. 'Fuck the Man', that kinda shit. And if voters are lookin' for answers, sure'd be nice if you had some. Right?

Oz grins. Hady senses where Oz is going with this... He's listening.

COUNCILMAN HADY

What *kind* of answers?

OZ

The truth.

(beat)

Sofia Falcone sent a car full of explosives into some tunnels under the city and it went boom.

Hady looks at Oz with skepticism.

COUNCILMAN HADY

Why would she do that...?

OZ

'Cause that hole in the ground used to be the biggest drug lab in Gotham. Run by a real smart motherfucker, too.

Oz takes a deep breath and smiles -- *is he about to confess?*

OZ (CONT'D)

Salvatore Maroni.
(then almost boasting)
He was pushin' a new street drug called Bliss.

COUNCILMAN HADY

(growing intrigued)
And you know all this how...?

OZ

Listen, I try to stay outta these kindsa things, but the headline is -- it's the same damn war, Maronis and Falcones rippin' each other off.
(yada yada)
Maronis kill Sofia's brother, she goes full psycho, burns his wife and son to a crisp, and blows up his entire operation.

Oz beams. He's confessed - in a way - exposing everything he's done only to pin it on Sal and Sofia. It's smart, but Hady isn't convinced.

COUNCILMAN HADY

Quite a story... Any of it true?

OZ

(leveling)
Yeah, it's fuckin' true! When the cops go diggin' in that hole, you know what they're gonna find? They're gonna find pieces of Sofia's G-Wagon, and a bunch of dead Falcones and Maronis, including Salvatore. It *is* what it *looks* like -- you know that, your line'a work. And this looks like an unhinged, angry broad that got outta the loony bin and went on a fuckin' killin' spree. But Councilman, look, you got the opportunity to give the people someone to hate...

(knowingly, to Hady)

(MORE)

OZ (CONT'D)

... *and* someone to love --
(reverently)

Sebastian Hady -- That's the guy
that turned the lights on in Crown
Point, restored people's dignity,
locked up the last Falcone, and
ended a fuckin' gang war. How's that
sound?

Oz is parroting Victor, but instead of claiming the credit
himself, he's setting Hady up as the hero, and his puppet.

COUNCILMAN HADY

(still uncertain)
Sounds nice...

OZ

Nice? You piece of shit, that's a
win you can ride all the way to the
top!

ON Hady, warming to the dream Oz is selling. But working with
Oz comes with certain risks, something Hady knows all too well.

COUNCILMAN HADY

And in return...

OZ

Might be good to feel welcome in a
place like this for a change. Meet
some of those friends ya got. Hell,
maybe we bump into Bella Reál one
of these days...

Hady reads Oz -- *this creepy gangster just wants to feel
included* -- access, legitimacy, a real seat at the table. Oz
settles back in his chair -- *whattaya say?* ON Hady,
considering the cost/benefits to this Faustian bargain...

COUNCILMAN HADY

You're gonna have some trouble,
Oz... Reál is forming a commission.
Anti-corruption. They're going
after cops, city officials... And
they got a list of Carmine's
associates. They're gonna subpoena
you. You wanna be welcome, you
gotta look clean.

Oz sits with this new piece of information. Then, undeterred,
Oz taps the table, grinning from ear-to-ear --

OZ

As a fuckin' whistle... pal.

That's it -- the deal is done. OFF the reinvention of Oswald Cobb -- political animal.

19

INT. CITY HALL - STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

19

PICK UP Oz walking out of chambers, in front of a grand staircase. He passes a SMALL CROWD of STAFFERS buzzing, then Oz looks over to SEE --

-- MAYOR-ELECT BELLA REÁL, in the flesh. Her arm is in a sling, still healing from the Riddler's attack as she talks to a CONCERNED POLITICIAN.

Oz instinctively primps himself, watching Bella on the higher rung of stairs with envy. She finishes her conversation, shaking hands, and continues up the steps, toward her office. Oz's eyes are fixed on Bella ASCENDING, as he dreams of doing the same some day...

20

EXT. CITY HALL - OUTSIDE VOLVO - DAY

20

Oz barrels out of City Hall, riding high. *That was a huge win.* But as he nears the car, he realizes something's wrong -- Victor's not inside. The he hears a VOICE from behind him --

LINK (O.S.)

Oz --

Oz turns around to SEE -- Link, looking threatening, a GUN peeking out of his belt. TWO TRIAD HENCHMEN flank Oz, discouraging any escape. Oz glares at Link --

OZ

What the fuck's this?

Link motions to the Triad van nearby...

LINK

Get in.

OFF Oz, trapped...

TIME CUT TO:

21

INT. FALCONE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

FIND Sofia stepping into the wallpapered master bedroom, carrying an armful of her clothes. She TOSSES the heap onto the bed and stalls at one outfit in particular -- her WHITE DRESS from 101.

She briefly runs her hand over the fabric, confounded by her former self, but also mourning her. A breath, a beat, then --

Sofia moves into the CLOSET and begins to YANK out drawer after drawer of her FATHER'S BELONGINGS, adding them to the pile. *What the hell is she doing?*

In the chaos of the moment, she notices a SMALL BOX in the mess. She opens it to REVEAL -- a VINTAGE WATCH inside, the same one she gave her father in 104. She pulls it out and studies it. But a call interrupts. She retrieves her PHONE from a SMALL TABLE, where TWO BOTTLES OF OVERPROOF GIN sit. She ANSWERS --

SOFIA (ON PHONE)

Mr. Zhao...

INTERCUT WITH:

22

INT./EXT. TRIAD VAN/ABANDONED STREET - INTERCUT

22

Zhao stands nearby the Triad van, now parked on a dark street in Chinatown.

ZHAO (ON PHONE)

I have Oz.

WIDEN TO SEE -- a disheveled Oz and Victor, flanked by TRIAD SOLDIERS. Link screwed over Victor to get to Oz.

ZHAO (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Should I bring him to the house?

SOFIA (ON PHONE)

(staring at the heap)

I'm actually packing up the last of my things. Why don't we meet at Goodwin International. Hangar 5.

(then)

Congratulations, Mr. Zhao.

ZHAO (ON PHONE)

And to you.

23

INT. FALCONE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Sofia HANGS UP, allowing herself a moment of relief -- *she got him*. Then she TOSSES her father's WATCH onto the bed, suddenly consumed with grief for all she has lost -- *her mother, her brother, her future...* It's not fair. The sorrow swells, until it boils over into fury -- *fuck it*.

She grabs one of the OVERPROOF BOTTLES and POURS it all over the bed and the floor, SOAKING everything with booze. Now we realize what she's doing -- Sofia never intended to gift ANY GANG her home. She's burning it to the ground.

But the victory is bittersweet, her relief tinged with the ache that can only come from letting go.

Sofia's burning more than her home.

SOFIA'S NEW DRIVER

Ma'am...

Sofia turns to SEE -- her NEW DRIVER loading the last of her SUITCASES into a TOWN CAR. Behind him, Dom and a group of GUARDS get into a separate SUV.

Sofia nods and climbs into the town car.

TIME CUT TO:

27

INT./EXT. TOWN CAR/AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

27

Sofia gazes out the window, a small CARRY-ON BAG in the seat next to her. Through her window we see the car pull into a PRIVATE AIRPLANE HANGAR, where a JET is gassed up and waiting.

As the car comes to a stop, she sees Zhao, Link, and Triad SOLDIERS holding Oz and Victor at gunpoint.

HOLD ON Sofia as a wave of relief and anticipation washes over her -- she's finally doing away with Oz, and more than that, her future beyond Gotham awaits.

Sofia's Driver opens the door and Sofia steps out, flanked by Dom and her GUARDS. She makes her way toward Zhao, who greets her with a cocky grin.

ZHAO

Well...

SOFIA

Thank you, Mr. Zhao.

Zhao looks between Oz and Sofia's plane --

ZHAO

Will you end things here, or drop him over the Atlantic? See if *The Penguin* can fly...?

As Sofia speaks, she turns to Oz, expecting a blistering reaction from Zhao's comment. But instead, Oz stares back at her, SMILING. Sofia's stomach drops -- *Something's not right...*

Sofia watches Oz nod to his side and follows his gaze to Link, who's drawn his gun. Time SLOWS for Sofia.

SOFIA

Zhao... this isn't --

Before Zhao can react, LINK SHOOTS ZHAO in the head. He CRUMPLES to the floor, DEAD. Link just killed his own boss. He's didn't betray Oz, he's working for him. Sofia stares in complete shock, softly --

Then the rest happens FAST -- a Triad soldier TOSSES Oz a loaded UZI. Dom reaches for his gun but Oz shoots him dead, spraying blood on Sofia's face.

Sofia scrambles as her men realize they're in a trap, but Oz, Link, and the Triads have the jump on them, unleashing a WAVE of BULLETS.

Shells CLINK to the ground until the Gigantes are down, and Sofia is completely alone.

Sofia reaches for her weapon but Victor has his GUN on her first, aimed at her head. Sofia gives him a shocked look. They've met a couple of times, but she's never thought much about him until now.

VICTOR

H-hand it over. Slowly.

Sofia hands Victor her gun, taking in the carnage. Her stomach sinks -- *this can't be happening.* Oz smiles over at him -- *good work, kid.* Then he notices Sofia's Driver MOANING on the floor. He's badly injured, but still alive. *BAM!* Oz executes him in the head, grabs the CAR KEYS, then turns to Sofia --

OZ

Whattaya say you and me go for a drive...

OFF Sofia, shellshocked with nowhere to run...

28

EXT./INT. VARIOUS STREETS/TOWN CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

28

HIGH ANGLE OVER GOTHAM as Sofia's car weaves through the dark city streets. INSIDE Oz drives. Sofia's in the backseat, her hands bound, knowing she's LOCKED IN. Oz glances through the REARVIEW --

OZ

Like old times, huh, doll?

Sofia sits back, keeping her eyes fixed out the window, accepting her fate. Oz nods to the bag next to her --

OZ (CONT'D)
Goin' somewhere?

Sofia solemnly glances at her luggage, overcome with an overwhelming sense of loss.

SOFIA
I was hoping to...

Sofia watches the skyline of Gotham pass by, still struggling to understand where she went wrong.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
What did you say to Link to get him to turn?
(loaded)
I'm sure you promised something...

A dig. But Oz is unfazed by it.

OZ
Yeah, what you and the *Dai Lo* never would... A shot. A chance to be somebody. Link was tired of bein' overlooked. Needed someone to see him. He ain't the only one neither...

A knowing grin spreads across Oz's face, as we FLASH TO:
QUICK POPS of Gotham's gangs' NUMBER TWOS EXECUTING THEIR BOSSES:

29

INT. SULLIVAN GANG TERRITORY - BOXING GYM - SAME

29

Donny Boy Sullivan PUMMELS a HEAVY BAG when a WIRE wraps around his neck, YANKING HIM BACK, REVEALING his second in command -- George McHugh.

OZ (V.O.)
Years of bein' brushed aside,
laughed at, told to eat shit and
like it... It breaks ya...

Donny Boy CLAWS at his throat, but his BULKY GLOVES leave him helpless. As George lets Donny Boy's body slip to the floor --

30

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

30

BILLIE CARSON, leader of the LoBoys, works on her bike, when her second in command, NAOMI SEILER, walks over and scoops up Billie's motorcycle helmet --

OZ (V.O.)
Makes ya wanna break somebody else.

Billie looks up, surprised, as Naomi CRACKS her over the head with the helmet, BASHING Billie's brains in --

31 **INT. UPSCALE BATHROOM - SAME** 31

ABLE CROWN dries his hands with a CLOTH TOWEL, admiring his reflection in the mirror of a swanky bathroom, when suddenly his eyes go wide and his body jerks -- as if struck from behind.

OZ (V.O.)

Figured you woulda understood that, considering... But you were too busy fillin' up your own fuckin' plate to see that everyone around ya was starvin'...

Blood plumes across Able's chest. He collapses, falling out of frame, REVEALING his brother, CHARLES CROWN, in the mirror behind him, a pistol with a silencer in his hand...

32 **INT. STEAM ROOM - SAME** 32

VASILY KOSOV sits alone in a foggy steam room, a towel around his waist. Then, his second in command, FEDOR LASKIN, enters, fully clothed. Vasily jumps to his feet, the FIGHT obscured by THICK STEAM --

OZ (V.O.)

You don't know what it feels like, bein' born into nothin'. Havin' to smile at the person whose boot's on your neck. Hopin' one day they'll see ya down there and let up.

As the steam clears, REVEAL Vasily on the bench, his THROAT SLIT, with Fedor standing over him.

33 **EXT./INT. PIER NEAR ELLIOT BRIDGE/TOWN CAR - SAME** 33

BACK TO Sofia, sinking deeper into her seat.

OZ (O.S.)

People will do anything to push down that feeling...

Sofia locks eyes with Oz in the REARVIEW MIRROR, then looks away, shaking her head...

SOFIA

You think I don't understand that?

Oz doesn't respond.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Right. Doesn't matter.

(mocking, bitter)

Oswald Cobb. "Man of the people."
That's the story you need people to
believe.

A heavy silence endures as Oz pulls into their final destination -- underneath the ELLIOT BRIDGE.

OZ

Well. Here we are...

Oz gets out first and opens the door for her. Though this time it's not a courtesy, it's a command. Sofia steps out and looks up to see the Elliot Bridge looming above them, where wealthy residents speed across, blissfully unaware of what's going on below.

SOFIA

This your attempt at being poetic?

Reiterating what Sofia said to him in 103:

OZ

Somethin' like that...

He gestures to a PIER, holding his arm out like a gentleman.
Ladies first.

SOFIA

You don't want to put a gun to my
back, make a big show of it?

OZ

You ain't the type to run.

Sofia looks at Oz. *He's right. She's not the type.* ON SOFIA, making her way down to the edge of the pier with nowhere to go. She stares down at the murky water, bitter, but resigned to her fate.

SOFIA

How's your Mom? Has she told you
she loves you yet?

Oz WHIPS out his GUN and PRESSES it to Sofia's temple, his finger trembling over the trigger. He wants to blow her brains out and end her like he did Alberto, and she's provoking him to do just that. But instead --

OZ

Turn around.

Sofia just smiles and complies, then looks out past the bridge -- past the ugliness of the city to a SLIVER of sky and stars. It's not much, but it's something.

SOFIA

You're right, Oz. I didn't see you.
But she did. She knew it from the
beginning. You've always been a
monster.

OZ

You ain't never gonna find peace,
ya know that? Sick fuck like you...
You're goin' to hell, sweetheart.

CLOSE ON Sofia as she takes a deep breath, her last. Then she closes her eyes in anticipation.

SOFIA

I'll save you a seat.

It's quiet, the only sound is the rush of traffic overhead, like waves on a beach.

It's gentle at first but it grows LOUDER and LOUDER as Sofia's comes to terms with her fate, until the noise is a STEADY ROAR, clouding out all other thoughts --

After what feels like an eternity, Sofia opens her eyes. *Why is she alive?* The noise recedes. She turns around, but Oz is gone. The car is gone. He left her here? Why?

Then -- a SPOTLIGHT from an UNSEEN HELICOPTER hits her face. RED and BLUE LIGHTS FLASH from behind as POLICE CARS pull up to intercept her, reminiscent of her arrest in 104. OFFICERS quickly converge, their weapons drawn. Then a SHADOWY FIGURE emerges from beyond the headlights to REVEAL -- CHIEF OF POLICE MACKENZIE BOCK.

CHIEF BOCK

On the ground, hands behind your
back. Now.

Sofia locks eyes with him, then begrudgingly complies, moving to her knees. But the cops quickly force her face to the pavement, and her shock gives way to horror, realizing this is why Oz didn't kill her. He wanted her to have a fate worse than death. This is what Oz meant by hell. OFF Sofia, crippled with despair...

OZ (CONT'D)

I fed him that bullshit! Look at him spittin' it out. Whaddaya think?

Oz looks back at her again, moving closer, desperate for approval. But as he does, Oz realizes -- Francis's eyes are distant, vacant, staring past the TV, into nothingness.

OZ (CONT'D)

Ma...?

Oz panics, touching her cheek --

OZ (CONT'D)

Ma?! Look at me, Ma!

No response -- *Something is wrong.*

VICTOR

Oz?

OZ

Jesus, fuck. Help. She needs help.
Vic! Get a doctor in here!

We STAY with Oz as Victor runs into the hall, shouting --

VICTOR (O.S.)

Help! We need help! Please,
somebody!

Oz strokes his mother's face, then gently touches her curled, lifeless hands...

OZ

Ma. Come on. Look at me.

The ER Nurse from earlier RUSHES IN --

OZ (CONT'D)

Hey. There's somethin' wrong, ya gotta help her! She ain't respondin'!

ER NURSE

(calm, empathetic)
Sir... we've been looking for you,
but didn't know how to reach you --

OZ

She ain't movin' her eyes -- why aren't her eyes fuckin' movin'?

ER NURSE

(beat)

Your mother has suffered a serious stroke.

The word *stroke* hits Oz hard --

OZ

What?

ER NURSE

I'm sorry --

OZ

(mind cloudy)

What... what's goin' on?!

ER NURSE

I'm afraid the stroke has left her in a Persistent Vegetative State. And given your mother's age, and her Lewy Body diagnosis --

OZ

What the fuck ya talkin' about? You sayin' she's a fuckin' vegetable?

He looks to Victor, almost laughing -- *can you believe this shit?* Victor stares back, somber, unsure how to react...

OZ (CONT'D)

Her eyes are open! See? She's lookin' at somethin'!

ER NURSE

I'm so sorry.

Oz gets in her face, seething with rage.

OZ

Stop sayin' you're fuckin' sorry!

ER NURSE

(backing up, scared)

Sir, please --

VICTOR

Oz...

OZ

Get the doctor in here! GET THE DOCTOR IN HERE!

The Nurse slinks past Victor, terrified, as Oz turns back to Francis, kneeling down, speaking softly, lovingly --

OZ (CONT'D)

Ma, come on, doll. Look at me. I did it. I took it all from those pricks, like ya said. I'm the fuckin' king.

But Francis gives him nothing and Oz begins to unravel, cradling his mother's body in his arms. Devastated.

OZ (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me. You can't do this to me... please. Just tell me you're proud of me. Ma... Please...

Oz holds her tight, and for the first time, he starts to weep.

ON Victor, watching, heartbroken... He's never seen Oz this vulnerable before. *What can he say?* Victor inches closer and gently lays a hand on Oz's back, as Oz collapses onto his mother, holding her through heavy sobs.

OFF these three lost souls - a family - in a dark hospital...

36

EXT. SPRANG RIVER - NIGHT

36

HIGH AND WIDE of the Sprang River as we CRANE DOWN to FIND Oz and Victor, sitting along the riverbank in silence, mirroring the end of 101 outside of Buddy's Grocery.

The men stare out at the water, solemnly finishing off the dregs from the whiskey bottle Oz brought Francis... Oz's eyes are red, his face sallow.

OZ

It don't feel like it should.

VICTOR

No...

OZ

I don't know what happened. She was fine...

Victor looks at Oz -- he knows that's not true. So should Oz. But Victor also knows grief is not rational.

OZ (CONT'D)

I did it for her...
(eyes pleading)
Everything I ever done was for her.
But in the end, I don't know...

VICTOR

Sh-she knew, Oz. She knew that.

Oz looks at him. Victor means what he says -- he always does -- but this time his words sound hollow and distant.

OZ

You think she forgives me?

Victor gives Oz a curious look.

VICTOR

For what?

Oz shrugs, letting his mind wander...

OZ

I dunno. All kindsa things. None of this came easy, ya know.

(Oz takes another pull)

I can't stop thinkin' about 'em. My brothers. The kinda men they'd be if they had the chance... What they'd think of me now.

VICTOR

Yeah. I-I think about that, too, with my f-family. I miss them. I really miss them...

Oz passes Victor the whiskey bottle.

OZ

Here, take the rest.

Oz thoughtfully watches Victor finish what remains. Then --

OZ (CONT'D)

I couldn't'a done any of this shit without ya. Ya know that, right? Bringin' Link into the fold -- I didn't see it at first, but it was a smart move. Ya did good, kid.

Victor lets Oz's compliment settle in. Another rarity.

VICTOR

Th-thanks.

(beat)

And thanks for, uh, thanks for taking a chance on me. For t-taking me in. You're like, you're f-family to me. You know?

Oz smiles at Victor's sweet, awkward expression of gratitude.

OZ

Fuck, Vic... you and me. That's all that's left.

Oz affectionately wraps his arm around him.

OZ (CONT'D)

I don't believe in kismet or nothin', but it was good we met. Yeah?

VICTOR

(smiles softly)
Yeah.

OZ

You seen me at my lowest, ya know, all this shit with my Ma... you been there, by my side, through every fuckin' step.

A beat. A breath. A weight that needs to be lifted.

OZ (CONT'D)

But listen, kid. I... I can't bring you with me this time.

VICTOR

(laughs softly, confused)
Wh-what do you mean?

Victor feels Oz's arm tightening around him.

OZ

That's the thing about family. It's your strength, it drives ya...

Victor begins to pull away, but he can't move.

VICTOR

Oz, you're, that hurts. Let me --

OZ

But fuck if it don't make ya weak, too. I can't have that no more.

Oz brings Victor into a CHOKEHOLD. Victor's eyes fill with dread, realizing what Oz intends to do.

VICTOR

N-n-n-no. Oz -- n-n-n-no.

Victor FIGHTS against him. But Oz TIGHTENS HIS GRIP.

OZ VICTOR (CONT'D)
I can't have that shit. I S-s-stop --
can't.

Victor CLAWS at Oz, FINGERNAILS drawing BLOOD on his hands.

OZ (CONT'D)
It's too much. It's too fuckin'
much.

This is not the first time Oz has done this, his old scars
now proof of that.

OZ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. You're a good man,
Vic...

VICTOR
Oz --

OZ
Got a good heart.

VICTOR
I c-c-can't... brea... p-pl...

The struggle between them is excruciating to watch.
Prolonged. Painful. Quiet.

OZ
It wasn't for nothin'.

For a moment we hope Oz will relent, stop this madness, and
let Victor go. But Oz does not let go... Not until -- the
light fades from Victor's eyes and his body slumps forward in
Oz's arms. Victor Aguilar is dead.

Aching silence. Oz catches his breath and releases Victor to
the ground. He gazes down at this kid - his friend - gone. By
his hand.

Then something crosses Oz's face. *Is it doubt? Guilt? Or, is
it relief?* Whatever it is, Oz wipes it away, along with his
own blood.

A beat, then Oz stoically pulls out Victor's wallet and
pockets the cash inside -- the money Oz gifted him, that this
kid earned. Though Oz chooses to leave behind a SINGLE
DOLLAR... what Victor started with when Oz first met him.

As he does this, Oz notices Victor's ID, remembering their
first encounter. He takes it, then carelessly KICKS Victor's
body into a pile of dirt and rocks.

HOLD ON Oz, staring at Victor's swollen neck, void of emotion. His eyes move back to Victor's ID. He gives it one last look, then FLINGS it into the water, his gaze unflinching, until the ID disappears into the river's black abyss. And any trace of Victor vanishes... as if their friendship was a blip, as if Victor meant nothing.

No one will ever know Victor's name. Oswald Cobb has made sure of that.

Now, a man alone, Oz turns to face the sunrise -- a new day dawning. The sun casts Oz's long, monstrous shadow over the bank of the river as he breathes in the cold morning air.

Then Oz walks away... away from Victor, and away from any shred of humanity he had left...

37

INT. ARKHAM STATE HOSPITAL - SOFIA'S CELL - DAY

37

OVER the HAUNTING SOUNDS of Arkham State Hospital, CAMERA PANS OVER a familiar cell until we FIND Sofia, in an Arkham jumpsuit, lying awake in bed, her face turned away from the window -- feeling numb.

Then CLUNK -- Sofia's cell door OPENS to REVEAL -- Dr. Rush in a LAB COAT -- He's back in Arkham to stay close to Sofia and scratch the itch he abandoned long ago.

JULIAN

How are you feeling?

Sofia ignores him, paralyzed by despair. Julian clocks a TRAY of uneaten food off to the side -- a delicious looking plate of LAMB CHOPS and a bowl of melting ICE CREAM.

Julian looks at her, concerned. He is clearly using his position to try to make her comfortable, but Sofia is too depressed to eat. Julian sits at the foot of her bed. Sofia stirs a bit.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I'm getting you transferred to Ward C. Outdoor access. You'll be more comfortable.

No response. Then he produces a handful of LETTERS, all addressed to "The Hangman", all opened and stamped "CLEARED" by security. He sets them down.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Fan mail.
(off Sofia)
Mostly the usual -- rants, poems, marriage proposals...

Then he pulls a separate LETTER from his pocket --

JULIAN (CONT'D)

This one's different. I think you should read it... It's from a woman named Selina Kyle.

Sofia doesn't recognize the name.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

She says she's your half sister.

Sofia sits up, intrigued. She examines the plain envelope addressed to "Sofia Falcone." No return address -- *strange*.

Sofia pulls out the letter and reads. As she pours over the words, growing emotional, a light returns to her eyes -- *Maybe she isn't as alone as she thought. Maybe this isn't over yet...*

OFF Sofia, with renewed hope --

CUT TO:

38 **EXT. THE EASTSIDE - DAYS LATER (EVENING)** 38

REVEAL -- a ROLLS-ROYCE CULLINAN. Flake-purple. Gold rims. Glistening under the light from a street lamp. The car LOCKS.

FIND Oz, wearing a TUXEDO, holding a TOP HAT, feeling himself, proud of his new ride. He turns and gazes up at a large ABANDONED HOTEL, his new home --

39 **INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - ENTRYWAY/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 39

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and Oz walks directly into the hotel's TOP FLOOR -- a gutted space that is well on its way to becoming Oz's dream penthouse. The floor-to-ceiling windows make it especially unique.

Oz hangs his coat and hat on a rack as a STRANGE WHIRRING SOUND catches his attention.

He follows the sound to a room, to see its door slightly ajar. He opens it and enters to FIND --

40 **INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 40

-- Francis, laying upright in an adjustable bed, facing out at the city, staring blankly, mouth agape, looking a mess. It's a HAUNTING IMAGE, as we realize Oz reneged on his promise to help her die.

Oz glances at the medical equipment she's connected to, then sets his drink on a tray and kneels down. His voice is soft, but unemotional. There is a distance between them now. He no longer refers to her as "Ma".

OZ

How we doin' today? Feelin' any better? You look better...

She doesn't respond. She cannot. This is Francis's greatest fear, realized. Francis is a vegetable, imprisoned inside an ailing body, and her captor is Oz.

Oz sighs, then stands, taking in the expansive view, mesmerized by all that he's accomplished. In the same moment, a TEAR rolls down Francis's cheek. Oz notices and wipes it away.

OZ (CONT'D)

I know... It's everything ya wanted.

Then, from just outside the room, JAZZ MUSIC begins to play -- something in the vein of Shirley Bassey's "Never, Never, Never." Oz grins slightly -- someone else is here. But who?

Without a second thought, Oz leaves Francis behind...

41

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - STAIRS/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

TRACK WITH Oz as he hobbles down a spiral staircase, making his way toward the downstairs LIVING ROOM. Once there, he moves past a sleek RECORD PLAYER in the foreground, playing the sultry tune.

OZ

There she is.

Oz turns to SEE -- EVE KARLO, dressed like his mother -- in a wig and Francis's flashy purple dress. *What. The. Fuck...?* Oz smiles, soaking her in as she takes a puff off a long cigarette.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oswald...

He was expecting this. He *asked* for this.

OZ

Ya look beautiful.

Eve is playing another role -- this time pretending to be Francis. And Oz is *into* it. She reaches out --

EVE

Dance with me, sweetheart.

Oz happily takes her hand and the two begin to sway, their reflections SUPER-IMPOSED over the sweeping view of the city, slightly distorted in the glass.

OZ

Tell me ya love me.

EVE

I love you, Oswald.

OZ

Tell me you're proud of me...

Eve caresses his face, trying to mirror his mother's touch.

EVE

I'm so proud of you.

OZ

(looks around)

I did it, Ma. Didn't I?

(off Eve's nod)

Tell me I did it.

EVE

(cowed)

...You did it.

OZ

Top floor. Penthouse. No one above ya or beside ya. Like I said.

EVE

I knew you would. My beautiful boy...

CLOSE ON Eve's face, as her Francis façade momentarily fades. *Is she comfortable with this? With reuniting with Oz? We are not sure. But one thing's for certain -- Eve is a survivor and has made a calculated choice to make it to the top. These two deserve each other.*

EVE (CONT'D)

Gotham's yours, sweetheart.

Oz smirks as they dance -- he has made sure he got everything he wanted, exactly as he pictured it.

EVE (CONT'D)

Nothin's standin' in your way now.

Oz keeps swaying to the music, feeling BIG.

OZ
Goddamn right.

42

EXT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42

As Oz and Eve continue to dance, we PULL out to see the glittering lights of Oz's new empire. *This city is his.*

Then -- something BRIGHT appears in the night sky -- THE BAT-SIGNAL.

A symbol of hope. But also a challenge.

Perhaps something, or someone, *will* stand in Oz's way...

OFF this, we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF SERIES