

Collateral Justice

Revision 2

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Collateral Justice

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FADE IN:

INT: GENTLEMEN LODGE NIGHT CLUB MALIBU CALIFORNI

OA *

ARENA - NIGHT

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An enormous underground club pulses with energy. The audience is a sea of wealth and power - men and women in designer suits, glittering jewelry, and cold, predatory eyes. They lounge in private booths, sip expensive drinks, and watch the pit below like it's their personal coliseum.

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In the center of the dirt arena stand two fighters:

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KILLER - 6'2", Black, 250 pounds of solid muscle, towering and brutal.

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DRAKE "THE SNAKE" - lean, 190 pounds, white his body covered in tattoos that coil across his skin like living artwork.

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Drake spits at Killer's feet, locking eyes with him.

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DRAKE

*

Give it your best shot, you fucken gorilla.

*

The wealthy crowd murmurs with excitement, some leaning forward, others placing last-second bets with quiet confidence.

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Killer charges with a heavy right hook. It lands hard. Drake wipes his mouth and grins.

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DRAKE (CONT'D)

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That all you've got?

*

The audience roars, thrilled by the violence unfolding for their entertainment.

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The crowd erupts, chanting Killer's name.

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Killer swings again. Drake ducks, drives a sharp punch into Killer's chest, and flips over him with snake-like agility.

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Killer spins-too slow. Drake unleashes a rapid flurry of strikes, finishing with a spinning kick that sends Killer

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*

stumbling. The arena explodes with cheers. *

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS *

Council Member 1 leans toward Council Member 2, eyes
gleaming. *

COUNCIL MEMBER 1
Double my bet on the Snake. *

COUNCIL MEMBER 2
You can't double it now. The fights
already started. *

Council Member 1 turns, voice low and dangerous. *

COUNCIL MEMBER 1
I run this operation. I do whatever
fucken want. Now get up and make it
happen. *

Council Member 2 hurries out. *

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS *

Killer crashes to the ground. Drake clamps him in a headlock
and glances up at the balcony, awaiting the council's signal. *

Suddenly, Killer surges with adrenaline. He flips Drake over
his shoulder and lands a crushing blow that leaves Drake
dazed. Killer hoists Drake and hurls him against the arena
wall. The crowd goes wild. *

Drake rises again, battered but unbroken. *

DRAKE
Kill me or be killed, you gorilla. *

Killer laughs, pounding his chest like a wild animal. *

KILLER *

You're dead white boy.... *

The council members stand. One of them tosses a tomahawk into
the pit. *

Both fighters dive for it. Killer elbows Drake aside and
seizes the weapon. He slashes across Drake's torso - Drake *

collapses, clutching the wound. *

The crowd chants in unison: *

AUDIENCE
Kill! Kill! Kill! *

The council signals their approval. *

Killer spins the tomahawk with ritualistic flair and delivers the final blow. He raises Drake's severed head high, triumphant. The crowd erupts - some cheering, others furious at losing their bets. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. 59TH & HOOVER - SATURDAY MORNING 1 *

Two unmarked cars cruise down a graffiti-tagged street in South Los Angeles. Mothers watch their kids play in the yard, keeping a cautious eye on the neighborhood. *

A gang member on the corner spots the unmarked cars and throws up signs, alerting the others. *

EXT. RICKY SANCHEZ'S HOUSE 2 *

The officers pull onto a dead-end street, targeting RICKY SANCHEZ - a known gang member - for a parole violation. *

Before they can exit the vehicles, sudden gunfire erupts from the house. Detectives dive for cover as bullets tear into the street. *

A gang member charges down the block, firing wildly with an automatic pistol. *

Neighbors scream and scatter. The mother from earlier grabs her children and runs for safety. *

Two officers go down immediately, caught in the initial burst. *

OFFICER SAMUEL WHITAKER (50s,Black) ducks behind a car and grabs his radio, steady but urgent. *

WHITAKER
Shots fired! Officers down - we need
immediate assistance. *

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Copy that. Units are en route.

WHITAKER
Tell them to hurry. Goddammit.

Bullets hammer the patrol car. Whitaker and partner (Vince Hispanic 30s) crouch behind the patrol, pinned.

VINCE
(grunts) I'm hit.

WHITAKER
Stay with me - backup's coming.

The partner nods, jaw clenched against the pain.

VINCE
I'll manage.

WHITAKER
Can you still cover me?

VINCE
Hell yeah. I'm not checking out today.

EXT. RICKY SANCHEZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

L.A. police flood the block, cruisers forming a barricade.

Officers jump out with weapons drawn - two gang members go down immediately.

Three others scramble over a fence and disappear.

Inside, RICKY SANCHEZ barricades himself. The gunfire abruptly stops.

Whitaker grabs a bullhorn.

WHITAKER (CONTINUOUS)
This is the LAPD! Ricky Sanchez - come out with your hands up! You are surrounded. I have a warrant for your arrest. Come out with your hands up.

The front door creaks open.

A young Hispanic woman (early 20s) steps out, clutching two crying children. *

A uniformed officer rushes in, guiding them to safety. *

Moments later, RICKY SANCHEZ (30s), tattoos snaking up his neck and arms, steps out with his hands raised. *

Several officers rush him - slam him to the ground, cuff him. *

Whitaker approaches, yanks Ricky to his feet with force that borders on brutality. *

WHITAKER *

This is for my fellow officers, you
piece of shit. *

He slams a fist into Ricky's gut, knocking the breath out of him. *

Whitaker begins reading him his rights, his voice cold and deliberate. *

WHITAKER (CONT'D) *

Do you understand each of these
rights? *

Ricky struggles for air, barely managing a nod. *

RICKY *

Fuck you! This is police brutality! *

WHITAKER *

No - this is police brutality. *

Whitaker snaps an elbow forward, striking Ricky across the face. *

RICKY *

You're violating my rights! *

Whitaker shoots him a cold look and shoves him toward the squad car. *

WHITAKER *

Watch your head. *

He forces Ricky toward the doorframe with roughness, deliberate pressure. *

RICKY
Aww!

RICKY (CONT'D)
What the Fuck!

WHITAKER
I told you to watch your head.

Before he shuts the door, Ricky shouts to another officer.

RICKY
Take me to the hospital, man - I'm
bleeding!

WHITAKER SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

Ricky slumps in the back seat, blood dripping down his right
eye.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CAPTAIN MARVIN RICHARDSON (50s), meticulous and OCD-driven,
hears his phone ring.

He pulls out a handkerchief, wipes the phone clean, then
answers as he steps into his office.

RICHARDSON
This is Richardson.

WHITAKER (V.O.)
We've got officers down.

RICHARDSON
At Ricky Sanchez's house?

WHITAKER (V.O.)
Yes.

RICHARDSON
I'll send Detective Oliver and
Detective Collins.

He hangs up, then calls out to DETECTIVE TONI OLIVER (30s,

Black, lesbian, sharp-eyed) and DETECTIVE ERIC COLLINS (late 30s, Black, gym rat with a linebacker body). *
*

They bolt toward the parking lot, heading for Oliver's vehicle. *
*

EXT. RICKY SANCHEZ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

6 *

Whitaker, Oliver, Collins, and a few uniformed officers head toward the perimeter tape. *
*

OLIVER(TO WHITAKER) *
Walk us through it. *

WHITAKER *
We rolled up quiet. No sirens. No *
lights. Still-someone tipped them off. *

COLLINS *
You think Sanchez had a lookout? *

WHITAKER *
I know he did. Kid on the corner *
flashed signs the second we turned in. *
Next thing we know, rounds start *
flying. *

Oliver studies the scene - bullet casings, shattered glass, paramedics tending to the wounded. *
*

OLIVER *
We'll dig into it. But right now, we *
need to secure the house and make sure *
there aren't any stragglers hiding *
inside. *

COLLINS *
And we need statements from every *
officer who fired or took fire. *

Whitaker nods, still simmering. *

WHITAKER *
Fine. But I want this airtight. *
(MORE)

WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Sanchez isn't walking away from this one.

Oliver and Collins exchange a look - they've seen Whitaker angry, but this is different.

OLIVER

Let's get to work.

Whitaker, Oliver, Collins, and a few uniformed officers head inside to search the house.

INT. RICKY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Officers sweep through the space, flipping furniture and pulling open drawers - searching for weapons and narcotics.

OFFICER 1

Detective! I think I've got something.

He drags two suitcases out from a hidden closet - packed with cocaine, fentanyl pills, several handguns, rifles, and neatly stacked bundles of hundred-dollar bills.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

EMTs bandage Whitaker's partner and rush him to the hospital.

Detective Toni Oliver unwraps a Tootsie Roll, steps outside, and approaches Ricky as EMTs tend to his injuries.

OLIVER

We hit the jackpot, Ricky.

Ricky glares at her - cold, defiant.

RICKY

Screw you, Pluto.

DETECTIVE OLIVER TURNS AND GLANCES AT RICKY'S WIFE.

OLIVER
Is that your wife and kids?

RICKY
Leave her out of this.

OLIVER
Well, the way I see it, Mr. Sanchez -
unless you cooperate, she's going to
lose her kids. She's looking at
charges: murder, attempted murder of a
police officer, possession, intent to
sell.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

The list keeps growing. So - what do you want to do?

RICKY
She doesn't know anything.

A Hispanic officer questions Ricky's wife in Spanish. She
sobs, clutching her 4-year-old son and holding her 5-year-old
daughter's hand.

OLIVER
Last chance, Ricky.

Oliver pulls out her cell phone, dialing Child Protective
Services.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I'm done wasting time. She's going
downtown - and the kids are going with
CPS.

Oliver watches the squad car pull away, her phone still in
hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN L.A. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The room is small - colder than a meat locker.

Ricky Sanchez sits cuffed to the chair, more scared than
defiant.

Detective Toni Oliver, Detective Eric Collins, and Officer

Whitaker watch through a one-way mirror. *

They enter. Oliver unwraps a Tootsie Roll, pops it in her mouth, and pulls up a chair. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER *

Okay, Mr. Sanchez - let's cut a deal. *
I want everyone who was involved. *

DETECTIVE COLLINS *

Names of the shooters. Names of your *
crew. *

Ricky stays silent, rubbing his head. Whitaker watches from behind the glass. *

RICKY *

Can I get a Coke? *

Collins looks to Oliver. She nods. *

DETECTIVE COLLINS *

Officer Whitaker - can you grab a *
Coke? *

Collins steps out as Whitaker heads down the hall toward the vending machine. *

CUT TO: *

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 9A *

PROSECUTOR JAMIE BRADLEY (30s, Black, lesbian, stern), *
Detective Toni Oliver's closest friend, stands at the one-way *
mirror, watching Oliver and Collins question Ricky. *

She knocks on the door and signals Detective Oliver to step *
out. *

Oliver steps out and greets her best friend, Prosecutor Jamie *
Bradley, with a hug. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER *

I'm going to find out who he's working *
for. But once he's in prison - they'll *
kill him. *

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY *

Maybe we can keep him out of general *
population. *

OLIVER
That's an option. He's up for
arraignment Monday - can you talk to
the judge?

Captain Richardson approaches the interrogation room.

RICHARDSON
Counselors. Detective. (beat)

So that's the guy who killed two of
our investigators?

OLIVER
He's the gang leader from Hoover
Street.

Oliver heads back into the room. Richardson and Bradley stay
behind, listening through the intercom.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLIVER
Okay, Ricky. Start talking.

RICKY
I'm signing my own death sentence
here. I won't make it to court.

The man behind all of this - it's Robert Fairborn.

COLLINS
Robert Fairborn? The president of
Fairborn Enterprises?

RICKY
That's who I'm talking about. Now what
kind of deal are you offering?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Whitaker walks in with Prosecutor Bradley. Captain Richardson
still watches from behind the two-way mirror.

RICKY
Who's she?

OLIVER
She's the one who can make you a deal.

This is Prosecutor Jamie Bradley.

Ricky studies Jamie - her expression is stone cold. He starts talking.

RICKY
Seth Grainger hired me to run drugs from Arizona to California - using Fairborn construction trucks.

RICKY (CONT'D)
We'd drop off building materials at the site, then pick up the product. Seth skimmed some for himself. Robert Fairborn doesn't know Seth's stealing from him. Seth recruited my crew from the neighborhood to run his crack house.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY
How do you know Fairborn's involved?

RICKY
Seth talks too much when he's drunk. He told me about Fairborn - and something about a Senator working with him.

COLLINS
Do you have the Senator's name?

RICKY
Nope.

OLIVER
Are you willing to testify for the state?

RICKY
Will you keep my family safe?

OLIVER
We're going to do our best.

RICKY
Oh, hell no - that's not good enough.

OLIVER
We'll keep close watch on your family.
Don't worry.

RICKY
Fairborn's a beast. He'll slit your
throat without blinking. I'm not
worried about me - it's my family.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You'll get the Senator's name through
Seth.

RICKY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Seth doesn't stay in one place for too
long. He uses his own product, so he's
been paranoid lately. He's running
around the city acting like Scarface.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY
What are the names of your homeboys,
that was involved in the death of my
officers?

RICKY SANCHEZ

You know my ass is dead. Just keep my
family safe-I'll keep playing ball.

OLIVER
We need it in writing. A signed
confession.

RICKY
No problem.

Ricky scribbles on a legal pad. Everyone steps out, gathering in the hallway with CAPTAIN RICHARDSON.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY

I'll speak with D.A. Lohan. We need that warrant.

RICHARDSON
Until then, we wait.

Bradley heads out, already dialing.

Ricky gave prosecutor Bradley the name of the shoots along with the address of Seth's crack house.

Prosecutor Jamie Bradley and Detective Oliver immediately head out together to secure a search warrant.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Bradley strides down the hallway, phone pressed to her ear, already briefing D.A. Lohan.

Oliver keeps pace beside her, file in hand - Ricky's written confession and the address of Seth's crack house.

BRADLEY

Judge Morales is still on the bench. If we move fast, we can get this signed today.

OLIVER
Seth's not going to sit still once word gets out Ricky's talking.

They reach the judge's chambers. Bradley knocks once, firm and direct.

BRADLEY
(quietly, to Oliver)

Let's get this done.

The door opens. *

CUT TO: *

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY OFFICE *

Attorney Jack Lohan office, Lohan late 50s strictly by the book. *

LOHAN
(testy) Protection? For a gang lieutenant? *

BRADLEY
He's giving us Fairborn. And Seth Grainger. And the location of a drug house that's been dodging us for months. *

Lohan stops flipping pages. That gets his attention. *

LOHAN
You're telling me this ties back to Fairborn Enterprises? *

OLIVER
Directly. And Ricky's willing to put it on the record. *

Lohan exhales, the weight of the case settling in. *

LOHAN
Alright. Sit down. Let's talk about what we can offer him - and what we can't. *

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY
This got personal. Judge Morale sign the warrant, there no time for all that. *

LOHAN
I get it. It's your case. If you need to be there for the arrest - so be it. *

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY
I'm bringing justice. For our offices.
(MORE) *

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY (CONT'D)

For their families.

Lohan studies her for a moment - the resolve in her eyes, the weight of the case settling between them.

LOHAN

Then let's make sure we do it by the book. Fairborn's people will come after us with everything they've got.

Oliver steps forward, steady and certain.

OLIVER

We're ready for that.

Bradley nods once, firm - decision made.

BRADLEY

The warrant's signed. Let's go get those cop killers.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIGUEROA & IMPERIAL HWY - NIGHT

Blue lights flash as SWAT trucks and unmarked cars race down Figueroa, crossing Imperial Highway.

EXT. DUPLEX - 120TH & FIGUEROA - NIGHT

SWAT vehicles screech around the corner. Officers cut through the alley. Unmarked cars block the front of the duplex.

A few addicts loiter out front. DETECTIVE OLIVER and uniformed officers leap from their vehicles, weapons drawn.

OLIVER

Freeze! Get down on the ground!

One gang member bolts. *

OLIVER (CONT'D) *

I got him! *

Oliver takes off after the fleeing gang member. Loud music
blares from nearby houses. Neighbors linger outside, watching
the chaos unfold. *

The suspect scrambles over a fence - Oliver grabs him
mid-climb, pulls him down, and cuffs him in one swift motion. *

Onlookers stare, stunned, as Oliver yanks the suspect to his
feet and marches him back toward the squad car. *

CRACK HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - NIGHT *

SWAT bursts in from the alley. A battering ram smashes the
front door off its hinges. *

Officers flood the house. Gang members scramble but can't
react fast enough. *

SWAT *

Down! On the floor! *

People inside drop instantly. A helicopter circles overhead,
its spotlight slicing through the chaos. *

WHITAKER spots a gang member diving out a side window. *

WHITAKER *

Freeze. Don't make me write your
obituary tonight. *

The gang member stiffens, hands rising. Whitaker drags him
down to the asphalt and cuffs him, calm as a man tying his
shoe. *

CUT TO: *

INT. FAIRBORN ENTERPRISES - MORNING

17 *

ROBERT FAIRBORN, early 50s, overweight, ruthless, and utterly heartless, sits behind a sleek Italian-style desk. He's the kingpin of a multi-million-dollar real estate empire and the co-founder of New World Elite and the Gentlemen Night Club, a playground for the rich and powerful.

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His SECRETARY steps in, hesitant.

*

SECRETARY

Senator Jose Aguilar is on line one.

*
*

Fairborn doesn't look up-just smirks.

*

FAIRBORN

Patch him through.

*
*

FAIRBORN (CONT'D)

Yes, Senator.

*
*

SENATOR AGUILAR (V.O.)

What the hell's going on down there?

*
*

FAIRBORN (V.O.)

I'm doing fine, thanks for asking. How are you?

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*
*

SENATOR AGUILAR (V.O.)

Don't patronize me, Robert. I hear one of your people is in custody - for killing a cop.

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*
*
*

Fairborn leans back in his chair, phone to his ear.

*

FAIRBORN

I'll look into it. You flying in tonight?

*
*
*

SENATOR AGUILAR (V.O.)

I'll be there.

*
*

FAIRBORN
See you at the country club. Don't
worry - I'll take care of it.

SENATOR AGUILAR (V.O.)
You better.

Fairborn taps the intercom.

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)
Yes, Mr. Fairborn?

FAIRBORN
Get in touch with Seth Grainger. Tell
him to come to my office.

Hours pass.

SETH GRAINGER, hispanic, late 20s, sharp suit, expensive
taste, steps inside with a confident smile. He's supervise
Fairborn's operations and carries himself like he knows it.

SETH
You wanted to see me, boss?

FAIRBORN glares across his desk at SETH GRAINGER, who strolls
in with a smug grin.

FAIRBORN
Wipe that damn smile off your face-and
tell me about the idiot who shot those
cops.

SETH
What cops?

FAIRBORN
Don't play dumb. You've been too busy
running your crack house to notice the
heat.

SETH
Boss, I don't know anything about a
(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)
crack house-or dead cops.

FAIRBORN
Look at me. If you're lying, I'll cut
your balls off and mail them to your
pretty little wife. Now get the hell
out of my office-and clean up that
mess.

Seth's smile fades. He exits fast.

Fairborn picks up the phone, calm and calculated.

FAIRBORN (ON PHONE)
Put a tail on Seth.

SETH storms out of Fairborn's office, jaw clenched. He
reaches the elevator, punches the button, pulls out his
phone, and dials.

SETH
(into phone)
We've got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

17B *

The courtroom is packed reporters line the aisles, cameras
flash.

RICKY SANCHEZ, in orange jail scrubs and shackled at the
waist, sits beside his attorney, CALVIN BUTLER-early 40s,
ruthless reputation, in and out of the courtroom.

Ricky scans the gallery. His wife sits with their
kids-worried, pale. A Mexican man sits beside her, arm around
her shoulders, smiling.

Ricky's jaw tightens. He turns to Butler.

RICKY (LOW)
You better get me out of this.

RICKY leans toward his attorney, eyes locked on his wife and kids in the gallery.

RICKY
What's going on with my wife... and my kids?

CALVIN BUTLER GLANCES AT THE MAN BESIDE RICKY'S WIFE, THEN SMIRKS.

CALVIN
Oh, that? That's called insurance.

RICKY
What do you mean, insurance?

CALVIN
Nothing's gonna happen to your family-as long as you keep your mouth shut.

Ricky stiffens. His eyes flick back to the man holding his wife. His face tightens with fear.

PROSECUTOR JAMIE BRADLEY sits at the prosecution table, composed and confident. Her assistant shuffles case files beside her.

Across the aisle, CALVIN BUTLER leans in beside RICKY SANCHEZ.

Bradley clocks him-eyes narrowing.

She turns and whispers to DETECTIVE OLIVER, seated just behind her.

BRADLEY
What the hell is Butler doing here?

OLIVER
This doesn't look good, Counselor.

BRADLEY

If Sanchez doesn't turn state's
evidence, we've got nothing.

OLIVER

Yeah... I think our boy's about to
renege on that plea.

The courtroom hushes as JUDGE MELBA PATE, early 40s, pretty
and stern, steps out and takes the bench.

CALVIN BUTLER's confident smirk fades as JUDGE MELBA PATE
steps up to the bench. He expected Judge James
Peterson-Fairborn's right hand man.

BAILIFF

All rise.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Department One, Criminal Court is now
in session. Judge Melba Pate
presiding.

JUDGE MELBA PATE takes her seat, composed and commanding.

JUDGE PATE(CON'T)

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

I'll be presiding in place of Judge
Peterson today.

People of the State of California
versus Ricky Sanchez.

Has the defendant been informed of the
charges?

CALVIN BUTLER

Yes, Your Honor.

CALVIN(CON'T)
Apologies, Your Honor.

JUDGE PATE
Yes, Counselor

CALVIN BUTLER shifts in his seat, surprised.

CALVIN
Is Judge Peterson okay?

JUDGE PATE
He's got a cold. I assume he'll live.
Why do you ask?

CALVIN
We had a lunch engagement today.

JUDGE PATE
Then call him and reschedule. Right
now, you're holding up my courtroom.

JUDGE MELBA PATE scans the file, then addresses the
defendant.

JUDGE PATE (CONT'D)
Ricky Sanchez, you are charged with
two counts of murder of state
officers, assault on a police officer,
drug trafficking, possession of
illegal firearms, and money
laundering.

JUDGE PATE(CON'T)
How do you plead?

RICKY stands beside CALVIN BUTLER.

RICKY
Not guilty, Your Honor.

JUDGE PATE
Very well.

CALVIN
Your Honor, I move to dismiss the
case.

JUDGE PATE
On what grounds, Counselor?

CALVIN
On the grounds of my client's prior
confession-obtained without proper
counsel present.

Bradley's eyes narrow. Oliver leans forward, sensing the
shift.

JUDGE PATE scans the file, voice firm.

JUDGE PATE
The defendant has a long criminal
record. There's sufficient evidence to
proceed to trial. Two officers are
dead. Mr. Sanchez will be remanded
without bail. Preliminary hearing is
set for ten days from today. Is that
acceptable to both parties?

BRADLEY and CALVIN BUTLER rise.

BRADLEY
Yes, Your Honor.

CALVIN
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE PATE
Court is adjourned.

She slams the gavel. The room stirs-reporters rise, murmurs
ripple.

RICKY catches a glimpse of his wife-fear etched across her
face.

The Mexican man beside her quickly ushers her and the kids
out.

WHITAKER watches from the gallery, eyes narrowing as Ricky's
family is rushed away by the stranger.

EXT. FRONT COURT BUILDING

18

Multitude of Reporter stands in the doorway.

REPORTER(TV CAMERA)

District Attorney Bradley are you
going to seek the death penalty?

BRADLEY

We have not decided. This is malice
aforethought crime we are intend to
seek justice for the crime. Thank you
no more questions.

Prosecutor Bradley and the Detectives push their way through
the mob of Reporters they pass Attorney Calvin Butler talking
to reporters.

PROSECUTOR CALVIN

My client is not guilty of any crime.
The only thing my client is guilty of
is violation of probation.

EXT. FRONT OF CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - DAY

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A swarm of REPORTERS crowd the courthouse steps, cameras
rolling.

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*

EXT. COURTHOUSE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

*

WHITAKER SCANS THE CROWD, TENSE. NO SIGN OF RICKY SANCHEZ'S
WIFE.

*

*

BRADLEY, OLIVER, AND COLLIN APPROACH. WHITAKER LOOKS RATTLED.

*

OLIVER

Hey-what's up?

*

*

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You look like you've seen a ghost.

*

*

WHITAKER

They got her.

*

*

BRADLEY

Got who?

WHITAKER

Ricky Sanchez's wife. I saw her leave the courtroom-with a Mexican man I've never seen before.

OLIVER scans the crowd, then turns to BRADLEY.

OLIVER

We'll look into that later. I need to talk to Ricky. Make it clear we can't protect his family unless he cooperates.

BRADLEY

Collin, get with Captain Richardson. See if we can put Robert Fairborn and Seth Grainger under surveillance before this case gets messier.

COLLIN

Got it.

OLIVER

Now we know why Ricky changed his plea. He saw how scared his wife was in court. He knew they had her.

WHITAKER

It looked like the guy was holding her hostage.

BRADLEY turns to her team, focused.

BRADLEY

Let's head down to Twin Towers. Collin-check in with me later.

COLLIN
Sure thing.

*
*

CUT TO:

EXT. SETH GRAINGER HOME - FRONT - DAY

19 *

Beautifully landscaped front yard. A BLACK HUMMER with dark-tinted windows rolls to a stop in front of the house.

*
*

RADDY CLOUD, Black, early 30s, sharp and composed behind dark sunglasses, steps out and walks to the front door.

*
*

ROSA, Seth's pretty Hispanic wife, late 20s, opens it cautiously.

*
*

RADDY
Good afternoon. I'm here to see Seth.

*
*

ROSA
He's in the back.

*
*

She closes the door and gestures for Reddy to head toward the side gate.

*
*

EXT. BACKYARD

22 *

The backyard is serene - trimmed hedges, a bubbling fountain, and a shaded patio.

*
*

SETH, sits at a wrought iron table beneath a pergola, sipping tequila on the rocks and reviewing documents.

*
*

Raddy enters through the side gate, shoes crunching softly on gravel. Seth looks up.

*
*

SETH

*

Didn't expect you so soon.

*

RADDY
You said it was urgent.

Raddy removes his sunglasses, revealing sharp eyes. Seth gestures to the seat across from.

SETH
Let's talk.

Raddy sits.

Seth glances toward the house, sees Rosa's silhouette in the kitchen window.

Seth calls out toward the house

SETH (CONT'D)
Honey?

Rosa's voice floats back from inside.

ROSA (O.S.)

Did you call me, Hun?

SETH
Can you bring our guest a bottled water?

A pause. Raddy watches the house intently.

ROSA (O.S.)
Sure!

Rosa appears briefly in the kitchen window. Raddy can't take his eyes off her.

SETH
That's my gorgeous wife.

RADDY
All the years I've known you... I've never met her. How long you two been married?

SETH
She was pregnant when I did five years. Got out, we tied the knot Now we've got a baby girl - she's a year
(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)
 old. Beautiful home. I run a business.
 What more can a man ask for?

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Seth smirks, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small vial.
 He takes a quick hit. Raddy doesn't flinch.

RADDY
 You know I could bust your ass right
 now-

SETH
 Yeah? I'm not that snot-nosed teenager
 you used to scare straight.

Raddy leans back slightly, studying him.

RADDY
 Didn't say you were. Just saying
 you're getting sloppy.

Seth wipes his nose, annoyed but trying not to show it.

SETH
 I called you here for work, not a
 lecture.

Raddy folds his arms, waiting.

RADDY
 Then talk.

SETH (CONT'D)
 I play with the big boys. I've won in
 the arena - more times than I can
 count. My contenders made me a rich
 man.

He leans in, eyes gleaming.

SETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 You should be one of them. I could
 make you a rich man too.

Rosa steps out, carrying a bottled water for Raddy and a Jack on the rocks for Seth. She sets them down gently. *

SETH *

Thank you, honey. *

He gestures toward Raddy. *

SETH (CONT'D) *

Honey let me introduce you to an old friend - Sergeant Raddy Cloud this man kept me in line when I was locked up. *

Raddy nods politely. Rosa smiles, unsure. *

SETH (CONT'D) *

If I could get him in the ring, fighting as one of my contenders... I'd have a flawless team. *

Raddy takes a slow sip of water, eyes never leaving Seth. *

Raddy glances toward the house - Rosa passes by the window, her presence impossible to ignore. *

He clocks her, but keeps his expression neutral. *

Raddy sets down his water, brow furrowed. *

RADDY *

What are you talking about? I don't have a clue. *

Seth leans back, eyes gleaming with pride. *

SETH *

Death row inmates - fighting for freedom. They entertain the richest, most powerful men in the world. Prominent business leaders. Members of the New World Elite. *

He downs his drink, then continues. *

SETH (CONT'D) *

The Republican Party gets together (MORE) *

SETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 once a year - misbehaves with high-
 class hookers, and bets millions on
 their contenders.

He gestures toward the yard, as if it were an arena.

SETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 It is a significant market, Raddy. I
 just want to give you a piece of the
 action since you watched my back in
 prison.

Rosa returns, catching the tail end of the pitch.

ROSA
 Are you going to be a contender,
 Raddy?

Raddy chuckles, dry.

RADDY
 Well... it would be different from
 babysitting inmates.

Seth chuckles under his breath, swirling the ice in his
 glass.

SETH
 Different that's my point. This isn't
 prison detail. This is opportunity.

Raddy leans back, studying him - not buying the sales pitch
 yet.

RADDY
 You're talking like this is some kind
 of promotion.

SETH
 It is. For both of us.

A beat. The fountain bubbles behind them, serene and out of
 place.

SETH (CONT'D)
 These guys fight for a shot at
 freedom. The people watching? They pay
 more in one night than most folks see
 in a lifetime.

Raddy's expression hardens - not impressed, not intimidated,
just calculating. *

RADDY *

And you want me to bring someone in? *

Seth smiles the kind of smile that means he's already decided
Raddy's involved. *

SETH *

Exactly. *

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS *

Seth leans forward, eyes gleaming with ambition. *

SETH (CONT'D) *

There's a lot of money to be made, my
friend. Think about it. A cool million
per fight - that's early retirement. *

Raddy chuckles, shaking his head. *

RADDY *

Entertainment for the rich and famous. *

He laughs again, dry and knowing. Rosa, still nearby, chimes
in playfully. *

ROSA *

Maybe Seth will bring me to one of
your events. *

Seth grins, raising his glass. *

SETH *

Front row, baby. VIP all the way. *

Raddy watches them both, the smile fading from his face as
something darker flickers behind his eyes. *

ROSA *

Oh! Okay. It's nice meeting you,
Raddy. *

Raddy stands, smooth and respectful, and gently takes her
hand. *

RADDY
It's my pleasure.

Rosa smiles, then leans in and kisses Seth on the cheek. She heads back inside.

Raddy watches her go, sipping his water. He glances at her out of the corner of his eye - unreadable.

A beat. The silence stretches.

Seth watches him, a flicker of something territorial in his gaze.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Seth leans forward, voice steady, eyes locked on Raddy.

SETH
Yeah, you definitely saved my ass in prison. And now -I want you to make a ton of money in the arena.

He raises his glass.

SETH (CONT'D)
I owe you big time, Raddy. That's why I called you here today. I want you to do a job for me... and be part of my team.

Raddy shifts in his seat, skeptical.

RADDY
What do you mean?

Seth waves it off casually.

SETH
We'll talk about the job later. Right now, let's talk about you becoming a contender.

RADDY
What's a contender again?

Seth smiles, like he's unveiling a secret

SETH

A fighter. A warrior. Someone who steps into the ring and gives the elite their money's worth - blood, sweat, spectacle. You win, you earn. You lose... well, you don't lose.

Raddy expression shifts - not fear, not shock, just a slow, measured understanding.

RADDY

Sounds like you're talking about more than a payday.

Seth nods.

SETH

Exactly. This isn't some street brawl. It's a show. A high-stakes one. And the people watching? They expect the best.

Raddy leans forward, elbows on the table.

RADDY

And you think you've found someone who can deliver that.

Seth smiles - the kind of smile that says he's already made up his mind.

SETH

I know I have... it's you.

Raddy leans back, processing the pitch. The backyard feels quieter now - like the air itself is waiting.

Raddy leans forward, voice low and incredulous.

RADDY

You're telling me... you're taking death row inmates -convicted murderers - and making them fight for their freedom?

Seth doesn't blink. He grins, proud.

SETH

Yep. It's man versus man. Woman versus
(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)
 woman. No rules. No mercy. Just
 survival.

Raddy sits back, processing the weight of it.

RADDY
 And the winners walk free?

SETH
 If they survive enough rounds - yeah.
 Freedom, fortune, and a clean slate.

A beat. The backyard feels heavier now. The hum of the
 fountain fades beneath the tension.

Raddy leans in, voice low.

RADDY
 What happens if you lose the fight?

Seth's tone darkens, almost reverent.

SETH
 When a fighter's overpowered, he turns
 to the council -the ones who oversee
 the event - and asks permission to
 kill.

SETH (CONT'D)
 They respond with a hand gesture. Each
 sign means a different kind of death.

Raddy expression hardens.

SETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 It's a private club. Costs half a
 million a year just to be a member.

A beat. The backyard feels colder now. Raddy sets down his
 glass, eyes narrowing.

SETH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 "Swing by the Gentlemen's Lodge
 tonight, Raddy. I'll give you a tour
 of the club. Then you can decide if
 you want to make a ton of money.

Seth takes a slow sip of his Jack Daniels on the rocks. He
 reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a manila envelope,
 sliding it across the table toward Raddy.

RADDY
What's this?

SETH
There's a snitch coming from court -
needs to be eliminated.

Raddy stares at the envelope, unmoving.

SETH (CONT'D)
That's a little something you can put
away for retirement.

A beat. The envelope sits between them like a loaded weapon.
Raddy fingers twitch near the edge, but he doesn't touch it.

RADDY
You're serious?

Seth leans back, eyes cold.

SETH
Dead serious.

The fountain gurgles in the background, suddenly sounding
louder than before.

SETH (CONT'D)
All the information's in there. It's a
piece of cake.

Raddy stares at the manila envelope, then leans back slowly.

RADDY
I'll think about it.

Seth scoffs, swirling the ice in his glass.

SETH
What's there to think about? You're a
sergeant - just give a few orders, get
it done.

He leans in, voice low and persuasive.

SETH (CONT'D)
Do the job. Case closed. Problem
solved. Everybody's happy... and life
goes on, my friend.

Raddy doesn't respond. His eyes drift toward the house, where Rosa moves behind the curtains. *

A beat. The envelope sits between them like a ticking clock. *

RADDY
I'll call you.

SETH
You do that, my friend. I'll see you tonight at the nightclub. *

RADDY
That shit you're putting up your nose is gonna fry your fucking brains. *

SETH
Gotta stay sharp in this business. *

Raddy grabs the manila envelope off the table as he rises, already turning toward the back gate. *

SETH (CONT'D)
Just like old times, my friend. *

Raddy doesn't answer. He walks out, steady and silent. *

At the gate, he pauses - glances back at Seth. *

Their eyes lock. A beat. *

Then Raddy pushes the gate open and disappears into the fading light. *

Seth watches him go, a crooked grin curling on his lips. *

Cut To:

INT. GENTLEMEN'S LODGE NIGHT CLUB -NIGHT

24 *

Seth and Raddy meet up in front of the club. *

The door clicks shut behind them - soft, but final. *

They move through the crowd. A woman in a red dress whisper
into another woman's ear. *

A briefcase changes hands near the bar from Jax, 30s, a
Black, sexy drag-queen power player - the gatekeeper of the
underworld elite at the Gentlemen's Lodge, a front for
high-stakes deals, political leverage, and criminal
networking. *

Jax settles into a VIP booth upstairs first, her presence
commanding without effort. *

Raddy and Seth slide in across from her. *

JAX *

(quiet, measured) You two picked a
hell of a night to show up. *

Seth forces a grin, trying to match the energy. *

SETH *

Business never sleeps, right? *

Jax doesn't smile. She studies Raddy - not Seth - as if
weighing him, cataloging him. *

RADDY *

You called. I came. What's the play? *

Jax leans back, long nails tapping the table in a slow,
deliberate rhythm. *

The surveillance monitors behind the tinted glass flicker -
glimpses of the club below, the crowd moving like a living
organism. *

JAX *

Downstairs is noise. Up here is where
the real conversations happen. *

Raddy keeps his gaze steady, unbothered. *

SETH *

Glad you made it, Raddy. This place?
It's more than music and martinis. *

(MORE) *

SETH (CONT'D)

It's where deals breathe - and
sometimes bleed.

Seth and Jax laughs.

RADDY

(eyeing the crowd)

Looks like everyone's selling
something.

SETH

Or buying silence.

a front for high-stakes deals, political leverage, and
criminal networking.

The music fades behind velvet walls. Up here, the air is
cooler - quieter. A private world above the chaos.

JAX

This is where the real money moves. No
noise. No distractions. Just leverage.

SETH

(sinking into the booth, smirking)
Same line you used back in '09. Only
then it was a poker table and a busted
AC unit.

JAX (GRINNING)

And you still walked out with ten
grand and a black eye.

They laugh - the kind of laugh that only comes from shared
scars.

RADDY

You two go way back, huh?

SETH

Far enough to know when she's
bluffing. But smart enough not to call
it.

JAX

That's why we're still breathing.

She slides a folder across the table. Inside: a list. *

JAX (CONT'D) *

You want in? This is the buy-in. *
Information. *

RADDY *

And if we pass? *

JAX *

Then you walk out the same way you *
came in. You know the rules, Seth. But *
the world downstairs won't look the *
same. *

RADDY exchanges a glance with SETH. The stakes are real. The *
friendship? Still solid - for now. *

CUT TO: *

INT. GENTLEMEN'S LODGE - UNDERGROUND ARENA - NIGHT 24B *

A hidden chamber beneath the nightclub. Concrete walls. Steel *
cages. The roar of the crowd is muffled - rich men and women *
sip champagne behind bulletproof glass. *

Spotlights slice through the darkness. In the center: a *
bloodstained ring surrounded by armed guards. *

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) *

Ladies and gentlemen of the Lodge... *
Tonight's Contender match is *
sanctioned. Killer vs Savage Two *
inmates. One shot at freedom. Place *
your bets. *

KILLER (6'2", Black, 250 pounds of solid muscle, towering and *
brutal. eyes cold) wraps his fists in tape. His knuckles are *
scarred - each one a story. *

Savage (5'9"late 20s, Black ruthless, tattoos) sharpens a *
broken shiv. He moves like a shadow, eyes darting, *
calculating. *

Behind the scenes, monitors flicker with stats - criminal records, odds, political affiliations. Senators, CEOs, and lobbyists lean forward, hungry for carnage.

SETH and Raddy watches from a private box, jaw clenched.

SETH

This isn't justice. It's theater.

JAX

Justice is what they pay for.
Freedom's just the prize you know
that, Seth.

RADDY

And the losers?

JAX (GRINNING)

They don't leave the ring.

The crowd is electric - champagne flutes clink, diamonds glitter, and bloodlust simmers beneath designer suits.

The cage door slams shut. The crowd roars.

SETH and Raddy and Jax watches from the VIP box, uneasy.

RADDY

They're not fighter. They're pawns.

JAX

They're contenders. And tonight, one
earns a second chance.

The bell rings.

KILLER charges - brute force. Savage dodges, slashes, counters. Blood hits the canvas. The crowd cheers.

Flash cuts:

- KILLER slams Savage into the cage
- Savage flips, lands a strike to the throat

- KILLER stumbles, bleeding *

- Savage hesitates... then lunges *

INT. VIP BOX - NIGHT *

A senator raises his glass. A CEO grins. Bets are settled. *
Lives are traded. *

RADDY *
This is barbaric. *

JAX *
This is business. *

KILLER pins Savage. A final blow. Silence. *

Then - Savage taps the floor. Submission. *

The crowd erupts. *

Suddenly KILLER snaps Savage neck. He doesn't smile. He just *
stares up at the glass - at the people who played God. *

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) *
Winner: Killer. Freedom granted. *

CUT TO: *

INT. INTERNATIONAL BANK - DAY 24E *

SETH and his BODYGUARD step through the glass doors, both *
wearing dark sunglasses. Seth twitches slightly, his *
movements sharp, erratic. His nose is raw. He's sweating, *
paranoid - riding the edge from too much ecstasy and cocaine. *

He scans the lobby, eyes darting. *

SETH *
I need to see the bank manager. *

Across the room, EDDIE ANDERSON (early 30s), sharp suit, *
clean-cut, and effortlessly charming, spots them. He *
straightens and walks over with a practiced smile. *

EDDIE *
Seth. Welcome back. *

Seth doesn't smile. His jaw clenches. The bodyguard stays *

close, scanning the room like a hawk. *

EDDIE(CONT'D) *

Seth, how are you doing? Everything
alright? You look a little under the
weather. *

Seth's eyes twitch behind his sunglasses. His voice is sharp,
agitated. *

SETH *

It's none of your fuckin' business how
I look. I need to get my fuckin'
money. *

Eddie stiffens slightly, glancing at the bodyguard who
remains stone-faced. *

The tension thickens in the marble lobby. *

EDDIE raises his hands slightly, trying to keep things calm. *

EDDIE *

Okay, okay. Let me finish with this
customer, I'll be right with you. *

He glances at the BODYGUARD and extends a hand. *

EDDIE (CONT'D) *

I'm Eddie. *

THE BODYGUARDS DON'T RESPOND. THEY STANDS BEHIND SETH, STONE-
FACED, ARMS CROSSED. *

SETH GLANCES AT EDDIE - COLD, UNREADABLE. *

INT. INTERNATIONAL BANK - DAY *

Eddie lowers his hand, awkward. The bodyguard doesn't move. *

SETH *

That's my shadow. They don't talk to
strangers. *

Seth chuckles to himself - jittery, off-balance. *

Eddie forces a smile, gestures toward the hallway. *

EDDIE
Right this way.

He leads Seth and the bodyguard toward a frosted glass door.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Plush. Modern. A skyline view framed by floor-to-ceiling windows.

Seth walks in, eyes scanning everything - the desk, the cameras, the corners. The bodyguard stays by the door.

Eddie closes the door gently behind them.

EDDIE
Have a seat.

Seth doesn't. He paces instead, twitchy and wired.

SETH
Let's not waste time, Eddie. You know why I'm here.

EDDIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Eddie gestures toward the plush chair across from his desk.

EDDIE
Okay, that's fine. Have a seat - I'll be right back. Would you care for some water or something?

Seth doesn't sit. His eyes twitch, jaw clenched.

SETH
No! Just hurry the fuck up.

Eddie nods, keeping his composure, and steps out of the office.

Seth paces slowly, scanning the room - twitchy, paranoid. The bodyguard remains by the door, silent and still.

Eddie rushes out of his office and make a phone call on his cellar phone.

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER *

Seth paces behind Eddie's desk. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a coke valve, and hits both nostrils. *

The door opens. *

EDDIE steps in - freezes. *

EDDIE *

Seth, are you losing your mind? *

Seth turns, eyes wide, nostrils flaring. He grins. *

SETH *

Nope. Are you? *

Eddie stares at him - stunned, calculating. *

The bodyguard doesn't move. Just watches. *

INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS *

EDDIE STEPS FORWARD, VOICE LOW BUT FIRM. *

EDDIE *

Seth, we go a long way back, man. I'm
a businessman - I don't need you
coming into my place of business
looking like the next wise guy,
snorting that shit in my office. It's
bad business when you use your own
product anyway. What the hell's wrong
with you? *

Seth stands, twitchy. He glances at Eddie - defensive, confused. *

SETH *

What are you talking about. *

Seth stands, twitchy. He glances at Eddie - eyes sharp, unreadable. *

EDDIE *

Come on, Seth. We've been friends a
long time. Why are you tripping? I'm
(MORE) *

EDDIE (CONT'D)
trying to help you.

Seth doesn't answer right away. The tension hangs between them.

The bodyguard remains still, watching everything.

Seth stands up glance at Eddie.

SETH
You are a fucken idiot. You're not trying to help me. You just like the big pay days I don't need your fucken support. I just need you to

SETH (CONT'D)
transfer my money to this offshore account, when I get ready to leave town my money with be safe.

Eddie takes a breath, trying to reach Seth through the chaos.

EDDIE
Seth, I'm goanna come clean with you - people are talking. After those cops got shot and your boy Ricky got arrested, the word is out: Ricky Sanchez is ratting on everyone.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'm the one who got you working with Mr. Fairborn five years ago, when he needed a driver. You came to me fresh out of jail, said your family needed help. I hooked you up - and Mr. Fairborn treated you like a son.

Eddie lets that hang in the air, searching Seth's face for a flicker of reason.

Seth doesn't blink.

Eddie shakes his head the whole time he speaks, voice tight with frustration.

EDDIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Now you're stealing from Mr. Fairborn. You know he doesn't screw around when people fuck him, Seth. He'll hunt you down and hang you by your balls. If you fuck this guy, I'm washing my hands of you. I don't want anything leading back to me when Mr. Fairborn finds out you've been ripping him off.

EDDIE(CONT)

I cosigned for you - and now you're taking advantage. He gave you a good job. Your wife and daughter have everything.

Eddie stares at Seth, shaking his head again - disappointed, angry, scared.

Seth doesn't flinch.

Seth stares ahead with an empty look on his face - cold, detached.

SETH

I took care of that rat Ricky Sanchez. He should be dead as we speak.

Eddie recoils slightly, shaking his head in disbelief.

EDDIE

Would you stop acting like Al Pacino in *Scarface*? This is the fuckin' real world. Mr. Fairborn doesn't fuck around.

A heavy silence settles between them. The bodyguard shifts slightly, still silent.

Eddie's eyes lock on Seth - part fear, part fury.

SETH paces like a caged animal, eyes darting, jaw clenched.

SETH

This is my world. Everyone else? Just fucken squirrels chasing nuts.

EDDIE leans back in his chair, arms crossed, unimpressed.

EDDIE
Your ship's sinking, Seth. And I'm not
going down with it.

Seth stops pacing. Turns.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'm giving you a heads-up. You're a
dead man walking.

A LONG BEAT. SETH STARES AT EDDIE, UNREADABLE. THEN HE CRACKS
A SMILE - TOO WIDE, TOO CALM.

Seth paces the room, restless energy radiating off him. Eddie
watches from behind his desk, wary.

SETH
I'm untouchable.

Suddenly, Seth pulls a gun from his waistband and levels it
at Eddie.

SETH (CONT'D)
Who's the dead man now?

Eddie doesn't flinch - but his voice drops, calm and firm.

EDDIE
Put that away, Seth. I'm on your side.
I'm not the damn enemy.

Seth stands, breathing hard, gun still raised. Eddie doesn't
move.

SETH
No! You've gotten soft over the years.
I can't trust you anymore, Eddie. I
don't trust anyone.

Seth lowers the gun, then slowly sits. He tucks the weapon
back into his waistband, eyes never leaving Eddie.

SETH (CONT'D)
Send the money to this account in
Belize.

He slides a slip of paper across the desk. Eddie hesitates.

EDDIE

You sure about this?

SETH

Just do it.

Eddie sits at his desk, typing with stiff fingers. The screen glows with wire transfer fields.

COMPUTER SCREEN (V.O.)

Amount: \$700 MILLION Destination: Belize - Offshore Holdings Ltd.

Eddie hesitates, then hits ENTER.

EDDIE

(muttering) This is insane...

He leans back, shaking his head - disgusted, but complicit. Seven hundred million - laundered in seconds.

Half stolen from Robert Fairborn. The rest? Blood money from a rigged fight at the New World Elite Gentleman's Club.

Seth stands in the corner, arms crossed, watching like a warden.

SETH

That wasn't so hard, was it?

Eddie doesn't answer. He just stares at the screen, the cursor blinking like a warning light.

EDDIE

You're making a big mistake.

SETH

By the time that fat prick figures out I've been skimming his cash and

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)
 product, my family and I will be
 sipping rum in Belize. He can keep the
 empire. I'm taking the exit plan.

EDDIE
 It's done. The wire went through. As
 of today, I'm washing my hands of you.
 I never want to see you again.

SETH
 I don't give a shit, Eddie. I've gotta
 screw them before they screw me.

Eddie stands, arms crossed. Seth pulls a manila envelope from
 his coat and sets it on the desk.

SETH (CONT'D)
 Little something. Buy your wife
 something nice.

EDDIE
 No thanks, Seth.

Seth extends a hand. Eddie hesitates.

SETH (CONT'D)
 No hard feelings, Eddie. It's just
 business.

EDDIE
 Goodbye, Seth.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie turns away. Seth watches him for a beat. Then snatches
 the manila envelope off the desk and slips it back into his
 coat.

He turns and walks out - calm, controlled.

His BODYGUARDS, built like a vault, falls in step beside him.

They exit through the glass doors, sunlight flaring across
Seth's shades. *

No words. Just the sound of footsteps fading into the street. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. OUTSIDE INTERNATIONAL BANK-MID DAY 25

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY *

A black Cadillac Escalade idles near the exit; windows tinted
to obsidian. *

Two MEN - late 30s, Black wearing designer suits, built like
linebackers - stand posted in front. Calm. Watchful. *

Seth and his bodyguard step out of the bank, heading toward
their car. *

One of the suited men peels off from the SUV, walking
straight toward Seth - slow, deliberate, a cigar pinched
between his fingers. *

BLACK MAN #1 *

Mr. Fairborn sends his regards. *

Seth stops. His bodyguard shifts, ready. *

The man doesn't flinch. He lights the cigar; exhales smoke
like a warning. *

BLACK MAN #1 (CONT'D) *

He'd like a word. *

Seth's bodyguard clocks the suited man approaching - but too
late. *

In one fluid motion, the man pulls an assault rifle from
beneath his jacket and fires. *

A deafening burst. *

Seth's bodyguard drops - chest torn open, blood blooming
across his shirt. *

Seth stumbles back, stunned. The shooter lowers the weapon, calm as ever. *

BLACK MAN1 *

Mr. Fairborn said it was personal. *

Seth turns to run - but Black man2 grabs him from behind. *

Seth, trying to break free. Black man1 slams the butt of his rifle into Seth's head. *

Seth stumbles, clutching his skull, and drops to one knee. *

Without a word, Black man2 hauls him up and hurls him onto the hood of the Cadillac. *

SETH *

What the fuck do you want - money? *

Black man2 spins him around, pins him down hard. *

He pats Seth down fast and rough - pulls a pistol from Seth's waistband and the manila envelope from inside his jacket. *

BLACK MAN2 *

Got it. *

His partner grabs Seth.

BLACK MAN2 (CONT'D) *

Get in the fuckin' truck. *

Seth stumbles toward the SUV. Black man1 scans the lot, then casually drags Seth's fallen bodyguard behind a parked car. *

Both men hop into the Escalade. Tires screech as Black man2 guns it into traffic. *

He jerks the wheel into a hard U-turn - nearly clips a sedan - then floors it down the boulevard. *

Black man1 dials a number, eyes on the rearview. *

BLACK MAN1 *

We got the little worm. Be there in five. *

CUT TO:

EXT. TWIN TOWERS MEN'S COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT 26 *

A Los Angeles County Sheriff's bus rumbles through the gate,
headlights slicing the dark. *

It hisses to a stop in the yard. A pair of DEPUTIES step off
- one cradling a shotgun. *

DEPUTY *

Off the bus, ladies. *

The bus doors creak open. INMATES shuffle out in single file,
wrists and ankles shackled, chains clinking with every baby
step. *

Floodlights blaze down. Razor wire glints above. The yard
swallows them whole. *

Together from their hands down to their ankle walking in a
single file. *

INT. INMATE HOLDING AREA - NIGHT 27 *

The inmates shuffle in, still in single file. Officers unclip
their chains one by one. *

A DESK OFFICER sits behind a thick glass window, scanning
wristbands under a barcode reader. *

RICKY SANCHEZ steps up, raises his wrist. *

DESK OFFICER *

Ricky Sanchez! *

Ricky nods, stone-faced. The officer buzzes a door open with
a loud CLANK. *

DESK OFFICER (CONT'D) *

Holding cell three. Move it. *

Ricky steps through. The door slams shut behind him. *

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT *

Ricky sits on a concrete bench, rubbing his wrists, lost in
thought. *

TATTOO 1 and TATTOO 2 step in - big, inked-up rednecks with
tattoos crawling across their heads and arms. Their eyes burn *

with malice. *

TATTOO 1 *

Hey... punk. *

Ricky slowly lifts his head, calm but alert. *

RICKY *

I'm not your fuckin' punk I don't want
any problems. *

TATTOO 2 *

Oh, excuse me. You're not a punk... *

He steps in close, grinning. *

TATTOO 2 (CONT'D) *

You're my bitch. *

Ricky's jaw tightens. The air shifts. Trouble's about to
erupt. *

Ricky shoots to his feet - instinct kicking in. He senses
this could be a fight for his life. *

He raises both hands, palms out. *

RICKY *

Look, man... I don't want any
problems. *

Tattoo 1 and Tattoo 2 close in, circling like wolves. *

Ricky's eyes flick between them - calculating, bracing. *

No one's coming to help. *

Ricky jumps to his feet - heart pounding. He knows this isn't
just a threat. It's survival. *

He raises his hands, trying to de-escalate. *

RICKY (CONT'D) *

Look, man... I don't want any problems. *

TATTOO 2

We don't want problems either, pretty
boy. We just want you for our bitch.

Ricky backs toward the door, voice rising.

RICKY

Officer! Hey - officer!

No response. Just the hum of fluorescent lights.

Tattoo 1 cracks his knuckles. Tattoo 2 grins.

The cell's about to turn violent.

CONTINUE

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

RICKY (CONT'D)

Officers!

Ricky's voice echoes through the cell - louder, more
desperate. No response.

TATTOO 1

"Officers." Stop yelling, you little
bitch. Once a fuckin' snitch, always a
fuckin' snitch.

Ricky freezes - the word *snitch* hits hard. His eyes flick
between them. He knows now: there's no way out. Fight or die.

TATTOO 2

I eat snitches like you for dinner.

Ricky straightens, defiance burning in his eyes.

RICKY

That's funny... your mama didn't
mention she had a son who eats
snitches - not while she had my fat
stick shift in her mouth last night.

Tattoo 2 flinches. Tattoo 1 steps forward. The cell explodes
into motion.

Tattoo 1 lunges at Ricky. *

Ricky sidesteps - then snaps off a double right hook to the
jaw. CRACK. *

Tattoo 1 drops to his knees. *

Ricky wastes no time - drives a brutal kick into the side of
his head. Tattoo 1 crumples. *

Tattoo 2 charges. Swings wild. *

Ricky ducks, grabs his arm mid-swing - SLAMS him into the
concrete wall. A sickening THUD. *

Tattoo 2 goes limp. Out cold. *

Ricky turns - just in time to see Tattoo 1 rise, bloodied and
furious, pulling a homemade shiv from his waistband. *

He slashes at Ricky - wild, desperate. *

Ricky backs up, eyes locked on the blade. No more talking.
It's killed or be killed. *

Tattoo 1 staggers to his feet, blood dripping from his mouth.
He grips the shiv tight, eyes blazing. *

TATTOO 1 *

You're mine now. I'm going to carve
you up like a damn piñata. *

RICKY *

Give it your best shot, Baby Huey. *

They square off - breath sharp, muscles coiled. *

The cell is about to explode again. *

INT. HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS *

Tattoo 1 lunges - drives the shiv into Ricky's gut. Once.
Twice. *

Ricky gasps, clutching his stomach as blood seeps through his *

fingers. He staggers sideways, legs buckling. *

Tattoo 1 charges again, blade raised for the kill. *

But Ricky surges with raw adrenaline - spins and launches a
savage kick to Tattoo 1's face. CRACK. *

Tattoo 1 stumbles back, dazed. *

Ricky lunges - wraps his arm around Tattoo 1's neck in a
brutal chokehold. *

They thrash. Tattoo 1 claws at Ricky's arm - but Ricky holds
tighter. Until Tattoo 1 goes limp. *

Ricky collapses against the bars, bloodied and breathless. *

RICKY (CONT'D) *
Officers! Somebody - help! *

His voice echoes down the corridor. No answer. Just the sound
of his ragged breathing. *

INT. HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER *

RICKY (CONT'D) *
Officer! Help! I've been stabbed! *

The corridor erupts with boots. *

SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD and two OFFICERS rush in, keys jangling.
They yank the cell door open. *

Ricky stumbles out, clutching his bleeding side. *

Before he can speak, they slam him to the floor - face down,
cuffing him hard. *

RICKY (CONT'D) *
I didn't do shit! They attacked me! *

Inside the cell, Tattoo 1 and Tattoo 2 lie sprawled on the
cold concrete, barely moving. *

The officers rush in to check their vitals. *

SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD *
Shut the fuck up. You better pray *

they're not dead, Sanchez. *

Ricky groans, face pressed to the floor, blood pooling
beneath him. *

Without warning, Raddy drives his boot into Ricky's back -
hard. *

RICKY (CONT'D) *

Aw! What the fuck! They attacked me! I
was defending myself! *

No one listens. The hallway falls silent - except for Ricky's
ragged breath and the distant buzz of fluorescent lights. *

Ricky lay on the cold concrete ground in a pool of blood.
Sergeant has no remorse for his traumatic pain; he forcefully
stomped Ricky in his back with his boot.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER *

Ricky lies cuffed and bleeding, barely conscious. *

SERGEANT CLOUD *

Get this piece of shit to the
infirmary. *

A ROOKIE OFFICER hesitates; eyes locked on Ricky's wound. *

ROOKIE OFFICER *

Sergeant... I don't mean to disrespect
your order, but this inmate needs a
county hospital. He's gonna bleed out. *

Sergeant Cloud glares at him - cold, unmoved. *

SERGEANT CLOUD *

Infirmary first. If he dies, he dies. *

Ricky groans, blood pooling beneath him. *

The rookie kneels beside him anyway, trying to slow the
bleeding. The hallway is tense. No one speaks. *

Sergeant Cloud turns slowly, eyes narrowing. *

SERGEANT CLOUD (CONT'D)
 You questioning my orders rookie?

The rookie swallows hard but stands his ground.

ROOKIE OFFICER
 No, sir. I'm saying if he dies here,
 it's on us.

A tense beat. Cloud glares at him - then jerks his head
 toward the corridor.

SERGEANT CLOUD
 Fine. Get him out of my sight.

The rookie signals for the gurney. Officers lift Ricky,
 barely conscious, blood trailing behind them as they rush him
 down the hall.

INT. TWIN TOWER RECEPTION AREA -NIGHT

30 *

The lobby hums under flickering lights. An older DESK OFFICER
 looking at his cell phone.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY, DETECTIVE OLIVER, and INVESTIGATOR
 WHITAKER stride to the window.

DESK OFFICER
 What can I do for you?

Bradley flashes her badge.

BRADLEY
 We're here to see Ricky Sanchez.

The desk officer lowers his cell, eyes narrowing.

DESK OFFICER
 EMT just took him to County. He was
 Stabbed twice in the stomach.

Bradley, Oliver, and Whitaker spin and sprint back toward the
 exit.

They pile into their vehicle, tires screeching as they tear
 off toward County Hospital.

CUT TO: *

INT. FAIRBORN ENTERPRISES - NIGHT 34C *

A heavy knock on the office door *

FAIRBORN *

It's open *

SETH steps in - face bloodied, clothes torn. He limps slightly, but his eyes burn with urgency. *

FAIRBORN reclines in a plush Italian leather chair, puffing on a thick cigar. His banker, EDDIE ANDERSON, sits across from him, reviewing documents. *

FAIRBORN stares at Seth without flinching. *

SETH *

Boss... this is a mistake, right? *

FAIRBORN *

Yeah, it's all a mistake, Seth. A mistake that you've been stealing money from me. A fuckin mistake that you opened a crack house under my nose. *

FAIRBORN(CONT'D) *

And a real fuckin' mistake - wiring a 7 million dollars to a bank in Belize. *

He exhales smoke slowly; eyes locked on Seth. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *

You think I wouldn't find out? *

SETH *

I didn't- *

FAIRBORN *

Save it. You made your move. Now I make mine. *

SETH stands frozen, bloodied and shaken. FAIRBORN leans back in his leather chair, puffing his cigar, eyes cold. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *
Did you clean up that mess? *

SETH *
I took care of it boss. *

FAIRBORN *
That cocaine's frying your brains, *
Seth. *

SETH *
I took care of it. *

FAIRBORN *
You're a thief. And a liar. *

SETH *
What are you talking about, boss? *

SETH glances nervously at the two BODYGUARDS - both slipping on black leather gloves, slow and deliberate. *

FAIRBORN *
Rickey Sanchez isn't dead, Seth. You *
look surprised. *

SETH's breath catches. His eyes widen. The room feels smaller now - colder. *

Fairborn laugh, then lights his Cuban cigar. Seth drops to his knee. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *
Get up Seth! *

SETH is dragged to his feet by two BODYGUARDS. They slam him face-first onto the oak table. *

SETH *
(grunting, struggling) *

You don't have to do this! *

One BODYGUARD mashes Seth's face into the polished wood. The other pins his arm behind his back. *

FAIRBORN steps forward, calm and venomous. *

FAIRBORN *

You know, Seth... I took real good care of you. And your pretty wife. *

He leans in close, voice low and deliberate. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *

I trusted you like a son. But you steal from me? You open a crack house under my name? You wire a 7 million to Belize? *

He exhales slowly; eyes locked on Seth. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) (CONT'D) *

Now we've got a problem. *

SETH mutters under his breath, panic rising. *

EDDIE watches with a sour expression, arms crossed. *

EDDIE *

This should be interesting. *

SETH *

No, boss... Why are you doing this? *

FAIRBORN *

You want to know how power works? This is how it's done. *

FAIRBORN stands over SETH, cold and deliberate. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *

You want to know how to break someone? *
This is how it's done. *

SETH trembles, face flushed with rage and humiliation. He *
drops to his knees, fists clenched. *

A beat of silence. *

Then - he pulls himself together, staggers upright, and *
vomits on the polished floor after a hard punch to the gut. *

EDDIE winces. The bodyguards don't flinch. *

FAIRBORN watches, unmoved. *

FAIRBORN (CONT'D) *

Clean yourself up. You've got no more chances left. *

Fairborn walks over to his bar and pours a drink.

FAIRBORN and EDDIE burst into laughter - cold, cruel, and *
calculated. *

FAIRBORN *

Get this piece of shit out of my *
sight. Take him to the compound. He'll *
be executed this weekend. *

SETH's eyes widen. He stumbles back, but the BODYGUARDS are *
already on him. *

They grab him hard, dragging him toward the door. One shoves *
him violently. The other pushes him into the elevator. *

SETH *

(struggling) You don't have to do *
this! I can fix it! *

FAIRBORN *

You had your chance. *

The elevator doors close. Silence. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH COUNTRY CLUB NEXT DAY

35

Robert Fairborn sits outside restaurant on the patio overlooking the marina drinking Jack Daniel on the rocks two men wearing nice expensive suit walks up to his table.

Senator Jose Aguilar in late (50s) Mexican arrogant with extensive power a man you never want to cross, walks up with Judge Scott Peterson late (50s) soft spoken with a toxic personality, Fairborn gets up embraces them.

*

FAIRBORN

"Gentlemen have a seat."

Senator and the Judge take a seat Fairborn calls for the waiter.

WAITER

"May I get you gentlemen a drink?"

JUDGE PETERSON

Scotch on the rocks.

SENATOR AGUILAR

I will have the same.

WAITER

Excellent choice, be right back with your drinks.

Senator glances over at Fairborn.

SENATOR AGUILAR

So did you clean up that mess?

FAIRBORN

SURE!

"No need to worry they are both dead man". Seth Grainger and Ricky Sanchez, our going to be crucified in the arena at the compound this weekend; it is under control.

*

SENATOR

"Great." We cannot afford to have bums like that jeopardize this 40-million-dollar deal. After all, we are going to break ground on that new casino

*

*

(MORE)

SENATOR (CONT'D)
after this deal close.

JUDGE PETERSON
Are we ready for the annually event
this weekend?

SENATOR
Everything ready for the Mendez
brother, when they come down from
Guerrero to check out the product and
we know it is going meet their
approved. Now I can concentrate on
running for President of the United
States, so I could be your silent
partner when (N.W.E) New World Elite
open the Hotel Resort in Nevada.

JUDGE PETERSON
Let make a toast good health and
wealth and the New World Elite.

The men raise their glass.

FAIRBORN
"There is a sacrifice this weekend
Senator." I have two men on the list
that going to be eliminated. I have
not heard anything from you Senator.

*

SENATOR AGUILAR
"Is that a problem?"

FAIRBORN
"Well, I'm telling you." You need to
make a decision, it time for you to
sacrifice a family member so you can
be in the running for the next
president campaign.

*

SENATOR AGUILAR
I'm In charge.

*

JUDGE PETERSON
Have you thought about it?

*

SENATOR AGUILAR
Let me worry about running for
president. I will be in the White
House next year about this time
gentlemen. Everything will come to

(MORE)

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)
together as plan.

JUDGE PETERSON
"What about your lesbian daughter?"

SENATOR AGUILAR
"Shut the hell up Peterson", I don't
have a daughter.

Fairborn looks at Senator Aguilar if he was hiding something.

FAIRBORN
You have a daughter Senator?

Senator looks at Fairborn...

SENATOR
I had a daughter.

FAIRBORN
What do mean. You had a daughter? You
have a daughter are you don't have a
daughter. *

SENATOR
You are not calling no shot's fat man.
In my mind, she was dead a long time
ago. I do not want to hear of this
again.

Fairborn shrugs his shoulder and pull out a cigar.

JUDGE PETERSON
I already know that my no good drug
addict son is going to be sacrifice
for a seat in the Supreme Court; I do
not have a problem with that.

FAIRBORN
Yeah we are rocking the same boat
Peterson when come down to are addict
children. They are embarrassment to
our family.

FAIRBORN (CONT'D)
Now that grandson of mines going
places in this business. He is only 8-
Year-old running the house. *

Peterson and Fairborn laughs.

FAIRBORN (CONT'D)

Do you need to speak to council about whom you are going to sacrifice this weekend, Senator?

*

SENATOR AGUILAR

"Hell no." You will see when that time comes.

Senator Aguilar sips his cocktail, as his mind wondering off into deep thought about his daughter who is Lesbian will be sacrifice this weekend for a chance for him to sit behind the oval seat in the White House.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM

36

Bradley sitting around large conference table eating Chinese food, she sorts through mounds of law books preparing for state vs. Sanchez case Detective Oliver sitting there with her eating dinner.

Intern (19-year-old) in law-school knocks on the conference room door.

*

INTERN

Excuse me Attorney Bradley you have Detective Collin on the line 1

*

Bradley picks up the phone.

BRADLEY

This is Bradley!

COLLIN(O.S.)

Are you sitting down?

BRADLEY

"Yes". "Why"?

COLLIN(V.O.)

Rickey Sanchez is gone.

*

Bradley glances up at Oliver.

BRADLEY
Hold on transfer you to the
speakerphone.

Collin on speaker

COLLIN(V.O.) *
"No problem."

OLIVER
How did that happen?

COLLIN (V.O.) *
That is what we are trying to find
out.

OLIVER
I can bet Seth have a hand this?

COLLIN(V.O.) *
We went to Seth house and no one home.

Bradley stands up and pace the floor.

BRADLEY *
Let me a get search warrant together
to search Seth house.

COLLIN (O.S.)
Get me that search warrant Counselors
don't worry I will find Ricky Sanchez.

OLIVER
We will meet you over Seth house with
the search warrant.

BRADLEY *
We need to stay close on this case
something just doesn't feel right.

COLLIN (V.O.) *
"Copy that". See you soon.

Prosecutor Bradley hung up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SETH'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

37 *

An unmarked police car rolls to a stop in front of the quiet
house. Another vehicle pulls up behind its Detective Collins. *

OFFICER WHITAKER, DETECTIVE OLIVER, and PROSECUTOR BRADLEY
jump out, moving fast and focused. *

INT. SETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT *

OFFICER 1 bursts through the front door, weapon drawn. *

OFFICER 1
Go, go, go! *

They sweep through the house - clearing rooms, checking
corners. Flashlights cut through the darkness. *

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

An OFFICER enters slowly. A LITTLE GIRL sleeps peacefully in
her bed, unaware of the chaos. *

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Clear. *

OFFICER 2 (O.S.)
I've got a child in the back room. *

The team pauses. The tension shifts. This just got more
complicated. *

CUT TO:

EXT. SETH'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 38 *

DETECTIVE OLIVER hears a noise. He signals the team. *

OLIVER
Backyard. Move. *

They rush out with guns drawn - flashlights slicing through
the dark. *

INT. BACKYARD - NIGHT *

The pool glows under moonlight. ROSA, stunning and carefree,
splashes playfully in the water with SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD.
Both are caught off guard - laughing one moment, frozen the
next. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER steps forward, flashlight beam landing on a *

BABY MONITOR sitting on a nearby table. *

ROSA gasps, startled by the sudden presence of armed officers
in her backyard. *

ROSA
What the hell is going on? *

OLIVER
Where's Seth? *

The team fans out, scanning the perimeter. The mood shifts -
from playful to deadly serious. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER steps forward, flashlight beam steady. *

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Ma'am, you and your husband Seth -
please step out of the pool and wrap
towels around yourselves. *

ROSA
Who are you? *

This is not my husband. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER and DETECTIVE COLLIN flash their badges. *

OLIVER
Detective Oliver. LAPD. We need to
speak with you - now. *

ROSA climbs out of the pool, wrapping herself in a towel.
RADDY follows, tense. *

ROSA
What's going on? *

COLLIN
Where's Seth? *

ROSA hesitates. The baby monitor crackles faintly nearby. *

OLIVER
We have search warrant to search your
home. Who is this man with you? *

RADDY

I am Sgt. Raddy Cloud I work for the department of the correction at twin tower.

INT. SETH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39 *

ROSA enters, cradling her BABY GIRL in her arms. She sits beside RADDY on the couch, trying to stay calm.

*
*

Her eyes drift toward the front door - now splintered, a jagged hole where the lock used to be.

*
*

ROSA

What happened to the door?

*
*

DETECTIVE OLIVER steps forward, voice firm.

*

OLIVER

So you're having an affair with Sergeant Cloud?

*
*
*

ROSA

What's wrong with the damn doorbell? Who's paying for the door?

*
*
*

OLIVER

Just answer the question. Don't worry about the door.

*
*
*

ROSA glares at her, clutching her baby girl tighter. RADDY shifts uncomfortably beside her.

*
*

COLLIN

We had the right to break it down, ma'am.

*
*
*

DETECTIVE OLIVER raises a folded document and flashes it.

*

OLIVER

Search warrant. Signed and sealed.

*
*

Officers fan out, tearing through drawers, cabinets, and

*

closets as they search for drugs. Flashlights sweep across
countertops, catching dust motes in the air. A baby monitor
on the counter crackles faintly, its static cutting through
the tension.

PROSECUTOR JAMIE BRADLEY approaches ROSA, who clutches her
baby girl protectively.

BRADLEY

Calm down ma'am. Can you tell us where
your husband is?

ROSA

Who are you?

BRADLEY flashes her credentials.

BRADLEY

I apologize. I'm Prosecutor Jamie
Bradley.

ROSA's eyes narrow. She holds her daughter tighter.

ROSA sits on the couch, holding her baby girl close. Her
voice is steady, but her eyes betray unease.

ROSA

I don't know where my husband is.

He brings home the money - I take care
of the house. No questions asked.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY scans the room, noting the luxury.

BRADLEY

Yes... I can see that. You take very
good care of your home.

DETECTIVE OLIVER steps forward, voice firm.

OLIVER

Do you know what your husband does for
a living?

He holds up a plastic bag filled with hard-shell pills -
brightly colored, almost candy-like.

*
*

DETECTIVE COLLIN walks out of the kitchen with the officer,
waving the bag toward OLIVER and BRADLEY.

*
*

COLLIN

Your goanna wants to see this.

*
*

The room goes quiet. ROSA clutches her daughter tighter.

*

INT.LIVING ROOM

42

COLLINS

Well, well, what do we have here? Look
like Ecstasy.

*

OLIVER

Take them both down and book them for
possession of narcotics. call social
service to pick up the child.

*

Rosa look surprise...

RADDY

I have nothing to do with those drugs.

ROSA

That's not mines!

*

OLIVER

Get them out of here.

ROSA

Wait! I found something in my husband
coat pocket the other day.

OLIVER

What would that be?

Rosa points to a beautiful China cabinet.

*

ROSA

Look in the bottom drawer and you will find a scroll.

Oliver walks over to the China cabinet she opens the bottom drawer to find an invitation that look like a scroll with the name of a night club call New World Elite Gentlemen lodge. *

COLLIN

Where is this place?

ROSA

"I don't know." I overheard a conversation with my husband on the phone he was talking about that lodge.

OLIVER

Your husband has never mention Gentle men lodge to you.

ROSA

I ask him about it he said his boss host an event there.

OLIVER

I never heard of this place.

COLLINS (TO OLIVER)

I know ever club in Los Angeles County this one does not ring a bell. *

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY

Let's find out where this place is. In fact, let's bring in Robert Fairborn for question. He might have some answer for us. *

RADDY steps forward, voice steady but cautious. *

RADDY

Maybe I could be of some help. Seth and I were at Gentlemen Nightclub in Malibu last night. He told me something... disturbing. *

Everyone turns toward him. *

RADDY (CONT'D) *

They're taking death row inmates out
of prison - making them fight for
their freedom. Wealthy people place
bets on the fighters. *

A beat of silence. OLIVER narrows his eyes. *

OLIVER *

Who's involved in this illegal
activity? *

RADDY hesitates. The room waits. *

DETECTIVE OLIVER steps closer, voice sharp. *

OLIVER (CONT'D) *

Who's involved in this illegal
activity? *

RADDY *

He never mentioned names. *

RADDY hesitates, then speaks up again. *

RADDY (CONT'D) *

There was one name... Jax. He runs the
place. Big money. Dangerous people. *

Seth said it's all underground - off the books. *

OLIVER and BRADLEY exchange a look. *

OLIVER *

Jax. We'll run him. *

COLLIN's already pulling out his phone, stepping aside to
make the call. *

BRADLEY *

If this is true, we're looking at
(MORE) *

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 something much bigger than drugs.

ROSA stays silent, eyes locked on the floor, rocking her baby gently.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY steps forward, calm and composed.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 Thank you, Officer Raddy. You're free to go. If you think of anything else - here's my card.

WHITAKER steps in and unlocks the cuffs from RADDY's wrists.

RADDY rubs his wrists, then glances at ROSA - a flicker of guilt, or something deeper.

He quietly exits through the front door.

ROSA watches him go, holding her daughter close.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Oliver and Prosecutor Bradley, investigator Whitaker Detective Collin meets with Captain Richardson.

To bring Robert Fairborn in for questioning.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON
 Why we need to bring Mr. Fairborn in for questioning.

OLIVER
 We feel that Robert Fairborn has something to do with the kidnapping of Ricky Sanchez.

COLLINS
 He's above the Mafia in the dope business. I believe he is bringing pure heroin and cocaine through his construction company and taking prison out of jail and fighting them at this club call the Gentlemen lounge.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON closes the file, voice firm.

RICHARDSON
Okay - go pick him up.

*
*

The team nods. OLIVER, JAMIE, WHITAKER, and COLLIN turn to move.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

EXT.ROBERT FAIRBORN HOME NEWPORT BEACH BAY FRONT

44

EXTRAORDINARY TUSCAN-STYLE CUSTOM HOME.

A WATER FRONT MANSION IN THE BAY SHORES COMMUNITY EXCLUSIVE NEIGHBORHOOD.

DETECTIVE'S DRIVE UP TO THE HOUSE WITH BLACK WHITE POLICE CARS FOLLOWING THEM THEY STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE.

COLLINS(TO OLIVER)
Dam this man living like a rock star.
Made be we are in the wrong field.

OLIVER
"This house is paid for with blood money."

Suddenly there a knock on the door, Robert Fairborn thinks it's his grandson Michael that's playing outside, he tells them the door open. Detective Oliver and Collins walk in Fairborn house with Whitaker behind them.

*

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Excuse us for the interruption Mr. Fairborn.

*

Fairborn looks surprise.

FAIRBORN
Who in hell are you?

OLIVER
This my partner Detective Collins and Investigator Whitaker and I am Detective Oliver.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
We need you to come down to the
(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
station and answer some question.

FAIRBORN
Get the hell out of my house.

Whitaker rush Fairborn pulls him out of the chair. Fairborn
knocks Whitaker on the floor. Oliver pulls out her gun;
Collins slaps the cuffs on Fairborn.

OLIVER
Now you have no choice but to come
down to the police station. You just
assaulted an officer. *

INT: LAPD-DOWNTOWN - INTERROGATION ROOM 45

Small room with two metal chairs and metal table the room is
colder than a Meat locker. *

Detective Oliver stands against the wall Detective Collins
pulls up a chair and slaps a folder on the table. Fairborn
obvious has attitude towards the detectives for detaining
him. *

FAIRBORN
This is torture, its cold as fuck in
here can you turn up the heat?

COLLINS
I apologize Mr. Fairborn the heat is
not working right now. The city is on
a budget cut they laid off too many
maintenances' worker. *

FAIRBORN
What is this all about?

COLLINS
We brought you in to ask about the
kidnapping of Ricky Sanchez.

FAIRBORN
What the hell are you talking about,
who in the hell is Ricky Sanchez? I
will have your fucking heads on a
platter excusing me of kidnapping. *

Robert Fairborn will sell his own mother's soul to the devil.
Some of L.A. police officers are on his pay roll. *

DETECTIVE COLLINS

What happened with your employee Seth Grainger?

FAIRBORN

I do not know where that low life is. He stole money from me, if you find him let me know.

Collins applies pressure in an effort to get Fairborn to confess.

DETECTIVE COLLINS

What about Seth dead bodyguard did you have anything to do with their death Mr. Fairborn?

Robert Fairborn jumps up...

FAIRBORN

I do not have time for this hogwash. Fuck you, I am not talking to you morons, get me out of this meat locker.

FAIRBORN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something, I am a businessperson. You have nothing. Absolutely nothing.

COLLINS

Well, you have absolutely nothing to worry about.

*

OLIVER

Let's not waste no more time Mr. Fairborn just tell us what happen to Seth Grainger and Rick Sanchez.

FAIRBORN

Listen carefully; it would not be a problem to find you idiots writing parking tickets for a living.

Collins suddenly grabs Fairborn by his collar...

DETECTIVE COLLINS

Do I hear a threat, you pathetic piece of shit.

DETECTIVE OLIVER

Cool it Collins! He is not worth it.

Collins shoves Fairborn back in his chair, walks out of the interrogation room highly disturb.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

48

Collins walks out the room; Richardson looks at Collins and shrugs his shoulder.

*

INT. INSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

49

Prosecutor Bradley walks in the interrogation room. Robert Fairborn glances at her.

*

FAIRBORN

Who in the fuck are you?

*

BRADLEY

Mr. Fairborn I am prosecutor Jamie Bradley; I would like to ask you some question about the where about of Ricky Sanchez and your employee Seth Grainger.

*

*

FAIRBORN

"Go to hell." Are you charging me with something?

*

BRADLEY

Yes, assault on a police officer.

*

Oliver sits back and observes Fairborn behavior; Fairborn is kicking up a big fuss.

FAIRBORN

"I want my lawyer." "I'm going to prosecute the city ass for harassment." I am an honest businessman with colleagues in high positions.

INT. CAPTAIN RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

50 *

The door bursts open. ATTORNEY CALVIN BUTLER storms in, unannounced.

*

*

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Sorry, Captain - he ran right past me.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON looks up over his eyeglasses, unfazed.

RICHARDSON
That's fine. Well, well... it's pretty
boy.

BUTLER locks eyes with him, unflinching.

BUTLER
Where is my client?

RICHARDSON
What snake are you representing this
time?

BUTLER steps closer, voice sharp.

BUTLER
I don't have time for your games. I'm
looking for Mr. Robert Fairborn.

RICHARDSON leans back, intrigued.

RICHARDSON
Excuse me - who did you say you're
representing again?

BUTLER
I'm going to ask you one more time.
Where in the hell is my client?

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON leans forward, voice cold and deliberate.

RICHARDSON
Soon we'll find Ricky Sanchez and Seth
Grainger. And when we do - we're
arresting your client for drug
trafficking, kidnapping... and the
list keeps growing.

BUTLER straightens his tie, unfazed.

BUTLER
Those are accusations. Not
(MORE)

BUTLER (CONT'D)
convictions.

The room tightens.

Butler glance at Captain Richardson.

BUTLER (CONT'D)
I don't care what you think, you have
on my client. He is innocent until
proven guilty. So you can take your
circumstances accusation put them in
your cold case file. Because you have
absolutely nothing.

BUTLER(CONTINUE)
If you have a case then charge my
client, if not stop wasting my time
and take me to my client.

Butler picks up his briefcase.

BUTLER
Have a wonderful day.

Captain Richardson calls Oliver and Collins to escort Mr.
Butler to Robert Fairborn.

Captain Richardson steps back into his office, pulls out a
can of Lysol compulsively begin spraying his office.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVES OLIVER and COLLIN enter with ATTORNEY CALVIN
BUTLER.

FAIRBORN sits at the table, agitated.

FAIRBORN
Where in the hell have you been?

BUTLER
Got here as soon as I could.

FAIRBORN stands.

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51 *

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FAIRBORN

Get me the hell out of this meat locker. I want to press charges against the LAPD for harassment.

He storms past OLIVER, shooting her a venomous look.

OLIVER simply nods, unfazed.

EXT. FRONT OF L.A.P.D. BUILDING - DAY 52

A sleek black limo idles at the curb, engine humming.

BUTLER and ROBERT FAIRBORN step into the back seat. Fairborn reaches for the decanter, pours himself a drink.

FAIRBORN

I want them dead. They're on to us.

BUTLER shifts uncomfortably.

BUTLER

That's not possible. Killing police officers and a D.A. prosecutor wasn't part of the plan.

FAIRBORN takes a slow sip; eyes locked on Butler.

FAIRBORN

This isn't a damn quiz. Kill them all.

BUTLER pulls out his cell phone, dials.

BUTLER

The boss said kill them all. Get it done today.

MAN (V.O.)

Consider it done.

Butler hangs up the phone, looks at Robert and nods his head.

INT. CAPTAIN RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY 53

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON turns to DETECTIVE OLIVER, voice firm.

RICHARDSON

Keep an eye on Mr. Fairborn.

OLIVER
Already focused.

Oliver (CONT'D)

We're having a birthday gathering for
Whitaker. Just a small one - cake,
coffee, nothing fancy.

RICHARDSON nods, amused.

RICHARDSON
Make sure it doesn't turn into a
stakeout.

OLIVER smirks.

OLIVER
No promises.

DETECTIVE OLIVER smiles, casual.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You should come by.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON shakes his head, buried in paperwork.

RICHARDSON
I've got too much work. Tell Whitaker
I said happy birthday.

PROSECUTOR BRADLEY grabs her coat, already halfway out the
door.

BRADLEY
Okay, I'm taking the rest of the day
off. You should come over.

OLIVER nods, amused.

OLIVER
I'll save you a slice of cake.

RICHARDSON
Maybe I will after I finish up here,
now get out of here and enjoy yourself
it been a long week.

BRADLEY

If you change your mind, you know
where you can find us.

Oliver and Bradley rush over to the Jazz Club.

INT. L.A.JAZZ BAR & GRILL-DAY

54

The day is young the club fill with officers and attorney and
city employee having lunch jazz band playing soft music.
Whitaker already inside the jazz club seating at the bar
having drinks talking with other officers.

*

*

Oliver and Bradley walk in. The host seats them in the back
booth by the window facing the street. Oliver walks over to
the bar and puts her arm over Whitaker

OLIVER

Birthday boy, what are you doing
telling war stories?

Whitaker turn around with a smile...

WHITAKER

Hey! It is about time where Bradley
and Collins?

OLIVER

We have a booth in the corner Whitaker
Collins had an errand to run he will
be here later.

Whitaker and Oliver walks to the back booth where Bradley
sits. A beautiful, brown-skinned sexy waitress in her late
(30s) came to their table.

*

*

WAITRESS

Hi! I am Candice. I will be your
waitress; may I start you off with
something to drink?

*

Detective Oliver stares at the server admiring her beauty.

BRADLEY

A round of Tequila shots for everyone.

WHITAKER

Glass of water for everyone! Please.

WAITRESS

Be right back with your drinks

BRADLEY

Looks like Oliver might be interest
into waitress. *

Oliver smile and shrugs her shoulder. Second later waitress
sits everyone's drinks on the table.

OLIVER

"I wanted to give you my apology Mrs.
Candice for stared at you." "You're
extremely beautiful."

Candice smiles

CANDICE *

Thank you, would you like to order
now? *

BRADLEY

Give us a few more minutes.

CANDICE *

"No problem." I will be back with more
bread chips.

OLIVER(SMILE)

Thank you, Candice.

Whitaker gets up heads to the restroom.

WHITAKER

Excuse me ladies I need to go to the
boy's room, don't mine me just keep
the drink coming. *

Candice smiles.

Bradley can see Collins outside parking in front of the jazz
bar and grill club. *

BRADLEY

"Hurry up Whitaker." Collins is
walking in. *

WHITAKER

Cool...

Whitaker heads to the restroom.

Abruptly, something catches Bradley's eye. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT 54A *

A silver Ford truck barrels down the street, tires screeching, engine roaring. The driver swerves wildly aiming straight for the jazz club entrance. *

Pedestrians scream and scatter. *

The truck smashes through the front window. *

A thunderous explosion erupts, blowing out the remaining glass as flames race through the Jazz Bar & Grill like a wildfire. *

Investigators Samuel Whitaker and Detective Eric Collins never had a chance. *

INT. JAZZ BAR 55

The fire department is searching for surviving victims, suddenly Detective Oliver push through the rumble and speak softly, several time before the rescues team could hear her.

OLIVER

Over here!

Oliver, Bradley and Candice coughing from all the dust and smoke in the dark restaurant they have minor injuries. The rescues team pulls them to safety rush them to the hospital.

CUT TO: *

EXT.ROBERT FAIRBORN HOME -NEWPORT BEACH NIGHT 56 *

Fairborn sitting in his lavish Den with his attorney Calvin Butler. Abruptly Butler phone ring.

BUTLER

"This is Butler."

MAN (V.O.)
Jobs done. Turn on the news.

*
*

EXT. BREAKING NEWS FRONT OF JAZZ BAR & GRILL

57

REPORTER (TV CAMERA)
It appears to be a suicide car bomber
has rock downtown Los Angeles at the
Jazz Bar Grill.

Captain Richardson and the Mayor walk over to the press to
answer question.

REPORTER (TO MAYOR)
Is this a terrorist attack?

*

MAYOR
We don't know at this moment. Whoever
involves in this vicious crime there
is no rock to hide under there is
anywhere to hide; our police force
will bring them to justice. I will
turn over to Captain Richardson.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Captain Richardson can answer all your
question, Thank you.

Captain Richardson step to the microphone.

RICHARDSON
All I have to say this is a sad day
for Los Angeles city official 17 city
employee dead and 10 of them where
fine officers have died in this brutal
indecent 20 Injury. We will find the
preparatory that is involved in a
suicide bombing. We are offering 50-
thousand-dollar reward for the wear
about of the perpetrator's that
involved in this brutal attack. Thank
you nothing further at this time.
Captain Richardson walks off with
tears in his eyes.

*
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*
*

Fairborn glances at Butler and cuts the TV off...

FAIRBORN
"Good Job Butler". "Those dykes got
what they deserved." We have a multi-
billion-dollar business that we work
(MORE)

*

FAIRBORN (CONT'D)

too hard to build. Most of the police officers that die is probably on my payroll.

Fairborn and Butler laugh... Fairborn daughter Belinda is late twenty she is physically addicted to alcohol narcotic drugs hears the conversation and intermediately go to the kitchen and calls police.

INT.LAPD FRONT DESK- LATER THAT DAY

58

Suddenly the phone is ringing off the hook inside the police department about the suicide car bomb at the Jazz Club.

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. UCLA MEDICAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

59

*

An OFFICER escorts a visitor down the hallway.

*

OFFICER

*

Wait right here.

*

He knocks on the door.

*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON, D.A. LOHAN, and Bradley fiancée DOCTOR MARIA AGUILAR (early 30s, Hispanic, stand beside BRADLEY's hospital bed, alone with their son, J.C. (17s smart, athletic, quarterback for the Compton High School football team), sits nearby, watching quietly.

*

*

*

*

*

BRADLEY and OLIVER lie in hospital beds, hooked up to IVs, bruised and scraped but awake.

*

*

The room is thick with silence-tension, relief, and unanswered questions hanging in the air.

*

*

A knock at the door. *

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON *

Yes. *

The door opens. An OFFICER steps in. *

OFFICER *

There's a Sergeant Raddy Cloud out
here. He wants to speak with Detective
Oliver and Counselor Bradley. *

Everyone in the room exchanges glances. *

BRADLEY and OLIVER stir slightly, still hooked up to IVs. *

RICHARDSON rises and walks toward the door. *

RICHARDSON *

I'll take care of this. *

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON steps into the hallway, stops at the
sanitizer dispenser. *

He squirts his hands, rubs them slowly, then glances at
SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD waiting nearby. *

CUT TO: *

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT *

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON faces SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD. *

RICHARDSON (CONT'D) *

What can I do for you, Sergeant? *

RADDY *

I'm here to speak with Prosecutor
Bradley and Detective Oliver. *

I believe Robert Fairborn is behind the jazz club bombing. *

RICHARDSON nods, tense. *

RICHARDSON *

Wait here... *

He turns and heads back toward the hospital room. *

CUT TO: *

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT *

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON steps forward. *

RICHARDSON (CONT'D) *

Maria, can I have a moment with the
Counselor? *

MARIA *

It's time for us to go home. J.C. has
to study for a final tomorrow. *

J.C. *

Mom, I'm going to sleep. I never study
- you know that. *

The room softens with a brief smile before tension returns. *

CUT TO: *

MARIA *

Give Mama Jamie and Auntie Toni hugs,
Mr. Albert Einstein. *

Everyone laughs. J.C. grins, walks over, and hugs JAMIE
Bradley and TONI Oliver. *

MARIA and J.C. exit the room, along with D.A. Lohan heading
toward the elevator. *

RICHARDSON *

I will have an officer walk down to
your car Maria. *

LOHAN *

I am going home; I'll walk down with
her; the wife is cooking Chile and
cornbread. I will stop by judge Pate's
house have her sign that warrant. You
(MORE) *

LOHAN (CONT'D)
 will have it first thing in the
 morning. See you two tomorrow get some
 rest.

*
 *
 *

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

*

RICHARDSON
 Sergeant Raddy's here. Are you feeling
 up to talking with him?

*
 *
 *

BRADLEY
 Sure.

*
 *

OLIVER
 Bring him in. We need to find out
 who's behind this mayhem at the jazz
 club.

*
 *
 *
 *

RICHARDSON exits to the hallway. Moments later, he returns
 with SERGEANT RADDY CLOUD.

*
 *

Bradley glances at Oliver and shrugs her shoulder...

BRADLEY
 Whats going on Reddy?

*

RADDY
 Well, the word on the streets is
 Robert Fairborn have most of the
 police force on his payroll. He behind
 the jazz cafe. Now he looking to have
 sacrifice at the night club tonight to
 become the next senator of Arizona.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

BRADLEY
 Don't worry. His mission is about to
 be intercepted and terminated.

*
 *
 *

OLIVER

We need to get out of here. And what about Mr. Fairborn's plans?

RADDY (TO OLIVER)

Perhaps I can be of some assistance. I know where the club is located.

RICHARDSON

I'll have an officer take you home and stay with you until we can find the underlying cause of this case.

RADDY

Thank you, Captain Richardson.

Suddenly, Raddy cell phone rings.

RADDY (CONT'D)

This is Raddy.

Raddy looks up and gives a hand gesture—Robert Fairborn is on the phone.

FAIRBORN(V.O.)

I am calling to see do you still want to invest your money.

RADDY

Sure.

FAIRBORN(O.S.)

Join me at the gentlemen lodge to night and maybe we can double your money.

RADDY

Okay that sound like a plan, text me the address.

OLIVER

Why are you so interest in helping us to apprehend Robert Fairborn?

RADDY

I am officers of the law and the horrifying attack on my fellow officers and city employee just make my stomach turn. Whatever I can do to catch this guy, you can count me in.

OLIVER

We can move on this guy tonight?

RICHARDSON

Hold your horses Oliver you're not going anywhere until the Doctor release you. I'll get a full report from Raddy in the morning and that way we have a team of officers and Swat ready for action.

Oliver sits up and salutes the captain.

OLIVER

"Eye "Eye" Captain.

Everyone laughs...

BRADLEY

Captain where is this nightclub?

RICHARDSON

According to this address, the location is way up in the hills in Malibu.

OLIVER

They have this place hidden up in the canyon. That is why Collins and I did not have a clue where to locate this place when Seth wife gave us that scroll.

*

RADDY

I know that area very well.

Richardson calls two officers on his radio, two officers rush in the room.

OFFICER

"Yes Captain."

RICHARDSON

I need one of you to go over to the Fairborn property and see what you can find.

OFFICER 2

"Yes Captain".

LOHAN

I am going home the wife is cooking Chile and cornbread. I will stop by judge Pate's house have her sign that warrant. You will have it first thing in the morning. See you two tomorrow get some sleep.

*

INT. LOBBY-HOSPITAL-NIGHT

76

Maria, JC steps off the elevator.

JC

Mon I will meet you at the car, I am going to the restroom.

MARIA

"No" "I will wait for you."

JC

"Okay I will be quick.""

JC runs to the restroom Maria standing in the lobby checking her emails on her I-phone waiting for JC, second later JC returns.

Suddenly two nice looking Hispanic men dress in nice suits approach Maria and JC one man flash his gun under his coat.

HISPANIC 1

"Come with us and don't make a sound."

Police officer steps off the elevator with Raddy and D.A. Lohan Raddy notice two Hispanic men in suits hustle Maria and JC out of the hospital toward awaiting Limo in front.

Raddy yells out...

RADDY

"Hey, get your hands off her."

*

Maria turns around at the sound of a Raddy voice with a scared look on her face, as the man instantaneously toss her in the back seat. JC stomps the men foot sprints down the street. Other Hispanic man yells out to his partner.

HISPANIC MAN 1
"Go after him."

Suddenly, the police officer pulls out his gun and strikes Raddy, knocking him out cold.

D.A. LOHAN
(to the officers) Finish him. Make the body disappear.

The officer pulls back the trigger, aiming at Raddy. But Raddy snaps awake, acting on instinct. He sweeps the officer's legs out from under him, sending the man crashing to the ground. The gun skids across the ground.

Raddy grabs the gun fires the gun blowing a hole in the officer chest killing him instantly. Raddy have a surprised look on his face as looks at LOHAN.

LOHAN (TO HIPANIC 1)
Yells kill this son of bitch...

Suddenly, Hispanic Man 1 pulls out a weapon and moves toward the entrance, firing at Raddy. The entrance door shatters under the shots.

People scream and scramble in every direction, trying to get out of harm's way.

Lohan runs to the parking lot toward his car.

Hispanic Man 1 jumps into the limo as the driver speeds off. Raddy runs firing, but the bullets bounce off the armored vehicle.

Suddenly, the driver slams the brakes, spins the limo around,

and accelerates straight toward Raddy-nearly clipping him as they race off to link up with Hispanic Man 2, who is still chasing JC.

Abruptly, L.A.P.D. swarms the hospital parking lot, surrounding Raddy with their guns drawn.

POLICE OFFICER
"Drop your weapon"!

Raddy drops his gun and raise his hands up.

CUT TO:

INT. FIFTH FLOOR- NIGHT

Suddenly, an officer rushes up to the fifth floor and bursts into Prosecutor Bradley and Detective Oliver's room.

OFFICER
Captain Richardson, there's been a shooting downstairs in the lobby. Two people are dead.

RICHARDSON
What happened?

OFFICER
D.A. Lohan tried to kill Raddy as he came off the elevator. And two Hispanic men in a black limo grabbed Maria.

Bradley jolts upright in her bed, shock flashing across her face.

OLIVER
Where is JC?

OFFICER
I don't know the whole story, Detective. We've got that Raddy guy in the car.

A few minutes later, JC bursts into the room, panicked.

JC
They took Mom.

OLIVER
Calm down, son. Sit down, catch your
breath, and tell us what happened.

JC sits beside his stepmom, Bradley, and begins explaining
everything.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Captain, you need to move now and find
Maria before it's too late.

Bradley sits up on the side of the bed pushing the call
button.

BRADLEY
This just became personal. Bring Raddy
up to the room, Officer.

OFFICER
He's the primary suspect in this case.
They're already taking him to the
station.

BRADLEY
Get him back here right now, Officer.

Bradley starts yelling for the nurse, repeatedly hitting the
call button.

RICHARDSON
Bring Raddy back.

OFFICER
Yes sir.

RICHARDSON
I'll get the search warrant for that
nightclub. JC is coming home with me.
I'll see you all tomorrow at the
station. Get some rest. I'll handle
this-don't worry.

Bradley pulls JC into a tight hug, tears in her eyes. She
kisses his forehead, assuring him they will bring his mother
home safe.

BRADLEY

I'm proud of you for what you did.
Don't worry, son-your mom is a brave
woman. We'll bring her home safe. Do
everything the Captain asks, and I'll
call you later.

JC

I will. See you tomorrow, Mama Jamie.
Bye, Auntie Toni.

JC, doubt flickering across his face at the thought he may
never see his mother again, walks over and hugs his aunt,
Detective Toni Oliver.

BRADLEY

This just got real. It's time for us
to kick some ass and take names.

Oliver slips on her clothes.

OLIVER

Yes. It's time to show those assholes
what Collateral Justice really means.

BRADLEY

They messed with the wrong family.
They're going down.

Oliver and Bradley rush out of the hospital, stopping first
at Detective Oliver's house.

CUT TO:

EXT.GENTLEMEN LODGE NIGHT CLUB-FRIDAY NIGHT

81

Iron gates open a Black limo pull inside the driveway and
parks right in front of the club. Two Hispanic men step out
with Maria.

HISPANIC MAN 1

Vamonos (lets go)

Hispanic 1 pulls Maria out the Limo wearing a blind fold.

MARIA

"Where am I"?

Both men, silent with unfriendly faces, rush Maria through the front door to a back office in the club.

INT.OFFICE

82

One of the men knocks on the door, a men voice answer, the man is Senator AGUILAR.

SENATOR AGUILAR

"It's open."

Hispanic bodyguards walk in Senator Aguilar plush office revealing a gold sculpted goat head that sit on his desk the plaque reads New World Elite.

They sit Maria down on the sofa. Senator Aguilar gazing at his laptop, suddenly he closes the laptop gets out of his Italy leather chair. He reaches into his cigar box and light a Cuba cigar and sits on the side of his Italy desk and glance over at Maria.

*
*
*

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)

You look just like your beautiful mother.

Maria still has the blindfold on sitting in darkness; only thing she can do is hears is a man voice. Maria is asking many questions.

*

MARIA

"Who are you"? "How do you know my mother"? Why am I here?

Senator Aguilar sits on his desks and puffs on his cigar admiring Maria.

SENATOR AGUILAR

"I knew your mother very well". She was a beautiful woman, full of laughter and joy. She was a breath of fresh air just like you."

*
*

MARIA

"Please untie my hands." "Take the blind fold off." Who are you?

SENATOR AGUILAR

"Why should I"? You don't need to see me. Only thing you need to do is just listen. You are smart, figure it out by listening to my voice pudgy.

*

Maria is stunned when she heard pudgy.

*

Pudgy is the nick name her mother called her when she was a little girl.

*

MARIA

Papa.

Senator Jose Aguilar laughs...

SENATOR AGUILAR

"Yes". Welcome home my forgotten daughter I have plans for you. "Yes".

MARIA

"The same plans you had for my mom."

SENATOR AGUILAR

You're my ticket to be the next president of the United States of America. That is where you come in my long-lost daughter.

*

*

Senator waves his hand to his bodyguards to remove Maria blindfold.

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)

Remove her blindfold.

Maria looks up at her father with disgust.

MARIA

I will never support the man that killed my mother for his own selfish greed.

SENATOR AGUILAR

Temper Temper young lady, I am still your father. You do not have a choice.

Senator Aguilar takes Maria out of character as she move closer to her father.

Senator bodyguards grab Maria.

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)

Let her speak.

Bodyguards let her go.

MARIA

I made my choice a long time ago. "Te odio con toda mi alma". (I hate you with all my soul). "Estas muerto para mi" (You are dead to me).

*
*
*
*

Maria abruptly slaps him in the face; senator grabs his face and laughs. Suddenly the bodyguards grab Maria.

SENATOR AGUILAR (TO BODYGUARD)

"Let her go."

*

SENATOR AGUILAR

You're a little, firecracker just like your mother.

*
*

Senator glared at Maria for second quickly backhands her, she falls to the floor bloods rush from her mouth.

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)

Remember I am still your father, No matter how much you hate me. You are still the DNA of the Aguilar family. Now I will take good care of my grandson JC.

Maria glance up at her father with vengeance in her eyes.

MARIA

That is my son he has no Aguilar blood in him. He does not even know who you are. I told him my parents our dead.

SENATOR AGUILAR

"Well, it's time for him to find out the truth".

*

MARIA

You wouldn't know the meaning of truth if it was spell out for you. Your life always been a lie. You kill my mother, and you could kill me. I guarantee my son will make sure you rot in hell.

*

SENATOR AGUILAR

Now my grandson JC will be on the
(MORE)

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)
 highest thrown. He will carry Aguilar
 name to the highest mountain. I will
 teach him the way of the New World
 Elite my dear.

*
*

MARIA
 Go back to hell Diablo (devil).

SENATOR AGUILAR
 People like you don't deserve to have
 a fine young man like JC in their
 life. Do you know why?

*

Maria turns her head....

*

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)
 I ask you a question my beloved
 daughter.

Maria keeps quiet as tears runs down her face.

*

SENATOR AGUILAR (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Answer me.

Maria glances up at her father with tears running down her
 face.

MARIA
 "You disgust me."

SENATOR AGUILAR(YELLS)
 "Okay I'll tell you why." Because you
 are, a lesbian. In addition, lesbian
 should not have the right to have
 children. Now get her out my fucken
 sight."

*

CUT TO:

*

EXT. ARENA-WHITE PARTY CEREMONY - NIGHT

83

Council members are standing in the balcony wearing white
 tuxedo with the white mask surround by phalanx of bodyguards.

*

In this twisted hierarchy, the Senator's path to becoming the
 next President of the United States demands a brutal price.
 To gain honor, power, and greater influence within the New
 World Elite, he is expected to sacrifice his only daughter,
 Maria Aguilar, along with Ricky Sanchez and Seth Grainger.

*
*
*
*
*

Inside the arena, the audience sits in immaculate rows. Everyone is impeccably dressed—men in white tuxedos, women in elegant white gowns—each holding a glass of champagne. The entire event unfolds as a lavish, all-white ceremony, masking its sinister purpose beneath luxury and ritual.

Four men remain standing behind the speaker, each holding up a devil-horn hand salute. The crowd follows, raising their champagne glasses in unison, the gesture mirrored across the room.

They begin chanting in a low, fervent rhythm—"Long live our king"—their voices echoing through the hall. The meaning is unmistakable: a tribute to the figure they revere as Lucifer.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

Thank you for joining us, my friends.
We have a remarkable event tonight.
Our first ceremony is the ritual of praise—an offering meant to honor our king. This annual rite, steeped in our tradition, is said to grant us greater wealth, strength, and power as we usher in the rise of the NEW WORLD ELITE.

Everyone in the arena erupts into cheers, rising to their feet and lifting their champagne glasses high. The sound swells through the chamber, a unified roar of celebration and devotion.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENTLEMEN LODGE NIGHT CLUB—FRIDAY NIGHT)

84

Outside the walls of the Gentlemen Lodge, Detective Oliver and Prosecutor Bradley take cover on the far side of the twenty-foot barrier. Both wear body armor, their rifles strapped across their backs. Years in the Marines

together-and years fighting crime on the streets-have made
them a seamless unit, moving as one.

Dressed in green camouflage, they advance toward the club
with silent, disciplined precision.

EXT. COMPOUND

85

Oliver climbs over the wall and pulls out a tiny military
telescope, scanning the compound. Suddenly, a tower guard
spots her. Before he can react, she draws her suppressed
pistol and fires. The guard collapses out of sight into the
brush below.

Oliver taps the small radio clipped to her shirt collar.

OLIVER

Clear.

Bradley ties the backpack to the rope and speaks into the
tiny radio clipped to her collar.

BRADLEY

It's a go.

Oliver hauls the backpack over the wall, then tosses the rope
back down. Bradley grabs hold and scale the wall quickly and
quietly.

They move quietly through the compound. Oliver rises just
high enough to peer over a window ledge and spots several men
sparring inside.

Bradley reaches into the backpack and hands Oliver a green KO
(knockout gas) canister.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I'll open the door.

OLIVER

Copied that.

Bradley eases the door open while Oliver pulls the ring on
the KO canister. She rolls it into the room, then quickly
shuts and locks the door from the outside.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Sleep tight boys.

Oliver and Bradley move to the next small house to find women
sparring together getting ready for the contender fight
Bradley toss a KO container in the room.

BRADLEY

Sleep tight ladies, don't let the bed
bugs bite.

They quickly move to the other side of the compound looking
for Bradley fiancée Maria Aguilar, they run to another
building on the other side of the compound they look through
the window and find a laboratory.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

This is a high-tech laboratory. This
isn't your backyard setup.

OLIVER

Bingo. They're making their own
designer drugs.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

This shipment will never hit the
streets.

BRADLEY

Fairborn has a billion-dollar
operation sitting right in our
backyard.

A sudden noise draws the guards' attention. They turn toward
the laboratory window, alert. Moments later, they unlock the
door and step inside, flashlights and weapons raised as they
begin searching the room.

They walk through the lab opening cabinet door one of guards
get to the janitorial closet open the door, Bradley quickly
shoots the guard with a Taser gun.

The other guard turn around quickly and start shooting up the
laboratory Bradley and Oliver runs for cover. Immediately the
lab catches on fire suddenly, Oliver glances at Bradley.

BRADLEY (TO OLIVER)
It's going to blow!

A fireball races through the lab. Bradley and Oliver dive through the window just as the building erupts behind them. They hit the ground hard, glass raining down. Oliver looks over at Bradley.

OLIVER
Are you, okay?

Bradley pushes herself up slowly, wincing.

BRADLEY
I'm getting too old for this shit.

A guard in another section of the compound spots the orange flash and comes running.

OLIVER
We have to get the hell out of here.

They sprint away from the burning lab. As they run, Bradley stumbles into a hole and goes down. Oliver yanks her back to her feet-only for them both to freeze.

A guard stands in front of them; an assault rifle leveled at their faces. Their hands go up instantly.

Abruptly, the guard pitches forward, collapsing with a knife lodged in his back.

RADDY
You two, okay?

BRADLEY
What are you doing here?

RADDY
You're welcome, Counselor.

BRADLEY
Thank you. Now answer the question.

RADDY
I couldn't let you ladies have all the fun. Now let's go catch some bad guys. You can arrest me later. Right now,
(MORE)

RADDY (CONT'D)
I'm Team Justice.

Raddy pulls his knife from the fallen guard and wipes it on his pants.

Bradley and Oliver exchange a look. Raddy glances back at them and signals for them to get down.

A guard walks past. Raddy slips out from behind the building and takes him down swiftly and silently.

RADDY (CONT'D)
Yeah. This is called combat.

BRADLEY
Stop acting like you're Rambo.

OLIVER
If you don't mind, Rambo—we'd actually like to take some of these guys into custody.

RADDY
Man... I haven't done this stuff since I left the Marines.

RADDY (CONT'D)
And I forgot how much fun it is.
Thanks for letting me be part of the team.

Bradley glances at Raddy.

BRADLEY
No problem, Rambo.

RADDY
Okay.

RADDY (CONT'D)
I'll just knock them out. Hog-tie their asses.

OLIVER
That's the plan, Raddy. We take as many of them alive as we can. That's how the Justice Department operates.

Raddy watches Oliver and Bradley exchange a quick fist bump as the three of them huddle deeper into the brush.

BRADLEY

We need to find Maria.

OLIVER

Yes.

Suddenly, Oliver feels a vibration in her pocket. She pulls out her phone and sees Captain Richardson's name flashing on the screen.

OLIVER (WHISPER)

This is Detective Oliver.

RICHARDSON (V.O.)

Oliver, where in hell are you?

OLIVER (WHISPER)

I can't talk right now, sir.

RICHARDSON (V.O.)

Is Bradley with you?

OLIVER (WHISPER)

Sir-

RICHARDSON (V.O.)

I want you to stand down. Do not move.
Do I make myself clear? Stand down
until we get there.

OLIVER (WHISPER)

But sir-

RICHARDSON (O.S.)

Do I make myself clear?

OLIVER (WHISPER)

I can hear you.

Oliver hangs up the phone.

BRADLEY

What did he say?

OLIVER

Couldn't hear him too well. We had a
bad connection.

Suddenly, rapid gunfire erupts around them. They burst out of the brush and sprint toward a dark cabin just a few feet away. Raddy motions sharply for them to get inside.

RADDY

Move it! Move it!

Raddy lays down covering fire while Oliver and Bradley sprint into the cabin. Bradley drops her backpack and yanks out a black case.

The moment she opens it, she recoils, gagging as a sharp, foul odor fills the room.

OLIVER

What the hell is that smell?

BRADLEY (TO OLIVER)

It smells like urine.

Raddy keeps returning fire while Oliver opens the black case and quickly begins assembling the missile. She calls out to Raddy, telling him to keep her covered.

OLIVER

Cover me.

RADDY

I got you.

Oliver charges outside with the missile launcher braced on her shoulder and fires. The rocket streaks across the compound and erupts in a burst of orange and red, scattering the guards and halting their advance. She runs back in the cabin.

She sweeps her flashlight across the interior of a nearby room-and freezes. Bradley's fiancée, Maria Aguilar, along with Ricky Sanchez and Seth Grainger, are chained by their wrists and ankles to the wall, barely conscious.

OLIVER
(shouting)

I need help in here!

BRADLEY
Hold on, Hun. I'll get you down.

Bradley shoots the chains holding Maria and gently lowers her to the floor.

MARIA (WHISPER)
It was my father...

BRADLEY
Don't talk. Drink some water.

Oliver frees Seth and Ricky next, easing them down carefully. Both men carry a sharp, unmistakable odor-something sour and stale that clings to them.

Their smell is identical, a harsh, distinctive scent that fills the room.

INT. ARENA-NIGHT

86

The arena is heavily guarded inside. Suddenly, one of the guards walks over and whispers into the ear of a masked man seated in the balcony.

The masked man immediately rises, crosses to the podium, and places a hand over the microphone, cutting off the speaker.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2
There is a problem.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1
My apologies for the interruption.
Please excuse me for a moment.
Continue enjoying your champagne and celebrating our king. The ceremony will begin in a few minutes.

Four guards rush the five-mask man into a hidden room containing a private elevator that leads to the rooftop.

Raddy hears the thumping blades of a helicopter and bolts outside just in time to see a black chopper lifting off. He rushes back into the cabin where Oliver and Bradley are and snatches up the missile launcher.

RADDY (TO OLIVER)
They're getting away.

Raddy and Oliver sprint outside with the launcher.

RADDY (TO OLIVER) (CONT'D)
Cover your ears.

RADDY (TO OLIVER) (CONT'D)
Fire in the hole!

The sky erupts in a bright flash as the missile streaks upward and slams into the black helicopter.

EXT. THE CLUB AND COMPOUND

87

Moments later, a police helicopter hovers over the nightclub as several patrol cars and a SWAT van roll up. Officers pour out with weapons drawn, moving fast and coordinated. The Malibu Police Department helicopter circles the compound, sweeping the grounds with its spotlight.

OFFICER IN HELICOPTER
This is the Malibu Police Department!
Everyone comes out with your hands up!

Panic erupts as people spill out of the nightclub and the arena, scrambling to flee. Officers block the gate immediately, detaining everyone as the compound goes into full lockdown.

People spill out of the nightclub and the arena, trying to flee. Officers quickly block the gate and detain everyone. SWAT, Malibu PD, and several L.A.P.D. officers begin clearing the compound, searching for Oliver and Bradley.

RADDY
Sounds like the cavalry is here.

Raddy steps outside, waving down an officer and signaling for

paramedics. Four EMTs rush in with trauma kits. They quickly assess Maria Aguilar, Seth Grainger, and Ricky Sanchez, then load them up and transport them to the nearest hospital.

Captain Richardson approaches with a very unhappy expression.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON (TO OLIVER)

I told you to stand down. You disobeyed my order, Detective. You could have gotten yourself and everyone else killed.

Oliver meets his stare without flinching.

BRADLEY

If you want to blame someone, blame me. I asked Detective Oliver to come on this mission with me.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON

Considering the circumstances, Maria is safe and the prisoners are back in custody. Job well done.

Captain Richardson shakes everyone's hand.

EXT. BANQUET HALL

88 *

EXT. MALIBU CLIFFSIDE RECEPTION - NIGHT

String lights stretch across the open-air terrace overlooking the ocean. A live band plays a smooth, soulful groove as guests mingle, laugh, and drink under the stars. The waves crash below like nature's applause.

Oliver raises her glass.

OLIVER

To Bradley and Maria - the only couple I know who can survive a cartel compound, a helicopter explosion, and still show up looking like a damn magazine cover.

Cheers erupt. Bradley smirks, Maria blushes.

RADDY
(shouting from the bar)

And to me - for not getting arrested
tonight!

Laughter rolls through the crowd.

A DJ takes over, dropping a bass-heavy track that shakes the terrace. The dance floor lights up. Bradley pulls Maria in close, spinning her into the center as everyone cheers.

MARIA
I can't believe this is real.

BRADLEY
It's real. And it's ours.

They kiss as the crowd whistles and claps.

The DJ switches tracks, and the opening beat of "Wobble" hits the speakers. The crowd erupts.

RADDY
Oh hell yeah!

In seconds, everyone floods the dance floor. Guests line up shoulder-to-shoulder, laughing, shouting, moving in perfect sync as the line dance kicks off.

Bradley and Maria jump in the middle, Maria leading with surprising precision. Bradley tries to keep up, nearly tripping, sending the crowd into hysterics.

OLIVER
(shouting over the music)

This is the greatest wedding ever!

The entire terrace shakes with stomps, spins, and cheers as the line dance rolls on - a wild, joyful celebration under the Malibu night sky.

FADE OUT:

THE END