

W E A P O N S o f C H O I C E

season one / episode one (pilot)
Testosterone Driven Stupidity

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY BARRIO - LATE AFTERNOON

CEZARIO GARCIO, 40s, striking Hispanic looks, stands with his tattooed ripped arms folded and his face displays contempt to a South Valley Latino rock beat steadily growing intense.

SOUTH VALLEY GANG WAR

A dozen SOUTH VALLEY CRIMINALS stand next to Cezario.

From the opposite side of the street, STILETTO SERRANO, 40s, steps from a low-rider, followed by his second, BLOODLETTING, 30s, a dozen HISPANO GANGSTERS.

Stiletto approaches Cezario, and the two men square off to within a few paces of each other.

STILETTO
(heavy Hispanic accent)
Cezario owes me money. I want it
now, brother.

Cezario flicks his head at Bloodletting.

CEZARIO
I am not your brother. Bloodletting
shortchanges me on the black tar; so
maybe I shortchange his right eye.

Bloodletting snarls out a partial toothless, yellow-stained sneer and places a hand on a pistol in his belt.

CEZARIO (CONT'D)
Be last move you make.

Stiletto holds up his hand for Bloodletting to stop.

STILETTO
Cezario, we are all amigos here. You
know Mexican black tar rips the pussy
off the heroin world. Cut it. Gut
it. Stuff it. No stupid Anglo knows
the difference.

BLOODLETTING
(coldly)
You pay the man.

Before Stiletto can take a second step, Cezario instantly withdraws a switchblade and clicks it open into his adversary's face.

CEZARIO
You get nothing here. Take your
pussies and get out of my hood.

STILETTO

Cezario, your crew gets old and fat,
and you are one delirious Gangster
thinking a knife fight when we have
all this hardware?

Stiletto snaps his fingers, and his Bangers produce multiple pistols, a 12-gauge shotgun, and several hunting rifles.

Cezario briefly examines his lone switchblade flashing it before Stiletto's eyes.

CEZARIO

I think with Stiletto, this is fair
fight.

The PULSING BEAT of the South Valley Latino rock beat stops to Cezario remaining frozen in time. He then flips his blade slicing the side of Bloodletting's right eye.

Cezario withdraws two pearl-handle .45 pistols to Stiletto, Bloodletting, and every gang member diving for cover.

Cezario then shoots down one the closest Bangers.

Both gangs roll for cover with everyone shooting it out.

In a blaze of hot lead, the two sides fire off multiple rounds at each other.

In dire agony, Bloodletting pulls the knife from out of his right eye socket and with his free hand attempts to stop the bleeding. He then removes the white bandana from around his head and ties of his bloody right eye wound.

From behind a low-rider, Stiletto grabs an AK-47 and sprays multiple rounds toward Cezario and his South Valley Criminals.

In a running gun battle against Stiletto, Bloodletting, and the Bangers, Cezario fires back with his two twin pearl-handle .45s pistols.

Continuing to wield the two pearl-handle twin pistols, Cezario ducks for cover as the opposing gangs heighten the fight.

Cezario takes direct aim at Stiletto and fires off a round, which instantly rips off part of his enemy's ear.

Stiletto drops behind his vehicle with blood spouting out of the side of his head then glances at Cezario.

STILETTO

Cezario, before day ends, Madria is
widow and your boys with no father!

Cezario peeks around the hood of a sedan to see Stiletto's bleeding head wound.

CEZARIO

That must hurt ... hurt into a hell of
misery.

Cezario lifts his hand from his side to see it completely
covered in blood.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I no feel so good.

A gray sick pallor creeps over Cezario's face as his eyes
begin to cloud over.

With all of his energy, Cezario Garcio injects two magazines
and fires off multiple rounds from two pearl-handle .45
pistols toward Stiletto.

With Cezario Garcio, the Hispano Gangsters fire off multiple
pistol and rifle shots.

From the opposite end of the street, Stiletto dives for cover
as bullets strike vehicles surrounding his position.

Bloodletting leans around and fires off multiple rounds from
an AK-47.

Next to him Stiletto removes his white bandanna and wipes
off the side of his bloody head.

STILETTO

Cezario, bastard born in hell, I
should have killed you years ago.

Cezario wildly shoots both .45 pistols, which highlights his
biceps bleeding from bullet wounds.

With Bloodletting's right eye oozing puss, he leans over and
fires off multiple shots from a cylinder pistol.

CEZARIO

(yells out)

Bloodletting, you deserve to see
only half of this world. I am happy
to remove your right eye.

Stiletto raises an AK-47 and rock 'n' rolls his assault rifle
in the direction of Cezario.

STILETTO

Cezario, I wait long time to kill
you.

Cezario pops off several shots from over a vehicle.

CEZARIO
(face tightens)
Damn Stiletto, you are worthless
punk wimp-ass all your life. You
ready to die today?

STILETTO
Cezario Garcio, first to die is you!

Cezario watches Stiletto and Bloodletting fire off full clips
from their AK-47.

Stiletto's assault rifle drops on a dead round, and he heaves
it over the vehicle toward Cezario, just missing Garcio's
head.

CEZARIO
That best you can do?

Stiletto leans over the vehicle with an R.P.G. [rocket
propelled grenade] and fires off the missile toward Cezario
and his gangsters.

Vehicles explode outward with multiple bodies catapulting
through the air.

Cezario shakes off the debris from his body, agonizingly
lifts up one of his .45 pistols and fires off a single round
at Stiletto who then fires off a second R.P.G.

The .45 bullet hits the missile a short distance from
Stiletto's position and sets it off with a massive explosion
between the two combatants.

Smoke and debris settles across the road.

Cezario ejects an empty clip from his .45, extracts another
clip from inside his jacket, painfully inserts it, and loads
another round into his pistol.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I never like that Stiletto, even the
from beginning of time! First, he
makes the play on my woman, Madria.

On both sides of the street, several gang members get shot
as Cezario catches a glimpse of Stiletto's bloody ear.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now he tries to take my territory!

Cezario looks around and sees that his Gangsters lie
critically wounded or dead.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Plus shortchanges on my stash,
demanding too much cash!

The last man standing, Cezario appears bleeding-out with numerous gunshot wounds.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I no make it today; my wife and my
sons are targets.

Cezario lifts himself up and stumbles down the street leaving a trail of blood.

Skidding around the block, Bloodletting guides the low-rider toward Cezario.

In the shotgun side Stiletto, with an automatic pistol, takes point blank aim at Cezario's back firing off several shots ripping into the Gangster's back, spreading him flat on the ground.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Damn! Being shot burns! Burns like
nothing before! And today? Today, I
feel too young to die!

Cezario rolls over and shoots several bullet holes into the side of the low-rider and then clicks on a dead chamber. Agonizingly, he throws his pistol at Stiletto that hits him in the side of the face, landing inside of the vehicle.

Stiletto and Bloodletting shoot off a firestorm of bullets, cutting into Cezario.

Critically wounded, Cezario agonizingly withdraws his second .45 and crawls toward his house. He leans back on a concrete walkway and inspects blood oozing from multiple bullet holes in his torso.

From down the street the faint sounds of POLICE SIRENS become LOUDER and LOUDER again.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(growing weak)
Los marranos, puercos, the police, I
think I never be happy to see them.

SERGEANT KIKO KAPISTRANO, 30s, leads a squad of South Valley Sheriff Deputies, and their squad cars screech to a stop more than a block from the gangster shoot-out.

Kapistrano directs several of Deputies to take cover next to a row of houses.

Sheriff Deputy, CAOLIN AISLIN, 20s, dark-red hair, fair, and slender with classic Gaelic looks crouches next to Kapistrano.

Caolin withdraws her service revolver and engages in a firefight against both gangs.

On the opposite street, another squad of Sheriff cars slides to a stop. Deputies exit their vehicles and commence firing at Stiletto's Bangers.

A block away, Cezario spots the South Valley Police in a firefight with his Hispano Gangsters.

Cezario looks over to see MADRIA GARCIO, and two sons, BARRIO GARCIO, 16, and VALARIO "VALIE" GARCIO, 15. PAINFULLY SLOW, they rush to his aid.

With near identical looks, height, and features, Barrio and Valie rush up to Cezario laying on the walkway at the front of his house.

From beyond the police perimeter, Stiletto sees more POLICE arrive on the gruesome scene. He reaches on the seat of his sedan and picks up Cezario's pearl-handle .45 pistol.

In her arms Madria cradles Cezario's head with her sons, Barrio and Valie, also becoming saturated in red by holding onto their bleeding-out father.

CEZARIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My last image, I see are my wife's
beautiful eyes. I know my sons cry
for me. My sons must remain strong.

In the arms of his family, Cezario's body relaxed, and he exhales his last breath.

Barrio catches a glimpse of Bloodletting driving off with Stiletto. Under his breath the elder brother maintains his focus on the escaping Gangsters.

BARRIO (V.O.)
One day I will make Stiletto feel
safe.

Bloodletting and Stiletto's low-rider spins tires down the street, and in a cloud of exhaust smoke, the sedan disappears to the PULSING BEAT of the South Valley song that abruptly ends.

BARRIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I take my revenge.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY SPORTS COMPLEX - DAY

On a dirt baseball field, 16-year old Valie plays baseball.

NOT EVEN A YEAR LATER

From a side fence of a South Valley baseball field, Barrio roots Valie onto victory against an opposing team.

SOUTH VALLEY SPORTS COMPLEX

BARRIO

Valie hit the home run. Put those
wimps out of their misery!

The UMPIRE aggressively points back to Barrio.

BARRIO (CONT'D)

Zebra suit. You can't call a fair
game?

UMPIRE

Barrio Garcio, watch your mouth.
Leave now, or I ban you from the
field!

Barrio looks over to see Stiletto and Bloodletting sitting
in a low-rider at the edge of the field.

BARRIO

You're one lucky Umpire because I
got business to going down.

Barrio turns and hustles from the ballpark.

The blond headed ANGLO PITCHER throws an exceptionally
fastball right at Valie's head nearly hitting him.

UMPIRE

(points at pitcher)
Headhunt another batter and you're
ejected!

To the BOOS and CHEERS of the CROWD, Anglo Pitcher sneers up
a crooked smile.

Anglo Pitcher winds up, twists to his right, and throws a
fastball right at Barrio. It beans him on crown head
flattening him on the ground.

STILETTO

Oh, that must hurt.

Valie flips his bat to the side and charges Anglo Pitcher.

The two teenagers meet halfway, and with arms flailing, they
start pounding on each other.

Quickly, a bench clearing all-in, all-down fight breaks out.

Excited, Stiletto looks over to the one-eyed Bloodletting.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Great drama here! Could God grant
Cezario's boys are eliminated before
we take them out?

Barrio struggles to his feet and drops back to his knees. Unbeknown to his semi-conscious state, the baseball melee rages out of control while the Refs attempt to breakup the mini-riot.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

We recruit Barrio. He no wants to go
down we put him ...
(flicks his head toward
Valie)
and his brother Valario into the
ground.

Barrio struggles to his feet. He shakes his head and still oblivious to the baseball riot behind him trudges on toward Stiletto and Bloodletting.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

First, I give them the chance to pay
off their father's debt to me. What's
this?

From each back pocket, Barrio pulls out two paperback books. He opens each one and pauses for a moment. Then with each hand simultaneously starts reading both texts independently.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

What does Barrio do? Acts like he
reads two books. What mofo does that?

BLOODLETTING

Stiletto, you sure you want to employ
that freak?

Leaving the SCREAMING FANS at the ballpark, Barrio half laughs out, places the books in his back pockets, and steps up to Stiletto, sitting on the shotgun side.

BARRIO

(flicks his head)
I hear you got money for me to make?

STILETTO

Barrio Garcio, no matter who lies,
you know I had the nothings to do
with your father death.

BARRIO

How do you know my name?

STILETTO

I know the every things, the every
ways, the every times. You and your
twin brother ...

BARRIO

We are not twins. We just look alike
but a year apart.

STILETTO

Young Garcio, we all amigos here.

BARRIO

Buena fresca! Amigos are better than
enemies.

Behind Barrio, the guttural Hispanic voice of Bloodletting
grovels forth.

BLOODLETTING

No put down no smack down line on us
bro.

STILETTO

Call me Stiletto.

(points to ...)

Bloodletting my lieutenant. Barrio
needs some free dinero?

BARRIO

Free money better than slave money!

Barrio glances over to see Valie playing ball.

STILETTO

Barrio was in the past. I now christen
your new handle, Puncado.

Barrio nods his head, and Stiletto shows Barrio a bag full
of pills.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

You sell these two dollars a pop to
your school flunkies. Bring me a
hundred sixty I give you back forty.

BARRIO

20 percent? 30 better!

Bloodletting snarls out a partial yellow tooth stain.

BLOODLETTING

Shut your dirty punk mouth.

STILETTO

(holds up hand)

Puncado's right is to negotiate. 25
percent. Final offer take it, or I
shove a .45 slug up your ...

BARRIO

Take it, but when customers ask,
what do I call schizer?

Bloodletting snarls his upper lip against a cheesy mustache.

BLOODLETTING

Call it orgasm in a pill. We no care
what you call it. You want to be
salesman or sales baby?

Stiletto holds up his hand silencing Bloodletting.

STILETTO

Say it makes your little school
peckers stand up for more. We start
you out with a hundred. Bring me the
\$150.00. Do this right I make you
rich. Puncado's down on the Stiletto
plan?

Stiletto looks at Valie in his baseball uniform.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Barrio, you ever snitch me out to
pigs. You ever shortchange me. I
tell Bloodletting to cut your heart
out, and your brother, and Madria.

Barrio remains unwavering as Bloodletting produces a two-
foot machete.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

And mi primo enjoys his work
¿Comprende Puncado? Go make me money.

Barrio starts walking back to the ballpark as Valie approaches
his older brother with scrapes and bruises across his body.

BARRIO

Little Bro, I leave you alone, and
you get in the catfight?

VALIE

Barrio, you no remember? Pitcher
beaned you. I went after him. Now
I'm suspended for life.

BARRIO

Good, baseball no sport for you. I
plan on being next MMA champion.

INT. SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Governor's Public Safety Secretary, ADAIR MARSHALL, 30s,
with sandy blond hair, stands before LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS
with a map of the South Valley behind him.

MARSHALL
(with a pointer stick)
Good afternoon, my name is Adair
Marshall from the Governor's Public
Safety office.

Police Officer's faces harden to Marshall's briefing.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I've been sent here from Santa Fe to
coordinate how best to end the
violence in the South Valley.

Kapistrano and Deputy Caolin stand in the back of a squad
room full of various Sheriff Deputies and Police Officers.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
It has become evident that the slime
ball wannabes in this state are chumps
compared to your South Valley's
Gangsters.

HARD FLASH CUT:

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY BARRIO - LATE AFTERNOON

BLINDING CUTS of STILL PICTURES of the shoot-out between
Cezario and Stiletto blast forth.

MARSHALL (V.O.)
In the South Valley, Hispanic
Gangsters have killed off ...

With multiple bullet holes Cezario appears fatally wounded.

MARSHALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cezario Garcio was the leader of the
South Valley Criminals.

Stiletto's face highlights in gunning down Cezario.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
At this time, we have no picture of
the new South Valley leader.

REVERSE HARD FLASH CUT:

INT. SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Standing next to Deputy Caolin Aislin, Kapistrano's face
tightens.

MARSHALL
Gentlemen, ladies, the numbers are
staggering. Who here grew up in the
South Valley?

JUAN TABO
Excuse me, excuse me, I know the
answer to that.

The morbidly obese, JUAN "CHUY" TABO, 50s, pushes his way
into the room and steps straight up to Marshall.

JUAN TABO (CONT'D)
(motions to Kapistrano)
See your fearless law enforcement
officer, Sergeant Kapistrano and I
grew up not but a few houses down
from each other.

MARSHALL
State Senator Juan Tabo, good to see
you.

JUAN TABO
Damn right good to be seen. Every
law enforcement hero in here ...

Juan Tabo scans the room and spots the beautiful Deputy
Caolin.

JUAN TABO (CONT'D)
Gets paid top dollar salaries due to
my state appropriations funds. Do
your jobs, and I'll keep state monies
coming your way ...

Kapistrano glances over to Deputy Caolin.

KAPISTRANO
Spoken like a true politician.

LAGGARD DISSOLVE:

As the room clears, Marshall points to Kapistrano.

MARSHALL
Sergeant Kapistrano, you grew up in
the South Valley?

Kapistrano simply nods his head one time.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
(points to Kapistrano)
Objections to appointing you the
point man in this gang taskforce?
(a beat)
Good. Who can relate better and make
certain the criminals receive kick-
ass justice and the innocent are not
further victimized?

KAPISTRANO

My deputies are already stretched
thinned

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY SCHOOL - MORNING

Next to a schoolyard, Barrio hustles Stiletto's pills to two High School students.

BARRIO

This schizer is the bomb. Makes you
stay up all night? Cram for the exam?
Screw like a bull ram? Slam your
brains into tomorrow? Three bucks a
pop, and your little peckers will
orgasm into ecstasy.

The two High School students take five pills each, and each hand over \$15.00 to Barrio.

1ST HIGH-SCHOOLER

Orgasmic dude, with these my sister
and her friends rock hard.

2ND HIGH-SCHOOLER

Friend, last batch smashed, bro!

Barrio flashes a moment of anger.

BARRIO

I'm not your dude! I'm not your
friend! I'm not your bro! I AM your
drug dealer. You mofos busted, where
you find stash?

1ST HIGH-SCHOOLER

Garbage bin behind our school of
sin!

Both High School students pop a pill each and down it with a soft drink. Almost instantly, they start reeling in ecstasy.

BARRIO

¡Buena fresca!

Barrio lightly nods at his success to the resonant sound of CLASSICAL GUITAR MUSIC.

BARRIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was ordered to sell \$2.00 a pill
but hustle for three; so make my 25%
plus 33% on the side. Stiletto and
that inbred Bloodletting will never
find out from my little school mofos.

INT. SOUTH VALLEY SCHOOL - MORNING

Inside the school, Valie practices an exceptionally difficult classical guitar passage.

BARRIO (V.O.)

But I must keep my secrets from Madria
and Valie. They are the innocent and
pure side of my life.

Valie stops playing, stands, and then looks out the window
and sees his brother hustling more drugs to the next group
of High School students.

VALIE (V.O.)

The very first moment when Barrio
became a drug dealer, I knew.

Barrio looks down the street to see a Sheriff's car
approaching them. He flicks his head, and his customers walk
off in the opposite direction.

VALIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But all our life, Barrio always stood
up for me. The bullies who picked on
me Barrio knocked them down. Soon,
no one hassled a Garcio.

The Sheriff's car turns a corner and disappears.

VALIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look at my brother, Barrio, out there
hustling kids who will never know
how stupid they've become.

Barrio immediately starts selling the drugs to the second
group of High School students, as Valie looks on.

VALIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Barrio needs to travel down his own
road, but that road makes my heart
sad.

INT. MADRIA'S BARELAS HOME - NIGHT

In the kitchen Valie works on his homework while Madria fixes
dinner.

VALIE (V.O.)

Barrio always makes our mother,
Madria, laugh at his jokes and antics.

Barrio gracefully waltzes into the room with a ladle balanced
on the end of his nose.

VALIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 After my father Cezario was gunned
 down, Barrio tried to keep us safe,
 but with him leading a gangster life,
 his protection became an illusion.

As the ladle falls, Madria catches it and lightly whacks her
 oldest on his backside.

MADRIA
 Barrio, can you go to convenience
 store and get us some milk? And
 promise, no messing around, bring
 home the milk.

BARRIO
 Sí Madria, I go for the leche, but
 first I have something different to
 show you bro?

Valie positively nods as Barrio leans down and picks up two
 textbooks: algebra and music theory.

BARRIO (CONT'D)
 Valie said that I was hit on the
 head by a baseball.
 (shakes his head)
 Don't remember that. Then I thought
 I could read and understand two books
 at once.

Barrio starts to read both simultaneously, one with each
 eye. After a brief moment Barrio sets down both books.

BARRIO (CONT'D)
 First: Algebraic number theory begins
 with the Diophantine equations. Note
 that x and y , and the sum of their
 squares equals two given numbers of
 A and B . Second: in Valie's music
 studies, the Phrygian Mode is based
 that E to E employs no sharps or
 flats, quite the same as C -major or
 A -minor.

Madria's face remains static, and she BREAKS OUT in PROTRACTED
 LAUGHTER.

MADRIA
 Reading and understanding two texts
 at once? That's a trick you and Valie
 play on me.

Valie lightly nods his head.

VALIE

No, it's true Madria. Barrio's been helping me double time with some homework.

Madria turns to Barrio.

MADRIA

Okay my handsome genius, why don't you become some cosmic physicist, neurosurgeon, or legal scholar?

BARRIO

Simple, I don't like school.

MADRIA

Right, need money?

BARRIO

No, I have milk money.

MADRIA

Don't be long, mi hijo.

Barrio smiles at his Madria.

BARRIO

¡Buena fresca, Madria!

MADRIA

¿Buena fresca? Do you even know what that means?

BARRIO

Means good fresh. I start a new trend
¡BUENA FRESCA! ¡BUENA FRESCA!

Barrio turns and bolts from the house. With his *BUENA FRESCA* fading from the house, Madria turns to Valie.

MADRIA

You and your brother didn't punk me out on that *reading two books at once*, did you?

VALIE

No, Barrio, if he chose to be, could become one of the smartest people on the planet.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY BARRIO - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Barrio breaks away from Madria's South Valley home and races down the street.

BARRIO (V.O.)

Money owed the man I pay, but the
man doesn't understand his fate.

In their low-rider Stiletto, Bloodletting, and the new
Gangster, BALDY BALDAZARIO, sees Barrio hustling from Madria's
house.

BARRIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I see myself as the South Valley
Boss of the Gangsters. Wait, who's
the new man?

Through the window the young Garcio hands Stiletto a wad of
cash that he counts.

STILETTO

\$200.00, muy Bueno Puncado. Your cut
\$40.00 ...

Stiletto hands him two 20s.

BARRIO

\$50.00.

STILETTO

Ah, see Bloodletting? Puncado no
stupido like you say.

BLOODLETTING

Good, he knows how to count.

Stiletto cuts out another \$20.00 to Barrio.

STILETTO

And bonus ten for honesty!

BARRIO

Gracias. What do I do next?

STILETTO

Get in, there's new smack down uptown.
Meet my older bro, Baldy Baldazario.
Gangster climaxes to blow-up things!

Barrio climbs in the back seat with Baldy Baldazario.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Ever rob a candy store with one of
these?

Stiletto withdraws a switchblade and skillfully flips it
open to reveal an 8" blade.

BLOODLETTING

For now, the only weapon you get.

Stiletto clicks it closed, flips it around in his hand, and hands it to Barrio.

BARRIO
(eyes Stiletto)
W.T.F! When do I get the real
hardware?

STILETTO
First slice and dice, then you get
to play with one of these.

Stiletto withdraws Cezario's pearl-handled .45 pistol and shows it to Barrio.

BARRIO
(nonchalantly)
I like your hardware.

STILETTO
You never get this one Puncado. This
baby is mine until the day I die.

Stiletto starts to count his money as Bloodletting keeps an eye on Barrio.

BARRIO (V.O.)
I know that was my father's pistol.
I know that Stiletto gunned down
Cezario. One day I take it back with
interest, but first Stiletto and
that inbred, Bloodletting, teach me
the South Valley Gangster business.

EXT./INT. NORTHEAST HEIGHTS PHARMACY - NIGHT

In his low-rider, Stiletto pulls up to a well-lit Northeast Heights Pharmacy and drives around the backside.

NORTH EAST HEIGHTS PHARMACY

Baldy Baldazario lifts bolt cutters, steps out of the backseat, and cuts the electrical outlet.

STILETTO
Silent alarm shut down?

Baldy Baldazario flicks his head one time.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
Baldy, stay with the wheels.

Stiletto tosses Barrio a black ski mask, and with Bloodletting they pull them over their faces.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Puncado must hide face to take the
White mofo cash, stash, and trash.
Make certain Bloodletting no bleeds
all over himself.

From the floorboard Stiletto and Bloodletting grab sawed-off shotguns.

Barrio then grabs a large OD military duffel bag. The three leave the vehicle and march around the side and into the pharmacy.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Puncado stay in front. Keep your
eyes open.

Rushing the store, Stiletto and Bloodletting shoot out two surveillance cameras with the LONE CLERK and a CUSTOMER dropping to the floor.

BLOODLETTING

(snaps out)

EVERYONE DOWN AND GET TO LIVE!

Stiletto and Bloodletting leap onto the counter and with their shotguns blast out a third surveillance camera as the PHARMACY MANAGER frantically pushes the alarm button.

STILETTO

STAY ON FLOOR! MOVE AND DIE!

The single PHARMACY CLERK and the Pharmacy Manager drop to the floor on their stomachs as Bloodletting unloads the shelves of prescription drugs.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

(moves to back)

Back room holds shipment for all
pharmacies in South Valley area!

Both gangsters rush into the back room and remove one case after another marked, OxyContin.

BLOODLETTING

Puncado, get your skinny ass in here
and haul this out.

Barrio rushes inside the back of the pharmacy and starts hauling out the boxes.

BLOODLETTING (CONT'D)

Two minutes, we're out of here.

Barrio and Bloodletting clean out the back room and empty the shelves of drugs.

Then Barrio and Bloodletting hustle their loot toward Stiletto's vehicle.

Unaware, a SECURITY OFFICER steps into the pharmacy.

Bloodletting lowers his shotgun and blows him back out of a store window.

BLOODLETTING (CONT'D)
 (echoes forth)
 ¡Vámonos! ¡Vámonos! ¡Vámonos! [Lets
 move on!]

Just before Barrio rushes from the pharmacy, he swings open a cooler door and grabs a half-gallon of milk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From the shotgun seat Stiletto holds up a bottle of OxyContin full of white pills, which he starts to hand to Barrio.

STILETTO
 Tomorrow, we move morphine pills.
 These \$20.00 a pop! And you never,
 ever suck down the goods.

Tauntingly, Stiletto pulls back the bottle of OxyContin before Barrio can take it.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
 I want no stink-ass junky working
 for me. Understand Puncado?

Stiletto hands Barrio an additional hundred-dollar bill.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
 For being lookout! Now get yourself
 inside and give Madria some money.

As Barrio hustles back into Madria's house, Bloodletting turns from the young man to Stiletto.

BLOODLETTING
 El Jefe, how can we trust the son of
 Cezario Garcio?

STILETTO
 (slightly melancholy)
 I use to have one badass crush on
 Madria. Puncado might be my son.

BLOODLETTING
 Barrio Garcio looks nothing like
 you.

Stiletto almost looks lost in thought.

STILETTO
(lightly nods)
Tal vez ...

BLOODLETTING
And perhaps not.

Stiletto snaps back to reality.

STILETTO
To ease Madria's pain, I leave the
younger son Valie to become the reason
her life holds meaning.

BLOODLETTING
So as long as Barrio remains useful
to us, you keep him on the short
leash.

STILETTO
Sí, like a puppy dog in need of paper
training! Whack his nose with a
newspaper every so often.

BLOODLETTING
Puncado's eyes tell me he wants to
be the head wolf. He wants to hunt.
He wants to take down the bulls and
taste their blood.

STILETTO
But first he must run with the pack.

BLOODLETTING
And when he wants to take us down?

STILETTO
No problem bro. First, Barrio makes
us mountain of money. He steps out
of line; he knows where we can find
his mother and brother.

Stiletto turns to the driver, Baldy Baldazario.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
Baldy, drive us the hell out of here.

With glass packs spewing fire from the tailpipes, Stilleto,
Bloodletting, and Baldazario rumble on down the street in
their low-rider.

INT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, Madria cleans up the dishes. Barrio approaches and
hands Madria the stolen shotgun of milk.

MADRIA

I was worried, mi hijo. You were gone an hour longer than I thought.

BARRIO

Met some friends.

MADRIA

Bueno ...

When Madria leaves the kitchen, Barrio grabs her purse, gets her check book, pulls off a deposit slip, replaces the check book, grabs a pen, writes on the receipt \$200.00, and slips it in his pocket.

BARRIO

(to himself)

Madria, tomorrow I deposit two hundred dollars in your account.

Down the hall, Madria opens the door to Valie's room and smiles as her son studies the complex classical guitar SARABANDE by Bach. He stops playing and looks at his mother.

VALIE

Madria, is everything all right? I though I heard Barrio come in. He's okay?

MADRIA

Perfect. My sons are home and safe. Tomorrow you try out for the Youth Symphony?

VALIE

Yes, I must play this piece flawless.

MADRIA

It will be.

Just before Madria quietly shuts the door, she looks at Valie.

MADRIA (CONT'D)

Valie, no mother could have better or more dedicated sons. You must create beauty in this world, make a better situation out of your life, and share your vision.

Valie just nods his head, turns, and continues to play the melodic Sarabande guitar piece to the voice over of Jalapeño.

JALAPEÑO (V.O.)

In a daring overnight raid, three men shot their way into this Northeast Heights Pharmacy.

EXT. NORTHEAST HEIGHTS PHARMACY - DAY

Delivering a stand-up, the TV reporter, JALAPEÑO, 40s, stands before Photog with the pharmacy in the background.

JALAPEÑO

This gangster blasted the security cameras and tragically killed a security officer.

Jalapeño stands to one side directly followed by Photog pushing in on the pharmacy entrance with a white plastic sheet covering the body of the Security Officer.

JALAPEÑO (CONT'D)

No other employees or customers were injured, but reports that perhaps \$250,000.00 in pharmaceuticals, mostly OxyContin, was stolen. Remember, you heard the news first on Channel 6 KTVL, better known as TV News Land.

INT. PHARMACY OFFICE & STORE - DAY

Pharmacy Manager and Kapistrano examine the security tapes on a monitor in the pharmacy office.

PHARMACY MANAGER (O.S.)

See how the assailant blasts each camera with a shotgun, except for the one in the back of the store?

KAPISTRANO (O.S.)

Why not that camera?

PHARMACY MANAGER (O.S.)

I hide that security camera within the ceiling. Check out this robber. He looks out of place.

(CU of Barrio)

Then see what happens ...

A masked Barrio opens the cooler and grabs a shotgun of milk.

PHARMACY MANAGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

When the robbers flee the store, he steals a shotgun of milk.

The image freezes of Barrio pulling out the shotgun of milk from the cooler.

KAPISTRANO (O.S.)

Why steal a shotgun of milk when you've just stolen a \$250,000.00 in prescription drugs? That's bizarre. Yes, why do that? Seems completely out of character.

Pharmacy Manager ejects the video and hands Kapistrano the tape.

PHARMACY MANAGER

No sense whatsoever except, Sergeant Kapistrano, doesn't the robber who stole the milk look underage?

KAPISTRANO

He does; so these are all surveillance pictures of the heist? Just three robbed your store?

PHARMACY MANAGER

My clerk and I were laying face down.

KAPISTRANO

All men?

PHARMACY MANAGER

I believe so.

As Kapistrano leaves the pharmacy office, he walks across the store, briefly pausing at the beverage cooler.

KAPISTRANO

(to himself)

Why steal a shotgun of milk? Maybe this evidence will be the key to this heist.

Standing a short distance away, the Sheriff Deputy, Caolin Aislin, stands guard near the entrance.

KAPISTRANO (CONT'D)

Deputy Caolin Aislin, you settling into the job?

CAOLIN AISLIN

Good to go, sir.

KAPISTRANO

Don't let those news goons sneak in here before we've processed the crime scene. If you have to shoot one, that will teach the others.

CAOLIN AISLIN

Really sheriff?

Kapistrano steps past Deputy Caolin Aislin giving her a reassuring nod.

KAPISTRANO

Little joke Deputy Aislin. The paperwork would get too complicated.

CAOLIN AISLIN
(enthusiastically)
They won't get past me.

EXT. NORTHEAST HEIGHTS PHARMACY - DAY

As Kapistrano leaves the pharmacy, he walks into a firing squad of NEWS GUNNERS that yell forth.

NEWS GUNNERS
Sergeant Kapistrano, how many drugs
stolen? How much is missing? How
many men pulled off this heist?
Anymore shot? Killed? Stabbed? Taken
hostage?

Kapistrano takes a breath to collect his thoughts and then points to Jimenez.

KAPISTRANO
Jalapeño.

JALAPEÑO
See anything unusual about this heist?

KAPISTRANO
One of the robbers may have been an
underage juvenile. So not only do we
have a case of murder and Grand Theft
Larceny, but also when we capture
the bad guys, an additional charge
of Child Endangerment could be added.
Detailed statements will be
forthcoming.

As Kapistrano marches off, Jalapeño Jimenez turns to Photog.

JALAPEÑO
That's a wrap. Let get back to the
station, edit, and air this puppy.

Photog turns off his camera and hustles to the news van. On the way there he flicks his head to Jalapeño Jimenez's 14-year-old daughter, JILLINA, an exotic Hispanic beauty with glistening long chestnut hair and sporting a perky tight skirt and blouse.

PHOTOG
So it's drag your brat to workday.
Did La Niña Storm learn anything
here?

JILLINA
One day I'll be even a more aggressive
reporter than my father.

PHOTOG

I believe that. You have the looks,
and you seem to have the drive.

INT. MERCEDES-BENZ - DAY

A Mercedes-Benz creeps by, with the female driver momentarily rubber necking to witness the pharmacy crime scene.

MADAM SAVEEN VERMILION, 40s, refined French woman with crimson red hair, drives the Mercedes-Benz.

MDM. VERMILION

(sultry French accent)

Voir le Kryzana, ceci est le type de situation de lowlife que vous devez Éviter voter vie entière. [See Kryzana, that, right there, is the type of lowlife situation you must avoid your entire life.]

KRYZANA

Mother, we are in the United States;
so I'm only speaking English.

In the shotgun seat, KRYZANA VERMILION, late teens, features super-model looks with bright blue eyes, lustrous red hair, and a red sundress.

KRYZANA (CONT'D)

Besides aren't a lot of people, like the police, news folks, and justice system employed by the criminal lowlife element?

Kryzana holds a red flute case.

MDM. VERMILION

One day you will thank me for insisting that you are multilingual and to avoid high drama entanglements. Now lets get you to your tennis lesson.

Observing the crime scene, Kryzana takes a deep breath as the sound of a man lifting weights GUTS THROUGH.

CRUSTY MANAGER (V.O.)

GARCIO! GUT IT OUT! WANT TO BE MIXED MARSHAL ARTS CHAMPION OR MIXED MARSHAL ARTS CHUMP?

INT. SOUTH VALLEY MIXED MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO - DAY

Bench pressing, Barrio strains as he rapidly pushes up an impressive weight load.

SOUTH VALLEY MIXED MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO

Every muscle in Barrio's arms and bare chest tightens to their maximum extension.

Barrio grits it out as beads of perspiration build on his face as CRUSTY MANAGER steps up to him.

CRUSTY MANAGER
BARRIO MUST BE A WRESTLER! BOXER!
MARTIAL FIGHTER! NUMERO UNO IN WEIGHT
LIFTING TO FIGHT YOUR WAY TO GLORY!

Crusty Manager leans down and spits out instructions into Barrio's ear.

CRUSTY MANAGER (CONT'D)
SO GUT IT OUT BOY! RIGHT HERE! RIGHT
NOW! GET PISSED AT THESE WEIGHTS! I
MAKE YOU CHAMPION IN NO TIME!

As Barrio pushes himself even harder, the sounds of TENNIS BALLS BEING PUNISHED rocket through.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Against a tennis ball machine, Valie expertly hits one rapid fire shot after the next.

From the far side of the courts, the pretty redhead, Krysana Vermilion, steps up to Valie Garcio as he smashes his last few shots.

KRYSANA
I like your tennis form.

VALIE
Really? I'm terrible. I just started
to play.

KRYSANA
Everyone starts at different levels.
Like to hit a few?

With a perfect smile, Valie's eyes light up.

VALIE
Absolutely ...

Krysana starts to stretch out her lean, supple, perfect body.

KRYSANA
¿Hablo Espanol? Mi nombre es Krysana
Vermilion.

VALIE

Sí, hablo Español. My name is Valario
Garcio. My friends call me Valie.

KRYSANA

My mother wants me to be multilingual;
so I speak Spanish whenever I can.
Except my mother's all about being
French, and nothing but French.

VALIE

So, it's okay with your mother for
you to play tennis with an Hispanic.

Both teenagers move to opposite sides of the court.

KRYSANA

I like everyone. Well not everyone,
but I'm not prejudiced against
Hispanic people, or any other race.

VALIE

So Krysana, show me what you've got.

Krysana goes to the baseline, tosses up a pro-tennis serve,
and slices an ace right past Valie.

VALIE (CONT'D)

I think you're a lot better at tennis,
than I am.

Krysana innocently smiles and shrugs her shoulders as the
SOUND OF Barrio sprinting HUFFS FORTH.

EXT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - DAY

In full stride Barrio runs down 1st Street toward Madria's
house.

As Barrio approaches his home, he slows down to a fast walk
and smiles as CATALUÑA "CAT" CHAPELLEZ, late teens, with
classic Hispanic elegant looks, says goodbye to some friends
and starts to run into her house.

CATALUÑA

Barrio, I've been wondering if you
still lived next door.

Barrio stops walking and gives his full attention to Cataluña.

BARRIO

Cataluña, you look ... buena fresca.

Slightly embarrassed, Cataluña bashfully smiles.

CATALUÑA

After my parents divorced, I moved
in with my father.

BARRIO

In the Northeast Heights?

CATALUÑA

Yes, but now he and the new wife
have a baby. I decided that their
full time kid sitter was not for me;
so I moved back with my mother.

BARRIO

(inwardly beaming)
¡Muy buena fresca!

CATALUÑA

Sí, for all the problems down here,
I love this Barelás neighborhood.

BARRIO

Even after the shoot-out?

CATALUÑA

Sorry about your dad. That was awful.

BARRIO

Lately, the neighborhood has been
pretty quiet because I'm on patrol
now.

Purposely, Barrio flexes his biceps.

BARRIO (CONT'D)

Anything you or your mother need,
just ask. Any problems, I work them
over.

CATALUÑA

Okay. Got to go study now.

Cataluña starts to turn and rush back into her mother's house
next door to Barrio's home and turns back to him.

CATALUÑA (CONT'D)

Barrio, it's nice to see you again.
Perhaps we can do something sometime,
like go for a vanilla shake or shoot
some billiards. My father put a pool
table in our basement.

BARRIO

Pool, I really like shooting stick
and sinking balls into the pockets.

Slightly embarrassed, Cataluña innocently smiles to the sound of CLASSICAL GUITAR PLAYING.

INT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Barrio sprints into the house and sees Valie practicing a classical guitar piece like Isaac Albeniz's *Asturias* in the kitchen.

BARRIO

Mi hermano, your guitar playing sings
mega buena fresca.

Valie stops playing and rests his guitar on his lap.

VALIE

Thanks, I see you've been working
out over-time?

BARRIO

Got my first M.M.A. fight next week.
Got to be in the best shape of my
life. You and Madria come to see me
beat the crap out of some white Gringo
punk?

VALIE

Neither Madria nor I can stand you
getting hit.

Barrio weaves back and forth, and then high kicks toward the ceiling.

BARRIO

I am too damn fast for those wimps
to ever lay a finger on me.

VALIE

Barrio, you know anything about me
receiving a year's membership at the
Tennis Country Club? Did you bang
some wealthy cougar for that?

Barrio ticks his tongue.

BARRIO

You want me to smack my little bro
around?

VALIE

Well before you do, country club
tennis manager said I have a year's
dues paid, plus payments for tennis
coaching.

BARRIO

Maybe Valie becomes a better tennis player than baseball. Now practice your guitar or go do some heavy book lifting, and fight your way to a full-ride scholarship.

Valie repositions his guitar and continues practicing the *Asturias* guitar piece while Barrio grabs a clean glass, opens the refrigerator, and pours him some milk.

INT. SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kapistrano prints still pictures of Barrio, with his black mask on, stealing the shotgun milk container from the pharmacy crime scene.

KAPISTRANO

(to himself)

Just who is this kid?

Kapistrano collects his prints, walks into the squad room full of Police Officers, and passes out the photos.

KAPISTRANO (CONT'D)

Ladies, gentlemen, this is the best photo we have of one of the Northeast Heights robbers from last night's heist. Everything else got blasted.

Sheriff Deputy Caolin Aislin receives her photo.

CAOLIN AISLIN

Looks immature, but somewhat in top physical condition, like an athlete.

Deputy Caolin Aislin studies the picture of Barrio.

CAOLIN AISLIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Looks like this robber comes new to the game. May not even be a full-fledged member of the pharmacy thieves.

KAPISTRANO

See, this commands the type of observation we need around here.

Kapistrano dims the lights and clicks on an overhead projector that enhances Barrio's masked face.

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

You law officers should constantly observe and profile from the seriously nasty to the deadly bad.

Kapistrano points out the vague features of Barrio.

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

Study his hands as he steals the
shotgun of milk, and especially his
eyes. The eyes give away everything.
Now go out there and snag us these
sewer rats.

As the lights click on and the Police Officers file from the
room, Kapistrano motions to Deputy Caolin Aislin.

KAPISTRANO (CONT'D)

A moment.

CAOLIN AISLIN

Of course.

KAPISTRANO

Tonight, you're on patrol in the
South Valley?

CAOLIN AISLIN

I'm one of two patrols down there.

KAPISTRANO

Make sure you tighten your bulletproof
vest?

Deputy Caolin Aislin's eyes reveal a slight hint of
flirtation.

CAOLIN AISLIN

Always, but it's not really
bulletproof, more like bullet
inhibiting.

KAPISTRANO

Be careful as those South Valley
gangs have you outnumbered and vastly
outgunned.

CAOLIN AISLIN

Of course, that's why besides my 9mm
auto pistol, I carry two .38s ...
(slightly raises her
pant legs)
One strapped on each ankle.

KAPISTRANO

(slight stammer)
That's smart Caolin? Ah ...

CAOLIN AISLIN

Yes, go ahead ask. You've been wanting
to for a month now. Don't be bashful.

KAPISTRANO

Could we like have dinner sometime?
Most expensive restaurant in the
city! My treat! We're both off
tomorrow.

CAOLIN AISLIN

And would you be fraternizing with a
junior officer?

KAPISTRANO

We'll be off duty. We're both over
21; so that doesn't really violate
policy.

CAOLIN AISLIN

(eyes light up)

Good, pick me up at 7 P.M.

Deputy Caolin Aislin turns showing off her tight, petite
figure through her uniform.

EXT./INT. SOUTH VALLEY - NIGHT

A block down a dark South Valley street, Barrio receives
several OxyContin packs from Stiletto and Bloodletting with
Baldy Baldazario on the drivers side.

STILETTO

Sell each \$10.00 half a tab, \$20.00
full pop. Puncado do things right; I
raise your take to thirty percent.

BLOODLETTING

That motivates you to hustle it fast.
Grow your customer base.

BARRIO

My little school customers now number
in the hundreds.

STILETTO

Puncado, you make a ton of money.
Don't act like some white mofo strung
out on stupidity. Be of some value
to somebody. Go home; take care of
your mother.

Just as Barrio starts to walk away from Stiletto's vehicle,
from a block long side street, Sheriff Deputy Caolin Aislin
drives past in her sheriff's vehicle and spots the four men.

CAOLIN AISLIN

What the hell, looks the same size
and build as the Milk Carton thief?

As Barrio hustles down a 1st Street side alley, Deputy Caolin turns her emergency lights on and throws her squad car in reverse, with tires screeching backwards.

STILETTO
¡VAMANOS PUNCADO!

Deputy Caolin donuts her sheriff's vehicle around and races head on toward Stiletto's vehicle.

CAOLIN AISLIN
(thru radio)
Sheriff #06 has a possible 10-66 in
progress. Suspicious persons.
Suspicious persons. Location is ...

Without warning Stiletto, Bloodletting, and Baldy Baldazario release MASSIVE HAILS of GUNFIRE from two Uzi machine guns that rip into Deputy Caolin's squad car.

The Sheriff Deputy's vehicle careens out of control and smashes into a wooden telephone pole.

Caolin squad car's windshield shatters inward spraying glass shards across her body.

Deputy Caolin removes her 9mm service revolver, struggles to unbuckle her seat belt, and opens fire back through her windshield as her assailants spray her front seat with a tight pattern of bullets of which several strike the Sheriff Deputy.

Deputy Caolin then inspects several bleeding wounds across her body.

CAOLIN AISLIN (CONT'D)
Damn! I'm in a bad way.

With all of her strength, Deputy Caolin painfully inserts a second clip and again empties her weapon of bullets met by a barrage of lead impacting into her front seat, further wounding her.

CAOLIN AISLIN (CONT'D)
(spitting up blood)
Can't stay in here.

Deputy Caolin injects her last clip into her 9mm and in a massive firefight shoots back out of the front and driver's window as more bullets rip into her position.

As bullets zing through Deputy Caolin's position and with all her strength, she crawls to the passenger's side, opens the door, and drops to the sidewalk.

CAOLIN AISLIN (CONT'D)
(completely exhausted)
Oh my God ... please ...

Deputy Caolin shoots her last 9mm shot, drops the pistol, and agonizingly withdraws one of her ankle .38 firing off five shots toward her assailant's position.

Stiletto, Bloodletting, and Baldy Baldazario reinsert 9mm clips into their Uzis. They flank Deputy Caolin's position and rock-n-roll into her wounded frame as bullets ricochet off the street and sidewalk.

CAOLIN AISLIN (CONT'D)
Last chance ...

Deputy Caolin struggles to reach for her last .38 in her other ankle holster, extracts it, and with all of her might fires off several agonizing shots as her assailants surround her.

Deputy Caolin shoots Bloodletting right through his shoulder that knocks him down as Stiletto reaches his position.

Baldy Baldazario rushes Caolin Aislin and unmercifully unloads the rest of his magazine into her. She slumps into the gutter and lies perfectly still.

Bloodletting crawls to the .38 pistols, grabs it, and for good measure shoots down at her as his face highlights until the pistol drops on a spent shell.

From a far distance Aislin's assailants hear police sirens. They hustle back to Bloodletting, grab him, and literally toss him into the back of the low-rider.

With Stiletto on the shotgun side, Baldy Baldazario jumps into the driver's side. He guns the vehicle, spins the tires, and races down the street.

As the Gangsters see flashing red lights reflect off of a nearby building, Baldy Baldazario cuts the engine and cold-sticks onto a weed infested dirt lot.

Stiletto and Baldy Baldazario duck down from the flashing red light swirling from a half dozen sheriff sedans passing his position and siren on down the street.

Baldy Baldazario peeks over his dash to see a clear path. He restarts his engine and drives off into the darkness of the South Valley night.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY BARRIO - NIGHT

MEDICAL INVESTIGATORS zip-up Deputy Caolin's body bag.

In nauseated condition, Kapistrano wavers next to two MIs, who lift her onto a gurney, raise it, and walk her over to their hearse van.

With all of his might, Kapistrano releases a PRIMORDIAL YELL and then rams his fist into a side windshield of Deputy Caolin's squad car, further shattering glass in all directions.

Kapistrano places his hands onto his face, leans against the vehicle, drops to his knees, and buries his head into his hands. A Sheriff Deputy steps up to Kapistrano.

SHERIFF DEPUTY
Sergeant Kapistrano, I think Deputy
Caolin shot one of her assailants.

Kapistrano lifts his head.

KAPISTRANO
Good. Now it's personal.

INT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Through Madria's TV set, Jalapeño Jimenez VOICE-OVERS the aftermath of the Deputy Caolin shoot-out.

JALAPEÑO
In a firestorm of hot lead, tragedy
struck the South Valley last night
when Sheriff's Deputy Caolin Aislin
fell victim to a brutal shooting.

Multiple holes dot Deputy Caolin's squad car.

JALAPEÑO (CONT'D)
The estimate now stands that over a
hundred bullets were fired alone by
her assailants.

Two OMIs [Office of the Medical Investigator] cart off Deputy Caolin's body to their white hearse-van.

JALAPEÑO (CONT'D)
The rookie sheriff deputy put up a
heroic fight, but ultimately the
firepower was just too great.

VALIE
Did you hear that gunfire last night?
It sounded like World War God-zillion.

MADRIA
Yes, all that woke me up.

VALIE

Madria, perhaps we should move out
of this war zone?

MADRIA

Never, soon I own this house outright.
It's mine, and I will never leave.

Valie's eyes flinch to the sound of RIFLE SHOTS BLAST across
the landscape.

EXT. MILITARY CEMETERY - DAY

As the body of Caolin Aislin lies in rest, a 7-gun HONOR
SQUAD succinctly blasts their final 7-shots.

SOUTH VALLEY MILITARY CEMETERY

In the lone distance of the Military Cemetery, a LONE BUGLER
BLASTS OUT taps.

Kapistrano steps up to Deputy Caolin's MOTHER and FATHER and
hands them the folded Stars and Stripes flag.

MR. AISLIN grasps Sergeant's Kapistrano's forearm.

MR. AISLON

Sergeant promises me, you will find
the dirt that did this. Cut them,
gut them, and then execute them.

KAPISTRANO

(resolute)

I swear Mr. Aislin. I will not rest
one day until I rain down revenge
upon your daughter's killers.

INT. STILETTO'S 1ST SAFE HOUSE / SOUTH VALLEY - DAY

Laying in agony from Deputy Caolin's bullet wound to the
shoulder, Bloodletting's face winces from the second set of
seven rifle SHOTS.

STILETTO'S 1ST SAFE HOUSE

The short, bald Hispanic bomber, Badly Baldazario, steps
into the room and flicks his head at Stiletto.

BOSQUE DEL COMANCHE / FAR SOUTH VALLEY

STILETTO

Baldy Bro, you become my eyes and
ears while Bloodletting decides
whether he lives or dies.

BALDAZARIO

No problemas.

With severe spasms, Bloodletting uncontrollably shakes on a mattress on the floor.

A massive bloodstain circles half the mattress where Bloodletting's wound bleeds while SOPAPILLA [so-pa-pea-ya], 40s, ruggedly tends to his wounds.

SOPAPILLA

Hermano, I can do nothing for you. I think we look at a dead man.

BLOODLETTING

(shaking with fever)

Stiletto, you drop me off at hospital. They fix me. I say nothing about the nothings.

Stiletto steps into the room

STILETTO

Cabron, you shot clean through and through.

SLOWLY, Stiletto's face distorts into a shadowy Dia de los Muertos [Day of the Dead] mask.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Hospital police be on your scent like coyotes to the jackrabbit. Police rip the meat off your bones just for a snack. And you know what?

BLOODLETTING

No, mi Jefe.

STILETTO

You sing like stink bitch in heat.

Stiletto gets into Bloodletting's face.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

So my friend, I give you one of two choices.

Bloodletting's eye momentarily widens.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

I take you out to the garbage dump, put a round in the back of your head, and kick you in with all the other garbage. Or you get better.

BLOODLETTING

I ... I promise ... get better.

Stiletto slaps his hands together.

STILETTO

That's the spirit. I see my blood
and guts Gangster running around
causing death and destruction in no
time.

(turns to Sopapilla)

Give OxyContin. Straighten that
Blood's ass out in no time.

Stiletto flicks his head at Sopapilla, and he steps into the
other room full of his Bangers.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

(hollers out)

Listen up bangers! Steal from me ...

(flips open a stiletto)

I cut your balls off! Get to work!

Throughout Stiletto's entire house, a dozen Bangers remove
prescription pills and package them into dime size bags.

The sneaky looking, patch over one eye, MANUEL VARAGO, 40s,
counts out OxyContin pills as Badly Baldazario suspiciously
looks over his shoulder.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Damn, distribution slows down my
operation.

Stiletto turns to see Barrio holding up two bottles of
OxyContin in each hand with the label to the front and the
other with its back label.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Puncado!

STILETTO (CONT'D)

What the hell do you do? Get back to
work.

Startled, Barrio snaps back to reality.

BARRIO

I just read and understand two
different writings at once.

Stiletto snickers and spits out his condemnation at Barrio.

STILETTO

Nobody gives two rats on a stick.
Bloodletting said you are a freak. I
keep you around for one purpose, one
purpose only. Make me money. You got
a problem with that?

BARRIO

No, but Stiletto, you should keep
eyes on Señor Cyclops.

Stiletto turns and steps up to Manuel Varago.

STILETTO

Manuel Varago, life good with you?

MANUEL VARAGO

Sí, El Jefe. Bloodletting dies, you
make me numero uno?

STILETTO

Why should I do that? Besides, I
order Bloodletting to live; so he
lives. Get back to it.

Stiletto turns his back on Manuel Varago and walks down the
Bangers' production line.

From the corner of his eye, Baldazario spies Manuel Varago
place 11-OxyContins in one of his bags.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Ten OxyContins in each bag! I see
\$32,400.00 by tomorrow. Understand
mofo wimp-ass gangsters?

Sopapilla approaches Stiletto.

SOPAPILLA

Bloodletting's fever peaks. Now he
lives or dies.

STILETTO

You slip him OxyContin?

Sopapilla holds up two fingers and chuckles forth.

SOPAPILLA

Two hits.

STILETTO

Damn woman, I hope you didn't waste
one and don't do me no stinking favors
if I get shot.

Stiletto turns to Baldy Baldazario.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Baldy sign out Sopapilla's tally
sheet. Get to your vehicles, go, and
sell my shiva [heroin].

(to Barrio)

Puncado, you come with me. I give
you the ride downtown.

EXT. RIO GRANDE BOULEVARD - DAY -- LATER

Stiletto stops his low-rider on the south end of Rio Grande Boulevard, shuts off the engine, and turns to Barrio in the back seat.

RIO GRANDE BOULEVARD

STILETTO

Puncado, don't ever steal my supply.

BARRIO

No, mi Jefe. I sell mofo schizer by tomorrow.

STILETTO

Bueno ...

Barrio steps out of the back of Stiletto's sedan. El Jefe looks at Baldazario.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Badly, you catch what Manuel scams?

BALDAZARIO

Varago steals from you, a tab a bag. Sopapilla sneaks behind your back and does the nasty with Manuel Varago.

STILETTO

Really?

Baldazario nods his head.

BALDAZARIO

Damn straight!

STILETTO

¡Putas! I formulate the idea.

EXT. SOUTHEAST WAR ZONE - EVENING

While Manuel Varago rooster struts down the street, a sedan with two Black Undercover Officers, DETECTIVE JARVIS and DETECTIVE TYRONE pulls up, and start the negotiations for two-dime bags of OxyContin.

DET. JARVIS

What's the price?

MANUEL VARAGO

Ten a hit, eleven in the bag!

DET. TYRONE

Twenty-two, the price we like.

Det. Tyrone hands Manuel Varago \$2,200.00, and with a few high fives and jives that seals the deal.

Without warning, Det. Jarvis jumps out of the vehicles and sticks a service revolver into the Gangster's face.

DET. JARVIS
You're under arrest!

DET. TYRONE
On the ground! Face down!

Both Black Undercover Officers knee Manuel Varago to the gutter, force his hands behind his back, and handcuff him.

From across the street through a gasoline station window, Stiletto and Baldazario see the two Black Undercover Officers lift Manuel Varago to his feet.

STILETTO
My plan falls in place. We are smarter
to scam pigs before they bust us.

EXT. SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - EVENING -- LATER

In interrogation Room No. 1, Manuel Varago sits alone handcuffed to a metal table.

MANUEL VARAGO
(cries out)
¡Putas! ¡Prostitutas! Get me the
hell out of here! I do the nothings!
The nothing I tell you! Entrapment,
cabróns! Entrapment I tell you!

Acting like a wild caged animal, Manuel Varago yanks, pulls, twists, and pounds on his cuffs securing him to the metal table.

MANUEL VARAGO (CONT'D)
Get me out! Get me out now! Now!
Now! Now! ¡Ahora! ¡Ahora! ¡Ahora!

The two Black Undercover Officers enter the room, followed by Kapistrano who quietly stands in one corner of the room.

DET. TYRONE
South Valley cockroach! You want to
squeal before we get physical?

Detectives Tyrone and Jarvis grab Manuel Varago's hair and bang his head off of the metal table, causing a small gash in the gangster's forehead.

DET. JARVIS
Tell us who supplies your drugs?

DET. TYRONE
Has this Jefe sold all of the drugs
from the pharmacy?

DET. JARVIS
What do you know about the murder of
the Sheriff Officer or the security
officer?

DET. TYRONE
If you don't testify in court, I
will make certain you get butt rammed
in prison for the rest of your ugly
bloody dead-end, rear-end life.
¿Comprende loser?

DET. JARVIS
Hard time lifer.

DET. TYRONE
Parole violator.

DET. JARVIS
Eternal screw-up until you're buried
in an unmarked grave in the prison
cemetery.

DET. TYRONE
You think a wonderful future for
Manuel Varago?

Slightly glazed over, Manuel Varago eyes Kapistrano.

MANUEL VARAGO
For no life inside prison, I tell
you the every-things, but not so
much of the anythings.

Det. Jarvis grabs Manuel Varago by his hair.

DET. JARVIS
Not so much of the anythings? You
want another bite of the metal table?

DET. TYRONE
Manuel, who's your boss?

DET. JARVIS
Where does he live?

DET. TYRONE
How many work for him?

From the corner, Kapistrano holds up his hand to Detectives
Jarvis and Tyrone. He grabs the back of a metal chair and
gratingly drags it next to Manuel Varago and sits down.

KAPISTRANO

(more humane)

Varago, you work with us; we make your life much easier. We need your boss's full name.

MANUEL VARAGO

(deep breathe)

Everyone calls him Jefe. Think full name is El Jefe.

KAPISTRANO

(desperately)

Really, El Jefe? [A beat] Okay, we go with that for now. I take it that *The Boss* is Hispanic? And he's from the South Valley?

MANUEL VARAGO

Sí, South Valley.

KAPISTRANO

And this El Jefe masterminded the robbery of the Northeast Heights Pharmacy?

MANUEL VARAGO

I think my understanding ...

KAPISTRANO

You understand Manuel, you've got to give us something substantial.

MANUEL VARAGO

I was not at the apothecary.

KAPISTRANO

Okay, you weren't at the drugstore. How many donkeys work for him? How many in his gang?

MANUEL VARAGO

Depend on the score. Varies, from ten to thirty sometimes a hundred.

Kapistrano sits back and sizes up Manuel Varago.

KAPISTRANO

Now we get somewhere. Manuel Varago, I need to know, was El Jefe responsible for the murder of my Sheriff Deputy?

MANUEL VARAGO

Yes, I think so. El Jefe was involved because his second in command was shot, shot badly. Blood everywhere!

KAPISTRANO

What's the second in command's name?

MANUEL VARAGO

Sangre ...

KAPISTRANO

Blood? His name is Blood?

Manuel Varago shifts in his chair.

MANUEL VARAGO

No, name's Bloodletting. He hangs on death for days in a spare bedroom. Blood everywhere.

KAPISTRANO

Now was this spare bedroom the same house as where the OxyContin distributed?

MANUEL VARAGO

Yes.

KAPISTRANO

You will take us to this house where El Jefe does his business?

MANUEL VARAGO

Sí, I take you to El Jefe's house.

EXT./INT. STILETTO'S 1ST SAFE HOUSE / SOUTH VALLEY - AFTERNOON

Across the South Valley, steadily, the sun hangs low over the Bosque del Comanche.

FAR SOUTH VALLEY

In full body armor and locked and loaded with assault AR-15s, a dozen SWAT Police Officers surround Stiletto's 1st Safe House from all four corners.

BOSQUE DEL COMANCHE

Kapistrano and the two Undercover Officers move toward Stiletto's 1st Safe House from the perimeter with Manuel Varago handcuffed in the back patrol sedan.

The SWAT COMMANDER leads a SWAT TEAM into the house with locked and loaded AR-15s.

At the perimeter, the lead SWAT MEN fire stun grenades and tear gas into the structure.

With gas masks on they charge into the house.

From room to room, the Swat Men find nothing.

Except in the back room, they see a BODY in a fetal position lying on a blood soaked mattress.

WITHOUT WARNING, the entire structure ignites into flames.

Through thick smoke, SWAT Team hustles out of the burning house.

SWAT COMMANDER emerges from the blue film carrying a bloodstained mattress and drops it at the feet of Kapistrano.

SWAT COMMANDER
Kapistrano, there's a body in there,
but we could only get this out.

KAPISTRANO
A body?
(looks at the inferno)
That's a pretty heavy-duty fire.

Kapistrano and the entire POLICE FORCE move away from the house as the entire structure engulfs into fire.

KAPISTRANO (CONT'D)
(reflective)
I think there is no rest for my
Sheriff Deputy Caolin Aislin or myself
until El Jefe's head lays before my
feet.

INT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - EVENING -- SLIGHTLY LATER

Madria sits opposite from Valie as she reads an official looking school document.

MADRIA
(inwardly beaming)
Valie, every single test for every
single class you've taken?

VALIE
(beams)
That's right Madria, every test.

MADRIA
Places you into honors classes?

VALIE
I'm on my way.

MADRIA
This is cause for celebration.

VALIE
The strongest drink for me is a glass
of milk.

MADRIA

Ah, I think we're out.

VALIE

Maybe Barrio will go out and get
some more.

MADRIA

Where is your older brother?

INT. CATALUÑA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Barrio lightly taps on the door, and Cataluña cracks it open.

CATALUÑA

Barrio, I miss you. Come in.

BARRIO

Not tonight ... here.

(hands her an envelope)

I know since your father left, life
not so easy.

Cataluña opens up the envelope to see several hundred dollars
inside.

CATALUÑA

I cannot take this.

BARRIO

Of course you can. Don't look at it
as charity. Look at it as a long-
term loan from your best friend.
Besides, I don't want you and mother
to stress finances.

Cataluña holds the envelope to her chest.

CATALUÑA

Okay ...

INT. SHERIFF'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Inside the Sheriff's Headquarters Lab, Kapistrano steps up
to FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR in a white smock with a charred
body on the table.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Because of the fire, the forensic
evidence was thoroughly compromised;
so there's little biological evidence
to investigate.

KAPISTRANO

Whose body is that on your table?
And the property? Who owns the
property we raided?

Forensic Investigator takes his scalpel and peels back a
layer on the dead man's faced.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

We found a match through dental
records.

KAPISTRANO

An Hispanic man?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

No.

On a monitor Forensic Investigator pulls up a picture of an
old HOMELESS LOOKING MAN.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR (CONT'D)

The White man's name is Scratchy
Bunion, who also happened to own the
property.

KAPISTRANO

(half chuckles)

Scratchy Bunion? Paul's smaller
cousin? You're pulling my left toe.

On the monitor, Forensic Investigator then displays an
official looking document.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

No, I received a copy of the Warranty
Deed. See the name's right here ...
(shows Kapistrano)

Scratchy Bunion. Before that, the
property seems to have belonged to
Scratch's father, Itchy. This goes
back 18 years, seven months.

KAPISTRANO

Damn, that's clever, and the mattress?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Well, the blood is real. It's O-
positive, a very common type. Scratchy
Bunion tested O-negative. And whoever
bled on it, either drained out or
came within a toe tag of expiring.

KAPISTRANO

O-positive is the same blood type
that was found at the Deputy Caolin
shoot-out on 1st Street.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
That's right, so that assailant is
either rotting away somewhere down
in the Bosque or in a landfill, or
convalescing for round three with
you law enforcement dudes.

Kapistrano scratches the side of his head.

KAPISTRANO
Damn, Scratchy Bunion, Itchy Bunion,
this case just gets more bazaar.

EXT. STILETTO'S 2ND SAFE HOUSE / FAR SOUTH VALLEY - DAY

Through a straw, Bloodletting drinks some ginger ale and
agonizes to sit up in bed.

STILETTO'S 2ND SAFE HOUSE

A semi-clean dressing covers his left shoulder. He hears a
MOANING NOISE as the Gangster twists his neck to see in the
corner of his room a gagged and bound Sopapilla.

BLOODLETTING
What the hell?

The door opens, and Stiletto steps into the room.

STILETTO
Bloodletting, you are no longer the
walking dead. Feeling it now in the
barrio?

BLOODLETTING
Much better Stiletto. What's the
book on Sopapilla?

Stiletto removes the .45 pistol from its belt holster.

STILETTO
Manuel and the Soap - a thief and a
rat.

Stiletto tosses a .45 pistol on the bed.

INT. STATE SENATE OFFICE - DAY

On the outer door window a stenciled sign reads, *JUAN "CHUY"
TABO / STATE SENATE PRO TEM / STATE OF NEW MEXICO.*

Kapistrano sits outside in the waiting room of the office.
The SECRETARY receives an intercom message through her headset
and motions to the sheriff.

SECRETARY
Senator Tabo will see you now.

Kapistrano enters Tabo's office and the two men shake hands.

JUAN TABO

Please sit. You know Adair Marshall from the Governor's Public Safety Department?

Adair Marshall remains seated opposite the desk.

MARSHALL

Blunt words, our fight against the drug lords in the South Valley is failing. I'm taking over all tactical duties.

Juan Tabo twists his cheesy mustache.

JUAN TABO

So I expect to receive weekly updates and compiling files to bring these criminals in the South Valley to trial, prison incarceration, and if federal charges warrant, the death penalty.

In the room Kapistrano remains the only one who looks skeptical.

KAPISTRANO

So justice for one and all? I was once told that justice does not exist in the South Valley. Everywhere else yes, but not south of Central Avenue and west of the railroad tracks.

JUAN TABO

How's your investigation into Sheriff Deputy Caolin Aislin progressing? She was truly a beautiful woman.

KAPISTRANO

The main drug lord, known to us at this time by the handle of *El Jefe*, is responsible for Deputy Caolin Aislin's murder and also for the Northeast Heights prescription robbery. Also, his lieutenant, by the name of Bloodletting, appears to be involved.

MARSHALL

See, that's progress. How'd that come about?

KAPISTRANO

We caught one of his drug dealers, name of Manuel Varago.

JUAN TABO

Good, how soon can you take this to court and will he testify?

KAPISTRANO

He's a three-time loser on probation that doesn't want life.

JUAN TABO

I'm sure a deal can be slimed out. You've got him under-wraps?

KAPISTRANO

We've got him sequestered at a safe house.

JUAN TABO

And the evidence from the South Valley house that burned down?

KAPISTRANO

We found a charred body that appears not directly related. But some DNA from a bloody mattress is an identical match from the blood found at Deputy Caolin Aislin's murder scene.

Juan Tabo's phone BUZZES THROUGH as the Secretary's voice, through the headset, SOUNDS URGENT.

JUAN TABO

What? That's no stinking good.

Juan Tabo hangs up the phone and directly eyes Kapistrano as the sound of a Siguiriyas Canta (song) lightly STRINGS FORTH.

JUAN TABO (CONT'D)

Seems your Cyclops snitch went out for a pack of cigarettes ...

Sergeant Kapistrano's face tightens.

EXT. NORTH VALLEY CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Bloodletting and Baldazario covertly read magazines at the newsstand inside of convenience store to Valie's Siguiriyas Canta (guitar song) building in strength.

JUAN TABO (V.O.)

to a corner convenience store with one of those brother investigators.

NORTH VALLEY CONVENIENCE STORE

Bloodletting extracts Cezario's .45 pistol and blasts Detective Jarvis a half dozen times in his torso.

JUAN TABO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Your undercover remains in critical
 condition with two gunshot wounds,
 and your Varago has gone missing.

Baldazario shoves a pistol to Manuel Varago's head and leads him out the door.

INT. MADRIA'S HOUSE - DUSK

In his bedroom, Valie deftly plays the LIVELY and AGGRESSIVE Siguiriyas Canta.

Valie's face expresses complete concentration.

Valie's right hand rapidly rasgueados just below the guitar sounding hole.

Valie's left hand brilliantly glides from each string to the next.

Barrio briefly pauses to watch his younger brother tear into the guitar piece to a light smile crossing his face as his hand grasps the outside door nob.

EXT. SOUTH VALLEY BARRIO - DUSK

Barrio bolts from Madria's house to spot Stiletto driving up in his low-rider, while Valie's dramatic Siguiriyas Canta BUILDS in intensity.

STILETTO
 Get in.

Barrio slips into the shotgun seat as Valie's Siguiriyas Canta builds in strength.

BARRIO
 What's the scenario in the barrio?

STILETTO
 (wry smile)
 Puncado, I throw you down the school
 lesson for the night.

EXT. BOSQUE DEL COMANCHE - NIGHT

Next to the Rio Grande on a completely deserted beach front dirt road, Barrio sees Bloodletting holding a pistol to the back of the head of a Gangster on his knees with his hands tied behind his back and a gag around his mouth to the Siguiriyas Canta mounting.

Twenty of Stiletto's Bangers stands in a semicircle around the kneeling victim.

Stiletto stops the car and with Barrio approaches Bloodletting and the Bangers.

STILETTO

Barrio, you know Señor Cyclops?

BARRIO

Manny Varago was in my father's employment.

STILETTO

Now the mofo wants to play the boss. He sells for himself. Manuel wants to be one of my soldiers. He made me some money, but turns Judas Pig with Sheriff Kiko. You know him?

BARRIO

Sergeant Kapistrano grew up in the South Valley, just a few houses down from my mother's place.

STILETTO

Did you also know in his punk ass juvenile delinquent days he was one badass loco gangster?

Then from out of Stiletto's trunk, a Banger pulls out Sopapilla bound and gagged and drags her over to Bloodletting.

STILETTO (CONT'D)

Puncado, your eyes remember Sopapilla?

BARRIO

She's Manuel Varago's babe in the woods!

STILETTO

Puncado, you got no respect for your elders?

BARRIO

Sopapilla is no elder of mine.

Through muted protests, Stiletto forces Sopapilla onto her knees next to Manuel Varago.

STILETTO

She and Varago decided to rip me off. Together they want to turn the state's evidence to that South Valley pig of a senator, Juan Tabo.

Stiletto kicks the back of Manuel Varago's back dropping him to his face.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
Together, they think El Jefe is small,
and they are big. Together, they
sealed their fate.

Stiletto turns to Sopapilla, who, for a failed degree of
safety, crawls next to Manuel Varago.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
Barrio Garcio, you do whatever I
need done? Like finish a job?

BARRIO
¡Absolutamente!

Bloodletting steps up to Barrio and hands Cezario's pearl-
handle .45 pistol.

Every gang member draws a firearm and points it at Barrio.

Barrio examines his father's .45.

STILETTO
Two choices: Barrio puts them down,
or we put you down.

With measured assurance, Barrio directly points the firearm
down on the shaking Manuel Varago and Sopapilla and pulls
the hammer back on the pistol.

STILETTO (CONT'D)
And Puncado rots in hell next to
these traitors.

The Siguiriyas Canta hits a rapid-fire strum and abruptly
ends with Barrio's eyes unwavering.

Barrio's eyes flinch five consecutive times brilliantly
highlighted by as many pistol illuminated shots.

The ZENITH of the sixth shot REFLECTS off of Barrio's eyes.

FREEZE FRAME / FADE OUT: