

# THE REDEMPTION RAIDERS

by

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INT. DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

Ragged furniture. Holes in walls. Floor cluttered with fast food wrappers. Rap music is blasted from another room.

Several young men at tables, concentrate on the work before them. Scales, small vials and sealed stacks of money are all around.

They fill the vials with a powdery substance as others take the filled vials, bag them and insert them in stuffed animals.

EXT - DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

TYREEK (20s, Black), street tough, tatted up - walks over to three men who seem to be guards...they are strapped.

He smokes a cigarette as he points to how he wants them positioned outside.

INSERT - BINOCULAR LENS

Hi-tech displays on the spy device gives distance and other readings on the screen.

They focus on Tyreek, then the guards. The digital eyes peer through the parts of the window, not covered with newspaper.

INT, DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

A man at the drug table, beckons Tyreek over to point out something about the vials.

Just as he bends down to look closer, the lights go out.

EXT. DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

As one guard checks his phone, he is jolted, looks at his arm. A dart has punctured his skin. He collapses before he can pull it out.

A different guard sees him fall, he rushes over. A dart hits him too, goes down.

As the last guard turns a corner, a chloroform rag is jammed over his face. Once passed out, gloved hands bind and muzzle him with tape.

INT. DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

Flashlights are passed out by Tyreek, then BOOM.

The door is blown off the hinges.

A flash bomb is lobbed inside. The brightness temporarily blinds everyone.

They scramble for guns. Faces show surprise, panic and fear. Darts hit them from several directions.

INSERT - VIDEO FROM SECURITY CAM

A grainy view of the entire main room is seen as those in the drug house, are shot with the darts and succumb to the potent tranquilizers.

Tyreek is the last hit. He pulls the dart out, just as several men in tactical gear burst inside rifles in hand.

INT. DROP HOUSE - NIGHT

Several men start to stash the stacks of cash into duffel bags.

Others bind the thugs with tape and remove the darts, as they slumber, unexpectedly.

A Jamaican accent is heard from all the raiders.

VOICE 1

Ya mon. Eye on time.

The one who spoke dumps the coke from the table onto the floor, then rummages around the room for more.

He piles it on the floor, near the goons.

One of those snatching the loot, zips up his bag.

VOICE 2

Cleaned them out, mon. You ready?

VOICE 1

Me calling daddy, right now mon.

His gloved hand picks up a phone from the table, dials 911.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)  
Ya mon. Damn gang fight at drug  
house. 1707 West Southern  
Avenue. Need help.

The phone is tossed. Bags of the drug money are scooped up.  
On the way out, one guy in gear, points to the security cam.

INSERT - VIDEO FROM SECURITY CAM

The lens shows drugs scattered about and several men, bound  
with tape and gagged.

One of the raiders scurries over to the camera. He winds up  
and gives the surveillance equipment a strong kiss with the  
butt of his rifle.

It is battered until the video feed breaks up, then goes  
blank.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

The rugged faces that slam down booze, matches the grimy  
décor of this hole-in-the-wall, beer joint.

A waitress in jeans, goes to a side door with a pitcher of  
suds and a bottle of vodka. She opens it to see...

INT. BIKER BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Air, thick with smoke, she delivers her tray to a table of  
mostly men who look they have been to a penitentiary or two.

The sole woman in the room, NATASHA (30's) has the eyes of a  
panther and a sleek, lean body in an outfit that hugs every  
inch.

With a half smile she moves stacks of poker chips to her side  
of the table. Her accent, thick Russian.

NATASHA  
You lose again, my friends. Such is  
life. Double or nothing, next  
round. Handle it?

The beard of TANK RUSSELL (40'S) is seen before his tattooed  
face is. Authority in his deep voice.

TANK

Yep. You been lucky tonight,  
Natasha. Luck is a fickle woman.  
Double or nothing? Love to.

The dealer passes out cards to the gamblers. Natasha, stone faced. She pushes her chips forward.

Behind her, with a few non-biker types who appear Russian, is IVAN (20's). He looks nervous as she commits to the bet.

Just then his phone beeps. Ivan checks it..

At the same time Natasha scopes her hand. Sixteen shows.

NATASHA

Hit me.

Panic goes wider on Ivan's face. Not from the bet, but from the text that came through.

IVAN

Hey, Boss...you need to see this.

She looks at the new card...a two. Tension in her face. She cuts her eyes to her assistant.

NATASHA

Not now, Ivan.

He hands it to her anyway. She gives a message a double-take, then inhales deep.

Natasha slams down a vodka shot and points to Ivan to fill another one.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Hit me again.

A seven card lands in her pile from the dealer. Tank smiles as she fumes and slams her fist on the table. Tank moves the stacks of chips away from her.

In a flash, she turns, snatches Ivan's hand and twists a finger backwards. Horror and humiliation on his face.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Don't ever show me that when  
I'm in a game again...understand?

Even bikers cringe at the sound of Ivan's finger breaking.

He turns away and tries not to cry as the pain surges.  
Natasha...unmoved.

TANK

Told you about luck. Thanks for your donation. Anything we can help with?

NATASHA

Another spot got hit, Tank. Took the money. Cops got dope and staff. Damn. Fifth time. I'll crush them, like bug.

TANK

Thieves. Good thing we only do guns now. Our boys will keep their ears open. In the meantime, this is on us. Untraceable.

He slides a pearl handled pistol to her...then winks.

EXT. REHAB CENTER - DAY

Finishing touches on the trim of a building being done by contractors.

The foreman goes to his truck, a sign is in the back. Before grabbing it, he looks across the street. Destitute junkies lurk like zombies.

He shakes his head in despair, then takes the sign to his crew. A nod to them instructs the men to look at what he had seen. Eyes roll.

The foreman points to where it should be hung. His crew hoists it up. The sign reads, FAITH OF STEEL REHAB CENTER.

INT. MEETING ROOM AT CHURCH - DAY

A banner hangs at the entrance. It reads, 'DEACON'S FELLOWSHIP MEETING - FAITH OF STEEL MINISTRIES'.

Several men and a woman, sit at a roundtable. At the leadership chair is SILAS (late 20's, Black). His eyes reflect his no-nonsense demeanor, but tremendous love.

SILAS

Welcome, Deacons In Christ, we have a new member joining us today, Raul Rivera. I ask that all members introduce themselves...starting with Raul.

RAUL (20's, Mexican) physically fit, short haircut and looks like he was born wearing a tie, stands and addresses the others.

RAUL

Hello. My name is Raul Rivera and I thank you for this opportunity. I've been married for 2 years and my wife and I just had our first daughter. My day gig is an FBI agent. I've seen society at its worst and want to contribute someway, other than my job...to make it better.

Polite applause as he sits. The others seem to study him closely.

Another man stands up to address the gathering. Built like a power forward, BIG D (mid 20's, Black) smiles.

BIG D

Good to see another officer wanting to help. My name is John Devereaux, but they call me Big D., I've been with the Phoenix PD several years, and yes, it's bad out there and getting worse. I do all I can, to turn it around.

Another round of applause. As he sits, a sturdy woman with, no make-up and glasses stands. Her vibe seems military. AJA (20's, Black) seems to dread public speaking and it shows.

AJA

Yeah, Big D and all us deacons do what we can to live by God's word and fight for justice and for our neighborhoods to be safe. Me, I'm just a tech girl, Navy trained But I do what I can to contribute to better days ahead.

Before Aja sits back down, a young man built like Big D, but thicker, leaps to his feet. AUSTIN (20's, Mexican-Black) seems excited to see Raul joining them.

AUSTIN

Hey compadre. Good to see more of La Raza interested to make the hood livable again. My name is Austin Dante.

(beat)

I mix it up in the MMA arena.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Undeclared, so far, my brother.  
Working with these deacons gives me  
the inner strength I need. Happy to  
see you join up.

As the crew claps, the oldest of the group stands. DOC (mid 30's, Black) and pats Austin on the shoulder in a fatherly way.

DOC

Yes indeed. We're proud of the  
champ. My name is Harold Lester,  
but they call me, Doc. I run a  
veterinarian office, so if you have  
a sick puppy, call me first. Glad  
you decided to join us.

After he is seated again and applauded, Silas motions towards all of the deacons and bows.

SILAS

These deacons are what is needed in  
the world today. Bravery, morals,  
innovation and a willingness to  
submit to God's will. As you know,  
I'm Reverend Silas Kemp, and I'm  
honored to have these members as my  
deacons. To you brother, Raul...I  
say welcome to the family!

RAUL

I appreciate the support. I have a  
need to serve my fellow man, built  
into my DNA.

SILAS

So, agent Rivera, what are your  
thoughts about the string of  
vigilante raids on drug houses?

RAUL

The raiders are doing God's work.  
Getting dangerous drugs off the  
streets. Predators who run the drug  
houses get locked up. It gives  
neighborhoods a chance to heal and  
ultimately, saves hundreds of  
lives. Seems to be the only thing  
working.

SILAS

God's work, indeed. Just wish it  
had started way sooner.



## SERIES OF SHOTS - SILAS MEMORIES

1. From the car he sees pitiful junkies on the street.
2. 'Tranq', which causes flesh-eating bacteria, covers a man's face, causing horrid disfigurement.
3. Silas tries to resuscitate one junkie, but dies in his arms.
4. Rev Silas gets emotional at funeral. He fights tears, but they flow down his cheeks anyway.

## END SERIES OF SHOTS

SILAS

I bet with your connections and background, those raiders could probably bring down the whole cartel. Use the money for good things, to rehab junkies, do after school programs, save lives and such.

The deacons lean forward and listen intently.

RAUL

I wish that was the case. My agency is too tied up with bank robbing and computer hacking. No interest in the hood or solving its problems, unfortunately. I'd give anything for a connect to those raiders. At least they get something done.

BIG D

Same crap going on in my department.

The deacons look at each other and crack a smile, tinted with hidden hope.

## EXT - CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Silas and Raul stroll towards a mini-van. Raul unlocks it with his remote. Silas moves closer to him and whispers.

SILAS

Maybe I can help make that connect  
to the drug house raiders  
happen...if you are truly  
interested.

Raul stops in his tracks, then smiles. His reaction,  
immediate.

RAUL

Absolutely!

Silas nods affirmatively. He looks around himself before he  
responds.

SILAS

Let me make a call. I still have  
feelers in the street. Please do  
not speak a word of this.  
Discretion is the key to this group  
doing what they do and helping to  
stop this scourge in our  
neighborhood.

RAUL

Understood.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A male with a hood over his head is brought inside the  
cottage by a man whose face is unseen.

The blinded man looks nervous, but does not struggle to flee.  
The handler who guides him, speaks with a Jamaican accent.

VOICE1

Ya mon. You sit here. All will be  
revealed, mon.

Silas marches to the front of the room, Bible in hand.

SILAS

In the sacred words of Deuteronomy  
16:20...Follow justice and justice  
alone, so that you may live and  
possess the land, the Lord  
your God, is giving you.

Once done, the hood is pulled off the unknown man. The group  
of deacons and Silas is revealed...to Raul Rivera. He looks  
confused and surprised...but relieved.

RAUL

What? No way. Are you guys kidding me?

SILAS

No joke. Welcome, brother. Prepare for your initiation.

Raul tries to process the revelation as the deacons form a circle.

RAUL

I'm ready.

SILAS

Let us bow our head in prayer. God said, behold my servant, whom I uphold, my chosen, in whom my soul delights. I have put my Spirit upon him. He will bring forth justice to the nations. He will not cry aloud or lift up his voice, or make it heard in the street.

The deacons, nod affirmatively, with closed eyes.

SILAS (CONT'D)

He will faithfully bring forth justice. He will not grow faint or be discouraged till he has established justice in the earth. Thus says God, the Lord, who created the heavens and the earth. Who gives breath to the people.

DOC

Preach on, brother. Tell it.

SILAS

I am the Lord; I have called you, in righteousness; I will take you by the hand and keep you; I will give you as a covenant for the people, a light for the nations, to open the eyes that are blind, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, from the prison...those who sit in darkness. Amen!

The deacons and Raul respond in one voice.

EVERYONE

Amen.

SILAS

So, blessed. Let's talk. Yes Raul. We are the ones trying to save what is left of our community. Are there any concerns?

AJA

Seems like the raids are becoming more unpredictable. The mob might even be on high alert now. My concern is that we may have to resort to violence and that may not be in line with God's word.

DOC

The problem will not solve itself. Yes. We are in line with God's word. Proverbs 21:15 states, when justice is done, it brings joy to the righteous but terror to evildoers.

AUSTIN

I don't know about all that. What if it does get ugly? What justifies shooting someone? Even if we ultimately give the money away to rehabilitate these junkies and other lost causes!

Raul studies the discussion in silence.

BIG D

We can't think like that. My little brother was a lost cause, until we helped get him of that garbage. Now look at him. He'll be a lawyer soon. If hot slugs...to dangerous thugs, are what's needed...I'm down.

SILAS

I pray it never comes down to that. As long as we use the element of surprise, we should be alright. But just in case, I brought some more body armor to protect us. I'll go get it from the car.

RAUL

Here, let me help you. This is incredible. How did it all get started?

Silas smiles and goes out the door with him to the parking area.

FLASHBACK - 18 YEAR OLD SILAS

INT. DINER - DAY

In an apron, a younger Silas cleans tables and sweeps the floor, at a greasy spoon, breakfast spot.

SILAS (V.O.)  
After I aged out of foster care, I  
got a job at a diner. With my dad  
dead, Michael, my brother, was my  
only kin-folk. Didn't know if he  
was dead by now either.

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX - NIGHT

With a picture of his brother in hand, he walks up to various junkies who are bad off, shows the photo. They nod, no.

SILAS - VOICE OVER  
It was so sad and sickening to see  
what the drugs had done to our  
community. Families, ripped apart,  
like mine. Night after night, I  
looked for my brother, no luck.

INT. DINER - DAY

Silas removes his apron, bundles up garbage, then carries it to the backdoor. Sad look on his face.

SILAS  
I'm done for the day. Will toss the  
trash and head home.

A waitress nods to him, smiles and waves.

EXT. DINER ALLEY - DAY

As he wrestles the overstuffed bag, his hands get greasy. Silas rolls his eyes and wipes it off on his pants.

SILAS - VOICE OVER  
So, is this my life now? Garbage  
boy? There's got to be something  
better.

Now close to the dumpster, he sees a pair of junkies, injecting drugs in the shadows. He watches the needle penetrate the skin and cringes.

SILAS

Hey! Get outta here before I call  
the cops.

Not much older than himself, they scurry away in soiled, ripped clothes. Silas shakes his head in despair.

After he tosses the garbage, he looks down to see a book in good condition, picks it up. It is a Bible.

SILAS (CONT'D)

What? This ain't no place for a  
Holy book.

A bookmark is in it. He opens it to the marked page and reads it among the litter and stink.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Isaiah, huh. Behold my servant,  
whom I uphold, my chosen, in whom  
my soul delights; I have put my  
Spirit upon him; he will bring  
forth justice to the nations.'

He strolls away from the area, eyes peeled on the book.  
Intrigued.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Raul stands before Silas as the desert wind whips their clothes.

RAUL

Did you keep the Bible?

SILAS

It has a special place on my desk.  
I started reading it and didn't  
stop. It put me on the path I'm on,  
right now. King David couldn't win  
his battles alone. He needed his  
army. Maybe our handful of deacons  
could make this a challenging war.  
With God, all things are possible.

RAUL

Verdad. You guys must be driving  
whoever is behind this...crazy.

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Fancy lights illuminate a luxurious backyard. In lawn chairs,  
two figures sit and tension can be felt in the air.

Natasha looks striking in her form fitting outfit.  
Beautiful, but sinister.

Opposite to her sits the KINGPIN (50's - Russian) and he does  
not look happy. He chomps on a cigar, as he stares down his  
second in command. Both have Russian accents, but his is  
more, gruff.

NATASHA

Well, we could install cameras on  
the outside. I think that---

The Kingpin leaps to his feet. His temper overflows.

KINGPIN

Spend more money? No. Hell no.  
Those damn thieves. Fifth house  
raided this year. Bleeding money.  
Enough talk. We handle it the  
Russian way. He stands menacingly  
close to her, then leans in.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)

Natasha. Listen good, little one.  
Kill them...or I will - kill you.  
Understand?

She nods. Eyes unblinking.

INT. NATASHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A bottle of vodka, a third of it vanished, sits in front of  
the underboss of the Russian mob of Phoenix as her mascara  
runs. Not only does she look scared, but angry too.

She slams down another shot and grimaces as it burns.  
Suddenly she launches the shot glass across the room.

NATASHA

I CAN'T EVEN RUN. They'll find me  
wherever I hide. Those stinking  
thieves.

(MORE)

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
If only I could get my hands on  
them. I make them pay...dearly.

Death stares her in the face. She now gulps vodka, straight  
from the bottle.

A second later, the phone rings. A video call.

A THUG (20's, Black) who looks like a NAUGHTY BY NATURE  
reject, smiles on the phone's screen.

THUG  
Hey, Boss. Don't worry, my drop  
house is okay. Just got a text.  
Unknown caller. Says if there's a  
reward for turning the bandits  
over. He might be interested.

Her eyebrows arch at the surprise announcement. Natasha leans  
back, thinks about it.

NATASHA  
Listen. Tell him its \$30k, no time  
to waste. We need to stop this  
nonsense - now!

She watches as he texts, then waits.

THUG  
Return text says, I'll be in touch.

Natasha's mood instantly changes. The Underboss is super  
happy...but she smiles like a hungry wolf.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Silas strolls to his car, then his phone rings. Big D's name  
is on the screen. He answers.

SILAS  
Hey, Big Dawg. What's up?

BIG D (O.S.)  
Rev, we might have a problem. Just  
spoke to an informant. Said the mob  
put out a bounty on the raiders.  
Thirty stacks.

Silas stops in his tracks, mind racing.

SILAS  
Hmm. That's a lot of money.



BIG D (O.S.)  
They make that in one day.  
I'm kinda insulted actually.

SILAS  
In this hood, it's Powerball  
jackpot money. Still down for  
tonight?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

The deserted business complex is dark, except for one building. Guards patrol out front.

The raiders are assembled in the dark shadows of thick bushes. Silas turns to eyeball his crew.

SILAS  
Y'all ready? Aja...Raul. Do your  
thing.

Aja pulls drones and the controller from her bag. She winks back. Raul walks from the area.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A bored looking guard, paces in front of a large building. He appears to be Mexican.

Raul, in disguise as a dreadlocked, Jamaican junkie with a fake beard, stumbles across the parking lot towards the guard. The reaction from the guard is defensive.

RAUL  
(Jamaican accent)  
What's good, Holmes? I need to cop.  
Do we just walk in or what?

GUARD  
(Spanish accent)  
No drugs here. Get lost. Where'd  
you get that idea?

Raul points to the night sky. In bright flashing lights, the words, DRUG HOUSE, stands out. The arrow under it, points to the warehouse.

In the bushes, Aja smiles as she works the controller of the drones.

The guard's jaw goes slack and he almost fall over backward. He immediately gets on his patrol phone. His eyes, wide.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
(Spanish accent)  
Guys, you have to get out here.  
Holy crap. You won't believe it.

Over a dozen men stream out of the building and dash over to the guard. He shows them the 'sky-narc'.

After they vacate the warehouse, Silas and crew sneak in, behind them. The dealers don't see them, dumb-founded by the aerial display.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
(Spanish accent)  
I think it's a drone. I'll shoot it  
down.

Just as he draws his weapon, two more drones appear, with the same message on them. The guard smirks.

Starts shooting. He hits one and the lights go out.

He turns to brags to his crew, but they are all prostrate on the pavement. He panics. Before he takes a step, a dart hits him. His eyes roll back and falls forward.

Raul starts to bind the dealers as Silas's crew bring goods out the back door.

Moments later, the commandos flee from the warehouse with more duffel bags, full of money. Finished duct taping them up, Raul sprints over to the crew and joins them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

After locking his modest car, Silas straightens his tie and takes a moment to enjoy the sunshine and breathes in the morning air with gusto.

With briefcase, he walks towards a well secured building in the foreground.

INT. HOLDING CENTER - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST [20's] does computer work as Silas strolls up to her window. She sees him, smiles.

RECEPTIONIST  
Well, good morning, Silas. We got a  
bunch this week. One of them was  
requesting your services, urgently.

SILAS  
That's what I'm here for.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Alone in the small chamber, Silas scans his phone as he waits. The door opens and Tyreek is escorted inside by an armed guard. He is shackled.

The seat opposite from Silas, is where he is shown to perch. The guard stands in the corner, watchful.

TYREEK  
Hey Rev. I messed up, real bad.  
I'm gonna need every prayer you got  
in that book.

SILAS  
Here's one of my favorites. It's  
from Isaiah, 30, verse 18...Yet the  
Lord longs to be gracious to you;  
therefore, he will rise up to show  
you compassion. For the Lord is a  
God of justice. Blessed are all who  
wait for him!

TYREEK  
Yeah, I like that. It's pretty  
dope. Look, I want to turn my life  
around. Word is you are a dude that  
can do that. Blessed are those who  
wait? Looks like I'll be here a  
while. And brother, I'm scared.

SILAS  
Prison is a fearful place. What  
frightens you most?

TYREEK  
It ain't the big house. It's the  
mob whose money got jacked. They  
might come after me. They're  
Russian. I seen what they do. They  
got connections everywhere. Even  
here.

SILAS  
Bad, huh?

Tyreek leans in, closer.

TYREEK

One dude was skimming Benjamins  
from a spot like mine. They shot up  
the whole family at Easter dinner,  
even in-laws. Took the daughter,  
sold her to some pimps back east to  
get the money back. That's nothing  
compared to what they'll do to  
those fools who raided my joint.

A look of repulsion sweeps the face of Silas...followed by  
fear. He quickly looks away.

His eyebrows reflect the tension in his soul. A deep breath  
is taken.

SILAS

If there was ever a time for  
prayer, this is it. Join me.

TYREEK

No doubt.

They close eyes and clasp hands at the same time.

SILAS

Dear Lord, hear our prayer. Forgive  
us for our sins. Our intent is to  
follow your will. If our tactics  
have offended you in any way.  
Please show us your mercy. Protect  
us on our journey, especially from  
those, who live by violence.

(beat)

As said in the book of Proverbs.  
Evildoers do not understand what is  
right, but those, who seek the Lord  
understand it fully. Help us to  
better understand, YOUR WAY...And  
do so, without fear. Amen.

As the prayer ends, eyes open. Tears have been streaming down  
the pastor's face.

He quickly tries to wipe them away. Tyreek sees it.

TYREEK

Hey, Rev...You alright?

A dozen emotions flow across the face of the vigilante  
preacher. Eyes, blank.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

With shaky hands, Silas holds the phone as he waits for the other line to answer. He paces and seems jumpy.

INT. SILAS'S HOUSE - DAY

A female, brown hand, picks up. COOKIE [early 20's - Black], the pastor's gorgeous wife, smiles when she sees the ID on the screen and closes the door of the fridge.

COOKIE  
Hello, handsome. How's your day  
going?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Silas has the phone on Facetime. A smile breaks out as he sees her in the kitchen in her Lycra workout clothes.

SILAS  
The prison ministry can get to you  
sometimes, but I'm okay. Look at  
you, Cookie. So gorgeous. I'm the  
most blessed man in the world, to  
be your husband. I just wanted to  
call, to say...just how much I love  
you.

On the screen, she does a half-giggle, then winks back.

COOKIE  
That's so sweet. I love you too,  
Mr. Preacher-man. I'm trying to  
decide what to cook for dinner and  
I --

The doorbell can be heard ringing. It startles her. Silas gets a funny look on his face.

SILAS  
Don't answer it. I mean...

COOKIE  
What? Don't be silly. I'll be right  
back.

Cookie puts the phone down. His view now is of the ceiling in the kitchen. Silence.

He takes a deep breath. Then paces back and forth near his vehicle. Still no sound. The sweat on his brow, glistens in the Arizona sun.

SILAS  
Cookie. You there?...Cookie?  
COOKIE?

His face and body seem on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Helplessness and paranoia overtake him.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Baby, please, please be safe. I'm  
coming home.

Silas, a whirlwind of raw nerves jumps in his car. A silent prayer is followed by a single tear. The vehicle is started, the engine is gunned. He speeds away.

EXT. SILAS'S HOUSE - DAY

Silas's car speeds down the residential street, then parks recklessly on the curb.

He jumps out, slams the door and sprints towards the house, sweat dripping.

Cookie sees him from the neighbor's house, next door. She calls to him.

COOKIE  
Hey handsome. I'm over here.

She waves goodbye to HELEN (60's), her female neighbor and goes to meet him at the front door.

Cookie studies his demeanor and looks concerned. Just as she starts to greet him, he cuts her off. His voice, stressed.

SILAS  
Where you been? Had me worried.

She reads his face. Uses her calming voice.

COOKIE  
Helen from next door came over to  
show me something. Her daughter  
just had a baby. Such cute  
pictures. They look so happy.

Silas is still hyped up from the scare.

SILAS

Why didn't you bring your phone?  
Thought something happened to you.

Cookie looks him dead in the eye.

COOKIE

Why would something happen  
to me? You okay?

SILAS

Well...yeah. Look, let's go  
in the house.

He looks up and down the street before he goes in, Cookie notices.

INT. SILAS HOUSE - DAY

As soon as he gets inside, he fumbles for his smokes and lights a cigarette. Cookie squints her eyes.

COOKIE

You been smoking a lot more  
cigs lately. You need to stop  
before we have our own baby.

Silas looks at her, then at the floor.

SILAS

A baby? Not now. Timing isn't  
right...at church.

Cookie takes a step closer to him.

COOKIE

That's not what you said a  
month ago. We agreed that this  
is a great time to start.

He turns his head to exhale the smoke. Then looks out the window.

SILAS

Well...things changed.

COOKIE

Oh yeah, what changed?

He paces, avoids eye contact. Tries to find the right response.

SILAS

Um, now that the rehab center is done, we're working on the half-way house for released convicts.

She raises one manicured eyebrow.

COOKIE

So, after that?

SILAS

Maybe.

Trying to hold her temper, Cookie takes a step backward.

COOKIE

Maybe? You had tears in your eyes talking about how your moms died in childbirth. How your no good brother gave your dad a heart attack and ran away like the junkie coward he is. You TOLD ME you wanted your own family. A big one. And you wanted to start now.

Silas takes another puff, then releases a deep exhale, mixed with stress and feeling cornered.

SILAS

Look, I need a minute. We'll discuss this later.

The minister starts to fast-walk to his office room.

COOKIE

But, Silas...

He flees from her quickly and closes the door behind him.

Cookie's face shows confusion and hurt. Under her breath...

COOKIE (CONT'D)

You keep this up...I'm leaving you, baby boy. Believe it.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - DAY

Several stories up, lavish furniture and gaudy décor, give way to a huge window with a magnificent view.



Behind the oak desk, the Kingpin, fully absorbed by his huge ego, smokes a cigarette and studies the brilliance of his huge rings on his stubby fingers.

Across the desk, in the guest chair, Natasha sits in knee high boots. She tries to draw his attention to the screen of the laptop she balances on his knees.

NATASHA

At least we got the face of one of the Jamaicans that hit us, this time.

The Kingpin glances at the screen, then back at his rings.

KINGPIN

We need to send...a message. Turn up the heat. Discourage...bad behavior. Make them mop-heads trip over themselves, to turn the thieves into us.

Like a good underboss, Natasha nods in agreement.

NATASHA

This discouragement...black and blue...or red?

KINGPIN

Red. Nightmare, red.

INT. JAMAICAN CLUB - NIGHT

Reggae music blasts from gigantic speakers. Rasta color clothes, soak in the sweat of those on the dance floor. Smiles and dreadlocks cover brown faces.

EXT. JAMAICAN CLUB - NIGHT

Black SUVs suddenly pull up to the front of the venue.

Six Russian men in trench coats and ultra short hair, exit. Glimpses of long guns under their outfits are seen.

On a hand signal, they all storm inside.

Sounds of rapid-fire guns and screams of terror, drown out the island music.

The Russians sprint out the doors and jump into the SUVs. The vehicles then peel out down the street.

INT. REHAB CENTER - DAY

In the sparkling new clinic, uniformed staff, bustle down hallways. Near the front desk, Silas, Aja and Doc go over paperwork. Aja peers up, takes in the fruit of their labor.

AJA

Ya' know Rev, in the Navy, they try to instill the 'can do' spirit in us. But, you 'did do'. Just look at this place.

Both men scope the beauty that the blood money built and the community members waiting in line to get treatment. Smiles.

SILAS

WE...Did do. And spirits you can't see with your eyes, made it possible. Praise God.

DOC

And a hefty...A-men...sprinkled on top.

Just then, Raul swings through the doors and he looks upset. After visually locating his team, he makes a beeline towards them.

RAUL

We have a problem, family. We need to talk. Privately.

EXT. REHAB CENTER, BACKYARD - DAY

Inspirational posters dot the manicured lawn. The Sun...on full tilt. The crew is a safe distance from staff and patients.

RAUL

Did anyone see the news, this morning?

Nods, indicate it was missed by all present.

DOC

What's the scoop, G-man?

The eyes of Raul do a 360 degree, eyeball check, around them before he begins.

RAUL

All bad. Your friend Tyreek was right about the Russian mob running these drop houses. He was right about how they go for the throat, too.

AJA

They hit any of our crew?

Panic in the voice of Aja, is calmed by the hand motions of Raul.

RAUL

I guess, since we disguised ourselves, the way we did...that's who they struck back against. Was at a reggae club, last night. Eight dead, fourteen injured. AKs were used on them.

The deacons, recoil in horror. Aja, mouth covered. Doc, eyes to the earth. Silas, turns away and looks to the sky. Tears form.

SILAS

This...all this, is my fault. It never occurred to me...this could happen.

Teetering, he holds a tree branch to steady himself. Although his back is turned to the deacons, sobbing is heard.

DOC

Silas, it's not your fault, bro. We were doing God's will. Just look around you at how many lives we are saving.

SILAS

I'm such an idiot. Innocent people. Dead. Because of what I did. I followed scripture. How do I...

Doc goes over and puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

SILAS (CONT'D)

How, in the name of Jesus, can I go on as a preacher...knowing this happened.

Self doubt is painted across his face.

DOC

You can...and you will. God loved David. How many soldiers were killed because of decisions he made? This is a battle too. Stay strong. We need you.

With head hung low, Silas turns to face his deacons. They look into his watery eyes.

SILAS

As of this moment, beloved, consider our group, disbanded. The price...is just too high.

INT. JAMAICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Although, after-hours...almost every seat is taken. Dreadlocks or not, all gathered, show anticipation.

The front door swings open. Bodyguards, fully armed... take a look around, then line the entrance.

GRAND-DADDY (60's), in all silver, with long dreads to match, stomps into the restaurant...and he is not smiling. Red eyes are seen behind the warlord's glasses.

His guards lead him to the center of the room. All eyes follow his moves. He pulls a chair over, then sits, as his protectors stand. His Jamaican accent is raspy.

GRAND-DADDY

NOBODY! And I mean, not a soul. Has a right, to do what they did...to us.

Those in the club, clap for the words he said.

GRAND-DADDY (CONT'D)

You called the right man, to bring you justice. Damn cops don't care. But I sure as hell do. I-man, no rest until them Russian blood-clots...get laid flat, on a slab of ice.

The gathered, cheer loudly as the gangster is passed a RED STRIPE. He chugs the beer and slams down the bottle on the table.

GRAND-DADDY (CONT'D)

If me have to, we get our boys from Vegas, Cali or even Kingston, if me need. Get up, get ready. Them no understand who them messed with.

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

Laid out with flair, the tables are full of food and champagne. A wedding cake stands tall with bride and groom figurines on top.

Natasha smiles as the Sun makes her gown glitter. She maneuvers past the crowd, rolls up to Ivan in his tuxedo and straightens his tie.

NATASHA

Ready, Ivan? Big day.

IVAN

Yes, ready. Except for one problem.

He holds up the hand with the finger she broke, in a splint.

NATASHA

On wedding night, you use a different appendage, no?

Laughing, they don't notice the white van driving slow on the nearby road.

It stops and the sliding doors open to reveal...two masked Rasta and Grand-Daddy...with semi-automatics.

They open fire on the wedding reception. Grand-Daddy screams as he lets loose.

Guests dive behind anything they could find. Chaos.

Natasha stays low and makes her way to a black SUV. She reaches inside and pulls out the hand gun the bikers gave her, as bullets fly by.

Just as she is ready to shoot, the van door closes and the van screams down the road.

A clear shot cannot be found by Natasha and the van drives out of sight. Her face shows outrage.

As she tiptoes between the dead and injured, she sees Ivan on his back. Two holes in his chest, bleeding profusely.

Natasha pushes people out of the way and kneels at his side. He tries to speak, no sound is produced. He dies.

She picks up his hand gently. Tears form as she kisses the same finger she broke.

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Jamaicans play basketball in the park. A black SUV pulls up. Shots are fired. Several bodies drop, before the surviving players scatter.

2. A black SUV drives near the edge of the desert, it slows down to handle a curb.

Behind cactus and sagebrush, armed Jamaicans in camo, crouch low. Grand-Daddy stands as he tracks the vehicle through binoculars. He suddenly jams his fist in the air...

GRAND-DADDY

FIRE!

The SUV is hit with a barrage of hot lead.

Out of control, the bullet ridden vehicle runs off the road.

3. Russians fire at dreadlocked guys on the soccer field.

4. Grand-Daddy and his crew throw Molotov cocktails at a Russian restaurant. People from inside, flee.

#### END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. CHURCH, SILAS OFFICE - DAY

A knock at the door, prompts Silas to open the door. Big D grins back him. They shake hands. Silas motions him inside.

SILAS

Thanks for doing the paperwork to get Tyreek out on bail the other day. It shows anonymous right? He don't need to know we did it.

BIG D

All good, my brother. You gave him a job already?

They both have a seat in chairs near the door.

SILAS

Yeah, just cleaning up around the church. I feel that deep down, he's a good brother who just got caught up.

As Big D nods in agreement, his detective spider-senses cause him to look at the pastor curiously.

BIG D

Yeah, kid has potential. That's not why I requested this meeting, though.

Silas swivels his chair to face Big D. He leans forward.

SILAS

I hear you. This gang war is destroying the city and innocent people are getting mowed down, but or intent was pure.

Big D shifts in his seat.

BIG D

Uh, all that is true, for sure, but...there's something else. That informant that hipped me to the drop houses called me.

The news causes Silas to recoil and scowl.

SILAS

I think I know where you're going. Like I said, all operations are suspended. We caused enough trouble.

BIG D

Long as these fools are turning our hood into zombie-land, we still have a job to do. Right?

After wringing his hands, Silas sits back in his chair.

SILAS

We can't do anything in this climate. But, I'll listen.

Following a toothy grin, Big D lays into his scheme.

BIG D

My man came across the big hub that actually supplies the drop houses.

(MORE)

BIG D (CONT'D)

It's in a secret room, in the back,  
at that spot, Club Houston.

SILAS

Hub, huh? Fancy joint. Hard to  
believe they get down that way.

BIG D

I checked the blueprints. Info is  
righteous. Hit 'em from behind. We  
can pay off the halfway house and  
get the shelter for abused women  
built too.

Silas turns to the side and rolls his eyes. A deep exhale  
follows. His head dips in deep thought.

SILAS

Man...we need to do something to  
help these sisters. And quick.  
They're raising the kids that get  
caught up in these crimes,  
because they're trying to kill that  
inner pain.

BIG D

So...we ride?

SILAS

I'm sure God will be on our side.  
But, this is the last one.  
Understand?

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY

Holding a mop, but with his ear at the door...Tyreek has  
heard the whole conversation. His eyebrow furls as he tries  
to digest the information, he eaves-dropped on.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Clouds cover some of the stars above, as the cloudy mind of  
Tyreek ponders his life.

On a bench made of crates, he sips a lemonade and overlooks  
the city he used to victimize. His chest heaves as he  
inhales, eyes closed.

TYREEK (V.O.)

Silas and the deacons are the  
raiders? How whack is that?

(MORE)



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

It must be how they are funding  
these projects that help the  
community. How easy would it be?  
One call to the Russians, then I  
get tens of thousands of dollars.

He covers his face with his hands. Turmoil in every cell of  
his body.

TYREEK (V.O.)

But Silas put up the money to have  
me out on bond. I'm a new man  
now...and Silas is a big reason  
why. Big loyalty...or big pay day?

Tyreek removes his hands from his face and wipes traces of  
tears away. He falls to his knees. Hands in prayer position.

TYREEK

Whoever is up there, or  
cares...please send me guidance.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Silas and crew, gear-up in their commando tactical uniforms.

SILAS

No Jamaican accents unless hand  
signals don't do the trick. We  
caused them enough grief. This  
time...is the last time. Let's make  
it count.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fuming on the inside, ELECTRA (20s), still in her waitress  
outfit, sits on a couch with her two-year-old. Across from  
her is her older sister. In between them, a coffee table with  
birthday cake on it.

ELECTRA

I had to pull all kinds of strings  
to leave work early so we all could  
celebrate my baby's birthday as  
a family. Where the hell is  
Fontaine?

She looks to the side and notices the clock.

ELECTRA (CONT'D)

That fool is ninety minutes late.  
What kind of father is that? I'm  
(MORE)

ELECTRA (CONT'D)  
going to the club to get him.  
Mind babysitting for a few?

Her sister nods in approval.

EXT. CLUB HOUSTON - NIGHT

The parking lot out front, is packed at the high scale night-spot. It is lit up with neon and patrons who go inside wear gowns and ties.

In the back, where the illicit drug hub is located, looks desolate and dark. One metal door seems to be the only entrance.

Parked near the back, a dark Hummer is hidden by a dumpster and empty crates.

INT. AJA'S HUMMER - NIGHT

Hi tech gadgets surround Silas and crew in the back of the transport. In the driver's seat, Aja looks concerned.

AJA  
My truck is less than a month old.  
No scratches or bullet holes are  
allowed. Ya feel me?

DOC  
Same goes for this old body.

His humor breaks the tension, but the team is ready for the assault. Aja nudges Silas and points to the metal door with key pad on it.

AJA  
We can't use charges here like we  
did on the other jobs to blow the  
doors off. I got something that  
will work, but we need a  
distraction.

AUSTIN  
Maybe drones again?

Aja shakes her head, no.

Just then they see a mini-van speed into the parking lot, then stop near the back door.

Electra jumps out and stomps her way to the entrance in question. Fists clenched, eyebrows furled, she does not seem happy.

She bangs on the door. Then waits. Nothing. She hits it harder this time and even kicks it a few times.

RAUL

I know those moves from my wife.  
Somebody inside is about to catch  
hell.

SILAS

Looks like the universe sent us all  
the distraction we need. Game  
faces, everybody.

The door finally opens and Electra storms inside, already screaming.

In the van, Aja grabs an arrow with a small gizmo attached to it. She put it in her crossbow. After lining up the shot, she lets it fly.

It hits the control pad on the door and sparks fly. Now the door is cracked open just a bit.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Good shot. Let's roll.

EXT. CLUB HOUSTON - NIGHT

Silas and the raiders rush to the door, armed with their tranquilizer guns. Doc and Raul toss smoke bombs inside. The crew rushes inside in single file.

INT. CLUB HOUSTON, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Surprised and blinded, the thugs inside get hit, one by one. They go down before hitting the alarm.

The raiders keep shooting as Aja, Austin and Doc find the cash and start stuffing it into bags.

From behind a file cabinet, FONTAINE (20's) steps out, using Electra as a human shield. His brown hand holds a .38 to her head.

FONTAINE

Drop the guns and money, before  
I splatter her all your GI Joe  
asses.

ELECTRA

Shoot this dead-beat dad, dead in  
his forehead. He ain't worth a  
bucket of piss on a hot day.

After a moment, Silas surrenders and bends to put his rifle  
on the floor.

With eyes distracted, Fontaine does not see Austin barreling  
through the smoke at full speed.

Austin tackles Fontaine from the side and his gun flies out  
of his hand.

Silas takes Electra by the hand and pulls her away from the  
danger.

As Fontaine fights Austin, he gets a good punch in, then  
pulls a knife from his boot. He flings it at Silas.

Raul and Big D pump two darts in his feisty ass. Followed by  
Austin's upper cut. The combo sends him to la-la land.

AJA

We're done.

SILAS

GO, GO, GO.

Silas turns to leave, then screams in pain. Fontaine's  
switchblade is lodged in his hip.

Big D grabs Electra by the wrist. Uses his Jamaican accent.

BIG D

Run. You don't say nothing or we  
come look for you. Understand?

Already shaking from the trauma, she nods yes, then dashes  
out the door in fear.

Doc and Austin flank Silas on both sides. Silas puts his arms  
around their shoulders to keep weight off the hip and they  
half carry their limping leader outside.

DOC

Take him to my clinic. I can treat  
the wound and sew him up.

EXT. SILAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car cuts off its headlights before it turns into the  
driveway. It parks, but no one exits.

INT. SILAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Looking like he had been through a rodeo, but he was the roped steer...the preacher hangs his head and exhales.

Silas looks over at the dashboard clock. It reads 3:14 AM

SILAS

This ain't gonna be no fun. Not  
even a little bit.

After a silent prayer, he emerges gently from the car. He bites his finger, so no screams of pain pierce the quiet nighttime neighborhood.

EXT. SILAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Now upright but leaning on his vehicle, pockets are explored with urgency.

A pill bottle is extracted by Silas. He scopes out the label.

SILAS

Pain pills, large canine? How  
fitting. Old girl will be kicking  
me around like a stray dog when I  
get in there.

Two pills are shaken out. He struggles to get them down without water.

He reaches back in the car and snatches a coffee mug...swallows.

He makes a face as the stale java washes down the two bitter pain pills.

The rest of the last morning's coffee is dumped as his mouth contorts, reflecting the horrid oral sensation.

First step, he almost falls. The limp in his gait is undeniable.

Silas looks to see if any lights are on in his house. None are seen...but that does not mean, Cookie is not watching.

The struggle up the driveway and to the front door, tests his intestinal fortitude.

His keys are brought forth and he unlocks the door, as silently as humanly possible.

INT. SILAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eyes dart around the room to see any signs of life. One life in particular. No one is seen.

Silas turns back to lock the door. The wrong way. Ouch, grimace much?

Tip-toeing does not seem as easy as it used to be. But, Silas plows through it. Until...

The lights spring into life. Standing near the switch is Cookie.

In a old, house robe, her hair is tied up like Tupac. Her face is twisted like Aunt Ester, just before she explodes on Fred Sanford.

COOKIE  
Why you so late?

Busted. He knows it but tries to produce a half-smile.

SILAS  
Sorry I'm late, sweetness. I was  
out with the deacons.

Cookie seems like that explanation is insufficient and flimsy. She studies him like a cat would study a mouse.

COOKIE  
Really? Until this time of night?  
Try harder.

Silas leans on a table as he prepares to get shredded.

SILAS  
It's true. I was with them tonight.  
Stayed a little longer with Doc  
than usual. No biggie. You can call  
them if you like.

Cookie scoffs.

COOKIE  
They'd lie for you in a heartbeat.

SILAS  
My deacons don't lie.

Unable to take the pain of being vertical, Silas tries to stride over to his favorite chair, normally. It does not look very convincing.

COOKIE

You been with another woman, huh?  
Whew, she worked you over good. My  
boy can't even walk right no more.

After collapsing into the chair, a whoosh of air is expelled by his lungs. This no-win argument has got to end.

SILAS

No, nothing even close to, that.  
Look, baby. It's a long story. I'll  
tell you in the morning.

Hand on hip, Cookie hones in.

COOKIE

I don't believe you. That's why you  
don't want a baby anymore. Be  
honest, Silas.

Exhausted and with pain pills kicking in, he turns his  
bloodshot eyes to his wife.

SILAS

Look...I love you very deeply and  
thank God you came into my  
life...but right now I'm tired,  
might say something incoherent and  
I'm about to pass out.

Sucking her teeth, no expression, Cookie utters...

COOKIE

I'll be right back.

She quickly goes into another room. Silas lays his noggin on  
the head-rest of the chair.

Moments later, Cookie comes back with a pillow and a blanket.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

You need to pass out? Do it on the  
couch. You're not welcome in the  
bedroom until this is settled.

The preacher's wife tosses the bedding at him in his seat.  
Then stares him down.

SILAS

I understand. Thank you.

He hugs the pillow. Then struggles with the hip as he tries  
to stand. Silas notices her...glaring at him.

COOKIE

It was one of those hoes from rehab, wasn't it. Slinging booty ain't no big deal for them. How much you have to pay?

His eye-roll does not go unnoticed.

SILAS

Babe, please. You're working yourself up for nothing.

Cookie's normally gorgeous face, is scrunched up from the emotional pain inside. She storms off.

Done creating his make-shift bed on the sofa, he stretches out on it like it was a cloud from the waiting area for the pearly gates.

Settled in, he reaches for his phone and starts texting.

Cookie peeks around the corner, in the shadows and sees his thumbs dancing on the cell phone. She whispers to herself.

COOKIE

I knew it. First chance, I'm outta here. For good.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - DAY

A shot of vodka is drained into the mouth of the enraged crime boss. He pours another, same result.

He calmly gets up from his desk and marches towards an already fearful, Natasha. She back-peddles.

KINGPIN

Your news...upsets me.

A rough Russian hand quickly grabs her by the throat and she is pressed against the wall. He yells.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)

I hate to be upset!

After her face turns red from lack of oxygen, he releases her grip. She gags for air.

NATASHA

I'm-I'm sorry.



KINGPIN

This is a soldier's job. Why did they send me this...skirt? They hit my hub, dammit. I said to put fear into them. Didn't you understand what I said?

Natasha tries to pull herself together...and not cry.

NATASHA

It won't happen again, sir. I'll hit them where it hurts.

He thrusts his eyes, inches from her face.

KINGPIN

It better not. Next time I won't stop squeezing that pretty neck of yours, until your head pops off on the floor.

She bows to him...body shaking.

NATASHA

No need, They will regret this. Dearly. I promise.

INT. DOC'S CLINIC - DAY

The finishing touches are applied to Silas's wound dressing. Doc takes the bloody gauze and puts it in the haz-mat trash.

DOC

That sucker got so close to an artery, it ain't even funny. What did you tell the missus?

SILAS

Nothing yet. I scooted out before she woke up. Girlfriend waited up for me last night. Whew. That was enough. I don't know what to tell her. I don't want to lie.

Doc takes a seat and maintains eye contact with his old friend. He leans in.

DOC

I know it's bad when a pastor lies, but deacons? Tell her, I said, it was my fault.

SILAS

Say what?

DOC

Yeah, it was night. You backed into something sharp. Started bleeding. I brought you here and I sewed your bloody ass up.

Silas cocks his head and gives him a strange look.

SILAS

Well, it's pretty true. You sure that will work?

DOC

My wife bought it.

They both chuckle.

SILAS

I could even show her the wound if I have to.

DOC

You NEED to show her the wound, my friend. And put emphasis on the new woman's shelter. We'll build it anyway. Women love heroes.

Now standing, Silas gives a hug to his homeboy.

SILAS

Bro, you saved my life. I owe you one. There's no way to thank you enough for this.

DOC

Don't thank me. Thank God, who makes all things possible. And keep trying to save this community.

SILAS

No doubt, brother. No doubt.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

College students splash and play in the water. The area is decorated with plastic palm trees and a pile of sand is nearby. A sign with Rasta colors reads, ISLAND GETAWAY DAY'.

A black SUV with bullet holes in it, cruises towards the gathering. Through the window, Natasha is seen. Scowl on her face. She pulls a ski mask over her head.

Now, close to the pool, her voice is heard.

NATASHA  
Ready? Fire.

EXT. BIG D'S VEHICLE - DAY

In the driver's seat, the detective shoots the breeze with Silas who leans into the car.

SILAS  
So yeah. If anyone asks, that's the way it went down. I'm about to go home and tell Cookie the story.

BIG D  
Sounds air-tight to me. How you feeling, dawg? That was a close one. If the waitress stays quiet, we should be good.

SILAS  
She's probably so happy her pitiful ass boyfriend got popped, she'll be out there with a shovel when we get that woman's center started.

Their laughter is cut short by the police radio.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
All units. All units. Respond to the community pool on Broadway avenue. Mass casualties.

Horror is on both faces.

BIG D  
Gotta go, bro. I'll give a call later. Best not be our Moscow mules up here tripping. I'm out.

Big D peels away from the curb as he waves. Silas looks very upset. His eyes trail off into the distance.

SILAS  
You're right. It best NOT be.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Big D parks and dashes over to the fresh crime scene. Police tape, still being set-up. Three bodies are covered with sheets. Other co-eds are tended to by paramedics.

BIG D

Good God.

The detective turns his head away from the grizzly scene.

Moments later, a Jamaican filled van, drives by the pool area, slowly. Grand-Daddy sticks his head out the window. Even his dreadlocks look angry.

GRAND-DADDY

Animals, mon. No rest, until them  
all dead.

The van leaves the scene but the occupant's faces show they are ready for a showdown.

INT. SILAS'S HOUSE - DAY

Cookie stands in the living room, hand on her hip and skeptical look on her face.

Across from her, Silas is rolling up the bottom of his shirt, carefully. He knows she is watching.

SILAS

Here, let me show you.

Silas exposes the bandaged wound to her.

A little blood has soaked through. She winces.

COOKIE

Christ, Silas. Why didn't you tell  
me this last night?

SILAS

The pain and pills had me  
disoriented and sleepy. Just wanted  
to rest up and heal.

Now, less defensive, she steps closer to him. Cookie looks him in the eyes.

COOKIE

Boy, you know I don't like secrets.  
Was thinking of leaving you and  
going back to my moms over that  
nonsense.

SILAS

I wasn't thinking straight. Look,  
you are the most important thing in  
my life. I promise, I will  
communicate better.

She takes him by the hand.

COOKIE

You need that gauze changed. Come  
on, we have some in the bathroom.

INT. CHURCH, SILAS OFFICE - DAY

Raul and Big D look uncomfortable as they see the sorrow on  
Silas's face. He swivels his chair away from them and tries  
to hold back tears.

BIG D

Was horrible, bro. Something I  
never want to see again.

RAUL

They called us Feds in. Now that  
college kids got pulled into the  
gang war, I guarantee it will get  
bloodier.

BIG D

Innocent students. One of the  
departed is from our church.

Silas shakes his head and swivels back to face both of the  
standing investigators.

SILAS

A kid from our congregation? Killed  
in the drive-by? Can't get much  
worse than that.

BIG D

He wasn't even Jamaican.

RAUL

It's spilling over. Nobody in these  
streets is safe.

Just then, Austin bursts in, tears in his eyes.

AUSTIN  
That shooting at the pool. My  
nephew...my poor nephew...now he's  
dead, yo. I want payback and I want  
it now. Real guns.

Austin shows he is strapped and ready.

RAUL  
Let law enforcement handle this.

BIG D  
It's our fault that it happened in  
the first place.

SILAS  
No. It's my fault. But the last  
thing we want, is to make it worse.

AUSTIN  
Fine. I'll do it in my own.

SILAS  
Must be some other way to stop this  
bloodbath.

AUSTIN  
I'm not trying to hear that. I want  
revenge. Damn heartless killers. If  
you don't help me, you're all  
cowards.

Storming out of the room, he slams the door shut behind him.  
Silence follows.

SILAS  
I, blame myself... for all of it.  
We weren't stealing from toddlers.  
These are some of the most lethal  
crooks on the planet.

He slams his fist on the table, in frustration.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Guys, give me a minute, We'll talk  
later. Right now, I'm shook.

Heads hung, Big D and Raul exit.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Dead college kids? I'd turn myself  
in...to whoever, if it would stop  
the killings. What a mess.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Grand-Daddy is surrounded by his boys in the bright sunshine. Perched on picnic benches, Grand-Daddy makes a call as his security, eyes the area for threats.

GRAND-DADDY  
Ya know them rude boys we said we  
might need? Yeah mon, send them  
down Phoenix way.  
(beat)  
Yeah, hit bad, bro. But me trying  
to find where them hide. I and I  
will have the last word.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Natasha looks humbled as she unwraps a gift in a decorated box. Her boss looks on with smugness.

Her eyes get big and she smiles wide.

NATASHA  
Thank you, thank you. Is this from  
back home?

Two bottles of rare vodka with Russian writing on them are held up by her.

KINGPIN  
One of the oligarchs owed me favor.  
I owe you favor. I think the mop-  
heads learned their lesson. We must  
find new spots. Problem?

NATASHA  
No problem at all, boss. Tomorrow,  
we start, new era.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

With eyes on the verge of dripping tears, Silas, in pastoral robes shakes hands and comforts members emerging from the inside. Most are dressed in black.

A middle aged woman with compassionate eyes, EARTHA, grips the hand of Doc, her husband. They approach Silas.

EARTHA  
A truly sad moment, but you did quite a stirring eulogy, Silas.

SILAS  
Thank you, Eartha. It was one of the most difficult of my life.

EARTHA  
I can imagine. Such a bright young man. Just trying to enjoy Summer fun, gone too soon.

DOC  
Too much violence lately.

EARTHA  
I was just talking to my husband about it. It needs to stop. I wonder what's behind it all.

A tear forces its way loose and runs down the pastor's cheek.

SILAS  
What indeed? Is anything really worth all the pain this caused?

EARTHA  
Are you alright, Rev?

He wipes the runaway tear stain on his cheek and plays it off. Cookie watches from the side.

SILAS  
Yes and no. Comes with the territory, I guess.

Eartha studies his face.

EARTHA  
You poor thing. One day, and I mean soon, grab the missus and join us for dinner. You hear?

A smile forces its way across the reverend's face.

SILAS  
Yes, ma'am.



DOC  
I'll be speaking to you, later.  
Come on, babe. Let's get on home.  
Brother Silas needs his space.

INT. SILAS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Silas, looking like he carries the weight of the world, directly on his shoulders...changes out of his church clothes, near a mirror.

Conflict is heavy within his face. He gently touches his wounded area. Then changes the dressing.

SILAS (V.O.)  
I deserved this. Why didn't I think  
of the ramifications of these  
raids. How stupid. More deaths -  
than I ever dreamed.  
(beat)  
Now, if found out, it would put all  
that I love in peril. At this  
point, I'm letting down the  
community, I was trying to lift up.

Freshly re-bandaged, his face stares at his reflection and agonizes over what to do.

INT. CLUB HOUSTON, BACKROOM - DAY

Natasha oversees the boxing up of the drop house hub, as workers move cartons and furniture. Old police tape is scattered around.

When a file cabinet is moved, something in the wall twinkles and catches her eye. She investigates.

It is an errant dart. Natasha pulls it out of the wall and studies it.

NATASHA  
I know where you need to go.

INT. BIKER BACK ROOM - DAY

Sparsely populated with leather jacketed, grisly faced, bike outlaws are seen meandering around with beer bottles.

Wearing an extra spicy outfit, Natasha marches into the club as the men try not to salivate.

Tank plays pool with a dude sporting a ZZ TOP beard. Natasha saunters over to him. Tank looks her up and down.

TANK

What can I do for you, sugar?

NATASHA

I need to borrow you for a moment.

He follows his guest to a corner.

TANK

We fix up the holes in the SUV good enough for ya?

NATASHA

Yeah, real sweet. Thanks.

She pulls out a tube to show him. Inside it is the dart.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Damn Jamaican scum left this behind from the last raid. Think there's a way to trace who might have access to a weapon to shoot this?

The tube is given to Tank. He analyzes it in a beam of sunlight that snuck into the darkened room.

TANK

Huh. Ain't seen one like this before. It can only be shot by a very specific gun.

NATASHA

When can I hear back?

TANK

I'll look into it right away. Gimme a few days, max.

NATASHA

When I find the supplier, I'll make him talk. One way or another. Then make them regret ever messing with mother Russia.

Tank chuckles to himself.

TANK

You got a little time? Love that outfit. Wouldn't mind messing around with some mother Russia myself.

She rubs her polished nails gently across his chest hairs.

NATASHA  
Business before...pleasure...no?

After a sexy grin, she spins on her heels and heads to the exit. His eyes, glued to the Southern part of her Russian landscape.

INT. DOC'S CLINIC - DAY

In his office, Doc smiles as he pulls out his cell phone.

INT. SILAS HOUSE, WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Sweat pours as Silas lifts weights. His concentration is on his reflection in the mirror.

His face seems to be angry at the image staring back at him. The contempt is tangible as he challenges his body to the breaking point.

Silas moves from the bench press and towels off some perspiration before gripping some dumbbells.

SILAS  
Push, preacher. Push.

He starts to do reps with heavy weights. Jaw clenched, a grimace accompanies each contraction.

With deep breaths, he fights through the pain.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Come on. Come on...

The screech of his cell phone ringing, breaks his concentration on working himself pass the threshold of physical exhaustion.

After an eyeroll that reflects annoyance with pausing his further self abuse, he relents.

The already moist and funky towel is deployed again. Breathing heavy, he answers his phone.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Hey, Doc. What's shaking, brother  
deacon?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Doc sits forward and looks at the phone strangely.

DOC

You alright, Silas? Sounds like you  
were trying to out-dash a runaway  
slave across a sandy beach.

The seriousness on the pastors face, gives way to a brief but  
needed smile.

SILAS

Funny. Had to workout. So much on  
my mind.

A hand rubs across the slightly pudgy mid-section of the vet.

DOC

I ain't hating on that. Clears your  
thoughts. Centers you. I should get  
my blubber bouncing, out there -  
like pronto.

Kicking back on a chair, Silas lets his tension out with an  
exhale.

SILAS

You're fine, Doc. What can I help  
you with?

Doc swivels his chair to look out the window.

DOC

You got that backwards, captain.  
Today, it's you that gets help.  
(beat)  
Eartha just went out and bought a  
huge heap of groceries. You and  
Cookie are eating at our crib  
tonight.

Humbled, Silas tries to resist...

SILAS

Hey, bro...we can't let you go  
through all that hassle for us.

A sip from his coffee mug, prompts...

DOC

I knew you'd say that. Write this  
down. It's Eartha's phone number.  
(beat)

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)  
You call her and break her heart.  
Running from her with a frying pan  
in her hand, is good cardio.

Silas laughs and realizes there is no sense in fighting it,

SILAS  
Okay, buddy. You win. What time we  
need to be there?

A victorious grin is flashed by the vet.

DOC  
I have a couple surgeries lined up.  
Should be a little after dark. Let  
Cookie know now, before she starts  
making plans.

A twist of the neck lets Silas see the clock. It is nearly  
noon. He tosses his towel.

SILAS  
Sounds good, Doc. See you, then, my  
brother. Much appreciated.

END INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Joy surges through Silas as he glances at the phone. He puts  
it down, then goes to the hall.

SILAS  
Hey sweetheart. Don't cook tonight.  
We just got invited out.

INT. BIKER BACK ROOM - DAY

As Tank tries to maneuver for 'pole position' with a leather-  
clad girl, half his age...his phone beeps.

TANK  
Excuse me, darling. Your sweet  
loving daddy will be right back.

He grabs a folder from behind the bar, then ambles his way  
towards the exit.

EXT. BIKER BAR PARKING LOT - DAY

The Sun, although approaching dusk, makes Tank squint his  
eyes. Shades are popped on as he weaves between motorcycles  
and modified trucks.

Near the edge of the lot, Natasha taps her fingernails on the steering wheel of her sports car, window down.

She sees Tank coming and turns her body towards him.

NATASHA  
Over here, Tank.

He adjusts his steps and greets Natasha with a smile, partially obscured by facial hair.

TANK  
Damn girl. You got here quick.

NATASHA  
You work much faster, my friend.  
The results are already back? Is  
one of your members, ex-KGB?

Slightly amused, he quips back...

TANK  
We got some of, every kind of  
person in our squad, sugar. But we  
could always use a new pretty face.

NATASHA  
I used to be pretty when I was  
sixteen. Now, I'm, how do you  
say...downright sexy.

TANK  
A-men to that, sister.

He leans into her window so onlookers cannot see what transpires. Tank hands the tube with the dart, back to her.

Natasha looks excited as he slides the folder into her hands.

NATASHA  
You found him?

TANK  
Take a gander inside.

She opens the folder. A large picture of Doc smiles back at her. The eyes of the Russian, narrow.

The dome light is flicked on as dusk settles in. She scans the bio information on the opposite page.

NATASHA  
Good job. One day, I swallow you  
like vodka martini.

TANK

I'll be waiting. Damn sure will.  
Anyway, that has address and  
anything else you need on him.

NATASHA

Is he Jamaican?

TANK

Don't think so...but does it really  
matter? Once you get his ass,  
squeeze out the names of his crew,  
he won't be worth a cow's booger.

Natasha burns the photo into her memory banks.

NATASHA

This is certain.

(beat)

I must go now. A proper Russian  
greeting must be prepared for our  
guest. Something...memorable.

Tank winks at her and steps back from the car. She guns the  
motor and speeds away.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eartha is cooking several items at once in her modest  
kitchen. She dashes back and forth, checking the progress of  
dishes.

Doorbell rings. She seems frustrated at the intrusion of her  
time, but goes to answer it.

INT. SILAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The preacher's wristwatch is checked as he stands by the  
front door. He peers at the darkness outside.

Rocking on his heels impatiently, he calls out...

SILAS

Hey, babe. We should get rolling.  
Doc worked late and I'm sure he's  
hungry as a skinny bear right now.

COOKIE (O.S.)

Just a minute.

He holds down the volume of his moan.

EXT. DOC'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Pedestrians stroll the streets of early evening. Natasha and crew pull up in a SUV in front of Doc's clinic.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Crossing her arms with pride, Eartha smiles. The dining table is laid out and looks quite fancy.

EXT. DOC'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Doc comes out of his practice, looking exhausted. He locks up the clinic behind himself.

In the SUV, Natasha watches closely. She gives a nod to her crew and they begin to exit the vehicle.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas and Cookie arrive. Big hugs are given by Eartha.

EARTHA

Glad y'all could make it. We got quite the spread set up.

The couple takes in the multi-course meal.

COOKIE

You didn't have to go out of your way like this.

EARTHA

It's been a stressful time. You both deserve a break from the kitchen. Been a while since I cooked for a party. Like it?

SILAS

Love it. Where's the old man?

EARTHA

Doc called a few minutes ago. He should be here shortly.

(beat)

How about I pour some red wine while we wait?

Both hands of the couple go up like they are getting sworn-in at the courthouse.



EXT. DOC'S CLINIC - NIGHT

A sound of boots causes the vet to spin around. The Russians wear dark uniforms with hats, shades.

Natasha steps forward, hat low on her head, hair covered.

NATASHA

You are vet, no? Our dog, very sick. Can you help?

DOC

Sorry ma'am. Closing up for the night. Had a long day. There's a 24 hour vet about ten miles from here.

NATASHA

So kind of you. I understand. Maybe you can just answer a question for me, real quick.

After she flashes a seductive smile, he nods in agreement.

DOC

Sure. What's the question?

Sliding her hand in her purse she pulls something out. It is the dart Tank had analyzed.

NATASHA

What the hell is this?

Doc is shocked to see it, then it all sinks in. He tries not to show it on his face...but he is scared.

Cornered and surrounded by Russians, they tighten the circle around him.

DOC

I-I don't know.

NATASHA

(sternly)

Let's take a walk.

DOC

No. You have the wrong guy.

A blast to the solar plexus doubles him over.

NATASHA

You have no choice.

Doc tries to fight back, but outnumbered by the younger goons, he is punched silly.

DOC  
Please...

NATASHA  
I hate to do this in public. Get in  
our car!

More punches are absorbed by the vet's body.

INSERT - VIEW FROM SECURITY CAMERA ATOP THE CLINIC

The lens is trained on the commotion below. Although night time, the recording is clear.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The once steaming dishes have now started to get cold. Wine glasses are empty. An awkward silence in the air.

EARTHA  
Gee, I wonder what's keeping him.

SILAS  
Did he say he'd stop by the store?

Eartha thinks about it, then shakes her head negatively.

EARTHA  
I wonder if the lady who stopped  
here earlier from the veterinarian  
association is making him late.

SILAS  
Lady? What lady?

EARTHA  
Some pushy broad stopped by here  
looking for him...with a Russian  
accent.

EXT. DOC'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Natasha snatches Doc by the collar. Gets in his face.

NATASHA  
I'm not playing with you. I will  
get answers. Right here, right now.  
(MORE)

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Who are the Jamaicans? I need  
names. Speak!

Doc doesn't say anything. Wipes blood from his face, then  
flips her the bird.

His finger is quickly grabbed by Natasha. She bends it  
backwards.

Doc squirms and screams as the other thugs hold him down.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
No joke. I'll break it in half if  
you don't talk.

He struggles but cannot get away.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Same question. Start talking.

Doc turns away, knowing what comes next.

Natasha narrows her eyes and seems to growl. The next thing  
heard, is the sound of a bone snapping. Doc screams louder  
than before.

The face of Natasha, shows no emotion.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An uneasy look covers the entire being of Silas. He tries to  
hide it, but Cookie notices...something off.

SILAS  
If he's not back soon, I'll give  
him a call.

EXT. DOC'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Helen, the neighbor of Silas and Cookie, hears the scream as  
she puts groceries in her car.

She peers up the street and sees Doc being assaulted.

HELEN  
Hey you! Leave that man alone. I'm  
calling the cops.

The Russians hear the old woman yell at them. They turn.

Doc breaks free and runs. Two guys chase him around the  
corner.

Natasha, pissed, starts marching towards Helen. Evil in her eyes.

Helen, scared - jumps in her car...speeds away.

Spinning on her heels, Natasha runs to catch up with those chasing the beaten doctor.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION - NIGHT

As Russians chase Doc, blood drips from his face and into his eyes.

The younger Russians gain ground quickly.

Half blinded, fully frightened, Doc runs into traffic.

Tires screech...but it is too late. He is hit by a car. His body hits the ground. Dead.

The Russians check his vitals, as Natasha watches it go down. With a nod, they confirm he's dead.

A quick sprint to the SUV, follows. They gun the engine and pull off quick.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas frantically calls Doc on his phone. There is no answer.

SILAS

Maybe me and Cookie should go drive over. We'll probably pass him on the way.

EARTHA

I'm going too.

She grabs her purse.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A ringing cell phone's sound is followed. A paramedic truck flashes lights, as the emergency crew huddles around Doc's body.

They stop chest compressions and shake their heads negatively as they cover him with a sheet. The phone stops ringing.

INT. DOC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Just as all three head towards the door, Cookie's phone rings. She scans the name.

COOKIE  
It's just Helen from next door.  
Probably just wants to gossip.

SILAS  
Maybe something happened to the  
house. Check it out.

COOKIE  
Why would something happen to the  
house, Silas?

She studies him as she answers.

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
Hey Helen, what's up?

Her eyes divert from her husband...then get big.

INT. SILAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Traffic slows as they drives towards the clinic.

They see police cars, lights and crime tape. A covered body is in the intersection.

Eartha screams.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Silas pulls into the parking lot. He jumps out the car, takes off his pastoral mourning robe, slams it into the back seat.

His face shows disgust with himself as he looks at his reflection in the car window.

He lights a cigarette with shaky hands.

FLASHBACKS - SERIES OF SHOTS/DOC

1. Doing raids together.
2. Sewing up his wound
3. Laughing together

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Silas falls to knees, cries. Guilt seems to consume him.

SILAS

Your death. It's my fault. What can  
I do? I need a solution.

His phone rings. He sees it is Cookie calling, he answers.

COOKIE (O.S.)

There you are. Why'd you leave so  
fast after service?

SILAS

Had to get away. Couldn't take it.  
Known Doc for years, my best  
friend. Need time alone.

COOKIE (O.S.)

Where you at?

SILAS

In the woods.

COOKIE (O.S.)

The woods? People need you here.  
You're still a pastor, right?

SILAS

I'm a preacher, not a robot. I have  
feelings too.

An awkward silence is followed by...

COOKIE (O.C.)

You better not be 'feeling' on  
another woman for comfort. I won't  
stand for it. You've been acting  
mysterious these last few months.

A groan of frustration and anger is emitted.

SILAS

I just told you that my world is  
crumbling and you come out the side  
of your neck, with this nonsense? I  
don't need this. I'll call you  
later. Bye.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The deacons gather together at their secret spot. They sit at the roundtable. One seat is empty...Doc's. His coffee mug, with name on it, sits at his favorite chair. All look sad.

BIG D

I got the security cam footage from PD. We need to see this to know who we are up against. Brace yourself.

Plays the footage on a laptop. No audio.

INSERT - SECURITY FOOTAGE

Thugs gather around Doc, under a night sky. The video is shot from above. Natasha does questioning. Others beat him. Gives her the bird. She breaks his finger.

AJA (O.S.)

Oh my God. My poor brother.

More beatings. Down the street, hard to see, is Helen. Goons turn that way. Doc runs.

A different cam, more grainy, shows him chased into traffic. Hit by a car. Thugs check his vitals, then they flee.

END INSERT

Deacons are sad and angry.

AUSTIN

I want revenge...more than ever,  
after seeing that shit.

EXT. IN BACK OF CABIN - DAY

In a deeply wooded area, the deacons bury the tranquilizer guns and darts. After they are covered with shovels. Silas bows his head, in prayer mode.

SILAS

This is from, JOHN 11:25. Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life. Those who believe in me, even though they die, will live. And everyone who lives and believes in me, will never die.

AJA  
A-men, reverend.

Silas takes a handful of dirt, sprinkles it on top.

AUSTIN  
What does that even mean?

SILAS  
It means that if your soul is in  
the right place, your death will  
not be in vain. Not for Doc, or the  
others who died as innocent souls.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Silas addresses the deacons from the front of the room.

SILAS  
It doesn't look like Doc said  
anything about us, but we can't  
tell. We have to watch out for each  
other. If you have vacation time,  
take it. Hopefully danger will die  
down over time. But retaliations  
might continue even if raids stop.

RAUL  
My agency is trying to locate the  
Russian kingpin and underboss.

AUSTIN  
Who wants to wait? If we see them,  
blast them.

SILAS  
Austin, please. We are out-numbered  
and outgunned. It would be a  
suicide mission. No blasting.

AUSTIN  
Look. Rev. I'm a fighter by trade.  
I can't take this weak approach.  
Seems spineless.

All heads turn in his direction.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
We are soldiers for the Lord. We  
fight, we don't hide. Men and women  
of faith? Look at y'all...scared.  
We have God on our side, right? I'm  
ashamed of you all.



SILAS

(agitated)

Shut the hell up. Now. Enough out of you. Your stupid idea will get us all killed, families too.

BIG D

Yeah, man. What you thinking?

AJA

I'm military. You're not. I agree with Silas. It's psycho to think we'd have any chance.

AUSTIN

Psycho, huh? Is that right?

RAUL

Not psycho, but naïve and dumb? Yes. You need to chill.

Austin fumes. His negative vibe affects the others.

SILAS

This meeting has ended. We've all been through a lot. Let's regroup and meet a few days from now.

Still mad, Austin doesn't say goodbye. He stomps out of the cabin, towards his car.

INT. AUSTIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Behind the steering wheel, he watches the other deacons leave. He grits his teeth.

AUSTIN

Look at them. All cowards. They can't talk to me like that.

He pulls out his phone.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Screw them. I'll turn them into the Russians, get rich and leave this town behind.

Glancing at the phone, it shows 99 percent battery power.

He finds the number of the thug connected to mob. Dials, phone starts cutting off. Can't get through. Looks at phone. Now battery zero.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Wow, how did that happen? Was fully  
charged a second ago.

Frustrated, he tosses the phone onto the passenger seat.

Suddenly it rings. Caller ID shows Doc's animal clinic.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
What? That place is closed and  
boarded up, it can't be.

His eyes wide, he almost touches the phone, but pulls back.

Austin looks to the cabin. A single light can be seen in the  
cabin, from his car. It illuminates Doc's coffee mug. Austin  
freaks. The ringer stops. Fear overwhelms his psyche.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. You kidding me?  
(beat)  
Fine, Doc. I got the message.

He starts the motor, pronto. Speeds off.

INT. SILAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas trudges from his home office with hollow eyes. Cookie  
does silent analysis as he sits at the dining table for his  
meal. He seems distant. Tastes the food.

SILAS  
Yuck. Cold mashed potatoes. Nasty.

Cookie is offended and it is seen on her face.

COOKIE  
If you didn't spend all them hours  
behind that office door, it'd still  
be warm. You smell like you smoked  
three packs of smokes in 90  
minutes.

SILAS  
Very funny. I have stuff on my  
mind. You know that.

COOKIE  
Look at me, Silas. I know that  
you're dealing with grief and it  
breaks my heart too.  
(beat)

(MORE)

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
But there's something else you're  
hiding. I can sense it.

He faces her. Eyes do not stray or blink.

SILAS  
Your senses...are off. Way off.

COOKIE  
No, I don't think they are. I was  
wrong about another woman...but  
it's something. You're hiding it  
from me.

She takes a step closer to his ear.

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
And one day, dear husband...I'm  
gonna find out.

Silas stares at his chilly food as her eyes burn into him.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Totally stressed, Silas hurries down the sidewalk with a hot  
pizza in hand. His mind seems overwhelmed.

He hears someone on the street call out in his direction.  
Silas turns around. A man stands there, who looks familiar.  
Shock hits him. It's his brother, Michael.

The eyes of Silas get moist as he sees Michael in full junkie  
mode. His clothes and hygiene need attention, urgently.  
Regardless, he is hugged by Silas.

SILAS  
Michael. It's you. I've been  
looking for you, bro. Missed you  
like crazy. I had to go to foster  
homes and struggled without you.

Pent up longing, spills out. Michael is not quite as moved.

MICHAEL  
I messed up. Don't want to talk  
about it. You came out okay.

Silas crooks his neck at the strange remark.

SILAS  
Yeah, well...it wasn't easy.

Michael seems cold and distant. His body movements...twitchy.

MICHAEL

Yo bro, why don't you hit me up  
with some papers? It's hard on  
theses streets. Feel me?

He puts his hand out like he is entitled to the money. To  
Silas, it seems clear that hitting him up, was the only  
intent with reconnecting. By Michael's demeanor, he will  
probably go to get more drugs.

Silas, sad, digs in his pocket and gives him two fifties.  
Silently, he realizes that he may never see him again.

SILAS

Here. Take this. And this too.

He also gives him the pizza.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Look. Much as I love you, don't  
come back, until you want to clean  
up. My church has it own rehab  
center and--

Michael waves off the idea with his hand.

MICHAEL

Naw, bro. I decline.

With all the other stresses, Silas grows angry.

SILAS

Still choosing dope over family,  
huh? Not surprised.

The prodigal son squirms under the truth bomb.

MICHAEL

You know, dawg...I would feel funny  
about using my own brother's  
facility.

Excuses do not impress Silas.

SILAS

Get it done somewhere. That stuff  
lead to dad's death. It needs to  
end. You know where to find me.

The preacher nods to the church, nearby.

Skinny and dirty, the money burns a hole in his pocket as the  
addiction prompts him to do the pee-pee dance for another  
fix. Silas notices he is eager to scoot away.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah. I got it. See you around.

Lack of eye contact and quick feet going in the other direction are the last visions Silas sees of his brother. He feels betrayed and used, alone on the sidewalk.

SILAS

My God. And you can't even say, thank you?

With head dipped, Silas shuffles to his church.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Silas stands at his dad's gravesite. He puts down flowers next to his headstone.

SILAS

Father to son. Preacher to preacher...please help me. I'm praying for some guidance and answers. Maybe, a miracle.

He falls to his knees and cries.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I beg forgiveness. Please show me a way to redeem myself.

The pastor pulls out a bible, then holds it to his forehead, eyes tightly closed. After a moment he opens the bible randomly. He reads a passage.

SILAS (CONT'D)

ISAIAH 35. The desert will sing and shout for joy. Give strength for hands that are tired - and to knees that tremble, with weakness.

He smiles.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Thanks...Dad.

EXT. SILAS HOUSE - NIGHT

Returning from Helen's house next door, Silas and Cookie walk back home.

COOKIE

I'm glad Helen will get out of town for a while. See her grand kids. If those thugs ever tracked her down, it could be bad news.

Silas peers over at her, takes a deep breath.

SILAS

She's not the only one leaving for a while. I prayed on it and decided I'm going to spend time in the desert to restore myself.

Cookie, stops walking, cuts her eyes at him.

COOKIE

Really? The desert? You? I don't believe you. Don't be surprised if I'm gone when you get back.

She enters the house in a huff, then closes the door behind her, before he gets inside.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Sun overhead glows, pulsating heat. Silas pulls his vehicle onto a dirt road, parks near cactus.

He tries to put a tent together near his car. Poles won't hold together right. The tent comically collapses.

Using tent material, duct tape and a few poles to create a lean-to against the car...he seems satisfied.

Shirt unbuttoned, Silas sits in shade of his impromptu shelter, but it is still hot. Water bottle - mostly full.

His eyes absorb the starkness of the desert. Then waits - and waits. He rubs sweat from his face.

SILAS

I'm starting to question the wisdom of coming here. Especially if Cookie leaves me.

(beat)

But damn, people are dying all around me. Innocent people. God, your boy needs an answer how to stop it.

(beat)

Where else is there to turn?

Now, his jug is almost out of water. Goes to car. Can't find the other jug, looks for it frantically.

Gets dizzy, sits back down. Sweat stains through his shirt and drips down his face as his eyes get heavy.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
I'm not leaving here until I get an answer. Good Lord, please give me that answer...

His eyes close, his chin rests on his chest. A strong desert breeze, brings a smile to his face. Then, thud...one eye opens.

A half-deflated Mylar balloon bounces off his head. It blows around for second, then lodges in the crux of a tree. The image of a robot adorns it.

Silas stares at it. The goggles on the mechanical man, reflects the strong sun rays.

A spark of an idea flashes across his eyes. He perks up. Goes to grab his cell phone and takes a picture. As he puts the phone into his backpack, a water bottle falls out.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
Blessing after blessing. Thank you, Lord.

INT. SILAS BEDROOM - DAY

Cookie rifles through clothes as one suitcase is already full, and the other, halfway there. She adds items to the luggage. Her face, upset.

COOKIE  
Stay in the desert? Sure, Moses, tell me another one. I'm done. Where's my leather? Always cold as hell at mom's place.

She digs deeper into the closet. Under some jackets is a gym bag. Surprise blankets her face. Cookie unzips the unfamiliar duffel and looks inside. She makes a face.

A nearby light is switched on. Some of the clothes are pulled out to see better. A tactical uniform and mask are extracted. Shocked, blinking eyes reflect her racing mind.

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
Silas? No way...but it does explain  
money for new buildings. But, my  
man? A vigilante preacher?

Cookie laughs for a moment, then...it hits her. The thought  
brings her close to tears.

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
He loves the community this much?  
Putting his life on the line? While  
trying to hide it from me?

After a deep exhale, Cookie refolds the uniform, then zips  
the gym bag up and tucks it back in place.

COOKIE (CONT'D)  
You're not just my husband. You're  
my hero. Ya damn fool.

INT. STORE COUNTER - DAY

Sporting dark shades and dressed like a spy, Cookie lifts a  
finger to get the attention of the customer rep.

COOKIE  
Yes, I need your help. I'll take  
that one...right there.

Following the direction of her manicured fingernail, the rep  
strolls past rifles and shotguns. He stops at the pistol  
display. He touches a hand gun with a long barrel.

She smiles, then nods back to him.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Silas and his crew of deacons have coffee and talk at the  
roundtable. Raul moves his laptop so all can see it.

On the screen are photos of Kingpin and Natasha.

RAUL  
With the new security cam footage  
of Doc's murder, we sent it over to  
Interpol. They had a file already.  
This is what we got back.

AUSTIN  
Print that shit out. I'll use them  
for target practice.



RAUL

The guy is Pavel Selsznev. Runs the operation and is tied to oligarchs back in Moscow. Has quite a bloody record, spanning decades.

All faces lean in, closer.

AJA

Yeah, he looks like a killer.

RAUL

The female might be attractive, but she's dangerous too. Natasha Krasilov. Was trained as a Red Sparrow. Has assassinated many. She's the underboss to Pavel, here in Phoenix.

BIG D

They need to be put out of commission. First, they need to be located. Next, PD needs something to bust them on.

SILAS

God is on our side, deacons. Just a matter of time before this ends.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Tyreek, mopping, sees Silas hustle towards his church office. With cell phone to his ear, he converses as he walks briskly.

SILAS

Ah, that's great news, Big D. Thank your informant for me and text me the location. I have a plan and it's falling into place. Just need bait...peace. I'm out.

INT. CHURCH, OFFICE - DAY

Silas grabs a pack of cigarettes from his desk drawer. As he spins to leave, he is face to face with Tyreek.

TYREEK

Hey, reverend. I want to help. I know you're 'On that Robin Hood shit.' Right?

Silas gets nervous. Tyreek smiles.

TYREEK (CONT'D)

Not to worry. It's cool. I've brought trauma to the community in my old life and now I want a chance to do right.

SILAS

Don't think I know what you mean.

TYREEK

It's like this. I'd rather drive Russians out, than take big cash from them, for the bounty on your head.

(beat)

Especially for a brother like you that has shown true love to a hood that's been taken advantage off.

Silas acknowledges the compliment with a nod.

SILAS

The only reason folks take these drugs is to escape the horrible pain of day to day life. That's the root of the problem.

TYREEK

Damn straight. You opened my eyes - through your words and your actions. Look. It was a good thing I was busted...because I was stealing from Russians.

(beat)

Might have got caught and be dead now. Let's take a walk.

They both head out the door.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Sun has set and street lights are on. Silas follows Tyreek through the parking lot to his vehicle.

Tyreek opens his car door and removes a fake console. He opens a black bag and shows Silas sacks and sacks of heroin inside the stash satchel.

TYREEK

I don't want this anymore. It's worth thousands. Need to get rid of it. Like, now.

Silas rubs his chin and grins.

SILAS  
Tonight, split it up and make two  
bags out of that. Will tell you the  
details later.

INT. SILAS HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas peeks around corners as he enters his home. The dining table is set up with his favorites. His face, full of questions, stares at it.

Cookie comes from the kitchen with a wine bottle and two glasses. Her outfit clings to her body as she slithers over.

COOKIE  
Let's get back on track, handsome.  
Whatcha say?

First confusion, then it is replaced by joy. He hugs her.

INT. TYREEK'S CAR - NIGHT

In the church parking lot, Tyreek dials his phone. His outfit is pre-bust, thuggish.

INT. NATASHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A hockey game plays on a TV. Brutal body checks and fist fights break out. The voice of the Russian announcer surges with excitement.

Her phone rings. Annoyed, she answers.

NATASHA  
This better be important.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Tyreek speaks in a low tone.

TYREEK  
Me and the boys, we did a job. Big  
time, biker gang while they were in  
Sturgis. Found out they are the  
ones who pretend to be Jamaican.

Natasha turns down the game's audio.

NATASHA  
And you have proof?

A cigarette is lit by the ex-thug.

TYREEK  
Bags and bags of proof. Break me  
off a nice finders fee - we can  
rock and roll. You down?

Tyreek turns to the passenger side, winks at Silas who wears his black tactical uniform.

TYREEK (CONT'D)  
You're on the way? Perfect. Club  
Houston parking lot is cool.

EXT. CLUB HOUSTON - NIGHT

Tyreek parks next to Natasha's sports car.

He gets out with a metallic briefcase and looks around cautiously. Then gets into the passenger seat of her vehicle.

INT. NATASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

After Tyreek sits down, he notices a pearl-handled revolver on her lap.

TYREEK  
Waiting here long?

NATASHA  
No, just got here. Talk to me.

TYREEK  
Lemme show you instead.

After another 360 degree look, around the crowded parking lot, he puts the briefcase on his lap. Opens it.

Her eyes are drawn to the bag with hundreds of small packets with white powder in them.

NATASHA  
Nice. You saved us big money.

TYREEK  
That's not all.

In the corner of the case is something black. Tyreek unfolds it, to reveal a tactical mask.

NATASHA

That's the mask we saw on security cameras.

TYREEK

Yep, same exact one I saw, just before I got hit with a dart.

NATASHA

Goddamn bikers. I trusted them.

Tyreek sees sadness and betrayal in her eyes.

TYREEK

I think their plan is to take over the drop houses after you lose too many soldiers in war with Jamaicans. How gangster.

Natasha takes the mask in her hand, inspects it further.

NATASHA

Those dirty, double-crossing bastards.

TYREEK

That's the nature of the game.

He closes the case and slides it towards her.

She takes the drugs, then stuffs it under her seat. From her purse, she gives him an envelope, he looks inside. It is stuffed with cash.

NATASHA

If you see something on news about explosion at biker bar...know that mama is getting her payback.

Tyreek smiles, gets out the door and leans in.

TYREEK

You sure look ready to swoop on 'em. Teach that ass not to mess with you.

NATASHA

Oh, I will.

INT. BIG D'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Binoculars point out the window towards Tyreek's car across the street. Big D lowers them, looks to his side.

BIG D  
She took the bait. You ready?

One last drag is taken on his cigarette as Silas flicks it out the window. In his all black gear, the preacher smiles back, game face on.

SILAS  
Ready.

INT. JAMAICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Grand-Daddy holds serve in a meeting, after business hours. He looks over his soldiers with a steely glare, before speaking.

GRAND-DADDY  
We cornered one of them fools who  
run a Russian drop house. Made him  
tell us who the boss is and where  
he's hiding.  
(beat)  
The Vegas crew is on the way. We'll  
crush them all...and end this war,  
for good.

Rastas ready their guns to prepare for their showdown with Kingpin.

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX - NIGHT

Big D's, vehicle follows Natasha's for a while, then he hits the police lights. Her car slows down, then pulls into a tire shop, closed for the night.

INT. NATASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

With eyes peeled on her rear view mirror, tension is unsuccessfully expelled with a deep breath.

NATASHA  
Shit. You kidding me?

Her feet kick the briefcase deeper under her seat.

Moments later, Big D stands outside of her driver's side window. His detective badge is prominent. Natasha rolls down her window and puts on her act.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Greetings, officer. How can I help  
you tonight?

BIG D  
License and registration, ma'am.

NATASHA  
Of course. One moment.

She digs through her purse.

EXT. NATASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

While she retrieves her info for Big D, Silas has silently emerged from the car behind her. A bag and duct tape in his hand. He stays low.

The black outfit is good camouflage as he approaches, undetected.

Silas sneaks in behind her sports car and plants drugs under the back of Natasha's car. Duct tape holds the surprise package securely in place.

After done, he stealthfully scampers back to Big D's vehicle.

INT. NATASHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Big D scans her paperwork carefully as Natasha eyes his every move. Her hand moves from her lap, to the hidden pearl-handled firearm, not seen from Big D's view.

BIG D  
We're looking for a female perp  
with a similar vehicle. I see you  
are not her.

He hands back the license and registration, with a smile.

NATASHA  
Oh, I see.

BIG D  
You are free to leave, ma'am.  
Please drive safe.

NATASHA  
Absolutely, sir.

Big D turns and marches to his own vehicle.

Natasha rolls her eyes and puts her hand to her chest.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Close one.

She puts her car in drive and slowly pulls off into the night traffic.

INT. BIG D'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

After she is long gone, the detective twists his body to look in the back seat. Silas smiles back to him.

BIG D

We good?

SILAS

All set. Let's go.

BIG D

I'm on it.

Silas sits up and takes out his cell phone, speaks.

SILAS

Mission accomplished. You're next.

INT. AJA'S HUMMER - NIGHT

With headphones on and laptop activated with several screens showing, the tech wizard responds.

AJA

I located his main phone. Just need to cloak my IP and we're set.

The screen of her computer lights up, brighter.

AJA (CONT'D)

Okay, we're in business.

Aja begins typing. The words show on the screen.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

HELLO FRIEND. LETTING YOU KNOW THAT YOUR SECOND-IN-COMMAND IS BEHIND THE RAIDS. SECRETLY KEEPING THE MONEY FOR HERSELF. JUST CHECK HER CAR.

END INSERT



INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

As criminal mastermind pours himself a vodka, the cell phone on his desk beeps. He takes a gulp of his drink, then checks his text.

His whole face changes while reading it, especially his eyes. He slams his drink down on the desk. Vodka gets the surface wet, but at this point, he is too furious to care.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Camouflaged and hidden by foliage, Grand-Daddy and his crew blend in to the background. He puts his phone in his jacket and addresses his crew.

GRAND-DADDY

It's all set. The Vegas crew will be here in less than an hour. When our army attacks, we leave no one standing. Understand?

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Natasha enters the room, giddy from the news about the identity of the raiders. Moonlight shines through the large window as stars above, twinkle.

KINGPIN

Glad you stopped by. Please, have seat.

Kingpin looks her up and down. His smile, misleading.

NATASHA

My informant just gave me valuable information on who the raiders really are, along with proof. And they're not Jamaicans.

Kicking back on his chair, Kingpin intertwines his fingers.

KINGPIN

Really? Who might it be?

NATASHA

It was those damn bikers. I thought they were our friends. They did double-cross. Pretended to be Jamaican to throw us off.

KINGPIN  
Is that right?

NATASHA  
Yes. My informant stole from them  
and brought me this.

She extracts the bag of heroin packets and the mask. She lays them on his desk as she is studied carefully.

KINGPIN  
I just got untraceable text.  
Someone said that you are behind  
the raids and you keep the money  
for yourself. It's funny, no?

Several Russian thugs march into the room, block the door.

Natasha is beside herself. Panic in her eyes.

NATASHA  
This is lie. I would never do that.  
Would be suicide. Was probably the  
bikers. It is deception.

KINGPIN  
Oh. I believe you. We just need to  
dispel their lies. Give Vladislav  
your keys so we can clear this up.

She hesitates at first. The accusation noticeably hurts her feelings...but she complies. VLADISLAV (30's) catches the keys tossed at him.

NATASHA  
I am innocent. Check all you want.

Vladislav takes a few men with him and they exit.

Kingpin and Natasha exchange emotionless stares.

INT. AJA'S HUMMER - NIGHT

On the edge of the parking lot, far away from Natasha's car, the Russians are seen through binoculars as they rummage through the sports car.

Aja speaks into her headgear softly.

AJA  
We have eyes on them. We're on  
stand-by.

Kingpin's men pull something from under the back of the car. They walk back to the building.

AJA (CONT'D)  
The bait has been taken.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

A gulp of vodka is taken by Kingpin, but his eyes never leave Natasha. An idea comes to her.

NATASHA  
I have connections that could find the source of that text. If it is bikers, we should go to war with them. Or whoever it is.

KINGPIN  
Indeed.

Vladislav returns with his crew. His eyes disregard Natasha as he strides towards his boss.

NATASHA  
Nothing, right? All a hoax to have us distrust each other.

VLADISLAV  
No hoax.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a bag full of white packets, about the same size as the one presented earlier.

All blood runs from Natasha's face.

INT. AJA'S HUMMER - NIGHT

With a controller in her hands, she presses buttons that light up. Aja's finger move a toggle switch around. A drone launches from the roof of the Hummer and she watches it through the windshield.

AJA  
Eye in the sky is airborne.  
Recording device, activated.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Silas and Austin observe the drone's flight from atop a nearby building. Silas speaks into a walkie-talkie.

SILAS

Copy that.

Using an I-Pad, Silas can see what the drone records.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Grand-Daddy looks up to see the drone heading for the Kingpin's office.

GRAND-DADDY

Gentlemen. We may not be alone out here.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Natasha looks on helplessly as the evidence is shown to her face. Fury and rage emits from the face of the man who is her boss. He leaps to his feet.

KINGPIN

You steal from me? Me?

(beat)

Such a gross violation is hard to ignore. You must pay.

NATASHA

I was set-up. I swear.

So much tension is in the air, that no one notices the drone, hovering outside the window.

KINGPIN

That's not what I see. I see a traitor, that needs to be dealt with. Right now.

Natasha begs.

NATASHA

It wasn't me. I would never do such a thing. God is my witness.

Kingpin reaches in his drawer and pulls out a blade that looks best suited for skinning elk.

KINGPIN

I used this knife when we chased off the Mexican cartel. Their boss...his neck was so soft.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Silas dials his phone as Austin monitors the on-screen action in the office.

SILAS  
Yo, Operation Robot Eyes is in full effect. Aja will notify the police, so you can respond.

INT. FAST FOOD BATHROOM - NIGHT

Big D takes the call as he enters the restroom for privacy.

BIG D  
Cool. I'm right around the corner.

INT. AJA'S HUMMER - NIGHT

Eyes on the controller and monitor screen, Aja listens to Silas over her headphones.

SILAS (O.S.)  
It's time to invite the boys over to dance.

AJA  
Roger that.

She activates the cloaking feature on the laptop. The 911 system is connected. She types...

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE SITUATION. 2783 WEST CACTUS ROAD, THIRD FLOOR OFFICES.

END INSERT

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

As Kingpin stalks his way in Natasha's direction, with shaky legs, she stands to her feet.

NATASHA  
Give me one day to figure this out. This whole thing was made up.

She backs away from him. Glancing at the door behind her, she sees it is guarded. Natasha puts her hand in her purse and secretly grips the gun the bikers gave her.

KINGPIN

Putin, he may like poison. But me...I'm a simple man. The sound of sliced flesh...it's a fetish of mine.

INT. BIG D'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Big D speeds towards the crime scene. His unmarked car now flashes police lights in the grill.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Silas and Austin are shoulder to shoulder as they both watch the tense situation going down in the office, through the screen on the I-Pad.

SILAS

Maybe we should stop this. He's gonna gut her like a fish.

AUSTIN

Miss tight britches had it coming. She didn't hesitate from poisoning our hood for money.

SILAS

Or for killing Doc and others. The Bibles says there is a time for everything. I guess this is hers.

AUSTIN

Glad you see it my way preacher.

Silas grins back to him.

SILAS

I see God's way. You just happened to be lined up correctly today.

Austin smiles and rolls his eyes. Their bond, tighter.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

After one more step backwards from the homicidal maniac that used to be her boss...Natasha draws her pistol.

With the business end, aimed at the Kingpin's chest, he stops advancing towards her.

KINGPIN

Bad choice.

NATASHA

It's the only choice I had left.

KINGPIN

Put it away, silly girl. Gunshots will bring cops.

NATASHA

What do I care? Better chance to survive prison than with you and your toy. Drop it.

KINGPIN

Ladies first, my dear.

Behind her, Natasha doesn't notice Vladislav pull something from his jacket.

NATASHA

You think I joke? You would not be the first gangster I shot.

KINGPIN

Oh, Natasha, I will miss you. Want an unmarked grave or the bottom of a lake?

She raises the gun so that if she fired, it would blow a hole in his face, right between the eyes.

NATASHA

Drop it, dammit.

The stand-off continues. Both pair of eyes burn into each other. Sweat forms on her face.

KINGPIN

Funny thing about knives. They make so many of them.

Kingpin nods. Vladislav flings his blade at Natasha. The point of it penetrates her wrist.

Blood flows and the gun falls to the floor. She screams in pain. Kingpin chuckles.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)  
You lose, little one. I will take  
care of you myself, personally.  
Traitor.

With quick steps, Kingpin is in her face. He snatches her by the throat.

Stab after stab, goes into her abdomen. Soon her eyes roll backwards. Her body goes limp.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jaws open, Silas and Austin see the murder take place.

SILAS  
What a monster.

AUSTIN  
I thought revenge would feel  
sweeter. That...was disturbing.  
Maybe even, sad.

SILAS  
That's why we don't go down that  
road of violence.

INT. KINGPIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Blood trickles out of Natasha's mouth. Kingpin lets his death grip loosen.

His ex-underboss, crumples to the floor. He looks to the other thugs in the room.

KINGPIN  
Good shot, Vladislav. You get nice  
bonus. Get her outta here and clean  
up the evidence.  
(to Natasha)  
You learned the hard way, my sweet.  
Tell the devil I said, hello.

Kingpin's maniacal smile is short lived. The multi-colored blinking of police berries reflects off the window.

KINGPIN (CONT'D)  
Shit. Cops.

VLADISLAV  
Boss. Look at that thing.



All eyes follow his finger to the drone that hovers in the darkness. Now, panic.

KINGPIN  
Forget her. Let's go. Use the back way.

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR KINGPIN OFFICE - DAY

Grand-Daddy sees patrol cars stream into the parking lot. Bewildered, he takes out his phone.

GRAND-DADDY  
Stand down, brethren. I think Jah just handled the situation for us.

The Jamaicans hi-five each other.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kingpin and his crew race down the flight of stairs, two at a time. They bounce off walls in their haste.

The exit door at the bottom, swings open. Big D and uniformed cops peer inside and both groups see each other.

BIG D  
Freeze! Drop your weapons. Now!

Kingpin snatches Vladislav by the sleeve.

KINGPIN  
Shoot the pigs or we'll never get out of here.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The drone is maneuvered by Aja to capture the action in the stairwell through the windows that line the escape route.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Silas and Austin are breathless as they watch the confrontation through the video feed.

AUSTIN  
Oh shit. Them fools got guns.

SILAS  
Phoenix PD has more.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kingpin and his goons draw their weapons. Shots rain down on the police and reverberate loudly through the enclosed space.

The streetlights from the parking lot illuminates them and makes them easy to see. One officer with a shotgun hands it to Big D.

Suddenly, spotlights beam through the windows from the drone. With the shoe on the other foot, police see the killers clearly.

One gang member gets hit and blood splashes on Kingpin's face. As he tries to wipe it off, two others get hit.

Big D finds an angle with a clear shot. BOOM. The shotgun shell hits Kingpin and knocks him against a wall.

BIG D  
Surrender. Now.

Bloodied, Kingpin struggles to his feet and blasts off two more rounds. They are his last.

Service revolvers and Big D's shotgun are the final noises his ears absorb. Riddled with bullets, he collapses backwards.

The remaining Russians toss their weapons and surrender.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A fist bump is given between the deacon and the preacher. On the screen, Kingpin is motionless and bloody.

SUPER - SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. DR. HAROLD LESTER WOMEN'S SHELTER - DAY

Silas, Cookie and Eartha cut the ceremonial ribbon at the front of the hall. The crowd cheers.

When Cookie moves to the side, it is seen that her baby bump shows quite prominently.

SILAS  
We proudly open this facility for  
the most vulnerable people in this  
community.

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

Women who are expecting and don't have the safety net of family to help them through it.

COOKIE

A-men, reverend.

SILAS

No more exploitation. No more living in danger. The innkeeper in Bethlehem didn't have room for an expecting mother...but we sure will. I promise you that.

Pregnant women in the crowd celebrate that news, loudly.

SILAS (CONT'D)

We name this beacon of light, after a cherished deacon from our church, who died from needless violence.

Applause emits from those attending. All of the deacons are joined by Tyreek, who is now one of the members.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Of all the miracles that God gives us, perhaps the power of redemption is the most compelling.

TYREEK

You got that right, brother. Preach that truth sir.

SILAS

We have the spiritual gift to change our lives and how we see ourselves.

(beat)

Born again is not just a slogan...it's a reality.

At that moment, sunshine streams inside from an open door. In the doorway, stands Michael. He looks cleaned up, healthy and wears a suit. Silas is dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

I am living proof of the power of redemption. Been down, but I got myself back up.

Silas rushes over and gives his brother a tearful hug. All eyes in the facility get moist.

SILAS

You're back. Hey world. My brother  
is back. What a glorious day, the  
Lord has sent.

Family and friends enjoy a group hug with the once estranged  
brothers. Happiness covers every face in the facility.

THE END.