

THE STREET ILLUMINATI (Pilot)

"Genesis of Monsters"

Written by

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Base on the novel series by David Garcia

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ACT ONE

1 EXT. ESCALADE - NIGHT 1

Black Escalade on gleaming rims cruises the Vegas Strip.

SUPER: LAS VEGAS, 2013

2 INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT 2

JACK "DJ" JOHNSON (black, 20s) drives. JASON ABREGON (20s) sits in the front passenger seat. RAUL ABREGON (16) sits in the rear. The three are members of the Las Vegas Kings gang.

JASON
(to Raul)
(in Spanish)
Don't forget to tell 'im the molly
gonna be here Wednesday.

Raul nods.

3 INT. HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

Music PLAYS as THREE MEN stand, drinks in hand. They stare at ANGEL DOMINGUEZ (19), as she sits on the couch between MAN #1 and MAN #2. Eyes half-closed, she giggles, sways her head.

4 KITCHEN 4

DJ and Jason stand, watch the scene unfold. We now see DJ is muscular, linebacker big.

DJ
She's in one of my classes. Name's
Angel.

JASON
Fine as hell.

Jason eyes the group of men lurking like a pack of wolves.

JASON (CONT'D)
(beat)
These fools about to run a train.

Male #1 places a hand on Angel's knee, whispers in her ear.

DJ
She's usually way more polished.

5 HALLWAY

5

Raul exits bedroom with ROBBIE (20s). DJ and Jason walk over, prepare to leave.

DJ
(to Robbie)
Chic in the living room -- she come here a lot?

ROBBIE
She's with Cindy. Never seen her before.

Robbie pushes another door open. On the corner bed, TWO MALES fuck CINDY front and back.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Why? She a friend of yours?

DJ
Nah, I just know her from class.

ROBBIE
(unsure)
Oh, 'cause, uh, Cindy slipped her a roofy.

6 LIVING ROOM

6

DJ bolts inside. The three males have stepped closer. Angel lays on the couch, unconscious. Male #1 kneels between her spread thighs, unbuckles his belt.

DJ delivers a perfect kick to the face of Male #1, sends him over the armrest. Out cold.

Male #2 takes a fighting stance.

MALE #2
What the fuck!?

DJ moves without hesitation, backhands him to sleep with a closed fist. The others fearfully step away as DJ scoops Angel into his arms.

DJ
Where's her shit!?

MALE #3 points to a purse on the coffee table.

MALE #3
Black Mercedes S-U-V.

JASON
(calmly to Robbie)
If the cops come looking for mí
hermano... mí familia gonna come
looking for them.

7 EXT. HOME - NIGHT 7

Mercedes is parked in carport. Escalade behind it.

8 INT. HOME. BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

DJ places Angel onto a bed.

9 INT. HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

DJ enters, lights up a Newport.

JASON
What'chu gonna do?

DJ
Let her sleep it off.

JASON
Hopefully she don't wake up crazy.

DJ nods, acknowledges the possible issue.

10 INT. HOME. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10

DJ is asleep on the couch. His eyes open suddenly. He sits up, turns on the table lamp.

Angel stares at him from across the room. Even with frayed hair, tussled skirt, she looks incredible. The two stare at one another for a beat, then, she steps closer.

ANGEL
Jack? Jack Johnson?

He stands -- she steps back.

DJ
It's okay.

ANGEL
How did I get here?

DJ
Cindy bitch spiked your drink for
them guys.

Angel wraps arms around her body, expects the worse.

DJ (CONT'D)
Nothing happened. Got there right
when you blacked out.

She takes a seat in a nearby recliner, thinks hard.

ANGEL
Why help me? We... we don't really
know one another.

DJ
Don't need a reason for shit like
that.

ANGEL
I should call the police.

DJ
I knocked two of them out. I'm
sorta on parole.

ANGEL
I'll tell them what happened. That
I was nearly raped.

DJ
Won't matter. Got a history of
knocking niggas out.

Hold a beat -- she wrenches fingers through her hair.

ANGEL
Tío Javy told me never to accept a
drink from anyone.
(matter-of-factly)
He passed away.

DJ
Sorry.

She straightens her posture, stands, walks up to him.

ANGEL
Thank you.

Suddenly, she wraps both arms around his waist, begins to weep. Towering above her, he hesitates, then returns the hug. Empathy clearly fits him like a shirt two sizes too small.

11 EXT. UNLV CAFETERIA - DAY

11

Students move about as DJ and Angel sit at a booth, the remnants of lunch before them.

DJ
He was about to cry.

ANGEL
Nonsense. Steven's proposal had a ton of holes. I went light on him.

DJ
Light!? You started walking 'round...
(raises arms)
...are you not entertained. Are you not entertained.
(shakes head)
They said you was a genius.

She giggles, wrinkles a brow, realizes the potential gossip.

ANGEL
Who said that?

DJ
Other students. Said you started college at like thirteen.

ANGEL
I graduated high school at fifteen. Enrolled two months later.
(studies him)
Do you consider me a friend, Jack?

DJ
Yeah. Why?

ANGEL
We've had lunch after every class for a month now, and I've told you a ton about me. Yet, I don't know much about you.

DJ
What'chu wanna know.

ANGEL
What do you do to relax?

DJ
(distant)
I hit up Spring Mountains once a week. Got a spot -- has the best view.

ANGEL
I'd like to see that view.

DJ
(looks around, vulnerable)
Whenever you want.

Angel checks her Movado.

ANGEL
Have to meet with my lawyers later on, but how about now?

He eyes her a beat.

12 EXT. SPRING MOUNTAINS - DAY

12

Having already parked, DJ waits behind Angel's Mercedes as she exits. He looks down at her feet. She has changed into pink Nike's.

DJ
Cute.

ANGEL
Keep them in my truck for times like these.
(surveys area)
Would've never seen the turn off had I not been following you.

DJ
Why I love it. No one ever comes up here.

13 SHORT TIME LATER

13

DJ and Angel stand along a narrow overlook. Staring out, it's as though they're standing atop the clouds.

ANGEL
Breathtaking.

She studies him, a glint of passion in her eyes.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
How long have you lived in Vegas?

DJ
Why you say that?

ANGEL
You have an east coast accent, and a different flair than most guys. Especially the ones from... how should I say this... urban backgrounds.

DJ
(laughs)
I'm originally from New York. Brooklyn. Pop died when I was two. Mom three years later. Cancer.

ANGEL
My God, Jack, I'm so sorry.

Like most things that invite sorrow, DJ shrugs it off.

DJ
Got no memory of them. After she died, I went to live with Carlos. He's not biological, but I call him my older brother. Him and pop were partners in crime. He's Dominican, like pop. Mom was Haitian. Stayed in New York 'til I was twelve.
(shifts)
So when did you know you wanted to be an entrepreneur?

ANGEL
My tío Javy -- the one who passed away -- he was a shrewd businessman. I'd ask him all kinds of questions. He made the answers fun and simple to understand.

DJ
Simple 'cause you're a genius. Even Professor Franklin says that.

ANGEL
Had an advantage growing up. Tío worked internationally. Traveled with him abroad every summer. The world sorta became my classroom.

DJ
Makes sense now.

ANGEL
And when did the entrepreneurial
bug bite you?

DJ
Carlos owns a garage. Wants me to
help him expand.

ANGEL
You're quite the enigma, Jack.

DJ
How so?

ANGEL
Same people that told you I was a
genius, said you were a fighter...
and a gangster. I don't know. If
it's true, the fact you're so
humble, and sorta shy -- makes you
very intriguing.

DJ kneels, picks up a few pebbles, tosses them over the edge.

DJ
Started kick boxing at five. Went
pro at seventeen. Was ten and oh
until I put a nigga in a coma. Did
three years in prison. Be out a
year next month. And gangster?
(sighs)
People love to talk.

Angel walks up beside him, places a hand on his shoulder.

ANGEL
They sure do.

14 EXT. SPRING MOUNTAINS - DAY

14

DJ and Angel stand between their vehicles. He extends a
softball sized fist for her to bump.

DJ
Hope you had fun.

Ignoring the fist, she draws him close, kisses him on the
lips. He pauses, then gently lifts her onto his hood and
kisses her passionately.

15 EXT. HOUSE. BACKYARD - DAY

15

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

A barrio barbecue -- YOUNG MEXICANS (men and women) stand and sit around an in-ground swimming pool, drinking, eating, and talking. O.S. Oldies MUSIC plays on a stereo.

16 CORNER OF THE YARD

16

DJ and Jason relax on folding chairs, bottles of beer at their feet. Jason takes a marijuana blunt.

JASON

Her tío left her millions.

DJ

No way.

JASON

You don't be paying attention,
homz. Lucky for you, I know rides.
How much you think Angel's cost?

DJ

(ponders)

Eighty... maybe a hundred stacks.

JASON

Her shit's a limited edition
Brabus. Only twenty-five made.
Seven hundred thousand, fool!

DJ is stunned.

JASON (CONT'D)

And the restaurant she took us to --

DJ nods, still dazed.

JASON (CONT'D)

Most expensive shit in Vegas. Was
fun as hell, seeing all them
gringos when we walked in.

DJ

Got pretty waisted.

JASON

C'mone. Three bottles of booze.
Plus, she copt one before we left.
Same shit.

DJ's snaps out of it, remembers.

DJ
Right -- for your parent's
anniversary.

JASON
They fuck'n loved it. But that's
what I'm saying, homz. Mom's went
to the liquor store to cop another
bottle. Store owner says he don't
carry it. Mom is like 'why the fuck
not!?' He's says "who 'round here
gonna pay two thousand dollars."

Jason points to the platinum chain around DJ's neck. The
diamond encrusted medallion glistens like a chunk of ice.

JASON (CONT'D)
Hundred-thousand.

DJ
Hell nah!?

JASON
Angel's a boss. La Chica Napoleona.

DJ suddenly looks concerned.

DJ
Her parent's gonna think I'm a bum
ass nigga try'na hit a lick.

JASON
Fuck 'em. She loves you. And you
ain't never been wit' no chic six
months.

DJ
She's too good for me.

JASON
Too good for any vato. But if she's
the one, she's the one.

Jason sees his best friend is in the kind of love a man feels
to his bones -- like heroin withdrawal.

JASON (CONT'D)
We're making serious paper. Get the
degree and open some more
businesses. After that, her
parent's gonna be cool.

DJ reaches into his front pocket, pulls out a black box.
Jason puffs the blunt.

JASON (CONT'D)
Angel's your peace, homz. That's
all vatos like us want.

DJ
She got us a suite at the
Cosmopolitan for the weekend. You
know, for my birthday. Might ask
her.

(bends a brow)
You really think her parents gonna
be cool once I put down a few
moves?

JASON
Fuck no, fool!

DJ laughs, stands.

DJ
You good with the nigga, Chrome?

JASON
Just another vato look'n for a
connect.

They dap each other.

DJ
A'ight, nigga, see you in a couple
days.

17 INT/EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

17

Black silk robed, DJ steps onto the terrace, gazes upon the
radiant skyline. From the 52th floor the Strip looks like a
Christmas tree. No. A Christmas city.

Angel eases up from behind, wraps arms around his waist. She
wears a pink silk robe, matching stockings, heels.

DJ
Been in Vegas all these years --
ain't never seen one of these from
the inside.

ANGEL
Those days are over.

DJ turns, eyes her head to toe -- pulls her into his body and begins to kiss her passionately. The two drink from each other's soul like starved lovers. DJ pulls away, and, keeping their eyes locked, lifts her into his arms.

18 BEDROOM 18

DJ gently places Angel onto the bed, removes his robe.

He joins her on the bed, unties her robe's belt, opens. Angel closes her eyes, caught in the throes of ecstasy.

DJ works his hips between her legs, their tongues collide in a heated embrace. Angel MOANS deeply as he enters.

19 SERIES OF SHOTS - DJ AND ANGEL MAKE LOVE 19

-- DJ thrust between her thighs.

-- Angel rides DJ, a blissful wave smears her face.

-- Angel is on all fours. DJ grips her waist from behind, fucks her forcefully.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

20 INT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL. BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

DJ and Angel lay side by side on the bed. They stare at the mirrored ceiling like lovestruck teens beneath the midnight stars. She turns her body, sets her leg across his thighs.

ANGEL

You're going to do major things for
your family.

DJ smiles, seemingly grateful for her optimism.

DJ

Carlos is good.

ANGEL

I mean Jason, Raul... the Las Vegas
Kings.

He eases her leg off him, sits up. Shit just got real!

DJ

You got to be kidding, right?

ANGEL

Remember, people talk. And I'm not stupid, Jack. I hear you on the phone... the code words. Not to mention you've spent more than twenty thousand on us. Last time I checked, no one left you a trust.

DJ

You're really trying to go there?

ANGEL

Look, Jason, Raul and the Kings are your family. Twenty thousand means you're involved in some kind of illegal activity. Only question is, how much are they willing to invest with /me/?

DJ's cellphone rings. He looks, decides to ignore it.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

I love you, Jack. Let me make you legitimately rich. All of you.

DJ pauses, thinks long and hard, then laughs.

DJ

You really are a fucking boss.
A'ight, but only on one condition.

Angel sits up -- the cellphone rings again. This time it draws a wrinkled brow from DJ.

ANGEL

Name it.

DJ shuffles off the bed, reaches inside his robe. He takes a knee in front of her -- she covers her mouth in anticipation. He presents the box, opens it: the diamond ring.

DJ

Angel Dominguez, will...

The cellphone rings for the third time. Despite the once in a lifetime moment... celebration a breath away... even she knows something's wrong.

ANGEL

That's not good, is it?

DJ

Niggas know not to bother me tonight.

He grabs the phone, reads the number, dials. Someone answers.

DJ (CONT'D)

This better be a fucking emergency!

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. PALACE - DAY 21

To establish.

SUPER: EGYPT, 2022

22 INT. PALACE - DAY 22

ISHA RA (15, African) wears a robe, poses in front of a full-length mirror. She's Gen-Z with a Gen-Y swag.

Hold a beat -- she drops her shoulders, takes a frustrated breath. She grips the robes lapels, attempts a look of controlled influence. A beat -- she drops her hands, turns to

AHLU (30s, male, African). The guard stands across the mammoth sitting room, his back to a set of white doors.

ISHA
(in Aramaic)
Get her.

23 EXT. PALACE BALCONY - DAY 23

Hands on the rail, Isha gazes upon the Red Sea and the risen sun. Her eyes radiate determination.

CORINA (17) leans through the balcony doorway. ALL DIALOGUE IN SPANISH UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED.

CORINA
Hello, Princess Isha.

Isha smiles, motions for Corina to enter.

ISHA
I told you to call me Isha.

Corina steps onto the balcony. Taller, she arches her shoulders and takes a subservient position at Isha's rear.

CORINA
Grandmother says to always call you, Princess Isha.

ISHA
 Friends don't require such...
 (in English)
 ...formality.

CORINA
 What is...
 (broken English)
 ...formal-tee?

ISHA
 It means we don't have to be so
 serious.
 (beat)
 I found your mother.

Corina rushes in, hugs Isha. Just as quick, terror paints her face as she realizes the violation. She begins to cry.

CORINA
 I'm sorry. Grandmother says to
 never touch you without permission.

Isha takes hold of Corina's shaking hand.

ISHA
 It's okay. It's okay.

CORINA
 (calms a bit)
 You bring my mother here?

Though younger, she wipes Corina's tears like a big sister.

ISHA
 I will ask Mother.

CORINA
 The Queen will say yes?

ISHA
 I'm pretty sure.

Corina drops to her knees, bows before Isha, who frowns, a sweet soul uncomfortable with the submissive act.

Motorcade of black SUVs (two rows of six) rumble along Djoser road toward the Saqqara Pyramids. Above the motorcade, five military helicopters follow like steel dragons.

25 INT. VEHICLE - DAY

25

Isha stares out the window, watches as the motorcade approaches the pyramids. She wears the garb of a Mexica warrior: black beret, black and grey fatigues, mirrored sunglasses. She turns her attention to --

Mexica General, VLADIMIR MARGELOV (40s, Russian). He sits across from her, stone faced, dressed in the same outfit.

Beside Vladimir, Queen of Suma'at, SEKHMET RA (70s, Egyptian) gazes out the window. Known as MOTHER, she is the most powerful woman on earth. One command and all you love dies.

26 EXT. MOTORCADE/HELICOPTERS - CONTINUOUS

26

The right row slows down fifty yards from the Step pyramid's base. The left row speeds up front forming a line.

The first four vehicles continue along the pyramid's base.

The trailing eight vehicles turn away from the base and begin forming a wide half circle around the first four vehicles, which park facing the center of the pyramid's base, side by side, ten feet from each other.

The first of the outer eight vehicles stops twenty feet from the Step pyramid's farthest corner as the last of the eight stops twenty feet from the other corner.

The five helicopters set intervalled positions a hundred feet in front of the half circle -- guns pointed out.

Armed Mexica warriors exit the eight outer vehicles and take tactical positions.

At the four center vehicles, TWO WARRIORS and TWO SERVANTS each, exit the outer two vehicles. The rear doors on these vehicles open and the servants obtain equipment, move to set up accommodations as

Doors open on the two center vehicles. Vladimir exits, surveys the terrain. He reaches back into the vehicle, helps Sekhmet to exit. She wears a multicolored robe, headdress.

27 EXT. STEP PYRAMID - DAY

27

Isha and Sekhmet sit on chairs beneath a canopy. Vladimir stands behind Sekhmet. ALL DIALOGUE IN ARAMAIC.

SEKHMET

Very well, I shall grant the girl a good life.

ISHA

That's not at all what I'm asking.

SEKHMET

No, you want me to save a woman who chose the lifestyle her husband provided. With the drugs he helped to distribute, and then steal. She could have walked away... chosen a better life for her child.

Sekhmet notices Isha's look of confusion.

SEKHMET (CONT'D)

(sips tea)

She didn't tell you her father worked for the men who took her mother?

ISHA

She did not.

SEKHMET

Of course she didn't.

(extends hand)

You're supposed to be studying the glory of Egypt. Why persist in trivial affairs?

ISHA

Because it's the godly thing to do.

SEKHMET

You know nothing of godly concerns.

ISHA

Governments intervene in such matters all the time.

SEKHMET

Governments execute Illuminati schemata, nothing more.

ISHA

I want her freed.

SEKHMET

(uninterested)

This you have thoroughly articulated.

ISHA
 What must I do to establish my
 throne?

Sekhmet shifts her body, eyes Isha curiously.

SEKHMET
 Naivety does not befit a princess
 of your stature.

ISHA
 Then I consent.

Sekhmet gestures to the soldiers, vehicles, helicopters.

SEKHMET
 You speak as though you understand
 this. Understand who you truly are.

ISHA
 (firm)
 I consent.

SEKHMET
 It is not I you must convince...
 but the Dragon.

Isha leans back confidently.

ISHA
 Unnecessary. We shall proceed to
 baptism.

Vladimir walks over to Isha, looks down at her.

VLADIMIR
 Does a mere child command my
 queen!?

Isha realizes her error, jumps from her chair, kneels at
 Sekhmet's feet.

ISHA
 No human commands the Queen of
 Suma'at. Please forgive my
 arrogance. I am just a silly child.

Vladimir steps in, pushes Isha away, causing her to fall on
 her butt. He extends a hand to Sekhmet, helps her to stand.

SEKHMET
 (to Isha)
 You leave at once.

28 EXT. MANSION - DAWN 28

To establish.

SUPER: SAN CARLOS, MEXICO

29 INT. MANSION. BEDROOM - DAWN 29

TWO WOMEN lay naked on a large oval bed.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Finally made her move.

30 LIVING ROOM 30

JOAQUIN "MONSTA" MARQUEZ (40s) sits on a sofa, his bare feet atop a ottoman. Cellphone to his ear, he eyes a 100" TV.

MONSTA
(into phone)
Took long enough.

31 EXT. PALACE - DAY 31

Sekhmet strolls along the grounds as assistant, HECTOR PENEROS (50s), follows close.

SEKHMET
The child's mother is merely the
catalyst.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

MONSTA
Isha needs to understand what it's
gonna take to sit on that throne.

Sekhmet stops next to a ten-foot statue of an onyx Sphinx.

SEKHMET
Charles Wallace killed his father.

MONSTA
I heard. He'll make his case for
successor, but their law gives her
final say. Which means he's dead.

SEKHMET
And the seat?

MONSTA
Olivia's their only chance.

SEKHMET
The Queen of Death has always been
quite ambitious.

MONSTA
She has. Think of what we could
accomplish if I put a baby in her.

SEKHMET
I believe the Bible calls it
Antichrist.

Monsta laughs, hangs up, drops the phone on the sofa.

32

INT. GENESIS TECHNOLOGIES. BACK OFFICE - DAY

32

NATHANIEL "NOSS" ROBLES (50s) sits behind a desk. DJ stands
beside him, holds a thumb-drive between his fingers.

NOSS
Thought you told Kasper no kids.

DJ
I did. But he showed up two nights
ago -- said his connect was cool
with just the guy and his bitch.
Been waiting on the file.

NOSS
And you've never met this connect?

DJ
No.

Noss ponders a beat, then darkens the room with a remote.

-- 4'x6' image of the computer screen is projected onto the
wall. There are two visible files: ROBERTSON. ASSOCIATED.

NOSS (O.S.)
Unlike the others, this is far more
than a simple hit.

Noss clicks the ROBERTSON file, reveals a row of files. EACH
NEW PICTURE IS INTRODUCED BY A CLICK.

-- picture of a black male fills a quarter of the wall.

NOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Name's SHAWN ROBERTSON. Former
 Arizona prison guard. Worked both
 sides of the fence for the new eMe.

DJ
 New Mexican Mafia sent this?

NOSS
 No. Month ago, they gave him
 fourteen kilos to drop to the
 Aryans. Was supposed to pick up a
 quarter mill in cash. Robs them at
 gun point instead. Quits the job...
 leaves a P.O. Box as a forwarding
 address. Skips town.

-- picture of a house.

NOSS (CONT'D)
 Primm. Lives there under the alias,
 Gary Thompson. With his girlfriend
 and newborn son.

DJ holds the thumb-drive eyelevel, studies it.

DJ
 Wanted us to kill a kid?

NOSS
 Or see how far you'd be willing to
 go. File has everything related to
 Robertson. Other file is the one
 that concerns me. Deals with how we
 got here. Useless information...
 unless you're trying to send a
 message.

DJ places the thumb-drive on the desk, eyes Noss.

DJ
 What kind of message?

NOSS
 The kind that tells you they're
 always watching. Even when you're
 doing good business.

-- picture of a WHITE MALE.

NOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 BRYAN CARSON. Another prison guard.
 Worked six years for the New eMe.
 Quit four months ago.

(MORE)

NOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Chose Robertson as his replacement.
 Big mistake.

-- picture of a WOMAN dressed in a silver cocktail dress.

NOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 NATALIE CARSON.

Noss opens a video file. It has a split screen. He advances the video[s] simultaneously.

SOUND OF MACHINERY as the two screens splash the horrific image onto the wall like a bucket of blood.

SCREEN #1

Naked from the waist down, Natalie Carson SCREAMS as she lays spread eagle, face down on a mattress. Her wrists and ankles are tied to rope strewn through the mattresses edging. A MEXICAN and a dozen WHITE MEN stand beside the mattress as tattooed covered white MALE #1 thrusts into her.

NOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Aryans.

SCREEN #2

A black van, the word POLICIA embossed in white letters on its side. Several feet to the right of the van is a massive industrial mixer. A blue fifty-gallon hazardous waste drum is fastened between its steel arms.

NOSS (CONT'D)
 Blue drum is Bryan Carson. They went missing two days ago.

DJ
 Why send us this shit? Why not a folder with a picture and address like before?

NOSS
 Same reason they came to me -- a person no one's supposed to know about. They're flexing their scope of power.

DJ
 Doesn't make sense. Kasper's an idiot. Other than fucking with the Bonucci crime family, he's a nobody. You think this is from them?

NOSS

Digital fingerprint says they're
much bigger than the mob.

DJ

Digital fingerprint?

NOSS

Some of the video is aerial. I
thought it was a drone... until it
demonstrated certain magnification.

Noss spins his chair around to face DJ.

NOSS (CONT'D)

It's a satellite.

DJ

You sure?

NOSS

Last eight years at the N-S-A, it's
all I worked with.

(somber)

Only people in the world authorized
to use satellites in this way are
governments. China... Russia...
Israel... here.

DJ

What do we do?

NOSS

We wait. They said not to move
until you're contacted.

(beat)

One more thing. Three years ago you
had me research a friend of yours.

Noss clicks a Jpeg. DJ leans against the desk, eyes the photo
like a mirage.

-- A group of Asians at a ribbon-cutting ceremony. At the
center, an Asian woman holds a giant pair of scissors around
a gold ribbon. Angel Dominguez stands next to the woman.

DJ

How the fuck you find this?

NOSS

Didn't. Came with the file. Who is
she? You never told me.

DJ

Proposed to her the night of Easy Times. After we did what we did, I had to cut her loose. Why would she be in some shit belonging to Kasper?

NOSS

Took a while to untangle the paper trail, but she owns the plaza. Paid ten million. And get this, she bought it two months after Carlos took over the club.

DJ

She's been following us?

NOSS

Maybe. Bigger question is how she fits into all this? Has a controlling stake in a multinational conglomerate: Serenity Corporation. Six thousand employees worldwide.

(beat)

What do you want to do?

DJ

Gotta deal with the Robertson nigga first.

NOSS

Tell you what, if she's in town, I'll grab the GPS on her phone and car. Then if you want to meet up --

DJ nods, heads for the door, stops.

DJ

What's she worth?

NOSS (O.S.)

One point three... billion.

33

INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY

33

Democratic congressional candidate, PAUL HOPE (50s, white) stands atop the stage and grips the podium's edge.

HOPE

I'll tell you something else most Americans don't know.

(MORE)

HOPE (CONT'D)

In the mid nineteenth, early twentieth century, all races in the west were unified. And do you know what unified them? Poverty. Yes poverty. That's because poverty does not discriminate.

He extends a closed fist like a preacher on Sunday.

HOPE (CONT'D)

It is relentless... merciless... timeless. Tragically, that unity was replaced by the manufactured wedge of segregation. A mechanism implemented by the real people in power.

Hope grins confidently. This is his biggest war cry.

HOPE (CONT'D)

As you well know I speak of the world's wealthiest bloodlines. And today, their mechanism looks quite different. Fox News... Twitter... MSNBC... And how does it work?

(points finger at crowd)

By programming us to point at one another and say, "you're the reason for my pain."

Hope slams a fist down onto the podium.

The crowd gasps -- finally, a politician not fucking around.

HOPE (CONT'D)

That ends today. There are no evil empires, only evil men. For a country is not its dictator, supreme leader... or even its president. A country is, and will always be, its people. Elect me, and together we will give those wealthy bloodlines a history lesson they will never forget.

The crowd explodes into cheers. "HOPE FOR CONGRESS" signs shuffle about like an advancing army.

Hope's wife and two teenage daughters join him on stage as Democratic chairman, TED CARPENTER, leans in.

CARPENTER
 (whispers to Hope)
 I need you to come with me right
 away. Presidential orders.

34 INT. MARRIOT. BASEMENT - DAY 34

OLIVIA ROTHSCHILD (30s, European, stunning) walks down a long corridor. Jacqueline Onassis meets Joseph Mengele, she is accompanied by THREE MEN in black suits.

SUPER: ILLUMINATI PRINCESS, OLIVIA ROTHSCHILD

They pass other similarly dressed MEN who stand against the walls at measured intervals. Some wear beards... some long hair wrapped in ponytails... others facial tattoos.

35 ROOM 35

Olivia enters with the three men, two of which take a guarded position on opposite sides of the doorway.

Olivia sits in a chair, crosses her long legs. The third man, assistant, VINCENT LA FONTAINE (40s) takes a position at her right shoulder like a giant gargoyle. ALL DIALOGUE IN FRENCH.

OLIVIA
 Where is this cretin?

VINCENT
 In route, Your Highness.

OLIVIA
 Have you updated my itinerary?

VINCENT
 Yes, Your Highness. However, the North American Crown has provided a contact at the behest of the Supreme One.

OLIVIA
 Clarify.

VINCENT
 A senior N-S-A agent. Name's Woodard. He's been monitoring an associate of Mr. Marquez.

OLIVIA
 Clarify.

VINCENT

A local man named Roberto
Esperanza. There are some
anomalies.

Olivia huffs, taps a fingernail against her narrow chin.

OLIVIA

(to herself)
Why would father involve local
agency?

36 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY 36

Hope stands quietly next to Carpenter. TWO AGENTS stand behind them, hands crossed at the wrists. Elevator doors open and the four men step into

37 BASEMENT FLOOR 37

Hope warily eyes the armed men on both sides of the hallway. MAN #1 approaches, his face void of courtesy.

MAN #1

Come with me.

38 ROOM 38

Hope is shoved into the low-lit room and immediately notices the two men posted at the doorway.

A small desk sits in the center of the room, an open laptop upon its surface. The screen points in Hope's direction. There are two chairs. One chair faces the laptop. Olivia sits in the other. ALL DIALOGUE IN ENGLISH.

OLIVIA

Sit, and say nothing.

HOPE

Who are you?

One of the men behind Hope smacks him across the temple. Hope drops to the floor like a stumbling drunk. The two men drag Hope across the room and set him into the chair.

Olivia stands, takes position behind Hope. She leans across his quaking shoulder, taps the laptop's enter key. The video comes to life -- GRUNTS quickly fill the room. Somebody's fucking somebody.

Olivia watches as Hope carefully study's the scene. It takes a beat for recollection to set in. Suddenly, he is mortified, starts to cry.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Please... I... I made a mistake. We were drinking.

OLIVIA
Lying will not change what you are.

He bows his head, sobs.

HOPE
Wh... what do you want?

OLIVIA
To ask what I want implies you have a choice. You do not.

39 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 39

SUPER: REYNOSA, MEXICO

A car parks in the driveway of an old, dimly lit single story motel. Several cars are parked along the gravel lot.

MAN #1 exits the car and approaches a GROUP OF MEN standing next to a neon 'Office' sign. MAN #2 breaks away from the group and pats Man #1 on the shoulder, says a few inaudible words, returns to the group.

40 MOTEL WALKWAY 40

Man #1 walks slowly, observantly, passes several rooms. O.S. SOUNDS OF SEX. He eyes WOMAN #1 in skirt and heels as she stands outside her room waiting to be selected. She smiles, though her eyes reveal fear.

Man #1 moves on, soon comes upon the back of MAN #3. As he moves beyond MAN #3, we see an underage GIRL.

41 AROUND THE CORNER 41

WOMAN #2 in a red skirt stands next to an open door, greets Man #1 with the same fearful smile. He slaps her to the ground, grabs a handful of her hair.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He drags her inside and kicks the door shut. He drags her to the bed, bends her torso across the edge, and punches her in the back of the head. Her body goes limp.

He steps back, removes a cellophane packet and a cut straw from his front pocket. O.S. Woman GROANS as he snorts coke.

43 EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 43

Group of men still gather.

44 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 44

EL HEFFE hovers above an underage GIRL in a dress. ALL DIALOGUE IN SPANISH.

EL HEFFE
I help your sister, yes.

Girl nods fearfully. El Hefte steps closer, evil in his eyes.

EL HEFFE (CONT'D)
You know why you're here, yes?

The office door bursts open. A dozen soldiers shuffle inside and quickly surround the two. Hold a beat -- outside the door, METAL SCRAPES slowly against the walkway floor.

Monsta steps inside, drags a two-foot machete from the handle's leather strap. Covered in tattoos, he wears a sleeveless black hoody, the hood down to his forehead. Prison muscular, Monsta is a 21st century Reaper.

Though El Hefte can scarcely make out Monsta's face, he knows exactly who it is.

EL HEFFE (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Sir -- uh, Mr. Ruiz is not here.

Monsta picks up the shimmering steel, places it across his right shoulder like a baseball bat.

MONSTA
(to girl)
Come here.

She gingerly walks over, stands in front of him. Monsta places his empty hand upon her head. GUNFIRE ERUPTS outside the office, followed by the SCREAMS of men and women.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

45 INT. CONDOMINIUM. BEDROOM - NIGHT 45

A painting on the wall. O.S. Quickening GRUNTS of a man.

JOSHUA DELANEY (30s, white) thrusts clumsily between Angel Dominguez's nylon covered thighs. He climaxes, rolls off her, breathes heavily. Angel stares at the ceiling, unsatisfied.

46 INT. CONDOMINIUM. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Angel sits on the sofa, clasps the ankle strap on her heel. Joshua stands off to the side, silk robed. He hands her a large legal envelope.

JOSHUA

Sloan project. You were right, American Realty purchased sixty acres west of the interstate. Two hundred homes starting in the mid four hundreds.

ANGEL

You need to expedite the permits.

JOSHUA

(beat)

Father would like to be part of your minority business program.

Angel places the envelope in her bag, retrieves a phone, and begins to scan.

ANGEL

Democrats nominate an African American and suddenly senator Delaney's interested in the minority vote?

JOSHUA

Always to the point.

She looks up, a signal to watch his tone.

ANGEL

Because any other direction leads you astray. Your father will be fine. Quincy's agenda is way too progressive. Even for Nevada.

JOSHUA
You know him?

ANGEL
I do. Is that a problem?

JOSHUA
Of course not. Data shows dad's
vulnerable.
(sighs)
Republicans and the minority vote --
like oil and water.

ANGEL
That it is.

Angel stands, walks over, places a hand on his arm.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
So I'll need more than permits for
the kind of photo op he's seeking.

Joshua laughs, knowing well the lioness he's dealing with.

JOSHUA
How much more?

ANGEL
Bury American Realty in red tape.
Eighteen months should do it.

JOSHUA
Done.
(shakes head)
And just when I think you can't get
any more ruthless.

Joshua bends his clean-shaven face into a robust smile. He
corrals her, kisses her lips.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Marry me! With you as my wife I
could be president.

She kisses his cheek, heads to the front door.

ANGEL
I'll call when I return from
London.

47 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

47

BENICIO (30s) exits the rear door. With the glare of a seasoned pit fighter he eyes a young LATINA as she lays poolside. He continues toward his uncle --

OSCAR MONTOYA (50s) sits beneath a canopy. He holds a cigar and a glass of liquor. Known in the streets as "Montoya", he is a Mexican Mafia boss.

BENICIO

Felix was right. Annabel's supplying the Black Army through Chino. Twenty kilos in the last month.

MONTOYA

Jorge knows this mayate's fucking his daughter?

BENICIO

(nods)

Chino's just following orders.

Montoya puffs the cigar, ruminates.

MONTOYA

What do you want to do?

BENICIO

Bury Jorge in Hermosillo.

MONTOYA

And the daughter?

BENICIO

Bury them both.

Montoya stares at Benicio, uneasy with his cold-bloodedness.

MONTOYA

She has children.

BENICIO

Fuck them! It ensures no one else goes behind your back.

A beat. Montoya nods in concession.

BENICIO (CONT'D)

This is the opportunity I need.

Montoya drinks, puffs, gives Benicio a weary look.

MONTOYA

Your desire for power - -

BENICIO

We can't stand around while everyone else strengthens their position.

MONTOYA

And war with the Kings... the Abregons... that's your solution?

BENICIO

We don't have to do anything but offer Gibson the chance to expand.

Montoya watches as the young girl struggles to spark a cigarette with a lighter she's gotten wet.

MONTOYA

Same thing Jorge did...
(chuckles)
...only more?

BENICIO

Enough to force territorial conflict. One incident between them and I'll kill DJ myself -- make it look like a Black Army power move. The Abregons will take them out. Without DJ, the Kings are finished.

MONTOYA

Just like that, huh?

BENICIO

Meet with Gibson. Feel him out. Then decide.

MONTOYA

Be very careful how you move. I do not wish to bury any more family.

BENICIO

Kings have no ties to Malverde.

Montoya grabs the liquor bottle from off the ground, stands.

MONTOYA

None that we can see.

48 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

48

A shapely black WOMAN in a skirt and blonde wig opens the door, lets KASPER (white/Mexican) inside. He carries a *Best Buy* shopping bag. Woman moves into a nearby bedroom.

49 LIVING ROOM

49

FRANKIE GRAVANO (20s) sits on a living room sofa. He watches ESPN, eats from a box of Chinese food. He places the food onto the table, takes a swig of beer.

FRANKIE

Drop the money on the bar and have
a seat.

Kasper moves to the bar, sets the shopping bag onto the counter. He walks into the living room, takes a seat across from Frankie.

KASPER

What's up?

Frankie wipes his mouth with a napkin.

FRANKIE

Leo and Mickey are out. Leo will
still cut the dope, but their end
comes here from now on.

KASPER

If they're out -- it's fifty,
fifty.

FRANKIE

That's not happening.

KASPER

Then I'm done.

FRANKIE

Look Kasper, you borrowed half a
million from my family to get your
little scam going.

KASPER

You got the money back in two days.
Made more than that since. I don't
owe anybody, anything.

Frankie reaches beneath a couch pillow, pulls a silencer-tipped-nine millimeter. He walks over to Kasper, points it at his face. Kasper, doing his best to be strong, doesn't budge.

FRANKIE
 Don't make me kill you and this
 whore!

Kasper straightens his posture, says nothing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 (cocks hammer)
 Alright, tough guy.

Kasper wilts like a dying flower.

KASPER
 It's not fair. I'm risking my ass.
 Kings'll kill me if they ever find
 out I'm cutting their dope.

FRANKIE
 Life's not fair, pal.

50 INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY 50

Bluetooth in ear, Isha sits in a recliner. She wears a fluffy white bathrobe and receives a pedicure from a SERVANT.

ISHA
 It was a simple request.

51 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS 51

Monsta sits in the back seat with his feet extended. A beautiful WOMAN lays her head on his lap.

MONSTA
 Her grandmother played you. Knew
 you was a goddamn crusader.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

ISHA
 You're exceptionally ornery.

MONSTA
 Listen you hardheaded little shit --
 ain't no putting back this genie.

Isha eyes completed work on her left toes, nods in approval.

ISHA
 So you'll save her mother for me?

MONSTA
 Fuck no! But I'll give /you/ the
 chance.

ISHA
 Thank you. I truly appre --

MONSTA
 Is sex trafficking evil?

ISHA
 Excuse me?

MONSTA
 (annoyed)
 Is... sex... trafficking... evil?

ISHA
 Of course it is.

MONSTA
 I need you to say it.

Isha huffs, shrugs.

ISHA
 Very well, sex trafficking is evil.

Call ends. Isha sits there, a puzzled look on her face.

52 INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 52

DJ lays in bed, a sleeping WOMAN next to him. He gets up,
 grabs a phone, lighter, and blunt from off the nightstand.

53 LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 53

DJ falls backward onto the couch, brings the blunt to life,
 takes. Eyes glazed, he stares at the phone.

-- picture of DJ and ANGEL at a carnival.

54 INT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE 54

We return to scene #20. DJ pauses, thinks long and hard, then
 laughs.

DJ
 You really are a fucking boss.
 A'ight, but only on one condition.

Angel sits up -- the cellphone rings again. This time it draws a wrinkled brow from DJ.

ANGEL

Name it.

DJ shuffles off the bed, reaches inside his robe. He takes a knee in front of her -- she covers her mouth in anticipation. He presents the box, opens it: the diamond ring.

DJ

Angel Dominguez, will...

The cellphone rings for the third time. Despite the once in a lifetime moment... celebration a breath away... even she knows something's wrong.

ANGEL

That's not good, is it?

DJ

Niggas know not to bother me tonight.

He grabs the phone, reads the number, dials. Someone answers.

DJ (CONT'D)

This better be a fucking emergency!

He listens. Suddenly, his face changes -- the demon within emerges, introduces himself to Angel with a stare. He sets the black box onto the bed.

DJ (CONT'D)

Niggas just killed Jason.

Angel covers her mouth, begins to weep as DJ stands, moves to get dressed.

ANGEL

(through tears)

What are you going to do?

55

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

55

The street is taped off. Cop cars surround a crime scene.

A body lays in the street, covered in a white sheet. A group of detectives talk. One detective kneels over the sheet, lifts, takes a look.

56 DOWN THE STREET

56

DJ pulls up, jumps out his truck. Alone, he's immediately met by CORNELIUS "GUN" DAWSON (black) who looks ready to kill.

GUN

Niggas say Chrome blasted him.

Blanked faced, DJ eyes the white sheet.

GUN (CONT'D)

Abregon's looking for the nigga right now.

DJ

Get a car!

57 EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

57

A group of young Cholos gather in the driveway, a dazed look on their faces. O.S. A female WEEPS from inside the home.

58 IN THE STREET

58

DJ stands with Jason's grandfather, RENULFO ABREGON (70s). Renulfo puffs a cigar. ALL DIALOGUE IN SPANISH.

DJ

Jason was my brother. I should'a been there.

RENULFO

Who can say when Death arrives. He is friend to no man.

Renulfo is oddly serene, death all too common to him.

RENULFO (CONT'D)

(slowly)

I have buried many family.
Cousins... aunts... uncles...
children... grandchildren.

(beat)

I have sent many more to the grave.

DJ

I'm gonna kill this mother fucker!
I promise.

Renulfo points the cigar at DJ.

RENULFO

(firm)

You have become a grandson to me.
 You are Abregon here --
 (taps his own heart)
 Honor your brother, this is good.
 But killing one man is not honor.

59 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

59

DJ, Raul, and Raul's little brother, JOSE "MALO" ABREGON (13) watch as GUN hangs up cellphone.

GUN

Chrome just sat down.

DJ

Who we got near there?

GUN

Dope fiend nigga, Mook. Lives a block away.

DJ

Tell him we coming through. Then call the bartender back -- have him leave the back door unlocked.

60 INT. MOOK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

60

A WOMAN stands near the front window, looks through a slit of drape. MOOK exits bathroom, a towel around his waist.

MOOK

Bitch, I told you to stay in the bedroom 'till them niggas leave.

WOMAN

Who is it?

MOOK

Get the fuck in that room!

61 EXT. MOOK'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

61

Vehicle is parked.

62 INT. VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS 62

GUN at the wheel, DJ, Raul, and Malo wait. The brothers have a look of determined rage in their eyes. No time to mourn -- death is the only remedy for now. O.S. A police scanner: dispatcher spouts code.

DJ checks his watch. GUN's phone rings. He answers, listens, hangs up. Starts the engine.

63 INT. EASY TIMES SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS 63

BARTENDER (40s) stands behind the bar next to a MEXICAN WAITRESS as she places drinks on a tray. He stares at --

CHROME (30s), a MAN, and three young WOMEN. They talk, gather jackets, purses, prepare to leave.

64 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 64

DJ, Raul, and Malo quickly exit the vehicle. Armed to the teeth, they wear masks, gloves, hurry into the darkness of the alley as GUN drives off.

65 ALLEY/STREET - NIGHT 65

DJ, Raul, and Malo reach the alley's midpoint. DJ points an AR-15 at Easy Times rear door. The brother's take position. Malo holds a Glock, Raul another AR-15 --

GUN pulls up to the opposite corner, watches Chrome and his group pour out the front door -- linger.

DJ peeks around the corner. Dark light allows him to see --

Chrome talks to one of the women. She giggles, gestures to a truck's gleaming 26" rims. The other male, his arms around the remaining two women, mumbles something.

GUN BEEPS horn.

Chrome looks up.

CHROME
(to man)
What the --

Chrome's forehead explodes as automatic gunfire ERUPTS from behind the group. All five fall to the ground in a hail of bullets. O.S. GUNSHOTS from inside Easy Times.

DJ walks up to the five. Only one of the women moves. She's on her stomach, claws at the concrete, cries.

WOMAN

Jesus... please... Jesus...

DJ, his eyes soulless, puts the barrel to the back of her head, splatters her face onto the pavement. He unloads on the other faces like he's using a power washer. AR-15 locks. DJ lets out a rage filled ROAR.

GUN pulls curbside.

GUN

(eyes DJ uneasily)

Call went out.

DJ pops the clip, which is taped opposite another clip. He turns it over, locks in another round. He moves into --

66

INT. EASY TIMES -- CONTINUOUS

66

DJ's stands in the doorway like the Angel of Death.

Raul and Malo have everyone on the ground, faces to the floor. The fifteen or so customers whimper softly in prayer.

A WOMAN lies face down on the floor, GROANS. She's been shot in the back trying to escape. DJ shoots her in the head. He turns to the bartender who lays at Malo's feet, a coat of sweat paints his thin black face. The Mexican waitress lays next to him.

DJ

Who else?

Before the bartender can answer, MAN #1 climbs to his knees, hands in the air.

MAN #1

I ain't had --

DJ shoots him in the face as the other patrons' clench eyes shut, continue to negotiate with God. The man falls face down to the ground. DJ shoots him in the head, returns his attention to the bartender.

DJ

That it!?

Bartender nods. Just then, Malo shoots him in the back of the head. Waitress SCREAMS. Malo shoots him two more times.

Waitress continues SCREAMING. Raul walks up, shoots her in the head. Shoots her again.

DJ (CONT'D)
(to whimpering crowd)
Help the cops and you die.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

67 EXT. AIRPORT. PRESENT DAY - DAY 67

Commercial planes taxi runway.

68 INT. PRIVATE HANGER - DAY 68

Olivia Rothschild emerges from her private jet like a movie star: high fashion, millions in jewels. She slowly descends the staircase. Her designer heels clack like the pendulum of a grandfather clock. She steps onto the red carpeted tarmac, Vincent at her side.

Armed soldiers stand in formation (five rows, five deep) at the end of the red carpet. To the right of them stands Lieutenant, CHRISTOPHER PATTERSON (40s). Beside him, N.S.A. Agent LEONARD WOODARD (50s, weathered) holds a briefcase.

Christopher marches forward, takes a knee in front of Olivia.

CHRISTOPHER

Your Highness.

Olivia acknowledges Christopher with a nod. He stands, takes position behind her, an arm's length from Vincent.

Woodard approaches, arches slightly.

WOODARD

Welcome to America, Your Highness.
I'm agent Woodard.

Woodard motions to a column of 1-ton SUVs.

WOODARD (CONT'D)

Right this way.

69 INT. SUV - DAY 69

There are four luxury recliners inside the enormous cabin. Olivia sits in the right passenger side seat, facing forward.

Christopher sits opposite her. Vincent sits to her left -- across from agent Woodard.

70 EXT. HANGER - DAY 70

Motorcade slowly drives off.

71 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

71

Olivia crosses her legs.

OLIVIA
(to Woodard)
What do you have for me?

Woodard places the briefcase on his lap, opens it. He removes a file, hands it to Vincent, who in turn, hands it to her. Olivia opens the file, begins to study the photo of a Mexican man. Name beneath the photo reads: ROBERTO "SPIDER" ESPERANZA.

WOODARD (O.S.)
His name is Roberto Esperanza. He --

OLIVIA
Incredible... that's the exact name
beneath the picture.

Woodard pauses, her comment playing like a slap to the face.

WOODARD
He's well insulated and has a
history of evading law enforcement.
This El Dragón --

OLIVIA
Please refer to him as Mr. Marquez.

WOODARD
I beg your pardon?

OLIVIA
You heard me quite well. Have his
whereabouts been determined?

WOODARD
(agitated)
They have not. M-I-Six did not
share much on the purpose for your
visit.

OLIVIA
Why would they?

WOODARD
With all due respect, I've been
entrusted to assist you in any way
possible. However, that task is
greatly hindered when I don't
really know who you are, or why
you're here.

Christopher peers at Woodard.

Olivia looks up from the file, closes it.

OLIVIA
Who assigned you to me?

WOODARD
The Director.

OLIVIA
And did the highest-ranking
official instruct you on protocol
when addressing me?

WOODARD
(amused)
He did.

OLIVIA
What was said -- exactly?

Woodard cocks his neck, hands her a look of as if to say,
"Who the fuck do you think you are?"

WOODARD
Assist you, and answer any
questions you may have.

OLIVIA
You have violated that protocol by
seeking knowledge outside the scope
of your significance. Therefore, I
now command your silence.

Stunned, Woodard lets out a snort.

WOODARD
You can't be serious?

Olivia stares out the window, distant.

OLIVIA
(waves hand)
Very well.

72

O.S. A BLUNT SOUND.

72

Woodard's eyes blink rapidly as he struggles to breathe.

Olivia calmly retrieves her cellphone, dials a number. After
a moment --

OLIVIA
 (into phone)
 Director.
 (listens)
 I've terminated the agent assigned
 to me. You'll be contacted shortly.

Blood trickles from Woodard's mouth as he fights to remain
 conscious. We suddenly see why -- Christopher has plunged a
 knife into his chest, down to the handle.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 (to Christopher)
 Have the autopsy reflect cardiac
 arrest.

CHRISTOPHER
 Yes, your Highness.

Woodard breathes his last -- dies with his eyes open.

OLIVIA
 Pull over. I want to change
 vehicles before this thing shits
 itself.

CHRISTOPHER
 Yes, your Highness.

Christopher reaches for his shoulder mic.

73 EXT. MOTORCADE - CONTINUOUS 73

Motorcade pulls over in the middle of traffic.

74 EXT. CLUB XSTASY - DAY 74

DJ exits vehicle, approaches club's entrance.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 You're black.

DJ turns, sees a MAN standing next to a Ford Explorer.

DJ
 And you're white.

MAN
 Was expecting a Mexican.

DJ
 I wasn't. What now?

MAN
 (motions to truck)
 Name's Butch. Let's take a ride.

75 EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP. MEXICO - DAY 75

Isha stands outside a military helicopter, again dressed like a Mexica warrior.

Surrounded by Mexica warriors, Monsta greets her with a cold stare. The sheathed machete sits across his shoulders, his wrists curled at each end like a crucifixion post. Monsta hands Isha the machete.

MONSTA
 Hang onto this.

Isha warily takes the machete.

76 EXT. HOME - DAY 76

BUTCH and DJ pull up to a two-story home.

77 INT. HOME. LIVING ROOM - DAY 77

Entering with Butch, DJ immediately notices the THREE MEN positioned at various intervals.

INT. HOME. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

MAN #4 stands outside a bedroom door, DJ and Butch enter --

79 BEDROOM 79

Robertson is tied to an office chair; a wet spot circles the groin of his khaki's. Terror burns in his eyes like a flickering candle.

Atop the bed, his naked GIRLFRIEND lays staring at the ceiling. Paralyzed, tears run down her face. Butch sits beside her, sets a hand on her thigh.

BUTCH
 (to girlfriend)
 My men and I will be with you
 shortly.
 (to DJ)
 Torture releases adrenochrome.
 (MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Gives you power -- as long as you
 drink within ten hours.

DJ bends a brow -- WTF!!?

DJ
 Where's the kid?

Butch smiles, studies her eyes -- DJ has inadvertently helped
 the cause.

BUTCH
 Right... the kid.

She peers in terror.

80 INT. VEHICLE - DAY 80

Seated next to Monsta, Isha stares out her window as the
 motorcade passes a line of parked SUVs.

81 EXT. VEHICLE - DAY 81

Caravan stops outside a massive circle of armed Mexica
 warriors. Monsta exits.

MONSTA
 (looks inside vehicle)
 (to Isha)
 Let's go.

82 MOMENTS LATER 82

Isha and Monsta stand at the center of a man-made arena. In
 front of them is two Border Patrol vans, parked side by side.

83 FIRST VAN 83

Two warriors open the rear doors. It's the woman in the red
 skirt from scene #41. She steps out. Filthy and abused, her
 frayed hair twists in every direction. She's been crying, her
 mascara smeared face gives her the appearance of a racoon.

84 SECOND VAN 84

Two different warriors open the rear doors. FIVE MEN lay face
 down on the floor. All show signs of having been beaten.
 Mouths duct taped, they are hogtied with cuffs.

The chain of each cuff is attached separately -- like a spider web -- to a center ring.

The two warriors drag MAN #1 from the van and set him at Isha's feet. It's the pedophile (MAN #3) from scene #40.

Isha squints as the torrid heat blurs the landscape, blows dust into her eyes. A warrior walks up, takes the machete from Isha. He unsheathes the weapon, hands it back.

MONSTA

Judgment is a choice. I choose to
give you /her/ life... in return
for /his/ death.

Monsta nods at the pedophile.

MONSTA (CONT'D)

And just so you know, when we
arrived, that mother fucker had a
ten-year-old in his room.

Monsta walks over to the woman in the red dress. The warrior next to her hands Monsta a shotgun. He places the shotgun to the woman's head, turns to Isha.

MONSTA (CONT'D)

Five.

ISHA

I'm not like you!

MONSTA

Four.

ISHA

Please! Just this one time. I won't
ever ask again. I promise.

MONSTA (O.S.)

Three.

Isha realizes he's not going to stop, raises the machete above her head.

ISHA

I command you to stop!

MONSTA (O.S.)

Two.

The pedophile squirms.

ISHA
I can't --

Isha drops the machete to the ground, falls to her knees.

ISHA (CONT'D)
Please!

MONSTA (O.S.)
One.

Isha raises her eyes. O.S. BOOM.

From above we see the headless woman on the ground as

Isha screams MOS. Warriors move in, gather Isha up as she weeps uncontrollably.

85 INT. SUV - DAY 85

DJ drives, a look of relief on his face.

DJ
(into cellphone)
Just met with Kasper.
(beat)
He didn't know about it.

86 INT. GENESIS TECHNOLOGIES. SERVER ROOM - DAY 86

Noss stands alone.

NOSS
And by "it" you mean today's
ordeal?

87 INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION 87

DJ
Yeah. I told him we were done with
these mother fuckers. He asked
"why?" Said he was still waiting on
the file. That they'd probably be
mad.

NOSS
Not good.

DJ
How you figure?

NOSS

Means they moved independently of Kasper. Organizations that do that, have no boundaries.

DJ

I don't care. He said he'd deliver my message.

NOSS

Let's hope that's the end of it.

(beat)

On the other thing... she's in town. I have her G-P-S.

DJ ponders a moment.

DJ

Okay, give me two hours.

88 INT. GENESIS TECHNOLOGIES - CONTINUOUS 88

Noss takes a seat, sets phone onto the desk. Concern paints his face. Experience tells him the shit is far from over.

89 INT. CLUB XSTASY - NIGHT 89

Music bumps from the overhead speakers as WOMEN dance.

90 BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 90

DJ hangs up the phone, motions for Kasper to stay silent while MILZ (20s) scans Kasper's body with a wand. Kasper holds out his arms, looks rattled.

MILZ

Clean.

Kasper takes a seat across from DJ.

KASPER

We have a serious problem.

DJ

/We/ don't have shit. I told you what it is.

KASPER

They want us in Tucson, Arizona. You and me.

DJ at once knows who *they* are.

DJ
Why?

KASPER
I don't know.
(panicked)
It's Smokey Esperanza.

DJ bolts from his seat, comes around the desk.

DJ
You said your connect had no ties
to Vegas.

KASPER
They -- Smokey doesn't.

GUN
You stupid fuck! -- you know who
his brother is?

KASPER
No.

GUN
Spider Esperanza!

KASPER
Who's that?

DJ
Malverde cartel, nigga!

Kasper drops his eyes.

KASPER
Fuck! What are we gonna do? We
can't tell them no.

91 INT. GENESIS TECHNOLOGIES. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

91

Noss sits as DJ, Gun, Raul, and Malo encircle.

GUN
Malverde could be try'n to cover
their tracks?

NOSS
If that were the case, I'd already
be dead. No -- this has to be read
between the lines.

(MORE)

NOSS (CONT'D)

(to DJ)

Although you guys are a unit, they may see you as the leader.

DJ

All that info -- they should know Kings ain't got no leader.

NOSS

(eyes the others)

True. But if we're honest, you're the glue that holds it together.

Everyone nods in agreement.

NOSS (CONT'D)

And that's critical... because we have to consider the worst-case scenario.

GUN

What's that?

NOSS

There's no walking away from them. At least not right now.

DJ

I don't give a fuck if the nigga Jesus is boss of Malverde... we're done.

92 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

92

Angel approaches manager, IVAN LEMASTER (70s).

IVAN

Good evening, Ms. Dominguez, your table is ready.

93 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

93

Angel sits at a private table in a secluded corner of the restaurant, reviews spreadsheets on a tablet. From her side we see the bottom torso of a figure walking up.

ANGEL

(locked onto spreadsheet)

(to person)

Please get me a glass of Domaine Leroy Corton-Charlemagne Grand Cru.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm gonna have to pass.

Angel bends a brow, looks up.

ANGEL
Jack.

DJ takes a seat opposite her.

DJ
Why buy the plaza?

She pauses... feigns a hint of confusion... then smiles.

ANGEL
I don't know what I'm more shocked
about -- the fact you found me, or
my connection to the plaza.

FADE OUT.

END PILOT