

**INT. BABY WORLD - STOCK ROOM - DAY**

Vietnamese CHILDREN'S MUSIC plays. A brightly colored BOPPY with an Asian face rocks back and forth. It's a Vietnamese-owned store. Everything bright and pastel.

Two young VIETNAMESE MEN, late teens, early twenties, watch a CLERK pull a box from under a pink crib, revealing HANDGUNS. GLOCK. SIG-SAUER. The latest models.

CLERK (VIETNAMESE)  
No numbers. Never used. When  
you're done, drop and walk away.

The taller and older, BINH, reaches for a Sig-Sauer --

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Gloves --

The clerk tosses a pair of thin rubber gloves to Binh. He pulls them on. Then takes a gun, feels it's heft.

**INT./EXT. IMPREZA - DAY**

Bright light. Binh and Bao exit the store and get into a light green Suburu Impreza. The stores are Vietnamese. The Donut Shop is Vietnamese. It's like Vietnam, except --

BAO (VIETNAMESE)  
Get on the 710 --

It's San Pedro.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)  
You think we should take the 710  
to the 405 and go past the airport  
or take the 110 up to the ten?

The Impreza enters the 710 FREEWAY. An elevated highway, Terminal Island visible in all directions.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)  
I don't know. This time of day it  
all sucks.

CUT TO:

**INT. CENTURY CITY LAW FIRM - DAY**

Marble hallways. Elevator banks. Atriums. No people.

A CONFERENCE ROOM with views from the hills to the ocean where MARY MCCARTHY'S sleek designer work-wear blends in a kind of Mondrian with the steel and glass and auto-blinds dimming the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When she moves she's a pattern among patterns, but when she smiles, which she won't during this scene, there's a raw warmth, an unguardedness and joy, that is infectious.

MARY

I assume you're familiar with the concept of coaching the witness?

She addresses THOMAS WHITESIDES, a portly businessman.

TOMMY

Am I? That's what's on my trophy every year: *Most Coachable*.

MARY

It's illegal, Mr. Whitesides.

TOMMY

Gambling in Casablanca, Mare-Bear.

She SIGHS. Hits an AMTEL --

MARY

(into Amtel)  
Janice, anything?

JANICE (O.S.)

No, Ma'am.

Mary checks her blackberry.

TOMMY

Please, call me Fat Tommy --

MARY

I'm will not call you *Fat Tommy*.  
You will not call me *Mare-Bear*.

TOMMY

Is that your nickname?

MARY

No, it most certainly is not.

Mary now looks out the window. She sees the HOLLYWOOD SIGN in the distance, VALETS parking cars far below. She's looking for someone.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're just a local boy with a big idea - *sports on TV and topless waitresses*. Newton with the apple. Like most *visionaries* you're not much of a manager.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY (CONT'D)

You didn't keep perfect records, didn't familiarize yourself with tax law, hired incompetent quote friends to guide you through the dizzying thicket of tax law. You trusted the wrong people, Mr. Whitesides, and the rest you don't remember.

Fat Tommy understands he's being coached. He listens.

MARY (CONT'D)

The government made sweetheart deals with two reprobates, whose lifestyles and misdeeds are about to come back to haunt them.

Mary checks her watch, hits the Amtel again --

MARY (CONT'D)

Janice?

JANICE (O.S.)

No word, Ma'am.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY**

A chaotic URBAN PARK. All colors, creeds, and nationalities assembled for an IMMIGRANT RIGHTS RALLY.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

Whether you're from Croatia or Italy or Mexico or Africa or wherever you come from, this great city of ours has given us an opportunity --

CLOSER -- VIRGILIO ZARAGOZA

The Mayor of Los Angeles, in front of the crowd, filled up by the love of the crowd, seemingly ageless with his ambition and white teeth, he cares deeply about his city, power, and women, perhaps in reverse order, and the nakedness of his need to be loved is part of his considerable charm.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA (CONT'D)

An opportunity we never dreamed of in the old country!

The Mayor shoots a look over his shoulder to some of his staff and supporters, but WINKS at DANIELA GARZA, 28, a former newscaster type, his press liason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daniela smiles, then realizes a MAN we will come to know as TITO ALVAREZ caught that wink, has seen that wink before. Daniela's smile blinks out.

NOW -- IN THE CROWD -- FIND BINH AND BAO

With the Vietnamese section quite close to the Mayor, both staring stoically.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA (CONT'D)

My father snuck across the border  
at Juarez --

(CHEERS)

Juarez in the house! I look out  
and see Mexican flags, Iranian  
flags, Chinese flags...

MORE CHEERS. Binh REACHES INTO HIS JACKET. BAO, TOO --

MAYOR ZARAGOZA (CONT'D)

I want to see AMERICAN FLAGS.

BINH and BAO pull AMERICAN FLAGS! They wave them furiously as --

MAYOR ZARAGOZA (CONT'D)

In the great city of Los Angeles,  
the city of the future...

The Mayor seems to give a nod to Binh, Bao, their flags.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACKYARD, BRENTWOOD PARK HOUSE - DAY**

The *park-like setting* of a 10 million dollar house. Port Arthur rapper BUN B's "GET THROWNED" plays loud through hidden speakers, some shaped like garden rocks.

RED SUNGLASSES (O.S.)

I think it was Bell Choir that did  
it. We're like the only people who  
have one and I took it really  
seriously which I think really  
stood out on applications.

It's a "Half-Day" party. TEENS roaming everywhere, making drinks, swimming, playing "Beirut" on a ping-pong table, and then we're by the pool behind the US WEEKLY of a PRETTY TEENAGER in RED SUNGLASSES, reclining on a chaise.

RED SUNGLASSES (CONT'D)

I mean Student Prefect is so  
obvious.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED SUNGLASSES (CONT'D)

Everyone's a student prefect. I mean not everyone, but everyone applying to Stanford --

BLACK SUNGLASSES

You took Bell Choir seriously?

RED SUNGLASSES

I took looking like I took Bell Choir seriously seriously.

**INT. POOL HOUSE/SCREENING ROOM - DAY**

BARRY BOROWITZ, 17, clever, early-acceptance-to-MIT clever, at an iMac playing YOUTUBE VIDEOS linked through the DIGITAL PROJECTOR. A bunch of DUDES are sitting around watching BUN B and PIMP C in the video.

BARRY

Let's hear that one again why thank you I believe we will.

He restarts the song --

BARRY/PIMP C

(mouthing the words)

*Smoke somethin' bitch...*

A GUY and TWO GIRLS, one TALL, have walked in. FOLLOW THEM as they thread down a hallway, through a doorway --

**INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY**

Where a sort of HIGH-SCHOOL HENCHMAN blocks the way --

HIGH-SCHOOL HENCHMAN

What do you want?

TALL GIRL

I love Chinatown.

A library of classics: *CASABLANCA*, *CHINATOWN*, *CITIZEN KANE*... Her friends nod enthusiastically. Other KIDS pass a mirror with something on it. And a half-naked wasted GIRL lolls on a couch where a BUFF GUY has taken the opportunity to remove his shirt.

WASTED GIRL

Do you think Ritalin is better for you than cocaine or worse? Who knows what's in it? *Chemicals*. At least coke is natural. And Ritalin is a better appetite suppressant. I mean, people prescribe it for that. For fat people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then the TALL GIRL passes some folded money to one of the GUYS who passes something back to her in a little glassine baggy.

TALL GIRL

I used to get rubber bands for my braces in these. Now look --

She runs her perfect tongue over her perfect teeth.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PAINT STORE - DAY**

MANUEL FLORES, 18, waits with other illegal workers in front of a paint store. Manuel is a bit softer than the others. Sweet. Fastidious about his clothes. A PICKUP stops, passes on Manny, choosing another WORKER instead.

WORKER (SPANISH)

(to Manuel)

Learn some English, friend. Hola, hello. Gracias, Thank you. Adios, Goodbye.

The truck pulls out.

**EXT. ALVARADO - LATER**

Manny walks down Alvarado, takes a right on Westmoreland and he's in the middle of an urban drug dealing machine.

Cars zip up to the corner. People lean in the window. Cars zip away. ADDICTS approach, walk away.

Manny on Bonnie Brae. He approaches the rundown building where he lives. JUST THEN he hears SHOOTING and suddenly people are running. MORE SHOOTING. Distant POP POP POP.

SOMEONE RUNNING PAST hurls a PILLOW CASE through window turns a corner and disappears.

UNMARKED POLICE CARS RACE PAST, SIRENS BLARING.

**INT. CRACK APARTMENT - MANNY'S BUILDING - DAY**

An empty apartment with a couple of abandoned mattresses, some old milk crates and burned out candles.

The PILLOWCASE is against a wall where it landed.

Manuel picks up the pillowcase, stuffs it under his shirt, and runs out of the apartment.

**INT. MANNY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Manny bolting the door. A three room apartment --

MANNY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Manelito?

Manny passing a doorway. His mother lying down, resting.

MANNY (SPANISH)

Yes, mother. I'm busy. Can I get you anything?

MANNY'S MOTHER (SPANISH)

No. I'm resting.

**INT. MANNY'S ROOM - DAY**

A tiny "bedroom," but tidy and hopeful. Pictures of Mexican pop stars, soccer heroes, Zidane headbutting Materazzi, girls, a really great collage he made himself.

Manny takes the PILLOWCASE from under his shirt. He looks in. He sees a 9mm PISTOL. Another PISTOL. CASH. And HUNDREDS OF TINY BALLOONS of Mexican "BROWN TAR" HEROIN.

CUT TO:

**INT. LANGER'S DELI - MACARTHUR PARK ADJACENT - DAY**

Best pastrami in the city. An old-school haunt for politicians and journalists of all stripes. It's after the IMMIGRANT RIGHTS RALLY and the Mayor treats to sandwiches while taking questions from insider press. JIM, a big florid guy from the LA TIMES, asks --

JIM

Is it true you're considering a run for Feinstein's seat?

The Mayor smiles easily.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

People talk, what can I say?

JIM

Yes or no would do, Mr. Mayor.

ANGLE - ANOTHER BOOTH WHERE TITO ALVAREZ same age as the Mayor, a man also of large appetites only better concealed, self-made in every respect, part of the Mayor's inner circle, speaks quietly to AGNES VARDA, 60, the Mayor's motherly CHIEF OF STAFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVAREZ

He wants to show up at this  
*illegal alien fest* and go all  
Mexican, Agnes, he better start  
talking policing, new police  
hires, traffic, smog reduction --

AGNES

I told him, Tito. I told him --

BACK WITH THE MAYOR, Daniela Garza now interjects --

DANIELA

Jim, the Mayor prefers to focus on  
the task at hand, which is today  
talking about the new police  
chief, and the sixty new police  
officers already hired this month.

JIM

Sixty isn't even a band-aid. LA,  
on a per capita basis, has the  
smallest police force of any major  
city --

DANIELA

Jim, please read the Mayor's  
release on "*Policing Smarter*" and  
the uses of the new CompStat Data  
Analysis techniques.

JIM

Will do, uh, what's your name  
again?

DANIELA

Daniela Garza.

JIM

*Right.* I remember you. Channel 5.

**INT. LANGER'S DELI RESTROOM**

Daniela enters the bathroom. She leans against the door,  
sweat beading on her forehead. VOICES echo from outside.

JIM (O.S.)

Mr. Mayor, please comment on the  
Council Study on rising gang  
membership.

She takes out a PREGNANCY TEST. She carefully puts a  
sanitary seat cover down.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAYOR ZARAGOZA (O.S.)

Jim, come on, can't you just eat  
your sandwich and focus on  
something positive for a second?

She stares at the test, watching the result emerge.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. IMPREZA - DAY

Driving. Bao fidgets, changes radio stations. "DON'T GO  
BREAKING MY HEART" by Captain and Tennille.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

I saw Ling... Getting big.

Bao starts loading bullets into one of the Sig-Sauers.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

Yeah.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

Why are we taking surface streets  
anyway?

Binh looks over.

BAO (VIETNAMESE) (CONT'D)

She's just saying she's not gonna  
have it. She'll have it.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

She's in an arranged marriage.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

So what? Her grandmother sold her  
to some old Hmong from the low  
country. It's not gonna stick.

Bao passes Binh the loaded 9MM --

BAO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Be careful. Safety is off. So  
after this job, you pay off the  
Hmong and do what you gotta do.

BINH (SUBTITLE)

I want to get an ice-blended, make  
a phone call.

BAO (SUBTITLE)

You're nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BINH (SUBTITLE)

You should be, too.

They're in Century City, tall buildings reflecting fire.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. BROOKINGS, MYER, KIPLINGER - DAY**

SPINNING off the same office tower over the perfect sward of green between two buildings, people passing foreground, CAMERA PUSHING SLOWLY TOWARD SOMEONE whose back is to camera. CLOSER. Then -- a HAND. She STARTLES --

MARY

Terry. You scared me --

And TERRY MULLINS, 40's, a detective, is standing there. Mullins has hit that point where it'll take a real effort to actually care again and he may not have it in him.

MARY (CONT'D)

You want to stay here or go up?

MULLINS

I sort of like the Mistress of the Universe thing better out here.

Mullins slumps in the chair opposite, notices she's eating a prepared meal in a bright green bento box, absurdly colorful and well-organized. He stares at it.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

What is that?

Just then another attorney, FRANK CUSHMAN, 30's, coming out of the gourmet wine shot/deli, sees Mary --

CUSHMAN

Ms. McCarthy. And you must be the cop. You look like a cop.

Mullins makes a pistol out of his finger, sights it carefully on Cushman. Bang.

CUSHMAN (CONT'D)

Let me know if you need anything.

He hurries off. Mary and Terry now. He's a little heavier. She's thinner. Both are tired and sad and a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Terry, I know you didn't want to come back out here and that you did it for Jen. I know you really care about her and I appreciate what it took.

This catches Mullins a little off-guard.

MULLINS

But?

MARY

There's no but.

MULLINS

Great. I can't wait to see her.

MARY

Terry, this is sensitive obviously-

MULLINS

There's the *but* --

MARY

Look, I do have a few questions.

MULLINS

Oh yeah, what kind of questions?

MARY

Well where are you living for one? What's it like? Is it appropriate for a kid?

MULLINS

I got her room painted pink with little bunny rabbits. Come on, Mare. She's fifteen. I hate my place, but it's got a spare bedroom. Got some furniture. Got a California zip code. And you know, while we're at it, I've got a couple questions, too: Like why you changed her out of public school without asking me? Like why I maybe don't want her going to a snobatorium where every single kid has a silver spoon stuck up his ass --

MARY

I want us both to see a custody specialist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULLINS

(beat)

A what?

MARY

An expert in custody arrangements who spends time with each of us and our daughter and makes a recommendation to the court.

MULLINS

Are you kidding? I mean you gotta be kidding, right?

MARY

Yeah, Terry. I am. I'm kidding. This is all just a big joke to amuse you. And you figured it out.

Mary is trying not to get upset. Terry looks away. He looks back. And it just all goes out of him. He wants to touch her, touch her hand. Something. But he doesn't.

CUT TO:

**INT. BRENTWOOD POOL HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY**

CAMERA now finds TALL PERFECT TEETH GIRL and FRIENDS as they depart projection room, PEELING OFF, FOLLOWING BARRY CROSSING to another door, PUSHING THROUGH TO FIND --

MAX BROADKEY, 16, watching a bank of CAMERAS on a CRESTRON MONITOR. He presses the screen to change camera views. DIFFERENT ANGLES ON THE PARTY.

Max is looking at one PERSON IN PARTICULAR, A GIRL, 15, a bit awkward, doesn't know anyone. THIS IS JENNIFER MULLINS. You can see Max likes watching her.

BARRY (O.S.)

*Half-day Tuesday.* Dude it's already LEGENDARY --

Max ignores Barry and flattery. This is Max at his happiest -- viewing life by remote. Everything compartmentalized. He speaks more to himself than Barry.

MAX

Ever read Millhaupt's "The Dark side of Private Ordering: an Institutional and Empirical Analysis of Organized crime?"

BARRY

No, Max. I missed that one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

"The activities of organized criminal firms closely track inefficiencies in formal legal structures --"

BARRY

(looking at monitor)  
Who's that chick in the red sunglasses?

MAX

Take betting on sports. There is a market demand for gambling but the supply is legally prohibited in most states, creating an inefficient market in which demand far outstrips supply. Organized crime fills this gap, increasing supply, and bringing the market to equilibrium.

Barry is staring at Max. Max looks at Barry.

MAX (CONT'D)

Has there ever been a population whose enormous wants are more legally prohibited than Westside private school kids?

Max points to the screen, to the GUY who was with the GIRL who just bought something in the projection room.

MAX (CONT'D)

Gotta screen these people. Never seen them before.

BARRY

That's my boy Sebastian. We went to John Thomas Dye together.

Barry points out the window to the pool area.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Who's that in the red sunglasses?

MAX

That's *Lara*. Not Laura. *Lara*.  
*Lara* attends Marlborough.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY**

Establish. Then a POV to the LINEUP OF SURFERS floating just outside. PAN TO FIND DANIELA GARZA watching.

She sees ONE SURFER IN PARTICULAR catch a GOOD WAVE and RIP IT DOWN THE LINE, DISAPPEARING UNDER THE PIER, THROUGH THE PYLONS and FINISHING ON THE OTHER SIDE.

This is DOUGLAS ROMERO, a 3rd generation Angeleno, a sort of Latino Jack Johnson, usually scruffy and in the clothes of someone ten if not twenty years younger, the quintessential LA boy-man, but a great goddamn surfer.

**EXT. BEACH SHOWER - DAY**

Stalks of showers on wooden poles along the boardwalk. Romero rinsing off. People roll and ride by. Romero opens his eyes and sees DANIELA GARZA standing there.

ROMERO

Hey.

DANIELA

Hey.

Romero rinses his board. Crosses the boardwalk. Goes to kiss her. She gives him a cheek.

DANIELA (CONT'D)

You're freezing.

(beat)

I'm pregnant.

ROMERO

What?

And she sees his first reaction which is shock and uncertainty, clearly not what she was hoping for. Then he's scrambling to gin up a new reaction --

ROMERO (CONT'D)

Wow. That's... great. I think.

It's good, right?

He tries to touch her, but she bucks away.

DANIELA

Yeah, Dougie. Sure. It's terrific. You want a kid? Because I'm 28, I have a new job, and I'm not married. And it's starting to look like for a young person I'm making just about every adult mistake. Including you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ouch. She walks away. Romero follows --

ROMERO

Hey. Hey, Daniela. Wait.

She leaves him there dripping in his wet-suit. He pops the trunk of his car. There's a HAND-GUN in a holster.

CUT TO:

**INT. IMPREZA - DAY**

Binh and Bao driving down San Vincente. Bao looking at the awesome trees in the median.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

What kind of trees are those?

Binh turns right on Bristol Circle. Huge houses. He makes a left. A right. Slows. Stops outside A HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE PARTY HOUSE.

A GROUP OF KIDS LEAVES THAT HOUSE AND CROSSES THE STREET. Binh tracks that group who disappear into the party house. He looks at Bao. The target was in that group.

BAO (VIETNAMESE) (CONT'D)

It's better. No guards. Take your jacket off, untuck that shirt. You look like some missionary.

**EXT. VERY NICE HOUSE - DAY**

Binh and Bao fall in behind OTHER TEENS heading in. Bao has his phone open to a picture of THE TARGET. He shows it to Binh who nods.

**INT. VERY NICE HOUSE - DAY**

Binh and Bao circulate through. There are kids all over. Art. Books. Comfy couches. A row of Emmys on a mantle.

IN THE KITCHEN

Bao goes into a large closet where the CRESTRON system is humming away.

He SCREWS A SILENCER onto the SIG SAUER and PUTS SEVERAL SLUGS into the goddamn Crestron.

**INT. POOL HOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

Max sees all the Crestron stuff go out. The monitors go off. The music stops. The video freezes.

**INT. VERY NICE HOUSE - DAY**

Binh and Bao METHODICALLY CLEAR ROOMS. CHECKING FACES.  
THE CAMERA CLOSES ON TEENS, OBSERVES, THEN MOVES ON.

HEAR snatches of CONVERSATION, ALL VOICES NOW LOUD IN THE  
VOID LEFT BY THE MUSIC.

**EXT. PARK LIKE SETTING - DAY**

Binh and Bao enter the backyard. CAMERA SEES MAX. Heads  
toward him, then PASSES RIGHT BY. Max disappears inside.

IN THE POOL AREA

Clusters of kids. CAMERA SEARCHING FACES --

And then BAO SEES -- A LATINO KID

sitting with friends on a chaise, laughing about  
something. He glances over briefly, then back --

Bao signals Binh who looks and nods.

TIGHTER ON THE LATINO KID

Still just shooting the breeze, a little awkward like  
most teenage boys.

And then Binh GRABS HIM, YANKS HIM UP.

People are starting to realize something WEIRD is going  
on. Assorted *hey hey what are you doing?*

The Latino Kid SHAKES BINH OFF.

Then BAO HAS THE SIG SAUER WITH THE SILENCER OUT AND UP  
AGAINST THE LATINO KID'S HEAD --

LATINO KID

Do I know you? Is this a joke?

Binh just FIRES. And FIRES AGAIN.

THE KID IS DEAD ON HIS FEET, EYES OPEN -- THEN HIS BODY  
IS FALLING BACKWARDS INTO THE POOL --

BINH AND BAO EMPTY THEIR PISTOLS INTO THE BODY --

TEENS ARE NOW SCREAMING --

RED SUNGLASSES - LARA - IS CLUTCHING HER HEAD --

HER FRIEND IN BLACK SUNGLASSES SCREAMS AND SCREAMS --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BINH AND BAO ARE WALKING RAPIDLY AWAY -- THE GUNS FALL  
FROM THEIR HANDS --

And then the CAMERA IS RISING UP TO FIND TEENS  
SCATTERING... RISING FURTHER TO FIND BINH and BAO ANGLING  
ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN... AND THE BODY FLOATING IN THE  
POOL IN A SWIRL OF RED.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**INT. CAPTAIN ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

TIGHT ON TV NEWS: SHOWING A REPORTER OUTSIDE THE BRENTWOOD HOUSE. BUBBLE LIGHTS. CRIME TAPE.

PULLING OUT TO FIND CAPTAIN KENNETH ORTEGA, head of Metro Division, saying something to LIEUTENANT LUTECIA "LOU" WEEKS, 30, bright and certain, and then IN THE HALLWAY as WEEKS EXITS AND WIPES FRAME --

**INT. METRO DIVISION HALLWAY - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

Weeks passing METRO "PLATOONS:" *SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS* or *SWAT*, the *K-9 UNIT*, the *MOUNTED UNIT*. Finally... *SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS* --

**INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS - NEW PARKER CENTER - DAY**

The land of cubicles, tidy and new. DETECTIVES on telephone calls. SUPPORT STAFF wandering through. Dry erase boards scribbled with pertinent information - witnesses, phone numbers, times - a sort of general "pitching" area where "communication between law enforcement specialists" is "fostered." You can feel the hand of "consultants" in every fiber of "New Parker Center" as well as the Ghosts of LAPD Past. It's a top heavy structure where all promotions have gone to management who not coincidentally employ the consultants and chiefs vastly outnumber Indians. Weeks finds ROMERO in his cubicle. Romero is an Indian.

LT. WEEKS

You're up, Dougie. Squeak your squeaky little name and that of Mullins on the dry board, and drive on out to Brentwood. Where is Mullins?

Dougie looks at the empty cubicle.

ROMERO

Traffic's gonna blow. I better take Sixth.

CUT TO:

**EXT. VERY NICE HOUSE, BRENTWOOD PARK - DAY**

Inside Dougie's car as he pulls up. Taped off area. A few police cars. Lights quietly flashing. Neighbors looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Romero nods to a couple patrol officers and a plain clothes DETECTIVE from Westside Station.

DETECTIVE

Look what the cat dragged in.

ROMERO

Be honest, last time you were in this neighborhood was for Orenthal James. Canvas?

PATROL OFFICER

Ongoing. Two Asian shooters. Bunch of kids fled the scene.

ROMERO

Kids?

**EXT. POOL AREA - VERY NICE HOUSE - DAY**

A CRYING MAID talking to a PATROL OFFICER in Spanish. OTHER OFFICERS taking statements from RATTLED TEENS.

OFFICER

Six witnesses...so far.

The VICTIM has been fished out of the water and Mullins stands over the body with a large cup of coffee. He stares up at the palm trees spread against the sky. Then sees Romero among the TEENS. Romero looks like one of them, at least sartorially, a fact not lost on Mullins.

MULLINS

Detective.

(beat)

We got two 9 millimeters. German. Fancy. Dropped over there.

In the distance chalk circles around the guns. Romero sees PARENTS standing near offspring. Other detectives. He steps closer to Mullins --

ROMERO

(sotto)

Have you been drinking?

MULLINS

Don't worry about me, little boy.

Romero stiffens a bit, then continues quietly --

ROMERO

Not with these ass-holes from Western wandering everywhere.

(back to business)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMERO (CONT'D)

You got big pupils probably on  
blow; kids with bigger pupils  
probably on E; and then tiny  
pupils where my money's on  
Internet Hydrocodone.

Mullins starts wandering away.

MULLINS

Back 'em off til Crime Scene  
finishes. We got shell casings.  
Some footprints left in water.  
Which with your permission I took  
the liberty of having  
photographed. I say we divide up  
the eyewitnesses and film 'em  
while they're fresh.

This registers on Romero. Good ideas. He follows --

A NEW ANGLE - RED SUNGLASSES TALKING INTO CAMERA

RED SUNGLASSES

It was two guys with guns. In bad  
suits. Like in a movie. It seemed  
like a prank or something. It was  
the worst thing I've ever seen. I  
didn't even know the kid. I go to  
Marlborough. Most of these kids  
are like Harvard Westlake and  
Brentwood School --

ANGLE - MAX BROADKEY TALKING INTO THE CAMERA

MAX

I passed the two guys, I thought  
someone must've brought them. The  
shorter one had pointy shoes which  
I thought was either weird or  
cool. They shot the Crestron.  
That's why the cameras went out.  
Otherwise it would all be on  
video. Yeah, we've got HD cameras  
of the whole place.

See Mullins looking at Max.

MULLINS

You're a smart kid, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

If you mean to imply that I'm a smart ass or I think I'm smarter than you, then the answer is "no," but if you mean am I smart as in having a good mind, then the answer is "yes." So which is it, Detective Mullins, were you asking a question or making a statement?

MULLINS

(suddenly tired)

Where are your parents, Max?

MAX

My mom's... my mom died last year.  
My dad's in Sun Valley, I think.

**INT. BROADKEY KITCHEN - BRENTWOOD PARK - DAY**

An enormous kitchen. Mullins tries to figure out the built-in espresso machine under another watchful Picasso. The kitchen Picasso. Romero approaches.

ROMERO

At any point are you gonna mention that your daughter goes to the same school as these characters?

MULLINS

Not relevant.

ROMERO

Yeah? How so?

MULLINS

She doesn't hang around people like this.

Romero looks at Mullins. Then reaches over and punches the right button on the machine which commences grinding the beans for an individually-prepared latte.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY**

Agnes Varda, the Mayor's Chief of Staff runs through the mayor's schedule with him. She has it printed before her. There are assorted DEPUTIES in the room, STAFF, and in the deep BG Daniela Garza. A surprisingly high number of attractive young women on the mayor's staff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGNES

So after the Chamber of Commerce lunch we're all gonna go over to Western Bagel in Van Nuys.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

Pourquoi?

DANIELA

To celebrate the Department of Water and Power's Small Business Direct Install Program.

(reading)

"We are here at Western Bagel today because our work starts at small businesses like this that strive to conserve energy and be more efficient..." et cetera and so forth... on target to become greenest city in America.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

Is that true?

Agnes shrugs. Looks at the DEPUTY FOR ENVIRONMENT.

ENVIRONMENT DEPUTY

Yes, Sir. It is.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

By when?

ENVIRONMENT DEPUTY

2020 if we're lucky. Maybe 2030.

The Mayor rolls his eyes. Sees the NEWS RUNNING ON A CORNER TV. The BRENTWOOD MURDER which is playing on all local news all the time.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

I've got Jamie Lynton texting me every five seconds about this murder on her street.

AGNES

You had the foresight to create Special Investigations which is an efficient response to this type of crime. *The largest city in America geographically and we can't let the criminals be more organized than the police.*

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

I remember that speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Agnes wheels to the DEPUTY FOR POLICE who nods.

DEPUTY MAYOR FOR POLICE

You created SILA for this purpose.  
If they clear it, *Police Smarter*  
starts looking like a major coup,  
we're barely into the second term.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

It's like the Kremlin over there.  
But we can't have any high profile  
unsolved stuff on the West Side,  
not right now, not with this  
Feinstein thing in the air.  
Speaking of which, has she sent up  
any sort of definite signal?

Not that anyone is aware of in that room.

DANIELA

Mr. Mayor, it's time to go to  
Western Bagel.

CUT TO:

**INT. COMPSTAT ROOM - DAY**

A small room with an INTERACTIVE COMPUTER PROJECTED IN HD  
ONTO THE WALL. DETECTIVES, including Mullins and Romero,  
and Lt. Weeks, sit at a long table watching the screen.  
The information review is fast and a young TECH named  
DETECTIVE MARTIN FRANZEN, 20's, works the CompStat.

FRANZEN

Canvas produced a dogwalker who  
overheard "two men speaking  
Vietnamese getting out of a Subaru  
Impreza at 3:45."

Franzen touches the huge interactive screen and CompStat  
IMAGE shifts to a MAP of CRIMES INVOLVING VIETNAMESE.

FRANZEN (CONT'D)

(re: the CompStat)

All Vietnamese crimes in the city  
over the last month. The vast dark  
area on the map is the vast area  
where Vietnamese commit no crimes.

Another officer, REGGIE CLARK, 20's, pipes up --

CLARK

How many Vietnamese people live in  
Brentwood anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMERO

Two. And they're both heart surgeons.

Franzen shifts the CompStat.

FRANZEN

You joke but that's about accurate.

ROMERO

Victim has no record?

MULLINS

What about Max the benevolent host?

ROMERO

No record. But two kids from interview said they'd heard something about him and Adderal from Mexico.

MULLINS

Addawhat?

ROMERO

It's like Ritalin. A medicine for ADD. Basically cocaine in pill form.

FRANZEN

This is what I found on your victim. From The Westside Flyer --

ON THE SCREEN - AN ARTICLE FROM A LOCAL PAPER. JUAN OLVERA featured next to a SCIENTIFIC ILLUSTRATION.

FRANZEN (CONT'D)

Juan Olvera apparently won the Citywide Science Fair for his --

(reading)

*Model of Stream Flow Stations and Benthic Substrates in the Santa Monica Bay.*

ROMERO

Here's a statement: the Vietnamese whack a dork on Chadbourne. So what's the question?

CUT TO:



**INT. CARRIE THE CUSTODY CONSULTANT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Native American Art on the walls. A collection of crystals. A trickling water garden near a Buddha head. The whole cosmology of wu-wu LA mysticism.

MULLINS

I'm back. I live here now. I'm settled. I've found a place. It's got a nice outdoor area. And I've started a, uh, sustainable garden. It's in Sylmar, but it's close to a library and a park. At least I think it's a park.

Mullins is talking earnestly to his daughter, JENNIFER MULLINS, 15, a bright sophomore with braces who is slightly unnerved by this new version of her dad.

JENNIFER

Dad?

(snaps her fingers)

Dad --?

CARRIE THE CUSTODY CONSULTANT, 50ish, an earth mother type with a a masters degree, looks on benevolently.

CARRIE

Sylmar's very family oriented.

Mullins swivels to take in Carrie.

MULLINS

Yes, it is.

(to Jennifer)

How's school, Kiddo?

JENNIFER

(beat)

Kinda crazy. A kid got killed.

People are spun out.

Mullins looks at Carrie, makes a "yikes" face.

MULLINS

So a kid got killed at your school, the school your mom chose without consulting me? That's scary.

JENNIFER

Not at school. At a kid's house.

MULLINS

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

Some kid I don't really know. Max Broadkey.

MULLINS

But you've never been over there.

JENNIFER

No, I don't make the cut.

MULLINS

The what?

JENNIFER

You know what I mean.

MULLINS

No, I don't really.

CARRIE

Jennifer is talking about peer dynamics. Cliques are a part of everyday life in high-school and can be quite stressful.

MULLINS

Anybody saying anything?

JENNIFER

Juan was like a scholarship kid, a *mathlete*, a totally good guy.

MULLINS

A *what*?

JENNIFER

He was on the math team, thus *mathlete*. *Square Rooters* would be the cheering section. The last guy on earth this should happen to.

MULLINS

Are you saying these Vietnamese guys shot the wrong guy --

CARRIE

Whoa whoa whoa --

MULLINS

So who would be the right guy? Who were they looking for?

CARRIE

Detective, are you crossing a boundary right now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULLINS

Probably. Jen, if they shot the wrong kid, odds are, they're gonna come after the right kid.

This really scares Jen.

CARRIE

Detective Mullins!

MULLINS

Is it Max? Is that the kid? The kid with the party house?

JENNIFER

So you know about this already --

MULLINS

King Ritalin?

JENNIFER

That's probably why you're here at all.

MULLINS

That's not why I'm here but I am here. And someone else is going to die. Was this a drug thing?

Carrie is on her feet --

CARRIE

Detective Mullins --

JENNIFER

No. I don't know --

CARRIE

THIS IS A --

MULLINS

Are you hanging with drug kids now at that school?

JENNIFER

No... No --!

MULLINS

Are you listening to this, Carrie?

JENNIFER

Juan seemed --

CARRIE

SACRED SPACE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MULLINS

What? What? What did he seem?

JENNIFER

He seemed... nice.

MULLINS

They're pros and they're out there  
and --

CARRIE

MR. MULLINS --!

MULLINS

They'll try again.

CARRIE

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE --!

Jennifer is upset. Carrie is upset. Mullins has the general demeanor of one who knows things didn't go all that well. Leaving he overhears Jen defending him --

JENNIFER (O.S.)

He's just doing his job. He's  
really good at it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. EL PORTO BREAK - NIGHT**

The moon ripples across the water. The swell of a large wave lifts and recedes. Planes taking off overhead. SOMEONE drops in, surfing the moonlight break.

And then find DOUGIE ROMERO floating near a VIETNAMESE HIPSTER DUDE, a PI or PAID INFORMANT, Romero knows from his gang unit days.

ROMERO

Who uses German-made Sig-Sauer's  
in the Vietnamese community?

Cahn shrugs. No idea. Romero looks at the lights of the coastline. The apartment blocks of Venice, the Ferris Wheel on the Santa Monica pier to the north.

CAHN

Don't know, Douglas, but the  
answers are in Pedro. You remember  
San Pedro, don't you, Dougie?

Cahn turns and digs, dropping into a wave, disappearing.

**EXT. EL PORTO BEACH - NIGHT**

Public showers on the exterior wall of a public restroom.  
Romero rinsing off.

DANIELA

Not even a call. Not even one  
word. Like maybe we should discuss  
this, like maybe it's worth a  
follow up. Instead just forget  
about it, have another surf sesh --

Romero sees Daniela all heated up.

ROMERO

Dany, I've had a day, you know,  
work is, well this was work.

DANIELA

Freeze or I'll drop in on you.

Romero is looking at her. And then he just grabs her and starts kissing her. She makes to fight him off but she doesn't really mean it. It's passionate. They roll away from the buzzing fluorescent light and make love against a wall in the shadows.

The moon hangs low over the water, like it's somewhere just past Catalina.

CUT TO:

**INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Same moon. Mullins standing there looking at it, weaving slightly. Vertical blinds rattling. The "outdoor area" is a small balcony, the "sustainable garden" is a lone sunflower in a pot.

He takes a pull from a half-pint bottle of Jim Beam. Turns and looks back at his barren Sylmar shitbox, the thrift store couch, the empty wall above.

He lurches inside, picks up a hammer, kneels on the couch, bangs a nail into the wall. The phone RINGS. He ignores it. Drinks again. Then hangs a thrift store picture of a three-masted clipper ship. Phone stops ringing. He drinks again. The picture is crooked. The phone RINGS again. This time he looks at the ID.

MULLINS

Yeah. Hi Jen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER

I know you hate my school. *The Self-Esteem Factory*.

MULLINS

Jen, I'm sorry about today.

JENNIFER

I couldn't really talk, but I... I wanted to tell you, the class ahead of me, the Fifth Form --

MULLINS

The what?

JENNIFER

The juniors. There's two Latinos. They look really similar. One is Scholarship Juan. The other is Thomas Alvarez.

(beat)

Dad?

MULLINS

You're in school with Tito Alvarez's kid?

JENNIFER

He's nice, Dad.

MULLINS

He's not nice, Jen. It's genetically impossible. His father... is not nice, but hey you should probably get some rest -- *Ruling Class 101* bright and early.

An awkward pause. Jen doesn't say anything or hang-up.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

So... how are things anyway? How's school?

JENNIFER

Oh my god, Dad. There's this one teacher, Dr. Fitzsimons, who would crack you up. He's a Jesuit or a Quaker or something. He has the best comb-over. It goes from one ear all the way to the other ear.

Terry sits on his couch and leans back, closing his eyes, Slowly he smiles. And Jen is still talking --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He runs on the track at lunch and  
the comb-over flies up and down  
like a little animal is living on  
his head. It's so amusing...

FADE OUT:

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. PARKER CENTER - DAY**

Mullins takes Franzen aside while grabbing a coffee.

MULLINS

Who would want to whack Tito  
Alvarez's kid? Thomas Alvarez. A  
junior at Harvard Westlake School.

Franzen gives a look to Mullins.

FRANZEN

You know our mayor, right, from  
East Side Terrace? Any photo,  
right behind him, also from East  
Side Terrace - Tito Alvarez.

MULLINS

Did the kid run over someone's  
dog? Did Tito do some dirt to  
somebody else's kid? Wide net.  
Quietly. Stay off that CompStat  
thing.

Franzen watches Mullins get another big black coffee.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE AIRLIFT - DAY**

Vietnamese BIKER BAR near the docks in San Pedro.  
MOTORCYCLES out front. Romero and Mullins entering.

**INT. THE AIRLIFT - DAY**

Bikers, criminals, hookers, drinking during the day.  
Romero and Mullins enter. Looking around. Eyes adjusting  
to the murk. Then Romero is in motion --

ROMERO

LAPD. Hands on the bar. Every one  
of you. Now.

Romero shoves a bunch of guys against the bar. Roughly  
puts hands on the bar. Points at the BARTENDER.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

You. Not a move.

Guys are GRUMBLING. Romero starts frisking them. Going  
down the line. Pulling illegal knives, drugs.

One guy, HUANG, tries to make a dash.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROMERO (CONT'D)

Where you going?

Romero grabs this guy, HUANG, Collars him toward the rear. Into the small filthy restroom.

**INT. AIRLIFT RESTROOM - DAY**

Romero has HUANG in the small space. Frisks him rapidly. FINDS a SIG-SAUER PISTOL. Like the one BINH and BAO used. Romero holds it up. Looks at Huang.

HUANG

Not mine.

ROMERO

Holding it for a friend, Huang?  
The Pedro Loan-A-Gun Program. Very popular with the kids. And you on parole and all.

Huang knows he's in deep shit. He stares sullenly.

HUANG

I got some people you might be looking for, who maybe also use a gun that looks sort of like this.

ROMERO

Write it down. Names. Address.

Romero shoves a pad and pen at Huang who scribbles the information. Romero looks at it.

ROMERO (CONT'D)

Okay, Huang. Where do you want it?

Huang points to his left cheek. Romero pulls back his fist to clock him --

**INT. AIRLIFT - DAY**

People hear Romero knocking Huang around. Then Romero emerges roughly shoving Huang in front of him.

ROMERO

You try to run again. I'll shoot you.

(to the bar)

Enjoy your day.

Mullins looking at Romero, starting to like his style.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HARVARD WESTLAKE SCHOOL - DAY**

A beautiful campus. A long shot of Jennifer walking between classes. And then Max Broadkey angling for her.

MAX

Hey... Wait up.

She slows.

MAX (CONT'D)

You were at my house.

(beat)

Okay, okay, I get it, nobody was actually there, but I did meet a Detective Mullins. And your last name is Mullins. And I heard your dad's a cop. So either it's suddenly raining Mullins or I met your dad. I don't think he likes me.

JENNIFER

I don't think he likes anybody.

(beat)

I crashed your party.

Now Max notices Jen is staring at someone. It's THOMAS ALVAREZ. Thomas has glasses, is maybe a bit dorky, but there's an odd force about him, too.

MAX

Ah, my neighbor. The quiet Thomas Alvarez.

They both watch Thomas pass.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANNY FLORES' BEDROOM - DAY**

The collage. And Zidane headbutting Materazzi. Manny in his tidy little room, pulling a BAND TIE off the PILLOWCASE of contraband. He leaves the room.

**EXT. BONNIE BRAE - DAY**

Manny carries the PILLOWCASE with the money, guns, and drugs crosses an empty lot, enters a dilapidated building.

**INT. BUILDING - DAY**

STEADICAM as Manny is led through a subterranean maze. Deceptive in that it appears to be abandoned but doors are reinforced with steel. There are cut-throughs in support walls. An entire city block of virtually worthless residences bought up on the cheap.

Manny shows the contents to GUARDS. Speaks in SPANISH.

Women in SURGICAL MASKS make DRUG SOUFFLES in HOT POTS. CAULDRONS of reeking BLACK TAR with air filtration capturing the fumes.

A contiguous building. MEN WITH UZIS counting MONEY in COUNTING MACHINES. Finally up and up to a top floor and through another seemingly broken door.

**INT. NACHO'S OFFICE - DAY**

QUIET. NACHO MEZA, a lithe man in his late thirties, the build of an NBA player, head shaved close, a neat goatee. Signals for Manny NOT TO TALK.

A TECH is PASSING a WAND over the room. SWEEPING. Manny sneaks a look at Nacho and sees he has a design stenciled onto his closely shaved head. AN ARROW pointing forward. The tech finishes sweeping the room, then sweeps Manny.

TECH

All good.

NACHO

(to Manny)

What do you want? ¿Qué usted quiere?

MANNY (SPANISH)

This belongs to you.

A Lieutenant, FRANKIE HADDAD, looks in the pillowcase. Nacho looks Manny over.

NACHO (SPANISH)

Is that eye-liner? You wearing eye-liner?

MANNY (SPANISH)

I want a job.

Nacho walks over to the windows.

NACHO (SPANISH)

You live at 339 Bonnie Brae. 4th floor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NACHO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
 You're from Juarez, am I right?  
 Your mother is Consuela De  
 Trinidad Trejo.

Manny nods.

NACHO (CONT'D)  
 (to Haddad)  
 Consuela de Trinidad Trejo pays no  
 rent this year.

Then Nacho turns back and considers Manny again.

NACHO (CONT'D)  
 Eye-liner wants a job.

Manny just looks at Nacho steadily.

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILROAD HOUSE - SAN PEDRO - DAY**

Romero and Mullins approach the lime green Imprezza  
 parked at a railroad house.

ROMERO  
 You gonna wanna go first?

MULLINS  
 Be my guest, Rambo.

ROMERO  
 Way before my time, dude.

REVEAL SWAT GUYS have snuck up next to the front door  
 with a BATTERING RAM. Romero and Mullins now nonchalantly  
 walk up.

**INT. RAILROAD HOUSE - SAN PEDRO - CONTINUOUS**

A pot of fish on the stove. A GRANNY cooking. Bao is  
 playing Wii bowling. Suddenly LOUD WHISTLING. Bao hears  
 the WHISTLE again. A signal. He looks through a curtain,  
 sees Romero looking in the window of the Imprezza.

Bao now moves fast, cranks the Wii volume, moves his  
 Granny, puts her hands on the dinette. Then reaches in a  
 drawer and PULLS A HANDGUN --

THE DOOR COLLAPSES INWARDS. AND ROMERO APPEARS --

ROMERO  
 Police --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAO RUNS. Flying through small rooms toward the rear.  
Leaps out of a window --

**EXT. RAILROAD HOUSE - DAY**

Bao lands, scrambles through a tiny yard, hops a fence.  
Romero leaps out the window. Bao hits the ground in  
another yard. He WINGS A SHOT back at Romero. Runs.  
Romero chases. Mullins appears and climbs out the window.

A CHASE THROUGH BACKYARDS AND NOW WE'RE DOLLYING FROM  
YARD TO YARD TO YARD as Bao hops fences and cuts through  
yards, under hanging clothes, past children playing.

Bao FIRES again. Bolts inside another house. OUR DOLLY  
MOVE CARRIES US PAST THE WINDOW --

Bao bursting through, SCATTERING a VIETNAMESE FAMILY,  
ducking down a hallway. BINH appears.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

Idiot. Why you run here? Why?

Binh now follows Bao. Both ducking, jumping, weaving.  
Romero gaining.

THEN THEY'RE BACK OUTSIDE. CORNERED AGAINST A WALL.  
Romero catching them finally. Bao whirling with his gun.  
Trying to aim at Romero who is insanely fast, grabbing  
the pistol out of Bao's hands. Binh jumping on Dougie's  
back, trying to choke him. Romero whirling, slamming Binh  
back into the wall. Bao trying to hit him from the front  
and Romero SLAMMING BINH again and again. And Romero just  
a machine, slamming BINH while pounding on Bao. He flings  
BINH off his back, dislocating Binh's shoulder, maybe  
breaking an arm.

ROMERO

Shoot a cop. Shoot a cop. That  
what you gonna do? That your big  
idea?

Then he just picks Bao up and throws him down. And he's  
on his chest, just jack-hammering his fist into Bao's  
face. Again and again.

Mullins huffs and puffs his way up and sees the aftermath  
of the fight. Sees Bao's smashed face and Binh's  
dislocated shoulder and broken arm --

And he sees something wild about Romero, barely  
domesticated, the dog who won't sit at your feet, won't  
fetch a ball, but when cornered or angered is capable of  
erupting in violence so sudden you aren't sure you've  
actually seen it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then Romero is staring at Mullins, wild, slowly coming back to this planet. And Mullins is looking at him. And they're both panting and finally --

MULLINS

You know something Romero, and  
don't let this go to your head:  
For a vegan, you're a real dick.

Romero bends over, breathing hard. LIFTING UP to find them in the back yard of a working class hood near the docks in San Pedro.

CUT TO:

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**INT. SILA INTERVIEW ROOMS - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

Binh handcuffed to a table.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)  
Lawyer.

Next room over. Bao handcuffed to a table.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)  
Lawyer. Lawyer. Lawyer.

**INT. SILA - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

Romero looking in, talks to Weeks.

ROMERO  
Waiting for language services.  
Although I'm guessing we can all  
say lawyer in Vietnamese now.

LT. WEEKS  
How you gonna play this? They know  
why they're here.

ROMERO  
Not from us. Let 'em sweat. Then  
line 'em up. Hope the eye  
witnesses place them. I'm in court  
for the next couple anyway.

Lt. Weeks nods, walks away. Passing Mullins who is  
huddled at his cubicle with Franzen.

ANGLE - TERRY'S DESK

Franzen has transparencies of detailed maps of BUSINESS  
HOLDINGS. He explains his research to Terry.

FRANZEN  
Here are two maps, one showing the  
holdings of Tito Alvarez, the  
other -- An Dung. Dung develops  
golf courses and strip malls, is  
reputedly a pretty hard-nosed guy.

Franzen settles the two maps over each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANZEN (CONT'D)

One point of intersection here in Pacoima. The site of his 104th SuperMercado. In Dung's hood.

MULLINS

And let me make a leap here. Dung has a son who was killed recently.

Franzen shakes his head.

FRANZEN

Nothing reported.

MULLINS

Missing?

FRANZEN

Nothing Reported.

This isn't what Mullins expected.

FRANZEN (CONT'D)

But I took the liberty of checking with the public school in Pacoima and there's a "Bobby Dung" who has missed the last 13 school days.

MULLINS

(impressed)

Franzen. Good pull, buddy.

CUT TO:

**INT. COURTROOM/CIRCUIT COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Mullins enters the courtroom of JUDGE BOYCE MARTIN SR. as a money laundering trial is in progress. Defendant is Thomas Whitesides, his attorney is Mary McCarthy. The prosecutor, CARL MARTINDALE, is questioning the state's witness, Douglas Romero.

ROMERO

I went to Sports Ladies on 23 occasions.

MARTINDALE

Not a tough beat that.

ROMERO

No, sir. I've had worse.

Mary glances, sees Mullins in the back of the courtroom.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTINDALE

Could you describe for me the  
business at Sports Ladies?

ROMERO

It's a sports bar with topless  
women. You can get lap dances.

MARTINDALE

And this is the same at Sports  
Ladies 1, 2, 3... All Sports  
Ladies?

ROMERO

Yes.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COURTROOM - DAY**

A recess from court. Romero is finished on the stand.  
Mary goes up to Mullins.

MARY

I heard about your visit with  
Carrie. Nice. Everyone bending  
over backwards to be fair. Let's  
hear it.

MULLINS

I couldn't have predicted --

MARY

Let's hear the excuse. I'm ready.

MULLINS

What's the lesson here today? It's  
okay to launder money as long as  
you can afford the right attorney.

MARY

The lesson: *presumption of  
innocence*, a concept you have  
seemingly little use for.

MULLINS

Bring that in on "what my mom does  
for work day."

MARY

The state bought testimony from  
two convicted felons, mobbed-up  
dipsticks who will do anything and  
say anything to stay out of jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

We're fifteen minutes from an acquittal at a total cost to the state of over three million dollars, including I assume --  
 (re: Romero)  
 Tweedle-dee's salary.

She just walks away. Romero looks at Mullins.

ROMERO

That's your ex-wife? I like --

CUT TO:

**EXT. NICE HOUSE - BRENTWOOD PARK - DAY**

Mullins pointing out the two nice houses across the street from each other, one the PARTY HOUSE, the other ALVAREZ.

MULLINS

On this side of the street is Max and his party. Over there, drum roll please, Tito Alvarez. Who has a son named Thomas Alvarez, who's also a junior. He's looking out the window at the party. Maybe he'll go, maybe not. The two shooters roll up right here. They look at Alvarez's house. Security guards. Cameras. Thinking about how this is gonna play out. But when they see the kid just walking across the street.

Mullins reaches in the rental and pulls out a Harvard Westlake *Fleur De Lis*, the yearbook, with pages marked for Spanish Club, Math Team, Thespians. He shows the pictures to Romero. JUAN-THOMAS, THOMAS-JUAN.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Not Scholarship Juan, but Tito Alvarez's kid, and there he is walking through the hedges to an open house, no security, just drunk teenagers. So what do they do? They follow him. Only once in there they mix him up with the other Latino kid at Harvard Westlake. Alvarez hustles it out as fast as he can in the apparent mass exodus of the Upright Children's Brigade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMERO

That's a nice story, Mullins. The question is --

MULLINS/ROMERO (SIMUL)

Who wants Alvarez's kid dead?

MULLINS (CONT'D)

(rabbit from the hat)

An Dung.

ROMERO

Who?

CUT TO:

**INT. DUNG INDUSTRIES - DAY**

Mullins and Romero sit with AN DUNG, 50, a self-satisfied hard working guy who loves golf, golf nic-nacs, and people who play golf including George W. Bush, Tiger Woods, and Arnold Schwarzenegger. He shows LARGE PHOTOS of STRIP PLAZAS he's had a hand in.

DUNG

Did you know LA is the only great city in the world that has no river, trade route, or natural harbor? There is no reason on earth for LA to exist, except for forward-looking developers who said this is where the city goes.

MULLINS

Tell us about relations between you and Tito Alvarez?

The slightest of hesitations.

DUNG

I don't have any relations with Mr. Alvarez.

ROMERO

Weren't you in negotiations over a location for a SuperMercado in Pacoima.

DUNG

Negotiations broke down.

Mullins glances at Romero. He nods to a picture of a TEENAGER with a GOLF TROPHY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULLINS

You don't think it's worth mentioning that your son, Bobby, hasn't shown up at school in nearly three weeks?

DUNG

A tempestuous boy who often runs away, who stays with his girlfriends from time to time. No, I don't see why that would matter to the LAPD. I would think you have other things to keep you busy.

Dung is finished with them.

CUT TO:

**INT. LINE-UP ROOM - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

In the half-dark BINH and BAO wait in a lineup of 8 or 10 other VIETNAMESE MEN around the same age.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

Red Sunglasses - LARA, her well-heeled MOTHER and FATHER, their LAWYER, all look into dark glass. A female cop, TONI CHESNUT, African American, is there with them.

WHOOSH the LINE-UP ILLUMINATES --

LARA

I don't know. Oh my god --

CHESNUT

Take your time.  
(over intercom)  
Please turn to the right.

Inside the room a VIETNAMESE COP FROM LANGUAGE SERVICES tells them what to do in Vietnamese.

LARA

I... I...

LARA'S POV - DARTING FROM FACE TO FACE. Hitting Binh and Bao and the others. Skipping around. No rhyme or reason.

LARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Her parents visibly relax.

INT. SILA AREA - DAY

Max Broadkey, with no parent or lawyer, waiting for his turn. Max takes in the DRY ERASE board loaded with information. Sees the COMPSTAT WORKING. Eavesdrops on different conversations. Sees Weeks. Romero. Mullins. Interactions of all of them. Missing nothing. He sees LARA, her parents, lawyer, exit and sees Barry Borowitz with his parents and lawyer enter. Barry nods at Max.

INT. LT. WEEK'S OFFICE - LATER

Mullins and Romero dejectedly hear the news.

WEEKS

Team Impreza retained counsel. Big time guy name of Myers. How these two teenagers get Marty Myers is another question entirely. Turns out they're both US Citizens. And we got diddly on them --

MULLINS

Taking a pop at Romero? That doesn't count for anything out here?

WEEKS

Of course it counts. And it will count. But it's not gonna keep them from getting bail. Not here, not New York, not the moon.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

PANNING SLOWLY across a BANQUETTE find Jennifer Mullins then Terry Mullins and finally THOMAS ALVAREZ, glasses, a bit dorky.

MULLINS

You're in real big-boy danger, Thomas. You know that, right?

Thomas is noncommittal. Jennifer looks at him. Something about that look registers in the deep parental recesses of Terry's brain but he barges on --

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Well I think you do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Help me understand why these two  
Vietnamese shooters want you.  
That's what I want to understand.

THOMAS

I don't know anything about what  
you're talking about. I don't --

MULLINS

You're Tito Alvarez's kid and the  
fact you don't have bodyguard  
protection 24-7 right now is just  
perplexing the hell out of me.

JENNIFER

He doesn't know anything about it.  
He's not his father. He was barely  
at that party --

Now Mullins swings his gaze back and something clicks --

MULLINS

You were at that party and you  
lied to your father, right to my  
face.

JENNIFER

No, I lied to a cop, not my  
father. Don't tell mom. Please.

At that moment, there's Mary McCarthy bustling into the  
diner. And Mullins sees Romero at the cruiser trying to  
signal, to get Terry's attention, but it's too late.

MARY

Jennifer. Thomas. Wait outside.  
(to Mullins)  
You're not gonna see her for a  
year.

JENNIFER

Mom, he didn't even know I was  
coming. Thomas called him. And I  
came, too.

MARY

Outside.

The teenagers leave. Mary looks down at her ex-husband.

MARY (CONT'D)

Do this again, Terry. One more  
time. I dare you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULLINS

I have to do my job. I have to. I have to tell that kid point blank he's in danger. I don't do that, it's on me. Period.

MARY

She's our daughter. You think she's been nervous about you coming back? You think she's lost weight, sleep? You think she wonders how you feel about her? Why you left? Why you're back? Why she feels like a ten year-old every time she hears your voice? You think, forgetting your case, a serious case I grant, forgetting that for one moment, just ask yourself how she feels and why she's doing this for you and what that says to her? Can you do that for me? Please.

This starts to sink in to Mullins. He glances. Sees Jennifer trying to look like she's not watching Mary and Mullins hash it out at the booth. He sees a flash of that ten year-old girl adrift now and it hits home hard.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BONNIE BRAE - DAY**

The corners and buildings controlled by Nacho Meza are humming along. PANNING to PICK UP MAX BROADKEY getting out of his Range Rover, checking things out.

He saunters over to a corner. Talks to the guys. They signal. Someone else runs out. Max follows him. Another guy meets them and Max is handed off again.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY**

Max steps into the shadows and A GUN IS PUT TO HIS HEAD. He slowly lifts his arms.

MAX

Hey. Hey.

They pat him down. Yank up his shirt. Look down his pants. Check his ankles. Hair. Then he's blindfolded. See the workers at Nacho Meza industries don't quite know what to do with him.

INT. NACHO MEZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Max getting "wanded" by the tech. And the blindfold is removed. See immediately that Max is an adrenaline junky and this is the coolest field trip he's ever been on.

NACHO

Take a good look around because you're never gonna see it again.

MAX

Drugs are so cheap down here.

NACHO

Supply and demand, Amigo. The supply is all here and the demand is all out there.

Nacho looks at Max.

NACHO (CONT'D)

I checked you out, Holmes. You aren't even a mosquito. You aren't anything. But you wanted to see me and here I am.

MAX

I probably have 95% of the pill trade in 25 private schools. I have a lot of money. I have no competition. I want you to put a stash house West of the 405 freeway. Put some of your guys in an apartment. I want to vertically integrate

Nacho meets his gaze. Really sizes him up.

NACHO

How much money you got, Holmes?

MAX

More than you.

A beat. Then Nacho Meza starts to chuckle.

NACHO

I don't want to see you even in this area code again. We'll get in touch with you. If I do see you down here where contrary to your master sense of disguise you stand out in the wrong way, you will not make it out. Now get out of here.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Max is gone. Nacho turns to Haddad.

NACHO (CONT'D)  
What'd you think of him?

HADDAD  
Rich kid. Dangerous, I think.

NACHO  
If that kid is busted we'll have real trouble, because rich kids are trouble, but... But it's an untapped area, West of the 405 Freeway... and the policing out there is thin, So it's like getting the first chain restaurant into a regulated area, a hassle but probably worth it.

Nacho now signals to SOMEONE waiting in the wings. And MANNY steps out. Nacho switches to Spanish.

NACHO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
I want you to wait outside Parker Center. I want you to watch for these two getting out.

He hands Manny two PHOTOS, one of BINH, the other of BAO.  
He hands Manny a cell phone.

NACHO (CONT'D)  
And when you see them coming out, you pick up this phone and press the green button. That's it. See them. This button right here.

Nacho peels off ten 100 dollar bills and stuffs them in Manny's shirt pocket.

**END ACT FOUR**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**INT. CLUB - DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT**

A political scene. Black tie fund-raiser with the faithful. In the distance the MAYOR works the room, moving through POWER PLAYERS, but we're with Daniela Garza, looking amazing in an evening gown, and next to her Dougie Romero in a tux with Vans. No socks.

DANIELA

That's Donny Vooradian, honcho at the California Teachers Association. And next to him, you know who that is.

ROMERO

I do?

DANIELA

Police Union.

ROMERO

Oh right, right.

They pass into the crowd. Daniela pointing out people.

CUT TO:

**INT. BOB'S FROLIC ROOM III - DAY**

Dive. Not quite as nice as Frolic I and II which are also horrible. Mullins at the bar with a bourbon, soda back.

MULLINS

Question is is there a Bob in the Bob's Frolic empire? Bob or no Bob?

Mullins now digs in his pocket, extracts a "90 DAY CHIP" which he tosses at a garbage can.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

I'm voting no Bob since this is LA and everything is a what do you call it... uh, ah... A wild west town where the backs are just plywood held up by two-by-fours --

BARTENDER

Scrims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

(thinks)  
No. That's not it.

BARTENDER

I was a theater major.

TERRY

Course you were. Point being  
whatever it's called there's no  
Bob in Bob's --

BARTENDER

Bob sold it to the Koreans.

This explains everything.

TERRY

Same again, thespian.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLUB - FUNDRAISER - LATER**

People circulating. Romero close to Daniela, touches her  
stomach. She moves his hand to the right spot.

DANIELA

It's there actually --

She holds his hand against her and looks at him. And just  
then Romero sees MULLINS, drunk, not in a tux. Romero's  
torn. Wants to ignore Mullins, but --

AT THE BAR

Romero slides in next to Mullins. Follows his gaze to  
where TITO ALVAREZ sits at a table chatting with friends.

MULLINS

You dig up East Side Terrace  
you'll find a lot of bodies Tito  
Alvarez climbed over.

ROMERO

The guy starts with a food cart,  
builds a hundred SuperMercados,  
marries a white Mexican from San  
Angel. It's the American Dream,  
bra. LA style.

MULLINS

He unleashed Nacho Meza and 16th  
Street on those Vietnamese. I know  
it. You know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMERO

I worked Gang Unit for five years  
and I'm not even sure that's true.

MULLINS

Yeah all the local boys with stars  
in their eyes.

ROMERO

It's not easy opening a  
SuperMercado in Newton District.  
You think it is, you go try it.

Terry downs his drink, then suddenly walks toward  
Alvarez. Alvarez's SECURITY GUY subtly blocks Terry's  
way. Terry not so subtly SPINS HIM and SLAMS HIM against  
a wall, frisking him, pulling his gun --

MULLINS

I want to see a permit for this.

SECURITY

Left pocket, Detective.

Terry just leaves him against the wall, turns to Alvarez.

MULLINS

They're gonna get your kid. You  
watch. Just watch.

Romero is now pulling Mullins away --

ALVAREZ

I understand our kids go to the  
same school, Detective. Maybe I'll  
see you around. Fundraiser is  
coming up. We expect a donation.

ANGLE - DANIELA CATCHING UP WITH ROMERO AND MULLINS

DANIELA

Dougie, what the hell?

ROMERO

This is Mullins. Mullins, Daniela.

Mullins checks out Daniela, turns to Romero --

MULLINS

Romero, you mum bastard. Secrety  
secret keeper bastard guy.

DANIELA

Get him out of here. Go now. I'll  
be fine. Gotta work after anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dougie sees the Mayor across the floor, checking them out. Daniela turns and heads back toward her boss. Mullins and Romero watch her go.

ROMERO

How stoked is Mayor Horny.

Mullins is already wandering away.

**INT. BATHROOM - FANCY CLUB - NIGHT**

There's a restroom attendant with hand towels and gum. Terry at a urinal. He shifts aim and pees all over the floor. The attendant becomes alarmed.

BATHROOM ATTENDANT

Sir... Sir!

Mullins looks serenely over his shoulder.

MULLINS

It's okay. I'm a cop.

**INT. CLUB - LATER**

The fundraiser is over. A big success. And alone at a table find Mayor Zaragoza, an open bottle of red between them, sitting probably too close to Daniela Garza.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

I know I'm a cut and run guy. I know that about myself. I get bored. Or maybe the grass really is greener. I want Feinstein's seat. And she wants me to have it, too. She was a Mayor once. And is my heart really in it now? Making speeches to Elementary school classes, christening bagel factories? The hell of it is I actually love the place and there are things I could do here to really leave a mark.

DANIELA

Like what?

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

You really want to know?

He pours her more wine.

DANIELA

Sure I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

(quietly, a secret)

High speed magnetic rail to the beaches. Straight through Beverly Hills and Brentwood or Westwood and Santa Monica. Straight from downtown. From East Side.

Inexpensive, practical, green transportation to open up the promise of the city to all her citizens. To open up the beaches, the ocean, the fresh air, to anyone who has fifty cents. Bring us all closer together. That's what I'd like to do.

See that Daniela is actually taken with this vision, with her boss. She likes him.

DANIELA

This is... how do I put it?

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

It's just us sitting here.

DANIELA

This is the version of you I like best. But when people think of you unfortunately they think of ambition. And they think of women. They think of your wife getting sick and taking you back and deserving not to be humiliated. It ate up your first term. People don't want to hear any more about your women and your ambition; they want accomplishments. They want a Mayor, a Mayor and a father, and that's it.

Zaragoza leans back. This is not the prelude to a seduction he was expecting but he's smart enough to know good advice when he hears it. And that's sexy too.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY JAIL - DAY**

Binh and Bao walk out into the sunlight. 70's DON SIEGEL ZOOM BACK to feel SOMEONE watching. It's Manny Flores. He takes out the cell phone, presses the GREEN BUTTON.

Then he goes to a pay phone and DIALS A DIFFERENT NUMBER.

**INT. SILA - PARKER CENTER - DAY**

A PHONE RINGING. Hungover Mullins at his cubicle. The ringing phone is on ROMERO'S DESK. Who reaches it.

ROMERO

Hello?

(switches to Spanish)

Okay. Right. Thanks. Keep your head down. Get off the phone.

See Mullins looking at Romero now.

MULLINS

Senor Pillowcase?

Romero nods.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HARVARD WESTLAKE SCHOOL - DAY**

A beautiful campus. "Ted Slavin Field" bright green against the brown desert. Prius after Prius driving away. And ONE PRIUS in particular, driven by THOMAS ALVAREZ, exits the school, heading up Coldwater.

And we see BINH and BAO have been watching and now the LIME GREEN IMPREZZA pulls out and follows.

**INT. IMPREZZA - DAY**

Binh driving, Bao riding shotgun.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

I'm going to pay that Hmong off.  
Ling and I decided. Pay and then I  
can do the right thing.

Bao methodically loads a 9mm pistol. Now he seems to think about Binh's situation a beat.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

I introduced you to her, right?

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

Yes.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

Right. So look, man, I know Ling,  
and she's like the girl you hook  
up with, not the girl you marry,  
you know what I'm saying?

This pisses Binh off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAO (VIETNAMESE) (CONT'D)

Besides, you're too young to get married. This ain't country-ass Ban Dan Duang.

And as they PASS, see a couple cars back, a JAPANESE MOTORCYCLE with a RIDER in a DARK HELMET following them.

CUT TO:

**ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

The Mayor giving a talk to an Elementary class. It's "READING IS FUNDAMENTAL" MONTH apparently. He looks out at a SEA OF FIDGETING 8 YEAR-OLDS.

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

There are over 100 different languages spoken in Los Angeles by almost 15 million people. A geographic area the size of Rhode Island...

Daniela Garza and other members of his staff watch.

CUT TO:

**INT. PRIUS - DAY**

Thomas Alvarez driving west on Mulholland.

He looks in the rear-view and sees the Vietnamese guys following him. He is terrified. He starts to speed up. Can't. Traffic. Slowing for the light at Benedict Canyon.

Thomas uses the center to go through the red light.

The lime green Imprezza implacably does the same move.

**INT. IMPREZA - DAY**

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

He sees us.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

Just wait til he's stuck. We'll see the right place.

**INT. PRIUS - DAY**

Thomas fumbling for his phone. JENNIFER MULLINS answers.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THOMAS

They're following me. The same people from Max's. They're following me.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I'll call my dad. I'll call you back.

Thomas looks in the rear view. Sees Binh and Bao, sees their sunglasses. Sees the traffic. He just suddenly turns down Beverly Glen.

His phone rings again. He answers --

MULLINS (O.S.)

Where are you?

THOMAS

(into phone)

Beverly Glen. Headed for Sunset.

Hear Romero's VOICE and Mullins repeats.

ROMERO/MULLINS (O.S.)

Don't stop. Take a right on Sunset.

Thomas drops down the leafy chasm of Beverly glen.

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

The Mayor continues --

MAYOR ZARAGOZA

You can find Brooklyn in the 19th century with just a little trip out to Bell Gardens where 1.5 million immigrants live, most having arrived in the last 20 years. What New York was to that century, Los Angeles is to the 21st. With our crazy quilt we are the blueprint for the Americas as well as America.

**EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY**

See Thomas turn right on Sunset. The Impreza makes the same turn. And a few cars back - the JAPANESE MOTORCYCLE.

**INT. CRUISER - DAY**

Romero and Terry driving really through Hollywood on Sunset. See *SPORTS LADIES*, *SPORTS/EXOTIC DANCING*. In-N-Out Burgers. Strip plazas whipping past.

**INT. PRIUS - DAY**

Alvarez on Sunset passing the Bel Air sign.

**INT. IMPREZZA - DAY**

Binh driving carefully. Bao has the guns loaded. Hands one to Binh.

BINH (VIETNAMESE)

This guy is pooing in his pants.

They are now getting close to the 405 and traffic is really getting bad.

BINH (VIETNAMESE) (CONT'D)

The 405. Because it takes you 4 or 5 hours to get anywhere.

BAO (VIETNAMESE)

He's like a Salmon.

Binh doesn't get it.

BAO (VIETNAMESE) (CONT'D)

Salmon always swim home.

Binh still doesn't really get it.

**INT. CRUISER - DAY**

ROMERO AND MULLINS racing down sunset, cutting around the same back heading for the 405.

**INT. PRIUS - DAY**

Sunset Boulevard backing up at the 405. Thomas using the center lanes to get through. Until --

ON THE OVERPASS - turn lanes blocked, entrances and exits blocked, 405 bumper-to-bumper north and south, sunset a parking lot. And Thomas is stuck.

He panics, nearly frozen in fear. He fumbles with his seat belt. Maybe he'll run. But his brain is moving slowly.

He looks behind and sees himself reflected in Binh and Bao's sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas fumbles with the door lock. The handle. He gets it open.

**INT. IMPREZA - DAY**

Bao holds his gun down by his leg and opens his door.

**EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD AT THE 405 - DAY**

Thomas raises his hands. And Bao is there raises his 9mm.

The MOTORCYCLE APPEARS. The RIDER IN THE DARKENED HELMET has a SILENCED PISTOL. THWACK, THWACK, and Bao GOES DOWN.

THE DARK RIDER SHOOT BINH at POINT BLANK RANGE -- THWACK THWACK and Binh slumps forward, setting off the horn --

A NEW ANGLE -- ROMERO AND MULLINS ditching their car, running forward to see -- THE MOTORCYCLIST TURNING IN AN ARC. FACES OF BYSTANDERS IN CARS SCREAMING IN SHOCK.

ROMERO AND MULLINS, CROUCHING, GUNS POINTED, YELLING --

MULLINS/ROMERO  
Police. Freeze. Stop. Police.

The MOTORCYCLIST SEES THEM. He seems to think for a moment, but then he SWINGS HIS GUN UP AT THE COPS --

AND ROMERO FIRING -- AND TERRY is FIRING --

THE RIDER IS HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

FALLING BACKWARDS OFF HIS BIKE.

**INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

The Mayor wraps it up --

MAYOR ZARAGOZA  
Believe me, when Spanish Radio is now a regular feature in Idaho, everyone can learn from Los Angeles, both our successes and our failures. We are nothing if not ambitious and nothing if not human.

(re: sign)  
And that's why... *Reading Is Fundamental.*

The Kids go crazy, HUGE APPLAUSE.

**EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY**

And DOUGIE AND TERRY are kneeling by the biker, kicking his gun away. And Mullins kicks off his helmet revealing a YOUNG, DEAD LATINO MAN.

And the CAMERA IS DRIFTING TO FIND THOMAS ALVAREZ just sitting on the rail of the overpass, ten lanes of traffic to the north. And as the camera continues up and widens we realize Binh's HORN has set off a CACOPHONY OF HONKING up and down Sunset, impatient drivers wondering what the problem is.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**EXT. SUPERMERCADO - PACOIMA - DAY**

On a dangerous street in Pacoima, the GRAND OPENING of the newest SUPERMERCADO.

There's a symbolic RIBBON draped across the doors. A mixed-race crowd, HEAVY ON VIETNAMESE and OTHER ASIANS, but also black and white and Latino.

And there's TITO ALVAREZ with his team. His elegant wife. His children. Including Thomas.

Tito snips the ribbon --

CUT TO BLACK:

**THE END**