# BEAST

by

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**FADE IN:**

Blackness.

We hear the young voice of GRAHAM, a sixteen year old boy.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I don't know how to pray. Nobody ever taught me that...or if they did, I never listened. But I've learned a lot of other things. Me...I like biology. Everything in nature, has a nature. Some things are predators. Some are prey. Some things get a century to live. Some get one day. Some animals carry their babies on their backs for years. Some abandon their young at birth. Some, when cornered, will give their lives to protect their young. And some will not...

As Graham's voice fades, we hear the rising SOUND OF BEASTLY, LABORED BREATHING.

HARD CUT INTO:

**INT. CATTLE TRANSPORT TRUCK - MORNING**

Thin shafts of sunlight pierce the putrid air as tightly packed LIVE CATTLE press their noses against the perforated wall slats for fresh oxygen.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MEXICALI/CALEXICO U.S. BORDER CROSSING - SAME MOMENT**

A SEA OF AUTOMOBILES slowly merge, bottle-necking toward a U.S. BORDER CROSSING in rural southern California.

In the far right lane A LINE of TRACTOR TRAILER TRUCKS creep through the commercial check point.

The CATTLE TRANSPORT TRUCK with Mexico plates advances to the inspection booth as the sweltering animals BRAY from inside.

**INT. CATTLE TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS**

The MIDDLE-AGED MEXICAN TRUCK DRIVER removes his sunglasses, greeting the BORDER PATROL OFFICER in the booth...

U.S. BORDER PATROL OFFICER
Passport. Manifest. Ag-department clearance...

The Driver hands the Officer a fistful of PAPERWORK and the Officer skims through the COMMERCIAL MANIFEST.

U.S. BORDER PATROL OFFICER (CONT'D)
Terminal destination?

CATTLE TRUCK DRIVER
(Spanish accent)
Western Valley Meat Processing.
Bishop, California...

QUICK CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITE SCOUT CAR - MEXICO SIDE - SAME MOMENT**

P.O.V. SHOT: Nearby in a nondescript WHITE SEDAN, TWO YOUNG MEXICAN LOOK-OUTS keep an eye on the cattle truck, monitoring its progress through the checkpoint from a distance.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. CATTLE TRUCK CAB - MOMENTS LATER**

The Border Patrol Officer STAMPS the Driver's paperwork...

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. WHITE SCOUT CAR - MEXICO SIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

The two Lookouts watch as the cattle truck pulls away through the checkpoint into the United States.

The Passenger Lookout reaches for his CELL PHONE and dials a number written on the back of A MATCHBOOK.

A MAN'S VOICE picks up on an ENCRYPTED SATELLITE PHONE...

VOICE (ON SAT PHONE)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
The forecast?

PASSENGER LOOKOUT (INTO CELL PHONE)
(in Spanish, subtitled)
The sky is clear. No rain today.

Without another word, the young Lookout FLIPS THE PHONE CLOSED, then STRIKES A MATCH, IGNITING THE ENTIRE MATCHBOOK destroying the phone number.

He sets the burning matchbook in the car ashtray, ejects the SIM CARD out of the cellphone and drops it in the flames.

**EXT. TRUCK STOP - 40 MILES NORTH OF THE BORDER - AN HOUR LATER**

The cattle truck pulls into a wind swept TRUCKSTOP beside a JET BLACK SUPERCHARGED CHRYSLER 300.

The Cattle Truck Driver kills the engine, climbs down from the cab, and gets into the passenger seat of the Chrysler...

**INT. CHRYSLER 300 - CONTINUOUS**

The LATINO DRIVER, (30's) wearing a COWBOY HAT AND AVIATOR SHADES, sits behind the wheel chewing on a cocktail straw.

TWO MORE LATINO MEN, one younger in his 20's, the other older, sit silently in the back seat.

The Truck Driver shifts nervously in the passenger seat.

LATINO DRIVER
(in Spanish))
Keys?

CATTLE TRUCK DRIVER
(in Spanish)
They're in the ignition.

The Driver reaches is his jacket and hands the Truck Driver an ENVELOPE OF CASH AND A NEW SET OF CAR KEYS. He points to a BLUE FORD F-150 parked nearby.

LATINO DRIVER
(in Spanish)
It's yours. Go with God.

The Cattle Truck Driver NODS respectfully, pockets the envelope, and quickly exits the vehicle.

**EXT. CHRYSLER 300 - SECONDS LATER**

The younger of the two Latino Men gets out of the Chrysler 300 and climbs up into the cab of the cattle hauler.

**EXT. OPEN DESERT ROAD - AN HOUR LATER**

The sun hangs high above the open California desert.

Avoiding the interstates, the cattle truck winds north on a desolate road followed by the Chrysler.

**INT. CATTLE TRUCK CAB - SAME MOMENT**

The Young Driver lights a cigarette as he taps out a drum beat on the truck's steering wheel...

**INT. CHRYSLER 300 - SAME MOMENT**

The Latino Driver in the cowboy hat keeps his eyes on the cattle truck ahead as his partner fiddles with the RADIO. Due to the geographic isolation, all the stations are static.

In the distance, the Latino Driver hears something. He motions for his partner to kill the noise.

As they shut off the radio, THEY BOTH HEAR THE THUNDERING APPROACH OF SOMETHING BEHIND THEM...

The Driver glances in the rear view mirror as a SPEEDING, HD SPORTSTER MOTORCYCLE ROUNDS THE CORNER BEHIND THEM.

A LONE BIKER in full face helmet and black leather accelerates, ROARING UP BESIDE THE CHRYSLER...

The Latino Driver eyes the man through the driver's window. The Biker holds an OPEN PINT OF BOURBON in his free hand.

LONE BIKER
(yelling at the Driver)
What the fuck are you looking at!

Through the window, the Latino Driver glares calmly at the biker with a deathly expression. HE MAKES A MOCK GUN MOTION WITH HIS HAND AT THE BIKER, MIMING SHOOTING HIM.

IN RESPONSE, THE BIKER DEFIANTLY HURLS HIS LIQUOR BOTTLE, SHATTERING IT AGAINST THE DOOR OF THE SPEEDING CHRYSLER.

THE BIKER FLIPS THE DRIVER THE MIDDLE FINGER AND CRANKS THE THROTTLE, ACCELERATING AWAY.

LATINO DRIVER
(in Spanish)
Dead.

Without hesitation, the Latino Driver FLOORS THE SUPERCHARGED CHRYSLER 300 IN PURSUIT OF THE MOTORCYCLE...

BEGIN CROSS CUT CHASE SEQUENCE

The motorcycle races past the cattle truck, followed seconds behind by the speeding Chrysler 300.

As the Latino Driver passes the truck he signals at the Younger Driver in the truck to follow...

**EXT. MOTORCYCLE - SAME MOMENT**

The Lone Biker glances over his shoulder and sees he's being pursued. He rounds another curve and sees a SMALLER SERVICE ROAD AHEAD, BRANCHING OFF TO THE RIGHT.

THE BIKER VEERS OFF THE MAIN ROAD ONTO A SMALLER SERVICE ROAD LEADING UP INTO A STEEP MAZE OF RED ROCK CANYONS.

**EXT. CANYON ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The Chrysler chases after the motorcycle, veering onto the service road, followed a moment behind by the cattle truck.

**EXT. MOTORCYCLE - CONTINUOUS**

The Lone Biker races around the blind curves, heading deeper and deeper into the desolate canyon landscape...

**EXT. CANYON ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The Chrysler 300 accelerates, tires screeching, trying to close the distance between them and the motorcycle...

Meanwhile, the cattle truck downshifts, slowing on the curves, unable to keep up with the other two vehicles.

**INT. CHRYSLER 300 - SAME MOMENT**

As the Latino Driver cranks the wheel, rounding a sharp curve, they speed past a **DEAD END - NO OUTLET** sign.

Without a word, his Partner reaches under his seat, retrieving a matte black SUB MACHINE PISTOL. He slides in a HIGH CAPACITY MAGAZINE and racks the action.

**EXT. DEAD END - MOMENTS LATER**

The Chrysler rounds the corner and stops as the road ends.

The canyon walls rise around them blocking out the sunlight as the Cattle Truck brings up the rear and shuts down.

A sudden silence fills the air as VULTURES circle the vibrant desert sky high above the canyon.

Thirty yards ahead of the Chrysler, the Lone Biker, still wearing his helmet, dismounts his bike. It's clear THERE IS NO WAY OUT FOR HIM...

The doors of the Chrysler 300 slowly open and the two Latino men rise out of the vehicle.

The Passenger palms the Machine Pistol. The Driver draws a GOLD PLATED 9MM from his jeans and stares at the biker...

LATINO DRIVER
You had something to say to me, Gringo?

SHIFT ANGLE TO:

CLOSE UP ON: The Lone Biker...his face is mostly obscured by a full-face helmet. Only his pale eyes are visible and the small BLACK CROSS TATTOOED beneath his left eye.

The Biker removes his helmet, revealing a BLACK MASK BENEATH.

LONE BIKER
Your temper is your weakness.

SUDDENLY THE CANYON WALLS ABOVE THEM ERUPT IN A BARRAGE OF MERCILESS AUTOMATIC SNIPER FIRE...

SMASH CUT TO:

**SEVERAL HIGH ANGLE P.O.V. SHOTS:** DOWN THE OPEN BI-POD REST GUN-SIGHTS OF MULTIPLE M249(SAW) MACHINE GUN POSITIONS. THE DEAFENING, 100 ROUND PER MINUTE FIRE RATE ECHOES OFF THE CANYON WALLS...

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. DEAD END - CONTINUOUS**

THE LATINO DRIVER IS SHOT IN THE CHEST, STOMACH, AND THIGHS, THE IMPACT TWISTING HIS BODY BACK AGAINST THE CAR.

HIS PARTNER ON THE PASSENGER SIDE RAISES HIS WEAPON, BLINDLY FIRING-OFF HALF A MAGAZINE BEFORE HIS BODY IS BRUTALLY CUT DOWN BY THE UNFORGIVING STREAM OF MACHINEGUN FIRE...

**INT./EXT. CATTLE TRUCK CAB - SECONDS LATER**

Witnessing what is happening, the Young Driver of the cattle hauler cranks the ignition, starting the diesel engine.

Unable to turn the large vehicle around, he shifts into reverse and begins backing blindly down the canyon road...WHERE A STEEL TIRE SPIKE-STRIP has been dragged across the road behind him.

THE REAR TIRES OF THE BIG RIG ROLL OVER THE SHARP SPIKES, BURSTING AND DISABLING THEM.

Panicking, the Young Driver hits the air-brakes and scrambles for his CELL PHONE only to find there is NO SIGNAL.

Then he hears the Lone Biker's voice CALLING TO HIM...

LONE BIKER
These canyons are dead zone, Amigo.
No service up here...

The Young Driver looks up to see the Biker in the black mask standing in front of the cab shouldering a TACTICAL SHOTGUN.

Without hesitation, the Biker FIRES A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE CATTLE TRUCK, STRIKING THE DRIVER IN THE CHEST AND FACE.

The Biker racks another shell, steps up onto the cattle truck running board, and pulls open the driver's door.

Unable to move, the Young Truck Driver wheezes badly. His face is a mess, his lungs are punctured...he's dying fast...

YOUNG DRIVER
Sinaloa Cartel, fucker. You just
signed your own death.

The Lone Biker FIRES ANOTHER SHELL at close range.

**EXT. CATTLE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

The Biker and THREE OTHER MEN IN BLACK SKI MASKS pull down the CATTLE RAMP and unlock the back of the truck.

As they open the doors the stench of manure and stale hot air floods out of the cattle hauler. The Biker raises the shotgun in the air and FIRES another loud shell.

Driven by the gunshot, the TERRIFIED CATTLE run down the ramp and wander out into the daylight. For an instant, the four men watch the animals wandering away free down the canyon road...

Then on whim, one of the men RAISES HIS WEAPON to shoot at the cattle, but the Biker pushes away the man's gun barrel.

LONE BIKER
(re: the cattle)
Let em' be.

**INT. CATTLE CAR - SECONDS LATER**

A LOUD CHAIN-SAW CUTS INTO THE SHIT COVERED WOODEN PLANK FLOORING OF THE CATTLE CAR. AS THE SAW CUTS DEEPER INTO THE FLOOR, FINE WHITE POWDER BEGINS TO SPEW FROM THE SAW BLADE...

**INT. CATTLE CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

With the wooden trailer floor cut open, the four men stand over 160 TIGHTLY PACKED KILOS OF BRICK WRAPPED COCAINE.

FADE TO:

**SUPERTITLE: OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA - SIX MONTHS LATER**

**EXT. MORRISON BUNGALOW - EARLY MORNING**

The autumn sun rises on a small, rundown California Bungalow in a low income neighborhood. Trash drifts in the street. The yard and concrete walkway are overgrown with weeds.

**INT. GRAHAM MORRISON'S BEDROOM - BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT**

Morning sun drifts into the sparse bedroom of a teenage boy. A cheap digital clock reads: **6:58AM.**

A *SHARK WEEK* CALENDER HANGS on the back of a hollow core door where THE MONTHS AND DAYS HAVE BEEN CROSSED OFF IN RED "X" MARKS counting down to this coming Friday.

GRAHAM MORRISON, (16), boyishly handsome, bushy hair, his tall frame filling out, sits on the edge of his bed in his boxer shorts gazing into a saltwater fish tank where a 12-INCH HAMMERHEAD SHARK PUP swims in circles.

Graham reaches into a zip-lock bag and DROPS A PIECE OF RAW BAY SHRIMP into the tank.

Graham watches as the little shark voraciously attacks the meat, ripping it apart and swallowing it.

Suddenly the clock turns to **7:00AM** and the ALARM GOES OFF...

**INT. KITCHEN - BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Standing in the kitchen in jeans and a black tee-shirt, Graham stares at the coffee maker as it perks and drips.

He sets out two plates, spreads butter on toast, and pours HOT COFFEE INTO TWO MUGS. He drinks from one cup, then carries the other into the small living room where...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

Graham's mother, TERRI MORRISON, (40's) her makeup still on from the previous night, lies passed-out in a mini-skirt and tank-top on the couch.

Terri is pretty, but years of booze and single parenting have taken their toll, stealing the light from her eyes.

Graham picks up his mother's empty glass and full ashtray from the night before. He sets her coffee on the hardwood floor beside the couch.

GRAHAM
Mom...

She doesn't move. Graham nudges her shoulder.

Terri stirs, wincing at the morning light.

TERRI
Shit...what time is it?

GRAHAM
Almost eight. There's coffee next to your head. Don't knock it over.

TERRI
Got it. Thanks...

As Graham shoulders his school backpack and turns for the door, Terri makes a face, remembering something...

TERRI (CONT'D)
Wait, Graham...happy birthday, honey.

GRAHAM
(smiling)
Thanks, mom.

Terri sits up on the couch, gathering her hair into a pony tail and reaching for her coffee.

TERRI
I can't believe my boy is sixteen. I was gonna get you another fish for your tank but I didn't know what kind was a good one.

GRAHAM
None. He has to be alone. He'll kill anything you put in there.

TERRI
Oh. That sucks.

GRAHAM
It's not his fault. It's just what he is. (pause) He's getting too big for his tank anyway.

TERRI
I'm glad I didn't waste the money.

GRAHAM
Mom, I gotta go...

TERRI
Is your uncle picking you up?

Graham NODS and turns for the door, then pauses...

GRAHAM
Hey, did Dad call?

TERRI
Yesterday.

GRAHAM
Everything still good?

TERRI
He said he'd be home on Friday.

**EXT. OPEN PRAIRIE - EASTERN COLORADO - SAME MORNING**

October wind blows across the vast open plains of eastern Colorado. Low clouds drift to the horizon, where the faint outline of the Rocky Mountains are visible.

Far below on the vacant plain, lies a SPRAWLING GRAY PRISON surrounded by PERIMETERS OF RAZOR WIRE AND GUARD TOWERS.

**SUPERTITLE: EASTERN COLORADO FEDERAL PENITENTIARY**

**INT. MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - EASTERN COLORADO FEDERAL PEN- DAY**

A thin CORRECTIONS OFFICER stands near the entrance to the room monitoring a PRISON RELEASE DISCUSSION GROUP.

SEVEN MALE INMATES wearing orange corrections coveralls sit in a circle on folding chairs. The men are a eclectic mix of stature and race. Using any conventional rubric, they're all intimidating, but one man clearly stands out as the alpha...

MICK MORRISON, (40's), sits like a granite statue. He doesn't speak. His muscular body is a myriad of TATTOOS. The words, **WARLORDS MC**, are tattooed on the knuckles of his right hand.

Mick's powerful presence is palpable, and the other six inmates give him extra space at the circle. Absorbed in thought, Mick flexes the plastic lid of a disposable coffee cup as he listens to...

MS. HASHID, (30's) a pretty, Pakastani-American prison social worker sitting at the head of the circle...

MS. HASHID
(addressing the group)
That's the question. What are you going to do when you walk out those doors? Who are you going to be? Look around at each other.

Several of the inmates glance around. Mick does not.

MS. HASHID (CONT'D)
Statistically, four of the seven of you will be back behind bars within five years. Four of seven. That's a hard number to ignore. You would be stupid to ignore that number. But it is just a number. You are not numbers. You are individuals.

Ms. Hashid leans forward in her chair.

MS. HASHID (CONT'D)
But as individuals, you are all men prone to self-destruction. If you weren't, you wouldn't be in here. So I want you to take a moment and be honest with yourselves. What truly matters to you in this life?

Mick's pale eyes slowly drift up to meet Ms. Hashid's. It's clear that beyond Mick's ferocious exterior there is a very intelligent man.

MS. HASHID (CONT'D)
I want you to articulate a goal. One goal to accomplish in your first month of freedom. Write it down. Make a plan detailing how you're going to achieve that goal. Then seal it up in an envelope. Consider it a promise to yourself. In a month's time, I want you to open your letter, wherever you are, and decide for yourself if you've kept your word.

A BUZZER sounds, signaling the end of the discussion group. Ms. Hashid looks at the inmates.

MS. HASHID (CONT'D)
I know that most of you won't write the letter. Four out of seven I'd guess. You'll think it's a bullshit waste of time. But consider this, if you're not willing to make a promise to yourself and keep it, then a bullshit waste of time is probably exactly what you are.

**INT. MICK'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Lying shirtless on his lower bunk, Mick stares up at the underside of the bunk above him. His mind is clearly racing.

Inked on Mick's right shoulder are the words: "***RESPECT FEW, FEAR NONE*".** The name of Mick's son, "***GRAHAM***", is tattooed over his heart.

Sitting in the corner, Mick's cell-mate, DAVID, a scared Southern kid in his twenties quietly reads a paperback novel.

Mick pulls a small, dog-eared PHOTOGRAPH taped to the wall beside his head and cups it in the palm of his large hand.

CLOSE UP ON: the PHOTOGRAPH OF EIGHT YEAR OLD GRAHAM, bushy-haired, grinning on the back of his father's HD MOTORCYCLE. Mick gazes at his boy's young smile...then pauses...

MICK
(to David)
Hey Kid...

David looks up from his book at Mick.

DAVID
(quiet, southern accent)
Yes, sir.

MICK
You got a pen and paper?

**INT. MICK'S CELL - LATER**

Mick zips A HANDWRITTEN LETTER, along with some clothes into a prison issue bag.

David sits on the top bunk watching him anxiously. David is blonde, fine-featured, and thin.

MICK
You want my books?

David glances at the books up on the stainless steel shelf.

DAVID
Yes, please.

David rubs his head nervously and looks at Mick.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sir, can I ask you something?

Mick looks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm bait now, aren't I? They're gonna tear me apart...

Mick reads the genuine fear in David's face.

MICK
You'll be okay.

DAVID
Don't lie to me, sir.

MICK
I'm not lying. I put in a word for you. As long as you keep your head down and don't go looking for trouble, no one will touch you.

DAVID
Seriously? You did that for me?

MICK
Consider it a going away gift.

The young man exhales, overwhelmed with relief.

DAVID
My God, thank you...

A BUZZER SOUNDS and the CELL DOOR AUTOMATICALLY OPENS.

A MALE CORRECTIONS OFFICER YELLS from down the cellblock.

MALE C.O. (O.S.)
Morrison! Let's move!

David extends his hand to Mick.

DAVID
Sir, if there's anything I can ever do to repay you, you let me know...

Mick shakes his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You're a good man, Mr. Morrison.

Mick looks him in the eyes with a deathly calm.

MICK
You have no idea what I am.

**EXT. A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - OAKLAND, CA - SAME MORNING**

An ATTENDANCE BELL RINGS as SCHOOL BUSES drop off a diverse crowd of STUDENTS in front of a neglected public high school.

The building's windows are CAGED WITH EXPANDED STEEL GRATING. Plastic bags litter the parking lot and GANG GRAFFITI slashes the once architecturally beautiful building.

In the distance, over the sound of the buses, we HEAR THE THUNDERING APPROACH OF A HD MOTORCYCLE...

Mick's brother, ANGEL MORRISON (40's) pulls up to the curb on a FORKED-OUT CHOPPER and kills the engine.

With his eyes hidden behind black shades, Angel is as intimidating as his brother. The words **WARLORDS MC** are inked across his knuckles.

Riding behind Angel on the back of the chopper is Graham. He wears jeans, a chain wallet, black tee-shirt, and boots.

As Graham dismounts the bike, Angel removes his sunglasses, revealing **THE SMALL BLACK CROSS TATTOOED** beneath his left eye, and WE RECOGNIZE HIM AS THE LONE BIKER FROM THE OPENING.

ANGEL
You got lunch money?

GRAHAM
Five bucks for the taco truck.

Angel reaches his vest, pulling out a THICK ROLL OF CASH.

ANGEL
Don't eat that shit.

Angel peels off a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL and hands it to Graham.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Get something decent.

Graham takes the C-NOTE, but keeps his eyes to the ground.

GRAHAM
Thanks.

ANGEL
You doin' alright?

Graham's eyes stay to the ground.

GRAHAM
Yeah.

ANGEL
Look at me when I talk to you.

Graham's eyes dart up to meet his uncle's.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
What is it?

GRAHAM
Nothing. No worries...

Angel looks at his nephew, reading anxiety in his young face.

ANGEL
I'm taking you out tonight for your birthday.

GRAHAM
Angel, you don't have to...

ANGEL
(cutting him off)
Your daddy just did hard time for this family. He's my blood. It's the least I can do.

Angel pauses a beat, then motions to a CUTE BLONDE GIRL standing at the entrance to the school, watching Graham...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Who's your friend?

Graham turns and sees BIRDY, (15) pretty, straight blonde hair, in a Grateful Dead Steal-Your-Face tank top and cut-off shorts. A silver BIRD CHARM hangs on a chain around her neck.

Graham lets out a hint of a smile.

GRAHAM
Birdy. She follows me around sometimes.

Angel nods, looking at the girl for another instant, then he slides his dark shades back over his eyes.

ANGEL
I'll pick you up tonight at your house at ten.

GRAHAM
My mom isn't gonna' like that.

ANGEL
I'll speak with her.

Angel starts the chopper. The straight pipes idle...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
See you then?

Graham NODS.

Angel extends his open hand and Graham embraces him in a parting OUTLAW GANG HANDSHAKE.

Angel looks into his nephew's eyes.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(clasping Graham's hand)
*Respect few...*

GRAHAM
*...Fear none.*

**INT. INTERSTATE 80 - LATE MORNING**

Interstate-80 cuts a line westward over the vast plains of eastern Colorado. On the far horizon, the snow capped Rocky Mountains rise from the prairie.

**INT. TRAILWAYS BUS - SAME MOMENT**

Mick sits by himself in the back of the mostly empty bus watching the mountains growing larger in the distance. On the seat beside him is an AUTO-TRADER MAGAZINE.

**EXT./INT. DENVER STORAGE FACILITY - LATER**

With his prison bag over his shoulder, Mick walks into the office of a self-storage facility on the outskirts of Denver.

**EXT./INT. STORAGE LOCKER - MOMENTS LATER**

There is a rush of dead air as Mick unlocks a 12x12 storage locker and raises the garage door revealing tools, cardboard boxes, and MICK'S JET BLACK, CUSTOM HARLEY DAVIDSON WIDE GLIDE CHOPPER.

For a beat Mick just stares at the motorcycle. Then he walks over and places his hand on the dormant machine as if he were touching the face of a dead loved one at a funeral...

**EXT. STORAGE LOCKER - LATER**

In a white tank top, Mick kneels beside the motorcycle tightening the threads on a new FUEL LINE.

Having drained and replaced the motorcycle's engine fluids, Mick wipes motor oil off his hands on a rag bandana. He raises a PLASTIC GAS CAN, fills the bike's tank, and screws on the chrome steel gas cap.

Mick turns the ignition and the MACHINE ROARS TO LIFE. He works the throttle as the ferocious STRAIGHT PIPES BOOM DARK EXHAUST, clearing residual old fuel from the lines.

Mick eases the gas and listens to the powerful motorcycle idle. There is a fleeting pride in Mick's expression, which quickly fades to something else.

Instead of mounting the machine, Mick KILLS THE ENGINE. The silence is sudden and unexpected as the V-Twin engine PINGS as the hot metal cools and contracts...

**EXT. STORAGE LOCKER - MOMENTS LATER**

A few moments later a rusted, primer grey DODGE RAM WORK VAN pulls up to the storage unit.

A BEARDED MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC (50's) wearing a Bronco's tee-shirt steps out of the van and SHAKES Mick's hand.

The Mechanic's eyes immediately fall on the **WARLORDS MC** tattooed across Mick's knuckles.

Working in the periphery of outlaw biker culture, the Mechanic is aware of the gravity of deeds performed to earn Mick's status. There is a polite respect and a palpable fear in the Mechanic's voice.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC
(re: the Motorcycle)
That her?

Mick NODS.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC (CONT'D)
Pretty machine.

The Mechanic kneels and examines at the bike.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC (CONT'D)
It's been sittin' awhile?

MICK
That's right. I flushed the fluids. Changed the plugs and fuel line.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC
It's been bored out?

MICK
1300 CC's.

The Mechanic strokes his graying beard as he runs his fingers over brake discs, feeling for rutting.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC
How long you owned it?

MICK
Since I was nineteen.

The man pauses, then looks up. Mick towers over him.

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC
Look man, I gotta' be honest. This bike is worth more than I can offer ya. I'm a family man. I don't want any hard feelings later on.

MICK
How much?

BEARDED BIKE MECHANIC
Assuming the engine's clean, it's worth ten...maybe twelve grand. I got six to spend.

Mick considers for a moment, then his eyes fall on the Mechanic's old gray DODGE VAN...

MICK
(nods at the Van)
You got your pink slip?

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE HIGH SCHOOL - OAKLAND - SAME MOMENT**

Birdy stands alone at the back of a line of students at a TACO TRUCK parked in front of the high school. Lost in thought, she absentmindedly braids her blonde hair.

From behind her she HEARS THE APPROACH OF GRAHAM'S HEAVY ENGINEER BOOTS on the pavement. She SMILES TO HERSELF, knowing it's him...

BIRDY
(without turning around)
Hi, Graham...

Birdy turns and looks at him. She gently pushes his bushy bangs out of his eyes. Graham's heart jumps as her slim fingers touch his cheek.

GRAHAM
What are you doin'?

BIRDY
Fixing your hair.

GRAHAM
No, I mean, what are you doing right now?

BIRDY
What does it look like?

Graham pauses, gathering courage.

GRAHAM
Cut class with me.

She grins and looks in his eyes.

BIRDY
But I'm hungry.

Graham shrugs boyishly.

GRAHAM
We could have lunch somewhere. Wherever...

BIRDY
Just the two of us?

His heart in his throat, Graham NODS.

GRAHAM
It's my birthday...

BIRDY
Are you lying?

GRAHAM
No. I don't lie. So what do you think?

BIRDY
I think I have a French exam next period.

Graham's face sinks...

BIRDY (CONT'D)
You know what else I think?

Graham, deflated, shakes his head.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(in fluent French)
*I think you are adorable when you're nervous...*

Graham looks at her, not understanding a word.

GRAHAM
What does that mean?

Birdy takes Graham's hand in hers.

BIRDY
It means I already speak better French than the teacher.

**INT. CHINA BEACH - AN HOUR LATER**

LAUGHING GULLS glide on the wind as waves break on the beach.

Graham and Birdy sit in the sand with TAKEOUT CHINESE watching the ocean.

Wind blows in Birdy's hair as she plays with the tiny silver pendant on her necklace.

GRAHAM
(re: her necklace)
That's cool. What is it?

BIRDY
A bird, like me. I found it when I was little. I really like jewelry. Do you wear any jewelry?

GRAHAM
No. I don't have any.

BIRDY
If you had some would you wear it?

GRAHAM
Sure, I guess.

She smiles as a beat passes.

BIRDY
So that guy who drops you off at school is your uncle. Do you live with him?

GRAHAM
No. I live with my mom, but my uncle kinda' looks out for us...helps us out.

BIRDY
Where's your dad?

A detached look passes through Graham's face.

GRAHAM
He's been away.

BIRDY
Where's he been?

GRAHAM
(changing the subject)
So tell me something about you.

There is a silent beat as Birdy notes his redirection. She feels Graham's young gaze on her.

BIRDY
I haven't had sex yet.

Graham's eyes widen with her comment. It's clear by his expression he's searching for an appropriate response, but he's coming up empty...

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(grinning)
That just popped in my head. I'm forward sometimes so I thought I'd share.

GRAHAM
Okay.

BIRDY
It's not a religious or moral thing or anything. My mother's French. She smokes pot at breakfast. My Dad's a professor of musicology at Berkley. The hippie flag is flying pretty high over at my place.

Graham watches the sunlight in her green eyes as she talks.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
I'm not afraid of sex. I want it. I just haven't really found the right person yet. There was a skater boy last summer.
(MORE)

BIRDY (CONT'D)
He was funny but he wasn't honest. Sometimes you can just tell when you can't trust someone.

GRAHAM
You don't have to explain.

BIRDY
You don't want me to tell you?

GRAHAM
No. I do. I want you to tell me whatever.

BIRDY
Whatever I want?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

She looks in his eyes.

BIRDY
I want my first time having sex to be with you.

Graham's heart is punching its way out of his chest.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
I've known it since the first time I saw you.

Graham bashfully looks away from her confident gaze.

GRAHAM
Okay. Are you thinking, like...today?

She makes a face.

BIRDY
No. Not today. I'm no slut. This is our first official date.

She smiles as she reaches in the bag for her fortune cookie.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Tomorrow, maybe.

There's a silence as she breaks open the cookie, pretending to read her fortune, but clearly waiting for his reaction.

GRAHAM
I've never had sex either.

A huge grin blossoms across Birdy's face.

BIRDY
You are honest.

Birdy pauses for a moment considering, THEN SHE TAKES OFF HER CHARM NECKLACE AND GENTLY PLACES IT AROUND GRAHAM'S NECK.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, Graham.

Graham smiles, touching the little silver bird.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
My parents will be gone tomorrow. I'll give you my address. Come at noon. I'll show you my room.

**EXT. INTERSTATE - COLORADO MOUNTAINS - LATE AFTERNOON**

The brilliant red sunset spans the mountainous horizon. Far below, Mick's VAN cuts westward into the Colorado Rockies.

**INT. VAN - INTERSTATE - SAME MOMENT**

Lost in thought, Mick drives into the sinking sun. The expansive sky and jagged mountain peaks are breathtaking. It is a stark contrast to the walls of Mick's prison cell.

**EXT. REST AREA/TRAIL HEAD - MOMENTS LATER**

High in the Colorado Rockies, Mick pulls the van off the road and parks in a scenic rest area with a walking trail.

**EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - COLORADO RIVER - MOMENTS LATER**

The alpine air is cool as night falls in the mountains. Shafts of fading sunlight cut through the tall evergreens.

Mick stands alone in the center of a FOOTBRIDGE spanning sixty-feet above the RUSHING COLORADO RIVER. In his hands he holds his worn leather **WARLORDS MC** jacket. Beneath the gang insignia it reads **OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.**

Mick runs his fingers over his COLORS...a series of earned status PATCHES sewn like combat medals into the leather.

Mick pauses on each patch, as if recalling the dark moments he earned them.

He closes his eyes for an instant, saying a silent prayer in his mind. Then he DROPS THE LEATHER JACKET OFF THE BRIDGE. It FALLS SIXTY FEET INTO THE RIVER BELOW.

Mick watches as his Warlords jacket is carried away on the surface of the dark river, disappearing beneath the current.

**INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick lays down in the back of the van attempting to sleep. His mind is restless as he looks around at the tight interior walls of the van. Mick sits up in darkness...

**EXT. VAN ROOF - MOMENTS LATER**

At 9,000 feet, Mick climbs up onto the roof of the van and lays down under the stars. He breathes deeply, peering up at the VAST BASIN OF CONSTELLATIONS ABOVE HIM...

He reaches in his pocket, retrieving the PHOTOGRAPH of Graham. He holds the picture up to the bright starlight, studying the grin on his boy's face.

Mick presses the photo against his chest and closes his eyes.

**EXT. ANGEL'S JAGUAR - CALIFORNIA 5 FREEWAY - MIDNIGHT**

Rain falls in the darkness as Angel's BLACK JAGUAR cruises north on the 5 FREEWAY...

**INT. ANGEL'S JAGUAR - SAME MOMENT**

Behind the wheel, Angel strikes his lighter and touches the flame to the HALF-BURNT JOINT hanging from his lip.

Angel drags hard, reigniting the dope as Graham sits stoned in the leather passenger seat. Graham stares captivated by the wet headlights blurring past in the opposite lane.

ANGEL
When the ATF gunned down your granddaddy we lost the place. Feds came in and seized the property. Sold it off in an auction. Broke your Grandmother's heart. Same day she lost her husband and her home. I was twenty-two maybe.
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Your dad a year younger. And Jess, she was still in junior high...

GRAHAM
Who's Jess?

ANGEL
Your aunt, Jessica.

GRAHAM
I never heard of her. (pause) How come nobody talks about her?

Angel shakes his head...

ANGEL
She found God. Ran off to live in Utah or some fuckin' place. Nobody's seen her in years.

Graham rubs his bloodshot eyes, absorbing...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Anyway, after the funeral, your dad and I got the name of each one of the ATF agents in that raid. One by one, we burned their fuckin' houses down. It was quite a summer.

Angel slows, taking a rural exit off the freeway.

Graham touches the silver bird pendant around his neck.

GRAHAM
Can I ask you a question?

ANGEL
Of course.

GRAHAM
What's it like...when you're with a girl?

ANGEL
You mean when you fuck a woman?

GRAHAM
I guess. I mean, what do you do? I've seen porn and everything, but that all seems like bullshit. What do girls really like?

ANGEL
Depends on the girl.

**EXT. ABANDONED SLAUGHTERHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Killing the headlights, the Jaguar drives down an overgrown TWO-TRACK ROAD past an ABANDONED SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

The Jaguar veers farther from the main road, heading toward a sheet-metal sided POLE-BARN in the rear of the property.

The Jaguar parks in the wet darkness beside a BLACK ESCALADE.

**INT. ANGEL'S JAGUAR - SAME MOMENT**

Rain drops hit the windshield in the darkness.

GRAHAM
What are we doing here?

ANGEL
When your dad went away you were just a boy. When he comes home, it's important he sees a man. A man who understands commitment and has earned the respect of his peers.

Graham looks at his uncle.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You're part of this family, Graham. You're not a child anymore. It's time to earn your stripes.

GRAHAM
How?

ANGEL
Wade's inside waiting for you. He'll help you with whatever you need.

GRAHAM
You're not coming with me?

ANGEL
No.

Graham hesitates. His growing fear is palpable.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
This is no time to fuck around, Graham. Make me proud. Make your Dad proud. You understand me?

Graham NODS.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I'll see you back at the club in a few hours.

Without another word, Angel motions for him to exit the car.

**EXT. POLEBARN - SECONDS LATER**

Graham stands alone in the rainy darkness as the Jaguar pulls away down the two-track back to the main road and disappears.

In the distance, the LONESOME CALL OF A FREIGHT TRAIN cuts through the night.

He takes a step toward the polebarn, then stops.

It's clear Graham's mind is racing. He waits another beat, then turns away from the building.

Graham starts walking away down the two track road. He walks faster and faster, when suddenly, HE HEARS A VOICE CALL OUT BEHIND HIM...

WADE (O.S.)
Graham...

Graham freezes in his tracks. He takes a breath, then turns back toward the polebarn.

Standing in the polebarn doorway is WADE (40's), a tall man in a calf skin jacket and a white shirt. His face is pitted. A small SWASTIKA TATTOO is visible on his neck.

WADE (CONT'D)
I need you in here, bud.

**INT. POLEBARN - MOMENTS LATER**

TWO COLEMAN WHITE GAS LANTERNS HUM on the concrete floor, casting long shadows across the interior of the polebarn.

The building stinks of mold and old fuel oil. Rain is audible on the corrugated tin roof.

In center of the floor an UNCONSCIOUS MAN lies on a BLUE PLASTIC TARP. The Man's hands are bound behind his back. A bloody white pillow case is tied over his head.

Graham swallows hard as Wade crosses the floor and pulls off the pillowcase, revealing the unconscious Man's beaten face.

WADE
(to Graham)
Graham...meet Lou. Lou is a dealer in Stockton who from time to time moves weight for us. A few weeks ago Lou disappeared with five figures worth of our property. He's a thief. And he's been very hard to locate. Lucky for us, I caught up with him tonight...

As Graham stares at the body of the defenseless man, Wade hands Graham a GROCERY BAG.

Graham peers inside, revealing a BOTTLE OF ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL, YELLOW RUBBER GLOVES, and a ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS.

WADE (CONT'D)
You'll need one more thing, bud.

Graham's heart sinks as Wade then hands him a snub-nosed .38 REVOLVER sealed in a ZIP-LOCK freezer bag.

WADE (CONT'D)
That's loaded with hollow-points.

Graham takes the heavy zip-lock bag.

WADE (CONT'D)
Wear the gloves. Wipe the gun down with the alcohol when you're done. It'll be loud but it doesn't matter. There's no one out here.

Graham looks at him Wade.

WADE (CONT'D)
One in the heart. One in the head. And keep the mess on the tarp.

Barely able to breathe, Graham slowly NODS.

WADE (CONT'D)
I'll be outside.

**EXT. POLEBARN - SECONDS LATER**

Light rain falls as Wade steps outside the polebarn. He lights a cigarette and peers out into the darkness.

He reaches for his SMARTPHONE, <u>OPENING THE CAMERA FUNCTION..</u>.

**INT. POLEBARN - SECONDS LATER**

Graham's young hands tremble as he rips open the packaging on yellow cleaning gloves. The rubber squeaks and sticks to his fingers as he pulls them on.

He opens the Zip-lock bag and grips the heavy black revolver. He takes a step forward, sets his feet, and raises the gun.

The short pistol barrel shakes as Graham attempts to focus, aiming the weapon at the unconscious man's chest. His finger moves to the trigger when suddenly...

THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN GASPS, INHALING VIOLENTLY, GAGGING AND SPITTING UP BLOOD ON THE CONCRETE, REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.

Trembling, eyes wide, Graham grips the pistol.

Lou coughs, confused and squinting at the bright lanterns, then he sees Graham standing over him with the gun.

LOU
(weak)
Don't.

Graham, terrified, shaking, tries to control his breathing...

LOU (CONT'D)
Kid...don't. Don't do it.

Lou turns his beaten body to face Graham.

LOU (CONT'D)
I can see you're scared...

GRAHAM
Please, be quiet.

LOU
I don't know who put you up to this, but they're using you...

GRAHAM
Stop talking.

His heart pounding in his ears, Graham cocks the pistol.

LOU
Do not pull that trigger.

Graham shakes his head, trying to block out Lou's voice.

GRAHAM
I have to.

Graham's finger starts to move...

LOU
I'm a cop.

Graham freezes.

LOU (CONT'D)
Did you hear me? I'm an undercover narcotics officer. If you pull that trigger you're ending your life as well as mine.

**EXT. POLEBARN - A MOMENT LATER**

Graham steps out of the polebarn into the rainy darkness.

Wade stands beside the Escalade finishing his cigarette.

WADE
I didn't hear any loud bangs, buddy.

GRAHAM
He's a cop.

Wade face turns deathly serious.

WADE
What the fuck did you say?

GRAHAM
He told me he was a undercover cop.

WADE
That's a bullshit lie to save his ass. And you fuckin' fell for it.

GRAHAM
What do we do?

Wade pitches his cigarette into the wet grass.

WADE
What the fuck do you think we do...

**INT. POLEBARN - SECONDS LATER**

Dread fills Lou's face as Wade bursts through the door.

LOU
(off seeing Wade)
Fuck...

WADE
(to Lou)
So why don't you share with me what you told my young friend here...

Lou struggles to sit up with his wrists tied behind his back.

LOU
I'm a NARC, Wade. UC Badge 3752...

Wade VIOLENTLY KICKS the bound man in the pelvis. Lou GASPS FOR AIR, falling on his side again, gagging.

WADE
Bullshit. I vetted you, myself.

LOU
(heaving)
I guess that would make you responsible...

WADE
You're a fuckin' liar!

Graham watches helplessly in the background.

LOU
Cop killers get the needle in California...

Without another word, Wade draws a GLOCK 19 from his waist and FIRES A SINGLE ROUND INTO LOU'S FOREHEAD.

GRAHAM FLINCHES AS THE DEAFENING GUNSHOT ECHOES THROUGH THE HOLLOW BUILDING.

Blood pools onto the cheap blue tarp.

Wade exhales with fury, then turns and LEVELS THE WEAPON AT GRAHAM'S YOUNG FACE.

WADE
Look at me, Graham.

Graham stares at him trembling...

WADE (CONT'D)
You never speak about this. Not a fucking word. Not to your Uncle.
(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)
Not to your father. Nobody. Understand?

Graham NODS.

WADE (CONT'D)
As far as anyone's concerned, you did exactly what you came to do. He was a dealer who stole from us. You pushed his button and earned your stripes. Do we understand each other completely?

Terrified, Graham nods again.

WADE (CONT'D)
Say it.

GRAHAM
(terrified)
Yes. I understand.

Wade holds the gun on Graham's face for another instant.

WADE
Good. Now grab the other end of the fuckin' tarp.

**EXT. WARLORDS SOCIAL CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A row of 40 HD CHOPPERS are parked in formation outside a private social club.

A heavy set, BEARDED BIKER is stationed outside the front door with a communications earpiece in his ear.

**INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - WARLORD'S SOCIAL CLUB - SAME MOMENT**

CLOSE UP ON: GRAHAM'S FACE. His eyes are heavy. His stare is detached. His optic tracking is delayed and sluggish. It's clear he is very intoxicated.

As we hold on his face we hear a LOW, MONOTONE BUZZING SOUND competing with the muffled rock music through the wall.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: GRAHAM SLOUCHED ON ANGEL'S OFFICE COUCH. MOOK, (late 20's) a wire-thin biker with a TATTOO GUN INKS A BLACK SKULL WITH A SINGLE TEAR INTO GRAHAM'S SHOULDER.

EMPTY SHOT GLASSES are scattered on the glass coffee table.

Mook finishes the ink, wiping away blood with a tissue and smearing the fresh tattoo with Neosporin. He affixes a bandage over the wound.

ANGEL
(to Mook)
You're an artist, Mook. Looks good.

Mook nods at Angel, then extends his hand to Graham in a sign of respect. Graham looks at him with drunken eyes, then embraces the wiry man's hand in the gang handshake.

MOOK
(to Graham)
My pleasure.

As Mook exits with his tattoo equipment, Angel raises a nearly empty whiskey bottle and pours TWO MORE SHOTS.

He sets one in front of Graham.

GRAHAM
I'm...I'm messed up, man...I don't need anymore...

ANGEL
Your night is just beginning. Drink.

Graham pauses, then reaches for the glass. He chokes back the liquor and swallows hard.

Angel belts back his shot, then takes his nephew's young face in his hands, looking at him.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You can be one of two things in this world, Graham: you can be a sheep, or you can be a wolf. It's that fuckin' simple. You're part of this now. And we're going to open your eyes.

Angel pulls a cigarette from his pack and lights it.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
But you don't need to think about that tonight. Tonight I got a birthday present for you.

GRAHAM
Yeah?

There is a quiet KNOCK at the office door.

ANGEL
(turning to the door)
Come on in.

The door opens and STAR (20's), a hot blonde woman in a red mini dress and heels walks into the office.

Angel opens his desk drawer and withdraws a GLASS VIAL. Angel taps out TWO BUMPS OF COCAINE from a vial onto his tattooed knuckles and offers it to her.

Star snorts the white powder from Angel's hand, closes her eyes, and smiles as the rush comes.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(to Star)
Star, this is Graham.

Star turns and gazes warmly at Graham.

STAR
Hi, Graham.

ANGEL
(to Star)
Graham wants to know what it feels like to fuck a girl.

Star doesn't take her eyes off Graham.

STAR
Okay.

Angel places the COKE VIAL and FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS on the coffee table. Then without another word, he exits.

Never breaking eye contact with Graham, Star slides closed the dead bolt on the office door.

Slowly walking toward him, she raises her dress, pulling it over her head and dropping it on the floor.

Graham is silent, staring at her with drunken eyes.

Star unhooks her bra and lets it fall, revealing her breasts. Then she drops to her knees at the foot of the couch.

Star's eyes sparkle with coke as she slowly unfastens his belt and unsnaps his jeans.

There is a hint of fear in Graham's intoxicated face as she begins to stroke him, pulling down his underwear.

GRAHAM
Please...I...I don't...

Star puts her finger over his mouth, shushing him...

She slides down her red thongs, straddling him on the couch.

STAR
(whispering)
It's time to say goodbye to all that, baby.

She eases her body downward, sliding him inside her.

FADE TO:

**EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - PROVO, UTAH - MORNING**

A lush, tree-lined neighborhood of new construction houses. Sprinklers spray in the distance as the SOUND OF RUMBLING PLASTIC WHEELS APPROACH...

ELSA MAUGHAN (Little Elsa) (5) an adorable curly headed girl in a PINK HELMET races her BIG WHEEL TRIKE down the sidewalk. Elsa grins, her flowered dress flapping, looking back over her shoulder at...

ZOE MAUGHAN (4), Elsa's younger sister, also in a PRINCESS HELMET, trying to keep up with her sister on her big-wheel.

The sisters giggle, calling to one another as their little bare feet pedal faster and faster...WHEN SUDDENLY...

Elsa turns back to the sidewalk ahead and BRAKES HARD as a MAN'S LEATHER ENGINEER BOOTS STEP OUT INTO HER PATH.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Standing at the kitchen sink unloading the dishwasher is JESSICA (MORRISON) MAUGHAN (mid-30s), a pretty, determined, quiet woman who has worked hard to build a life after escaping the wreckage of a treacherous past.

From the mudroom, Jessica HEARS THE SIDE DOOR OPEN and the girls scrambling into the house...

LITTLE ELSA (O.S.)
(calling from the mudroom)
Mommy!

JESSICA
I'm in the kitchen! Shoes off you two! Elsa help your sister...

Elsa storms into the room with her shoes still on her feet. Zoe is running two steps behind her and crashes into Elsa as she halts in the kitchen door.

LITTLE ELSA
Hey Mommy...

Drying her hands on a dish towel, Jessica grins at her girls.

JESSICA
Hey What?

Jessica notices their shoes...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Do you two have corn in your ears? No shoes in the...

ZOE
(cutting her mother off)
Do we have an *Uncle Mick*?

Jessica's grin INSTANTLY FADES. Her expression is seized with a sudden, serious, almost panicked turn...

JESSICA
Why? Zoe, why did you ask that?

Jessica instantly turns to her older daughter.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Elsa, why did she ask that?

LITTLE ELSA
Cause he's standing outside.

Jessica is clearly thrown. Her daughters watch her as she fights to get her thoughts together.

JESSICA
Girls, I want you to go play in your room for a little while, okay?

LITTLE ELSA
Why? We want to...

JESSICA
Elsa, just take your sister and do it, alright?

**EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

As Jessica steps out the front door she sees Mick standing on the front walk. His intimidating, tattooed presence is utterly out of place in the gentrified neighborhood.

MICK
Hello, Jesse.

She looks nervously at her older brother.

JESSICA
Nobody calls me that anymore. People call me by my full name.

MICK
Okay.

JESSICA
What do you want, Mick?

MICK
Just to see you.

Jessica stares at him. It's clear his face brings back a flood of difficult memories.

JESSICA
You were in prison, right? That was the last I heard. (pause) Please tell me you're not on the run or something. I can't have that trouble here. Not with my girls.

MICK
No. I did my time. I just got out.

Jessica looks at him.

MICK (CONT'D)
Your kids are beautiful.

JESSICA
Yeah, they are. Elsa and Zoe.

Mick smiles hearing the name *Elsa.*

MICK
You named her after Mom?

Jessica NODS.

JESSICA
Listen, my husband worked third shift. He'll be home any minute. He'll be tired. I need to fix his dinner and put him to bed. So I think you should go.

Mick pauses.

MICK
I'd like to meet him.

JESSICA
Why?

MICK
I don't know. You're my little sister. I want to see what kind of man he is...

A defensive contempt rises in Jessica's voice, angered by the suggestion that she would want or need Mick's approval.

JESSICA
What kind of man he is? He's a good man. A Christian man. A better man than you or Angel or any of ya. He's a real father and he helps people...

Jessica cuts herself off, fighting back the rush of anger.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Mick, you are what you are. I'm not going to judge you. But I've worked hard to make something of my life. I've forgiven a lot...on good days, even myself. Seeing you isn't good for me, okay? And if it's not good for me than it's not good for my family. So please, just go. Can you do that?

Mick pauses, then NODS.

But as Mick turns to walk away an OFF-DUTY AMBULANCE PULLS UP TO THE CURB IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

The passenger door opens and BRIAN MAUGHAN, (30's) a thin framed EMT with glasses and premature gray hair steps down from the rig with his gear bag.

Still in his EMT uniform, Brian waves his PARTNER off and the ambulance pulls away.

Brian looks at Mick on the walk, then at Jessica standing at the front door. His eyes are fatigued from working all night.

Mick towers over him, but Brian shows no sign of fear. There is an inherent serenity in his gaze.

BRIAN
(to Jessica)
Everything alright here, hun?

JESSICA
Yes.

BRIAN
Jessica, who is this gentlemen?

Mick looks at Jessica, waiting to take her lead.

JESSICA
(to Brian)
His name is Mick. He's my brother.

Brian looks Mick in the eyes, absorbing, then sets down his gear bag and extends his hand introducing himself.

BRIAN
(to Mick)
Brian Maughan...

Mick shakes Brian's hand, almost surprised at the man's comfort with him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mick.

MICK
I was just leaving...

Suddenly ELSA'S LITTLE VOICE CALLS OUT FROM HER OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW ABOVE.

LITTLE ELSA (O.S.)
Is he gonna stay for lunch?

THE ADULTS' ATTENTION SHIFTS UP TO THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS WATCHING THE SCENE UNFOLD FROM THEIR BEDROOM WINDOW.

Brian grins at his children.

BRIAN
Of course he is.

**INT. KITCHEN TABLE - MAUGHAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Sunlight drifts through the kitchen window as Mick, Brian, Jessica, and the two girls sit around a kitchen table set with sandwiches, potato salad, and ice tea.

At the head of the table, Brian bows his head.

BRIAN
Shall we pray?

Brian takes his wife's hand on his left and his daughter Elsa's on his right. Mick sits at the other end of the table between Elsa and Zoe.

The TWO LITTLE GIRLS SMILE AND REACH OUT FOR MICK'S HANDS TO INCLUDE HIM IN THEIR PRAYER.

LITTLE ELSA
(reaching for his hands)
Uncle Mick?

Mick is struck by the innocence of their gesture. MICK LOOKS UP AT JESSICA, AS IF ASKING PERMISSION TO TOUCH HER CHILDREN.

Jessica meets his glance, emotion welling beneath her eyes. She NODS.

Mick takes the tiny girls hands in his. They smile and lower their heads. Brian closes his eyes and begins...

BRIAN
Dear lord, we thank you for this beautiful day, for the food on our plates, and the family around this table. We are especially thankful that Mick could be with us for this meal. Bless him on his journey, deliver him safely, and keep him in your light, so he may know peace in this new chapter of his life. Amen.

ELSA AND ZOE
(in unison)
Amen.

Mick looks into the innocent eyes of his smiling nieces holding his scarred and tattooed hands.

MICK
Amen.

**INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - MC CLUBHOUSE - OAKLAND, CA -SAME MOMENT**

Angel's office. Everything is silent. Dust particles drift in the slits of sunlight cutting through the dark window blinds.

Graham is naked and passed out facedown on Angel's couch. His hair is a mess. His mouth is ajar. He is alone.

A filthy sea of empty SHOT GLASSES, CIGARETTE BUTTS, BUTANE LIGHTERS, AND COCAINE RESIDUE litter the coffee table a few feet from Graham's face.

Out in the parking lot, A STRAIGHT PIPE CHOPPER ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE, RUMBLING THROUGH THE SILENCE.

Hearing the thundering sound, GRAHAM STIRS. His eyes slowly open, taking in his surroundings. He winces at the piercing pain in his head, trying to make sense of where he is and what has happened.

Blacked out, he sits up slowly, examining the room, seeing his UNDERWEAR AND JEANS AND TEE-SHIRT balled up on the floor.

Then he notices the WHITE GAUZE BANDAGE on his shoulder.

He reaches for it, hesitates, then tears off the adhesive tape, revealing the CRYING SKULL tattooed into his flesh...AND THEN, LIKE A WAKING NIGHTMARE, THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT FLOOD BACK TO HIM...

SMASH CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK INSERT - A SUDDEN STACCATO BURST OF FLASH IMAGES**

-A STREAK OF BLOOD RUNNING FROM THE CORNER OF A ROLLED UP BLUE TARP...

-THE POINT OF A SPADE HEAD SHOVEL DIGGING IN THE WET SOIL...

-STAR, KNEELING AT THE END OF THE LEATHER COUCH, HER BREASTS BARE, HER MASCARA SMEARED, HER BODY SHAKING AS SHE FREE-BASES COCAINE FROM A GLASS STEM PIPE...

-YELLOW CLEANING GLOVES BLISTERING AND BUBBLING AS THEY BURN IN A PUDDLE OF LIGHTER FLUID BLUE FLAME...

-RAINDROPS FALLING IN LOU'S VACANT, LIFELESS EYES...

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - MC CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Graham is SEIZED BY THE HORROR. HE GAGS, STAGGERING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES TO THE TRASH CAN AND VOMITS.

Naked on the floor, Graham reaches for his jeans, but as he grabs them, the SILVER CHARM NECKLACE FALLS FROM THE POCKET AND HITS THE FLOOR.

Graham stares at the SMALL SILVER BIRD, remembering...

He turns and looks at the clock on the wall. It reads **2:35PM.** He's hours late for his date with Birdy.

Tears well in Graham's eyes. He pulls his knees up to his chest and hugs himself like a lost child waiting for someone to find him.

**EXT. BACKYARD - MAUGHAN HOME - PROVO, UTAH - SAME MOMENT**

Mick sits on the lawn in the backyard as Elsa and Zoe climb on his muscular frame like a piece of playground equipment.

**INT. KITCHEN WINDOW - SAME MOMENT**

<u>P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW:</u> Jessica and Brian watch Mick playing outside with the little girls.

BRIAN
You know, he doesn't have to leave. He's welcome to stay the night.

Jessica stares at Mick through the kitchen window, as if she didn't even hear Brian's comment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Hun?

JESSICA
He wants something.

BRIAN
Maybe he just wants to be part of your life.

She gazes out the window as Mick gives both girls a simultaneous PIGGY BACK RIDE around the yard. The little girls giggle with uncontrollable laughter.

JESSICA
It's more than that. I know him. I know how he operates.
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)
He’s here for a reason. I just don’t know what it is.

Brian pauses, considering all she has said and not said. Then he reaches out and gently TAKES HER HAND.

In an instant, Jessica’s anxiety dissolves away and she smiles at her husband. He smiles back at her.

BRIAN
Then I suggest we ask him.

**EXT. BIRDY’S HOUSE - OAKLAND, CA - LATE AFTERNOON**

Graham sits beneath a tree across from Birdy’s house. He is wearing the same clothes as the night before. He looks awful.

After a moment, the front door of the house opens and Birdy steps out in a cute yellow sundress with her back pack.

She sees Graham across the street and walks straight for him. As she nears, Graham stands up.

There’s a beat of silence as she looks at him.

BIRDY
(motioning to the house)
I was in there. I took a bath. I brushed my hair. I changed my bra and panties four times wondering what you would like the best...

Graham starts to speak, but Birdy cuts him off...

BIRDY (CONT’D)
(cutting him off)
Don’t you dare say you’re sorry!

Graham falls silent as she looks in the eyes.

BIRDY (CONT’D)
Don’t you want me? Don’t you want our first time to be together?

Graham’s heart sinks.

GRAHAM
Birdy...I...

Graham stops himself. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the SILVER NECKLACE she gave him. Graham holds it out to give it to her.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have this.

A blade of heartbreak enters her chest as she stares at the Bird Pendant hanging on the chain. She shakes her head...

BIRDY
Keep it...

She turns and walks away.

BIRDY (CONT'D)
It doesn't mean anything now.

**INT. TERRI'S BEDROOM - BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT**

In the half light, Graham's mother Terri is naked, gripping her pillow, face down on her bedspread.

Angel stands at the end of the bed, shirtless, his jeans down to his hips, fucking Terri from behind. He is rough with her, but it's clear this is consensual sex.

Angel grabs a fistful of her hair, thrusting hard, showing dominance as he finishes, then he pulls away.

Angel buckles his pants. Then with a flash of a butane lighter he lights a cigarette.

Still catching her breath, Terri turns over to face him and pulls the sheet up to cover her body. She looks at him.

TERRI
Angel? Was that it?

Angel pulls on his shirt.

ANGEL
Was that what?

TERRI
The last time you fuck me?

Angel pauses.

ANGEL
That's a strange question.

Angel slowly approaches and sits down on the edge of the bed.

TERRI
Mick's coming home. Why is that a strange question?

Angel looks at her, then reaches out, bringing the cigarette filter to Terri's lips, offering it to her.

Terri leans forward, taking a drag...BUT BEFORE SHE CAN EXHALE, ANGEL VIOLENTLY SEIZES HER FACE AND NECK, COVERING HER MOUTH AND NOSE WITH HIS HAND, TRAPPING THE SMOKE INSIDE HER LUNGS, AND PINNING HER TO THE BED.

TERRI STARES AT HIM, FRANTIC, UNABLE TO MOVE, UNABLE TO BREATHE, THE SMOKE BURNING INSIDE HER BODY.

Angel gazes calmly as Terri struggles for air.

ANGEL
Because I've never fucked you, Terri. I never so much as looked at you. And if my brother ever hears differently, well, you know how that sentence ends.

He grips her another few seconds, then releases her face.

Terri coughs horribly, heaving for breath, as the cigarette smoke escapes her mouth and nose...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Look at me, Terri.

Scared, Terri looks at him...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I'm sitting on a once in a lifetime opportunity. My organization is expanding to a whole new level. I need Mick. He's as brilliant as he is brutal and he understands how it all works. In three months time this piss-ant life of yours will be a distant memory. You and Graham and Mick will be in a nice new house with more money than you know what to do with. I am willing to make that happen. Don't fuck it up.

**EXT. DINER - OAKLAND, CA - THAT EVENING**

Evening falls as neon flashes outside a greasy spoon diner.

**INT. DINER - BOOTH - SAME MOMENT**

Terri sits across a window booth from Graham drinking a beer. Graham hasn't touched his food. A sad piece of APPLE PIE WITH A BLOWN OUT BIRTHDAY CANDLE sits in melted ice cream.

Graham is silent as Terri peels the label on her beer bottle.

TERRI
Your Dad's gonna' be home tomorrow.

Graham doesn't respond. Terri looks at her son as he stares absently out the window.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Sweetheart?

He doesn't look at her.

GRAHAM
I heard you.

TERRI
What's wrong, Graham?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

TERRI
Honey, talk to me.

His gaze shifts to her.

GRAHAM
Why should I?

TERRI
Because I'm your mother.

GRAHAM
I'm not sure that's a good enough reason anymore.

Her warm expression instantly turns cold and defensive.

TERRI
Don't you dare talk to me that way. I've given you my life. I could've been so much more. But I stuck by and I raised you...me. Every fever. Every bad dream. Every time you were scared at night. I was the one that kept you safe.

He looks at her with contempt.

GRAHAM
Then answer one thing...I never came home last night, Mom. And I didn't call. That's never happened before...

It's clear by her expression he is hitting a nerve in Terri.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Why haven't you asked me where I was?

Terri pauses, setting her beer on the table.

TERRI
You are so ungrateful.

GRAHAM
Do you have any idea what I did last night? Do you have any idea what I saw?

As Terri looks away, Graham NODS, as if confirming a suspicion to himself.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Something tells me you do.

Graham pitches his napkin and stands from the table.

TERRI
Sit down, Graham.

Ignoring her, Graham fishes a TEN DOLLAR BILL out of his pocket and DROPS IT ON THE TABLE.

GRAHAM
That's for my meal.

Terri gets up from her seat, grabbing at his wrist.

TERRI
I am your mother and I told you to sit down!

Graham SHOVES HER AWAY. Terri lands on her ass back in her seat. She is clearly shocked...

GRAHAM
Those days are over, Terri.

Graham walks out.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORRISON HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Terri sits alone at the kitchen table smoking a cigarette in the empty house. It's clear she's been crying. She gazes up a small KOBALT BLUE JAR resting on top of a high cabinet.

She looks at the jar for another instant, then wipes a tear from her eye, picks up her cell phone, and dials.

BEGIN INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
Yeah?

TERRI (ON PHONE)
Is Graham with you?

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
No.

TERRI (ON PHONE)
He got angry earlier. He took off. I've never seen him act that way before. I don't know what to do.

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
Don't do anything. Men get mad. Leave him alone.

TERRI (ON PHONE)
He's not a man. He's just a boy...

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
(cutting her off)
Wrong, Terri. And he'll never be that again, except in your head. The sooner you accept that, the better it'll be for both of you.

TERRI (ON PHONE)
What happened last night, Angel?

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
Spare me the naive act, Terri. You know how our world works. Beside, from what I hear, it all came pretty naturally to him. I guess it's in his blood. (pause) So I suggest you get a couple more drinks in you and go dark for the night. Mick's coming home tomorrow.

Dread chokes Terri's expression as the LINE GOES DEAD.

END INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

**INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - WARLORD'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS**

Angel slowly sets his phone on his desk and looks up at Wade sitting on the couch in his office.

Wade shoots Angel a questioning look.

ANGEL
Keep an eye on Terri.

**EXT. CORNER BODEGA MARKET - OAKLAND, CA - THE NEXT DAY**

A small Latin corner market. Bouquets of white and red ROSES stand upright in five gallon buckets of water. Mick stands over the flowers debating...

**EXT. MORRISON BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Holding two bouquets of roses, one white and one red, Mick stands outside the gate of the rundown bungalow.

He stares at the small house, noticing the sagging gutters and overgrown lawn. He peers down the dilapidated block at the sun blanched houses, broken glass, and litter.

Suddenly the front door opens and Terri steps out onto the porch in a white Jersey mini-dress. She has curled her hair. It's clear she spent some time on makeup and outfit.

She looks pretty as she smiles faintly from the porch.

TERRI
(re: the roses)
Are those both for me?

MICK
I couldn't decide on red or white.

She laughs.

TERRI
That's funny. I had the same problem with my dress.

Mick smiles.

MICK
You look good, Terri.

She smiles as he motions to the closed gate.

MICK (CONT'D)
(re: the gate)
May I?

She pauses, then nods warmly.

TERRI
It's your house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - BUNGALOW - SECONDS LATER**

Without a word, Terri walks Mick through the freshly cleaned house toward the bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS**

Terri leads Mick into the bedroom by the hand.

The bed is neatly made. The curtains are drawn.

She looks up at him as he towers above her, then lifts her dress over her head and drops it on the floor.

In her bra and panties, she strips off Mick's tee-shirt.

She smiles to herself, TOUCHING THEIR SON'S NAME TATTOOED ON HIS MUSCULAR CHEST. She looks into Mick's eyes in the half light, then starts to unbuckle his belt.

MICK
You don't have to do this, Terri.

She pauses...then kisses his chest.

TERRI
(whispering)
I want to. I want to start off on a good note.

**INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick and Terri make love in the bed. Mick is on top. His muscular body dwarfs hers.

Terri stares at the ceiling with a bittersweet expression, holding him tightly as he moves inside her.

A TEAR discreetly streaks down her cheek as Mick thrusts. She kisses his shoulder and quickly wipes the tear away.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORRISON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

In her bra and panties, Terri lights a cigarette and opens the kitchen window above the sink.

Mick sits shirtless at the small kitchen table.

The silence between them is palpable.

MICK
Where's Graham at?

TERRI
School.

Mick pauses.

MICK
I should've known that.

She shrugs.

TERRI
How would you?

Terri ashes her cigarette in the sink.

TERRI (CONT'D)
You want a drink or something?

MICK
No.

TERRI
Sandwich? Something to eat?

MICK
I'm alright. Thank you.

Her cigarette smoke drifts through the sunlight and escapes out the open window.

TERRI
So what happens now, Mick?

He pauses for a moment, then motions to the small Kobalt blue jar sitting high above the kitchen cabinet.

MICK
Are they still in there?

Terri NODS.

Mick stands from the table and reaches up on top of the cabinet, retrieving the jar. He removes the lid and turns it over.

TWO WEDDING RINGS, a man and a woman's, spill onto the table. For an instant, they both stare at the rings.

MICK (CONT'D)
What happens now is we decide...

She looks in his eyes.

MICK (CONT'D)
(re: the rings)
We decide whether or not to put those back on.

Terri looks away and drags on her cigarette. He looks at her, recognizing the pain beneath the surface.

TERRI
You think it's that simple?

MICK
It could be.

TERRI
Mick...a lot a shit has happened since you've been away. A lot of things have changed.

MICK
Did you stop loving me?

She glares at him, her temper flaring...

TERRI
Fuck, Mick! What kinda' question is that?

MICK
Seems pretty straightforward.

TERRI
Oh bullshit! It's a bullshit question! It doesn't matter how I answer, I'm fucked either way.

MICK
Tell me what's wrong, Terri.

TERRI
What's wrong? My husband disappeared for eight years and left me to raise our little boy in this snake pit! That's what's wrong, Mick!

Mick looks away.

TERRI (CONT'D)
You know, I wish to God I stopped loving you. It would have been so much better for us. I could've taken Graham out of here years ago. But instead I thought we were special. I thought I was strong enough to stick it out until daddy got home. (pause) Well I was wrong. I didn't last, Mick. I broke. Just like every other stupid bitch around here. I've made every bad decision you can think of...

Terri drags hard on her cigarette and crushes the half finished butt into an ashtray.

TERRI (CONT'D)
And now you're back. (pause) You're back to pick through the ugly fuckin' mess...and *decide* if you still want us.

MICK
Terri, I'm back here for one reason...to be a father, for the first time in my life.

Terri shakes her head.

TERRI
You don't really believe that do you? I mean...Christ, I know where your loyalties lie. You could've cut a deal and been out years ago. But you protected them and let Graham and me rot here.

Mick looks at the wedding rings on the table.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Be honest, Mick. You're no hero. You're married to them. They're your family. Forsaking all others.

**INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - PUBLIC HIGHSCHOOL - SAME DAY**

Graham sits in the back of a dark, overcrowded classroom. Expanded steel security grating covers the windows, lending the sense that the students are caged in.

An EDUCATIONAL VIDEO ON HUMAN SEXUALITY is projected on a screen at the front of the classroom.

RENDERED SCHEMATICS AND GRAPHICS OF MALE AND FEMALE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS flash across the screen prompting SNEERS AND COMMENTS from the sexually charged group.

MALE VOICE OVER ON VIDEO
In nature, the role of the father after conception varies from one species to another. Females are genetically programmed to search for sexual partners that would make suitable life mates...

Graham's pensive eyes drift to Birdy, sitting at the front of the classroom, trying to watch the video.

LUKE and BRETT (both 16), two frosted blond skateboarders in hooded sweatshirts sit in the desks behind Birdy.

In the dark, Luke TAKES THE NOSE OF HIS SKATEBOARD AND INSERTS INTO THE GAP AT THE BACK OF BIRDY'S CHAIR, PUSHING IT REPEATEDLY INTO HER ASS OF HER JEANS.

Birdy turns around and GLARES AT HIM...

BIRDY
(whispering to the Luke)
What's your problem?

Brett squeezes the crotch of his shorts.

BRETT
(whispering)
We got something for you.

BIRDY
Screw you.

LUKE
Right in your ass, baby...

A dark stare fills Graham's face as he watches.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHSCHOOL PARKING LOT - LUNCH - MOMENTS LATER**

P.O.V. SHOT: Graham walks with purpose, pushing through the crowds of STUDENTS around the lunchtime parking lot.

Graham cuts around the side of the building where Luke and Brett practice rail-slides down the stairway guardrails on the building loading dock.

Graham approaches them from the blind side.

Without warning, as Luke slides down the railing on his skateboard, GRAHAM SEIZES HIS BOARD AND RIPS IN OUT FROM UNDER HIM. LUKE FLAILS HEAD FIRST AND LANDS HARD ON THE CONCRETE BELOW.

Brett turns and looks at Graham.

BRETT
What the fuc...

GRAHAM DRIVES LUKE'S SKATEBOARD INTO BRETT'S STOMACH, BUCKLING HIM OVER.

AS BRETT HEAVES FOR AIR, GRAHAM SETS HIS FEET AND SWINGS THE SKATEBOARD LIKE AN AXE INTO THE SIDE OF BRETT'S LEG.

Brett SCREAMS as he hits the ground.

A CROWD OF STUDENTS gathers as Graham brutally and repeatedly KICKS BOTH SKATERS IN THE ASS WITH HIS STEEL-TOED BIKER BOOTS, PAINFULLY HUMILIATING THEM.

GRAHAM
(screaming)
You want to fuck somebody in the ass, do you?!!

With each blow, Graham's anger grows more and more intense, channeling his fear and sadness for so many things into this focused act of rage.

As TWO TEACHERS run into the crowd to break up the fight, Graham looks up and sees Birdy. She stares at him, terrified by the violent, animalistic fury in his face.

**INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - BUNGALOW - LATER**

Mick, now dressed, walks into Graham's sparse room. He looks around at his son's things.

Mick kneels down and gazes into saltwater fish tank and watches the growing HAMMERHEAD PUP circling over and over in the too-small tank. Mick touches the glass...

TERRI (O.S.)
He loves that stupid thing.

Mick turns and sees Terri in the doorway.

TERRI (CONT'D)
He found it on the street this summer in a garbage bag full of water. Somebody left it for dead. Graham bought the tank and stuff with his own money.

MICK
It's too big for the tank.

TERRI
That's what Graham says.

Mick lets out a smile.

MICK
He likes the ocean? All that stuff?

TERRI
I think so. He's really smart.

Suddenly, Terri's CELLPHONE RINGS interrupting. As she answers it, Mick watches the hammerhead pup circling.

TERRI (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Wait, what? Is he alright?

Mick looks at her, listening to one side of the conversation.

TERRI (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yes. I understand. I'm sure there's more to it than that. (pause) I'll be there in twenty minutes.

Terri ends the call. She leans against the doorway and closes her eyes. The stress in her face is evident.

MICK
What?

TERRI
Nothing. It's not your problem. Look, I gotta call the bar and tell them I'll be late for my shift.

MICK
Terri, what is it?

Terri pauses, clearly annoyed at his insistence.

TERRI
What do you care?

He gives her a look.

TERRI (CONT'D)
It's Graham, okay? He beat the living shit outta' somebody at school. And now I have to go and deal with it and hope they don't fire me at work. Because that's what I do, Mick. That's my life.

MICK
So let me go.

Terri shoots him a look, stunned by the notion.

TERRI
(sarcastic)
Right.

MICK
I'm serious, Terri.

TERRI
You wanna' go talk with some fuckin' high school principal?

Mick stands.

MICK
Yes.

She looks at him, not sure whether to laugh or scream at him.

TERRI
Mick, this isn't a joke. It's that zero tolerance shit. They're going to expel him for sure.

MICK
Then I can't make it much worse.

She looks at him.

MICK (CONT'D)
Let me try.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - HIGHSCHOOL - LATER**

Mick sits in a undersized chair in a principals' office waiting room. His presence is remarkably out of place. The waiting room walls are covered in posters featuring IMAGES OF NATURE ACCOMPANIED BY TRITE INSPIRATIONAL QUOTATIONS.

A moment passes, then the principal's office door opens and Birdy walks out shyly.

She pauses, glancing at Mick sitting in the chair.

BIRDY
Are you Graham Morrison's, dad?

Mick looks at the pretty young girl.

MICK
Yes.

A sadness enters her face.

BIRDY
You look like him.

Birdy lowers her head and walks out.

A pencil-thin SECRETARY pushes up her glasses and eyes Mick from behind a reception desk.

SECRETARY
Mr. Morrison, the principal will see you now.

Mick looks at the woman, almost laughing to himself.

**INT. PRINCIPAL BOOKER'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER**

PRINCIPAL BOOKER, a very intelligent, sharply-dressed African American woman in her forties stands from her desk, sizing up Mick as he walks in.

Mick looks at her, then glances around the office. Graham is not there.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
Mr. Morrison?

Mick nods as she walks out and shakes his hand.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
I'm Hera Booker. I'm glad you could come. Please sit.

Mick takes a seat as she returns behind her desk.

MICK
Where's my son?

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
I had him wait with the public safety officer. I wanted the opportunity to speak with you alone.

Mick looks her in the eyes with intensity. She meets his gaze without fear or hesitation.

MICK
Are you going to expel him?

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
Yes.

MICK
Then what do we have to talk about?

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
What you're going to do to keep Graham from ending up exactly like you.

There is a beat of charged silence as Mick stares at her. He examines her face, the fearless way she holds herself, the wedding ring on her left hand. Then Mick notices FOUR SMALL FADED PIN POINT DOTS MAKING THE SHAPE OF A SQUARE TATTOOED ON THE INSIDE OF HER WRIST.

MICK
Your wrist...

She glances at the old faded dots on her wrist. SHE SLIDES HER WATCHBAND DOWN, HIDING THE DOTS.

MICK (CONT'D)
Four dots...the four walls of a prison cell...

Mick holds her gaze.

MICK (CONT'D)
They never would have let you have this position if it was you who did time...so the dots are for someone else. Someone you cared about. Who?

Principal Booker looks at him. Her professional demeanor breaks only for an instant...

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
That's none of your fucking business, Mr. Morrison.

Mick smiles.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
We're here to talk about your son.

MICK
I'm listening.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
Good. Then hear this. I have seen young men like Graham before. He's very smart, very sad, and very angry. And that's a dangerous combination. By assaulting two of his classmates, he just cut the safety net out from under him. There's nothing else I can do. I have failed him. His mother has failed him. And most of all, you have failed him.

Mick looks away, rubbing his knuckles, listening...

MICK
Why don't you tell me something I don't know.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
Alright. I know the two young men Graham beat and I know the reason he beat them. Given the circumstances, his expulsion will be enough. I'm not going to refer the case to juvenile authorities.

MICK
What about their parents?

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
They're *uninvolved.*

MICK
Like me?

She looks at him, considering her answer.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER
Their parents' meeting on the incident was forty five minutes ago. No one came.
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
They did not take the time to advocate for their children.

She pauses.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
You showed up Mr. Morrison.

Mick looks at her.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
My secretary will direct you to the public safety office.

Mick stands from the chair and reaches for the office door.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
Mr. Morrison...

Mick looks back at her.

PRINCIPAL BOOKER (CONT'D)
It may be too late to save him. But if you're going to try, you have to do it right now.

**INT. HIGHSCHOOL PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

As Mick walks through the empty highschool cafeteria, into a small public safety office.

As he walks through the door, he sees Graham for the first time in eight years. He sits on a bench. GRAHAM'S WRISTS ARE HANDCUFFED BEHIND HIS BACK.

A heavy set, PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER in a uniform stands nearby chatting with someone on his DESK PHONE.

As Mick approaches, GRAHAM LOOKS UP, SEEING HIS FATHER. There is a moment of silence as they stare at each other.

The Public Safety Officer, preoccupied on the phone, RAISES A CHUBBY FINGER TO MICK, AS IF TO SAY, *IT'LL BE A MINUTE...*

Mick looks back at Graham in handcuffs, then takes three steps over to the desk and PRESSES DOWN THE CRADLE BUTTON ON THE PHONE, ENDING THE OFFICER'S CALL MID-SENTENCE.

The Officer, confused, looks at the phone for an instant, then realizing what happened, looks up at Mick.

Mick towers over the stocky man, his knuckles tightening...

MICK
(re: the handcuffs)
Get those fuckin' things off my son.

**INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

The late afternoon sun casts long shadows across the streets.

Graham stares silently out the passenger window as Mick drives through traffic.

Mick glances over at his son. The silence between them is deafening.

Another moment passes.

Up the street Mick sees a HOME DEPOT. He considers for a moment.

MICK
You good with your hands?

Graham looks at his father.

GRAHAM
I don't know. I guess so.

Mick looks at him for another moment, then pulls the van off into the Home Depot parking lot.

Graham gives him a questioning look.

MICK
What time does your mom usually get home from her shift?

GRAHAM
Midnight. Sometimes later. It depends.

Mick checks his watch, then reaches for the door handle.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What are we doin'?

MICK
Workin'.

**INT. HOME DEPOT - MOMENTS LATER**

A HOME DEPOT. Mick pushes a cart through the aisles with Graham following behind him.

As they walk, Mick points out TRASH BAGS, PAINT-ROLLERS, TRAYS, BRUSHES, SOLAR YARD LIGHTS, and more for Graham to put in the cart.

**EXT. MORRISON HOME - LATER**

Mick and Graham pull up in front of the dilapidated bungalow and get out of the van, unloading BAGS OF SUPPLIES.

**EXT. OVERGROWN YARD - MORRISON HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick fills the tank of an old push LAWN MOWER from a plastic gas can. Then Mick kneels, showing Graham how to prime the old mower's carburetor.

After several pulls on the starter the chord, the mower ENGINE CATCHES AND COMES TO LIFE...

**EXT. OVERGROWN YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Pushing the lawn mower, Graham cuts down the weedy lawn.

Across the yard, Mick stands on a ladder, cleaning out the leaves from the porch gutters...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORRISON HOME - LATER**

With PLASTIC DROP CLOTHS spread out to protect the hardwood floor, Mick scrapes and spackles cracks in the plaster walls.

Graham follows rolling on fresh white paint with a roller...

**EXT. MORRISON HOME - LATE NIGHT**

Terri pulls up in her Honda. As she gets out of her car, she pauses, stunned as she looks up at the house.

The yard is clean of trash. The lawn is cut. The concrete walk leading up to the porch is warmly lit by new solar walkway lights.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Terri walks quietly through the doorway into the living room.

The house is clean and walls are freshly painted.

She smiles to herself as she slips off her boots and hangs her purse on the hook by the door.

**INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER**

Terri steps into the kitchen and sees Mick on the floor with his head under the kitchen sink cabinet fixing something.

TERRI
Hi.

Mick peeks out from under the sink. His forearm and chin have white paint dried on them.

MICK
Hey, flip the switch will ya?

TERRI
What switch?

MICK
The disposal.

TERRI
It doesn't work. It hasn't worked in forever.

MICK
Flip it.

She reaches above sink and flips it. The disposal TURNS ON.

MICK (CONT'D)
(from under the sink)
Run the water.

Terri turns on the faucet as Mick checks for leaks.

MICK (CONT'D)
You can shut them both off.

As Terri shuts off the water Mick pulls himself out from under the sink and stands up.

MICK (CONT'D)
There's a breaker in the unit. I just had to reset it.

TERRI
You've been busy.

MICK
I had help.

She smiles.

TERRI
Is he asleep?

MICK
He crashed out half an hour ago.

TERRI
What happened at school?

Mick wipes his hands on a paper towel.

MICK
They expelled him.

Terri nods.

TERRI
I knew they would.

Terri opens the freezer and takes out a BOTTLE OF COLD VODKA.

Mick watches her take a glass from the dish rack, pour herself an inch of liquor, and drink it down in two swallows.

She sets the glass on the counter with resignation and motions to the house...

TERRI (CONT'D)
So...why all this?

MICK
I gotta start somewhere, Terri.

As Terri pours herself another drink, Mick looks at her, reading the burden in her face.

MICK (CONT'D)
Has he ever beat somebody like that before?

Terri SHRUGS.

MICK (CONT'D)
What does that mean?

TERRI
It means I don't know. He's changing, you know?

MICK
There's something you're not telling me.

Avoiding eye contact, Terri fishes a cigarette and her lighter out of her pack.

MICK (CONT'D)
How much trouble is he in, Terri?

TERRI
I told you. I don't know.

MICK
We're his parents. We need to know.

TERRI
(cutting him off)
Don't you fuckin' lecture me about being a parent, Mick!

She points her cigarette at him.

TERRI (CONT'D)
You think this super-dad bullshit is gonna fool me? I was there, Mick! All those years I washed the blood out of your clothes. I was there for the dope and the indictments and the Christmas morning you came home stabbed. Or worse, all the Christmas mornings you never bothered to come home at all...

Mick falls silent.

TERRI (CONT'D)
I don't care what you tell yourself. You're a monster, Mick. And me, I'm so stupid, I loved you just the same. But don't you dare tell me how to be a parent.

Terri peers out the window into the darkness.

MICK
I'm sorry.

TERRI
Sure. Me too. Everybody is so fuckin' sorry...

Mick takes a step forward and reaches out, touching her face. She looks at him, tears welling in her eyes.

TERRI (CONT'D)
You know...when Graham was little, I used to lie to him about you. I'd make up these elaborate stories about where you were and what you were doing. I was really good at it. He thought you were so cool. But eventually I got tired of it. I got tired of him idealizing you while he took me, his boring mom, for granted. So finally I told him the truth. You were a bad guy who hurt people for a living. So the police took you away to prison.

A tear streaks down her face.

Mick nods, and slowly, gently wraps his arms around her, hugging her. Terri buries her face in his chest. He holds her in the kitchen gently stroking her hair.

MICK
Listen, I had an idea.

TERRI
Yeah, what's that?

MICK
I thought tomorrow maybe I'd take Graham to the aquarium?

TERRI
The aquarium?

MICK
In Monterey. Just for the day. Give you a rest. You know how you said he was into sharks. They got em' up there. Big ones. I thought he might like it. Maybe he'll talk to me.

TERRI
Did you mention it to him?

MICK
No. I wanted to...

TERRI
Wanted to what?

MICK
I wanted to ask your permission, first. You're the real parent.

Terri smiles.

TERRI
If he wants to go that's fine. But Mick?

MICK
Yeah?

TERRI
Hope is a cruel business. Don't you promise things you can't deliver.

**EXT. PACIFIC COASTAL HIGHWAY - MORNING**

The sun reflects off the ocean as seagulls hover on the wind.

With the windows down, Mick's van cruises south toward Monterey along the coastal highway.

**INT. VAN - SAME MOMENT**

As Mick drives, Graham leans out the passenger, sun on his face, watching the waves break on the passing beaches.

**EXT. MONTEREY AQUARIUM ENTRANCE - LATER**

Standing in line, Mick and Graham are surrounded by TODDLERS AND YOUNG FAMILIES WITH STROLLERS.

Ahead of them, a fleece-clad YOUNG FATHER on vacation picks-up his crying, THREE-YEAR-OLD SON.

The Young Father hugs him and PATS THE LITTLE BOYS' BACK. After a moment, the little boy stops crying and lays his head on his dad's shoulder.

Mick watches the Young Father, then his gaze shifts to Graham who has witnessed the same thing.

Graham's eyes shift to the ground.

GRAHAM
Maybe this is a stupid idea.

MICK
No. This is good...

GRAHAM
It's for little kids.

MICK
It's for everybody.

GRAHAM
Look around.

Mick glances around. They are standing in a SEA OF CHILDREN UNDER 10 years old.

MICK
We're here. Okay?

**INT. MONTEREY AQUARIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

The black, soulless eyes of a TEN-FOOT HAMMERHEAD SHARK cruise silently past Graham's face as he stares through the thick glass of the open sea exhibit.

Standing in the darkness, Mick and Graham are illuminated by the blue green underwater world.

A magnificent kaleidoscope of deep sea FISH and SEA TURTLES swim in a continuous orbit past the 90 foot window. Towers of green sea kelp sway in the current, twisting toward the sunlit water surface above.

GRAHAM
(staring at the glass)
I learned something the other day.

MICK
What's that?

GRAHAM
That some species of unborn shark pups actually kill each other inside the mother.

Graham reaches out, touching the glass.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It's like they know, before they're even born, the world they're coming into.

Mick looks at his son.

MICK
Graham...

GRAHAM
(cutting him off)
This isn't going to work.

MICK
What isn't going to work?

GRAHAM
This. What you're doing. It's too late.

Mick reaches out, taking Graham's shoulders in hand, but Graham WINCES IN PAIN AND PULLS AWAY FROM HIS FATHER.

MICK
What's wrong with your shoulder?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

MICK
Did you hurt it in the fight?

As Mick reaches out to inspect Graham's arm, Graham SHOVES AT HIS FATHER.

GRAHAM
Don't! Don't touch me!

BUT MICK, IN KNEE-JERK DEFENSE, SIDESTEPS GRAHAM'S ADVANCE, VIOLENTLY TWISTS HIS ARM BEHIND HIS BACK AND DRIVES HIS SON'S FACE HARD AGAINST THE GLASS WALL.

Pinned, Graham is helpless as Mick pulls up the arm of his son's long sleeve shirt revealing his BANDAGED shoulder.

MICK RIPS OFF THE GAUZE, REVEALING THE NEW, SWOLLEN, CRYING SKULL TATTOO WITH THE WORDS: **WARLORDS M.C.** BENEATH IT.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTERREY BOARDWALK - SECONDS LATER**

Cool wind blows in off Monterey Bay as Graham bursts out of an aquarium side exit and walks down the boardwalk. Mick follows a few steps behind...

MICK
Don't you walk away from me.

Graham stops and turns, facing his father.

GRAHAM
(screaming)
Or what! What are you gonna do?

Mick calmly registers the looks of the PASSING TOURISTS.

MICK
Son, whether you know it or not, you need me right now.

GRAHAM
No. I don't. I don't need you. Nobody here needs you.

MICK
You think I don't know what that ink on your shoulder means?

As Graham stares defiantly tears well in his eyes.

GRAHAM
You're supposed to be proud of me! I'm one of you, now.

Mick stares at his son.

MICK
I didn't want this for you.

GRAHAM
Well what the fuck did you expect?

Mick stares at his son, not knowing what to say.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Mom's right about you. You're so full of shit.

MICK
Son...

GRAHAM
I hate you.

The salty wind blows Graham's bushy hair as his statement hangs in the air. A warm tear streaks down Graham's face.

Mick NODS.

MICK
I hate me, too.

There is a beat of silence as Mick looks into Graham's eyes.

MICK (CONT'D)
I need to know what happened.

Graham SHAKES HIS HEAD like a shamed child.

MICK (CONT'D)
Tell me and I'll fix it.

Graham trembles with tears as he looks at his father.

GRAHAM
It can't be fixed.

**EXT. PORCH - BUNGALOW - NIGHT**

Mick sits alone on the porch staring out into the street. He's clearly lost in thought.

After a moment, the headlights of Terri's Honda pull up to the front of the house.

Terri gets out of the car, dressed in a tight miniskirt and a tank-top from her bar shift. She lights a cigarette, then smiles, seeing Mick.

TERRI
Hey you.

MICK
Are you drunk?

Terri steps up onto the porch.

TERRI
That's kind of an asshole 'welcome home' wouldn't you say?

MICK
We need to talk. I need you sober to do it.

TERRI
Is Graham okay?

MICK
He is for the moment.

Terri pauses, not liking where the conversation is going.

MICK (CONT'D)
The other night when Angel took Graham out. He must have called you first. What did he say?

Terri drags on her cigarette.

TERRI
He said that it was Graham's birthday and it was time for him to become part of the organization. I made him promise to make sure Graham came home safe and he promised.

MICK
That's all he said?

TERRI
I'm paraphrasing, but yes.

MICK
Did the question ever occur to you why he wanted to bring Graham into the fold just two days before I came home?

TERRI
He said that he wanted you to think he'd done a good job taking care of Graham. He wanted him to be a man when you saw him.

Mick rubs his forehead and stares into the darkness.

MICK
It's leverage, Terri.

TERRI
What?

MICK
He's got a noose around our son's neck and all he has to do is pull it. You really think Angel gives a shit about being a good uncle? He's smart. He's positioning himself. He wanted leverage over me so when I got out I'd fall into line.

TERRI
Well what else would you do?

Mick pauses, looking at her.

MICK
We could leave.

TERRI
Leave?

MICK
We owe it to Graham to get him outta' here. It's our life. Our family. We could just disappear. The three of us. Start over somewhere else.

TERRI
Start over with what? Do you have a briefcase of money stashed away somewhere?

MICK
No.

TERRI
Then what the fuck are you talking about?

MICK
We'd have each other.

TERRI
Oh shit, Mick, spare me. You're a felon. An ex-con. What kind of job are you gonna get?

MICK
One where I don't kill people.

Terri stares at him.

TERRI
You listen to me, Mick. I didn't wait for you eight years so I could struggle for thirty more. Angel has big plans for us where we don't have to live like this anymore. (pause) So you take this heartfelt moment you're having and you fuckin' swallow it. Just like I swallowed all the hopes I had for my life. You're home now and you need to do right by the wife and son that stayed. And if that means you spend the rest of your days knee deep in blood then so be it.

Without another word, Terri walks into the house and slams the door behind her.

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. GRAHAM BEDROOM - BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT**

Graham sits on his bed, staring at the Hammerhead pup circling in the too small tank. Graham has heard every word of his parent's argument through the open window.

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. PORCH - BUNGALOW - SAME MOMENT**

Mick sits in the darkness for another moment, then steps down from the porch and walks toward his van.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAIN SUPER STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick's van pulls into a 24 hour Walmart-esque SUPERSTORE.

FADE TO:

**EXT. MORRISON BUNGALOW - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING**

The morning sun rises on the quiet neighborhood. The birds sing. The cleaned up yard and newly cut lawn looks good.

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT**

As pale morning light diffuses through the curtains, Mick and Terri lie sleeping next to one another.

In the distance, there is a LOW, RUMBLING SOUND. Slowly the sound grows louder and into an THUNDERING ROAR...

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME MOMENT**

Shattering the peaceful morning, FIFTY ROARING, STRAIGHT PIPE HD CHOPPERS RIDE LIKE A SQUADRON of war machines down the quiet residential street.

EVERY RIDER is decked out in Warlord M.C. colors on the back of their vests. Leading the pack is Angel.

The motorcyclists pull up in formation in front of the bungalow. Their engines shut down in unison, creating a sudden silence.

Angel dismounts his motorcycle, removes his sunglasses, and looks at the house, noticing the improvements.

A moment later the front door opens and Mick steps onto the porch in an unbuttoned flannel shirt, jeans, and boots.

For a moment, the brothers just stare at each other, taking in the years.

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Terri, standing in her bra and panties, parts the curtain and peers out the window. She watches MICK AND ANGEL EMBRACE EACH OTHER IN A HUG.

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD - SAME MOMENT**

Mick and Angel embrace.

ANGEL
Welcome home, little brother.

MICK
Good to see you, Angel.

Angel motions to the army of MOTORCYCLISTS in the street.

ANGEL
The boys wanted to come to show their respect.

Mick looks over the HARDENED FACES OF FIFTY WARLORD BIKERS as they remove their sunglasses and nod to him.

Mick nods back.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
We have things to talk about. Come ride with us.

Angel glances around.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Where's your bike?

MICK
I sold it.

ANGEL
You sold your wide-glide? What the fuck for?

MICK
(rhetorical)
Why does anybody sell anything?

Angel pauses.

ANGEL
You don't need to worry about money anymore. We'll get you a new bike.

Angel turns to the 50 men on their Choppers.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(addressing the Warlords)
My brother, fresh out of the joint, is not going to ride on somebody's bitch-pad. Who among you will let him ride your machine?

There's a moment of silence...THEN, AS A SIGN OF RESPECT, EVERY SINGLE MEMBER OF THE GANG DISMOUNTS THEIR BIKES, OFFERING THEIR MOTORCYCLE UP TO MICK.

**EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

As Mick mounts a motorcycle they start their engines. The roar is ferocious.

As the bikers pull away into the street, Mick looks up at the house, catching a glimpse of Graham and Terri in the doorway. They watch Mick disappear at the front of the pack.

**EXT. AERIAL SHOT - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

The squadron of motorcycles cruise north in formation over the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE into Marin county.

**EXT. FREEWAY - SAME MOMENT**

Mick and Angel ride at the front of the formation with the wind on their faces. The raw exhilaration of riding again is evident in Mick.

**EXT. ABANDONED MORRISON VINEYARD - MARIN COUNTY - LATER**

As the rest of the gang linger in the distance, Mick and Angel walk the overgrown hills of their childhood - their long foreclosed family vineyard.

The grape vines have grown wild covering the hillsides.

Angel cracks open two cans of beer from a six pack and hands one to Mick. They CLANK their beer cans together.

MICK
I haven't been here in years. Shit, I haven't been anywhere in years.

ANGEL
You remember that Spanish girl who lived down the road about a mile?

MICK
The one that showed everybody her pussy?

ANGEL
The one and the same.

MICK
What about her?

ANGEL
She's in politics now.

Mick laughs.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Seriously. State Senate...or some shit like that.

On a distant hillside, SERVICE VEHICLES mingle as a LANDSCAPING CREW sods the lawn of a NEWLY CUSTOM BUILT MISSION REVIVAL STYLE MANSION. It is a massive, beautiful home.

MICK
I wonder who owns that?

ANGEL
I do.

Mick looks at him.

MICK
What?

ANGEL
(smiling)
That's my house, motherfucker. Six bedroom, eight bath. 6200 square feet. Brazilian Cherry floors. Cerrara marble. Four car garage with a mechanic's bay. I even had them put in an fuckin' escape tunnel that comes out in the old barn.

Angel motions with his beer at the rolling hillsides.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I bought it all back. All the original property, plus the hundred acres to the west so nobody can build in my view of the sunset.

MICK
Shit...

**INT. ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick and Angel step through the arched double doors of the luxury home.

ANGEL
I'm still in the process of moving.

Mick gazes around at the open floor plan with light flooded rooms, Spanish tile fireplaces, and gleaming hardwood floors.

Mick looks down at his muddy boots.

MICK
You want me to take my fuckin' boots off?

ANGEL
Damn right I do.

**EXT. VERANDA - ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Barefoot, Angel and Mick stand on a second floor veranda looking out over the serene hills toward the west.

ANGEL
Times are a changin', brother. We're moving to a new level. The boys are loyal, but most of them are just muscle. I need a partner.
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Somebody as smart as I am. Somebody I can trust. I need you.

Mick looks at his older brother.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
We'll get Terri and Graham out of that shithole and move you up here. You can build your own place. Eventually, I want to get mom outta' that home and get her up here too. She can have a live in nurse or whatever.

Mick's face grows pensive.

MICK
I need the whole picture, man.

Angel reads the skepticism in Mick's face.

ANGEL
I've got 17 million dollars worth of uncut coke I need to move. It's pure profit. We keep every dollar. But I have to move it small amounts over time so not to draw attention.

MICK
Where did it come from?

ANGEL
Does it matter?

MICK
Fuck yes, it does.

There a beat of silence.

ANGEL
This spring an opportunity presented itself. I saw a weakness and I exploited it.

Mick stares at the horizon, his mind racing...

MICK
The cattle truck hit last May. It was you.

ANGEL
You know about that in Colorado?

MICK
Federal prison, man. Half of D-block was Sinaloa Cartel.

ANGEL
Well, therein lies my need for a partner I can trust.

MICK
(re: the bikers)
How many of them know the truth about where it came from?

ANGEL
Just Wade. There were three others but...

MICK
(finishing his sentence)
...they met with an unexpected end.

ANGEL
Ugly car wreck.

MICK
(with tone)
How sad.

ANGEL
Very.

Mick takes slug of his beer.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I need to move more weight faster.

MICK
Then you need a new market.

ANGEL
Exactly. There are two specific towns I want to expand into. But both of those markets are presently controlled by other groups. Groups I consider vulnerable.

Angel looks his brother in the eye.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
And that's where you come in. I need your skill set, Mick. I need you to create a vacuum for our business to fill.

MICK
You can't just cut the head off. The local market will implode. You need to replace the head in the same motion. Who runs the new territories?

ANGEL
You do.

Mick looks out across the overgrown hills.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
So what do you say?

There is a beat of silence as he considers his answer.

MICK
I say we should start making wine again.

ANGEL
(smiling)
Wine?

MICK
You're laundering the coke cash through casinos in Reno?

ANGEL
Mostly.

MICK
The Feds will flag that eventually. We need a legit business. Put the boys on a payroll. Wine is a legit business where we can lose our ass year after year and it looks fine on paper.

Angel grins and puts his hand on Mick's shoulder.

ANGEL
Welcome home, bud.

**EXT. SUNSTONE ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - OAKLAND - EVENING**

Mick's van pulls into the parking lot of an upscale senior ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY.

**INT. RECEPTION DESK - ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - SECONDS LATER**

A YOUNG RECEPTIONIST (20's) with short bobbed hair smiles warmly as Mick approaches the reception desk.

YOUNG RECEPTIONIST
Hi. Can I help you?

MICK
I'm looking for Elsa Morrison.

YOUNG RECEPTIONIST
Well I'm happy to give her a call and see if she's up for a visitor. Can I ask your name?

MICK
Mick. I'm her son.

**INT. ELSA MORRISON'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

A small apartment decorated with old family photographs and a collection of various unopened, VINTAGE BOTTLES OF WINE from the 1970's bearing the family label MORRISON VINEYARDS.

Mick's mother, ELSA MORRISON, sits in an armchair chair drinking tea. She is a beautiful, silver-haired woman in her late seventies. Elsa is physically frail and legally blind.

As Mick enters, Elsa slowly rises. She looks toward Mick, her blue-eyed gaze slightly askew of Mick's eye-line.

MICK
Hi, Mom.

Elsa sets her tea on the table and makes her way to Mick. She reaches up, feeling her son's face.

ELSA
My baby boy. You're home.

Mick gently hugs her fragile frame.

MICK
I need to talk to you.

Elsa pats his back.

ELSA
Come sit with me.

**INT. ELSA MORRISON'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick and Elsa sit at the small table. Elsa holds Mick's hand.

ELSA
Your family. Your children. There is nothing more important in this life.

MICK
Sometimes it's not so simple.

ELSA
You're not a simple person, so it's not going to be simple. I know you. Since the moment you fought your way into this world. There's something different about you.

MICK
Eight years in prison can change a person.

ELSA
It changed your father.

Elsa pauses, smoothing her frail hands on her dress.

ELSA (CONT'D)
It took the best part of him. It took his soul. He was nothing but an animal when he came out. A beast. But you know that.

Mick nods, REMEMBERING HIS FATHER FOR A BITTER INSTANT.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Did you lose your soul in prison?

Mick looks into his mother's sightless blue eyes.

MICK
No...I found it.

**INT. SHOWER - BUNGALOW BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Terri stands naked in the shower. She leans her body against the tile wall and closes her eyes, letting the hot water run down her face.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Terri dries her hair, wraps herself in a white towel, then leans down and picks up her clothes from the floor.

She steps into the bathroom closet and the lifts the lid for the LAUNDRY CHUTE leading to the basement...but as she lifts the lid, SHE HEARS SOMETHING...

She makes a face as she listens closer, recognizing what sounds like ANGEL'S VOICE DOWN IN THE BASEMENT.

**INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - SECONDS LATER**

Walking through the kitchen wrapped in her towel, Terri quietly opens the basement door. She steps silently down the first few stairs, then kneels down and peeks into the unfinished basement.

SHIFT ANGLE TO:

TERRI'S P.O.V.: Terri sees Mick, standing alone at the far end of the basement beside a workbench. UNAWARE HE IS BEING WATCHED, MICK REWINDS A PALM-SIZED DIGITAL AUDIO RECORDER and PRESSES PLAY...

ANGEL'S VOICE ON RECORDING
*'I've got 17 million dollars worth of uncut coke I need to move. It's pure profit. We keep every dollar. But I have to move it small amounts over time so not to draw attention...'*

Mick is lost in thought as he listens to the recording.

Terri is STUNNED. SHE WATCHES FOR ANOTHER INSTANT, THEN SLOWLY RETREATS UP THE STAIRS UNNOTICED.

**INT. BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER**

Her mind racing, Terri pulls on her jeans and a shirt. She grabs her leather jacket and walks out into the hallway.

MICK
Where you going?

Terri turns, seeing Mick.

TERRI
To get a drink.

Mick looks at her.

MICK
You want company?

TERRI
No. I'm gonna go see Jen.

Terri grabs her purse from the hook beside the door.

MICK
I missed you, you know. Everyday.

TERRI
Did you?

MICK
You're the love of my life.

She gives him a sad fleeting smile, then walks out.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SECONDS LATER**

As Terri's Honda pulls away, we pause on A DARK ESCALADE parked down the block from the house. We PUSH IN TO REVEAL: Wade behind the wheel, watching the house in the darkness.

**EXT. BLACKHEART BAR- LATER**

The mostly empty parking lot of the BLACKHEART BAR, a biker joint off the freeway. Terri's car is parked under the trees.

**INT. BLACKHEART BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The bar is dead. Neon hums as slow, electric-slide blues plays in the background.

Terri's bartender friend JEN, an early 40's ex-rocker with dyed hair scribbles a restocking list on the back of a coaster as she checks the beer coolers.

Terri sits staring into the mirror behind the bar as she stirs the ice in her empty glass.

JEN
Hey Ter, I gotta go downstairs. You want anything for last call?

TERRI
Double Stoli.

Jen pours and sets the drink in front of Terri.

JEN
You alright, babe?

TERRI
I used to be pretty, Jen.

Jen makes a face.

JEN
What kinda' talk is that? You're hot as shit. I wish I had your ass.

Terri smiles.

JEN (CONT'D)
Talk to me.

Terri shrugs.

TERRI
I don't know. Sometimes I feel like it all turned on me, you know? When you're young anything is possible. And you have all the time in the world to do it.

Terri runs her finger along the rim of her glass.

TERRI (CONT'D)
And then there's this point where it switches on you. You don't even know it when it happens. But suddenly, it goes from having all the choices...to every single choice you make, means never choosing something else. And before you know it, you realize you've lost sight of whatever it was you wanted in the first place.

Terri looks at Jen.

TERRI (CONT'D)
You ever feel like that?

Jen pauses, glancing around the empty, late night bar.

JEN
Yeah.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - BLACKHEART BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Terri walks out of the bar. The night sky is dark and moonless. Somewhat intoxicated, she walks across the parking lot digging in her purse for her keys.

WADE (O.S.)
Hi, Terri.

Terri GASPS and turns, seeing Wade standing in the darkness.

TERRI
Jesus Christ, Wade! You scared the shit out of me!

Wade smiles.

WADE
Sorry about that.

TERRI
What are you doing here?

WADE
Lookin' for you.

She pauses.

TERRI
Me? Why?

WADE
Angel wants to talk to you.

Terri nervously pushes her hair back behind her ear.

TERRI
He wants to talk to me right now?

Wade nods.

TERRI (CONT'D)
How'd you know I was here?

WADE
You're a creature of habit, Terri.

Terri looks at him.

WADE (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll drive.

**INT. GRAHAM BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Graham's bedroom is dark.

Graham lies asleep in bed. His breathing is accelerated. His eyes frantically dart back and forth beneath his eyelids in REM stage as horrific images flash through is mind.

Suddenly Graham SCREAMS, LURCHING UPRIGHT OUT OF SLEEP.

A second later his door BURSTS OPEN and Mick rushes in.

MICK
Graham...what's wrong?

Graham sits on the edge of his bed in his boxers. He trembles, his eye fixed on the Hammerhead Pup relentlessly circling in the too-small tank.

GRAHAM
He was a cop.

Mick looks at him.

MICK
Who? Who was a cop?

GRAHAM
The man I buried in the woods.

Mick's expression hardens.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I can't get his face out of my head.

There is a beat of silence as Mick stares down at his son.

MICK
Did you kill him?

Graham shakes his head.

Mick's voice takes an edge...

MICK (CONT'D)
Answer me in words! Did you kill him? Did you pull the trigger?

GRAHAM
No. (pause) Wade shot him in the forehead. But I may as well have.

Graham looks up at his father with a lost expression.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Dad...he begged me to let him live.

Mick returns his son's gaze with cold detachment.

MICK
They all beg.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Pale morning light filters through the drapes as Mick lays asleep on the living room couch. There is a slow, intermittent DRAGGING SOUND.

Mick stirs from sleep. Half awake, he looks around the room.

MICK
Terri?

GRAHAM
I don't think she's here.

Mick turns and sees Graham down the hall SLOWLY DRAGGING THE FULL, FOUR FOOT SALTWATER FISH TANK ACROSS THE HARDWOOD FLOOR TOWARD THE DOOR.

WATER SLOSHES BACK AND FORTH, SPILLING AS THE HAMMERHEAD PUP SWIMS INSIDE THE TANK.

MICK
What are you doing? The saltwater is getting all over...

It's clear by Graham's appearance that he's had an emotionally brutal night and hasn't slept.

GRAHAM
Dad, I have to set him free.

Mick looks at his son. Tears are evident right beneath the surface of Graham's exhausted face.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I can't stand to watch him in there anymore. Help me take him to the ocean. Please...

**EXT. PORCH - BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER**

The early morning neighborhood is quiet.

The front door is propped open.

Graham has spread out the heavy 2 MIL PLASTIC DROP CLOTHS from their paint project across the living room floor and out onto the porch to catch the spilled saltwater.

Mick, his muscular back and arms straining, carefully carries the two-hundred and fifty pound fish tank.

Straining to hold the heavy liquid weight, Mick inches his way out of the house door, then glances back at Graham inside the house.

MICK
(to Graham)
Grab my keys will you...

Suddenly there is a HEART STOPPING SOUND OF A PUMP SHOTGUN ACTION RACKING A SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER.

AS IF IN SLOW MOTION, MICK'S HEAD TURNS, looking down the porch steps as A BLACK-MASKED GUNMEN RUSHES UP ONTO THE LAWN.

MICK (CONT'D)
GRAHAM GET DOWN!!!

AS THE GUNMAN FIRES HIS WEAPON, MICK IN PURE REFLEX HEAVES THE HEAVY TANK AWAY FROM HIS BODY AND DIVES...

IN THE SAME INSTANT, THE GLASS TANK SHATTERS AS A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT STRIKES THE FISH TANK AS IT FALLS FROM MICK'S ARMS.

THE SALTWATER SLOWS AND RICOCHETS THE LETHAL TRAJECTORY OF THE LEAD SHOT.

AS MICK DIVES BACKWARD INTO THE DOORWAY A STRAY BUCKSHOT PELLET PUNCHES INTO HIS RIBS.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SOAKED IN SALTWATER AND COVERED WITH SHATTERED GLASS, MICK HITS THE PLASTIC COVERED HARDWOOD FLOOR.

GRIPPING THE BLEEDING WOUND, HE SITS UP AS THE SOUND OF THE APPROACHING GUNMAN'S BOOTS ASCEND THE WOODEN PORCH STEPS.

THE GUNMAN RACKS IN A SECOND SHELL INTO THE CHAMBER OF HIS WEAPON AND RUSHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR...

BUT IN THE SAME INSTANT, MICK GRABS TWO FIST FULLS OF THE WET PLASTIC DROP CLOTH AND JERKS IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, LITERALLY PULLING THE FEET OUT FROM UNDER THE APPROACHING GUNMAN.

THE GUNMAN FLAILS BACKWARD, HITTING THE FLOOR HARD AND MICK IS ON HIM IN AN INSTANT.

MICK SEIZES THE GUNMAN'S MASKED FACE IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS AND WITHOUT HESITATION OR MERCY, DRIVES HIS THUMBS INTO THE MAN'S EYE SOCKETS.

MICK
HOW MANY!

THE GUNMAN SCREAMS HORRIBLY, CLAWING AND CONVULSING AS MICK'S THUMB NAILS PRESS DEEPER INTO HIS SKULL.

MICK (CONT'D)
HOW MANY ARE THERE!

GUNMAN
TWO! THERE'S TWO OF US...

MICK PLUNGES HIS THUMBS, REACHING THE GUNMAN'S OPTIC NERVE AND BEYOND...THEN SUDDENLY, LIKE A SWITCH TURNED OFF, THE GUNMAN'S KICKING BODY TURNS SLACK AND STILL.

MICK, OPERATING WITH A HORRIFIC CALMNESS, TURNS TO GRAHAM CROUCHED IN A CORNER NEARBY.

GRAHAM'S FACE IS SPEECHLESS AT THE PURE SAVAGERY HIS FATHER HAS JUST DISPLAYED.

MICK GRABS THE DEAD GUNMAN'S SHOTGUN.

MICK
(to Graham)
Stay down. Don't make a sound.

**EXT. BACKYARD - BUNGALOW - SECONDS LATER**

A SECOND MASKED GUNMAN, gripping a GLOCK 19 makes his way beneath the kitchen windows toward the rear door of the house...

**EXT. GARAGE - SECONDS LATER**

Shouldering the shotgun, Mick walks silently across the freshly cut grass around the side of the garage.

As he rounds the corner into the back yard he sees the Second Gunman entering the rear door of the bungalow.

Mick quickly and calmly closes the distance between them before the Second Gunman sees him...then MICK RAISES THE SHOTGUN AND AT LESS THAN A YARD AWAY, FIRES A SHELL INTO THE SECOND GUNMAN'S SPINE, NEARLY CUTTING HIM IN HALF AND KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

**INT. BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER**

A light bulb flickers as Mick staggers down the stairs into the bungalow's unfinished basement with Graham close behind.

MICK
We have ten...twelve minutes max before the uniforms get here...

Holding pressure against his wound, Mick crosses the basement to the large mechanic's WORKBENCH pushed up against the wall.

MICK (CONT'D)
Help me...

Graham runs to his side and together they drag the heavy workbench away from the wall exposing the dusty concrete floor beneath.

Mick glances at the small HAND TOOLS hanging on PEG BOARD. He keeps looking, then sees what he's looking for...Mick points to a COBWEB COVERED SLEDGE HAMMER leaning between the wall studs in the corner.

MICK (CONT'D)
Grab that hammer.

As Graham grabs the heavy hammer, Mick eyes a particular spot in the floor where the BARELY VISIBLE INITIALS **R.I.P.** WERE ONCE MARKED INTO THE CONCRETE WHEN IT WAS WET.

MICK (CONT'D)
(pointing)
There.

GRAHAM RAISES THE HAMMER, AND WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, BEGINS POUNDING THE FLOOR WITH THE SLEDGE.

MICK (CONT'D)
Harder!

GRAHAM HITS THE CONCRETE AGAIN.

MICK (CONT'D)
Harder!

GRAHAM HITS THE CONCRETE TIME AND TIME AGAIN UNTIL IT BEGINS TO CRACK, SCATTERING MORTAR FRAGMENTS ACROSS THE ROOM.

GRAHAM SWINGS AGAIN AND THE HAMMER BREAKS THROUGH, CREATING A 12 INCH HOLE INTO A FALSE CAVITY BELOW THE SLAB.

Mick kneels down on his hands and knees and clears the rubble out of the opening. Then he reaches down into the darkness, and pulls out a large, dusty BLACK DUFFLE BAG.

Mick painfully shoulders the heavy black bag...

GRAHAM
(re: the bag)
What's in there?

Mick turns for the basement stairs.

MICK
Death.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SECONDS LATER**

Mick eyes the empty street in both directions as he staggers across the yard carrying the duffel.

As Graham climbs up into the van's passenger seat, Mick starts the engine and they pulls away.

**INT. CVS PHARMACY - LATER**

Graham walks frantically down the aisles of a CVS Pharmacy, throwing a SERIES OF ITEMS into his basket: A BOX CUTTER, BANDAGES, PACKING TAPE, PEROXIDE, A BOX OF TAMPONS, A PAIR OF STEEL HEMOSTATS, A BLACK TEE-SHIRT, A FLASHLIGHT, A MIRROR...

**EXT. CVS PHARMACY PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

At the far side of the parking lot, carrying a plastic bag of supplies, Graham slides open the side door of the van.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Graham gets inside the van and slides the door shut.

Mick's face is glazed with sweat. He lays shirtless with his head elevated in the back of the van. In palpable pain, Mick holds pressure on his wounded side.

MICK
You get everything?

GRAHAM
They were out of surgical tape. I got packing tape.

MICK
The clear stuff?

Graham nods.

GRAHAM
That'll work.

**INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE UP ON: BLOOD RED FOAM RISES out of a buckshot hole in Mick's side as he pours PEROXIDE on the wound. Graham holds the MIRROR and FLASHLIGHT for his father allowing him to see.

Mick extends the razor blade on the cheap plastic BOX CUTTER and douses it with PEROXIDE.

MICK
You alright with blood?

GRAHAM
I'm okay.

Without hesitation, Mick MAKES TWO SMALL CUTS, opening the entrance wound in his flesh another half inch on each side, then tosses the box cutter away.

Graham hands him the HEMOSTATS.

Mick feels around under the skin and locating the BUCKSHOT PELLET embedded in his rib.

He inserts the curved tip of the hemostat, grips the shot, exhales to maintain focus, and PULLS IT OUT. The lead pellet hits the floor of the van with a metallic PLINK sound.

Blood streaks down his ribs from the wound. Mick takes a breath as a wave of pain and nausea rushes through his body.

MICK
Gimme' the tampon.

Graham hands him the unwrapped plastic TAMPON applicator.

Mick inserts the tip of the plastic applicator into the entrance hole and presses the plunger with his thumb, inserting the tampon into the wound. The cotton expands in the wound soaking up and stopping the blood flow.

MICK (CONT'D)
Bandage, then tape.

Graham hands him three 4x4 inch square BANDAGES sandwiched together. Mick covers the wound, then he leans forward.

MICK (CONT'D)
Wrap it. All the way around me.

Graham begins wrapping the clear packing tape around Mick's chest, under his arms and back around, over and over, affixing the bandages in place.

Mick watches his son, impressed by his unflinching focus.

MICK (CONT'D)
Good enough.

Graham cuts the tape with the bloody box cutter.

Mick looks at Graham, his hands bloody, fearlessly awaiting his next instruction. In spite of himself, there is a sense of paternal pride in Mick's expression.

MICK (CONT'D)
Did you get me a shirt?

Graham reaches in the bag, pulls off the TAG, and hands Mick a BLACK SURFER TEE-SHIRT WITH THE RED GRAPHIC OF SHARK ON IT. Mick carefully pulls on the shirt.

GRAHAM
I need to call mom and make sure she's okay.

MICK
We will. Let's just do one thing first.

**EXT. RED ROOF INN - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick's van pulls into the parking lot of a two story RED ROOF INN off the 5 freeway.

**INT. LOBBY - RED ROOF INN - MOMENTS LATER**

A disinterested YOUNG DESK CLERK looks up as Graham walks into the lobby of a Red Roof Inn...

**INT. VAN - RED ROOF INN PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Graham gets back into the passenger seat of the idling van with a room key in his hand. Mick is behind the wheel.

GRAHAM
Room 17, first floor, around the side.

**INT. VAN - SECONDS LATER**

Mick pulls the van around the side of the hotel and parks in front of the room.

MICK
Give me the key.

Graham hands Mick the room key.

MICK (CONT'D)
Sit tight. I'll be back in minute.

Mick exits the van shouldering the dusty black duffel bag.

Graham watches through the windshield as Mick disappears into the hotel room.

**INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Moments later Mick gets back in the van and sets the duffel bag on the floor between the seats. He STARTS THE ENGINE.

GRAHAM
Aren't we going in?

MICK
No.

**EXT. PARKING LOT VANTAGE POINT - MOMENTS LATER**

The van pulls into the rear parking lot of a FAMILY RESTAURANT on a hillside across the road from the hotel. They have a clear sight line to Room 17.

GRAHAM
What happens now?

Mick motions to a PAYPHONE outside the restaurant.

MICK
You walk over to that phone and call your mom...

A dark detachment enters Mick's voice.

MICK (CONT'D)
And this is what I want you to say...

CUT TO:

**INT. DINING ROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Sunlight floods through the beautiful dining room of Angel's Marin County mansion.

Terri slowly closes her cell phone, ending the call with Graham. She looks exhausted, wearing the same clothes she had on at the bar the night before.

Angel stands over her with a cold expression.

ANGEL
Tell me what he said.

Terri looks at Angel. There is a sadness in her voice.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Word for word.

TERRI
Graham's okay.

ANGEL
And Mick?

TERRI
He's hurt bad. Shot. He can't stand up. Graham wants to call him an ambulance to take him to the hospital but Mick refuses.

ANGEL
Where are they right now?

TERRI
Promise me you won't hurt Graham.

Angel looks at her.

ANGEL
I don't want him harmed. But the longer you fuck around the more volatile this is gonna get.

Terri looks at the morning sunlight reflecting on the table.

TERRI
Some hotel off the freeway.

ANGEL
What hotel?

**INT. VAN - PARKING LOT VANTAGE POINT - 30 MINUTES LATER**

The van is parked in the rear parking lot of the hillside family restaurant. Clearly in pain, Mick stares through the windshield down at the hotel in the distance.

GRAHAM
Why did you make me lie to mom?

Mick doesn't answer. His eyes are fixed down the hillside on the door of Room 17.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Dad? You gotta say something. I don't understand. What are we doing?

Suddenly, far down below, a BLACK ESCALADE enters the Red Roof Inn parking lot and circles the building.

Mick EYES THE VEHICLE...

**EXT. RED ROOF INN PARKING LOT - SAME MOMENT**

The black Escalade pulls up in front of Room 17.

A second later ALL FOUR DOORS OPEN IN UNISON. Wade and THREE OTHER WARLORD BIKERS get out of the vehicle.

Wade glances around the quiet, mostly empty parking lot. He notices several DROPS OF BLOOD on the pavement outside the door to Room 17.

Wade NODS to the others and the MEN PULL ON BLACK MASKS.

THE FIRST TWO WARLORDS DRAW MACHINE PISTOLS FROM INSIDE OF THE VEHICLE.

The THIRD WARLORD BIKER lifts a heavy, hand held, SWAT STYLE STEEL DOOR RAM from the back of the SUV.

They take another look around the vacant lot, then the three advance on the hotel room as Wade watches the parking lot...

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. VAN - PARKING LOT VANTAGE POINT - SAME MOMENT**

Mick and Graham watch from the hillside as...

CUT BACK TO:

**EXT./INT. - ROOM 17 - A SECOND LATER**

THE STEEL RAM SLAMS INTO THE HOTEL ROOM DOOR, RIPPING THE LOCK OUT OF THE DOOR FRAME.

AS THE DOOR HURLS OPEN, THE OTHER TWO WARLORDS RUSH INTO THE DARK HOTEL ROOM WITH THEIR WEAPONS RAISED AND OPEN FIRE, SHREDDING THE BEDS, MIRRORS, LAMPS, AND WALLS IN A FULLY AUTOMATIC BARRAGE...

THE TWO MEN SHOOT UNTIL THEIR WEAPONS ARE EMPTY...then they pause, peering through the darkness.

The shooters RELOAD, stepping through the shell casings on the floor toward the heaped up bedspread...

**INT. VAN - PARKING LOT VANTAGE POINT - SAME MOMENT**

Graham stares wide eyed though the van windshield as Mick reaches into the duffel bag and withdraws a SMALL BLACK PLASTIC TRANSMITTER.

Graham looks at his father, unable to speak. Mick returns his son’s gaze and NODS...

MICK
Now you understand.

Mick palms the transmitter, flips up a safety, and PRESSES...

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOM 17 - RED ROOF INN - SAME INSTANT**

The front windows of the hotel room VIOLENTLY EXPLODE IN A SHOWER OF GLASS AND BURNING CURTAINS.

THE FORCE OF THE BLAST WAVE COBWEBS THE WINDSHIELD OF THE ESCALADE PARKED IN FRONT OF THE ROOM.

One of the shooters, HIS BODY ENVELOPED IN FLAMES, STAGGERS OUT OF THE BURNING ROOM, HIS ARMS RAISED BEGGING FOR HELP FROM WADE.

Behind the wheel of the Escalade, Wade starts the vehicle and PEELS AWAY, leaving the burning man on the concrete.

**INT. VAN - SAME MOMENT**

Watching the Escalade race out of the parking lot below, Mick starts the van and shifts into drive.

MICK
Keep your eye on that vehicle.

**EXT. FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Driving north on the 5 Freeway, a dozen cars lengths behind, Mick and Graham follow Wade's damaged Escalade.

After a moment the Escalade veers right, taking AN EXIT. Unnoticed, Mick and Graham follow him...

**EXT. BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Up the block, Mick and Graham watch the Escalade pull off a busy boulevard into a shopping mall PARKING STRUCTURE.

Graham looks at his father.

GRAHAM
Where's he going?

MICK
He can't afford to get pulled over for that broken windshield. He's switching cars.

**INT. UPPER FLOOR OF PARKING STRUCTURE - MOMENTS LATER**

A dark, upper floor of a concrete parking structure.

Wade walks deliberately down a row of cars looking for the 'right' car.

QUICK CUTAWAY TO:

CLOSE UP OF: THE GOOSENECK NOZZLE OF A SMALL PLASTIC GAS CAN SOAKS A MECHANIC'S RAG IN FUEL...

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. UPPER FLOOR OF PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS**

Wade finds an early 90's PONTIAC that predates electronic chip-in-key security.

Wade approaches the car, glances both ways, then skillfully slides a thin steel SLIM-JIM down behind the rubber window guard into the door mechanics and TRIPS THE DOOR LOCK.

As he reaches for the door handle Wade senses something and SUDDENLY PAUSES.

Mick ENTERS THE FRAME behind him...

MICK (O.S.)
(behind him)
We need to have a little talk.

WADE PULLS FOR THE GLOCK 19 FROM HIS BELT AND SPINS...BUT MICK IS FASTER, SEIZING WADE'S OUTSTRETCHED GUN HAND.

IN ONE FLUID MOTION MICK TWISTS WADE'S ARM, STRIPS THE GUN FROM HIS GRIP, AND POUNDS THE BACK OF WADE'S ELBOW WITH BRUTAL PRECISION, SHATTERING WADE'S ELBOW JOINT.

A SURGE OF PAIN OVERTAKES WADE, HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SCREAM, BUT MICK SMOTHERS HIS FACE WITH THE GASOLINE SOAKED RAG, HOLDING IT TIGHT TO WADE'S MOUTH AND NOSTRILS.

MICK (CONT'D)
(gripping Wade)
Breathe in, fucker.

CUT TO BLACKNESS...

FADE TO:

**EXT. REDWOODS FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON**

<u>CLOSE UP ON:</u> Wade's cheeks and nostrils are swollen red with chemical burns. His mouth is wrapped in clear packing tape.

Drifting in and out of consciousness, Wade is dragged by his feet through the autumn leaves, deeper and deeper into a Redwood forest...

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

As the last of the afternoon sunlight filters through the forest canopy, a MUFFLED WHIMPER drifts through the woods.

WADE, STRIPPED NAKED, HIS ELBOW BROKEN AND HIS HANDS BOUND, SLOUCHES AGAINST THE MASSIVE TRUNK OF A TOWERING, 200’ FOOT REDWOOD TREE.

With his black duffel bag at his side, Mick kneels and rips the packing tape off Wade’s face.

Wade looks at him with bitter spite and lets his head slump forward...

MICK
Keep your head up.

WADE
Fuck you.

Without another word, Mick fishes in his duffel bag and pulls out a CLAW HAMMER AND A HANDFUL OF NAILS.

Mick forces Wade’s head upright.

Wade SCREAMS AS MICK POUNDS A 16d FRAMING NAIL THROUGH THE TOP OF WADE’S EAR INTO THE TREE, PINNING HIS HEAD UPRIGHT.

A SICKENING WAVE OF PAIN PULSES THROUGH WADE’S BODY. WADE APPEARS DIZZY AND HIS EYES BEGIN TO LOSE THEIR FOCUS.

Mick fishes in his black duffel bag again and pulls out a PILL BOTTLE. Mick opens the bottle, retrieving one of several small ‘POPPERS’ OF COMPRESSED SMELLING SALTS.

Mick BREAKS THE ‘POPPER’ UNDER WADE’S NOSE. Inhaling the ammonium carbonate, WADE INSTANTLY HEAVES FOR BREATH AND GAGS LOUDLY. HIS EYES WIDEN...

MICK
Look at me, Wade.

Wade looks as Mick RATTLES the contents of the small bottle.

MICK (CONT’D)
Blacking out is not going to help. I’ve got enough of these little bastards to wake you up six or seven more times.

With his ear nailed to the tree, Wade’s tearing eyes dart around the darkening woods.

MICK (CONT’D)
(off his glance)
Are you looking for Graham? I left him in the van back at the road.
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)
I told him I needed him to be the 'look-out'. But there's nobody out here. The truth is I just didn't want him to see this part. I don't want him to know what I'm actually capable of.

Wade glances down at Mick's black duffle bag.

MICK (CONT'D)
You've been around long enough to know that people like you and me...we don't get saved.

WADE
Let's make a deal.

Mick smiles.

MICK
I don't think we have a deal to make. You're just fucked.

WADE
I know things.

MICK
Well, we all know things, Wade. For instance, I know that you forced my only son to participate in the execution of an undercover police officer.

Wade looks at Mick.

MICK (CONT'D)
Of course, if you were desperate, which you are, you could tell me that you'd confess to the shooting. But that doesn't really help my son's situation because in the eyes of the law he'd still be an accomplice. So what are my other remaining options?

Mick pauses, looking up at the red sunlight in the trees.

MICK (CONT'D)
Oh yeah...I could eliminate the only witness that can link my boy to the crime. That seems like a winner.

Mick reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out a palm sized object wrapped in a black velvet pouch. He opens the pouch and withdraws an old school PEARL HANDLED STRAIGHT RAZOR.

Mick folds open the razor. The mirror polished blade flashes in the late afternoon sun.

MICK (CONT'D)
(admiring the razor)
This was my Dads...

Wade's eyes fall on the wicked cutting instrument.

MICK (CONT'D)
(re: the razor)
Between he and I, this unholy thing has done some damage.

Mick holds the blade up to Wade's face.

WADE
Wait. Just fuckin' wait, man...

MICK
For what? What are you gonna tell me? I already know everything. Angel found out I was going to turn his offer down and leave the life. He decided he couldn't afford to allow that. He wants me dead. He's got Terri for insurance.

Wade looks at Mick with spite, unable to stop himself from seizing an opportunity to take a shot at Mick...

WADE
You dumb fuck. He doesn't have Terri for insurance. She's his. He's been bangin' your bitch for years. Shit man, she's up there with him in Marin right now drinkin' martinis. She sold you out...said you had some tape of you and Angel discussing business. And that you were gonna use it against him. That's why he wants you dead.

With a calm expression on his face, Mick nods.

MICK
I guess now you know the other reason I didn't want Graham here.

It’s clear that Mick already knew the reality of the situation and he was baiting Wade to confirm his suspicions. Wade’s face shifts...

WADE
You knew.

Mick raises the razor to Wade’s throat.

WADE (CONT’D)
Angel’s got a photograph...

MICK
Of what?

WADE
Graham. Standing over the NARC with a .38. Both their faces are plain as day. If the law gets a hold of that picture your boy is done.

MICK
You’re lying.

WADE
It was part of his plan, Mick. I took the photo for Christ’s sake. You can check my phone.

MICK
The photo is on Angel’s computer?

WADE
No. I gave him a hard copy. But I know right where he keeps it. You let me live and I’ll tell you.

Mick stares at him, considering. There is beat of silence as the last of the sunlight fades casting the woods in darkness.

WADE (CONT’D)
Think about it, Mick. He’s got forty men up in Marin. That place is huge. They’ll tear you to shreds before you...

Without another word, MICK MAKES ONE CLEAN CUT.

Wade STARES IN DISBELIEF AS BLOOD FLUSHES FROM BENEATH HIS CHIN. HE TRIES TO SPEAK, BUT HIS VOICE IS NOW SIMPLY A WET, SUCKING NOISE.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

As headlights pass, Mick drives in silence. Graham thumbs through the PHOTO ARCHIVES on Wade's phone.

MICK
It is there?

Graham stops suddenly on a particular image...

CLOSE UP ON WADE'S PHONE DISPLAY: AN INCRIMINATING DIGITAL PHOTO OF GRAHAM STANDING OVER THE BEATEN MAN WITH WEAPON RAISED. The photo was taken from a hidden vantage point.

Graham is clearly haunted by the face of the man.

GRAHAM
Yes.

MICK
Erase it. Then give me the phone.

Graham does as he's told.

GRAHAM
What do we do now, Dad?

Mick doesn't answer. His mind is clearly racing.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Dad?

Ahead the highway splits two directions. Suddenly Mick cuts across traffic, VEERING THE VAN TOWARD A SIGN FOR SFO AIRPORT...

**INT. AIRLINE TICKET COUNTER - SFO AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Mick walks away from a ticket counter with a BOARDING PASS in his hand.

Graham sits by himself outside the security checkpoint.

Mick sits down beside him and hands Graham the boarding pass.

MICK
(re: Boarding pass)
Take it.

GRAHAM
I don't want to take it. Why are you trying to get rid of me?

MICK
I just missed eight years with you, Graham. The last thing I want to do in this world is get rid of you.

GRAHAM
Then don't. We should stick together. I mean, we're partners...

Mick smiles with a sad warmth.

MICK
No. We're not partners. You're my child. And I'm your parent. And right now my job is to get you on that plane and fly you away to a safe place where you can have a shot at being a kid again.

GRAHAM
Well I won't go.

MICK
Yes, you will. You will if I have to strap you in the seat myself. You don't get a choice here. You do as I say.

Graham looks down at the floor.

GRAHAM
Mom sold us out, didn't she?

There is an instant where Mick considers, then he looks his son in the eyes and calmly LIES...

MICK
No, she didn't. Wade told me your mom had nothing to do with this. This is about me and your uncle. That's it.

GRAHAM
Then you have to save her.

MICK
I'm gonna try.

A BOARDING CALL ECHOES THROUGH THE SECURITY AREA.

MICK (CONT'D)
You gotta go.

Again, Mick hands Graham the boarding pass. Graham hesitates, then TAKES IT. He glances at the flight destination...

CLOSE UP ON BOARDING PASS IT READS: **PROVO, UTAH**

MICK (CONT'D)
I called and spoke with them a few minutes ago. They'll meet you at baggage claim. I'll be there as soon as...

Graham suddenly REACHES OUT AND EMBRACES HIS FATHER.

Mick stops in mid-sentence, feeling his son's hug for the first time in many years. Graham holds his father tightly.

GRAHAM
I love you.

**EXT. CELL PHONE LOT - SFO AIRPORT - DAWN**

As the first red hue of dawn breaks on the horizon, Mick stands alone watching the wing lights of Graham's flight disappear safely into the sky.

**EXT. PACIFIC COASTAL HIGHWAY - COASTAL BEACH - MORNING**

The van is pulled off the Pacific Coastal Highway.

Wind blows as Mick sits on a high jagged bluff watching the waves break against the rock formations below him.

The black duffel bag sits beside him.

Mick fishes in his pocket for something, pulling out a wrinkled ENVELOPE. He looks at the envelope for a second, then tears it open withdrawing THE LETTER he wrote to himself in prison.

Mick reads the unseen promise he wrote to himself, then closes his eyes as if in prayer...then LETS GO OF THE LETTER.

The wind catches the letter and blows out over the water, floating down, landing in the waves below.

For another instant Mick stares at the ocean, then he picks up Wade's cell phone and dials....

CUT TO:

**INT. PRISON CELL - EASTERN COLORADO FEDERAL PEN- MOMENTS LATER**

David, Mick's former cell mate lays on the top bunk reading a paperback novel as a FEMALE C.O. approaches...

FEMALE C.O.
David Robins...

David sits up in his bunk.

DAVID
(southern accent)
Yes, ma'am?

FEMALE C.O.
Phone call...

**EXT. PACIFIC COASTAL HIGHWAY - COASTAL BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

Mick stares at the ocean talking into the cellphone...

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICK (ON PHONE)
I want to call in that favor.

DAVID (ON PHONE)
Well I owe you man. Whatever you need...

MICK (ON PHONE)
You know Diaz and Pill-Box and the rest of the Sinaloa outfit in D-Block?

DAVID (ON PHONE)
Course I do. I stay the hell away from them boys...

MICK (ON PHONE)
I want you to tell them some information.

DAVID (ON PHONE)
Okay, I mean, whatever you say. I'll tell em' whatever you want me to, but I'm nobody in here. They may not believe me...

CUT TO:

V.O. OF THE PHONE CONVERSATION LAPSES IN...

**INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - LATER**

David carefully approaches the racially divided, Northern Mexican section of the prison cafeteria.

MICK (ON PHONE)(V.O.)
...They'll believe you. Because you're going to tell them you overheard me say it when I was your cell mate. You understand me? I want you to leak this to them as if I don't know you're doing it. They'll ask you what's in it for you. Tell them you want long term protection in exchange for it...

As David nears, two intimidating Sinaloa SOLDIER INMATES stop him, wanting to know what he wants.

DAVID (ON PHONE)(V.O.)
Yes, sir. I understand. But what if they're not interested in what I have to say?

David says something to the Soldiers that we don't hear. The Soldiers glance at each other, then escort David toward the ALPHA GANG MEMBERS...

MICK (ON PHONE) (V.O.)
Trust me. They'll be interested...

CUT TO:

**EXT. AN AERIAL SHOT MEXICO CITY - AN HOUR LATER**

An areial view of Mexico City, a tightly compressed, sprawling urban center of high rises and slum...

SUPER TITLE: **MEXICO CITY - ONE HOUR LATER**

WE HEAR A SOUND OF A RINGING SATELLITE PHONE...THEN THE MAN'S VOICE FROM THE OPENING PICKS UP THE CALL.

VOICE ON SAT PHONE(V.O.)
(in Spanish - Subtitled)
There's no forecast today. Clear the line.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)(V.O.)
(in Spanish - Subtitled)
We have a location on the missing herd.

There is a beat of silence.

VOICE ON SAT PHONE (V.O.)
(in Spanish - Subtitled)
How old is the information?

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE) (V.O.)
(in Spanish - Subtitled)
One hour...

CUT TO:

**EXT. AN AREIAL SHOT OF LOS ANGELES - MOMENTS LATER**

An areial view of the myriad of busy, super highways of L.A.

SUPER TITLE: **SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - MINUTES LATER**

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A VIBRATING CELL PHONE...

CUT TO:

**EXT. 5 FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

AN AERIAL SHOT OF: A CONVOY OF SEVEN, IDENTICAL, BLACK LANDROVERS MERGE ONTO THE 5 FREEWAY HEADING NORTH.

**EXT. ANGEL'S MANSION - MARIN COUNTY - SUNSET**

The perimeter of Angel's new home is surrounded by WARLORD BIKERS keeping watch.

**INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - ANGEL'S MANSION - SAME MOMENT**

Angel's 3,000 square foot finished basement is set up as an impromptu drug lab.

Long tables are outfitted with RUBBER MIXING KNIVES, SIFTERS, AND DIGITAL SCALES.

Under the watchful eye of TWO HEAVILY-ARMED WARLORD BIKERS, A TEAM OF EIGHT FILIPINO WOMEN wearing white coveralls and respirators CUT 120 KILOS OF STOLEN PURE CARTEL COCAINE WITH INOSITOL AND PROCAINE POWDER.

They repackage the diluted product into HUNDREDS OF SHRINK WRAPPED KILO BRICKS OF STREET GRADE BLOW.

Angel stands at the base of the stairs WEARING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER. He watches them work, then lights a cigarette and walks upstairs...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - SAME MOMENT**

On the horizon, the setting sun floods through the twelve foot windows, bathing the beautiful room in rich red light.

Terri, looking more upscale in designer jeans and blouse, sits restlessly on a luxurious leather sofa. Her face is burdened with worry as she SNORTS A BUMP OF COCAINE, then washes down the bitter bite in the back of her throat with VODKA ON ICE.

Preoccupied, Angel enters the living room...

TERRI
Have you heard anything?

Angel ignores her.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Did Wade call?

Without answering, Angel stops at his recently finished MAHOGANY BAR and makes himself a drink.

Vodka in hand, Terri crosses the room toward him...

TERRI (CONT'D)
Answer me, Angel. We had an agreement. Where's my son...

Without a word, Angel turns and FIRES OUT A STIFF JAB INTO TERRI'S TEETH.

TERRI'S COCKTAIL GLASS SHATTERS AS HER BODY HITS THE FLOOR.

STUNNED, SHE STARES UP AT ANGEL AS A LINE OF BLOOD STREAKS FROM HER UPPER LIP.

ANGEL
I'm sorry...did you say something?

Terri's eyes water as she SLOWLY SHAKES HER HEAD.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Now pick up your fuckin' tooth and make yourself useful...

Terri, her eyes still dazed from the punch, glances at her LEFT FRONT TOOTH LAYING ON THE HARDWOOD FLOOR BESIDE HER.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I got forty men who need to eat.

SUDDENLY ANGEL'S CELL PHONE RINGS. He checks the CALLER - IT IS WADE'S NUMBER. Angel answers the call...

BEGIN INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

ANGEL (ON PHONE)(CONT'D)
Where the fuck are you, Wade?

CUT TO:

**EXT. A P.O.V. SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - SAME MOMENT**

Hidden in the grapevine brush on a distant hillside, Mick holds Wade's cellphone to his ear as he eyes Angel's house through a pair of Binoculars.

MAGNIFIED P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS: Mick watches through the massive living room windows...

MICK (ON PHONE)
I'd imagine the coyotes have him spread all over by now...

MAGNIFIED P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS continued: Mick's view SHIFTS, surveying the property, noting the strength and positions of the exterior WARLORD BIKERS standing guard.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - SAME MOMENT**

Anger fills his face as Angel grips the phone...

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
Fuck you! I wanted to share this with you! To build it together into something huge. I offered you the keys to an empire. And what did I get in return? You make some fuckin' recording to use against me?

Sitting up, wiping the blood from her face, Terri realizes her husband is still alive.

MICK (ON PHONE)
That's right. I recorded you just like you photographed my son.

Angel falls silent.

MICK (ON PHONE)(CONT'D)
And now we're gonna make a trade. The photo for the tape. And then we walk away and we never see each other again.

There is a silence on the line.

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
When and where?

MICK (ON PHONE)
Your house in Marin. I'll be up there sometime tonight. Be there in person or the tape goes to the DEA.

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
I'm supposed to believe you didn't make a copy?

MICK (ON PHONE)
That's right. Same as me.

ANGEL (ON PHONE)
What happened to you man? You're my brother for Christ's sake...

MICK (ON PHONE)
I was wondering which one of us was gonna say that first.

Mick ends the call.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel paces the floor, seething with intensity as he addresses a roomful of FORTY ARMED WARLORD BIKERS.

ANGEL
(addressing his men)
This is my father's land. I was raised right here. You men know me. You know what loyalty means to me. So I want to make this next point abundantly clear...

The Warlords listen intently...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
My own blood has betrayed me. He has betrayed his family. And he has betrayed his brotherhood with you.

Angel points out through the twelve foot living room windows at the darkness falling on the vast property.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
He's one man. He'll come before dawn. And when he does, I want him fucking dead.

**EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAME MOMENT**

As the sun sinks over the San Francisco Bay, we see the CONVOY OF THE SEVEN BLACK LANDROVERS SPEEDING NORTH OVER THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE INTO MARIN COUNTY...

**EXT. VINEYARD PROPERTY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER**

Moonlight falls on the property. A long row of HD Motorcycles are parked in formation in front of the house. Warlord Bikers mingle in the vast yard keeping watch.

**EXT. MICK'S HILLSIDE POSITION - SAME MOMENT**

Mick's breath is visible in the cold night air as he stares down at Angel's lighted mansion. Wearing only a tee-shirt, Mick wraps his arms around himself as HE WAITS...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Terri sits alone on the edge of the king sized bed in the master bedroom. She holds a BAG OF ICE on her upper lip. Tears well in her eyes as she stares at PHOTOS OF GRAHAM on her cell phone...

**EXT. MICK'S HILLSIDE POSITION - AN HOUR LATER**

The night wind has quickened and the clouds choke out the moon. The landscape is lost in a dark shroud.

Exhausted and freezing, Mick stares as if in a trance down at the lighted house. His eyelids drift in and out...when SUDDENLY HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A NEARBY TWIG BREAKING.

MICK INSTANTLY FREEZES. His eyes scan the darkness. He hears VOICES WHISPERING IN SPANISH.

Mick doesn't move a muscle, holding his breath, not wanting to compromise his location.

Suddenly a SINALOA CARTEL DEATH SQUAD of 25 GUNMEN appear out of the dark vine rows. Armed with SOUND-SUPPRESSED SUBMACHINE GUNS, the assassins do not see Mick hidden in the brush.

WITHOUT A SOUND, THEY ADVANCE DOWN THE HILLSIDE. THEIR GHOSTLIKE SILHOUETTES MOVE AS A UNIT, BREAKING INTO HUNTER GROUPS, FLANKING THE HOUSE IN PARAMILITARY FASHION.

**INT. DINING ROOM - ANGEL'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

In front of a twelve foot living room window, the long dining table is set with an ELABORATE SPREAD OF HOMEMADE FOOD.

Terri sets a tray of sandwiches on the table and heads back into the kitchen as a dozen armed Warlords fix their plates.

Mook, the wiry Warlord who inked Graham's tattoo, approaches Angel with a SHOTGUN slung over his shoulder on a strap.

MOOK
You want some food, chief?

Preoccupied, Angel shakes his head NO and motions the men eating in the dining room.

ANGEL
(to Mook)
Listen, have them take that shit outside, and tell the boys out there to come in.

MOOK
Yes, sir.

Carrying his plate Mook walks to the front door. As he opens the door, he FREEZES...

SHIFT TO:

<u>MOOK'S POV SHOT OUT THE DOOR:</u> The porch floor is POOLED WITH BLOOD. The lifeless bodies of TWO WARLORDS lay face down on the front steps.

His heartbeat quickening, Mook looks out into the darkness. TEN MORE DEAD WARLORDS LAY scattered across the front lawn.

SUDDENLY A RED DOT APPEARS ON MOOK'S CHEST.

MOOK (CONT'D)
Fuck me...

A SILENCED BURST OF ROUNDS RIP INTO MOOK, SHATTERING THE CHINA DINNER PLATE IN HIS HAND.

AS IF IN SLOW MOTION, ANGEL AND THE OTHER DOZEN BIKERS TURN TO THE SOUND OF MOOK'S BODY HITTING THE FOYER FLOOR...

SUDDENLY FROM OUT IN THE DARKNESS, THE RED KILL-DOTS OF A DOZEN LASER SCOPES PROJECT THROUGH THE EXTERIOR GLASS WALL...

ANGEL INSTANTLY DIVES TO THE FLOOR AS THE WINDOWS EXPLODE WITH A BRUTAL BARRAGE OF AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE.

IN A CASCADE OF SHATTERED GLASS, WARLORDS ARE SHOT TO PIECES WITH FOOD STILL IN THEIR MOUTHS.

As bullets rip into the newly finished walls, Angel scrambles for the basement stairs.

In the same moment, EIGHT CARTEL GUNMAN WEARING MASKS storm through the front door, CUTTING DOWN ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

The Warlords raise their weapons and a DEVASTATING FIRE FIGHT BREAKS OUT between the Cartel and the Warlords...

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT**

Terri SCREAMS, as the gunshots grow deafening. Keeping her head down, Terri crawls across the Spanish tile floor. She opens an empty kitchen cabinet and pulls herself inside.

**INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - ANGEL'S MANSION - SECONDS LATER**

Angel slams closed the dead-bolt on the reinforced basement door and runs down into the finished basement.

The room is a white sea of cocaine. They'll never be able carry it all. The Filipino women in coveralls huddle in the corner as the two Armed Warlords guard over the coke.

ANGEL
(to the two Warlords)
Grab a brick and a gun. Douse the rest in kerosene...

**INT. KITCHEN CABINET - CONTINUOUS**

Terri, hiding like a child inside the floor cabinet, flinches as relentless gunshots echo through the house.

Suddenly the sound of HEAVY BOOTS STEPS enter the kitchen, sweeping from room to room. She HEARS THE PANTRY DOOR OPEN, THEN THE CABINET DOORS OPENING ONE BY ONE...

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

As the gunfight intensifies, TWO MASKED CARTEL GUNMAN search systematically for the stolen coke. Working their way through the kitchen, they near the cabinet where Terri is hiding...

**INT. FINISHED BASEMENT - ANGEL'S MANSION - SAME MOMENT**

HUNDREDS OF KILOS OF COCAINE ARE SLOSHED WITH KEROSENE FUEL AND IGNITED. THE FLAMES SPREAD INSTANTLY...

**INT. KITCHEN CABINET - SAME MOMENT**

Pressed inside the cabinet, Terri closes her eyes terrified as a GUNMAN BEGINS TO OPEN THE CABINET DOOR...when suddenly THE POWER GOES OUT, PLUNGING THE HOUSE INTO DARKNESS...

**EXT. UTILITY ELECTRICAL SERVICE PANEL - SAME MOMENT**

Mick stands with a cable cutter over a sabotaged utility panel. He drops the cutters into the grass and reaches in his black duffle bag retrieving FOUR 9MM SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOLS.

He slides a fully loaded magazine into each handgun and tucks two of the weapons into his jeans. He PALMS the other two in his hands.

For an instant, he pauses, thinking, listening to the SCREAMS AND WATCHING THE FULLY AUTOMATIC MUZZLE-FLASHES FLICKERING THROUGH THE DARK MANSION.

**INT. MANSION - SECONDS LATER**

Putrid black smoke fills the dark house. Glass windows explode as red laser scope beams cut through the darkness.

The primal chaos and fear grows as Cartel Gunmen and Warlords, choke on the air and shoot wildly in the dark. They cannot find their way out. LIKE ANIMALS TRAPPED INSIDE A CAGE TOO SMALL, THEY KILL EVERYTHING.

**INT. UNDERGROUND ESCAPE TUNNEL - SECONDS LATER**

On their hands and knees, Angel and the two other Warlords scramble down a 100 yard tunnel connecting the basement of the mansion with a vineyard barn.

**INT. VINEYARD BARN - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel and the two Warlords climb out of the tunnel where several HD Motorcycles lie waiting inside the barn.

The three men tuck the coke bricks in their jackets and mount the motorcycles.

ANGEL
We'll meet up in Eureka. Ride hard, don't stop for anything.

They start the choppers and accelerate out of the barn, with Angel taking up the rear...

**EXT. VINEYARD BARN - CONTINUOUS**

As the three motorcycles race out of the building, the moon breaks out of the clouds, illuminating the two-track ahead...

WHERE MICK STANDS ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. HE IS WAITING FOR THEM...

The lead bikers see him, but it's too late...MICK RAISES SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOLS IN EACH HAND AND OPENS FIRE, PUNCHING A HALF DOZEN ROUNDS INTO THE HEAD AND CHEST OF THE LEAD BIKERS.

BOTH MOTORCYCLES VEER WILDLY OFF THE ROAD. THE FIRST COLLIDES WITH A TREE. THE SECOND ROLLS BROADSIDE IN THE GRAVEL.

MICK SWINGS HIS PISTOLS TO ANGEL WHO SPEEDS TOWARD HIM...BUT ANGEL, HIS GUN ALREADY RAISED, HAS MICK ZEROED.

BOTH BROTHERS FIRE IN THE SAME INSTANT.

ANGEL'S SHOT STRIKES MICK IN THE COLLARBONE. HIS BODY TWISTS VIOLENTLY BACKWARD ON TO THE GROUND.

MICK'S BULLET HITS ANGEL IN THE NECK. BLOOD FLARES AS ANGEL'S BODY FALLS FORWARD ONTO THE HANDLEBARS OF THE SPEEDING CHOPPER BUT HE SOMEHOW KEEPS THE MACHINE UPRIGHT.

MICK, WOUNDED ON THE GROUND, LOOKS UP JUST AS ANGEL'S MOTORCYCLE RUNS OVER MICK'S OUTSTRETCHED RIGHT LEG.

Mick SCREAMS in pain.

Angel, bleeding badly but still in control of the chopper, cranks the throttle trying to escape.

Mick, on the ground, pulls one of the BACK-UP PISTOLS from his jeans, takes aim on the WARLORD'S MC insignia on Angel's back, and FIRES SIX MORE SHOTS.

CLOSE UP ON ANGEL: AS IF IN SLOW MOTION, BULLETS RIP THROUGH ANGEL'S WARLORD'S LEATHER COLORS.

THE CHOPPER VEERS OFF THE ROAD AND THE FRONT TIRE HITS A STUMP, STOPPING THE MACHINE SUDDENLY. ANGEL IS VIOLENTLY EJECTED AIRBORNE OVER THE HANDLEBARS AND INTO THE DITCH.

**EXT. DITCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Angel lies in the ditch bleeding out. Unable to move, he stares up at the hillside where HIS NEW MANSION BURNS ORANGE AND RED AGAINST THE DARK SKY.

The gunshots have stopped. Anyone still alive has run.

Mick, in terrible pain, drags his wounded body down in the ditch beside Angel.

Micks look at his brother as he watches his new home burn. Angel's voice is weak and quiet.

ANGEL
My vest...inside pocket...

Mick pauses, then reaches in Angel's bloody inside pocket. He pulls out the INCRIMINATING PHOTOGRAPH OF GRAHAM.

Mick fishes the Zippo lighter from his brother's vest. He ignites the photo. The FLAME CURLS AND BUBBLES THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER, DESTROYING THE IMAGE.

Mick rests his head in the weeds beside his dying brother. For an instant they both stare up at the vast basin of constellations above them.

Barely audible, Angel begins to speak...

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Do you...you remember when we used
to sleep out here...

Angel stops speaking mid-sentence. His eyes fix in the distance. Mick knows his brother is gone.

As Mick gazes up at the stars, he suddenly hears the APPROACH OF FOOTSTEPS in the gravel. IN A FLASH OF SPEED, MICK DRAWS THE LAST PISTOL FROM HIS BELT AND LEVELS IT AT...

TERRI...her face is bruised and dark from smoke. She sees that Angel is dead.

Mick stares at Terri DOWN THE OPEN PISTOL SIGHT OF THE 9MM. She looks at him.

TERRI
Do it. (pause) I know I got it comin'. Just pull the trigger.

There is a beat of silence, then Mick LOWERS THE GUN.

MICK
You're the mother of my son.

Tears well in Terri's eyes.

TERRI
Please tell me he's okay.

MICK
He will be.

The sound of SIRENS RISE IN THE DISTANCE.

TERRI
Then baby, you gotta' go. If you don't run now the law is gonna get you...

MICK
I think a cage is where I belong.

Terri looks at him and shakes her head.

TERRI
No. You're a father. And he needs you now more than ever...

Terri OFFERS HER HAND to help get Mick to his feet...

TERRI (CONT'D)
...So get up.

Mick look at her, then he reaches for her hand...

**EXT. VINEYARD ROAD - SECONDS LATER**

Sirens grow closer as Terri helps Mick upright and mount one of the fallen Choppers. His body is bloody and broken. As he reaches for the ignition switch, Terri looks at him.

TERRI
Mick? Do you...do you think we were special? I mean, back then?

Mick looks in her eyes.

MICK
I think our son is proof of that.

Terri SMILES as a tear streaks down her face. She kisses her finger, then touches it to Mick's lips.

TERRI
Go.

As the police sirens near, Mick starts the Chopper. The V-Twin engine ROARS TO LIFE.

He looks at Terri one last time, then eases out the clutch and speeds away, DISAPPEARING INTO THE DARKNESS...

FADE TO BLACK:

We HEAR GRAHAM'S VOICE...

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I don't know how to pray. Nobody ever taught me that...or if they did, I never listened. But I've learned a lot of other things...

FADE TO:

**EXT. MAUGHAN HOME - PROVO, UTAH - CHRISTMAS EVE**

Snow falls from the night sky down on a quiet, residential neighborhood of new construction homes.

A SNOWMAN with stick arms and a hat has been built in the yard of Jessica and Brian Maughan's home. Warm, welcoming interior light spills from the windows out into the darkness.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Me...I like biology. Everything in nature, has a nature. Some things are predators. Some are prey.
(MORE)

GRAHAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some things get a century to live.
Some get one day...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MAUGHAN HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, a lit Christmas tree is surrounded by presents. KIDS STOCKINGS are hung above the fireplace with names stitched on them that read: ELSA, ZOE, and GRAHAM.

We hear Graham's voice speaking in the dining room...

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Some animals carry their babies on their backs for years. Some abandon their young at birth. Some, when cornered, will give their lives to protect their young. And some will not...

**INT. DINING ROOM - MAUGHAN HOME - CONTINUOUS**

A dining room table set for a beautiful Christmas dinner. Brian, Jessica, and the two girls Elsa and Zoe sit around the dining room table.

Graham, looking healthy, sits at the far end of the table leading grace for the first time...

GRAHAM
What I learned is that my father, for all his wickedness, and all the violence he brought into this world...loved me above all else. So whereever he is tonight, this prayer is for him.

FADE OUT.

**THE END.**