GANG RELATED - PILOT

Written by

Chris Morgan

ACT ONE

OPEN ON:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - LATE NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The Latin Quarter... Chicano hip hop THUMPS from the back of an SUV with the cargo space converted into the ultimate ghetto blaster, giving a soundtrack to the night. Suddenly, two hyper-tuned cars whip through frame, burning rubber, doing tricks. As people cheer, WIDEN TO REVEAL a crowd of Hispanic toughs and sexy Latinas lining the street. Cheering. Drinking. Dancing. Grinding.

A gang party is going on. Four blocks of mayhem blocked off in defiance of law and order. It's sexy. Wild. Dangerous.

As we move through the scene, following the sounds of DOGS BARKING to an impromptu DOG FIGHTING RING. Thugish guys exchange money wagering on the next battle.

Watching from the side, find RYAN LOPEZ (15; Latino. A skinny, and scrappy kid...but with eyes that burn with intelligence.) As he takes in the scene --

TEEN VOICE (OS)
Check it out. I got us something.

Ryan turns to see his best friend in the world, DANTE ACOSTA (15) Dante comes up with a half-drunk Forty he swiped from someone who set it down. He takes a swig. Ryan smiles. Takes the bottle -- when suddenly a BIGGER HAND grabs his.

Ryan looks up to see Dante's older brother, CARLOS (19; street hard and feral). Carlos pins Dante with his gaze.

CARLOS
You think Dad would be happy if he caught you drinking this?

He snatches the beer from Ryan's hand, takes a swig then tosses the bottle to his buddy. Ryan goes to pull his hand away -- but Carlos doesn't let go, his eyes drifting to the WATCH on Ryan's wrist.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Nice watch. Give it to me.

RYAN
No.

Carlos hits him in the face.

DANTE
Come on, Carlos! His father gave it to him.

CARLOS
His father's dead. I don't think he gives a damn who has that watch.
(beat)
And our dad owns this town. Anything in it is his...which means anything the orphan owns is mine.

He takes the watch from Ryan but as he goes to walk away -- WHAM! -- he gets taken down by Ryan, who's small but desperate and tackles him from behind. Ryan grabs the watch back and holds it tight in his hand. Carlos and his guys punch him, try to pry it from his hands, but --

CARLOS' THUG
He won't let go.

CARLOS
Break his arm.

DANTE
NO!

They straighten out Ryan's arm and just as they're about to break it --

SFX: BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Gunshots.

Everyone jumps back. Turns to see --

JAVIER ACOSTA (40; a natural leader of men) striding up, imposing as all hell, the gun in his hand still smoking.

ACOSTA
Let him go.

He grabs his eldest son and pulls him aside.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
We don't do this. These are our people. We don't prey on them.

CARLOS
But --

ACOSTA
Go home.

The tone brooks no argument. When Carlos is gone, Acosta approaches Ryan. Leans down to the battered and bruised boy. Indicates his hands.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

Ryan knows better than to disobey the man who runs this town. But it's the kindness in Acosta's eyes that convinces Ryan to open his hands. Acosta takes the watch.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
I gave this watch to your father.
He was a good man.

And Acosta slips it back on Ryan's wrist. Fastens it there.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
You have your father's strength.
(meets his eyes)
I could use people like you.

He holds Ryan's eyes a moment longer. Then turns to leave -- a mythic figure striding off into the night. And as Ryan's eyes fall back to the watch on his wrist:

PRELAP: Engines roaring. Tires screaming. Vehicular warfare.

AND MATCH TO:

ECU - A MAN'S HAND ON A STEERING WHEEL

The same watch gracing the same wrist, only fifteen years later.

CASSIUS (VO)
Watch it! *WATCH IT!*

RYAN (VO)
I got it!

CASSIUS (VO)
Don't lose him!

RYAN (VO)
You wanna drive?!

Now WIDEN TO REVEAL it's Ryan in the driver's seat, grown up since last we saw him. He's in his early 30s; trim, intelligent and aggressive. Ryan racks the wheel, slotting his Chrysler 300 Hemi through hellacious traffic, the streets of San Francisco shrieking past.

Beside him, CASSIUS GREEN (mid-30s, African American) loads a shotgun with .50 caliber steel slugs.

Ahead, we see their target: an ARMORED BANK TRUCK speeding along the boulevard.

CASSIUS
There it is!

Suddenly, from O.S., three black CADILLAC CTS-Vs descend on the Armored Truck.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Right on time.

RYAN
You doubted me?

CASSIUS
On a daily basis. Okay, here we go! Hit it!

Ryan stomps the accelerator and blasts forward.

EXT./INT. RYAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Like a pack of hyenas taking down a bull elephant, the three Caddies work in perfect coordination to try and bring down the Armored Truck.

In unison, the Caddies each glide up to a separate truck wheel, lower their windows -- and open up on the tires with AK-47s. *BRRRAAAPPP!* In the blink of an eye, the rubber tires are chewed up and the Truck is hobbled, grinding down the road in a shower of sparks.

And just as we think Ryan and Cassius are going to join the pack and help them stop the truck --

Ryan glides up on the rearmost Caddy, cranks the wheel and -- WHAM! -- sends it violently spinning out of the chase with a skillful PIT MANEUVER.

As Caddy #1 spins out, Ryan punches the gas, pops the curb and speeds down the sidewalk to pull up alongside Caddy #2, positioning Cassius to -- BOOM! BOOM! -- send two slugs into the engine block, instantly disabling the vehicle. But just then --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK

Caddy #3 has a nice little surprise...and tosses a Chinese TYPE 72 LANDMINE under the Armored Truck's right front wheel. And when the truck runs over it --

KA-BOOOOM! The Truck's right side ERUPTS VIOLENTLY off the ground, flipping over toward --

RYAN AND CASSIUS

-- who see the behemoth truck about to crush them.

CASSIUS
BRAKE! BRAKE! BRAKE!

But instead Ryan does the opposite and PUNCHES THE GAS --

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
NO NO NO NO!!

-- but the move is the right one and lets them zoom clear as the Truck DETONATES into the ground an inch behind them.

Ryan turns and smiles.

RYAN
Gotta stop doubting me, dude.

With razor-sharp reflexes, Ryan yanks the wheel and skids around to face the final Caddy, dead ahead.

But Caddy #3 is ready. Turns their guns on Ryan's Hemi and OPENS FIRE --

Bullets punch through the car, shatter the windshield, but Ryan hammers the gas and shrieks through the deadly 7.62 caliber hailstorm to --

WHAAAAM!! Ryan's Hemi T-bones the Caddy and sends it tumbling wildly down the road. After four or five revolutions, the Caddy finally crunches to a stop. Dazed, the tatted Skinhead gangsters stumble from the car -- only to find Ryan and Cassius striding up, shotguns leveled. Badges around their neck.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Gang Task Force. You're under arrest.

Just then, a ton of San Francisco black and whites swoop in and take custody of the gang members.

Cassius looks at Ryan, proud.

CASSIUS
Look at you. A month ago, you're riding patrol, handing out parking tickets. And now you've made your first bust with the GTF.

RYAN
(grins)
Was it good for you?

CASSIUS
Man, now you're making it weird.

Just then, O.S.:

VOICE (OS)
Sure there's nothing else you want to destroy while you're at it?

They turn as one of the patrol officers - JOHN TANNER -- strides up.

RYAN
Nah, I'm good.

TANNER
You sure? I mean, there's a building still standing over there--

RYAN
You keep running that jaw, I'm sure I'll think of something to shatter.

Tanner walks right up to Ryan. But just when it looks like they're about to square off...they both bust up laughing.

TANNER
Drinks after shift are on me.

Tanner grins and claps him on the shoulder.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Proud of you, partner.

CASSIUS
Former partner.

RYAN
(smiles at Cassius)
Now you're making it weird.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - ESTABLISHING

A man-made island halfway between San Francisco and Oakland. Originally constructed for the World's Fair in '36, then commandeered by the Navy during WWII, the buildings are an odd mix of Art Deco flourish and military spartanism.

Among these, FIND a small naval prison, now turned Gang Task Force Headquarters -- known affectionately as "The Brig".

INT. THE BRIG - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A half-dozen lawmen from various agencies await a briefing: FBI. Marshal Service. D.A.'s office. SFPD.

But when Ryan and Cassius walk in, the room erupts in hoots and applause. Cassius takes a theatrical bow.

CASSIUS
My adoring fans... Up high. Up high...

Cassius does a victory lap down the aisle, high-fiving everyone he passes. Detective VANESSA "VEE" HICKS (28; the youngest member of the GTF...and the wildest) steps up eagerly.

VEE
Is it true they had a land mine?

Cassius makes her wait for it. Then:

CASSIUS
True.

VEE
Damn, why do I always get the lame calls?

(MORE)

VEE (CONT'D)
(high-fives him)
You're so lucky.

Finally they reach TAE KIM (34, Korean); the Asian gang specialist on loan from the FBI. Cassius gives a thousand watt grin and raises his hand.

CASSIUS
Up high!

But Tae leaves him hanging. Stares, deadpan.

TAE
Seriously? We're celebrating this?

RYAN
We stopped the heist.

TAE
You did a hundred grand in damage to save a truck with less than 75 in it. Do the math, Hot Shot.

VOICE (O.S.)
It ain't always about the numbers.

Everyone turns to see SAM CHAPEL -- the tough, dynamic police captain heading up the Task Force -- entering the room. He meets Tae's eyes.

CHAPEL
Sometimes you have to get a little dirty if you want to take out the trash.

CASSIUS
You must've skipped that lesson at the FBI, huh, Tae?

TAE
I graduated at the top of my class, asshole.

CASSIUS
And this is where they send the Valedictorian?

Everyone laughs. Tae bristles. It's clear he has a chip on his shoulder about being assigned here.

CHAPEL
Settle down. I just got word back on the Armored Truck job. Database matched the heist crew as a White Union set. Probably 4th Street. They're not rolling over, but thanks to Ryan and Cassius, we took eight guys off the chessboard today. It's going to set them back.

There's a beat, then:

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
But let's not rest on our laurels, shall we? Word's just come down from the Chief's office. In-between photo-ops, His Political Correctness has surprisingly given us something real to track -- it's a new type of coke hitting the Bay area. They call it "Fishscale". It's pharma grade, potent as hell.
(beat)
Up to this point, the Latino gangs have cornered the market, and one family controls the supply -- *La Familia Sud.* Javier Acosta is running the show.

Chapel indicates Acosta -- who we recognize from the open -- at the top of the Latino gang's photo hierarchy along the wall. The Big Three of San Francisco's gangs each have their own tree. The Latino gang: LA FAMILIA SUD. The African-American gang: THE OAKLAND LORDS. And the Korean mob: DOKKEBI PA (or "Goblin gang".)

VEE
(under her breath)
What show *doesn't* that guy run?

CHAPEL
But now the DEA is saying the Oakland Lords have a shipment of the stuff coming in from the *Meta* Cartel out of Colombia. If they establish a pipeline, they're gonna start throwing off the balance, and before you know it we're gonna have a full-scale gang war on our hands. <u>We have to avoid that at all costs</u>. So starting tomorrow, float the word out, work your sources. The Chief was very explicit that he wants this done by the book...which is code for don't make him look bad in the papers. But off the record, I say screw the book. You got my blessing to do whatever it takes to kill this deal.
(stepping away)
See you tomorrow. Dimissed.

As the group breaks for the night, Chapel calls out to Ryan.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
Lopez. My office.

INT. CHAPEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan enters. Chapel closes the door behind him.

RYAN
Everything okay?

CHAPEL
No. Give me your gun.

RYAN
What? Why?

But Chapel simply holds his hand out. Reluctantly, Ryan hands him his piece. Chapel turns it over in his hands.

CHAPEL
Still using your Academy issue...
(shakes his head)
Every rook buys their first service piece cheap ‘cause they don’t have the money, figuring they’ll replace it later. But they never do.

Chapel takes a box off his desk and hands it to Ryan.

RYAN
What’s this?

CHAPEL
Health insurance.

Curious, Ryan opens the box...to find a stealth-black SEMI-AUTO. It's stunning…and expensive.

CHAPEL (CONT’D)
Colt M1911 Tactical .45. Action tuned. Novak sights. Three pound trigger pull. Speed chute mag well.
(beat)
Best service piece ever made, worthy of only the best cops.

Ryan stares at the gun in wonder. Chapel meets his eyes, almost fatherly.

CHAPEL (CONT’D)
I got big plans for you. You’re gonna go far.
(beat)
Live up to that gun.

RYAN
I’ll try.

CHAPEL
Go on. Get out of here.

Ryan turns to leave, but as he reaches the door:

CHAPEL (CONT’D)
Tae may be an asshole, but he ain’t wrong. Keep wrecking the city and the boys upstairs are gonna start wondering whose side you’re really on.

They both smile, and as Ryan exits --

SMASH TO:

SHOTGLASSES CLINKING

Pull back to reveal we are --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

One of the more happening spots in San Francisco. At the bar, FIND Ryan and Tanner, having that celebratory drink. In a perfectly synchronized ritual, they down a shot, turn the empty glasses over in their hands, then slam them down onto the bartop -- where we see ten other EMPTIES lined up.

They're both pretty sloppy, and Ryan laughs while Tanner tries to finish telling a story.

TANNER
...so I'm wrestling the guy to the ground, but this dude's a monster. 280 at least and strong as an ox, and he keeps pulling his arms apart. I'm yelling at my partner to cuff him, but the kid's green as grass and he can't get the cuffs on, can't get the cuffs on... Finally, my strength is giving out and I'm screaming at this kid when he finally snaps the cuffs around his wrist -- *with my thumb in them!*

RYAN
No way!

TANNER
Yes way! You should've seen it. This guy's making a break for it and I'm hopping around behind him trying to keep my thumb from getting torn off.

RYAN
What did you do?

TANNER
What do you think? Hopped on his back and maced him up the nose until he dropped.

Tanner turns to Ryan, sloppy.

TANNER (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, man. It ain't the same without you.

RYAN
Well it may not have to be that way for long.

TANNER
What are you talking about?

RYAN
I talked with Chapel, recommended he promote you into the Task Force.

TANNER
Yeah? What did he say?

RYAN
Said he's putting in the paperwork.

These words mean the world to Tanner.

TANNER
We're gonna be partners again?

RYAN
Looks like it.

Ryan goes to drink his drink -- but sloshes it everywhere as Tanner picks him up without warning. And as he starts singing "We Are the Champions" at the top of his voice --

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan and Tanner stumble out of the bar, located on the outskirts of Koreatown. Tanner fumbles in his pocket for something.

RYAN
What are you doing?

By way of an answer, Tanner holds up his KEYS.

RYAN (CONT'D)
No.

TANNER
I'm fine! Give me a Field Sobriety test!

RYAN
Okay, here you go --

And Ryan snatches the keys away.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Failed.

TANNER
Hey! Hey!!
(then suddenly serious)
What did the policeman say to his belly button?
(beat)
You're under a vest.

Ryan stares at Tanner as he cracks himself up.

RYAN
Definitely getting you a cab.

Ryan pulls out his cellphone and starts to dial, when --

TANNER
Hey, yo, check it!

Ryan turns to see Tanner pointing out into the dark. Across an empty field, they see a FIGURE tagging an abandoned warehouse -- a young Korean street punk with a bad FAUX HAWK, a distinctive RED JACKET.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Tagger.

Instantly, Tanner starts to move off in the direction of the warehouse.

RYAN
Wait, whoa.

TANNER
Come on. We'll scare the piss out of him --

RYAN
Nah, man. It's late. We'll call it in.

TANNER
He'll be gone by then and you know it. Come on. It'll be fun! Like old times!
(then)
What, you too high and mighty now to do a little community service, *detective*?
(then grins)
Come on, brother.

And Ryan relents.

EXT. KOREATOWN WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There's a sense of fun as the two sneak up on the warehouse, set to surprise what they think are kids. But when they spring from around the corner --

TANNER
What do you kids think you're--?

-- everything changes.

Four CORPSES litter the ground. Bound and butchered. Members of the OAKLAND LORDS by the look of them.

Instantly sober, Ryan and Tanner draw their guns and begin sweeping the shadows. Suddenly --

SFX: A NOISE from O.S.

Wordlessly, Ryan and Tanner signal each other and move in opposite directions to check it out.

TRACK WITH Ryan as he slips through the dark. The tension is palpable. Someone could be hiding anywhere. Then --

SFX: SHUFFLING. FROM UP AHEAD.

Coming from an open door leading into blackness at the end of the hall...

Wary, Ryan steps closer. Closer... Pauses at the threshold to steel his nerves. Then steps in just as --

A FERAL DOG comes leaping from the darkness, snarling and snapping!

Ryan slams the door an inch ahead of the rabid bitch, who claws and growls to get at him.

But as Ryan backs away, trying to shake out the jitters --

SFX: BANG-BANG-BANG!

And Ryan is MOVING! Homing in on the sound of the gunshots. Races through the darkened building and rounds a corner...

...to find Tanner standing there, staring right at Ryan with the most curious expression on his face.

RYAN
Tanner..?

Then -- BANG! -- one final shot rings out and Tanner crumples, his body falling away... to REVEAL A FIGURE standing behind him, his upper-torso obscured in shadow, the barrel of his DISTINCTIVE STAINLESS STEEL GUN still smoking.

And Ryan has the sonofabitch dead to rights.

RYAN (CONT'D)
DROP YOUR WEAPON!!

Calmly, the Figure lowers his gun. There's a beat...then the Figure takes a step forward.

RYAN (CONT'D)
STAY WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T MOVE!

Ryan's finger tightens on the trigger as the Figure takes one more step. Into the light. And now we SEE the killer's face.

Dante's older brother, CARLOS. The years have only made the sonofabitch meaner.

A smile crosses Carlos' face. And Ryan does the last thing we expect a cop to do when facing a cop killer...

He lowers his gun.

Then Ryan nods, knowing what has to happen next.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Do it.

And off his command, Carlos raises his gun and -- BANG! -- shoots Ryan, who collapses like a heartshot deer.

Laughing, Carlos walks away as Ryan, laying on the ground, staring at his dead friend, just lets him go...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - THE NEXT DAY

Ryan lays in a bed, a tube sticking out of his chest. The doctor -- JESSICA SHAW (32) -- is examining him. Chapel sits in the corner watching.

JESSICA
Shot went in just beneath the shoulder, caused a pneumothorax. Air filled your chest cavity and squeezed your lungs. That's why you blacked out. We put the tube in, got rid of the air in there.
(examines the tube)
Take a deep breath. Hold it.

When Ryan does, Jessica YANKS OUT THE TUBE. Ryan roars in pain.

RYAN
Jesus, Doc. How about some warning?!

JESSICA
(nonchalant)
It's worse when you tense up, believe me.

Jessica slaps an Asherman seal on the wound.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You need to follow up with an x-ray in a couple of days. No flying for six weeks. No rigorous activity. I'll prescribe meds for pain.

CHAPEL
When can he get back to work?

Jessica stares at Chapel for a beat. Then --

JESSICA
That's up to him. The bullet didn't touch his lungs, arteries, internal organs.
(turns)
I'll go see about getting him discharged.

And Jessica exits. When she's gone, Chapel sits beside Ryan, who's lost in a sea of guilt threatening to break him.

CHAPEL
Look, kid... I know how close you and Tanner were.

RYAN
It's my fault --

CHAPEL
No, it's not. You did everything you could. We're gonna find who did this. And we'll see justice done for Tanner.

The words twist in Ryan's gut like a knife.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE RYAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chapel exits Ryan's room and is instantly confronted by Jessica.

JESSICA
Do you even give a damn he got shot? All you care about is when he can get back on the street doing your dirty work.

CHAPEL
Jess, it's not like that.

Jessica gives him an icy glare.

JESSICA
It's always like that, Dad.

She brushes past, and off Chapel's reaction, staring after her --

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - KOREATOWN - SUNSET

Tae and Vee walk the crime scene from the night before. A couple of forensics guys are there taking photos, doing their thing.

VEE
Shooter was here. In the dark.
(beat)
They never had a chance.

TAE
Did Lopez get a description?

VEE
No.
(indicates)
Tanner's body was here.

Tae looks at the pin flags outlining where Tanner's body was. Also notes the FOUR SHELL CASINGS ejected from the shooter's gun.

Tae scans the area. Points to a empty patch of ground.

TAE
And that's where they found Lopez?

VEE
Yeah.

Tae walks over. Looks around. By the look on his face, Vee can tell something's not quite right.

VEE (CONT'D)
See something?

TAE
No...
(turns)
That's the problem.

And as Tae walks off, keeping his thoughts to himself --

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Ryan is driving, trapped in his own mental hell... Eventually, he reaches his home. Parks on the street. As he walks up the stoop, a friendly NEIGHBOR waves.

NEIGHBOR
Hey, Ryan!

Ryan nods, heads --

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- but walks straight through to the back door. Grabs a key hanging beside the door and opens it. Peeks outside to make sure the coast is clear. Then steps out and starts making his way through --

A DARKENED ALLEY

Ryan follows it, sticking to the shadows -- when suddenly someone appears ahead to dump some trash into the bin. Ryan freezes, remaining unseen, but when they're gone, continues on to --

A GARAGE DOWN THE BLOCK

Ryan enters the darkened structure and moves to a shape covered by a TARP at the other end. Rips the tarp off to reveal a bad-ass MOTORCYCLE. Ryan puts on a jacket stored there. A helmet. Pulls down the darkened visor, making him unidentifiable. Cranks the ignition and, engine SCREAMING, goes ripping out of there.

AERIAL TRACKING SHOT

Ryan burns through the city, an anonymous figure on a fast bike ripping through the Latino quarter, arriving at:

EXT. THE HAVANA NIGHTCLUB - ESTABLISHING

The hottest club in San Francisco. The rhythmic sounds of *salsa cubana* music pour into the street, teasing the long line of people waiting to get in...

Ryan rides into a BACK ALLEY and parks his bike. Looks around and, making sure no one is watching, pulls out a key and enters through the back.

INT. HAVANA CLUB - SERVICE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Once safely inside, Ryan takes off his helmet and jacket. Muted music growing louder as he moves through the halls to open a door and enter the --

INT. HAVANA CLUB - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The sight takes our breath away. The ultimate dance club. Cigar bar. Every detail speaks of elegance and privilege.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
Ryan...

Ryan turns to find the club manager, an incredibly sultry Latina named SILVIA (28), standing there.

RYAN
Sil.

For a moment, the two simply stand there, looking at one another. There's an undeniable CHEMISTRY...

Silvia leads Ryan to a private back where room DANTE waits. Grown into a Latino triple threat -- a smart, heartthrob asskicker -- Dante comes up and puts an arm around her. Gives her a kiss.

DANTE
Hey, babe.
(to Ryan)
Come on. Dad's been waiting for you.

And Dante moves off, leaving Ryan and Silvia momentarily alone again. There's a beat between them, before someone calls her from O.S. breaking the moment.

SILVIA
It's good to see you.

And Silvia walks away. Ryan watches her for a moment before moving on after Dante...

...failing to notice Silvia in the b.g., subtly turning back to watch him go.

INT. HAVANA CLUB - PRIVATE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dante and Ryan take the private hall to the back office. Sensing Ryan is troubled, Dante looks to him.

DANTE
You did good.

RYAN
Sure doesn't feel like it.

DANTE
Remember, you may wear the uniform, but underneath you're still one of us. You protected your own, and that's why you're there, right? *Familia* for life.

Ryan nods, but we can tell he isn't convinced. Eventually they reach Acosta's office. As they enter, they pass a CLEAN-CUT FINANCIER on his way out, loaded down paperwork and a briefcase.

INT. ACOSTA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan enters...and is unpleasantly surprised to find Tanner's killer, Carlos, there. Carlos grins.

CARLOS
Fun time the other night, huh?

Ryan clenches his teeth.

Just then, JAVIER ACOSTA (now in his 50s, but no less powerful or dangerous) enters from a side room.

ACOSTA
Carlos, out.

Carlos grins, ducks out.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
You, too, Dante. Why don't you wait downstairs.

For the briefest moment, a look flashes across Dante's face - hurt, jealousy - before he replaces it with practiced stoicism and does as he is told.

DANTE
Sure.

Javier closes the door.

ACOSTA
(re: Ryan's gunshot)
How are you? Are you alright?

RYAN
I'm still standing.

Javier smiles and embraces Ryan like a son.

ACOSTA
It's good to see you. It's been too long since you've been home.

Javier sits and looks to Ryan, genuinely sympathetic.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your friend. He was a good man. It's a terrible thing that's happened, and we're going to make it right. I'll make sure his family is taken care of. They'll never have to worry about money ever again.

RYAN
I'm sure money is not what his two little kids are crying about.

Acosta understands Ryan's frustration.

ACOSTA
Look. I know Carlos has always been wild. Tio has always said he's going to be my downfall.
(meets Ryan's eyes)
But he's my <u>son</u>.

RYAN
What the hell was he doing there, anyway?

ACOSTA
He got wind of the deal going down between the Lords and the Colombians and went to bust it up.

RYAN
He did way more than that. He killed a cop, took out four black gang members, broke up a Colombian cartel's drug deal on Korean turf as well. If word gets out who did this, it's going to blowback on <u>us</u> from four separate sets.

ACOSTA
Which is why you have to make sure that doesn't happen.
(beat)
The Colombians got away with the shipment. Those drugs are still in play and the Lords are going to make another attempt at a trade. If they get that shipment, it makes them stronger and we're gonna have a war on our hands.
(MORE)

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
What happened to Tanner will become a footnote compared to the violence that will follow, and I don't think either of us wants to see any more innocent blood running in the streets.
(beat)
We have to do whatever it takes to stop this deal, Ryan. I need to know <u>when</u> this trade is going down. I need to know <u>where</u>. We need to <u>end</u> this.

Ryan doesn't like the sound of any of this.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
By the way, I opened an account for you.

Acosta reaches into his desk and sets a small PASSBOOK before Ryan. The gold embossed logo on the front is for OLMEC BANK. He looks. There's a big sum of money inside.

RYAN
I don't think it's a good idea. I can't have any paper trails --

ACOSTA
There are none. Trust me, it can't be traced to you. But it's there in case you need it.
(meets his eyes)
You're like a son to me. We're *family*. We take care of our own.

Acosta pats him on the back. Ryan looks at him. At the father figure he's strived to make proud his entire life...

And eventually, he sighs and takes the bankbook.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - ESTABLISHING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan lifts a floorboard to reveals his SECRET CACHE. Inside, we see it's filled with BRICKS OF MONEY, BURNER CELLPHONES and an ASSORTMENT OF FIREARMS -- evidence of his double life.

As Ryan sets his bankbook inside, something else catches his eye. A photograph. Ryan picks it up. The image is of Acosta and Dante standing proudly on either side of Ryan, wearing military fatigues, freshly discharged from the Army. The photo makes us --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ACOSTA'S HOUSE - RYAN'S ROOM - 5 YEARS AGO -(FLASHBACK)

Ryan is unpacking his duffel. With reverence, he sets a COMMENDATION MEDAL on his nightstand.

ACOSTA (OS)
I always knew there was something special about you.

Ryan turns to find Acosta in the doorway. He stares at Ryan, beaming with pride.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
Your parents couldn't see it. But I did, from the first moment at that dog fight. A skinny, scared little neighborhood kid. But determined. A *thinker*. That's why I took you in.

There's a moment. Then --

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
But this can't be your room anymore.
(off Ryan's look)
I have a job for you. With the police department.

RYAN
What..? No --

ACOSTA
Ryan --

RYAN
No. You sent me into the military to get trained so I could come back and enforce for you. Be a better fighter on the street --

ACOSTA
I know. But you've done so well --

RYAN
-- that you're going to punish me for it?

ACOSTA
Listen to what your commanding officer wrote on your discharge papers. "...Sgt. Lopez has the ability to work effectively in teams or individually. Experience dealing with difficult situations. Ability to problem solve. Attention to detail..." The Department of Justice is informed when decorated officers return home to help place them in jobs. And your name was dropped to the Chief of Police.
(meets his eyes)
We have an opportunity here. For the Family. For all of us.
(beat)
(MORE)

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
You're the only one who can do this.

RYAN
If you put me under, I'll lose everything. Everyone I know.

ACOSTA
(a promise)
You won't lose me.

Suddenly, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR takes us SMASHING BACK TO --

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - PRESENT/CONTINUOUS

Quickly, Ryan slides the floorboard back in place and opens the door to find --

DR. JESSICA SHAW standing there.

RYAN
Hey, Doc.

JESSICA
I'm so sorry about your frie--

But he pulls her in and silences her with a kiss.

RYAN
You know what I really need right now?
(she looks at him)
Bed rest.

He kisses her again. And as they devour one another passionately, and clothes begin to come off --

END ACT TWO

ACT III

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Ryan lays in bed, watching the news on tv. On it, we see a ribbon cutting ceremony for a new branch of OLMEC SAVINGS BANK. The man doing the cutting is the CLEAN-CUT FINANCIER who Ryan saw stepping out of Acosta's office.

NEWS ANCHOR (VO)
...celebrated with this morning's ribbon cutting for a new local bank created specifically to cater to the needs of an often-neglected sector of the community: immigrants. And judging from the number of new accounts opened at OLMEC SAVINGS, the idea is a hit...

Just then, Jessica enters from the bathroom, finishing getting ready for work.

JESSICA
I wish we didn't have to sneak around like this.

Ryan cuts her a look.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
What's the worst that could happen?

RYAN
If your dad finds out I'm sleeping with his daughter, I could think of a couple things...

JESSICA
(flirty)
Well, on the plus side, if you lose your job, we'd have more time to spend in bed together.

RYAN
That wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.
(reaches for her)
Come here.

But Jessica doesn't respond. Just stands there, her back to Ryan. Frozen by something she's seen on the dresser.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Jess..?

Now she turns -- and reveals a gun in her hand. Ryan's Colt. She holds it, icy. Her entire demeanor changed.

JESSICA
He gave this to you, didn't he?

RYAN
Yes, but --

JESSICA
"Colt 1911. Best service piece ever made. Blah, blah, blah..."
I've heard the speech.
(softening)
Listen, I get it. He's charismatic. He draws you in. But you can't trust him. The things he's done over the years... To my family. To the Department...
(shakes her head)
You have a bright future ahead of you, Ryan. But only if you don't get too close. Believe me, I've seen plenty of bright careers get snuffed out because of decisions he's made.

As she exits, she casts one final glance at Ryan.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Don't be one of them.

And then she's gone.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful hillside cemetery with panoramic views of the Bay.

A full, military-style police funeral for Tanner is underway. The entire Department has turned out to honor the fallen. It's a somber ceremony; a moment for every cop to reflect.

In an emotional scene, Ryan presents the flag to Tanner's WIDOW. As he does so, PAN ACROSS the faces of the Gang Task Force. Chapel. Vee. Cassius. The sadness in everyone's eyes is palpable.

Except for Tae, who stares intently at Ryan with something more akin to suspicion...

PRELAP: PARTY MUSIC and --

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE BAR - LATER

-- a wake held in Tanner's honor, cop style. The room is filled with drunken Law Enforcement Officers.

RYAN
Tanner was never one for speeches...unless he was the one making them. If he were here, he'd tell me to shut the hell up and drink.
(raises his glass)
So let's drink.

And everyone does. Ryan wanders through the crowds. Sees an open seat, plops down in it, drink in hand. But as he takes a sip --

Ryan looks up to see Tae sitting a few seats away, studying him coolly. After a moment, he speaks.

TAE
You know, when I was in Quantico, I had this one course. A whole semester on Agent Involved Shootings. You look for patterns, what could be done differently, better. And almost to a fault, in every incident, for every single shot the suspect would fire off, the Agents returned five. I remember coming to incidents and seeing brass casings <u>everywhere</u>. It's shocking when you see how many. Sometimes you'd get hundreds in a single incident...
(pointedly)
...and yet you didn't even return one.

RYAN
What are you trying to say?

TAE
I've seen your record. You have a lot of flashy arrests under your belt. You love taking chances. But at what price, Hot Shot?
(beat)
Thing is, and I think the whole team's thinking it, how can any of us trust you to have our backs... when you didn't even have your best friend's?

Without taking his eyes off Tae, Ryan rises. Walks to stand before him. Stares dangerously into his eyes...then pounds his drink and SLAMS the glass down on the table in front of Tae like Tanner and he used to do.

RYAN
You have no idea what you're talking about.

And without another word, Ryan walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A RUNDOWN BOXING GYM - NIGHT

Empty, except for a shirtless Ryan, who works a heavy bag. He's sweating. Focused. His punches coming faster and harder, more and more intense until --

VOICE (OS)
I'm pretty sure that means you're supposed to stop.

Ryan looks up to see Dante standing there. He indicates Ryan's shoulder that's begun to seep blood through the gauze.

RYAN
How did you find me?

DANTE
Come on, man. Ever since you were a kid, whenever you get all morose you'd go beat up on inanimate things that couldn't hit back.

Ryan nods. Then:

RYAN
You tracked my phone.

DANTE
Yep.

Dante smiles. It's an easy moment between them.

RYAN
You want to go a couple of rounds?

DANTE
You know my Dad's rule. We don't prey on the weak.

Ryan smiles. Turns to the window. Outside, all of San Francisco laid out like a patchwork quilt. People walk the streets below.

RYAN
Some times I envy them, you know. All they see is the view. Golden Gate. Financial District. Russian Hill.
(beat)
They don't even see the battle map.
(points)
Nortenos. Surenos. Mission side. 19th Street. Little Block. J-town.

DANTE
Hey, listen. We're gonna run this town some day. All of it. You and I. And things like Carlos will <u>never</u> happen then.

RYAN
Yeah?

DANTE
That's a promise.

And as Ryan looks at his best friend --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. S.F.P.D. - CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

Chapel enters the office of the Chief of Police, carrying a report brief. The SECRETARY looks up.

SECRETARY
Chief's running late. Asked for you to wait.

CHAPEL
Tell him I'll stop back.

Chapel tosses the report on the desk, but as he turns to go -- he finds Chief SCOTT TILLMAN (40s, always camera ready) just walking in.

CHIEF TILLMAN
Never were good at following orders, Chapel.

The distaste these two have for each other is palpable. Tillman walks into his office. Chapel follows.

CHIEF TILLMAN (CONT'D)
This shooting is becoming a real pain in my ass. The press is all over it. The four dead blacks have the Oakland community stirred up. Racial tensions are running high with the Koreans --

CHAPEL
Not to mention the murdered cop. But then again, I guess he can't vote, huh?

The Chief stares flatly.

CHIEF TILLMAN
Don't push me, Chapel. We put you on the Task Force to give you a way to ride quietly off into the sunset. Bit of advice:
(a threat)
Ride quieter.

And as Tillman walks off, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BRIG - SQUAD ROOM - DAYS LATER

Cassius enters in sweats. Wanders until he finds Ryan working at a computer.

CASSIUS
Dude, it's our day off. What's going on?

RYAN
I've been on the phone with forensics about the bodies in the warehouse. They found a few vials of coke on 'em when they searched them.

CASSIUS
Vials?

RYAN
Of Fishscale. A sampler set. The full shipment was never there. The meet was to sample product and agree to terms. And check this:

Ryan holds up an EMERGENCY ADVISE SHEET from the DEA.

RYAN (CONT'D)
DEA's been tracking a heavy narco shipment sitting south of the border, but this morning it's gone. They lost it. Think it slipped through. It's the shipment, man. And it's heading our way.

CASSIUS
So what's it mean?

RYAN
That we got a clock. And that we have to go shake some trees in Oakland to figure out when it's coming and where.

Cassius stares at him, stone-faced.

CASSIUS
But it's our day off.

RYAN
Come on, man. I need you.

And as Cassius sighs, CUT TO:

INT. CASSIUS'S CAR - DRIVING THROUGH OAKLAND - DAY

Cassius and Ryan cruise into Cassius's old hood in his sweet '83 Monte Carlo SS, Cassius crooning all the while to Al Green's "Let's Stay Together" grooving from the stereo.

CASSIUS
...Ooh, baby, let's, let's stay together. Loving you whether, whether, times are good or bad, happy or sad...
(beat)
Man, why can't anyone do music like that anymore?

RYAN
Same reason no one makes bell bottoms. 'Cause no one buys 'em.

CASSIUS
Do you want me to kick you out in the middle of the hood? Seriously?

As they continue on, people on the street wave and call out Cassius's name.

RYAN
(re: the neighborhood)
Old haunt?

CASSIUS
It's where I grew up. Used to be this cool little soul food place on that corner there when I was like fifteen, sixteen.

RYAN
Taste as good as home?

CASSIUS
(scoffs)
Home? My mom's idea of cooking a family meal was opening a box of Captain Crunch. And for the record, I hate collared greens, but there was this girl with the most insane body that worked the afternoons.
(wistfully)
Alisha... I'd go in there and order up plates of that shit just to keep her coming to the table. I had it <u>bad</u> for that girl.

RYAN
You guys ever hook up?

CASSIUS
I was working up my courage.
(beat)
But I waited too long. One night, place gets robbed. She got shot. Took her out. Such a waste.
(then)
It's why I became a cop.

RYAN
To find the guys who did it?

CASSIUS
No. ‘Cause of everyone’s reaction. People she served every day for a year, know what they said? “Huh”. That’s how normal death was in East Bay, like I was talking about the weather. Didn’t matter if it was a neighbor, your brother or your best friend; that was the sum of a person’s entire life. “Huh”.
(beat)
Kids shouldn’t grow up in a world where if their best friend gets shot, they’re not even surprised anymore. That was my crossroads.

RYAN
Rest in peace, Alisha.

CASSIUS
To hell with rest. I hope she’s shaking that incredible booty in Heaven.

Just then, Cassius points to something out the window.

CASSIUS (CONT’D)
Oakland GPS.

Ryan follows his gaze to a particular bit of GRAFFITI. The words --

THE HOOD, BITCH!

-- spray painted on the wall of an abandoned apartment building, followed by an ARROW that runs the length of the block. As they cruise along, Ryan's eyes follow the arrow, until they round the corner and finally see the arrow's head...along with FIFTY DUDES hanging out on the sidewalk.

Cassius smiles.

CASSIUS (CONT’D)
Home, sweet home.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH AVENUE - KOREATOWN - ESTABLISHING - SAME TIME

San Francisco’s Korean business district. A city council sign proudly proclaims:

KOREATOWN. THE SOUTH BAY’S GOT SEOUL!

INT. TAE’S CAR - KOREATOWN - DAY

As it pulls up before a Korean massage parlor. Vee looks at him, askance.

VEE
Really?

TAE
Those Lords were murdered in Koreatown. If anyone is gonna know anything, it'll be here. We find the shooter, we find the shipment.

INT. KOREAN MASSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Tae and Vee enter and march through the building, past throngs of the most beautiful Asian girls we've ever seen. As they blow through the back, a sultry MAMASAN chases them.

SULTRY MAMASAN (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
Hey! You can't go in there!

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
(waving her off)
It's okay, big sister.

And he and Vee head down a set of stairs into a --

KOREAN *FAN-TAN* (GAMBLING DEN)

Tae and Vee enter an underground gambling hall. The deafening clacking of tiles and shuffling of cards stops dead as every head in the place swivels to look at them as they enter.

VEE
Uh... Hi.

TAE
Come on.

As gambling resumes, they move through the room until they find the ELDER BOSS of the DOKEBBI gang.

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
Ladies aren't allowed. You know better.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
You're right, I do. She's no lady.

VEE
What's he saying?

TAE
Nothing. Just old man stuff.

Tae turns back to the Boss.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN) (CONT'D)
I want to talk to you about the police officer who got killed in Koreatown --

But the old man waves him off.

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
Go away.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
Look, if anything happens down here, I know you know about it. These are your streets. Someone knows something, you know who it is. Just point me in the right direction.

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)
This is a place for gambling, not interrogations.

So Tae sits in the chair opposite.

TAE
Then I guess you should deal the cards.

The Elder Boss raises an eyebrow.

ELDER BOSS
It’s twenty thousand dollars a hand.

TAE
(undaunted)
Put it on my tab.

VEE
What?!

Impressed, the Boss smiles and deals out the colorful cards for a game called Hwatu.

NOW CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OAKLAND GANG NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

Cassius and Ryan walk the street. As they near, people disappear into buildings, wanting nothing to do with the cops. SPOTTERS start shouting up the street.

SPOTTERS
Two-five! Two-five!

Ryan turns to Cassius.

RYAN
Guess we’ve been announced.

CASSIUS
Yeah.

RYAN
What’s two-five?

CASSIUS
Half of 5-0. Half a cop. They're just messin' with you.

RYAN
How do you know they're not just messing with *you*?

Just then, Cassius spies the informant he's looking for -- a 300 lb. blob of a man named PEE WEE.

RYAN (CONT'D)
That's Pee Wee?

When Pee Wee sees them coming, he looks like he's going to run. Cassius breaks out laughing.

CASSIUS
Aw, c'mon, man. Now that's just sad. Even you know you don't got a block in you.

PEE WEE
I can run!

CASSIUS
You run, you're gonna set off every car alarm in the neighborhood. Look at you. Even your clothes have stretch marks. Now just come over here and talk to us. Don't make me harpoon your ass.

Pee Wee hesitates...but ultimately he turns and waddles over.

PEE WEE
Why you gotta be so mean, yo?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GAMBLING DEN - SAME TIME

Tae and the Elder are finishing their game. It's a big hand. Lots of money on the table, it can go either way.

But Tae's the one who wins. You see the frustration on the Boss's face -- he doesn't part with money easily.

ELDER BOSS
You win.

He starts to push the money across the table...but Tae stops him. Pushes it back.

TAE
Keep it. Just tell me who to talk to.

And as the Boss considers --

CUT TO:

INT. PEE WEE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Cassius is talking with Pee Wee while, in the b.g., Ryan is walking around...poking through things...

PEE WEE
I told you, dawg! I don't know nothin'!
(nervously eyes Ryan)
What are you doing, man?

CASSIUS
Don't talk to him. Look at me. You and I are having the conversation. Or am I boring you?

PEE WEE
No, man, it's just --

RYAN
Oh my...

Cassius and Pee Wee look over -- to where Ryan has found a box of magazines. Ryan holds one up. On the cover, a larger and smaller man are locked in an embrace. The title: BEARS AND CUBS.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Now I know you ain't the cub.

Cassius shakes his head.

CASSIUS
Oh, Marquece... What would your boys say? Kinda messes with your street cred, don't it?

PEE WEE
Gimme that!

As Pee Wee struggles to his feet, Cassius calls out to Ryan.

CASSIUS
Run, man! It's a bear attack!

RYAN
Run? Aren't I supposed play dead?

CASSIUS
Nah, man. That's just with grizzlies. Black bears you're supposed to run for your life.

RYAN
I can never remember that.

PEE WEE
(annoyed)
That's my cousin's. It ain't mine.

Ryan flips it over and reads the address label.

RYAN
Marquece King. 351 Filbert Street, Oakland, California.

Pee Wee snatches the magazine back.

PEE WEE
What do you want?

CASSIUS
I told you. The Fish deal.

Pee Wee sighs, exasperated. Comes to a decision.

PEE WEE
It's going down sometime in the next 48 hours.

RYAN
Where?

PEE WEE
I don't know. I swear, I don't. But I'd leave it alone, Cassius. The Lords are stirred up. Last few days, I been seeing enforcers from other sets drifting into town, looking to find whoever killed their boys. They're out for blood.

Ryan and Cassius look to one another and nod -- they got what they needed. As they start to move out:

PEE WEE (CONT'D)
You never saw this shit.

CASSIUS
Whatever you say, man.

Ryan pats the magazine Pee Wee holds as he passes.

RYAN
(can't resist)
Happy hunting.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - KOREATOWN - DAY

Tae and Vee sit at the bar, watching their quarry -- the Korean tagger (YONG) from the warehouse where Tanner was killed. He is belting out an off-key but earnest Korean rendition of Creep by Radiohead. When he's done, Tae rises --

TAE
Here we go.

-- but Vee stops him.

VEE
I got this one.

TAE
You sure?

Vee's answer is to shrug off her jacket, undo a couple buttons on her blouse and shake her hair so that it drapes wild around her shoulders.

VEE
You tell me.

She looks hot as hell. Tae gives her an appreciative gaze, then sits back down. Sips his drink as Vee walks across the room and makes contact with Yong. Flirts with him. Whispers in his ear. Though we don't hear the words, we get the idea, and after a moment, Yong smiles, gets up and leads Vee past a HULKING BODYGUARD into:

A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE BACK - CONTINUOUS

When the door closes behind them, Yong indicates a HUGE BAG OF ECSTACY on the table as he starts to take off his shirt.

YONG
X. Take whatever you want.

Vee moves toward Yong, who opens his mouth for a kiss - and is completely surprised when she SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.

YONG (CONT'D)
What the --?!

By way of explanation, Vee pulls out her badge.

VEE
Cop was shot three days ago. I heard you recognized the shooter then ran off like a little bitch. And now you're going to give me his name.

YONG
Or what?

But this isn't Yong's first rodeo. He isn't scared of cops. So Vee pulls out her STUN GUN and sets it against his crotch.

VEE
Or we go gangnam style.

Yong looks at her, smug.

YONG
You can't do squat to me, cop.

VEE
No? Then let me ask you this: if a tree falls in the woods and no one's there to hear it, does it make a sound?

And then she ZAPS him.

Yong screams, his body flopping like a fish on a dock, and we MATCH TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME

-- where the Hulking Bodyguard hears RHYTHMIC POUNDING against the wall that he mistakes for energetic fucking.

Tae cuts him a look about the noise.

TAE
Pretty enthusiastic, those two, huh?

Tae sips his drink and the noises continue for a few moments longer...until eventually Vee emerges, adjusting her hair.

VEE
(re: Yong)
He's gonna need a few minutes.

As they walk away, Tae cuts a look at Vee.

TAE
Anything on the shooter?

VEE
I got the sonofabitch's name.
(vicious little grin)
Carlos Acosta.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE HAVANA CLUB - DAY

Closed during the day...

INT. HAVANA CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Ryan enters through the back, removing his motorcycle helmet and jacket as he walks through. The place is as empty as a graveyard...until he enters the kitchen and finds Acosta's older, right-hand man, TIO GORDO ("Uncle Fatty") cooking up some homemade pork tamales.

TIO GORDO
There he is!

RYAN
Tio.

The lovable guy hugs Ryan when he sees him.

TIO GORDO
Look, I made your favorite. Pork and chicken.
(holds them up)
I slow-cooked it all night.

Ryan takes one. Takes a bite.

RYAN
Man, I miss these.

TIO GORDO
You won't have to for long. A guy at the Whole Foods down the street asked if he could start selling them in the fresh foods counter. Tio Gordo's tamales. Catchy, right?

RYAN
Not really.

TIO GORDO
Wiseass.
(they both smile)
Come on.

And Tio leads Ryan into --

THE BACK ROOM

-- where Javier and Dante are sitting. The place is half restaurant storage/half Batcave; crammed with boxes of *masa*, cans of beans and about a dozen computers working full steam. Dante works at one of them, on which is a real-time map with a hundred moving red dots.

ACOSTA
Ryan, I'm glad you're here.

RYAN
I've got news on the shipment --

But Acosta stops him.

ACOSTA
You know the rules. No business before lunch. Sit down. Eat.
(turns)
Dante, stop playing your video games and come eat.

DANTE
(to Ryan)
Can you believe him? I'm tracking every cop in the city off their radio frequency, and he calls it a video game.

They all sit down at a tiny table in the back and dig in. And for the first time, we get a glimpse into this group when there's no tension.

Ryan turns to Acosta.

RYAN
So you're getting into banking, huh? Olmec Savings?

ACOSTA
Dante's a smart kid. It was his idea.

DANTE
(shrugs)
What better way to launder money than a bank?

ACOSTA
In the next six months, we're going to open two more branches in San Francisco, and within a year, branches in L.A., Miami and New York. Then it won't just be our money. It'll be Emes, the Maras. And that's when real interesting things will start to happen. We do this right, we control the product and the way to clean the money, it's the first step in uniting the Latino street gangs into a global-level business empire.

DANTE
Speaking of empires, has Tio told you about his tamale deal?

RYAN
Yeah. I can see the product description now: “Made with love and care...by the guy who shanked four peckerwoods in prison.”

Everyone laughs and we DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SHOT - A BIT LATER

Lunch is over and Tio is clearing the dishes.

ACOSTA
That was delicious, Tio. Thank you.

And with that, the time for business has come. Javier turns to Ryan.

ACOSTA (CONT’D)
First things first. I just heard someone from your Task Force is looking into Carlos. Asian guy. Made a scene at a Korean gambling hall a few hours ago.

RYAN
(Tae... sighs)
I’ll see what I can do.

ACOSTA
No. I need you to kill it. We can’t afford to let Chapel anywhere near Carlos. He’s a smart guy and he makes connections. I’ve seen it too many times. Don’t underestimate him.

RYAN
I won’t.

Satisfied Ryan understands the gravity of the situation, Acosta moves onto other subjects.

ACOSTA
Now tell me about the deal.

RYAN
They’re trading the Fishscale sometime in the next two days. DEA thinks the shipment is coming through the port.

Tio Gordo speaks up.

TIO GORDO
Unless you’ve got any idea which container, we’ve got over a quarter million of ‘em to search coming into that port every day. It doesn’t really help us --

DANTE
Actually, it does. My crew threw up taps on the Lords' cell network. If we know the port and roughly when it's coming, then we'll hear it and we can catch 'em.

Acosta indicates Tio Gordo.

ACOSTA
Old school.

Then looks proudly to his son.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
New school. Good work, Dante.
(then to Tio Gordo)
You, get a better attitude. Now go, we all have work to do.

They all leave, except for Ryan who lingers at the table a moment longer. Acosta notices.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
You miss this, don't you?

Ryan says nothing. Acosta sits across from him.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)
It's not going to be forever.

RYAN
I know.

ACOSTA
One of these days, you're going to come back to the family, and you'll take your rightful place by my side.
(beat)
Dante and Carlos may be my sons... but you're the heir.
(meets his eyes)
I have big plans for you, Ryan.

It's a powerful moment --

That's interrupted as Ryan's phone goes off. It's a text message from Cassius that reads:

Get to the Brig. Shit's going down.

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE BRIG - MOTOR POOL - DAY

Ryan pulls up to a maelstrom of activity. The entire Task Force is clad in tactical gear and racing into a SWAT VAN.

CASSIUS (OS)
Hey --

Ryan turns as Cassius runs up, tosses him a Kevlar vest. Grabs him. Guides him to the van.

RYAN
What's going on?

Just then, Chapel steps up.

CHAPEL
We got the name of our shooter. Carlos Acosta. Javier Acosta's son. And he's a Two Striker. I want that gun he shot Tanner with --
(looks at all his guys)
-- but I'll settle for anything. Whatever gets this guy off the street.

Nearby, Vee takes particular note of this statement.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
Let's go take him down.

And as the van door slams on Ryan's shocked face, CUT TO:

INT. SWAT VAN - DRIVING - MINUTES LATER

The team sits on the ready benches -- four to a side -- as they fly through the streets. Some check their gear. Some close their eyes for a moment of peace.

Ryan subtly pulls out his cellphone. Makes sure no one is looking...and swaps out his SIM CARD for a burner one.

Secretly, Ryan begins typing out a message to Dante:

911. GTF IS ONTO CARLOS. GET HIM OUT.

But as Ryan continues typing, across the van --

TAE notices Ryan typing on his phone. Cranes to look closer, but just as we think he's caught, Ryan turns his phone to reveal --

-- a game of WORDS WITH FRIENDS he's got up.

RYAN
I'd let you play...but we're not really friends.

Tae shakes his head at this lack of professionalism...and the moment he turns away, Ryan slips the SIM CARD safely away into his vest pocket.

CUT TO:

DANTE - IN HIS WIRETAP STATION

Headphones on, listening to his wiretap channels, his cellphone sitting on the desk beside him.

Suddenly, his cellphone begins to CHIME, and we see Ryan's text message pop up on its face...

...but because of the headphones, Dante doesn't hear the alert. And after a moment, the screen goes back to black.

And Ryan's message goes unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARLOS'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - ESTABLISHING

The SWAT VAN arrives and disgorges its occupants.

The Task Force moves through the apartment complex, zeroing in on Carlos's unit.

When everyone's stacked up outside his apartment, Chapel nods and Tae quietly slips an envelope under the door, whispering:

TAE
...*warrant...*

Then -- BOOOM!!! They shatter the door with a RAM and storm in.

With practiced precision, the team splits off into two-man teams, each taking a room.

TRACK WITH RYAN AND CASSIUS

as they move toward the rear of the apartment, kick open the master bedroom door -- and spy Carlos's feet just as they slip out the open window!

CASSIUS
FREEZE, MOTHERFU--!

But Carlos is gone.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
(calling to the team)
HE'S RUNNING!

And in that instant, Ryan bolts out the window after him.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
No, Ryan --

But it's too late. Cassius turns and races for the apartment stairwell, shouting out to the others.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)
Come on, we'll cut him off on the street!

EXT. CARLOS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Carlos has dropped to a lower roofline and is booking across the rooftop. Ryan drops after him, in hot pursuit, and further down, Cassius and several others burst from the apartment and give chase from street level.

CARLOS hauls ass across the rooftop, leaping vents and ducking pipes, finally sprinting over a 2x10" PLANK laid from ledge of this building to the next.

When he's across, Carlos turns and shoves the plank, sending it toppling four stories to the asphalt below.

But Ryan doesn't even slow, pouring on the steam -- and LEAPING ACROSS to continue the chase.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Ryan blasts through a maze of alleyways, pursuing Carlos in a CRAZY FOOT CHASE FOR THE AGES. Cassius follows, only heartbeats behind.

Carlos pulls out all the stops, racing through traffic and vaulting across moving cars in a suicidal bid to escape.

When they reach a fork in the path, Ryan tries to point Cassius in the wrong direction --

RYAN
Go that way! Cut him off!

-- but Cassius's instincts are solid and he continues on.

CASSIUS
No, that way doesn't connect!

Ryan's only choice is to run FASTER. Giving it everything he's got. Putting some distance between himself and Cassius. Closing the gap on Carlos, who Ryan sees ahead, racing right into --

-- a DEAD END ALLEY.

When Ryan reaches him, he has only one question:

RYAN
What are they going to find in the apartment?!

Just then, Cassius rounds the corner a block away.

Instantly, Carlos tries to run -- but Ryan grabs him and TACKLES him to the ground. Hard.

As the two impact the ground --

ECU - RYAN'S VEST

as his burner SIM CARD pops from his pocket and falls unnoticed to the alley floor...

BACK TO SHOT

Carlos is enraged.

CARLOS
Are you crazy?! What are you doing? You gotta let me go!!

But seeing Cassius running closer, Ryan roughly cuffs Carlos, whispering in his ear:

RYAN
Goddamn it! It's too late. We got two seconds. What's in the apartment? What can they pin on you?

CARLOS
Nothin'!

RYAN
Drugs? Money?

CARLOS
No. I'm totally clean --

Ryan's relieved. Until:

CARLOS (CONT'D)
-- *except for the gun.*

Carlos looks Ryan dead in the eye.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
And if they find it and I go down...you know I got a get out of jail free card.

He look pointedly at Ryan.

RYAN
<u>Where is it</u>?

CARLOS
In a bible, on the bookshelf.
(malicious little grin)
Have fun, orphan.

And as Ryan's world spins, Cassius arrives.

CASSIUS
Good catch, brother.
(into his radio)
10-95. Suspect in custody.

And as Cassius yanks Carlos to his feet, CUT TO:

INT. CARLOS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Gang Task Force is ripping the place apart, looking for anything incriminating, when Ryan enters.

In a tense scene, Ryan stands there, heart pounding, eyes scanning the bookshelf, searching for the gun that will spell his doom.

And then he spies it. A BIBLE on the third shelf -- right next to Tae who is tossing stuff around. And as Tae turns to the bookshelf, Ryan has to do something <u>right</u> <u>fucking</u> <u>now</u>!

RYAN
I'll help you out. I can take that side of the room.

TAE
Jumping out a window wasn't exciting enough for you today? I think I got this. Find someone else to annoy, Hot Shot.

And Ryan gets in his face.

RYAN
What the hell's your problem?

TAE
Get out of my face.

RYAN
You know everyone thinks Mr. FBI Super-Agent is pissed to have been pulled off his stellar career path to slum with us regular folk on our little Task Force.
(as Tae clenches his jaw)
But you know what I think? I think maybe the truth is you're pissed because you know you weren't good enough. That they didn't keep you and sent you here...cause they knew you couldn't cut it.

Ryan shoves him -- and that's it. Tae snaps and the fight is <u>on</u>. Tae throws a punch and the two erupt into a SAVAGE FIGHT that sends them both SMASHING INTO THE BOOKSHELF. The two grapple on the ground and Ryan cries out as Tae squeezes the shit out of his wounded shoulder, causing it to bleed.

The fight ends as Tae unleashes a brutal series of punches that Ryan doesn't defend...but instead uses the moment to surreptitiously scoop up Carlos's bible -- which has peeked open so we see the silver of the stainless gun within -- and slip it into his waistband.

That was his plan all along.

CHAPEL
(rushing in)
What is this?! Break it up! BREAK IT UP!

Eventually, Tae and Ryan are separated.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
What is wrong with you two?! We save our fighting for the gangs, not each other!
(re: Ryan)
Get him out of here!

But Ryan doesn't wait for an escort, shouldering his way outside --

EXT. CARLOS'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- to where Carlos is sitting in the squad car.

RYAN
You're clean.

CARLOS
Then I guess your secrets are safe a little longer.

But just then, Vee steps out of the apartment --

VEE
Look what I found.

-- and she holds up the HUGE BAG OF ECSTACY we saw in the karaoke bar. Vee shoots a vengeful little smile at Carlos.

VEE (CONT'D)
May not be a murder charge...but Third Strike's a bitch.

And as Vee heads back in, Carlos glares menacingly at Ryan.

CARLOS
Guess I spoke too soon.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE BRIG - BULLPEN - DAY

The team has returned. Carlos is being detained in a holding cell in the basement. Ryan paces nervously.

A moment later, the door to the holding cells buzzes and Vee steps through.

VEE
Carlos wants to cut a deal. Says he'll give up something to drop the drug charges.

RYAN
What's he offering?

VEE
Don't know, but he says it's big. His lawyer will be here in ten minutes. Guess we'll find out then.

CASSIUS
Screw him. No way he walks. He's a cop killer --

CHAPEL
Believe me, I agree with you, but without solid proof, in the eyes of the law, he ain't. And until we find something that will stick, we might as well hear what else he's got.

Ryan's world is reeling. He steps away from the team and pulls out his phone to warn Acosta. But when he goes to switch the SIM CARD -- it's no longer in his pocket.

Ryan curses. Frantically double-checks every place it could be.

But it's gone.

The clock's ticking down. Ryan needs to make contact, so he runs --

EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT

-- to his car. Throws open the glove box, reaches behind and opens a SECRET COMPARTMENT that holds several BURNER SIM CARDS. Tears one out, slams it into his phone and dials.

As the phone rings, MATCH CUT TO --

DANTE - IN A GARAGE

-- where he and ten other *soldados* are gearing up for war. Dante is breaking heavy shotguns and full-auto street sweepers out of lockers when his cellphone begins BUZZING. He checks the number and picks up.

DANTE
New SIM?

INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN BRIG/DANTE IN GARAGE

RYAN
I lost the other. Burn it.

DANTE
Not good, man.

RYAN
Forget it, we've got bigger problems.

DANTE
I know, I've been trying to reach you. We got a hit on the wire. The Lords and the Colombians are doing the Fishscale trade down at the old Transit Terminal on Mission an hour from now. We've scrambled a crew of hitters and we're going to break it up. I need you to keep the cops in the dark as long as you can.

RYAN
Yeah, well I kinda got my hands full. Carlos is in custody.

DANTE
What?!
(then)
You gotta get him out of there --

RYAN
I can't.

DANTE
You <u>have</u> to. You gotta do something, man. Whatever it takes.

And Dante hangs up. Ryan's world is quickly becoming a whirlpool of shit. Everything's spinning out of control.

INT. BRIG - MOMENTS LATER

As Ryan returns, Vee hangs up her phone. Turns to Tae.

VEE
Carlos's lawyer is at the gate.
Let's go get him.

Ryan knows it's now or never. So he chooses now.

As Vee heads toward the parking lot, Ryan angles close...and STEALS HER SECURITY BADGE as she passes.

When no one's looking, he sneaks to the secure holding bloc door and swipes Vee's card across the card reader. Her name flashes across the access screen and -- BZZZT! -- Ryan gains access to:

THE BRIG'S HOLDING BLOC

Ryan sneaks his way down the back stairs and past other cops in the holding bloc. Stealthily opens the final door that will lead him to Carlos's cell --

-- only to find Chapel standing on the other side, waiting like an executioner at the block.

CHAPEL
You know how I knew I'd find you here?

Ryan stands there, caught. Chapel levels his gaze at him.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
Because if that guy killed *my* partner, you bet your ass I'd be down here, too.

And Ryan can't believe his eyes as, amazingly, Chapel <u>unplugs the surveillence camera</u>.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
I left the arrest report open. No telling how much he resisted when he came in.
(moving off)
Just keep it less than lethal.

And as Chapel exits, Ryan stares after him in wonder...

And more importantly, admiration.

When Chapel's gone, Ryan hurries forward, toward --

INT. CARLOS'S HOLDING CELL - DAY

Ryan enters the cell. Carlos is not happy to see him.

CARLOS
Your secret's about to get out, orphan.

But Ryan cuts him off by grabbing him by the throat and SLAMMING him against the wall.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
What are you going to do, murder me in my cell? My lawyer's here in five minutes. It's over for you, snitch.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN
Your dad will kill you if you give me up.

CARLOS
Why, because you're "special"? You ain't blood. You'll never be family. You're special because you're disposable.
(then pointedly)
You think you're the only one my dad has under?

The last sentence stops Ryan in his tracks. Carlos shakes his head at his naivete.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
I ain't spending life behind bars for some planted evidence and a bogus third strike. This is self-preservation. I'm gonna cut a deal. But to do that, I'm gonna have to give something up...
(grins)
...and you're the best thing I've got.

And off Ryan's sinking look, CUT TO:

EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

As Carlos's LAWYER arrives.

VEE
Mr. Rhymer?

Tae and Vee greet him, and as they escort him through the building toward Carlos's cell, SMASH BACK TO:

CARLOS'S CELL

With time running out, Ryan turns to Carlos.

RYAN
What if I gave you something else?

CARLOS
(shrugs)
Doubt it will be good enough.

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Tae, Vee and the Lawyer arrive at the door to the holding bloc. Vee reaches for her badge -- and finds it missing.

Confused, she looks around --

TAE
I got it.

Tae swipes his own. And as they begin heading down the stairs, SLAM BACK TO:

CARLOS'S CELL - SAME TIME

Ryan looks Carlos in the eyes.

RYAN
It will be.

And off Carlos doubtful expression --

INT. HOLDING BLOC - SECONDS LATER

Tae, Vee and Rhymer round the corner to Carlos's cell...

...and find him sitting in his cell. Alone.

CARLOS
About frickin' time.

What they don't find, however, (though the audience does) is the stairwell door at the far end of the room slowly sliding shut from where Ryan just barely made his escape...

Carlos looks to his Lawyer.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
I think we have a deal to make.

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

The office is alive with activity. But Ryan sits in the middle of it all, utterly still. As we PUSH IN, we see that he's typed a text message into his cell...but his finger hovers over the SEND button. Tense. Waiting. Staring at the holding area door...

A moment later, the door buzzes and Chapel comes out.

CHAPEL
Ryan!

Ryan turns, uncertain what's going to happen next.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
Get the team together. He gave us the Fishscale deal. It's going down now.

CASSIUS
So he strolls?

CHAPEL
For now. This Fishscale deal doesn't go down on my watch.
(looks to Ryan)
We'll get Carlos. Just not today.
(then to everyone)
Let's roll.

Immediately, Ryan breathes a sigh of relief and hits SEND and we SMASH TO:

AN ARMADA OF CARS - SPEEDING THROUGH THE STREETS

Acosta's group heading to kill the fishscale deal. Dante's car is in the lead...

INT. DANTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dante is driving when he receives the text from Ryan. It reads:

Pull back. Carlos safe. Deal's covered.

Dante stares at the text, concerned.

DANTE
I hope you know what you're doing.
(then into radio)
Turn it around. We're pulling out.

And Dante cranks the wheel, forcing his car into a u-turn. Behind him, the other follow suit and as they all head for home, MATCH BACK TO --

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Ryan gets a text confirmation from Dante --

Copy.

-- followed a moment later by a word of warning:

But watch the front door.

Just then, Chapel shouts to the room.

CHAPEL
Suit up! We move out in five!

INT. BRIG - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The team gears up for the raid. Ryan reaches his locker, which is right next to Vee's, who's suiting up. He eyes her.

RYAN
You know. It was pretty lucky we found those drugs in his apartment. Especially considering the *Familia* makes it a rule to not keep product in their homes.
(pointedly)
And they don't deal X.

Vee meets his eyes. Ryan doesn't look away. She knows what he's insinuating.

VEE
(defiant)
You have a problem with that?

And Ryan earns her eternal trust when he says:

RYAN
No.

SLAM TO:

EXT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A long-abandoned terminal for transbay buses...

Now PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ryan and the rest of the Gang Task Force setting up outside the structure, while --

INT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - SAME TIME

The handoff is going down. A contingent from the Oakland Lords stand across from a group of heavies from the Colombian *Meta* cartel.

The Colombian KINGPIN gestures, and his men bring forward a CRATE and pop the lid to reveal WRAPPED KILOS OF FISHSCALE COCAINE. The Kingpin cuts one open to show how the pearlescent brick SHINES and SHIMMERS.

COLOMBIAN KINGPIN
Isn't that the prettiest fish you've ever seen? Now you show me the money.

EXT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

With backup from the S.F.P.D., the Gang Task Force readies to move in on the handoff.

CHAPEL
I want two stinger squads, six men apiece. Simultaneous breech, front and back. I'll lead Alpha through the front.

And just then, Ryan remembers Dante's warning. Speaks up.

RYAN
Not the front.
(off Chapel's look)
Lords have been sending some of their guys through the military. They know to heavy-stack their soft entry points. You'll be walking into a hailstorm.

Chapel considers, then nods, trusting Ryan's instincts.

CHAPEL
We'll breech from the side. We move in five, strike in 30. Go.

And the teams move out.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE RAID - CONTINUOUS

In perfect coordination, the Task Force moves in from the side, and on cue -- KA-BOOOOM! -- effects entry. Sweeps through the building in a pincer formation, getting the drop on the drug trade.

TASK FORCE OFFICERS
POLICE DEPARTMENT! GET DOWN!!

The Lords know enough to instantly give up, the Colombians try to shoot their way out in a BRIEF BUT INTENSE GUNFIGHT.

Chapel, Cassius and Vee exchange fire with the enemy, each taking out targets in individual hero moments...

But the fight reaches its climax as Tae makes a bold move to take down the Colombian Kingpin -- only to find himself staring down the barrel of one of his HENCHMEN'S guns.

Tae's caught dead to rights, and just as the Henchman pulls the trigger --

SFX: BOOOM-BOOOOM-BOOMMM!

-- the Henchman is taken out by Ryan.

RYAN
(to Tae)
You okay?!

Tae nods, but the distraction has given the Kingpin enough time to make it to his bulletproof Maybach and burn out of there.

As Ryan leaps into a squad car and gives chase, Tae stares in wonder at the man who just saved his life -- literally the last person in the world he ever would have expected it from.

THE CHASE

is the most intense pursuit since *Bullitt*. 1,000 horsepower Maybach versus 500hp cop car. Ryan has to cut every corner, take every chance to keep the bestial Mercedes from leaving him in the dust.

The streets of San Francisco fly past, and it takes every ounce of Ryan's skill to avoid trolleys, tourists, and from losing control as they CATCH MASSIVE AIR off each and every hill!

But the Maybach pulls steadily away. And just as it's about to escape for good --

Ryan makes the ultimate move, redlining his engine and cutting the wheel hard on a final massive jump --

-- to come CRASHING DOWN ON TOP OF THE MAYBACH, WIPING THEM BOTH OUT AND SENDING BOTH OF THEIR VEHICLES CARTWHEELING DOWN THE HILL.

When the wrecks finally slam to a stop, there's a moment of stillness...

...then Ryan crawls from the ruin of his car. Limps over to the Mayback and drags the Kingpin out.

RYAN
You're under arrest.
(winces)
Asshole.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - LATER

After action... The site is alive with detectives gathering evidence for the eventual court case.

Off to the side, Tae, Vee, Cassius and Ryan watch.

CASSIUS
Fishscale gets taken off the streets. Colombian pipeline gets shut down. Gang war gets averted.
(beat)
I'd call that a win for the day.

Just then, Chapel steps up.

CHAPEL
Tae, Vee, good work on tracking down Carlos.
(MORE)

CHAPEL (CONT'D)
He may have walked, but in the end we got something bigger because of you two.

The praise goes a long way for the team.

TAE
Hey, Hot Shot. Walk with me.

Ryan is suspicious, but walks with him across the building --

RYAN
What?

TAE
Thanks for saving me back there.

RYAN
Now that must've hurt to say.

TAE
Thought you should see this:

-- and arrive at the building's front door, where they see it's been RIGGED WITH EXPLOSIVES.

TAE (CONT'D)
If we had gone in through the front...

Tae doesn't finish the thought.

TAE (CONT'D)
You've got pretty good instincts, Lopez.

RYAN
Maybe you pegged me wrong.

Tae looks at him, considers a beat. Smiles.

TAE
Maybe.

And as Tae claps Ryan on the back, the MUSIC RISES and we launch into the:

ENDING MONTAGE

-- EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT: The day's work done, Tae, Vee, Cassius and Ryan walk to their cars together, laughing and talking. More a team now than ever before. But even as they laugh, PUSH IN ON RYAN, a single phrase rolling around like a marble in his mind.

CARLOS (VO)
You think you're the only one my dad has under?

And as he stares at each of them, considering, CUT TO:

-- INT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT. Ryan’s driving when his phone rings. He picks up to hear Acosta’s voice. [NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE IS TO PLAY OVER THE REST OF THE ENTIRE MONTAGE SEQUENCE.]

ACOSTA
I wanted those drugs. But more than anything I wanted them out of the Lords’ hands. You did that, and you got my son clear. It wasn’t exactly how I thought it would go down...but you improvised and looked like a hero to the Department in the bargain. And that’s good for all of us.
(means this)
I’m proud of you, Ryan.

-- EXT. JESSICA'S HOME - NIGHT. Ryan stands before the door. A moment later, Jess opens it. Ryan isn't two steps inside before they begin to kiss. And as Ryan scoops her up and carries her to the bedroom, DISSOLVE TO...

-- EXT. DEAD END ALLEY - NIGHT An ECU shot of Ryan's forgotten SIM CARD laying on the ground. Then, a moment later, a MYSTERIOUS HAND reaches in and picks it up. And as we're left wondering just who the hell found it, CUT TO:

-- INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT. Jessica rolls over in her sleep, reaching out for Ryan...but her arm settles on empty sheets. Ryan isn't there. Where is he? We find out in the next scene, which is:

-- INT. RYAN’S CAR - LATE NIGHT. Ryan is parked. Staring at something through the windshield, he picks up his cellphone and dials. MATCH CUT TO:

-- PEE WEE’S APARTMENT - SAME TIME. As Pee Wee picks up his ringing cellphone.

PEE WEE
Yo.

INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN CAR/PEE WEE AT HOME

RYAN
I think I found something your buddies are looking for.

-- EXT. STRIP CLUB - MINUTES LATER. Carlos exits the club and stumbles drunkenly to his car. He fumbles with the keys and gets in. He puts the key into the ignition, but as he cranks it -- nothing happens. Now he NOTICES the WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT.

CARLOS
How the hell..?

As he stares as the severed wires, unbeknownst to him, we NOTICE Pee Wee and a half-dozen Lords materialize from the dark and surround the car.

After a moment, Carlos looks up and sees that he's surrounded. And then in unison, the Lords sweep their jackets open and draw an array of AUTOMATIC WEAPONRY.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Oh God no NO --

Carlos cries out in fear, but the Lords unload and -- BRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPPP! -- the gunshots cut him off. The vengeful fusillade goes on and on, Carlos's car and body being obliterated by a thousand bullets.

In the end, when all their magazines have been emptied, Carlos slumps dead. And as the Lords melt back into the shadows, PULL BACK across the street...

...to where Ryan sits in his car, having had a front row seat to the whole show. Eventually, he puts his car in gear and heads for home, knowing that nothing will ever be the same again.

And as the MUSIC CRESCENDOES, we --

FADE TO BLACK.