



MATADOR

Episode #101

"Pilot"

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Story by

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K/O PAPER PRODUCTS

PRODUCTION DRAFT
(1-53)

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MATADOR

"Pilot"
PRODUCTION DRAFT
02/05/14

CAST LIST

TONY "MATADOR" BRAVO	---
ANDRÉS GALAN	---
ANNIE MASON	---
NOAH	---
RICKY BRAVO	---
ALEC HOLESTER	---
REYNA FLORES	---
MARITZA REYNOSO	---
JAVI REYNOSO	---
CRISTINA REYNOSO	---
ERNEST MACDONALD	---
DIDI AKINYELE	---
SENNAL GALAN	---
SAMUEL	---
CAESAR ARGUELLO	---
EL ALEMÁN	---
RUBEN COLOCHO	---
GABRIEL	---
JENNIFER "JENNY" SOCCOLO	---
RUDOLF ZUPAN	---
ZU-FAN (ATTACKER)	---
LAFELL	---
SAURIAN	---
MEATHEAD	---
BARTENDER	---
HOSTESS	---
BODYGUARD	---
CLERK	---
ARMED GUARD	---
MYSTERY MAN	---

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

HOTEL EMPERADOR
LOBBY
HALLWAY
ELEVATOR
PENTHOUSE
STAIRWELL

REYNOSO HOUSE
DINING AREA

BLACK SITE

SHOOTING RANGE

CHINO PRISON
VISITATION ROOM

TONY'S APARTMENT

RIOT STADIUM
LOCKER ROOM
GALAN'S OFFICE

PRESS VAN

GALAN VILLA
ENTRYWAY
GYM
STAIRWELL
GUEST BEDROOM
UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

TONY'S CAR

HUT

EXTERIORS

PACIFIC OCEAN

HOTEL EMPERADOR
STREET

EMPTY LOT

EAST LA

REYNOSO HOUSE

RIOT STADIUM
FIELD

GALAN VILLA
GROUNDS
BAR

PRESS VAN

JUNGLE COMPOUND

ACT ONE**1 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY****1**

MUSIC UP: Cypress Hill's Spanish-language version of "Tequila Sunrise" blasts us into a STOCK SHOT, racing along the surface of the ocean and rising up to capture a strip of hotels along the Baja Peninsula.

CHYRON: "ROSARITO BEACH, BAJA CALIFORNIA"

2 INT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - LOBBY - DAY**2**

A beachfront destination for people who like their recreation loud, boozy, and scantily clad. The lobby is packed with half-drunk American kids in swimsuits heading to the bars in town or out to the pool.

CAMERA lands on THREE NEW ARRIVALS as they enter the lobby, mid-twenties, beach casual, travel bags slung over their shoulders, friends, looking to check in...

There's **GABRIEL**, white, loose, with a big smile as he ogles the girls; **RUBEN**, Hispanic, with a fidgety vibe that suggests he'd rather be elsewhere...

And then there's **TONY**, our hero, 26, a layer of facial scruff adding rugged texture to his otherwise boyish good looks. Despite his relaxed vibe, there is a laser focus about Tony as he scans his surroundings... This is a guy with more on his mind than just partying, a guy with a plan.

They're greeted by a **HOSTESS** with a tray of margaritas.

HOSTESS

Welcome to the Emperador. Margarita?

RUBEN

No, I'm good—

GABRIEL

Don't mind if we do.

Gabriel takes two with a smile and holds one out to Ruben.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

It's Spring Break, Ruben.

(insisting)

Loosen up.

(CONTINUED)

2 **CONTINUED:**

2

Duly admonished, Ruben takes it. Tony grabs one of the drinks and takes a pretend sip, going through the motions, then nods Ruben toward reception. Ruben takes the cue and approaches the check-in desk as Tony and Gabriel hang back.

TONY

I don't know if he's up for this.

GABRIEL

Ruben? Couple margaritas, he'll be fine.
(to a passing girl)
Hey baby, on a scale of one to America, how free are you later?

TONY

Subtle.

AT THE CHECK-IN DESK

Ruben steps up to the **CLERK**.

CLERK

Checking in?

RUBEN

Sí. Colocho. Ruben.

The Clerk checks his computer and finds the name. Then puts on a knowing smile, reserved for *special* customers.

CLERK

Señor Colocho, bienvenido de nuevo.

He grabs a couple card keys and hands them to Ruben, as Tony and Gabriel join him.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You'll be in Room 317.

He then comes up with an **ADDITIONAL CARD KEY** from under the desk. This one looks different.

CLERK (CONT'D)

... For the spa.

Our guys look at the key, then exchange knowing looks. A **BELLHOP** comes and starts to reach for Tony's bag. Tony immediately tightens his grip on the bag, weirdly protective.

TONY

Hey, *no gracias*...
(a la "Christmas Story")
Fragile.

(CONTINUED)

2 **CONTINUED:**

2

The Bellhop departs. Gabriel stares at Tony, bemused.

GABRIEL

"Fragile"?

TONY

(so what)

My Spanish is a little rusty.

Let's go.

3 **INT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - DAY**

3

Tony and his guys enter the elevator. Ruben takes the "spa" key and tries to insert it into a card reader on the panel, but his hand is SHAKING. Gabriel and Tony exchange a concerned look. Tony takes the card from Ruben, his hand perfectly still, and inserts it. The "P" for Penthouse button lights up, and they ascend.

TONY

Dinner on me back in LA tonight,
okay? I'm thinking Langer's.

Ruben nods. Tony has a calming influence. Michael Corleone to Ruben's Enzo the Baker. *Ding!* They've arrived. The doors open into—

4 **INT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - PENTHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

4

It opens up right into the suite. The guys are greeted in the entryway by a proud, dapper **BODYGUARD**, 30, Hispanic, slicked hair, creme sports coat over a tee. Takes his job seriously. He holds up his hand: *Stop*.

BODYGUARD

Para.

RUBEN

("He's expecting us.")

Nos está esperando.

Behind the Guard is a **KID**, 20, stocky, neck tats, peach fuzz 'stache. He's here to observe, a Bodyguard-in-training. The Bodyguard points at the travel bags, then to the ground. The guys drop the bags.

The Bodyguard unzips one — it's filled with **BUNDLES OF CASH**. Then the other — same thing. \$100,000 easy. The Bodyguard slides the bags across the floor to the wall.

The Bodyguard then turns back to the trainee, giving pointers.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

BODYGUARD

("No one gets by without a
full check.")

Nadie pasa sin cacheo.

Then turns back to Tony. Sticks his arms out.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

("Arms out.")

Brazos arriba.

GABRIEL

Pretty sure that means he wants to
pat you down.

Gabriel grins. Tony drops his bag and sticks his arms out.
As the Bodyguard frisks him, Tony spots a PISTOL under his coat.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

My friend's language skills leave
something to be desired.

EL ALEMÁN (O.C.)

It's a filthy language anyway.

The Bodyguard steps aside to reveal the man they've to come
see, **EL ALEMÁN** ("The German"). He's a white guy, 40, dark
hair, blue eyes, with just a hint of German accent. He's
draped in an apron in the open kitchen across the suite,
chopping meat off the bone with a cleaver. *Wham.* The
cleaver comes down.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Ruben. Introduce me to your friends.

RUBEN

This is Gabriel. That's Tony.

Having cleared security, they head in. There's meat, bone,
and blood all over the wood-surfaced kitchen island.

EL ALEMÁN

Hope you're hungry. I make my
Bockwurst from scratch—

Wham. The cleaver separates flesh from bone. He throws the
meat in a grinder. Sucks some off his fingers.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

People love it. They say it should be
in stores. So maybe it will. I have
a name, designed a logo...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He grabs an iPad off the counter and punches up an image. Then hands the blood-smearred tablet to Tony. He and the guys look at the phallic company logo: "BestWurst!"

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

A play on words, you see? Food should be fun.

GABRIEL

Hell, I'd buy it.

The German smiles. *Wham.* He throws some more meat in he grinder and sets it to GRIND. The sound is unsettling.

EL ALEMÁN

Let's have a drink.

He leads the guys into the main area, tossing his apron and cleaver on the dining table as he goes. The Bodyguard nods to the Kid, who hurriedly grabs four shot glasses and a bottle of fine tequila and follows them to the couch. He's learning.

El Alemán pours shots and raises it for a toast. Behind him, on the wall: a golden rendition of Gustav Klimt's *Medicine*, a painting thought to be lost in WWII.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Prost.

The German, Gabriel, and Ruben shoot their drinks. Then The German notices that Tony hasn't drunk his.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

You don't want to join us?

TONY

Me and tequila don't really get along so good.

EL ALEMÁN

You've never had tequila like this. Gran Patrón. Five hundred dollars a bottle. I only offer it to certain people.

Gabriel gives Tony a look: *Just indulge the guy.* Tony shoots it, grimaces.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Good, yes? The beer in this country couldn't pass for German piss, but I do love their liquor.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

El Alemán pours another round.

TONY

You get back much? To Europe?

EL ALEMÁN

My family hasn't been back since my Opa came west in 1945. I'm afraid it's not allowed.

They're surprised. The German raises his glass.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Prost.

They drink with him. He fills the glasses again.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

If I don't look properly assimilated, it's by design. My family has kept our bloodline pure.

GABRIEL

Sounds like work.

EL ALEMÁN

Purity, the leaving of things as they were *intended*, is the greatest respect one can pay to their Creator. A pure lineage...

He rises, taking his drink, gesturing to the kitchen—

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Pure sustenance...

Landing at the dining table, where there is a large bag. He unzips it. It's filled with bricks of COCAINE.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

Pure product.

Tony and Gabriel eye it hungrily.

TONY

How pure are we talking about?

EL ALEMÁN

You could cut it with half the lactose in Baja, and no one would care.

Then he closes the bag. This won't be so easy.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

This is a lot more weight than
Ruben usually handles.

TONY

We've got a lot bigger market share.

EL ALEMÁN

Still, you taking it over the
border presents risk to me. I'll
need collateral that ensures you
won't talk if something happens.

He raises his glass.

EL ALEMÁN (CONT'D)

One of you stays until I know the
other has crossed. *Prost.*

He shoots it. Tony and Gabriel exchange a look. Ruben
between them, nerves starting to rattle again.

GABRIEL

... We can't do that.

EL ALEMÁN

I have more tequila. You can help
with the sausage. We'll have Sebby
pull some girls up from the pool.
None of this excites you?

TONY

We're walking.

They head for the elevator with a super-tense Ruben in tow,
but the Bodyguard is there, gun at his side. The guys stop.

Wham.

The cleaver hitting wood. They turn back to see El Alemán,
having slammed the cleaver into the table, indignant.

EL ALEMÁN

Sausage is a two-person job.

The look in his eye verges on unhinged. Ruben starts to crack.

RUBEN

I told you guys... I told you—

TONY

We're fine, Ruben—

(CONTINUED)

4 **CONTINUED:**

4

Ruben appeals to the Bodyguard—

RUBEN

Yo no quería venir—

EL ALEMÁN

ENGLISH!!!

RUBEN

I didn't want to do it—

GABRIEL

Ruben, it's fine—!

RUBEN

It was part of the deal...

And the nickel drops. Deal? El Alemán takes him gently, paternally, by the back of the neck.

EL ALEMÁN

What did you do, Ruben?

RUBEN

... They're DEA.

... and everything goes to SLO-MO, as...

Tony and Gabriel exchange an "oh-fuck" look... El Alemán looks down in front of Ruben, as if saddened, hurt...

Then the action RAMPS BACK to normal speed, and The German BURIES the cleaver in the side of Ruben's head.

Blood sprays. Screams fill the air. Shit goes NUTS—

The Bodyguard turns his gun on Gabriel, but Tony KICKS an ottoman across the floor and takes out his knees, making the shot go low, INTO GABRIEL'S LEG. Then, in a WHIRL OF ACTION:

Gabriel dives for cover... Tony catches the falling Bodyguard and spins him around... The German pulls a hidden PISTOL from under the coffee table and FIRES at Tony... The Bodyguard, now Tony's human shield, takes three bullets IN THE BACK... Tony relieves the Bodyguard of his gun and returns fire...

The German grabs the Kid and puts the gun to his head, using this hostage to back toward the elevator and hits the call button... The Kid quakes... Tony advances slowly...

TONY

Taking your own guy hostage. How's that work?

(CONTINUED)

4 **CONTINUED:**

4

EL ALEMÁN

He's just an intern.

The German SHOTS off part of the Kid's right ear, stopping Tony in his tracks. The elevator doors open. The German continues to hold the Kid in front of him, as he backs in.

GABRIEL

Fucking shoot him!

But Tony can't. The doors close. The car descends. Shit. Tony looks back at Gabriel—

TONY

You okay?

GABRIEL

Go!

Tony BOLTS for the stairs. MUSIC UP as—

5 **INT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - STAIRWELL - DAY**

5

The CHASE begins here, with Tony leaping down the stairs, bounding from one level to the next—

6 **INT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - LOBBY - DAY**

6

A blood-spattered El Alemán HAULS ASS through the lobby, SLAMMING into guests, knocking a complimentary margarita into the face of a 'roided-out fraternity **MEATHEAD**—

Which sends the Meathead into a QUIVERING RAGE—

MEATHEAD

Oh, it's on like LeBron...

Meathead BOLTS AFTER EL ALEMÁN, followed a beat later by—

WHAM! The door to the stairs FLIES open and Tony comes TEARING OUT, gun in hand, hurdling over luggage and dodging patrons as he runs out the entrance—

7 **EXT. HOTEL EMPERADOR - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

7

The German trucks down a narrow street, with the Meathead in pursuit, yelling after him—

MEATHEAD

It's on now!

Bringing up the rear is Tony. As The German cuts through—

8 EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY**8**

The empty lot is one of many in Baja with the vestiges of stalled development. As the three evenly-spaced runners streak across the lot, Tony digs deep and finds a new gear and one thing becomes clear—

Tony is FAST. Like, really fast...

And as he BLOWS PAST the Meathead and closes the gap on The German, a strange thing happens, editorially speaking:

We POP OUT to a HIGH OVERHEAD view of the action — the frame has a vaguely THERMAL, DIGITIZED quality to it, and NUMERIC DATA runs along the top and bottom of the image. As it SNAP-ZOOMS to a closer overhead perspective, we realize we are seeing this through a SATELLITE POV.

We go BACK TO THE ACTION on the ground, where El Alemán FIRES his two remaining SHOTS back at Tony, but HITS the trailing Meathead in the leg. Meathead goes down—

El Alemán tosses his gun and keeps running, but Tony closes the gap and LAUNCHES himself onto his back, taking him to the ground.

They are both EXHAUSTED, barely able to catch their breath. Tony musters all his strength to get on top of The German, pin him with his knees and point his gun in his face, pressing the barrel into his cheek, finger on the trigger. He wants to shoot this guy so bad he can taste it...

... but his hesitation tells The German all he needs to know. He won't shoot. The German grins.

EL ALEMÁN

That's the difference between us...
You have to play by the rules.

Tony looks sick about this — literally — closing his eyes as a wave of nausea washes over him, the tequila—

TONY

I'm sorry...

And he PUKES all over the German.

As El Alemán's SCREAMS of revulsion ring out across the beach, we SMASH TO TITLE:

MATADOR

10 CONTINUED:

10

JAVI

And she made me wait for you before
I could have any, so get in here.

Javi winks at Tony, who just chuckles at his hammy stepdad.
In the minute that we've been here, we sense that Javi has
been a loving husband to Mari and good father to Tony.

TONY

How you been, Jefe?

JAVI

I work, come home, my life is simple.
Not like yours.

Tony shrugs; maybe simple wouldn't be so bad.

TONY

Come on, let's hit the sangria...

11 INT. REYNOSO HOUSE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

11

More music from the radio accompanies their supper.

TONY

(re: Cristina)

I can't believe you're turning
fifteen. How did that happen?

MARITZA

It happened because you work too much.

Tony rolls his eyes; this is familiar terrain.

JAVI

Leave him alone. He does important work.

MARITZA

I just don't understand why he has to
do it twenty-four hours a day, three
months at a time.

TONY

That's the job — you can't be
undercover part time.

MARITZA

(not giving up)

Okay. Well, can you get promoted to an
office maybe? So you can be yourself?

Tony sighs, at a loss. Javi breaks the tie with:

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JAVI

Tony, your mother just worries about you... we all do... but she forgot to say how proud we are.

TONY

I know.

The sweet detente is broken by:

CRISTINA

—So did you kill anybody this time?

Asked without judgement. She looks up to her hero brother.

MARITZA

Mija — what kind of thing is that to ask? He's not allowed to talk about those things, and I don't want to know!

Tony smiles, shakes his head.

TONY

What are you doing this summer, anyway? School's almost out, right?

CRISTINA

(dry)

Oh, summer's going to be super fun. "Helping out" at Dad's office and planning my Mexican Bat Mitzvah...

JAVI

We found a beautiful church—

MARITZA

—and we're hoping your brother can make it if his hearing goes well.

CRISTINA

I wouldn't hold my breath.

JAVI

(stern)

Cris.

CRISTINA

What? You know he's gonna blow it, the way he shoots his mouth off.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

TONY

She's right. Even if he plays it perfect, the odds of getting parole on the first try...

MARITZA

There must be something you can do.

TONY

I've tried... but I just don't have that kind of pull.

MARITZA

He's not built for that place, Tony. He pretends when I talk to him, but he's suffering in there...

Off Tony, taking in her worry—

12 EXT. REYNOSO HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Tony steps out. A tipsy Javi speaks to him from the doorway—

JAVI

You sure I can't drive you home?
It's a long walk.

TONY

It's a mile. And I wouldn't get in a car with you right now if you paid me. Good night, Jefe.

Tony starts down the quiet street. After walking past a couple houses, he frowns, sensing something awry. He stops and pulls out his phone, *pretending* to check it...

And in that moment, he hears distant footsteps behind him stop *just a beat* after his own.

Tony resumes walking, turns a corner and disappears into an alley. CAMERA HOLDS on the dark alley entrance, until...

Moments later, a FIGURE enters the alley, disappearing into the darkness beyond.

CAMERA continues to HOLD on the dark entrance, then—

VIOLENT SFX: CLATTERING metal, falling boxes, a dull METALLIC THUD, as something heavy hits what sounds like the side of a dumpster, then a fleshy SPLAT against the pavement...

CAMERA PUSHES through the darkness to find the GUY face-down on the pavement, Tony with a gun in the guy's ear.

(CONTINUED)

TONY (CONT'D)

You looking for a dance partner?

GUY

What—?

TONY

Our steps were almost in sync back there. If it weren't so creepy, it'd be fun.

GUY

I just want to talk—

Tony SLAMS his face into the ground.

TONY

That's what we're doing—

GUY

(getting pissed now)

Get that thing out of my face—

TONY

You're not in a spot to make demands—

ANNIE (O.S.)

Neither are you.

A gun barrel presses against the back of Tony's head. He slowly turns to see **ANNIE MASON** (30s), a confident, seasoned operator who is entirely comfortable with the gun in her hand. She does not rattle, she talks straight and doesn't suffer bullshit. She is beautiful, but doesn't care. No vanity. Just the job.

TONY

What is this?

The Guy, who we'll come to know as **NOAH**, gets up, brushes himself off. Mad-dogs Tony. It's started bad between these guys and will stay that way.

ANNIE

Come with us. We'll explain everything.

TONY

Who's we?

She badges him. He blanches. We don't see the badge. Tony raises an eyebrow—

TONY (CONT'D)

For real?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ANNIE

Like he said, we want to talk.

Annie produces a black HOOD.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But you're going to have to wear this.

CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK IS *LIFTED* OUT OF THE FRAME TO—

13 INT. BLACK SITE - DAY

13

We're in Tony's POV as the hood is lifted from his head. Annie and Noah stand before us. We are in a conference room with glass walls through which a handful of people can be seen monitoring news channels and communications equipment, keeping abreast of incidents occurring around the world.

TONY

You guys really lean into the cloak-and-dagger thing.

ANNIE

We have to. There are exactly four people in the government who know this division exists.

NOAH

Three.

(off Annie, air quotes)
The "chemical spill"?

ANNIE

Security is paramount. I'm sure you understand.

TONY

Sure, whatever. Why am I here?

Annie punches up images on large monitor: crime scene PHOTOS of a DEAD GUY in an alley, twenties, skinny, white, glasses. Could be an engineer or an I.T. guy. Near the body lies a toppled Vespa scooter, as well as a wallet with its contents splayed about the area. There's BLOOD on and around the body.

ANNIE

Five days ago, this man was killed.

TONY

Yeah. Made to look like a mugging.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

What makes you think it *wasn't*?

TONY

That would mean you brought me here to look at pictures of a mugging.

NOAH

(dry)

That's your seasoned analysis.

TONY

The wounds. Low at the femoral artery, high at the jugular. Goal was max drainage. It was a hit. Guy was probably asking for it, driving that scooter.

Tony smiles, thinks he's funny. Annie and Noah don't.

TONY (CONT'D)

Who was he?

ANNIE

One of our assets. His death has left an intelligence void. That's where you come in.

TONY

Why me?

Annie brings up a VIDEO on the big monitor — a familiar digitized, overhead shot of two men running through an empty lot, numeric data running along the bottom of the frame...

This is the SATELLITE FOOTAGE we glimpsed before, with Tony racing after The German. Tony is incredulous.

TONY (CONT'D)

What the hell...

ANNIE

We can map coordinates on these satellites to the foot, deduce groundspeed to the millisecond. All of which times out to you running a 4-3 forty.

NOAH

This is my favorite part.

On screen, Tony pukes on El Alemán.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Like something out of *The Fly*.

TONY

You want me because I can run fast.

ANNIE

For the job in question, it's a requirement.

Annie puts up new images on the monitor: an assortment of TBD photos/promos/ads of the **LA RIOT**.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Are you a soccer fan?

TONY

This is LA. Is anyone?

ANNIE

You used to play. Even got a scholarship.

TONY

One year at a two-A school, so what? Why are we talking about soccer?

ANNIE

The LA Riot is holding an open tryout. There will be two rounds of evaluations. We only need you to make it past the first.

TONY

Try out for the Riot?
(incredulous)
I'd like a sample of what you're smoking for my guys at the lab.

ANNIE

Again, we're not asking you to make the roster, just to do well enough to advance to the second round.

TONY

Why? What happens then?

ANNIE

That's need-to-know. What I can tell you is the people we're going after make bin Laden look like a freeway tagger.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

TONY

So I guess that analogy is supposed to work on me because I'm Mexican.

NOAH

It's a one-time op. In and out in six weeks. Then you go back to the DEA with a bump to GS11.

Tony considers it. Then stands.

TONY

You can take me back up the rabbit hole now.

ANNIE

Your brother is coming up for parole.

A beat. Tony takes his hood off. Stares daggers at Annie, knows he's being leveraged.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You make the cut, complete the mission... We make sure Ricky comes home.

Tony's eyes narrow, defiant.

TONY

Maybe I don't care what happens to my brother.

ANNIE

That why you replaced his lawyer three times, filed his appeal seven hours after sentencing, and lobbied the commission for early parole?

Off Tony, his defiance giving way to the truth — he'd do anything to get his brother out.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You'll have to lie better than that if you're going to work for us.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**14 INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY****14**

The lights are off. Footfalls echo off the cement floor, as Annie leads Tony past the empty shooting lanes. Across the dark floor, he can see silhouetted targets lining the wall.

ANNIE

How'd it go with your division head?

TONY

Fine. Far as anyone knows, I'm taking a month of accrued paid leave.
(re: location)
Could have saved ourselves a trip.
I'm a crack shot.

ANNIE

You're not here to shoot guns,
Bravo. You're here to shoot goals.

With that, Annie kicks on the lights to reveal: the floor has been covered with ASTROTURF to approximate a soccer field.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

To make it through the first round of tryouts, you'll need to shake off the rust. And quick.

TONY

(amused)
And who's going to train me, you?

ANNIE

Her...

On cue, a door SLAMS, and in walks **JENNIFER "JENNY" SOCCOLO** (30), a stunning beauty in the mold of Alex Morgan. She holds two soccer balls, which dangle beside her — literally holding Tony's balls. Annie clocks Tony's dubious look.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You have a problem taking orders from a woman?

TONY

Not if she's my mother.
(to Jenny, suggestive)
Which you, *definitely*, are not.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

With that, Jenny drops both balls — as they bounce, she traps one expertly under her right foot, pauses, then releases the ball, pivots, and launches a HELLACIOUS KICK that sends the soccer ball flying across the room, bending around Tony's head and SMASHING THE CENTER TARGET RIGHT IN THE CHEST!

ANNIE

Meet Jenny Soccolo, gold medal winner
in Beijing, 2008. And London, 2012.

Tony double-takes, embarrassed that he didn't recognize her.

TONY

Right. She'll do.

MUSIC UP: Virtuoso Latin guitar duo Rodrigo y Gabriela's cover of Metallica's "Orion" takes us into—

15 TRAINING MONTAGE:

15

- Tony defends Jenny, but she skillfully maneuvers past him.

- Tony shows off some offensive moves, but Jenny takes the ball easily.

- Quick POPS of Tony launching and missing shot after shot at the targets.

- ANGLE ON Annie and Noah observing from a shooting lane. Noah gives Annie a look: *You're kidding with this guy, right?*

- Tony runs a "quick ladder," then sprints for a long kick from Jenny. He does this again and again, until... He ends up on his hands and knees, sucking wind. Jenny kneels by him.

JENNY

Are you going to puke? I heard
that was kind of your thing.

Tony shoots her a glare, gets up, goes again—

(Note: MUSIC CONTINUES through all of the following Prison/Training sequence.)

16 INT. CHINO PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

16

Tony sits at a glass divider as his baby-faced half-brother RICKY (22) sits on the other side. His LIP IS SPLIT, and there are faded BRUISES around his eye. He clocks Tony's reaction.

RICKY

It's not nice to stare.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Ricky grins, equal parts cynical little punk who blames the world for everything and a sharp young mind with a hidden good-natured-ness that runs through the Bravo family.

TONY

Jesus, Ricky... You gotta learn how to keep your head down in here.

RICKY

Right. 'Cause it's my fault dudes can't take "no" for an answer.

TONY

You mean...
(leans in, quieter)
... guys trying to get on you?

RICKY

Hell, no. Sets, bro. They're all about the recruiting. You're supposed to know gang stuff, big DEA soldier and all—

Tony gives him a "shut-up" look, looks around to make sure no one heard.

TONY

You just need to lay low 'til your parole hearing.

RICKY

Like that's gonna bear any fruit.

TONY

You should try being more positive.

RICKY

Come on, no one makes first cut, you know that.

TONY

(shrugs)
You never know.

Off Ricky, sensing that there's something Tony isn't saying—

JENNY (V.O.)

During the tryout, you'll scrimmage against the Riot's first-teamers...

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**18**

Jenny throws down a FILE with photos and stats of **ALEC HOLESTER**, 37, blonde, handsome, cocky as hell.

JENNY

Alec Holester is their striker.
Eight goals playing for England in
the last World Cup...

FLASHCUT TO:

A shot of Holester in a game situation, HEADING the ball into the goal...

JENNY (V.O.)

He's past his prime, but don't tell
him that. Big talent, bigger ego.

... then celebrating by taking his shirt off, licking his fingertips and massaging his nipples for the fans. FREEZE THE FRAME there and STAMP the TITLE in a cool font: "HOLESTER".

BACK WITH JENNY, who throws down another file, this one of a baby-faced Hispanic player, **CAESAR ARGUELLO**, 24.

JENNY

Caesar Arguello was a dancer before
he got into soccer, and it shows...

FLASHCUT TO:

A shot of Caesar effortlessly flipping the ball over the head of a defender, then picking it up on the other side. He dribbles down the field, then gracefully LEAPS over a sliding defender. FREEZE FRAME on airborne Caesar with the TITLE: "CAESAR".

BACK WITH JENNY, who mimics a few tricks. Tony struggles to defend against them.

JENNY (V.O.)

You've played the game, it's like
poker... Players have tells.
Spotting one can give you a split-
second advantage...

19 INT. CHINO PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY**19**

Resuming with Tony and Ricky. Ricky grins—

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

RICKY

If by some miracle I do get out of here, you looking to hook me up with a job working for the man?

TONY

Actually, I'm looking to make a move.

Ricky raises an eyebrow, surprised.

TONY (CONT'D)

... I'm trying out for an open spot on the LA Riot.

RICKY

Like for what, the mascot?

TONY

I know... It's a long shot.

RICKY

You should try being more positive.

Tony smiles, finally. Ricky, too.

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

21

Jenny throws a final file down in front of Tony, this one with a picture of a giant defender, **RUDOLF "THE BULL" ZUPAN**, a scowling, bald Croatian with a goatee braided into two hairy stalactites on either side of his chin.

JENNY (V.O.)

The Riot's main enforcer is Rudolf Zupan, a.k.a. "The Bull"...

FLASHCUT TO:

A shot of Zupan KNOCKING opponents on their asses.

JENNY (V.O.)

The most booked player in the MLS, seven red cards. But he gets his opponents booked just as often. So don't let him get into your head.

BACK WITH JENNY, as Tony advances with the ball. Jenny fouls him **HARD**, like Zupan would, and takes the ball away. Tony gets **PISSED** and runs after her... but he over-pursues, which allows Jenny to easily outmaneuver him and score. Fail.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

JENNY

Your temper is your Achilles' heel.

TONY

I call it playing with passion.

JENNY

It's a liability. This game is about precision and control. That's what the Riot coaches are looking for.

Tony nods his head, sobered by the rebuke.

TONY

Let's go again...

22 INT. CHINO PRISON - VISITATION ROOM - DAY

22

RICKY

So what brought this on?

TONY

(practicing his act)

Ah, you know, I'm not getting any younger. I gotta follow my dream.

RICKY

Sounds like a mid-life crisis to me. Or whatever it's called when a dude your age gets all jittery.

Tony takes a breath; his cover isn't convincing even to him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Just playin'. Anything's better than being a pawn in the police state.

Ricky looks around, makes sure no one is listening...

RICKY (CONT'D)

You know who owns the Riot, right? Andrés Galan.

TONY

Yeah, made a fortune in telecom.

RICKY

That's just the tip of the iceberg.

TONY

If this is going to be another conspiracy rant, save it for Christmas. It's such a nice tradition—

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:**22**

RICKY

Right, cuz robbing the country to
 bail out Wall Street, NSA spying
 through the phone company, drone
 assassinations of American citizens
 — none of those things happened.

Tony sighs and leans back; once Ricky gets going...

RICKY (CONT'D)

Way I hear it, Galan's a key player in
 establishing a one-world government.
 The New World Order, man. Heavy shit.

TONY

It's a soccer team, Ricky.

RICKY

(smile and a shrug)

Is it? Either way, I hope you make
 it, Mano.

23 INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**23**

Tony going against Jenny one last time. She's pulling out
 all the tricks. Tony plays with a controlled intensity now.

Then the bookend moment: Tony finally takes the ball from
 Jenny and sends a booming, bending shot across the range.
 It strikes a target dead center.

MUSIC/MONTAGE ENDS.

24 EXT. RIOT STADIUM - DAY**24**

A crowd of loyal fans has gathered in the bleachers, among
 them Annie and Noah. In PRELAP we hear:

DIDI (O.S.)

There is a saying in my country:
 When a dying man cries, it is not
 because of where he is going...

25 INT. RIOT STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY**25**

We find Tony lined up alongside other wide-eyed hopefuls,
 being addressed by Assistant Head Coach **DIDI AKINYELE**, 40s,
 Nigerian, with Zen wisdom and a dry wit.

DIDI

But because of what he wishes he had
 done in the world he is leaving behind.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

An EQUIPMENT MANAGER passes out Riot AWAY KITS.

DIDI (CONT'D)

Change into your kits, warm yourselves up, and then lay it all on the pitch. Do not leave here with regret in your heart.

It's a sentiment that seems to strike a chord in Tony. As he and the others get into uniform—

26 INT. RIOT STADIUM - GALAN'S OFFICE - DAY

26

LA Riot owner **ANDRÉS GALAN**, 50s, enters his spacious office, with a view of the field below, to find his cute, bag-of-trouble daughter, **SENNA**, 20, sitting at his desk, looking over résumés and headshots of the players who are here for the tryout.

GALAN

See any talent in there?

SENNA

Oh, it's all talent.

Galan shakes his head.

GALAN

You can look, but don't touch.

SENNA

(smiles, unfazed)

Come on, Dad. These are driven, healthy, upwardly mobile young men with good genes and bright futures. Some of them even went to college.

GALAN

What you don't seem to grasp is that not only am I the owner of this team, I'm the General Manager. It's important that I both command respect and instill fear. I can't afford to have any of those boys thinking they're getting over on me. So do not test me, or I'll redraft my will faster than your chones can hit the floor.

SENNA

You don't know me very well, do you Daddy? I haven't worn underwear since grade school.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GALAN

Why are you here, Senna? I thought you had band practice.

He says "band practice" in a way that makes clear that he thinks she's wasting her time.

SENNA

Rates for studio time are going through the roof.

Galan gives her a few hundreds from his wallet. Senna pecks him on the cheek, then exits, passing **SAMUEL** on his way in—

SENNA (CONT'D)

Creepy's here.

Samuel, 23, is Asian, with bleached hair, a pierced eyebrow, and a general quasi-punk-rock aesthetic that seems out of step with Galan's world.

He closes the door and joins Galan, who turns to a safe within the credenza behind his desk and begins to open it.

The safe CLICKS open. From inside he produces a SMALL SACHEL. It's like a laptop bag, but this one has a little digital readout built into it — a THERMOSTAT. The contents are being temperature-regulated. But for what?

Samuel looks inside, but its contents remain unseen to us—

SAMUEL

Is this all of them?

GALAN

There may be a few more, depending on how things play out. I'll be sure you have them before takeoff.

As we are left to wonder what exactly this bag holds, we hear in PRELAP: the sustained blow of a WHISTLE—

27 EXT. RIOT STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

27

Belonging to **COACH ERNEST MACDONALD**. As a batch of hopefuls are waved off the field by Didi, MacDonald consults his clipboard—

MACDONALD

Mapson, Ritchie, Wieck, Bravo. You're up!

Tony locks eyes with Annie in the stands and nods before running into position mid-field.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MUSIC over VARIOUS POPS of Tony trying to get into the action... He struggles to get the ball, loses out on a header, over-pursues while on defense, makes a bad pass...

Finally, Tony takes a long pass off his chest and, seeing daylight, drives toward the goal...

He gets behind the defense, but takes one touch too many before — WHOOSH — Zupan comes flying into frame, using his size to KNOCK Tony off the ball and on his ass.

Tony looks around, dazed and angry, knowing he missed a huge opportunity there.

IN THE STANDS, a smug Noah turns to Annie...

NOAH
He's a disaster.

Annie ignores this, keeps her eyes on the pitch, where—

Holester is dribbling across mid-field, making guys look inept. Until Tony catches up to him and forces a stop.

Holester smiles wryly at him as they square off, but Tony's done his homework. Bring it.

The action SLOWS as Holester executes his signature move, a Cruyff Turn... But Tony's not fooled. He deftly picks his pocket by flicking the ball through Holester's own legs.

RESUME SPEED as Tony pulls himself around Holester, wins the ball and takes off down the field...

ON DIDI, raising an eyebrow at this move, intrigued.

ON ANNIE, who can't help but cheer on Tony as he jukes defenders and heads toward the goal...

But as Tony outmaneuvers a final defender and creates a scoring lane...

WHAM! He's SLAMMED to the ground — by Zupan — a flagrant FOUL that goes uncalled.

Tony quickly picks himself off the pitch, fuming...

He HAULS ASS after Zupan, ambient sound BLEEDS OUT until we hear only Tony's BREATHING... and this is when we see that breathtaking CLOSING SPEED we saw on the beach in Mexico...

Didi shoots a look to MacDonald, impressed—

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

DIDI

That one can fly...

Tony charges forward on a good angle, but on his face we can see it's not passion that's fueling this run... it's RAGE.

He closes on Zupan near the penalty box, and again the action SLOWS as he LAUNCHES into a hard SLIDE TACKLE that POKES the ball away and SWIPES Zupan's legs out from under him, knocking him flat on his ass HARD. Tou-fucking-ché.

A wave of shock goes through the crowd... *oh fuck*. A FUMING Zupan POUNDS the pitch with his fist... and goddamn if the ground doesn't SHAKE.

As other players circle around to watch, Zupan slowly rises, blocking out the sun like Frankenstein's fucking monster. He stares hot Croatian daggers at Tony.

Tony takes a step back. Uh...

TONY

Two guys in the heat of battle, right—

Zupan runs screaming, straight at Tony, and the action SLOWS... as Zupan COCKS BACK his mammoth fist to deliver a giant haymaker...

Reacting with the same badass instinct he showed in Rosarito, Tony SPINS, lightning-quick, parrying one blow, then another, finally KICKING out Zupan's knee, HYPER-EXTENDING it with a sickening CRUNCH.

RESUME speed as Zupan falls, screaming, grabbing his leg in anguish.

Players and coaches react and crowd around the ailing Zupan, some of them look ill, others somber... As Didi waves over the medical staff, MacDonald throws his clipboard in a rage...

ANGLE ON Annie and Noah reacting from the stands... Shit, did Tony just blow it?

Off Tony, he certainly thinks so—

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**28 INT. RIOT STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY****28**

A muddy, exhausted Tony enters. He pulls off his gear and tosses it on the floor, disgusted with himself. He notices a couple of the players giving him dirty looks. He scans the room — it's not just those players, it's all of them.

A smug Holester approaches and claps him on the back.

HOLESTER

You make an impression, I'll give you that. Might have tried doing it without bugging our whole season.

TONY

He came at me.

HOLESTER

The guys in this locker room get that. We're all professionals here.

Tony nods; maybe Holester isn't so bad.

HOLESTER (CONT'D)

It's the ones out there you need to worry about.

Holester gestures to the outside. Off Tony—

HOLESTER (CONT'D)

Rudy has some rather passionate fans. Followed him from whatever Slav island birthed him. Fucking barbarians, they are.

TONY

What's their deal?

HOLESTER

They ate a guy once.
(off Tony)

A ref. Red-carded Rudy in a tight match. Cops found the poor bastard the next morning. Hands gnawed to the nubs. Nose chewed up. Had an eye missing. Best they could tell, it'd been sucked out of his head. Might have thought it was an animal attack, but for the numbers carved into his chest. A four...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:**28**

Holester nods at a locker across the room. The name along the top: "Zupan." The number: 45.

HOLESTER (CONT'D)
... and a five.

Tony stares at the locker; can this possibly be true? Before he can question it, Coach MacDonald exits his office with Didi. All eyes go to them.

MACDONALD
We talked to the hospital. Prognosis on Rudy is four months. ACL, MCL, hairline patella fracture.

The room sinks. More daggers at Tony.

MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Someone's going to have to step up, fill those size-17 shoes.

He nods at Didi and heads out.

DIDI
Three of you will be moving on to the next round. If we call your name, hit the showers and report to the team doctor for a physical—

MacDonald stops, turns back, less than enthusiastic—

MACDONALD
And get a tux. You'll join the team at Mr. Galan's house this weekend for what will no doubt be a tasteless display of wealth at the annual kick-off party.

MacDonald leaves. Didi reads from notes.

DIDI
LaFell, Saurian, Bravo, you're in.

The crowd reacts. The two cocky players from the tryout, **LAFELL** and **SAURIAN**, high-five — they made it.

Tony stands still, frozen in the moment... Feeling for that moment like a kid again. Taken back in time to when he dreamed of playing professional sport. He made it.

He slams his fist against the locker in excitement. Off Didi, watching his promising recruit—

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

THE BLACK IS *LIFTED* OFF TO—

29 INT. BLACK SITE - MORNING

29

The hood is taken off of Tony's head. In his POV, he is again bracketed by Annie and Noah. Tony is smiling.

TONY

Not bad, right? Anyone want an autograph?

He realizes Annie is not smiling.

ANNIE

What you pulled with Zupan could have jeopardized this entire op.

TONY

A man's entitled to stand his ground. Ask Florida.

ANNIE

You aren't entitled to anything.
Not as long as you work for me.

Her tone is searing. Tony raises his eyebrows. Jeesh.

TONY

Fine, let's talk about Andrés Galan.
(off looks)
He's the one you're after, right?

Annie and Noah exchange a look.

ANNIE

No one told you that.

TONY

Didn't have to. The dead guy with the unfortunate scooter was an employee of Galan's UnaFónica, now he's dead. Those two things aren't unrelated.
(off looks)
I'm a cop, remember? I did some digging.

Annie doesn't like Tony being ahead of her, but she continues the briefing.

ANNIE

Five months ago UnaFónica launched a communications satellite. On its face, that's not suspicious.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ANNIE (CONT'D)

They have several in orbit, but he's kept this one off the books. We suspect it's being used to facilitate transmissions between members of an international syndicate that's had influence in everything: the BP oil spill, the Dubai debt standstill, and various silent coup d'etats: Thailand in '06, Mali in '09, to name a few.

Tony chuckles to himself.

NOAH

Something funny?

TONY

It's my brother... It's nothing.

ANNIE

Needless to say, we have a keen interest in any citizen supporting high-level, private communications with foreign parties.

TONY

You can get me puking on a third-generation Nazi from a hundred miles up, but you can't find a way to tap a phone call?

ANNIE

Not without knowing the frequency sequence they're using.

Tony looks lost.

NOAH

Before our asset was killed, he found out the system employs frequency-hopping to avoid interception. As a security measure, the hopping sequence is rotated every two months, then disseminated to representatives.

ANNIE

One of whom is this man...

She puts a photo up on the big screen.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Gleb Vialiki. A diplomat from the Belarus Embassy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Who also happens to be on the invite list to the party at Galan's very secure estate.

TONY

And now so am I...
(off nod)
So you think that's where they'll make the exchange.

We INTERCUT with an IMAGINED FLASH-FORWARD: Galan is in his luxurious home office with the *DIPLOMAT*, portly, a literal fat cat. He *UPLOADS* the schedule to the Diplomat's *TABLET*.

ANNIE

That's right. You'll locate Vialiki, access his secure tablet and copy the sequence without being detected.

TONY

Because that'll be easy.

ANNIE

Vialiki's diabetic. A high dose of insulin slipped into his drink will prompt insulin shock and incapacitate him, giving you a window to access the data.

NOAH

Should you be exposed, you'll be on your own. We won't risk revealing ourselves to save you. So don't get caught, tough guy.

Off Tony, in over his head—

ANNIE

Now let's get you into wardrobe.

30 INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

30

There's a TUX laid out on Tony's bed, as Tony steps out of his bathroom, freshly showered, towel around his waist.

He approaches the bed, passing by a dresser with a small array of framed photos on it — Maritza, Cristina, Javi. Also, an older, smaller photo of a BEAMING 5-YEAR-OLD TONY sitting on the shoulders of a Hispanic man in a soccer uniform. Not a pro, but some kind of club player.

The player is also smiling... the paternal affection is unmistakable. This is Tony's real father.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

There's a KNOCK at the door. He goes into the other room and pulls open the door...

It's Javi. He holds up a bottle of wine and smiles.

JAVI

I hear congratulations are in order.

TONY

Jefe...

He'd like to invite him in, but—

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm just on my way out. There's this party...

JAVI

Oh... I should have called.

TONY

It's okay, there's really nothing to celebrate anyway. It's not like I made the actual team.

JAVI

You're doing what you always wanted.

TONY

I don't know about that.

JAVI

It's in your blood... You know.

Javi's still smiling, but there's something sad and fragile just beneath it, an ever-present hope that his adopted son might one day stop thinking of himself that way.

JAVI (CONT'D)

I would never want you to think I didn't want this for you.

Tony nods; he knows. Javi smiles, hands him the wine.

JAVI (CONT'D)

Have fun tonight.

Javi takes off. Tony closes the door and goes back into his bedroom. He goes to the dresser, where he picks up a photo — that photo of him and his biological father, the soccer player. He looks at it... and smiles.

31 EXT. GALAN'S MALIBU VILLA - NIGHT**31**

In a word, SWANK. Limos, skylights, paparazzi, even a press helicopter overhead... an event. At the entrance, security is tight. Galan's people check guests against a list and WAND everyone before they enter. The media is all over the front, among them **REYNA FLORES**, 29, who is doing a REMOTE. Sharp, ambitious, fit, and an ex-college player herself, she's as passionate about the game as she is her career trajectory.

REYNA

The stars are out tonight for the LA Riot's 2014 kick-off party. And there is reason to celebrate. Only four years after founding the MLS's newest expansion team, Riot owner Andrés Galan saw his team finish in the top half of the table. But a pall has been cast over tonight's proceedings by the loss of star defender, Rudy Zupan...

ANGLE TONY, pulling up to the limo-saturated valet area in his fish-out-of-water, perpetually half-finished project car, a 1970 Hemi 'Cuda. He gets out in a TUX. Cleans up nice. But it still seems forced. A VALET gives him a ticket.

Tony looks up at the house with awe.

TONY

Fuck me...

Then a VOICE in Tony's ear brings him back to Earth—

NOAH (V.O.)

Say again, didn't catch that.

32 EXT/INT. PRESS VAN - INTERCUTTING**32**

Noah's checking in from the back of a press van outside the premises. Seated alongside him is a TECH who handles the comms and data intercepts.

NOAH

Everything okay out there?

TONY

Yeah, good. Heading in.

As Tony nears the entrance, he stops, seeing a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN across the street on a promontory, looking out at the ocean, haloed by the moon, her back to us. A vision. And now Annie's voice comes across his earpiece—

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ANNIE (V.O.)
Enjoying the view?

The woman turns... It's Annie. She looks AMAZING. Tony reels.

TONY
... What are you doing here?

ANNIE
I'm your plus-one. You didn't think
we'd trust you to do this alone?

She slips her arm into his. As they clear security together—

33 EXT. GALAN VILLA - GROUNDS - NIGHT

33

Tony and Annie move through the party. High-money trappings, no expense spared. LA celebrity cameos. A drunk Yasiel Puig demos kung-fu moves for increasingly frightened onlookers. Tony spots a couple players from the Riot amongst the crowd.

Annie leans into Tony, keeping up the ruse of a couple, whispering in his ear...

ANNIE
Six o'clock.

Tony follows her gaze to see **VIALIKI** and Galan exiting Galan's house together. Galan shakes Vialiki's hand and sends him off into the party with what looks to be a paid escort.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Let's see if he'll let me buy him a
drink.

She leaves Tony and passes by Holester, who is approaching with a gorgeous girl on each arm. Holester clocks Annie.

HOLESTER
Date run off on you already?
Borrow one of mine.

TONY
I'm good.

HOLESTER
You should really seize the moment,
Bravo. Come the next round, your
life goes back to... your life.

Cocky fucker gives a sad smile, then departs with his dates.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MACDONALD (O.C.)

He's an amazing talent, and a fecal human being.

Tony turns to see MacDonald, nursing a Bushmills. Ornerly.

TONY

People can change, right?

MACDONALD

Within reason. But when you're a star, there's no incentive to change. Roman Polanski raped a 13-year-old in a Jacuzzi and got an Oscar. The world's a sewer.

Tony's not sure where to go with that, so...

TONY

I just want to say thanks. For the opportunity.

MACDONALD

Thank Didi. You were his idea.

MacDonald spots Galan coming through the crowd towards them, glad-handing along the way.

GALAN

Ernest, I trust you're enjoying the party.

MACDONALD

You know me. I live for parties. This is a new recruit, Tony Bravo.

GALAN

Ah, yes... When I hear the guy who knocked out Zupan gets advanced to the second round, I wonder if my coaches aren't secretly on the Sounders' payroll.

TONY

For the record, it was an accident.

GALAN

An expensive one. I'm paying Zupan \$5 million a year.

TONY

With the insurance you have on a guy like that, I figure you'll probably come out ahead.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:**33**

MacDonald nearly smiles. Galan just kind of stares through him, not sure what to make of this kid.

GALAN

Well, someone seems to think you have talent. Unfortunately, this is LA. I need more than talent... I need stars.

As he leaves, MacDonald downs his Bushmills.

MACDONALD

Don't get comfortable.

34 EXT. GALAN VILLA - BAR - NIGHT**34**

Annie makes her way through the throng, spots Vialiki chatting up a leggy brunette. Annie clocks his DRINK on the bar and the mini-tablet BULGE in his pocket. It appears to be tethered to his belt with a cable lock.

Annie knifes through the crowd and — in one impressive swirl of motion — (1) grabs a flute of champagne off a server's tray, (2) drops her purse on the bar on one side of Vialiki, (3) moves past him to a spot at the bar just on his other side, and (4) turns to Vialiki, leaning up against him...

ANNIE

Excuse me, could you grab that purse...

She points across his body to the bag, then as he goes to grab it for her, she retracts her pointing hand over his drink, DOSING IT with crystals hidden in her hand. He hands her the purse.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much. Cheers.

She holds up her champagne. He holds up his drink. They sip. She smiles and heads away from the bar, talking softly—

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Candy's in the jar, folks.

ANGLE TONY

TONY

Keep me apprised.

... as he lands at the bar, where he's greeted by the BARTENDER, Hispanic, 60s.

BARTENDER

What can I get you, sir?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

I'm a beer guy, but I feel like this party calls for something special. No tequila, though. Got any ideas?

BARTENDER

I might.

The Bartender smiles and goes to prepare his drink. Senna sidles up to Tony, fashion-forward, a sophisticated 20.

SENNA

Congratulations.

TONY

Thanks...

SENNA

Senna. Your boss is my dad.

TONY

Ah... He's not my boss. I'm just trying out. The odds of me actually making the team are... not great.

SENNA

Maybe I could put in a good word.

TONY

You don't even know me.

SENNA

I know you sent Rudy Zupan off the field on a gurney. Pretty impressive. So was that your girlfriend you came with?

TONY

Ah... no, just a friend...
(changing subject)
So what do you do?

SENNA

I'm a singer. In a band. We play around town.

TONY

Would I have heard of you guys?

SENNA

Not yet, but keep an eye out for "Wet Reckless". Almost done with our first album.

(CONTINUED)

34 **CONTINUED:**

34

The Bartender arrives with Tony's drink.

BARTENDER

Here you are, sir. Four parts Old Tom Gin, one part dry vermouth, one part sweet vermouth, a dash of bitters... A *Martinez*.

TONY

(taking it)
Martinez...

BARTENDER

Forerunner to the Martini. I'd say it's time for a comeback.

(Note: This will be Tony's drink in the series. As Bond had the Martini... Matador will have the Martinez.)

Tony takes a sip and cringes at the taste as any beer-only guy would. But then he tries another... not so bad.

He turns with his fancy drink to see that Senna is now being chatted up by the two cocky recruits, LaFell and Saurian. Annie's VOICE in his earpiece snaps him out of it.

ANNIE (V.O.)

You got eyes on Vialiki? T-minus sixty to sugar crash...

Tony looks out over the crowd and spots Vialiki heading for Galan's house, looking ill. He disappears into the house. Tony goes after him, entering—

35 **INT. GALAN VILLA - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

35

Tony enters a large entryway and stops. There's no sign of Vialiki. Tony turns, and... *WHAM!*

He's knocked to the floor with an uncertain weapon by an uncertain assailant. From Tony's prone, *DAZED POV*, a blurry figure in backlight *DRAGS* us along the floor...

We cut back to an *OBJECTIVE ANGLE* just in time to see Tony's legs being dragged through an open doorway and the door *SLAMMING* closed.

Oh shit. Looks like Tony's been made.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

36 INT. GALAN VILLA - GYM - NIGHT

36

Still dazed, Tony finds himself being tied to a Nautilus machine pull-up bar. As his **ATTACKER** steps back and comes into focus, we see him more clearly: buzzed hair, angular face, intense eyes. Must be security.

ATTACKER

You are brazen, coming here.

TONY

I was just looking for the bathroom.

ATTACKER

And instead you found hell.

Tony frowns, the man has an Eastern European accent.

TONY

You aren't security...

ATTACKER

I will show you what I am.

The man begins unbuttoning his shirt.

TONY

Uh, yeah... So, no judgement, but bondage really isn't my sp...

His voice trails off, as the Attacker removes his shirt to REVEAL: A huge TATTOO of a BULL'S HEAD on his chest, with an artistic number "45" on its forehead. Tony's eyes go wide...

TONY (CONT'D)

Zupan...

As the man steps to Tony, Tony yanks fruitlessly at his restraints. **ZU-FAN** clasps Tony's jaw with his meaty hand, holding his head still.

ZU-FAN

How do you say, again? Oh, yes.
An eye for an eye...

Zu-Fan's face moves closer and closer to Tony's. His lips part as he places his mouth over Tony's left eye socket...

Tony looks confused and scared. As Zu-Fan commences Hoovering his eyeball, Tony howls from the pain, then—

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

WHAM! Zu-fan's head SNAPS sideways, and he drops like a rock.

REVEAL: Annie standing behind him, wielding a magnum of champagne. As she unties Tony—

ANNIE

What the hell was that about?

TONY

I'd rather not talk about it.

As they head out—

37 INT. GALAN VILLA - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

37

Vialiki reaches the top of the stairs, looking very ill by this point. An **ARMED GUARD** on the landing recognizes him and lets him pass, pointing to a bathroom.

PULL BACK to: Tony and Annie watching. Shit, armed guard.

Annie pulls at the seam of her dress and tears it.

TONY

What are you doing?

ANNIE

Improvising. Wait for an opening.

She musses her hair a bit, grabs a half-drunk flute of champagne from a nearby table and crosses to the stairs. She then wobbles up towards the guard, faux-drunk—

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Batman. Don't suppose you have a sewing kit on that utility belt of yours...

Annie flashes some side-boob through the tear in her dress.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Having a little wardrobe malfunction here.

As the Armed Guard moves downstairs, CAMERA lowers down past the railing to reveal TONY underneath...

He waits a beat, then hops — Parkour-style — up the side of bookcase, jumping high enough to catch the stair rail and flip himself onto the landing, unseen.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:**37**

He crosses to the closed bathroom door and knocks. No answer. He then looks under the crack in the door, spots the figure of Vialiki lying on the ground, unmoving.

TONY

Target's down. I'm going in.

38 INT. PRESS VAN - INTERCUTTING**38**

Noah nods to his Tech to get ready.

NOAH (O.S.)

Copy. Standing by.

BACK with Tony — he pulls out his cell phone. Hidden in its cover is a LOCK PICK, but as Tony starts on the lock, a short scream from down hall grabs his attention...

Through a doorway to one of the guest rooms, Tony sees young Senna with the two cocky players who made the second round, LaFell and Saurian. One of them PUSHES Senna down on the bed, hard. She tries to get up, but she's pushed down again.

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you in? Do you have the tablet?

TONY

I've got another issue. Looks like Galan's daughter is in a spot.

NOAH (O.S.)

You're not there to babysit, Bravo. Finish the job.

Tony looks at the bathroom door, then back at the rapey scenario unfolding down the hall...

NOAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bravo...? Bravo?!

Fuck it. Tony pockets his earwig and heads after Senna...

He reaches the bedroom door, but before he can enter, he sees the Armed Guard returning to his post on the staircase. Shit.

39 EXT. GALAN VILLA - NIGHT**39**

The Armed Guard passes by a window, and we pan over to REVEAL Tony now precariously perched on a narrow ledge...

As he scoots toward a nearby balcony—

40 INT. GALAN VILLA - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**40**

French doors EXPLODE open as Tony emerges from the balcony to see Senna on the bed, her top pulled half-off, struggling under the weight of LaFell, who pulls a fistful of her hair violently while hissing into her ear—

LAFELL

You like that, little rich girl?

Saurian is filming it all on his iPhone. Seedy stuff—

Tony appears IN THE VIEW SCREEN of the phone, and before Saurian can react, Tony's fist flies straight at CAMERA, shattering the phone against his face and sending him flying. LaFell gets up off of Senna, comes at Tony—

LAFELL (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing—

WHAM! Tony HEADBUTTS him into unconsciousness.

TONY

Working on my header.

Tony continues to the room's other door and cracks it and sees TWO ARMED GUARDS heading his way. He closes the door and turns back, only to be SLAPPED across the face by Senna.

TONY (CONT'D)

Not the "thank you" I was expecting.

SENNA

Thank you? I'm trying to get laid here.

TONY

But... they were attacking you.

SENNA

What can I say, I like to play rough.

She then looks down at the trounced would-be lovers, then up at Tony with a seductive smile.

SENNA (CONT'D)

Looks like you do, too.

TONY

Wow. Okay, so... in four seconds, Daddy's security will be coming through that door. If I were you... I'd go with my version of events.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

With that, Tony disappears out over the balcony like Batman.

41 INT. GALAN VILLA - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

41

Tony slips inside the window. Luckily, the Diplomat is still passed out on the floor. Tony puts his EARWIG back in, then—

TONY

Okay, I'm with the target.

NOAH (O.S.)

About time. Where did you go?

Tony pulls out the Diplomat's tablet. He then pulls out a TRANSMITTING DEVICE with a USB connector—

TONY

I've got the tablet, plugging in now...

NOAH (O.S.)

Hard start it after you connect.
We'll do the rest.

Now there's a knock at the door. Tony turns: *Shit.*

He reboots the tablet. The transmitter LIGHTS UP and then a pulsing "transfer" graphic appears on the tablet.

More KNOCKING on the door. And louder.

ARMED GUARD (O.C.)

Everything alright in there?

The doorknob begins to jiggle, but stays locked. Tony's eyes dart back and forth between the knob and the tablet...

NOAH (O.S.)

We're downloading now. Hang tight.

More jiggling and knocking.

ARMED GUARD (O.C.)

Mr. Vialiki?

Tony has to stall. Surprisingly, he busts out some Russian—

TONY

("I'm fine. Thanks, my friend.")
Hara-sho spa-ciba, moy drook.

Finally, the transmitter FLASHES and the tablet returns to its home screen.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

WITH NOAH as he waits for his tech to give the nod.

NOAH

We're good. Stick him and get out of there.

Quick and tight: Tony produces a syringe (glucagon hormone), pulls off the cap with his teeth, flicks the needle, plunges the air out, and finally jabs it into the Diplomat's thigh.

The Diplomat eyes POP open, but as he sits up, he finds himself alone in the room. Tony's gone.

42 EXT. GALAN VILLA - BAR - NIGHT

42

Galan is at the bar, chatting up some power brokers, when Reyna sidles up to him.

REYNA

Evening, Andrés. Amazing party as always.

GALAN

Thank you, Ms. Flores. Can I offer you a sound bite? A prediction, perhaps?

REYNA

Actually, I have something for you.

And now Reyna switches to Spanish, her tone confidential.

REYNA (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

It's about your new walk-on, Tony Bravo. There's something you should know...

Oh shit. Did she find out Tony's former DEA?

GALAN (SUBTITLE)

What is it?

REYNA (SUBTITLE)

See for yourself.

She plays a YOUTUBE VIDEO on her iPad for Galan. It's a video of Tony shattering Zupan's leg during their fight.

REYNA (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Forget the content, look...

She points to the "VIEWS" tally: 1,036,357, and goes back to speaking English.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:**42**

REYNA (CONT'D)

Over a million hits in the last six hours. It's gone viral. He's trending top five on Twitter.

(off his look)

They're calling him "Matador" because he speared "The Bull."

Galan looks intrigued, sees dollar signs...

GALAN

Has a nice ring to it.

REYNA

So where is El Matador now?

43 INT. TONY'S CAR - NIGHT**43**

Where we find Tony and Annie speeding down, away from Galan's mansion, feeling the rush of a successful mission.

ANNIE

So no Spanish, but put a gun to your head you're suddenly conversant in Russian.

TONY

Spent six months on a task force targeting a Ukrainian outfit in Echo Park. Picked up a few phrases.

ANNIE

Not bad.

She holds his gaze for a charged moment, then turns back to the road. That's as close to a compliment as he's going to get from her. For now.

TRANSITION TO:

44 INT. REYNOSO HOUSE - MORNING**44**

Maritza's serves breakfast to Cristina, who's on her iPad at the table. She shows the screen to her mom — an image of a DRESS at a chic boutique.

CRISTINA

What do you think?

MARITZA

(reading)

I think it's twelve hundred dollars.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CRISTINA
Financing available.

MARITZA
I thought you were going to borrow
that dress from Hannah?

CRISTINA
Quinceañera is supposed to be my
transition into womanhood. What kind
of woman am I going to be if I have
to depend on others my whole life?

Maritza gives her a look: *Nice try.* Before Cristina can
press, the home phone rings. Maritza answers.

MARITZA
Hello...?

As she listens, her eyes slowly close with relief and joy.

MARITZA (CONT'D)
Thank you for the call.

She hangs up as Javi emerges from the bedroom, dressed for
work in a coat and tie.

JAVI
Who was that?

MARITZA
They're letting him out...
(beaming)
My Ricky is coming home.

Off Javi and Cristina, as this amazing development washes
over them—

CUT TO:

A STOCK SHOT of the majestic plains of Bagan...

CHYRON: "MYANMAR, MANDALAY REGION"

45 EXT. JUNGLE COMPOUND - DAY

45

A Russian-made MOTORCYCLE and SIDECAR cruises along a dirt
road. The driver is an Asian man in paramilitary garb. The
passenger in the sidecar is Samuel, clutching the SACHEL we
saw him take from Galan earlier.

The bike turns into a residential compound that has been
carved out of the jungle.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

It stops, and Samuel walks to a large thatched hut guarded by armed Burmese soldiers. They let Samuel enter without batting an eye — he is known here.

46 INT. HUT - DAY

46

Samuel enters and stands just inside the door. Inside the spare, otherwise tech-free environment, several TVs broadcast live SOCCER GAMES from around the world. Toward the back of the hut, a **MAN** sits on a bed, his identity obscured under layers of mosquito netting that hang from the ceiling. A raspy voice emanates from beneath the netting in a BURMESE DIALECT:

MYSTERY MAN (SUBTITLE)

Let me see them.

Samuel steps closer to the netting and opens the case to reveal thirty VIALS OF BLOOD lining the inside.

CAMERA pans across the labels taped to each vial... "Holester"... "Zupan"... "DeCinces"... "Moore"... Names of the Riot players! As the CAMERA stops on the last label:

"Bravo"

We HOLD on his printed name, and DISSOLVE TO:

47 INT. BLACK SITE - DAY

47

Bravo, himself. Pacing alone in the conference room. Noah enters.

TONY

Where's Annie?

NOAH

Still decrypting the data from Vialiki's tablet. I'm handling your debrief.

TONY

What's there to talk about? I did the job.

NOAH

Not before putting the entire mission at risk so you could peep Senna Galan's *ménage*.

TONY

I thought she was in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

NOAH

(bygones)

Like you said, it's over. Now you go back to busting two-bit pot dispensaries for the DEA.

TONY

That's it? Don't you think it's going to look suspicious if I just walk off the team?

NOAH

You won't be walking... Not well, at least.

Noah pulls his gun out. Off Tony—

NOAH (CONT'D)

See, the plan was to have you play the second round, flame out and pack it in. But, given your penchant for improv, we can't risk letting you go any further.

Noah hits a button that electronically BLACKS OUT the glass walls. Now no one can see in. He directs Tony with his gun—

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sit.

Tony sits. Begrudgingly. Noah approaches.

NOAH (CONT'D)

The story will go like this. While driving through the less-than-savory barrio, you got carjacked, resisted like the tough guy you are and took one in the leg...

Noah puts the barrel finger curls around the trigger—

TONY

Wait a second—

NOAH

A bright career cut short—

Tony's eyes go wide; *he's really going to shoot...* the door flies open. Annie enters, excited and breathless...

ANNIE

You're not going to believe this.

(CONTINUED)

47 **CONTINUED:**

47

Noah hides his gun behind his back, as Annie continues—

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Galan just sent out a press release.
Tony's being offered a year-long
contract.

As Tony and Noah digest this—

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Clearly, he sees something in you.
Don't you see? Knowing we have
someone on the inside for that
long, we can plan. We can use him
in ways we've never conceived of.

Tony smiles, then turns to Noah—

TONY

Count me in.

Tony hauls off and CLOCKS Noah in the face. Dropping him to
the floor. Annie looks on: *WTF?*

TONY (CONT'D)

Consider that my signing bonus.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE