

NIGHT PATROL

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LOS ANGELES - SOUTH OF THE 10 - PREDAWN

The sun hovers below the smoggy horizon, the sky sallow.

Palm trees barely hold themselves upright.

DARIUS CARR (16), young, BLACK, and all out of fucks, slides into the passenger seat of a tricked out Nissan Sentra.

The Nissan slips away from the curb, disappearing down a deserted street when --

HEADLIGHTS flash on.

A CAR FOLLOWS. There's a crown air-freshener on the dash.

After a few blocks, the Nissan swings onto a street bordering bluffs overlooking the ass-end of the city.

The Nissan's tail lights flare as it parks.

At the base of the hill, the driver of the follow car parks to determine his next move...

NISSAN SENTRA - BLUFFS OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

Darius, draped in royal blue, sits opposite SUPERB (18), BLACK, rocking a blood-red bandana over his braids.

SUPERB

So... what's good, lil' crab?

DARIUS

Iunno... nothing. Sittin' here with some Piru-ass homo, ready to get this bullshit done with...

A tense beat. The two rival bangers take up as much space as possible in the cramped Nissan, before --

They break into smiles.

SUPERB

C'mere.

Darius yanks Superb's shirt off and lunges at him --

The two fall into a deeply passionate kiss.

**CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH**

The lovers are startled by the sound of footsteps --

VERY NEAR THE CAR.

Superb fumbles to put his own shirt back on, clearly afraid of being found out.

Darius eyes him, taking note, before he scans the area.

A group of WHITE MEN drag SOMETHING towards the edge of the bluffs.

They don't notice the Nissan parked yards away.

DARIUS

What is that... a deer or something?

SUPERB

D -- man, wait...

Darius leans to get a better look.

As the men inch towards the cliff, Darius realizes two terrifying facts:

- 1) It's a fucking PERSON, a BLACK MAN, they're dragging.
- 2) Those guys are COPS.

One of them has an LAPD windbreaker on. The rest sport badges on chains or on their belts. All have holstered sidearms.

One pulls his, puts it to the base of the victim's skull --

**BANG!**

An execution, gangland style.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The rest of the cops join in.

DARIUS

OH SHIT!

As the smoke clears, a COP drops on all fours over the body and starts sniffing at him like a feral dog.

A big-ass CORNFED COP yanks the feral cop away and hoists the corpse over his head with ease. Cornfed is massively swole.

Must be 'roids granting him superhuman strength as he spirals the body over the bluffs like a Nerf football.

DARIUS

Fuuuuuck me. Start the car, homie.  
Those're cops...

Superb is way ahead of him, firing up the Nissan.

The aftermarket muffler pops LOUD, about as quiet as a jet engine going supersonic.

The cops all spin toward the sound as Superb backs out in a hurry.

THE FRONT LICENSE PLATE ILLUMINATES IN BRILLIANT FLASHING NEON GROUND FX.

No chance the cops missed the plates.

Regardless, their task is finished here. The cops move fast, disappearing into the shadows.

The bluffs are quiet again.

Then, a MAN IN RED steps out of his parked car.

The crown air-freshener on his dashboard reveals he was the one tailing Darius and Superb earlier.

He steps over to the bluffs and peers down.

He can see the body dashed against rocks.

**TITLE CARD: NIGHT PATROL**

HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

**HARVARD-WESTLAKE WOLVERINES** is emblazoned across a wall.

PREPPY TEENS line up under a basketball hoop.

They seem nervous, except for the lone BLACK KID (16) in a letterman jacket. He's totally comfortable, or at least pretends to be.

A portable speaker bar is placed on a chair. Max volume. The chair readjusted to face the teens.

A WHITE, UNIFORMED PATROLMAN, ETHAN GREENE (30), taps PLAY and hangs back near stacked bleachers, glaring.

Vince Staples' "Norf Norf" echoes in the gym. On cue --

The gym doors EXPLODE open.

An OG GRAPE STREET GANGSTER CRIP C-Walks towards the startled teens.

VINCE STAPLES (O.S.)  
 (rapping the song's hook)  
*I ain't never ran from nuthin' but  
 the po-leece...*

The Crip marches up and down the line, mean-mugging the kids like he's back on the yard -- terrifying them.

He zeroes in on the Black Kid.

CRIP  
 OH SHIT, SO YOU THE ONE IMMA HAVE  
 TO SNAP MY DICK OFF IN -- STEP YO  
 BITCH ASS THE FUCK OVER HERE!

The Crip points to a spot on the floor at his side. The Black Kid hesitates.

CRIP  
 I'm talking to YOU, you lil' mark  
 ass fucking trick! You my bitch for  
 the rest of our lil' come to Jesus.

He waits; the Black Kid finally breaks to join him.

CRIP  
 You thought this shit was gonna be  
 a joke. Well, I ain't here to scare  
 nobody straight -- they just let me  
 come in and size up all the fresh  
 booty Imma snatch up in Chino when  
 your dumbass catches a charge in  
 this white man's game. YOU THINK  
 THEY GIVE A FUCK YOU CAN BALL?!

The Crip inches closer to the teen's face, practically licking his ear as he whispers.

CRIP  
 Now, put your thumb in your  
 motherfucking mouth -- I want to  
 see how you work it, girl.

The Black Kid's cool facade finally cracks.

CRIP  
 DO IT, BITCH!

The Black Kid sucks his own thumb with a defeated expression.

Ethan groans, covering his eyes to wait the session out.

HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ethan leans his forearms on the roof of his patrol car, having a hard time masking his resentment while --

The Crip changes clothes.

He unwraps his royal blue handkerchief off his head, unbuttons his Dickies shirt, and strips to a wife-beater.

He throws a bullet-proof vest on, followed by a uniform blouse, complete with A GOLD SHIELD ON HIS CHEST.

The Crip has become XAVIER CARR (25), a BLACK, UNIFORMED PATROLMAN.

ETHAN

This is so fucking fucked.

Xavier sits in the passenger seat with his feet swung out on the curb to lace his boots up.

ETHAN

You graduated top of the academy  
and they got you doing this  
bullshit. It's disrespectful.

Xavier stands, placing wrap-around shades on and popping in a stick of gum to complete the picture --

A NO-NONSENSE FOOT SOLDIER IN THE LAPD.

XAVIER

Community-fucking-policing,  
brother. What else is new?

He opens the trunk to retrieve his service weapon.

XAVIER

C'mon, I'm starving.

Ethan doesn't budge. Something else is bothering him.

XAVIER

What crawled up your ass today?

ETHAN

I just... I dunno...

Ethan trails off, noticing the teens all piling out of the gym in the distance.

The Black Kid spots Xavier in full uniform -- the teen looks like he's only recently stopped crying.

The Black Kid shoots Xavier a look of ultimate betrayal --  
X shrugs it off as he bangs on the roof of the cruiser.

XAVIER  
Let's roll, partner.

POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

The partners patrol the area. Not much happening.

A quiet afternoon in the streets of Inglewood.

ETHAN  
Don't sweat that kid, you know? You  
did him a fucking favor. He may not  
realize it now, but he will.

Xavier stares out the window, scanning both sides of the  
streets as all cops do while driving.

XAVIER  
I know why I'm a cop. Nothing I  
need to explain.

Ethan gets fired up -- whatever he's not saying to X is  
boiling in him.

ETHAN  
Damn right. You're L.A.-fucking-  
P.D.! Fuck the Crips -- we're the  
biggest fucking gang in the WORLD!

XAVIER  
Amen, brother.

NISSAN SENTRA - DARIUS AND SUPERB'S RENDEZVOUS SPOT - DAY

Superb and Darius stop a few blocks out of Crip territory,  
pulling into the familiar alleyway to catch their breath.

He looks trapped. Darius puts a loving hand on him.

DARIUS  
Looks like today's the day...

SUPERB  
What?

DARIUS  
Day we talked about. Taking off.

SUPERB  
Come on. You serious?

DARIUS  
I been stashing money away, we can  
start over somewhere else.

SUPERB  
What's this "we" shit?  
(no reply)  
I thought you knew what this was...

Darius struggles for a response, before --

DARIUS  
Fuck it, stay here then. You the  
dumb ass who went and bought a neon  
license plate. Think those cops  
ain't swarming your spot by now?

Superb jerks his arm away.

DARIUS  
Superb... man, wait. Them cops know  
we saw them. This ain't going away.

SUPERB  
(in denial)  
I don't even know what you're  
talking about. I wasn't nowhere  
around no bodies getting dumped.

DARIUS  
So what are you telling me here?

SUPERB  
I'm telling you to get the fuck out  
my car.

Darius gets out of the car, stunned.

SUPERB  
Anybody ask, I ain't never seen you  
before in my goddamn life.

Gutted, Darius watches Superb peel off.

#### SHAKEY'S PIZZA - EVENING

A table full of COPS down lite pitchers and bad pizza, the  
loudest group in the building -- and that's including little  
league teams and children's birthday parties.

Xavier and Ethan prop up the bar; Ethan anxiously smokes.

XAVIER

Yo dawg, there's kids over there.  
You want to put that out?

ETHAN

Nope.

Ethan drains his glass.

VOICE (O.S.)

NO SMOKING IN HERE, DICKHEAD!

A hand clamps hard on Ethan's shoulder, spinning him around on the stool -- looks like trouble.

Xavier jumps up, ready to fight -- finding RIVETTE (40), a WHITE BEAT COP lifer with a shaggy mustache and a gut.

Rivette's in a jolly mood and drunk as shit.

Ethan stubs the cigarette out to greet him.

ETHAN

Motherfucker!

RIVETTE

Thought I smelled something...

ETHAN

I can't smell shit on two packs,  
unfiltered. Take your word for it.

The two clasp hands and briefly embrace.

RIVETTE

I ain't crashing the going away  
party am I?

XAVIER

What're you talking about?

Rivette ignores him, focused on Ethan.

RIVETTE

Shit -- lemme get you the next one.  
I owe you a congrats.

Ethan shrugs; he's not about to refuse a beer. He notices Xavier's confused expression.

ETHAN

Get one for my partner, too.

Rivette motions to the bartender to order. No dice. Impatient, he heads down the bar.

XAVIER  
What's he talking about?

ETHAN  
I got the bump. Night Patrol. I was figuring out a way to tell you.

Xavier takes a moment to respond, finally settling on a grin.

XAVIER  
What's to figure? That's great!

Xavier finishes his beer, fishing for something to say.

XAVIER  
Whose dick you have to suck to become a legend?

Ethan smiles wide, taking the bait.

ETHAN  
Everybody's.

Rivette returns just in time to break the awkwardness.

Ethan takes the fresh beer from Rivette and hands it down to Xavier. Rivette notices something's up.

RIVETTE  
You didn't tell him yet, did you?

ETHAN  
I was working up to it.

RIVETTE  
(to Xavier)  
Ah hell, you know how it is. Night Patrol likes 'em mean and white.

Xavier offers up a mock cheers.

XAVIER  
No accounting for taste.

Xavier clinks glasses with Ethan, forcing a smile.

ETHAN  
It's still probationary.

XAVIER  
I'm just busting balls. You deserve  
making task force. I mean it.

Proud, Ethan grins to himself. He can finally let it out in  
front of Xavier.

ETHAN  
Fuck this shit -- we gonna drink  
this cat piss all night, or are we  
actually getting drunk?  
(slamming his fist)  
WHO WANTS SHOTS?!

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Drunk, Ethan unloads his PISTOL at an abandoned car --  
He misses the wreck entirely.

XAVIER  
(grousing)  
Never COULD even shoot as good as  
me... an' you make Task Force.  
Lemme show you how it's done...

Xavier can barely stand; he takes aim at the wreck with his  
ITHACA PUMP ACTION.

**CLICK!** The shotgun doesn't fire.

ETHAN  
Pssh -- see. You can't do shit.

XAVIER  
Hold the fuck up.

Xavier works the action, chambering a shell. He aims.

**BOOM!** -- Xavier shatters a window.

Ethan sucks his tooth, annoyed.

ETHAN  
Lucky shot.

Xavier staggers over to the cruiser, taking a swig of whiskey  
from the bottle perched on the hood.

Ethan watches him and already feels a pang of regret. He's  
going to miss these little sessions with his partner.

ETHAN

You should talk to Cap. Get him to help you figure out your next move.  
(joking but not joking)  
Play that black card. Maybe he'll feel sorry for you.

Xavier finishes the bottle, waving him off.

XAVIER

I don't need no fucking card. Imma super cop.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Xavier rapidly pump-and-dumps the shotgun into the air.

ETHAN

Just pisses me off the way the department treats you. Imma find a way to get you on Night Patrol.

Ethan throws up a mock 'cheers' with his own bottle.

ETHAN

They tapped the wrong guy.

XAVIER

Well let's hope they don't figure it out before you're official --

**BLOOP! BLOOP!**

Police sirens announce the arrival of an UNMARKED CRUISER.

X stares into the spotlight, holding his badge up high to announce themselves.

XAVIER

We're LAPD. Fuck off.

The Unmarked idles. Xavier puffs up on approach.

XAVIER

Listen asshole, he's Night Patrol. You gonna tell me he can't do whatever the fuck he wants?

The door opens, a hulking behemoth lumbering out.

XAVIER

(re: enormous cop)  
Jesus Christ.

RICK VOLZ a.k.a "DEPUTY" (40) steps forward -- a WHITE, intimidating, barrel-chested beast of a cop.

But more importantly --

HE'S THE COP THAT EXECUTED THE MAN EARLIER AT THE BLUFFS.

DEPUTY  
Ethan. Get in the car.

Ethan walks into the light, shielding his eyes.

ETHAN  
How'd you find me?

DEPUTY  
(ignoring the question)  
Turn your radio on, shitbird.

ETHAN  
I'm off-duty...

Xavier and Ethan look small, shoulders hunched like they're waiting outside the principal's office.

DEPUTY  
You forget we work nights?

Ethan gives Xavier a pained expression -- he just wants to squeeze off rounds with his buddy like the good old days.

XAVIER  
(ribbing Ethan)  
Looks like you're on duty now, bro.

UNMARKED - MOVING - NIGHT

Ethan rides shotgun, fighting to stay awake.

ETHAN  
You gotta drop me home before I  
boot all over your unit.

DEPUTY  
I take you home, just stay there.  
Don't bother reporting in tomorrow.

That jolts Ethan.

ETHAN  
Okay, fine... what's the deal?

DEPUTY

Oh, look who sobered the fuck up...

Deputy pauses the lecture to slow and leer at a couple of BLACK TEENS chilling by their car.

ETHAN

You dragged me out here for something. Let's hear it.

Deputy takes a gigantic draw off the biggest fuck you cigar imaginable -- the very picture of a smug prick.

DEPUTY

Spreading the good word about some Fruit Town nig nog dumped in enemy territory. See what shit we can start. Need the Jordan Downs tribe all riled up.

Ethan ignores the slurs, focusing on the point.

ETHAN

That's Grape Street, yeah?

Deputy attempts a smoke ring, relaxed.

DEPUTY

Yup. Rival gets iced on their turf, stands to fucking reason they're responsible, don't it?

Deputy jerks the wheel, pulling up on the curb and out of the car before Ethan knows what's what.

Ethan jumps out on instinct, sidearm in hand to support.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

Not that Deputy needs help. He puts a FRUIT TOWN BLOOD (16) in a CHOKEHOLD, lifting him off his feet for effect.

DEPUTY

Whaddup, my folk. Hear about Grape Street Crips tagging one of your own tonight? Big boy, what they're saying -- high up the food chain.

The Blood struggles to shake his head no, choking slowly in Deputy's vise grip.

Deputy grinds his stogie out on the teen's face, BURNING HIM.

DEPUTY

Well you heard it now, ain't cha?

Deputy releases the Blood. The Blood clutches his face as he scurries away for his life.

Deputy snorts a laugh as he watches him go.

Ethan's glare burns into Deputy as he silently sizes him up, looking for weaknesses in case it ever comes to it.

He doesn't find any.

FRUIT TOWN TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Superb sneaks in; the place is tomb quiet. Weird...

Lights are on in the back rooms. Superb moves down a paint-peeled hallway, creeping now. His heart races --

VOICE (O.S.)

Yo 'Perb!

Scared shitless, Superb turns to one of the open doors to discover --

KILL KILL (19), BLACK, America's worst nightmare, sitting on a bare mattress. An assault rifle lays across his lap.

KILL KILL

Your brother, man...

(too emotional to finish)

Bornelius been lookin' for you.

On cue, the door at the end of the hall swings open.

VOICE

...'Perb, get in here.

MASTER BEDROOM

Superb wades through a wall of smoke to come face-to-face with a GLEAMING RED GRILL -- the only thing visible in the darkened corner of the room.

A blunt illuminates BORNELIUS (24), BLACK, the ferocious leader of the Fruit Town Brims.

He's shrouded in a blood-red Israelite robe, bugged out of his fucking mind on grief and OG Kush.

Tears stream as he clutches a BLACK ISRAELITE BIBLE.

BORNELIUS  
THEY GOT AKTIVE. They bodied our  
fuckin' brother, blood!

He motions for Superb to look over at AKTIVE (16), dead.

THE SAME CORPSE THE COPS TOSSED OVER THE BLUFFS.

The smashed body is splayed out on the bed, anointed in oils.  
Gemstones and a crystal pyramid flank Aktive's head.

SUPERB  
Ah damn...

BORNELIUS  
That all you gotta say?!

Bornelius whistles loud, summoning --

BABY NO GOOD (20), BLACK, the Blood who followed Superb &  
Darius. Presumably, the one who brought Aktive's body home.

BORNELIUS  
Tell 'em what the fuck you tol' me.

BABY NO GOOD  
I was there, blood. Saw you and  
some krab leaving in a hurry. Found  
Aktive dead after y'all left...

Bornelius stands and looms over Superb.

BORNELIUS  
You workin' with the mafuckin'  
Feds?! Been planting us with  
microchips 'n shit?! YOU  
INFILTRATIN'?!

Superb is at a loss, mouth agape.

BORNELIUS  
You body your own BROTHER in the  
cover up?!

He works the slide on a Glock, chambering a round.

KILL KILL  
Speak, lil' nigga.

Superb turns to find Kill Kill's blocked any escape.

BORNELIUS  
Imma ask you this once. You dead, I  
don't like the way you answer.

Bornelius presses the Glock firmly to Superb's forehead.

BORNELIUS

Who was the krab you was with?

Fight or flight time for Superb.

POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Xavier lingers in the hall, leaning against the wall, out of traffic. **CAPTAIN STANLEY BUCHANAN** inscribed on the door.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN (O.S.)

Son.

Xavier glances over to find CAPTAIN BUCHANAN (60), a paternally warm, WHITE HIGHER-UP leaning out of the door.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Girl's got the morning off. You can just come on in...

INNER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Buchanan sits at his desk with a welcoming smile.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Let me guess: you heard the news and now you are feeling like Night Patrol passed you over.

XAVIER

Yessir. I guess I do.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Sorry, son. Those pricks pull who they want. Admin's got nothing to do with it.

Xavier deflates.

Buchanan pops a lozenge, eyes on X. Sizing him up.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

You're a good cop, Xavier. You ever thought about taking the Sergeant's exam? I'll put in a word for you.

Xavier is taken back by the bluntness of the offer.

XAVIER

I'm not here looking for any special treatment --

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Oh tosh, you think they're just asking kids to step up, only a few years on the force?

XAVIER

I make Sargent before I work my way up, they'll stick me on a desk.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

That's the point. We need more...  
(searching for the word)  
Of your STOCK in admin. Substance.  
Take the test. See how you do.

Xavier smiles to himself. He knows where this is headed.

XAVIER

You've got the pull to make sure I do well enough, sir.

Buchanan shrugs, smirking.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Maybe just.

He stands for effect, coming around to lead Xavier out.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

You play your cards right, and you have a political future in the brass. Gets a whole hell of a lot more done than busting heads... no matter how good that may feel.

Buchanan ushers Xavier out of his office, conversation over.

POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Xavier sits on the bench in front of his locker.

Rivette dresses at the end of the row, holding court over FELLOW OFFICERS -- all of them white.

RIVETTE

Carr was there. Greene was breaking up with him, so he was all pouting and shit, but he'll back me up -- wasn't that Shakey's waitress all over me? The one with the huge titties...

XAVIER

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, she was banging him on some kid's birthday cake. Never seen anything like it in my life.

That gets the pack going good. Rivette turns red.

RIVETTE

Fuuuuck you! That's it: I'm planting crack in your vehicle.

Everyone howls with more laughter, including Xavier.

XAVIER

They'd believe that shit, too.

Rivette slams his locker shut, getting out while he's on top.

RIVETTE

I'm going back tonight. Bitch don't know what she's missing!

XAVIER

Three and a half inches of desperation?

Rivette's on his way out, but pauses for a parting shot.

RIVETTE

Chicks don't always want some baboon shoving a firehose up their twat. They want dicks genetically evolved for their tight white holes. LOCK AND KEY, MOTHERFUCKER.

ETHAN enters the room and brushes past Rivette.

RIVETTE

(re: Ethan and Xavier)  
Speaking of...

The room erupts, Rivette's on a roll.

Ethan ignores him, moving straight for Xavier.

ETHAN

Bad news, hoss. Some shit is about  
to pop off in the Downs.

Xavier hops off the bench, pulling Ethan aside.

XAVIER

(lowering his voice)

These pricks don't need to know  
where I'm from. Bad enough, as is.

Ethan waves him off. This is serious.

ETHAN

Your old set dropped some banger  
named Aktive in a ditch --

XAVIER

I remember him. Damn near Fruit  
Town royalty.

ETHAN

War's coming if it hasn't already.  
I know you still got people back  
there that we can work.

That's not all of it. X can see Ethan's holding back.

XAVIER

What else?

ETHAN

I don't know, man. Night Patrol's  
out making sure word gets spread.  
Like they *want it* to get back that  
it was Grape Street.

XAVIER

Let me finish gearing up, I'll roll  
with you and see what's what.

ETHAN

Uh-uh. I pull you into Task Force  
business, my C.O. will have my ass.

XAVIER

Seriously?

Ethan holds up a hand -- let me finish.

ETHAN

But you work it from your end, see  
what's up back home.

Xavier snorts a laugh.

XAVIER  
You think the fucking Crips are  
trying to talk to me?

ETHAN  
Might make an impression with my  
superiors.

That sweetens the pot.

XAVIER  
Fuck it -- it gets me on Night  
Patrol's radar, I'll see what I can  
do.

They clasp hands; Xavier stands to embrace Ethan.

ETHAN  
They got you a partner yet?

XAVIER  
Supposed to start breaking in a  
boot, top of next week.

ETHAN  
(sarcastic)  
See, got you training the young and  
hungry. You're moving up already.

XAVIER  
Go fuck yourself.

NISSAN SENTRA - PARKED - DAY

Superb sits in the passenger seat of his own ride.

Bornelius slouches in the driver's seat; his gaze bores into  
the side of Superb's head.

FRUIT TOWN SHOOTERS hang out in the backseat.

This better be where they find whoever killed Aktive.

BORNELIUS  
Make the call, blood.

Superb tries to stall -- he doesn't want to do it.

SUPERB  
Come on, man...

Bornelius slaps Superb upside his head, HARD.

BORNELIUS

Think I'm fuckin' playing with you?

Superb fishes in his pocket for his phone. Dials the number by heart. Listens to the line ring.

SUPERB

D, meet me at our usual spot. I...  
I'm sorry about earlier. I need to  
see you.

The shooters all climb out of the backseat, melting into the surrounding area to lay in wait.

Bornelius pauses on his way out. Does the math...

BORNELIUS

Nigga, is you gay?

STREET - DARIUS & SUPERB'S RENDEZVOUS SPOT - DAY

On edge, Darius approaches with trepidation.

He spots Superb behind the wheel of the idling Sentra.

Superb waits anxiously, unaware of Darius.

Darius can read him like a book -- something's wrong here.

He backs away, suspicious.

BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

Darius' phone rings -- it's **PERB**. Angry and betrayed, Darius tosses the phone in the trash.

He spots a HOMELESS GUY slumped nearby. Darius approaches him.

DARIUS

Hey cuz, break this dollar for me.

PAYPHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Darius considers his move before picking up the receiver -- has it gotten so bad that it's come to this?

He puts the phone to his ear. Looks like it.

Darius drops two quarters in and dials, fidgeting as he waits for an answer.

DARIUS  
Hey man, it's me. Hit me back at  
this number. It's a payphone.

He hangs up and waits, eyeing the Homeless Guy nearby.

DARIUS  
I'll give you the rest of this  
change if I don't use it.

**RIIIIIIIIIIIIIINGGGG!**

Darius grabs the phone before it finishes the first ring.

DARIUS  
Yeah.

He waits, listening to breathing on the other end.

STREET - DAY

Xavier leans on his squad car, eating from a to-go bag.

XAVIER  
(into cellphone)  
Darius -- I missed your call?

DARIUS (O.S.)  
You know I wouldn't be calling you  
if it wasn't serious.

Xavier is instantly on guard.

XAVIER  
What'd you do?

Xavier snaps his fingers at a HOMELESS WOMAN about to squat behind a fence, tucking his phone to his chest.

He points her attention to the nearby fast food joint.

XAVIER  
Restroom's across the street.

She's about to ignore him and just go about her business --

Before something in his eyes tells her not to fuck with him.

She pulls her pants up and saunters across the street. Xavier makes sure she heads in before returning to his call.

PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

Darius hands his Homeless Guy the rest of his change from his dollar, readjusting the receiver to respond.

DARIUS  
X, man -- I saw the cops execute  
somebody and I think they saw *me*...

Xavier sighs in answer. He always expected a call like this.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
You sure they were *cops*?

DARIUS  
It was right in front of me...  
(considering)  
I had nothing to do with it, if  
that's what you're asking me.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
What were you doing there?

DARIUS  
Nothing... I was just fucking  
hanging out.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Who were you with?

DARIUS  
(deflecting)  
I'm coming to you for help and  
you're interrogating me? I never  
should have called your ass.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Hold up, hold up...

Darius listens for a beat, the line thick with static.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Where you need me to pick you up?

Darius slumps, relieved.

DARIUS  
They'll be looking for me at the  
Downs. Meet up at the Fish spot.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

Xavier winces.

XAVIER  
Fish spot ain't exactly neutral.

DARIUS (O.S.)  
Ain't nobody fucking with you. Just  
don't roll up looking like John Q.  
Donut and you'll be straight.

XAVIER  
(giving in)  
Fine. Be there as soon as I can.

Xavier considers Darius' story -- irritated.

XAVIER  
This motherfucker...

INGLEWOOD OIL FIELDS - DUSK

Xavier drives into the setting sun.

He snakes through the barren La Cienega Hills dotted with oil  
derricks, winding toward --

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE

Xavier parks outside the only structure for miles:

A large, brick craftsman house situated on the highest hill --  
a throwback to anywhere Rural America.

It's been converted to a makeshift headquarters.

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY

Xavier enters the lobby respectfully, taking his time to  
savor the surroundings. Hallowed ground.

The windows are all painted over; the only light emanates  
from desk lamps and dim overheads.

He notices a NIGHT PATROL EMBLEM emblazoned on a flag,  
hanging high above -- fanged skull and lightning bolts.

The motto: **NIGHT PATROL FOREVER**

Xavier's focus falls on a door gated with security mesh at  
the end of the room.

X heads towards it.

A pale, sinister, WHITE COMMANDING OFFICER appears behind him out of the shadows --

This is WILLEM HOWELL a.k.a. "SARGE."

SARGE

You lost?

Xavier jumps, startled. He's immediately ill at ease -- something's off.

XAVIER

JESUS -- sorry, got me there. Hello sir, I'm Xavier. Patrolman out of Ladera Heights...

He offers to shake hands; Sarge lets Xavier hang.

Xavier pulls his hand back, fumbling to latch on his belt when he can't figure out anything better to do with it.

Xavier feels nauseated -- a headache coming on.

XAVIER

Uh... I'm partners -- was partnered with Greene. I've got some info on a case he's working. He around?

SARGE

Nope.

The answer Xavier was looking for. He was trying to impress someone on Night Patrol.

A RINGING starts in Xavier's ears. He tries to power through.

XAVIER

Okay, I'll tell you then: I can bring you the shooter in the Kenneth Hahn slaying.

SARGE

That so?

XAVIER

I grew up in Jordan Downs. I know these people better than they know themselves. I know what they're capable of.

Sarge meets the news stone-faced -- not the reaction Xavier was hoping for.

SARGE  
Who's your suspect?

Xavier suddenly realizes he has NOSEBLEED.

XAVIER  
I'm sorry. I don't know what's  
wrong with me.  
(dabbing at his nose)  
Perp's my hoodrat little brother.  
Give me a day and I'll deliver him  
myself.

Sarge crosses his arms and smiles big. Mister friendly.

SARGE  
Well, that's good news.

Off Xavier's ingratiating smile --

FISH SPOT - NIGHT

Xavier idles in his cruiser across the street from the local  
Crip hangout.

To his dismay, multiple CRIP SOLDIERS guard the door.

No sign of Darius.

XAVIER  
(sotto)  
Of course...

He gets comfortable. He might be waiting a while.

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Ethan walks in to the Station's inner sanctum to find the  
NIGHT PATROL in their dress blues, standing at attention --

ALL WAITING FOR HIM.

He studies the MARBLE NIGHT PATROL SEAL on the floor.

This feels like an induction ceremony.

Ethan's nervous. He affects a flippant demeanor:

ETHAN  
Alright boys, what're you gonna do?  
Hit me with wooden paddles? We  
gonna touch dick-tips or something?

Sarge smiles.

SARGE

Had a little chat with your old partner today. He helping you out?

DEPUTY

Why the fuck are you talking Task Force business with outsiders?

SARGE

From here on, we're the *only* people in your life. Period.

Ethan is caught off guard by the force of the statement.

Sarge locks eyes with him.

A RINGING starts in Ethan's ears...

ETHAN

Yes, sir...

DEPUTY

That means keep your mouth shut.

Sarge gives Deputy a stern look -- take it easy.

SARGE

(to Ethan)

This here...

(motions around the room)

... this is blood.

Sarge puts his hands on Ethan's cheeks.

SARGE

This is a sacred mantle you're taking on. The honor does not come around often. It's been 25 years.

Ethan is thrown -- how is that possible?

SARGE

(re: full Night Patrol)

We are your brothers now. Swear your loyalty.

Ethan glances at the seal again. The inscription:

**NIGHT PATROL FOREVER**

ETHAN

I'll do whatever is necessary, sir.

SARGE

Smart boy.

Without warning, the Night Patrol all PULL ASSAULT RIFLES --

**BRRRRRAT! BRRRRAT!**

THEY OPEN FIRE ON ETHAN, TEARING HIM TO PIECES.

FISH SPOT - NIGHT

A sea of blue: clothes, bandanas, hats --

Anything to let the world know: the crowd gathered in this cramped shack of a restaurant is all GRAPE STREET CRIPS.

Every single set of eyes in the place is fixed on --

Xavier, standing in the doorway in his LAPD uniform.

XAVIER

Y'all seen Darius?

A wave of silence greets him, the crowd beyond hostile.

Xavier steps farther into the room with a cop's swagger.

XAVIER

Well then, lemme talk to Sandra.

No one budes. A group of Crips marches toward Xavier.

XAVIER

I don't talk to Sandra, Imma bring  
my entire squad back down here.  
Fuck all y'all up day in and day  
out, just cause I can.

A WOMAN'S VOICE cracks up; her guttural laugh reverberates from the back of the room.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Gaahahahaaaa... okay, hold up.

The blue sea parts as SANDRA (45), BLACK, the leader of the Grape Street Crips, steps through.

Her gold tooth sparkles under the grimy fluorescents; a long scar rests beneath her right eye. Beauty shop curls bounce in time with her heaving guffaws.

Sandra wipes tears from her eyes; she's laughing so hard.

SANDRA  
What the fuck, X...

Xavier watches her approach, annoyed by her derision.

XAVIER  
That's enough.

SANDRA  
Fuck you that's enough.

XAVIER  
Listen, I don't want to be here  
anymore than you want me here. But  
Darius called.

Sandra becomes serious, dabbing her tears away with a napkin.

SANDRA  
He called you?

XAVIER  
Sounded like he was in trouble.

SANDRA  
Well, that boy's got an asswhoopin'  
coming same as you then.

Xavier grins; he knew this was coming.

XAVIER  
I don't want to fight --

SANDRA  
I don't give a fuck what you want.

XAVIER  
Aktive got dumped near here --  
Darius is involved. Fruit Town'll  
want a word with y'all about that.

The news of Aktive's murder gives Sandra brief pause. She regains her composure, shuts Xavier back out.

SANDRA  
I told you: you EVER showed your  
face around here I'd fuck you up.

Xavier flashes his palms in submission, backing out.

XAVIER  
You go at a cop you know what  
happens.

SANDRA

That piece of shit badge is the only reason your ass ain't shot already.

He's surrounded by SOLDIERS, danger imminent.

XAVIER

You better think about this.

SANDRA

And you better bring more people next time you try steppin' foot on my motherfucking block.

**SMACK!**

Xavier swings the first punch -- a solid right smashing into the face of a Soldier that couldn't be older than fifteen.

It's a short-lived victory.

The Crips DOG PILE Xavier in a ferocious attack.

POLICE CRUISER - PARKED - NIGHT

Xavier drags himself into the driver's seat; he picks up the radio receiver.

He's been beaten badly, his lip split. A mouse forming.

He holds an arm close, THE WRIST BROKEN.

He keys the mic, about to talk when he stops himself --

Thinks better of it.

Keys the mic again to cancel the call.

XAVIER

221 -- false key on our unit.

RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)

Copy that, 221. 444?

XAVIER

Negative. False key. I'm fine.

RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)

Copy.

The radio falls silent.

Xavier painfully stretches to open the glove box; he pulls his cell phone.

He hits an auto-dial number and waits.

XAVIER  
(into phone)  
Ethan...

Xavier inspects his wrist. Realizes it's worse than he initially thought.

XAVIER  
(into phone)  
Call me back. I need a big favor,  
brother.

NISSAN SENTRA - PARKED - NIGHT

Superb waits for Darius in the alley, getting antsy. He can't see any of the Brims nearby, but he knows they're out there.

Fuck it. He pops the door to climb out.

SUPERB  
(calling out)  
Imma take a piss. Y'all want  
anything from the store?

A tense silence. The hidden Bloods no doubt angry he's blowing up their spot. Finally --

KILL KILL (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
Get me a juice.

BABY NO GOOD (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

KILL KILL (O.S.)  
And some gum for this whisperin'  
nigga's stank breath -- don't be  
shushing me motherfucker.

BABY NO GOOD (O.S.)  
Ayy, goddamn, cool the fuck out.

Superb shakes his head in disbelief, headed for the --

CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

Superb peruses the snacks on his way to the restroom.

CLERK (O.S.)  
HEY! HEY!

SUPERB  
Imma buy something -- chill.

RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Superb slides in before the Clerk can continue yelling. He tries to close the door, but --

**SMACK!**

Darius rushes in behind Superb and PISTOL-WHIPS him into the far wall.

Darius is immediately on top of Superb, jamming the gun in Superb's jaw; his eyes blaze red with fury.

SUPERB  
Oh shit! It's like that now?

DARIUS  
You think I ain't notice half the motherfucking Fruit Town Brims posted up out there?!

Darius kicks Superb's legs out from under him.

DARIUS  
What'd you tell them?

Darius boots him in the face, knocking Superb's head back against the wall.

BLOOD FLOWS from Superb's nose.

SUPERB  
STOP, D! No Good was there! He followed us and found the body -- that was Aktive them cops shot.

That catches Darius off guard.

DARIUS  
For real?

Superb drops his head in his hands, lost.

SUPERB

He didn't see no cops though. He  
was wondering why we was up there.  
What we was plotting on them...

(low)

Why you shot Aktive when he found  
out about us.

Darius realizes the severity of the accusation.

DARIUS

You told them the truth, though...

SUPERB

(fighting tears)

I -- I'm sorry, D...

Darius takes aim, considering it. His temper flares before --

He drops the gun.

He kneels next to Superb and holds him close.

DARIUS

We'll figure it out.

JORDAN DOWNS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A pick-up idles low as it pulls to a stop in front of --

A series of row houses surrounded by towering fences topped  
with razorwire.

This is JORDAN DOWNS.

Xavier sits in the passenger seat of his patrol unit,  
bandaging his damaged arm. He stands as --

ETHAN CLIMBS OUT OF THE TRUCK.

He's survived his ordeal with the Night Patrol somehow.

He looks different now, pale and depleted.

He casts a nervous glance over his shoulder, paranoid.

XAVIER

Thanks for having my back on this.

ETHAN

Shit I might need you to return the  
favor.

XAVIER  
How's that?

Ethan tries to put it into words...

ETHAN  
Forget it. What's the deal here?

XAVIER  
Your shooter is inside the Downs.

ETHAN  
You got an ID?

Xavier grits his teeth.

XAVIER  
It's Darius.

ETHAN  
Shit. I'm sorry, X. What happened  
to the arm?

XAVIER  
Nothing you and me putting boots to  
some bangers won't solve.

X and Ethan square up with the entrance to Jordan Downs.

ETHAN  
(re: squalor)  
Fuck. You grew up here?

XAVIER  
Yup. Lemme grab the Ithaca.

NISSAN SENTRA - NIGHT

Superb hurries in behind the wheel.

KILL KILL (O.S.)  
(calling out)  
You get my juice, blood?

BABY NO GOOD (O.S.)  
Shut. The fuck. UP!

Superb ignores them, cranking the engine as he PEELS OUT.

Bornelius and the Bloods fall out of their hiding places in  
pursuit, unable to keep up on foot.

Superb hops the curb, rattling over parking stops, squealing into the Corner Store's lot --

Darius sprints out of the store and into the idling car.

Superb floors it. The car bounds over another curb and sidewalk, veering onto the street.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Bloods open fire down the road, hitting everything but the Nissan as Superb and Darius make their escape.

Darius hangs out the window, flipping off the Bloods.

DARIUS  
WHAT NOW, NIGGA! WE FUCKIN' GAY!

He swings his pistol high and wide --

**POP! POP! POP!**

Darius busts off celebratory shots.

JORDAN DOWNS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They blow by Xavier and Ethan.

**POP! POP!** Darius continues firing his pistol out the window.

XAVIER  
(disbelief)  
Fucking Darius.

The cops run for Xavier's cruiser, speeding off to catch up.

NISSAN SENTRA - CONTINUOUS

**BLOOP BLOOP!** -- Xavier gooses the siren.

Darius looks back, terrified to find the police on their ass.

DARIUS  
Cops is out here killing niggas, b.  
Don't fucking stop.

SUPERB  
It look like I'm slowing down?!

A loudspeaker squawks over the sirens.

XAVIER (O.S.)  
Darius, goddammit! It's me.

Darius hangs his head at the voice.

DARIUS  
Ah damn.

STREET - CONTINUOUS

The cars coast to a stop.

The cruiser's harsh lights beam on the hoop ride.

Xavier and Ethan exit the cruiser, approaching with weapons drawn. Ethan brandishes the shotgun.

ETHAN  
(to Superb)  
Driver, stay behind the wheel with both hands out the window. I see that door open and I shoot.

XAVIER  
Darius, step out here right now.

Darius complies, empty hands held high.

Xavier grabs Darius' pistol from the waistband of his pants.

XAVIER  
Put your fucking hands down.

DARIUS  
There's a grip of Brims headed up the street after us. Let's dip out before we do this reunion shit.

Ethan glances back in the direction Darius signals, clocking the Bloods sprinting to catch up.

The Bloods slow to a walk, tucking guns out of sight when they spot the cops. They do a poor job of seeming nonchalant.

ETHAN  
Partner, on your six.

Xavier swings around and spots the gathering crowd.

XAVIER  
Y'ALL DON'T DISPERSE, I'LL BE  
LOOKING THE OTHER WAY WHEN GRAPE  
STREET ROLLS THROUGH HERE.

Bornelius squints to make out who's addressing him.

BORNELIUS  
NIGGA, I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NO  
GRAPE STREET. THEY KNOW IT'S ON.

Ethan drifts back towards the gathering Bloods, sweat pouring down his face. The situation tense.

Superb opens his door to step out; Ethan turns his attention back to him. He marches over, shotgun bearing down.

ETHAN  
(to Superb)  
Stay in the car.

Xavier stares Bornelius and crew down, waiting them out.

Darius notices Xavier's hand wrapped in a makeshift splint.

DARIUS  
What's up with all the bandages and  
shit?

XAVIER  
Asked Sandra where I'd find you.

DARIUS  
You lucky mamma let you leave on  
your damn feet.

XAVIER  
Don't call that bitch my mamma.

Superb gets out of the car, ignoring Ethan's orders.

SUPERB  
We hang around long enough, cop or  
not, Bornelius will start shooting.

Ethan buckles like he's going to pass out. He slackens his aim, letting the shotgun **CLATTER** on the pavement below --

Xavier cranes his neck at the sound, surprised.

XAVIER  
You good, partner?

No he's not. Ethan is focused on the blood flowing freely from Superb's nose where Darius hit him earlier.

He's practically foaming at the mouth, sweat pouring as he starts to shake at the sight.

Ethan struggles to meet Xavier's eyes.

ETHAN

I... I can't...

ETHAN LUNGES FOR SUPERB, locking his unhinged jaw on Superb's face. Gnawing savagely at the exposed red meat --

UNABLE TO HELP HIMSELF FROM GORGING ON SUPERB'S FLESH.

He takes Superb to the ground, slurping at the pooling blood like a wild animal.

Xavier and Darius share a look of absolute horror --

**POP! POP! POP!**

Bornelius BUSTS HIS AK -- peppering Ethan with hot lead.

Ethan spins off his kill, scurrying into the night.

The corner empties quick.

Darius and Xavier run instinctively for the Downs, desperate to avoid the lead shower.

Now alone, Bornelius drops over his brother's ravaged corpse. Overcome with grief, he HOWLS into the night.

His grief soon shifts to wrath. He fixes his scowl on --

JORDAN DOWNS

Xavier barrels through the projects, disoriented, winged by hood obstacles like hanging laundry and neglected Big Wheels.

After rounding a corner, he glimpses Darius up ahead --

Standing in the middle of the courtyard.

Xavier reaches his brother, folding in half, heaving for air.

XAVIER

You alright?

Xavier eyes Darius; he's practically catatonic. Xavier's not doing much better.

XAVIER

D!

Xavier grabs Darius, shaking him.

XAVIER  
Darius!!!

Darius finally snaps out of it -- TREMBLING UNCONTROLLABLY -- the recollection of Superb's vicious demise hits him again.

XAVIER  
Breathe.

DARIUS  
Perb -- he...

The commotion has begun to draw out the locals, including several nosey GRAPE STREET BANGERS.

XAVIER  
You're in shock.

Darius is losing it. The trauma forces his legs to give out. Xavier struggles to hold him up.

XAVIER  
Stay with me, bruh!

Grape Street soldiers begin to converge -- FOUR STRONG. One Shaq-sized. Xavier is too preoccupied with Darius to notice.

XAVIER  
I need you to breathe.

His older brother's voice breaks through.

Darius comes back from oblivion; he immediately jerks away from Xavier, fixing him with an accusatory glare.

DARIUS  
Stay the FUCK away from me -- YOU  
ONE OF THEM, TOO!

XAVIER  
One of what?!

As Darius retreats, Xavier finally notes the incoming Crips.

XAVIER  
Hey -- back the FUCK up!

But Grape Street's having none of it. They've got the numbers and home field.

They rush Xavier from all sides: on him before he can draw down, RIPPING HIS GUN AWAY, and going to work.

Desperate, X fumbles for his TASER, zapping NUMBER ONE with a headshot -- he convulses.

Four's now three.

NUMBER THREE rushes X solo -- rookie move. X drops him with a well-timed knee to the face.

The last two ain't looking for a fair fight. Especially CRIP SHAQ. They rush X, prison style.

A brutal melee ensues. The three of them grapple on the concrete in a visceral display of human savagery.

They sandwich X. Crip Shaq chokes him from behind while the smaller one weakens him with body shots.

But LAPD training wins out -- Xavier works his way out of Crip Shaq's death grip with a reverse-head butt.

He gets a hold of the smaller one's arm, snapping it with a sickening **CRUNCH!** -- payback.

The Banger BAYS -- WHITE BONE RIPS THROUGH CHOCOLATE SKIN. He passes out in agony.

X staggers to his feet, working out the cobwebs.

Finally it's one-on-one. We get a true sense of Crip Shaq's unbelievable stature. He's a goddamn video-game villain.

Xavier gasps through phlegm and blood.

CRIP SHAQ

I'm bout to beat you to sleep.

Xavier rushes him -- Crip Shaq levels him easily with a BRUTAL RIGHT HOOK, his hands like cinderblocks.

On his back, X desperately scans for a weapon -- his hand finds a GLASS 40oz BOTTLE.

As Crip Shaq closes, X BASHES HIS HEAD with the bottle, then uses the shard to repeatedly SHANK Crip Shaq's RIBS.

Crip Shaq wails, mouth-wide. He drools blood, falling to the wayside.

Xavier retrieves his service weapon and holsters it.

He reaches for his radio to call for back up, but before he can press the button --

**BANG! BANG! BANG!** BULLETS BLOW HIM OFF HIS FEET.

Grape Street Brass emerge, SANDRA out front --  
 She totes the SMOKING PISTOL that put X down.

FOOD FOR LESS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ethan staggers aimlessly, blood soaking his shredded shirt.

He checks handles in the lot for a get-away car, but no one ever leaves a car unlocked in the hood.

Hope reveals itself in an off-duty POSTMAN loading groceries into his truck. Ethan approaches.

ETHAN

Need your vehicle. Police business.

The Postman reels, rattled by Ethan's near death appearance.

POSTMAN

Damn, somebody mashed your ass!

ETHAN

Your truck --

Ethan can't finish -- doubles over, wrenching uncontrollably.

POSTMAN

You ain't no fuckin' cop!

Ethan thumbs to where his badge would be, but it's gone.  
 Must've lost it in the ordeal.

He struggles to speak, voice barely above a whisper.

ETHAN

I am.

Ethan trembles, unable to quell the visceral urge. He grabs a handful of Postman's shirt, bracing himself.

ETHAN

(guttural)

Please --

POSTMAN

You better get the fuck on!

The Postman tries to push him away -- uh-uh -- ETHAN GNAWS INTO HIS BICEP. The Postman SHRIEKS as he's TAKEN DOWN.

Below parked cars, a dirty, voyeur's view of horrific death.  
 LEGS FLAIL AS HE'S COMPLETELY DISMEMBERED.

## FRUIT TOWN TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Bornelius storms in with purpose -- a wild look in his eye. His soldiers follow, deeply troubled by what they witnessed.

BORNELIUS

Alright... fuck. A DEMON killed  
Perb. Y'all all saw it.

KILL KILL

Hold up -- A DEMON?

The set all react with expected shock, Kill Kill confused.

KILL KILL

Coulda just as easily been  
shapeshifters, B. We don't know.

BORNELIUS

I shot it, but it didn't die.  
Shapeshifters ain't bulletproof.

KILL KILL

Damn, you right.

BABY NO GOOD

But it *could* be Lizard Men -- they  
got them some thick-ass scales.

BORNELIUS

True, true.

Bornelius retrieves a 12-inch VINYL, holding the record up.

BORNELIUS

Whatever the fuck it was, this the  
moment we been preparin' for. We  
the first and only line of defense  
against this horde of white devils.

In his zone, Bornelius drops the needle on the record.

He breathes deep as the piano-laced opening to Bone Thugs-n-Harmony's "Days of Our Livez" washes over him.

Immediately a calm settles over the room. The cut fills the air as the set surrounds Born at the stereo --

The Bloods rally like Trojan Soldiers to Hector, aware of what this music means. Preparing to take on Satan himself...

THIS SONG IS THE CALL TO ARMS IN THEIR HOLY CRUSADE.

BORNELIUS  
 (lip-syncing)  
*Bone-Bone-Bone-Bone.... Bum-bum-bum-  
 bum-bum...*

BABY NO GOOD  
*Wasteland soulja...*

BORNELIUS  
*Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum...*

THE SET  
*THESE ARE THE DAYS OF OUR LIVEZ...*

BORNELIUS  
*I been struggling, hustling,  
 thuggin' it forever...*

Kill Kill chimes in --

KILL KILL  
*Come and look deeply in my eyes...*

BORNELIUS  
*We gotta -- we gotta prepare...*

ALL  
*FOR ETERNAL WARFARE.*

The entire set continues to chant the lyrics together, the camaraderie touching... and ominous.

STREET

The song continues as the Bloods load occult weapons into an ARMORED VAN -- Bornelius' doomsday machine.

They load:

AR-15s, UZIs, new age paraphernalia, religious relics, and a MYSTERIOUS CRATE BEARING SWAHILI MARKINGS.

THE SET  
*THESE ARE THE DAYS OF OUR LIVEZ...*

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ethan staggers in.

He leans against the security door and pounds on it.

ETHAN  
SOMEBODY... HELP ME!!!

After a beat, the door opens to reveal SARGE -- he looks sickly, on his last legs. Sarge weakly grips a shotgun.

SARGE  
There's no running from this...

SQUAD ROOM

Seems like Sarge is alone, the place a ghost town.

ETHAN  
I fucking ate people! What's  
happening to me?

Sarge collapses into a chair by the door -- his guard post.

SARGE  
You've been... reborn. Our blood  
courses through your veins.

Ethan struggles with the realization.

Sarge is genuinely concerned.

SARGE  
It's fine, son... no one much  
remembers their birth.

Ethan sinks to the floor by Sarge. He can't handle this.

He turns over, writhing in agony. He rips open his shirt, revealing three bullet holes in his gut still healing.

ETHAN  
I need a medic -- I'm dying!

Sarge sighs, exhausted, barely able to keep his eyes open.

SARGE  
You already have.

Ethan lurches uncontrollably, unbearable pain seizing him.

SARGE  
What you're feeling -- in the pit  
of your stomach -- that ain't from  
your wounds. It's hunger. Your body  
knows how to heal itself. Trust it.

Ethan WAILS.

SARGE

But you're gonna need more blood.  
We all will. Price we pay for  
turning a new recruit.

Sarge puts a paternal hand on Ethan's shoulder.

SARGE

Don't worry. We've been planning  
your birth feast. And tonight...  
we'll bleed Jordan Downs dry.

Off Ethan's horror --

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Xavier, unconscious, is on display. His shirt's been ripped  
open, revealing his kevlar vest has been peppered with slugs.

Sandra, gun in hand, beams with wicked pride. She stands over  
him to address the hood.

SANDRA

I want all y'all to take a good  
look at this swine. Name's Xavier  
Carr. Used to be my son. I just  
fried his ass, no hesitation.

Murmurs ripple through the crowd.

SANDRA

If I'll do this to my own flesh and  
blood, I want you to think long and  
hard about what I'll do to anybody  
that tests me.

**BANG!**

SANDRA SHOOTS XAVIER IN THE FACE.

SANDRA

We clear?

Sandra leads Grape Street away, triumphant.

Just before they leave, the last remnant of her maternal love  
forces her to look back.

XAVIER'S GONE.

SANDRA

Fuck.

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Sarge BLEEDS FREELY from his wrist as Ethan feeds.

SARGE

That's enough for now.

Sarge licks at his wound as it closes up faster than humanly possible.

ETHAN

What are we?

SARGE

Family.

The Station landline rings.

Sarge manages to get himself to the receiver.

SARGE

Yeah.

(beat)

Where are you?

(beat)

We'll be there in 15.

(beat)

What about him?

Sarge shakes his head at Ethan.

SARGE

What do you mean, "he attacked someone?"

JORDAN DOWNS - CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Xavier's taken refuge under a building -- a childhood hiding spot, based on the stickers and graffiti surrounding him.

Luckily, the bullet passed clean through his cheek.

He's in extreme pain, but alive and able to talk.

He's got Sarge on the other end of his cell.

XAVIER

Honestly, it's better if I relay the details in person. Get here as soon as you can.

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

Rows of barracks-style bunks line the walls. Racks overflow with enough weapons to arm a small country.

These motherfuckers live here.

Sarge drags his NIGHTSTICK across the bunks, rousing the troops.

SARGE  
Look alive, boys!

The full Night Patrol slither out of their bunks -- groggy, but ready to roll. It's feeding time.

Ethan watches the surreal scene unfold.

Sarge addresses the room, laying out the plan.

SARGE  
Thought we were gonna have to wait  
for a warrant, then -- like manna  
from heaven -- into our laps fell  
my three favorite words: EXIGENT.  
MOTHERFUCKING. CIRCUMSTANCES.

A round of "ALRIGHTS" and "FUCK YEAHS" from the team as --

DEPUTY  
WOO! Goddamn I'm starving!

TOMMY HOOD, a.k.a. "OFFICER," gets fired up.

OFFICER  
APEX MOTHERFUCKING PREDATORS!

Deputy POUNDS on Officer's tactical shoulder pads.

The team tools up.

Confused, Ethan straps on RIOT GEAR with the Night Patrol.

SARGE  
Everybody focus up. Story we're  
going with tonight is: Officer  
Xavier Carr is trapped in Jordan  
Downs in the middle of a turf war  
between the Grape Street Crips and  
Fruit Town Brims.

Dread from Ethan upon hearing Xavier's name.

ETHAN

So we're goin' in to retrieve him?

Deputy laughs so hard he might cry. The team joins in.

DEPUTY

You're killing me, rook! THE JIG'S  
OUR FUCKIN' MEAL TICKET!

Sarge leans in Ethan's face, serious.

SARGE

You should have told me Carr  
witnessed you feeding. That's a big  
problem for the unit.

Ethan's eyes say it all -- he's caught. Sarge hands him a .38  
WITH A TAPED HANDLE.

SARGE

He's your responsibility now.

Off Ethan, considering the drop piece --

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sandra's propped on a stoop, smoking a cigarette. The very  
picture of calm.

Several Crips roll up empty-handed. Xavier's in the wind.

Sandra shakes her head, chuckles.

SANDRA

Always was a shifty lil' fucker.

She spits, formulating a plan.

SANDRA

D earned his hood stripes tonight.  
Popped that little Blood like a  
mu'fuckin' blackhead.

The Soldiers, including TINY BOSS HOG (19), turn up.

TINY BOSS HOG

What the fuck I'm talkin' bout!

SANDRA

My baby boy put us on his back  
tonight like a king!

TINY BOSS HOG  
Hell yeah. GRAPE STREET!

SANDRA  
Now, like family supposed to, we  
gotta get *his* back. Brims ain't  
gone take this shit lying down.  
They comin' for us.  
(savoring the prospect)  
Sooner we find this pig, the sooner  
we end this war.

JORDAN DOWNS - CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Xavier waits, restless, the unexplainable reality of Superb's  
demise settling in. Ethan ate him.

XAVIER  
No.

He sweats through every plausible excuse.

XAVIER  
No fuckin' way.

Unable to rationalize it, a wave of panic overtakes him. He  
GROWLS, pounding the back of his head against the ground.

Finally calm, he squirms a hand onto his shoulder radio.

XAVIER  
422 to 436 -- Come in.

Nothing.

XAVIER  
422 to 436 -- come in!

Xavier tries again, growing frantic.

XAVIER  
422 to 43- ETHAN!

Xavier gives up, pissed.

XAVIER  
Where the fuck are you?

Out of the darkness --

ETHAN (O.S.)  
Right here, partner.

Xavier turns to DISCOVER ETHAN.

Their faces are just inches apart.

Ethan opens a wide, fang-lined mouth and LUNGES FOR XAVIER.

Xavier RECOILS, terrified. Clawing defensively at Ethan --  
Nothing's there. He's all alone.

Frantic, Xavier wriggles toward the streetlight.

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Clutching his bloody face, Xavier pops out into the open.

Rubbernecking LOCALS clock him -- even under layers of grime  
and blood, his LAPD uniform sticks out like a sore thumb.

Xavier's on the move, dipping behind a neighboring building.

He ROUNDS a corner -- scanning the area for anything that can  
help him. He spots a sign of hope. Makes his way toward --

PASTOR'S UNIT - CONTINUOUS

He approaches a door furnished with a CROSS.

After several knocks, a muffled voice greets him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

XAVIER  
LAPD -- open up.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I beg your pardon?

XAVIER  
L-A-P-D. There's been a homicide in  
the area. Open up please.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I didn't see anything, officer --

XAVIER  
I ain't askin'! Open up -- NOW!

Xavier waits, his heart pounding.

He's a sitting duck. Grape Street could roll up any moment and end him if this guy doesn't open up.

The sweetest sound breaks the tension -- DEADBOLTS UNLOCKING.

The door cracks open. The chain lock catches.

Xavier peeks through the door -- OLD MALE EYES glare back.

MAN

Look officer, I just got home --

Xavier THROWS A SHOULDER into the door, smacking the man in the face as he bum-rushes his way in.

The Man's down, palming his skull where he hit the floor.

His clerical collar reveals he's a man of God -- a PASTOR.

Xavier locks it. His wife, VIOLA rushes in SHRIEKING.

XAVIER

Ma'am... calm down.

She doesn't hear him, kneeling down to tend to her husband.

VIOLA

What's going on, baby?!

PASTOR

THAT MAN JUST FORCED HIS WAY IN!

She inspects her husband -- nothing wounded but his pride.

Xavier busies himself canvassing the place, closing all the curtains and blinds, turning down the lights.

PASTOR

What are you doing?

XAVIER

Shut up.

PASTOR

This is my home. You can't enter without cause!

Xavier scoffs.

VIOLA

We know our rights!

XAVIER  
Then you know you have the right to  
shut the fuck up, ma'am. Use it.

Viola's done talking. She makes a break for her purse on the  
side-table.

XAVIER  
Ma'am --

Xavier quick-pulls his SIDEARM. Trains it on her.

PASTOR  
NO!

XAVIER  
Drop it. Please... I mean it.

She freezes.

PASTOR  
Baby!

VIOLA  
I'm just gettin' my cell.

XAVIER  
Drop it. On the floor.

She complies.

XAVIER  
Kick it over.

She toes the purse in his direction.

He carefully bends to pick it up, re-holstering his gun.

He turns the bag over, dumping its contents --

A PHONE in the pile.

Xavier STOMPS the phone to pieces.

PASTOR  
Jesus.

XAVIER  
I'm sorry... but I'm commandeering  
the apartment. We have a fluid  
situation outside. Active shooters.  
I'm here for your protection.

Off the skeptical couple --

## SANDRA'S APARTMENT - DARIUS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Moody alternative soul plays. The room is decked out in hip-hop and comic lore. A teenager clearly resides here.

Sandra saunters in; she finds Darius's curled up. He's weeping in a corner next to the bed.

She shakes her head in disbelief.

SANDRA

This the shit you listen to?

Sandra crosses to Darius' bluetooth speaker. She fumbles with it, trying to kill the music.

The thing might as well be advanced calculus to her.

SANDRA

How you turn this shit off?

Nothing from Darius.

Over it, she hurls it against a wall to get his attention.

SANDRA

You don't think I know about you? I carried your ass for nine months; I knew before you did. Yo Cousin Jello was gay -- betcha didn't know that. Didn't stop him from bein' one of the hardest soldiers to ever don the colors.

She sits next to Darius, smoothing the bedspread out beneath her.

SANDRA

Didn't stop your Granddaddy from killin' him over it neither...

(pained)

Capped him in the alley right behind my bedroom. I watched from the window while he put that boy down like a dog.

Darius is frightened -- is this his fate?

SANDRA

(softening)

That ain't never gonna happen to you. Cause I'm one of them Renaissance Bitches. I don't care whose dick you suck...

She hands him her cell.

SANDRA

Long as you mind me. Now here's how  
it's gone go -- you gone cease this  
motherfuckin' bitch show, raise the  
fuck up, and go to war with your  
family. And your first order of  
bidness --

She closes his hands around the cell phone to make the point.

SANDRA

Call that pork chop brother of  
yours. Tell him you need to meet.

Darius considers the phone. Then Sandra.

He shakes his head NO.

Sandra boils over. She stands, then --

BACKHANDS DARIUS.

SANDRA

TIP! Come get his ass!!!

A BARREL-CHESTED Grape Streeter, TIP, busts into the room,  
dragging Darius out by his ankles.

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Darius is hauled out into the open, where the ENTIRE SET is  
gathered. Tip drops him in the middle of the group.

Out comes Sandra rolling up her sleeves. She reaches out to  
one of her proxies -- and gets handed a SWITCH.

SANDRA

Lil' bitch-ass chose his house-  
nigger brother over his SET! OVER  
ME!

Sandra proceeds to beat him like a runaway slave.

Off Darius, covering up as his mother unloads on him in front  
of the whole hood --

JORDAN DOWNS - PASTOR'S UNIT - NIGHT

Viola dresses Xavier's wounds.

VIOLA

Lord Jesus, they did a number on  
you. I pray this is enough...

She blots the wound in his cheek, packing it with gauze.

VIOLA

You need the hospital. Hopefully  
this'll tide you over 'til then.

The Pastor watches from the couch, his eyes burning into X.

PASTOR

See this -- what you call a little  
common courtesy. You and your  
masters on the LAPD should try it.

XAVIER

Miss me with your "the white man's  
out to get me" bullshit.

VIOLA

Kind of hard to do when the Grand  
Wizard's sleepin' in the Lincoln  
Bedroom.

XAVIER

(to Pastor)  
She always like this?

VIOLA

Don't you talk past me.

Xavier nods an apology, defusing the situation.

XAVIER

I grew up here -- seven buildings  
over. Fourth generation Grape  
Street. Trust me, I know white  
folks have done plenty of fucked up  
shit, but they for damn sure ain't  
got a monopoly on evil.

VIOLA

(incredulous)  
You... you actually believe that?

Xavier doesn't respond, clamming up.

Viola finishes up with her bandaging job --

Xavier now sports several pieces of large butterfly suture  
tape across his wound, closing it as tight as possible.

PASTOR  
Police destroy more lives everyday  
than them gangsters out there.

Viola stands, breaking the tension.

XAVIER  
You going somewhere?

VIOLA  
The ladies' room. That alright with  
you?

Xavier eyes her, skeptical. She stares back, challenging him.

XAVIER  
Wait.

Xavier approaches, frisks her. Nods for her to go.

XAVIER  
Leave the door open.

PASTOR  
You've disrespected my house. You  
will not disrespect my wife.

Xavier considers the Pastor, then nods for Viola to close the door. She disappears into the bathroom, locking it.

BEARCAT G4 URBAN TACTICAL VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT

Booted feet rattle against the steel floor. The team's sandwiched shoulder-to-shoulder in the belly of this steel beast.

Ethan groans, palming his gut where Bornelius shot him.

SARGE  
Just so you know the rules of  
engagement, there's a reason we  
work nights. Sunlight fucks you up.

DEPUTY  
Shit'll kill you if you're out in  
it long enough.

Ethan can't believe what he's hearing.

SARGE  
You already know bullets sting. You  
feed and they heal. Shit, Tommy got  
decapitated one time....

OFFICER smiles wide, popping a cartoonishly large amount of pills to get going. The speed waterfalls out of his mouth.

OFFICER

Why you gotta bring that up, Sarge?

SARGE

(waving him off)

Took a lot of blood to fuse him back together, but dammit if that hard-ass ain't sittin' there no worse the wear.

Deputy snorts a thick line of coke off his knife. He passes the blade and a heavy sack of blow to the next Patrolman.

DEPUTY

(to Ethan)

You make sure to drink your fill tonight. Gettin' won't be this good till the next initiation.

ETHAN

(horrified)

How do you get away with this?

OFFICER

Pays to be white and in charge.

Cackles and high-fives from the team. Ethan's losing it.

He's surrounded by the ghoulish faces of the Patrolmen, a war party of berserkers rushing into glorious battle once more.

JORDAN DOWNS - PASTOR'S UNIT - NIGHT

Xavier sits quiet, affected by the night's trauma.

The Pastor can't help but notice.

XAVIER

Can I ask you a question?

PASTOR

Sure.

XAVIER

You obviously believe in God.

PASTOR

Observant.

XAVIER  
Do you... believe in demons?

PASTOR  
You've commandeered my home, taken us hostage, and frightened my wife... I'd say if you're looking for a demon, look no further than within yourself, son.

The Pastor has a point, but before Xavier can respond --

SANDRA (O.S.)  
XAVIER! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE.

He glances at the closed bathroom door, realizing Viola gave him up.

XAVIER  
You should join your wife in the bathroom. It'll be safer there.

The Pastor's about to say something before he complies.

SANDRA (O.S.)  
DON'T MAKE ME COME IN THERE, BOY!

Xavier waits for The Pastor to disappear down the hall to safety, takes a deep breath, then --

OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

He finds SANDRA and the rest of THE CRIPS waiting for him in the courtyard.

SANDRA  
You really think you could hide from me in my own projects?

THEY SEIZE XAVIER.

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Xavier's forced to his knees by Sandra's minions. She greets him with her 12-GAUGE.

XAVIER  
Just know: an army of shit-kickers is on their way to raze this shithole.

Xavier spits, defiant.

XAVIER

And I say it's about damn time.

Sandra nods, racking a shell into the breech of the shotty.

SANDRA

I'll make sure to bury all y'all in  
the same hole then.

(scanning the Crips)

D, get your ass over here.

Tip pushes Darius toward Sandra. Sandra offers him the gun.

SANDRA

Smoke him.

Darius balks, clearly wanting no part of this.

Sandra shoves the shotgun into Darius' chest.

He has no choice but to turn the barrel on Xavier.

Xavier locks eyes with Darius -- is he really going to kill  
his own brother?

**THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!**

For a second, everyone freezes.

Then --

Falling canisters burst with colored smoke -- TEAR GAS.

The crowd scrambles in the sudden chaos.

Xavier breaks into a fit of coughing, squinting through the  
dense cloud to discover his prayers have been answered:

SARGE, DEPUTY, AND A PHALANX OF HULKING ARMORED SILHOUETTES  
MARCH IN FORMATION THROUGH THE FOG.

XAVIER

Sergeant! They're armed!

Sarge does not acknowledge him.

Sandra is enraged by Xavier's cooperation. She grabs the gun  
back from Darius, SHOVING him to the ground.

Barely able to breathe, Sandra still manages to target  
Xavier.

**BOOM! BOOM!**

The buckshot drives Xavier away from the Patrol.

Xavier helps Darius off the ground and covers him.

XAVIER  
Get the fuck up!

Gas masked and black clad, the Night Patrol marches towards the Crips, raising shields and extending batons in a show of institutional force.

Tiny Boss Hog attempts to stand his ground, but gets savagely beaten down. Every limb broken.

ETHAN hangs back from the main line, trying to remain separate from the violence and control his own bloodlust.

Sandra reloads as quickly as possible as she DISAPPEARS in the fog.

DEPUTY enters the fray like a colossus, shattering one RESIDENT'S elbow with his club, while splattering the face of ANOTHER with his Plexiglas shield.

With their shirts over their faces, Xavier and Darius snake through the carnage until Tip comes flying through the smoke, landing in front of them.

**WHOOSH!**

Sarge's hand follows Tip through the cloud and TEARS HIS HEAD HALF-OFF at the neck --

Xavier and Darius pause just long enough to see Sarge LAP UP THE ARTERIAL BLOOD LIKE A RABID ANIMAL.

Limbs fly, jugulars sever, blood sprays.

Xavier pulls his service weapon and takes aim, fighting through the unnatural impulse of aiming at fellow cops.

XAVIER  
LAPD! Stand down goddamn it!

DEPUTY and a pair of Patrolmen emerge through the smoke, advancing toward the brothers.

Xavier prepares to make a stand.

The implacable Patrolmen ignore X's warning, closing fast.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Xavier's rounds only slow them for an instant --

Deputy RUSHES Xavier, rag-dolling him.

DEPUTY BEARS HIS GNARLED FANGS FOR THE KILL, when --

A BARRAGE OF ARMOR-PIERCING ROUNDS EXPLODE THROUGH DEPUTY'S KEVLAR VEST -- disabling him.

X seizes the opportunity to take Deputy's gas mask and cover his face, allowing him to catch his breath.

X shares the gas mask with Darius as he scans through the chaotic battlefield to find his unlikely saviors:

BORNELIUS AND THE FRUIT TOWN BLOODS, bandanas covering their faces. They're armed to the teeth.

They blast any Patrolman in sight.

BORNELIUS

Stay vigilant, Bloods! Remember  
your training! IF THEY LIZARD MEN,  
THEY GOT ACID TONGUES SIX FEET  
LONG!

Bornelius looks more insane than ever: head-to-toe gang colors, melee weapons, religious symbols, and high-caliber artillery.

Fruit Town's been praying for this day to come.

Bornelius' soldiers perform like a well-oiled machine. Their years of military drills pay off.

Like a crack tactical unit, they cover each other's backs as they advance through the mayhem as one.

Night Patrol is caught off guard by the counter offensive.

Xavier and Darius take the opportunity to run for --

A CLEARING

X and D find temporary safety away from the fray, but Bornelius, Baby No Good, and Kill Kill appear before them.

X's hand moves to his weapon, preparing for the worst.

BORNELIUS

Ain't here for y'all. Some things  
is bigger than Bloods vs. Crips --  
this shit here is man vs. demon.

KILL KILL

Hold up -- is it demons or is it  
lizard men?

Darius steps forward, annoyed.

DARIUS

Y'all dumb as hell -- they fucking  
VAMPIRES, man! Ain't you see they  
sucking blood and shit?!

Bornelius thinks about it for a second before growing  
embarrassed. How did he not see this?

BORNELIUS

Damn... you sure?

DARIUS

THEY GOT FANGS, MAN!

Xavier shakes his head in disbelief, but he doesn't have a  
better explanation.

BORNELIUS

Kill Kill, you bring them silver  
bullets?

KILL KILL

That's werewolves nigga, you  
trippin'!

BORNELIUS

Alright -- shit. You right...  
(connecting the dots)  
I got something for deez vampires.  
(to Xavier & Darius)  
Y'all niggas with us now.

The unlikely band of Cop, Bloods, and a baby Crip move to --

ALLEY BETWEEN HOUSES

Xavier scans the area for escape routes, pulling his brother  
after him.

XAVIER

This is fucking crazy. We gotta get  
out of here.

DARIUS

Not without Sandra we ain't.

Xavier freezes in his tracks -- NO WAY.

DARIUS  
I mean it, man. We ain't abandoning  
mamma.

XAVIER  
She shot me in the fucking face!

DARIUS  
And she beat me with a switch...  
she's our mother.

Snapping at Xavier.

DARIUS  
Lemme see your phone.

Darius takes X's cell and tries to call her.

DARIUS  
It's not going through.

Bornelius shakes his head in disgust, checking his own cell.

BORNELIUS  
They jamming the signal. Isolate  
and destroy. Textbook ethnic  
cleansing tactics.

Xavier hangs back, hesitant to go after Sandra.

BORNELIUS  
You really standing there thinking  
about not saving your moms?

KILL KILL  
You wrong for that.

XAVIER  
Who the fuck are you again?  
(to Darius)  
We don't even know if she's  
alive...

As if on cue, Xavier's police radio crackles to life:

RADIO  
Back up required. Building 2, Unit  
6. Shots fired.

Xavier recognizes the address as his childhood home.

DARIUS  
Told yo ass she ain't dead.

Off Xavier's reluctance --

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Sarge watches with satisfaction as his Patrolmen sweep through the area.

They arrange corpses to make it look like a shootout.

Other Patrolmen corral living RESIDENTS into herds.

Ethan approaches Sarge, his mouth smeared with blood.

ETHAN

I can't do this. This is wrong.

SARGE

I've had a few reluctant recruits in my day, but you're starting to piss me off.

Sarge peels the scalp back on a decapitated head to get at the spongy brains.

SARGE

Guilt eventually surrenders to instinct. You feed, you live.

Ethan watches Sarge lap up the grey matter, nauseated.

SARGE

Find that partner of yours, kill him, and you better make sure it looks like some banger did it.

Sarge walks away from Ethan. The conversation is over.

SARGE

(shouting)

Leave a few thugs undrained -- need something for the camera crews.

Patrolmen plant guns on the remaining corpses.

Ethan can hardly believe their efficiency --

If someone walked into the Downs right now, it'd just look like a typical gang altercation.

Ethan fumes, slipping away from the group.

Sarge watches him go.

JORDAN DOWNS - SANDRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bornelius, Baby No Good, Kill Kill, Xavier, and Darius approach Sandra's unit.

FALLEN CRIPS dot the landscape -- they died to save their leader. Darius recognizes all of them.

DARIUS

This is... all of Grape Street.  
THEY FUCKING WIPED THEM OUT!

The windows belonging to Building 2 Unit 6 LIGHT UP with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

The Bloods are about to charge; Xavier holds them back --

XAVIER

Wait.

Xavier pulls the gun he took from Darius earlier, offering it back to him.

XAVIER

You ever shoot someone before?

Darius shrugs, embarrassed. He hasn't.

XAVIER

It's good. Just hang back.

Xavier puts the piece away.

He breaks into a low run. Darius follows --

JORDAN DOWNS - SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Xavier enters to discover Sandra fending off DEPUTY with an assault rifle --

**BRRRAAAT! BRRRAAAT!**

She's barricaded the hallway, unloading through an opening in the pile of furniture -- she's not fucking around.

Xavier waits for her to reload...

SANDRA

(to the cops)

DON'T WORRY -- I GOT SOME MORE HEAT  
FOR YOUR ASS!

**BRRRAT! BRRRRAT!**

Deputy staggers from the onslaught, but keeps coming.

While Sandra reloads, Xavier runs up behind Deputy and SHOTS HIM IN THE TEMPLE, stunning him -- only for a second.

Deputy wheels on Xavier, sending him flying across the room with a wave of his hand. He lands HARD.

**BRRRATTT! BRATT!**

Sandra yells over her own gunfire:

SANDRA  
(to Xavier)  
The fuck you doing here, X?

XAVIER  
(groaning, in pain)  
... goddammit, THE FUCK YOU THINK?!

Xavier is willing to fight the police for her?

Even Sandra is touched by the display --

But Deputy seizes Bornelius and CHOKE SLAMS him through the dry wall.

Deputy knocks Baby No Good out and DISMEMBERS KILL KILL, going to work on his innards to drain him.

Through fucking around, Deputy swings the makeshift skull-and-spine mace of Kill Kill down on Xavier to knock him out --

BLACK.

JORDAN DOWNS - PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Xavier wakes up seeing double. Where is he?

His vision clears to discover a rope being tied around BABY NO GOOD'S feet.

X tries to focus and figure out what's going on.

He notices his hands are zip-tied behind his back.

Bornelius, Sandra, and Darius are lined up next to him, laid out in the grass amongst some DEAD CRIPS.

Xavier's radio has been removed. So has his pistol.

XAVIER  
 (whispering)  
 Hey... wake up!

Xavier kicks Darius in the side.

Darius comes to just as --

Deputy tosses the end of the rope over the swing set and hoists Baby No Good into the air by his feet.

XAVIER  
 He missed the knife in my boot --  
 see if you can get to it.

Darius struggles against his restraints in reply.

Deputy ties the rope so No Good stays suspended upside down.

Deputy unsheathes his enormous BOWIE KNIFE and placidly CUTS BABY NO GOOD'S THROAT, draining his blood into a KIDDIE POOL.

Annoyed, he guts him -- dressing him out like a deer carcass. Getting the crimson waterfall gushing in a stream.

The sight freezes Darius.

DARIUS  
 Why're they doing this?!

Bornelius and Sandra stir to consciousness, watching the butchering, aghast.

BORNELIUS  
 They just doing what they always  
 done. Who you think the first  
 slavers in Africa were...

Deputy takes a quick drink as Baby No Good bleeds out into the kiddie pool.

BORNELIUS  
 Vampires. Started the slave trade  
 to ensure a steady food supply.

DARIUS  
 Yo, that *does* make sense.

Xavier butts in --

XAVIER  
 D, get the knife.

Darius struggles to no avail.

DARIUS

I can't reach! Move closer.

BORNELIUS

If anyone gets free, find my van.  
Our ancestors discovered long ago  
how to defeat these devils. They  
handed those weapons down, and I  
brought that shit.

They stare at Bornelius like he's the town fool, Xavier finally breaking.

XAVIER

Yo, shut the fuck up.

They watch breathlessly as Deputy lumbers towards them with another rope, kicking Xavier in the face.

DEPUTY

Savin' your Judas ass for last,  
boy.

He stands over Xavier for a long moment, waiting for a response. When none comes, he breaks to grab Darius.

Darius puts up a fight, but he's no match for the supernatural strength of Deputy.

He pins Darius with one hand, ties the rope around his ankles, and strings him up a tree.

Deputy slides the kiddie pool beneath Darius.

SANDRA

Hurt my seed and you die slow!

Ignoring her, Deputy puts his knife to Darius' throat.

ETHAN (O.S.)

DEPUTY!

Deputy turns to discover ETHAN STANDING BEHIND HIM.

ETHAN

I need him -- I'm still healing.

DEPUTY

Fuck you, rook. These are my kills.

Deputy turns back to the task at hand.

Xavier looks on, unsure where Ethan's allegiances lie.

**THUNK!**

ETHAN STABS DEPUTY IN THE BASE OF THE SKULL WITH HIS OWN TACTICAL KNIFE.

Darius doesn't need to be told -- he swings back and forth on the rope, trying to squirm free.

Ethan pulls the knife out of Deputy's skull, and --

CUTS Xavier's ziptie apart, freeing his hands.

Deputy is back on his feet, squaring up with the partners.

XAVIER

Gun!

Ethan and Xavier move in total harmony -- their minds melded from years of patrolling together.

Ethan tosses X a pistol --

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**

Xavier blows multiple craters in Deputy's skull, which barely slow him --

But a HAYMAKER FROM ETHAN actually drops Deputy.

Ethan is surprised by his own newfound strength.

Darius continues to swing himself from the tree until the tree branch breaks --

**CRACK!**

Darius lands with a thud.

Deputy's up, his wounds already closing from all the blood he's gorged himself on tonight.

He snatches Xavier up, putting him in a chokehold --

Xavier's head is about to explode from the pressure.

**HACK!**

Ethan takes a huge chunk of Deputy with his own Bowie knife -- saving X's life.

Ethan goes to work -- chopping at Deputy like he's cutting down a redwood.

FINALLY, DEPUTY STOPS MOVING.

XAVIER  
(catching his breath)  
Thanks, bro.

ETHAN  
Yeah... anytime... shit...

Xavier frees Sandra, Darius, and Bornelius.

ETHAN  
X, we need to talk.

XAVIER  
No shit.

ETHAN  
I can help you guys out if you --

**STAB!**

THE BROKEN TREE BRANCH BURSTS THROUGH ETHAN'S CHEST --

Darius staked him in the back.

Xavier watches horrified as Ethan crumples to the ground.

Darius spits on Ethan.

DARIUS  
(tough guy voice)  
That's for Superb, ya ho-ass bitch!

Xavier grabs Darius by the shirt, manhandling him.

XAVIER  
YOU KILLED HIM?!

DARIUS  
Can't kill what's already dead.

Bornelius immediately gathers weapons and re-arms.

BORNELIUS  
Unfortunately, stakes don't kill  
these freaks in real life...

Xavier checks Ethan for a sign of life, finding a heartbeat.

XAVIER  
Thank God.

**STICK!** -- Sandra buries Deputy's Bowie knife into Ethan.

Xavier pushes her away.

XAVIER  
WHAT THE FUCK!

SANDRA  
Don't EVER put hands on me!

Xavier faces off with Sandra.

SANDRA  
Darius... go see if there's any  
lighter fluid at that barbeque, so  
we can burn up this cop, baby.

BORNELIUS  
That shit don't work either.

XAVIER  
We're not burning ANYONE.  
Especially my fucking partner.

SANDRA  
(re: Ethan)  
He one of them things.

Darius gives Xavier a disappointed once over.

DARIUS  
You might as well be one, too.

That hurts Xavier, but he manages to hold Sandra's gaze,  
neither of them willing to relent.

Xavier leans over Deputy, grabbing his radio off his vest.

XAVIER  
223, Dispatch. I've got a 999.  
Multiple officers down. Require  
immediate assistance. Jordan Downs.

SANDRA  
Last thing we need is more cops.

XAVIER  
Not all cops are monsters.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Backup en route, 223.

Bornelius interrupts before the argument starts --

BORNELIUS  
We best move. They'll come back to  
life. They got regeneration powers.

X holds his ground until everyone leaves, following them out.

Beat.

Ethan awakens and grasps the branch piercing his chest.

ETHAN

Fu--uck

Ethan is on the verge of passing out as he **SNAPS** the branch in two.

In pain, his eyes fall on the kiddie pool full of blood.

His appetite is piqued. He's drawn towards it.

Ethan crawls completely into the kiddie pool, submerging himself in the healing waters of blood.

TREE LINE - NIGHT

The group moves with trepidation beneath the trees, on their way to the perimeter of the complex.

**DRIP! DRIP!**

A couple drops hit Darius.

He looks up into the trees to discover --

THEY'RE BENEATH BRANCHES FULL OF BODIES HANGING UPSIDE DOWN.

DARIUS

AH GOD!

Sandra looks up, aghast.

SANDRA

Lord Jesus...

The bodies belong to EVERYONE they knew from Jordan Downs.

THE ENTIRE GROUP OF RESIDENTS ARE ALL DEAD.

Sandra breaks down in tears.

Xavier's shaken to the core when he discovers the PASTOR among the drained victims.

XAVIER

These are civilians...

DARIUS

Fuck, man -- there's nobody left.

Xavier cuts the Pastor down, gently laying him on the ground.

Xavier stands, the anger burning just as hot in his eyes now as the rest.

Something's changed in him.

BORNELIUS

Look mane -- my van's back near the entrance. We get to it, we can erase these fools. Get some payback!

Exasperated, Xavier pushes past him on the move.

XAVIER

Enough with this basehead. Let's just get out of here.

Bornelius smiles, pointing in Xavier's face.

BORNELIUS

There's that Jim Crow talk again. Come to my van, and claim your righteous African birthright. Gain the ultimate power, blood.

They consider Bornelius -- he *does* look insane.

DARIUS

Damn -- this nigga do sound crazy. Alright, X, I know a spot in the wall where we can slip out.

XAVIER

Then please, lead the fucking way.

JORDAN DOWNS - FENCES - NIGHT

The gang approach the outer perimeter of the projects.

DARIUS

There's a hole up here.

SANDRA

Oh, so this is where you'd sneak out and get your booty from?

Darius is jolted silent by the reminder he'll never meet up with Superb again...

Sandra notices.

SANDRA  
Damn... I was just fucking with  
you.

She puts an awkward hand on Darius' shoulder, about as close as he'll get to an apology from her.

Bornelius keeps his eyes peeled as Xavier steps through the gap in the bars.

XAVIER  
Nice work, D. Come on...

Darius is about to follow when --

SANDRA  
Hold up.

The group pauses.

SANDRA  
We can't... I can't do this.

Xavier's on the other side of the fence, ready to go.

XAVIER  
Can't do WHAT?

SANDRA  
The Brim's right... goddammit...

XAVIER  
You fucking kidding me?

She can hardly believe she's saying this.

SANDRA  
After everything, you came back for  
me. I know that wasn't easy.

Sandra reaches through the bars to lovingly tap Xavier's wounded cheek. It hurts.

SANDRA  
This is just gonna keep happening.

XAVIER  
Now you're on some Malcolm X shit?

SANDRA  
All the sets started on some  
Malcolm X shit.

(MORE)

SANDRA (CONT'D)

We looked out for our people when  
nobody was looking out for us.  
*Then*, they brought crack in and  
fucked us all up.

BORNELIUS

There you go!  
(clapping)  
It's! About! Fuck-ing! Time!

Xavier freezes -- they're so close to freedom.

But he knows she's right.

XAVIER

We can't even kill them.

BORNELIUS

WE SURE AS FUCK CAN! I didn't know  
what we was dealing with before,  
but like I *been* tellin' y'all: I  
got the solution in my van.

A body swinging in a distant tree catches Xavier's eye.

XAVIER

(working himself up)  
Who knows how long they been hiding  
behind the badge?

BORNELIUS

Oh, these crackers perfected this  
shit. Watts. Rodney King. Katrina.

A PATROLMAN climbs the body like a spider, taking the corpse  
down to the ground in its insatiable hunger.

XAVIER

Fuck, let's try it your way. We  
kill every last one of these  
fucking bloodsuckers tonight.

SANDRA

That's on Crip!

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Xavier leads the charge towards THREE NIGHT PATROLMEN, busy  
draining every last drop from Viola.

OFFICER pulls himself away from his meal to confront Xavier.

XAVIER  
 (to the group)  
 Everybody stay tight -- don't let  
 them separate us.

Officer takes aim with his AR-15, but Xavier HEADSHOTS him,  
 spinning the vampire face-first into the dirt.

Darius pounces on Officer and swipes his rifle.

Bornelius grabs his sidearm.

He SHOTS OUT THE KNEES of another approaching Patrolman.

BORNELIUS  
 More damage you do, the longer they  
 take to heal! FUCK 'EM UP!

Sandra takes note, stabbing the second Patrolman in the back  
 of the head repeatedly with Deputy's enormous Bowie Knife.

SANDRA  
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darius plants a foot on Officer as he EMPTIES THE AR into his  
 face.

The last Patrolman sees the bloodlust in their eyes as the  
 entire group turns their attention to him.

It's the Patrolman's worst nightmare:

BLOOD-SOAKED AFRICAN AMERICANS, UNAFRAID, AND COMING FOR HIS  
 FUCKING HEAD.

The Patrolman TURNS AND RUNS for his life, but --

**BRRRRRRAPPPPTTTT!**

DARIUS LIGHTS HIM UP, strafing him with automatic gunfire.

The rest of the group catches up and they go to work on the  
 fallen vampire -- IT'S A MASSACRE.

**BANG!**

Darius falls over, clutching his stomach -- HE'S BEEN SHOT.

XAVIER  
 D! You hit?

DEPUTY APPROACHES WITH TWO HEAVILY ARMED PATROLMEN.

The odds have flipped.

BORNELIUS  
(re: Deputy)  
This mongo motherfucker again.

The Patrolmen OPEN FIRE, closing on the group.

They're pinned down. The end is near.

Bornelius has had enough. He tosses X the keys to his van.

BORNELIUS  
That weapon's your only shot. Van's  
just around the corner.

Bornelius rips his shirt open to reveal a SUICIDE VEST.

XAVIER  
The hell are you doing?

BORNELIUS  
Think I'd ever let the Man take me  
alive?! I BEEN READY TO DIE.

Bornelius is up on his feet and sprinting for Deputy and the Patrolmen -- soaking up bullets along the way.

Xavier, Darius, and Sandra gawk, incredulous.

BORNELIUS  
FUCK THE PO-LICE!

AS SOON AS DEPUTY MOVES IN FOR THE KILL --

**BOOOOOOM!**

BORNELIUS, DEPUTY, AND THE PATROLMEN ALL EXPLODE.

Xavier and Sandra shield Darius from the blast.

Sandra's the first one up, surveying the battlefield.

SANDRA  
Damn... that's one real ass nigga.

Xavier props Darius up.

XAVIER  
(keys in hand)  
Come on, bruh. We gotta go.

CLEARING - NIGHT

Xavier practically drags Darius alongside him as they emerge to find THE VAN parked in the distance.

On the far end of the van, a NIGHT PATROL SEARCH PARTY combs the area. They spot the group and move to intercept.

It's going to be close -- THE PATROLMEN OPEN FIRE.

BULLETS whiz past as they duck behind the armored vehicle.

Darius points at the sky --

DARIUS  
(desperate)  
It's the news...

Sure enough, a local news helicopter circles the projects.

Darius tries to flag them down, weak.

DARIUS  
AYE! WE HERE! LOOK HERE!

Xavier reaches the van's double doors and throws them open.

XAVIER  
Get in!

BORNELIUS' D-DAY VAN - NIGHT

Xavier slams the doors shut behind them.

SANDRA  
Let me look at you, D.

Sandra and Xavier see that Darius is losing A LOT OF BLOOD -- not much they can do.

DARIUS  
Find the weapon.

Despite Darius' injury, they all sort through the van's inventory, but they only find: moon charts, books on the Knights Templar, crystal amulets, a de-fluoridation kit, etc.

DARIUS  
What the fuck is this shit?

Xavier can't believe he allowed to himself to buy into Bornelius' nonsense.

XAVIER  
There's nothing here.

SANDRA  
Let's get him to a hospital.

Xavier obeys his mother.

He gets in the driver's seat, cranks the ignition, and FLOORS IT.

BORNELIUS' D-DAY VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bullets spark off the van's armor, the reinforced walls temporarily preventing the gunfire from piercing the interior.

Xavier struggles to maintain control of the wheel.

The fence is in sight -- their only chance is to bust through it.

XAVIER GUNS IT.

XAVIER  
HOLD ON!

JORDAN DOWNS PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

Several rounds EXPLODE the tires, SHREDDING them to nothing.

The van grinds on its axles, swerves, slows, and eventually rumbles to a stop inches from the fence.

The Night Patrol encircles the van.

BORNELIUS' D-DAY VAN - NIGHT

Xavier finally loses it, pounding on the steering wheel futilely.

XAVIER  
GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!

**BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!**

The metal dents inwards, Night Patrol pouring it on -- the van won't last long.

Sandra takes a deep breath, making peace with her fate.

Darius is fading -- the adrenaline has worn off.

DARIUS  
But he said we could kill them...

XAVIER  
D, Bornelius wasn't all there.

Darius ignores X, keeps digging.

DARIUS  
(in denial)  
You don't know that, X!

Sandra embraces Darius, trying to calm him.

SANDRA  
(to Darius)  
Baby -- STOP!

Finally, Darius spots a LARGE CRATE BEARING SWAHILI SCRIPT buried under a map of Pangaea.

He fills with hope.

DARIUS  
This is it -- help me. Maybe it's a bazooka or a flame thrower.

Against their better judgment, Xavier and Sandra help.

Darius peers in, deflating when he discovers:

AN OLD, BRITTLE WOODEN AFRICAN MASK, WITH MATCHING BREASTPLATE, GAUNTLETS, AND STRAW GREAVES.

EVERYTHING IS COVERED IN ARCANE ZULU SYMBOLS.

Darius finally loses it --

DARIUS  
This bullshit can't save anyone!  
(grabbing a flimsy spear)  
Motherfucker said this was the "ultimate weapon" -- this is just a bunch of old wood!

XAVIER  
Darius, I said Bornelius was --

DARIUS  
FUCK YOU!

Darius pounds on Xavier's chest --

DARIUS  
How come you gotta be right?

Xavier doesn't have a response.

SANDRA  
Baby, come on now --

DARIUS  
NO! Fuck him.

She grabs his face, forcing him to meet her gaze. This is serious.

SANDRA  
Don't waste your last moments  
fighting with your brother. This  
right here, the fact we're all  
together again, THIS IS FUCKING  
BEAUTIFUL.

Sandra brings Xavier into the circle. For a brief moment, the family is reunited.

She puts a gun in Darius' hand.

SANDRA  
I never dreamed I'd get go out  
blasting with my boys at my side.

It's an insane thing to say...

Still, X can't help but be moved.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The bullets finally rip through the van, ricocheting around the interior.

They lock eyes, ready to face death as a family. Then --

ALL THE GUNS GO QUIET...

It's eerie.

Xavier's radio crackles to life.

SARGE (O.S.)  
Alright, son. It's over. You got  
nowhere to go...

Sarge's voice fills them with dread. They know he's right.

SARGE (O.S.)  
 We gotta wrap this up. You can  
 either come out right now and make  
 it quick, or we can burn you alive  
 inside that van.

The death sentence hangs in the air.

Xavier reluctantly looks in the side mirror, just in time to  
 see --

**BOOM!**

Sarge SHOTGUNNING the gas tank. The fuel collects beneath the  
 van.

Sarge RACKS THE SHOTGUN and aims directly at the liquid,  
 prepared to set it ablaze.

Xavier covers Sandra and Darius protectively -- waiting for  
 the shot that will ignite the van...

But it doesn't come.

Xavier looks back into the mirror to find --

ETHAN DECAPITATING SARGE WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

XAVIER  
 Ethan?!

Ethan holds up SARGE'S SEVERED HEAD TO THE OTHER NIGHT  
 PATROLMEN. THEY COWER BEFORE HIM --

THEIR NEW ALPHA.

Ethan's been regenerated by the pool of blood -- he looks  
 born again, drunk with his newfound power.

ETHAN  
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ethan has staged a coup. He turns to Xavier.

ETHAN  
 LET'S FUCKING GO!

Xavier immediately opens the van doors --

JORDAN DOWNS - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Xavier steps outside to find Ethan TOSSING Sarge's severed  
 head away.

A spotlight swings on them.

Xavier peers into the sky, finding the news helicopter circling above them.

XAVIER  
(to Sandra and Darius)  
Come on. I got y'all.

Sandra never lets her guard down, gun at the ready.

ETHAN  
(re: Sandra and Darius)  
Not them. Only people walking out  
of here are the Police, Xavier.

XAVIER  
This is my family.

ETHAN  
No witnesses, brother.  
(persuading)  
You always wanted to join Night  
Patrol -- I can make that happen.

Xavier takes a protective step toward his family.

ETHAN  
(off X's reluctance)  
Are you a cop? Or are you one of  
these thugs?

Xavier pulls his gun in response, ready to die for Darius and Sandra.

Ethan is enraged by Xavier's betrayal.

In a split second, he closes on Xavier and SMASHES him against the van. X crumples to the ground.

Sandra brings her assault rifle to bear --

**BRRRRAPPPPTTT!**

SANDRA OPENS UP on the encroaching Patrolmen.

Ethan turns his attention to Darius -- weakest of the herd.

But Sandra turns her gun on him --

**BRAAPPTT!**

She fires the clip dry.

Ethan walks through the gunfire and --  
UNCEREMONIOUSLY RIPS SANDRA'S THROAT OUT.

XAVIER  
GOD NO!

All Xavier can do is watch as Ethan FEASTS ON HIS MOTHER.

DARIUS  
MAMMA!

Xavier sees the life drain out of Sandra's eyes.

OFFICER, regenerated, snatches up Darius. He's desperate to feed --

But Officer's still weak, allowing Darius to wriggle free and crawl away.

Officer is right on his heels, summoning all remaining strength to SEIZE Darius by the foot.

This time he has him dead to rights.

Officer climbs up Darius, bearing his fangs --

**THWACK!**

THE ZULU SPEAR BURSTS THROUGH OFFICER'S CHEST!

For once, a Vampire shows TRUE ANGUISH -- he lets out an inhuman death knell that rattles his fellow Patrolmen.

ALL OF OFFICER'S BLOOD EVACUATES HIS BODY.

Officer sags to the ground, shriveling into a husk -- TRULY DEAD.

REVEAL: XAVIER STANDING WITH THE SPEAR IN HAND.

Realizing the ancient Earth magic is real, Xavier DONS THE ZULU GAUNTLETS AND MASK and approaches the vampires.

Darius tries in vain to crawl away from the chaos.

Startled, Ethan falls back as his grunts swarm Xavier.

XAVIER'S GAUNTLETS GLOW WITH POWER AS HE ATTACKS THE UNDEAD.

The Patrolmen assail Xavier, but he rebuffs them with precise blows from the gauntlets.

EACH BLOW KNOCKS PIECES OF THEIR BODIES OFF LIKE THEY'RE BEING HIT BY A WRECKING BALL.

BLOOD ERUPTS FROM THE WOUNDS.

XAVIER  
(re: Earth magic)  
Shit...

Xavier raises the Zulu spear to ward off the Patrolmen; the obsidian tip glows hot with primeval power.

Xavier SPEARS and SLASHES through the contingent of charging Patrolmen on his way to confront Ethan.

Ethan dodges Xavier's thrust and delivers a strike to Xavier's MASK, but --

Ethan's hand reels from the impact.

ETHAN  
The fuck?!

Ethan brandishes his NIGHTSTICK.

Xavier slashes and stabs, but Ethan dodges and parries.

Ethan counters by attacking Xavier where he's unprotected by the armor.

Ethan's strikes hit home, staggering Xavier.

Ethan hits Xavier with a STRONG OVERHAND STRIKE that KNOCKS HIS MASK OFF and DROPS X TO ONE KNEE.

ETHAN  
Turn your back on your brothers,  
this is what the fuck happens --

Ethan seizes the moment. He LEAPS at X, BEARING HIS FANGS, going for the death strike --

But Xavier digs deep and summons the last of his will to raise the spear one more time --

**STICK!**

ETHAN'S MOMENTUM HALTS AS THE SPEAR PIERCES HIS STERNUM AND HOISTS HIM LIKE A FLAG, BLOOD BURSTS FROM HIS INNARDS.

Ethan DIES, suspended in a violent posture.

Xavier frees the spear from his former partner and turns to ensure there's no more attackers --

Xavier picks his brother up.

He peers up into the hovering news chopper's blinding spotlight.

Sirens approach on the horizon.

XAVIER  
HELP US!

Xavier cradles his brother as POLICE CRUISERS swing into view.

INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Xavier slams his handcuffed fists on the table.

XAVIER  
MY BROTHER'S FUCKING DYING!  
SOMEBODY GET IN HERE!

Darius is passed out FROM BLOOD LOSS, face down on the table.

After a beat, to Xavier's surprise --

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN walks in and sits across from him.

XAVIER  
Captain, please! They won't listen  
to me! MY BROTHER NEEDS A DOCTOR!

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN  
I'm here to help, son, but there's  
a fella who looks an awful lot like  
you on the six o'clock news  
spearing police officers.

XAVIER  
You *know* me. You know I wouldn't  
lie to you.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN  
I believe you. One hundred percent.

XAVIER  
You do?

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN  
The Night Patrol is an ancient  
vampire coven that infiltrated law  
enforcement long before you and I  
drew our first breaths. That's an  
open secret.

Xavier sits back, breathing a sigh of relief.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

But, let's be real: no one's gonna believe that.

Xavier's entire world explodes again.

XAVIER

Captain, are you a...

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Vampire? Don't be ridiculous. I've got a family and a pension. But as far as I'm concerned, those boys' sky-high clearance rate reflects well on the entire department.

Xavier's speechless.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

You want help for your brother? I can arrange that -- *plus* have him walking out of the hospital with a clean record.

Xavier looks at his unconscious brother -- what choice does he really have?

XAVIER

What do you need from me?

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

I want you and me to talk about Night Patrol's optics problem...

RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Before a room packed with DIGNITARIES, DEPARTMENT BRASS, and PRESS, CAPTAIN BUCHANAN holds court at the podium.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

They were the cream of the crop.  
The finest lawmen on God's green earth. We call them Night Patrol.

On the wall: oversized photos of all the DECEASED NIGHT PATROL OFFICERS -- DEPUTY'S evil mug front and center.

## CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

They marched bravely into the mouth of hell, and did their part to quell the bloodiest single night of civil unrest in our great city's history. They made the ultimate sacrifice -- laying down their lives for the rule of law. One man, a fledgling officer, displayed uncommon valor and fortunately walked out alive...

Xavier's bandaged up, his arm is in a sling, making him look all the more heroic in his dress blues.

He stands at attention.

## CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

Today, alongside his dearly departed brothers in blue, we honor him. It is my distinct pleasure to present the medal of valor to Officer Xavier Carr.

Showered in applause, Xavier marches stiffly to the Captain, where he's decorated with the gleaming commendation.

Xavier displays a sheepish smile. Poses with the Captain.

It's official -- he's the face of the department.

## CAPTAIN BUCHANAN

(through his grin)  
Smiiiiiiile.

Xavier has no choice but to comply. Bulbs flash bright.

## HOSPITAL - DAY

Xavier waits outside on the curb, still in his dress blues.

He savors the sun on his face.

Freshly released from care, Darius limps stiffly toward him --

Dressed once more in his bloody clothes.

## DARIUS

Saw you on TV. You really is they golden nigga now.

Xavier squares up, letting the barb slide off his back.

XAVIER  
You feeling better?

DARIUS  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Xavier sighs big -- this is difficult for him.

XAVIER  
This is the last time we'll talk  
for a while. I just wanted to--

DARIUS  
Just tell me what's going on.

XAVIER  
(ashamed)  
I'm playing ball.

Darius scoffs at his weakness.

Xavier bites back.

XAVIER  
They were gonna LET YOU DIE. And  
even if you somehow survived, you'd  
have been locked up for the rest of  
your life.

DARIUS  
Yo -- don't put this shit on me.

Xavier finally forces himself to come clean:

XAVIER  
D, when you called me for help, I  
wasn't coming to save you... I was  
coming to arrest you. I assumed the  
worst of you. I'm sorry.

This hits Darius hard.

DARIUS  
None of that shit matters anymore.  
You don't gotta do this.

Xavier considers trying to explain further.

Thinks better of it.

XAVIER  
It's too late for me -- main thing  
is you're free. Never forget that.

Xavier leaves Darius standing dumbstruck at the curb --

He climbs into the passenger seat of a waiting POLICE CRUISER.

CAPTAIN BUCHANAN drives them away.

NIGHT PATROL STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Xavier enters the same room where Ethan was turned, tears streaking his face --

Reality sets in.

The centuries of systemic oppression weigh heavy on Xavier.

Inexhaustible. Inescapable.

He can barely see through the darkness.

Xavier wipes the tears away, putting on a brave face.

XAVIER

Go on then... get it over with.

From the shadows, SARGE EMERGES.

His head has been reattached somehow. He looks no worse for wear.

Pistol in hand, Sarge takes aim at Xavier.

SARGE

Welcome to the Night Patrol.

**BANG!**

SARGE SHOOTS XAVIER IN THE HEAD.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END