

THE FLAG

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

BLACK

An M9 BERETTA is fired twice...

EXT. SHADOW CLAN TERRITORY - THE SET - DAY

A quaint South Central LA home is the base of operations, aka "**The Set**," for **THE SHADOW CLAN**. Shouting explodes from a loud game of DOMINOS on the porch.

A dispute erupts from the game, but is quickly resolved by both parties. A group of GANGBANGERS bench press rusty weights and KIDS play FOOTBALL on the front yard.

This is Little House on the Prairie in Gangland, CA.

INT. THE SET - KITCHEN - DAY

BIG SKY, 32, the Shot Caller of THE SHADOW CLAN, sits at the kitchen table across from a White Police Officer.

OFFICER DANIEL MACDONALD aka Officer Friendly, 28, is wide-eyed and clean cut, he stands out in the house of bangers.

KEISHA, 20's, a scantily clad woman with a large derrière, cooks breakfast.

Big Sky treats the Officer like an honored guest. Although large and physically intimidating, Big Sky is very charismatic and upbeat.

BIG SKY
(To the Officer)
Hungry?
(Eyes locked on the
Officer)
Keisha! Make sure you throw some
extra pig on this man's plate.

Sky slaps her on the ass.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
You're a guest. C'mon, Officer
Friendly.
(BEAT)
That's what the kids call you. It
fits. You like it?

MacDonald cracks a smile.

OFFICER MACDONALD
It's not too bad. Better than pig.

BIG SKY
 (Laughing)
 I like you.

His booming laugh shakes the room -- then stops.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
 Better than the last pig we had out here. Busting heads? On our streets? Can you believe that shit? Must've been messed up in the head. These streets have been quiet a decade, damn near. Why would someone want to stir shit up?

Keisha finishes cooking and brings them both a plate. Sky's has more, it's a hearty meal for a jovial man.

OFFICER MACDONALD
 No need. Thank you.

Big Sky motions for her to still give it to him. She sets it in front of the ignored Officer, then calmly proceeds to pour them both a fresh glass of ORANGE JUICE.

BIG SKY
 This is the play-

MacDonald interjects. He looks at their plates.

OFFICER MACDONALD
 -aren't we going to bow our heads?

BIG SKY
 (laughing)
 Goddamn! Friendly is a church boy?
 (a beat)
 This ain't exactly the block for that. We don't do bible study. The young ones move a little weight. Even mine. Not Sidney. That kid wasn't built for this.
 (Takes a sip of OJ)
 Not a single murder in nine years. We legitimized gang-banging. Ain't that a beautiful thing?

Officer MacDonald pokes out his chest to establish that he's not a pushover. Big Sky eats.

OFFICER MACDONALD
 Sky, I appreciate you welcoming me into your home.
 (MORE)

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

But in order for this to work, we need to be on the same page.

(Clear Throats)

I'm here to make sure everyone in this neighborhood, and six neighborhoods over, are safe and have a voice. Whatever the Clan did back then to stop the war, worked. Just here to maintain that peace and quiet. But, I think we could-

Big Sky finishes his meal. Macdonald is cut off.

BIG SKY

Keisha!

Keisha comes back into the room. She grabs Sky's plate.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)

Well damn, Officer Friendly. I like the way you work. Sounds like we want the same thing.

Keisha goes for MacDonald's plate, but -- he takes his fork and takes a bite of eggs. He looks at Sky. Keisha leaves it.

She leaves the room again, and returns, but this time with an M9-Beretta. The large pistol is a stolen Police Firearm from a different time.

She pecks Big Sky on the cheek and exits. MacDonald is shocked by the lack of respect for his presence in the room.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Big plans?

BIG SKY

Nothing wild. Giving the Deacons a lil' more leash this year. Haven't tried anything for a while.

(He cocks the gun)

They're past due.

He tucks the weapon in the back of his pants.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)

Just a little insurance. My eyes been twitching lately. Something bad is in the air, Friendly.

MacDonald takes a hard look at the detailed markings on Big Sky's face.

CLOSE UP: BIG SKY HAS ONE BLACK MARKING UNDER HIS LEFT EYE AKA A "DEATH NOTCH." IT RESEMBLES A KNIFE CARVED NOTCH FROM A TREE.

EXT. THE SET - PORCH - DAY

Officer MacDonald walks onto the porch. Big Sky stands in the door way. He props open the door, and the screen door.

MacDonald is nearly off the porch steps -- but turns around. Something's bothering him.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Heard you had more than a few tattoos under your eye. Something happen? Or, are the kids just spreading fairy tales?

BIG SKY

Nah. You think I cleaned up these streets with guns? I had to make a deal, or two, with the Devil.

MacDonald smirks, then exits the yard. A SQUAD CAR is parked on the street.

OFFICER MACDONALD

So, that was the price you paid?
Alright.

BIG SKY

A little expensive. But, you should see what I got from him!

The Officer walks towards his vehicle, hops in his squad car, and drives away.

He only senses a small fraction of the looming darkness approaching the Los Angeles STREETS.

Big Sky nods at the homies slamming dominos. He then looks outward. A sigh of relief from the gangster.

A silhouette of his broad frame forms as he enters his home. The screen door and front door are still open.

The silhouetted Big Sky stands still for a brief moment. Suddenly -- SLAM! -- **both doors close by aid of an unknown force.**

A gangster's deal with the devil may be more than myth.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. SHADOW CLAN TERRITORY - STREETS - DAY**

ASAAN PARKER, 16, bares his signature scowl. The hardened teen leans on a street post eating a bag of SKITTLES. He sports a GRAY HOODIE. A GRAY BANDANA hangs from the front of his jeans. Quiet and focused, he pays no attention to his friends. Two similarly dressed teens clown each other. WEEZER, 14, wiry and goofy-looking, is the loudest.

WEEZER

(Laughing)

Do you even own a dress? Over here looking like GI Jane! You don't have style, like me. I'm Hollywood!

His jokes are aimed at EDDIE NIXON, 15, the only girl in the group. She aggressively approaches Weezer.

EDDIE

You always talking shit. Nigga think he on, just because some white lady is going to ask him a couple questions.

Asaan smirks. It gets a little out of hand.

ASAAN

Relax.

The group quickly calms down after Eddie sits next to Asaan. Weezer is live on Instagram. Thugging is the easiest way to build a fan-base.

EDDIE

Where's your brother at?

ASAAN

Always asking about Sidney. Thirsty.

EDDIE

I'm not thirsty-

ASAAN

In school like always. Boujee ass, still think he's too good for us.

INT. JAMES A GARFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - AP CHEMISTRY - DAY

Frustrated teenagers are in the middle of a lengthy and difficult exam. Only one student is undaunted by the test.

SIDNEY PARKER, 15, a studious and determined teen, he fills in his SCANTRON at a remarkable pace.

A struggling STUDENT, attempts to peek at Sidney's answers. JONATHAN REESE, Teacher, 36, is average looking with an esoteric demeanor. Reese singles out the student.

MR. REESE

Eyes on your test!

The Older Student grumbles as he returns to his own exam. Sidney is unwavering by the brief disturbance. A TEACHER knocks on the classroom window -- something requires Mr. Reese's attention.

Mr. Reese turns his back to the class for a millisecond. The teacher hands him A NOTE, then continues down the hallway.

Sidney swiftly switches his exam with the Older Student. The Older Student becomes relieved -- Mr. Reese returns.

OLDER STUDENT

(Whispering)

Good looking out--

MR. REESE

What did I say! Eyes on your test!

The swap occurred without anyone noticing. Sidney is not the angel he is perceived to be. He smirks, mirroring his BROTHER Asaan from earlier. Mr. Reese reads the note, and addresses Sidney.

MR. REESE (CONT'D)

After the exam Mr. Parker. See the principal.

SIDNEY

Psh. The day's over. I'll take a rain check.

The class laughs at his response.

His after-school activities far outweigh his academic requirements.

EXT. MR. KIM'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A gorgeous, and quiet, Los Angeles morning. Optimism is still in the atmosphere. A confident MacDonald leans on his squad car. Melendez purchases CHIPS inside the store.

ALLISON FERRY, 28, is a web documentarian fresh out of grad school. JOHN, 29, is her cameraman.

Allison interviews and John films the officer.

OFFICER MACDONALD
This is just about underprivileged
kids and stuff, right?

ALLISON
Yep.

The Officer is amused.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Cool.

ALLISON
Who you are?

OFFICER MACDONALD
Officer Daniel MacDonald. LAPD.
GND.

ALLISON
Tell me why you chose this area to
work in.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Chose? No officer really chooses
where they serve anymore. We can
request. Pray even.

ALLISON
But, you did choose. Didn't you?
(poignant)
Your father is the Captain.

He gets a little flustered. Melendez enters the shot. OFFICER
MARIE MELENDEZ, 26, is a hardened beat cop, she is the
embodiment of a middle finger. She hands him a protein bar.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Thanks, Marie.

MELENDEZ
It's Melendez.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Isn't she great?

Melendez opens the driver's side door. MacDonald slides over.
She props the door open and snacks on a bag of FLAMING HOTS.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

What were we talking about? That's right. Why did I request to work here-

Curious about his nickname Allison interjects before he can finish.

ALLISON

Why do they call you Officer Friendly?

He's all smiles. The Officer has become proud of his street appointed nickname.

OFFICER MACDONALD

The local teens really thought it fit. I try and approach them as a part of the community, less like a a prison guard.

ALLISON

Interesting.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Yeah. Communication, and understanding are the most important qualities in an Officer.

ALLISON

Is that what makes you different?

He takes time to answer.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Well, most of the active gang members never make it past twenty-one years old. They've been forgotten, condemned, and violently oppressed for a long time. It's time for us to give them a new way of life. That's why I'm Officer Friendly. I don't want the past to repeat itself. This Officer is here to be the authority they really need.

Melendez finishes her Cheetos. She rolls them into ball and tosses them in the backseat. MacDonald wraps up his speech.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

So yeah. That's what I want to do.

ALLISON

Do you believe you're prepared for this?

OFFICER MACDONALD

I think so.

Allison saves the hardest question for last.

ALLISON (O.C.)

Even after those mangled bodies were found ten years ago? The ones that had vines ripping through the insides of the area's biggest gang leaders? That's how the Shadow Clan became the law in this area right?

Another pause from the Officer. He rubs the back of his neck for a moment. John zooms in.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Spooky ghost stories are how the Shadow Clan keeps peace here. No one really knows what happened. Most of the bodies stopped piling up afterward. Then, Big Sky took over. Smogs took advantage of the legend, I guess. They were young, but smart. But, that's all it really is. Stories.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. KIM'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A dusty MID-2000's SEDAN sits in the parking lot. Inside we see John fiddling with a camera lens.

JOHN

(to his camera)

Which one of you is best for capturing a bullet busting a cap in my ass? The 24 millimeter wide, or the good ole 40 millimeter?

Allison steps into the car. She grabbed some snacks and water bottles for the day. She is very proud of herself. Even John's conversation with his equipment barely bothers her.

ALLISON

If you need a friend-

JOHN

I think you banned me from those.

ALLISON

Look, this is Los Angeles. I can find another cameraman.

JOHN

Can you find one that'll fuck you and get shot at?

(BEAT)

You think you might've pushed that cop a little far? We kind of need all the support we can get. You know, because we aren't from here. It's journalism one-on-one.

Allison takes a brief moment before she brushes off his disgruntled comment.

ALLISON

Well, I'll be the one to break the mold.

JOHN

And if you're wrong?

ALLISON

Then the piece won't be about a young gang stopping all gang related homicides in South Central Los Angeles.

(Flips a page)

It'll be about how another internet journalist and pasty cameraman fucked it up.

JOHN

Cute.

Allison takes a folder out of the side pocket of the door. The car is messy. It doubles as a mobile hotel room.

ALLISON

Look at this. The average age of these kids with affiliations is 12 years old?

John looks over at Allison expecting a moment of humanity from her.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This is amazing. I can't believe no one is on this.

SNAP. John attaches the 40mm lens to his camera.

JOHN

Probably, because they have some sort of conscious. Or, exploiting an entire community is actually the line liberals shouldn't cross.

EXT. SHADOW CLAN TERRITORY - STREETS - DAY

BARRY, 30's, a dope-fiend and pariah of the DEACONS, is wearing an ORANGE B-ball Jersey and BANDANA. He walks up to the "clique". Asaan signals for Weezer. The rowdy teen stops streaming his STACK OF CASH and CHAIN, to respond to Asaan.

Weezer swaps a bag of CAPSULATED MDMA for a small amount of CRINKLED CASH. Asaan interrupts the transaction.

ASAAN

You know the deal Barry. Location and roll call.

Barry hesitates.

BARRY

Come on. You know I'm already in trouble with Pastor.

Asaan replies with a look that could shake even the bravest man's resolve. Weezer takes note. He smacks the drugs out of Barry's hands.

WEEZER

Get out of here with that bullshit.

BARRY

Damn! I saw some Deacons walking near Mr. Kim's, on 16th.

Barry picks up the drugs and scurries away. A surprised Eddie looks over at Asaan.

EDDIE

That's a little close, ain't it?

Asaan throws a couple of skittles in his mouth, and throws the bag on the ground. He warns the group.

ASAAN

Too close.

EDDIE

Should I let SKY know?

WEEZER

Hell no! We can handle these
motherfuckers-

ASAAN

We'll see what's up. Bang Dev's
line.

(BEAT)

Then, we'll handle it if we have
to.

Weezer perks up.

ASAAN (CONT'D)

My Pop's is meeting the Deacon's
tonight. I love the violence, but
we have to sit on it.

Asaan walks away. He understands protocol.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - CITY BUS STOP - EVENING

Sidney steps out of a lowly CITY BUS. Trash wades through the crusty South Central gutters. LOAN OFFICES, and abandoned FAST FOOD restaurants add a flair of business to the area. This is Sidney's personal hell.

His current surroundings are depressing, but a familiar sight brings a smile to his face.

SIDNEY

You're late.

He tosses his BACKPACK to a LATINA teen waiting at the bus stop. ALEXA VERDEZ, 15, is a kindhearted girl with a sweet disposition. She catches the bag. Immediately, she rummages through the contents in search of something.

Sidney keeps his head on a swivel as Alexa digs deeper into his backpack. In this part of town awareness is a must.

ALEXA

Ahhh!

Alexa pulls out an oversized BOTANY TEXTBOOK. Sidney grabs his bag as they take an adorable stroll through the GHETTO.

EXT. FENCE ENCLOSED BRIDGE - OVERPASS - DAY

Page after page, is turned by an overexcited Alexa. It's a tradition of theirs to walk home together.

ALEXA

Ten different sections on
Honeysuckle? A chapter on Lonicera
subspicata? This is so fresh!

SIDNEY

The section on threatened plants is
a little light. You like it?

ALEXA

Like it...Me encanta! Que
jovencito!

The two share a passionate kiss they are in love.

EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Their walk continues. Sidney is still very alert. He remains
aware on their walk through the streets and alleys.

ALEXA

You're going to get caught.

SIDNEY

Never that. I'm too clever.

She buries her head in the book ignorant to her surroundings.

ALEXA

All the books at my school have
graffiti, or little dicks drawn all
over them. Science books might as
well have connect the dick puzzles.

Alexa nearly runs into a TELEPHONE POLE. Sidney veers her
away from a nasty collision.

SIDNEY

Go with me. It's way better.

ALEXA

Psh. Ta loca Gar-High. You know I
would. There's no way my pops is
going to let me be anywhere not
within a one-block radius of our
hood.

Sidney abruptly stops. Small shades of purple inch off a
wooden fence. Sidney squats to take a closer look. A SPOTTED
KNAPWEED BUD protrudes from a pod of common weeds.

MEDIUM CLOSE: SIDNEY AND KNAPWEED

ALEXA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
How are we going to have these fun
walks where you look over your
shoulder, if I leave South Central?

SIDNEY
We have to get out of here.
Somewhere far. Connecticut.

ALEXA (O.C.)
They would have cool plants there.
It's hella cold there, huh?

SIDNEY
(Talking to the Knapweed)
What are you doing so far from
home?

The plant BLOOMS as Sidney inches closer. Sidney's eyes widen
as he observes the unusual specimen. Alexa joins in.

ALEXA
That's super weird. What kind of
plant moves like that? It is a fly
trap?

Sidney is eerily focused. The plant inches closer.

SIDNEY
I don't think it is. Never seen
anything like this in a book.

Suddenly, Alexa playfully shoves him. Sidney's focus shifts
to Alexa as she darts down the alley.

ALEXA
Next time you'll pay attention to
me!

Sidney hops up from the ground, brushes himself off, and
chases Alexa.

SIDNEY
You're so tough on this side! Wait
until we're over in Shadowland!

ALEXA
(Sarcastic)
Such a gangster!

Careless playing ensues. For a moment, the couple forgets the
danger lurking around each corner. Unbeknownst to them they
are being followed by a nondescript TEEN GANGSTER.

INT. SQUAD CAR - STREET - AFTERNOON

Officer MacDonald is on patrol with his partner. Officer Marie Melendez drives. He looks up information via laptop. Big Sky's profile is pulled up on his screen.

MELENDEZ

Are you going to whip it out and start tugging? Or, are you too ashamed to actually ask him out on a date?

OFFICER MACDONALD

This is the untouchable Big Sky?

Melendez whips violently through the neighborhood. Both hands on the wheel, a small cross tattoo can be seen on her left wrist. She patrols the streets like a wolf on the hunt.

MELENDEZ

Damn straight.

OFFICER MACDONALD

He has two misdemeanors?

MELENDEZ

You're not going to find the real shit in the PNC's, promise.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Then what do you listen to?

THREE DEACON GANG MEMBERS walk down the street, Melendez takes notice.

MELENDEZ

The urban legends.

She pulls up on the group. The FRONT BUMPER scrapes the road as Melendez drives over the curb.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Are those Deacons? This close to Shadow Clan territory?

MELENDEZ

I see you Officer Friendly. Keep studying the blocks like that, and we'll have to get you on HOOD Jeopardy.

Melendez rolls down the window.

EXT. SHADOW CLAN TERRITORY - CURB - CONTINUOUS

Instead of dispersing, the Gang Members stand without budging. One of the Deacons anxiously sways back and forth, he wants to run, but has clearly been coached not to.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Good afternoon gentleman. Enjoying
this lovely Los Angeles day?

Each one looks in another direction, ignoring the Officer.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Hmm. Officer Melendez?

Officer Melendez swings open the car door --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHADOWLAND TERRITORY - CURB - SECONDS LATER

Two of the Gangmembers flee the scene -- Melendez slams one of their faces on the HOOD of the COP CAR -- LITTLE ROCK, 20, short and stocky leads a small clique of the Deacon's -- He is less than pleased.

LITTLE ROCK
Damn...WETBACK...Bitch!

Each word causes Melendez to shove his face harder, and harder, into the car. Officer MacDonald calmly exits the vehicle.

OFFICER MACDONALD
You, and your "homies," are a
little far from home.

LITTLE ROCK
We just kicking it.

MacDonald winks at Melendez -- she slams Little Rock again.

LITTLE ROCK (CONT'D)
Damn!

OFFICER MACDONALD
Territories are changing later
tonight, correct?

LITTLE ROCK
I don't know what you're talking-

Melendez slams him again, without MacDonald's queue. He looks at her. She replies with an "I'm innocent" shrug.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Not afraid of Big Sky?

LITTLE ROCK
Hell no. His time is coming. It's
Deacon season.

Little Rock's sentiment is not one spoken aloud on the streets, and never with a lack of fear. The Officers give each other a look.

LITTLE ROCK (CONT'D)
Ya'll can't keep me pressed up for
no reason.

MELENDEZ
(back to Little Rock)
We can do what we damn well please,
pussy.

OFFICER MACDONALD
He's right.

MacDonald motions for Melendez to release the teen. Little Rock walks tall, he's *totally* not embarrassed.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)
You ever hear one of these baby
gangsters say Sky's name without a
lick of fear?

MELENDEZ
Never. I don't like it.

Little Rock is halfway down the block. He shouts at them.

LITTLE ROCK
Punk ass pigs!

Melendez draws her weapon -- A frightened Little Rock sprints down the block. Officer MacDonald catches her before her gun can be fully drawn.

OFFICER MACDONALD
It's one of those days, isn't it?

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - SHADOW CLAN TERRITORY - ALLEY - EVENING

Weezer stands front and center, saluting. He covers his eyes with a GRAY BANDANA, and covers his heart with his left hand. Eddie sits behind him wearing an array of gray clothing. She smokes a BLACK AND MILD. Weezer finishes his vow.

WEEZER

I pledge allegiance to the flag of
the united blocks from Western to
120th and La Brea. My nation, stay
smogged, take liberty and justice
for ours.

Allison is in-camera as she interviews the misguided teen.
John would rather be anywhere on planet Earth.

ALLISON

What made you join a gang?

WEEZER

Nothing made me join. I been on
since birth. My daddy was in it,
his daddy was in it, now it's my
turn. Gang.

Eddie adds her own ad-libs after each of Weezer's statements.

EDDIE

Smog!

Weezer's enthusiasm increases every word spoken about the
idolized Big Sky, and his "holy land."

WEEZER

Ain't nobody messing with us! As
long as Big Sky around, them
DEACONS half a mile over, and any
other cliques better remember to
stay in their lane!

His words affect the faces of Allison. This is more than
friends, it's stronger than family, it is their religion.

WEEZER (CONT'D)

He got POWERS! Not a single shot
been fired at us since I was a pup.
As long as we're in the
"Shadowlands". No one tries
anything. You feel me-

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE! GUNSHOTS go off -- A bullet hits
Weezer in the shoulder -- Eddie returns fire with a small
revolver. John bobbles the camera. Allison is in frame. She
runs to cover. The car SCREECHES!

ALLISON

Oh my god! Oh, my god! Oh my god!

The assailants drive off as Eddie taunts the attackers.

EDDIE

That's right! Don't fuck with us.

Allison remains shaken and ducking for cover. Eddie picks up the wiry Weezer.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

That shit never happens.

She takes out her cellphone. She calls Asaan.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Aye brodi! You ain't ever going to guess who just popped off at us. Someone's gotta call clique.

JOHN

What's "Calling clique?"

WEEZER

It's when we gather at the set.

EDDIE

Yo! Nigga, stop telling. Let's go.

Allison is shaken up. John helps her up. She pushes him off.

ALLISON

Get off me. Follow them!

Her persistence is unmatched.

INT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A gleam of light slips into the dusky room. GANG MEMBERS, dressed in ORANGE, line the walls of the medium sized room. Not a single gun is in sight. Each gangbanger holds their palms open. All assorted Gangbangers, male and female, stand attentively focused on the center of the room.

ERIC "PASTOR" MEACHUM, 30s, a muscular gangster, is completely covered in tattoos. He sits at a SMALL TABLE. Across from him sits Big Sky. Standing behind him near the door is DEV, 19, the well-built, enigmatic, Lieutenant of the CLAN. Beside him, PETEY "PIED" PIPER, 27, the grimy younger brother of Big Sky.

The two shot callers are in the midst of a one-sided conversation. Sky lets out his signature booming laugh.

BIG SKY

(Laughing)

You're a bastard. You know that?

PASTOR
I've been told.

BIG SKY
Everybody in here is eating. We did that. Your Deacons have grown up from pups to full grown bitches, and dogs. We did that. The Law of the Shadowland, is divine.

Pastor looks around the room into the eyes of his followers. Big Sky's lack of respect, and paternal tone of voice, affects how the room views the menacing Pastor.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
Yet, here we are. Pushing the boundaries and borders of our generosity.
(BEAT)
But, I am understanding. We see a lot of little pups running around. Just like some Deacons, you really do love to fuck.

Petey chuckles in the background.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
Dev!

Sky calls over his lieutenant. Dev sets down a map of the Shadowland. City blocks are shaded by specific colors. Every color represents a gang occupying the land.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
This is now yours.

He taps his finger on an ORANGE SHADED AREA on the map. Big Sky then bites his thumb. Blood drips on the map. He takes his bleeding thumb and drags it on the map. His blood extends the orange area, and area bestowed to the Deacons.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)
We good here? Great.

Big Sky scoots his chair away from the table. Pastor looks at the map, looks at his gang, and then looks at Sky. The shot caller has had enough.

PASTOR
Actually. We're not good. We never been good!

Dev steps forward like a large protective golem. Petey looks around and gauges the room. Pastor shoots out of his chair.

Big Sky's demeanor changes from all smiles. His eyes focus in on Pastor.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 This is bullshit! We still hungry!
 I'm not scared of you and your
 little tricks. We been making our
 own deals.

Dev begins to walk toward the ranting Pastor. Big Sky waves him off.

BIG SKY
 Have you now?

PASTOR
 You damn right! God's been speaking
 to me. He told me that today the
 tides will change, and I am covered
 by his blood and power.

Pastor preaches. His sermon is addressed to a room of his followers. He faces them extending his arms outward.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
 Do not fear them, for I have given
 them into your hands; not one of
 them shall stand before you!

A DEACON holding a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN breaches the line of Gangbangers observing the meeting. It's a trap!

SLOW-MOTION. Big Sky sees the shotgun. The Deacon shoots at Sky. Dev runs toward Big Sky in an attempt to cover him. Petey takes out his gun and fires toward the center. Bullets fly and the room begins to clear out.

Big Sky flips the table to gain cover. A SLUG from the shotgun breaks through the table. **END SLOW MOTION.**

Two large smoking bullet holes are at the center of the flipped over table.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. THE SET - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Gloom covers the home base of the Shadow Clan. Cries can be heard coming from inside the house. The entire clique has gathered. Hardened thugs shed tears.

Sidney arrives with Alexa. He tightly grips her hand and takes a deep breathe before stepping onto the yard. Dev blocks Alexa from entering the house.

SIDNEY

Dev. Chill. Let me in.

Dev is inert. He glares at the young heir.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I know the rules, but--

Sidney's Uncle intervenes. Petey inserts himself.

PETEY

You know the rules, Nephew. She gon' be alright out here. I got her.

Alexa does not want to be left alone, and outside, in rival territory without Sidney. Yet, she releases Sidney's hand.

ALEXA

Go.

Sidney walks into the dimly lit house.

INT. THE SET - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The decor of the room is drab. A lamp sits atop a night-stand partially lighting a **dying** Big Sky. He lays on a bed, with two SHOTGUN SLUG wounds. Big Sky's pupils are PURE IVORY.

Asaan kneels next to his father. Tears pour down his face. Sidney has a foot in the room, and the other out the door.

ASAAN

Taking your sweet ass time, and you brought that bop from Dracos here?

Big Sky speaks. His voice near a death rattle, but still cuts through the room.

BIG SKY

Enough.

ASAAN

Sorry, Pops.

BIG SKY

Come here.

Sidney hesitates. His fear of mortality makes every step heavier and heavier. Big Sky's rugged hands reach out. Hell is knocking on his door.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

My sons. My kings. Without you, our family, can't survive...you are the soul.

Sky places his hands on both boy's heads. Sidney sits on the bed. Asaan remains kneeling.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)

Our lineage represents order and-

ASAAN

Chaos. Pops, we know-

BIG SKY

Asaan. Fearless, strong, and selfless.

Asaan wipes away his tears. Sidney disagrees with his father.

SIDNEY

Violent. Savage.

ASAAN

You can still catch the fade.

Bad blood boils between the two. Tensions run high in the room as the boys struggle with their new roles as the heirs of the Shadowlands. **A holistic ceremony commences.**

BIG SKY

Sidney. Big hearted. Smart. So smart-

Big Sky's glazed over eyes look into Sidney's untainted soul. He chokes up, but must continue.

BIG SKY (CONT'D)

You, and your brother are heirs. Protectors. Kings. It's not a curse, but a blessing.

Big Sky places his thumb under each brother's LEFT EYE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Or, never. We could just leave and not come back.

ALLISON

Freak that! How about you stop putting on this hypermasculine facade-

She pokes Dev in the chest -- Petey steps in -- a murder is averted.

PETEY

(Laughing)

What is it? Bring an out-of-race bitch to the Set day?

Alexa graciously ignores his ignorance.

PETEY (CONT'D)

Chill out Big Boy.

(BEAT)

All of ya'll, chill. They still have a pass from Sky.

He firmly grabs her arm and LEADS them out of the FRONT GATE.

PETEY (CONT'D)

You a crazy broad. But, I kind of like that.

SUDDENLY, THE WORLD CHANGES. THE HOUSE RUMBLES. EVERY WINDOW IN THE HOME CRACKS. THE RUMBLING IS JARRING, BUT BRIEF.

ALLISON

Is this a freaking earthquake?

Everyone takes notice of the ground as it shifts beneath their feet. The more seasoned gangsters point their attention inside. Allison and John are released by Petey. He sprints inside the shaking home.

PETEY

Damn.

INT. THE SET - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/FRONT YARD - INTERCUT

BIG SKY is dead. Asaan's hand trembles as he reaches for his waist. He tightly grips a GRAY BANDANA, and wipes his TEAR filled eyes with his FLAG.

Sidney leans on the wall to stop from breaking down. He has to get outside. He exits, overwhelmed.

SKY'S M-9 BERETTA lays on the night stand. Asaan stays. His breathing is heavy and short. Asaan grabs the pistol -- he exits with PURPOSE.

EXT. THE SET - FRONT YARD

Sidney slowly walks out. There are no markings on his face. Alexa runs to him. She embraces him with a tight hug.

ALEXA

Are you okay?

He takes a moment before he responds.

SIDNEY

Yeah.

CRACK -- Asaan swings open the screen door -- the door SNAPS. Blinders up, and passion running high, he sees nothing. He bumps Sidney.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Seriously?

Petey follows him.

PETEY

We gon' handle it, bet that-

Petey knows Sky passed. He fails to console, or even impede, his nephew. Anger fills the eyes of Asaan as fury leads him.

EXT. THE SET - STREET - JOHN'S CAR

Allison kicks up dirt and shouts out obscenities. She is pissed. John tweaks his camera inside the car. Allison SLAMS her fist on the hood of the Sedan!

John frantically exits the car.

JOHN

Hey!

ALLISON

Forget you John.

John paces. He is on the brink of leaving.

JOHN

After dodging bullets, and spending a lovely afternoon with homicidal teens, you're going to attack me?!

SLAP! Allison lays a slap across John's face. Before he can recover she grabs his face, and lands a fat KISS.

From the corner of her eye she sees Asaan leaving the yard. She was never engaged in the kiss.

ALLISON
(A murmur)
Get your camera.

She shoves John away and waves for him to shoot. John sees Asaan. He rushes to get his camera from inside the car. A bobble and a few clicks later, he is rolling.

JOHN
Holy shit. I guess they're open
carry fans in this hood.

John zooms in closer to the shadowy figure that is Asaan.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SET - STREET

MCU: ASAAN'S FACE

EIGHT BLACK DEATH NOTCHES protrude from his face. He walks under multiple street lights. He passes ONE -- he throws on his HOOD -- the SECOND street light, he cocks his father's gun. THIRD light, A NOTCH disappears from underneath his eye.

Before he hits the FOURTH LIGHT, Asaan vanishes in the shadows.

EXT. THE SET - STREET - JOHN'S CAR

A GLITCH distorts the LCD SCREEN. But, the camera man witnesses everything through the viewfinder.

JOHN
Holy shit! Did you see that? He
just, disappeared.

He struggles to find the teen. He is in disbelief.

ALLISON
What do you mean? I have to find
another cameraman.

JOHN
Funny. But, I'm not joking. Look.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - DEACON TERRITORY - NEXT DAY**

It's early morning. Dew raises off patches of grass, and yellow tape decorates a dilapidated housing project. A sea of onlookers, wearing hints of ORANGE clothing, adds vibrant color to an otherwise dreary scene.

AN AMBULANCE has arrived first. It's the infancy of a full crime scene. PASTOR is down on both knees at the edge of the YELLOW CAUTIONARY TAPE. He's in shock. He softly repeats a phrase over -- and over, and over again to himself.

PASTOR

You made the deal. We made the deal. They made the deal...

He never blinks.

INT. HOUSING PROJECTS - PASTOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Butterfly stencils hang from the closet to the window, posters of Boy Bands cover the walls, and PINK is the decor. This is a child's room. The room is notably luxurious for project housing. Melendez chats with an EMT right outside of the room.

MELLENDEZ

Thanks for calling us.

EMT

We weren't here. I know the rules.

A glimmer of sunlight slides through the window shades. Light bounces off the gruesome stains of a young victim's blood.

Officer MacDonald stands above the body. Nothing has prepared him for the grim nature of the streets.

Out the corner of his eye he can see stuffed animals drenched in dried blood, and the slain LITTLE GIRL on the bed. MacDonald tries his best to collect himself.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Jesus Christ. I have to make the call.

A haziness comes over him. He is unable to focus. She turns to the unsteady officer.

MELLENDEZ

It's going to get a whole lot worse out here. The word is out. **Sky is dead.** These violent niggas have no guidance. I'm going to need you to untuck that sack, Friendly. You supposed to keep things calm. That's your job now. Contain this shit. Let's track whoever did this down. Before, the suits get here and start writing notes.

OFFICER MACDONALD

You're right. There's just not much to work off of. A detective couldn't figure this out. Epecially, not our guys. Looks like no forced entry. Just some footprints from the closet. Who did this?

Officer MacDonald turns to the window, frustrated. He notices Barry, the dope fiend from earlier, passed out on the curb outside the window.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Make the call Melendez.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - CURB - EARLIER IN THE DAY

Barry is deep in a magical and dope induced dream. A swift kick in the butt breaks his peaceful rest.

MELLENDEZ

Wake your ass up!

He hollers out of his sleep. Drool falls down his mouth he mumbles. The dope fiend is on a come down.

BARRY

(Mumbling)

No not the babies...

REVEAL Officer MacDonald standing over him.

OFFICER MACDONALD

What babies?

Trembling, and unsteady, a finger from Barry points at the BEDROOM. Melendez kicks him.

MELLENDEZ
You see something?

MacDonald steps in to excuse Marie's lack of personal skills.

OFFICER MACDONALD
What did you see bud?

Barry emits a large jagged tooth grin.

BARRY
(Smiling)
Buddy.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Yes, buddy. What'd you see?

BARRY
(Still Smiling)
Buddy.

He extends his dry and poorly managed hands out to the Officer.

MELLENDEZ
These damn fiends.

MacDonald takes a five dollar bill out of his wallet. Barry snatches it out of his hand.

BARRY
Bang. Bang.

Forming a gun with his finger, Barry points at the upstairs window.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Demon boy. Shadowland. Demons.
Bang. Bang.

He starts to fall asleep. Melendez grabs his shirt and shakes him.

MELLENDEZ
Wake the hell up.

MacDonald holds her back. She gathers herself.

OFFICER MACDONALD
It's okay.

He takes a moment to digest the small information given by an unreliable crack fiend.

A familiar car sits across the street from the crime scene. Officer MacDonald notices a pair of meddling filmmakers.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

John is in the car's passenger seat obsessively re-watching last night's footage. Every playback perplexes the videographer. Allison is on her phone.

ALLISON
Something is definitely going down
in there.

JOHN
Now we're ambulance chasers?

ALLISON
Where are all the ambulances or
squad cars? We've been here for
hours now.

JOHN
It's kind of spooky.

ALLISON
I told you, there are forces at
work here. Forces we don't
understand.

JOHN
Well, jokes on me. The one time you
aren't completely full of it.

Allison looks up for a moment and sees Officer MacDonald approaching the car.

ALLISON
Turn the camera off! Or, play
something else.

The two scurry to hide their findings, but before they can completely --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MacDonald TAPS on the glass. He signals for Allison to roll down the driver's side window. She, for the most part, holds it together.

ALLISON
Hello, Officer Friendly. Can I be
of service?

OFFICER MACDONALD
Maybe. Mind if I take a look at
that camera?

ALLISON
What camera?

OFFICER MACDONALD
The one under your friend's seat.

John is sweating profusely from the pressure. Allison's liberal instincts and combative nature take over.

ALLISON
Actually you don't have the right
to take a look-

MacDonald remains calm.

OFFICER MACDONALD
I just want to know if you've seen
anything out of the ordinary.

A nervous look and shaky hands gives away the uneasy John.

ALLISON
Nope.

OFFICER MACDONALD
(to John)
You sure?

Allison sees John is ready to crack. She changes the subject matter.

ALLISON
Why have the Deacons been moving so
erratically in the last couple of
days? The shot caller only died
yesterday. That's pretty uncommon
isn't it?

He's taken aback.

OFFICER MACDONALD
That's confidential.

ALLISON
Why hasn't a single news outlet
covered this story?

OFFICER MACDONALD
Like I said, it's confidential.

ALLISON

I don't know what's going on in there. But, I know it's some sketchy shit.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Big Sky may have given you a pass, but I'm thinking that pass has expired.

The two are an annoyance, but MacDonald knows he is unable to do anything about their presence.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Be careful out here. You're not in Kansas anymore.

ALLISON

Well, this little white girl isn't scared of much.

OFFICER MACDONALD

You should be.

(BEAT)

Have a nice day.

A smirk is given, but not returned by the defensive Allison. Officer MacDonald walks away.

Allison's eyes never leave the Officer.

INT. THE SET - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a different vibe from Big Sky's passing. Rambunctious chatter and camaraderie are in full effect. The young gangsters play games on a large flat-screen TV, junk food is everywhere, all while WEED and PILLS are being packaged by YOUNG THUGS on the kitchen table in the background.

At the center of this "Ratchet" Lost Boys dream are Asaan and his crew. Eddie smokes a blunt and intensely plays NBA 2K. Weezer is live streaming on Insta.

WEEZER

If you ask me, it had to be the 7's. The 7's timeline's been jumping.

EDDIE

Hell no. Skins trying to set us up.

Asaan silently stares at the TV screen. His mind is not on the game, but something **much darker**.

ASAAN
 (Whispers)
 ...I think it was me.

Asaan goes unheard over the shouting and playing.

EDDIE
 I don't care who it was. We need to
 be worrying about our paper, and
 staying strapped. It's too hot
 right now-

ASAAN
 It was me!

Everything stops. One of the Thugs at the kitchen table drops
 a handful of pills on the floor. Eddie jumps in to avert the
 attention away from Asaan.

EDDIE
 Pick that shit up!

She throws the video game controller on the couch and
 snatches Weezer's phone.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Shit! What you mean?

ASAAN
 I think it was me.

The clique has never seen this side of Asaan. He is bereft of
 his notorious decisiveness.

EDDIE
 You think? Or, you know?

ASAAN
 I'm not sure, brodi. I don't know.

Shirtless and sweaty, a cigarette smoking Petey hops in from
 the bedroom. A bedroom once occupied by his dead brother. His
 pants are sagging heavily. He has just finished fucking
 Keisha. Mascara runs down her face. Embarrassed and used, she
 runs out of the Set.

PETEY
 Woke up this morning with blood on
 your clothes?

Petey leads Asaan to a horrific conclusion.

PETEY (CONT'D)
 Holding your pop's pistol? Little
 woozy? Head ringing?

He takes a drag of his cigarette.

PETEY (CONT'D)
 That's your daddy's gift, boy.

The teens are confused.

PETEY (CONT'D)
Goddamn. You gon' learn today.

WEEZER
 What the hell is this crazy nigga
 talking about?

Petey walks over to the disrespectful Weezer. SLAP! Petey's hand smacks across the back of the teen's neck. He clinches so hard that Weezer winces in pain. Petey blows a cloud of cigarette smoke into Weezer's face.

PETEY
 Watch your mouth. Little, nigga.

He releases him. Weezer flips him off as Petey walks back to his newly claimed room.

Petey returns to the room with Dev. The towering Dev holds a large duffle bag. He tosses the bag in front of the group.

PETEY (CONT'D)
 Open it, young blood.

Eddie unzips the bag. Automatic Rifles, Semi-Auto Handguns, and assorted deadly weapons rip the bag at its seams.

EDDIE
Damn.

Petey grabs a MICRO-UZI from the bag and cocks it, cigarette still in hand. Petey starts his twisted lesson.

PETEY
 Today's lesson, Block Acquisition
 101. Attack the trap, see what they
 got, and shoot a nigga if you like
 what they got. We need them to be
 on edge. Sky ain't the only one who
 can cause nightmares.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SET - GARAGE - DAY

GUN BARRELS are clicked, BULLET MAGAZINES are counted, and pictures are snapped by the young gangsters on smart phones. A dusted up GRAY 1982 CADILLAC COUP DEVILLE acts as a war room table for the misguided teens. Petey has the young group riled up on liquor and laced blunts. Eddie is skeptical.

EDDIE

Hold up, hold up. We're gonna do what?!

PETEY

Sky is dead. Pastor's daughter got hit last night. We gotta go straight to the church doors. The streets are scorching little nigga. The Deacons, and every soul within a mile needs to know we-

Petey is handed a blunt and smokes it.

PETEY (CONT'D)

-still the ones to fear. Can I get an amen?

Eddie rushes over to Asaan to voice reason.

EDDIE

Asaan, are we serious about this? Your pops would never allow something as reckless-

Asaan is different. He's cold and sweaty. A darkness fills his eyes. He doesn't react to her words, but hears her.

He places a finger over her lips, then kisses her forehead.

ASAAN

He's dead.

Even surrounded by a large stockpile of guns, he tightly grips his father's blood stained Beretta.

He nudges the gun's barrel on her forehead.

ASAAN (CONT'D)

We're not.

Tucked in his waist is a SMALL GLOCK PISTOL. Asaan hands her the gun.

ASAAN (CONT'D)

They will be.

Petey "Pied Piper" climbs atop the Cadillac to preach the young souls into the millennial dark age. The anxious, and unofficial, Shot Caller is preen to theatrics.

PETEY

Listen here young boys, and dyke.
These are the Shadowlands. Tonight
we hit a lick on the Deacon's main
supply. Everybody know your roll,
keep your eyes open, and slump any
orange toting dick riding Deacon.
We going to church!

Cheers ring out in the garage. Weezer has a poorly wrapped bandage around his shoulder. He still carries his phone. He gives the phone to one of the Clan members. The large, violent, and strapped group take time to pose for a PHOTO.

Eddie and Asaan remain still. She worries, but he is...ready.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - CITY BUS STOP - EVENING

Sidney steps off the bus. He looks around for a familiar sight. His girlfriend Alexa is nowhere to be found.

He takes out his cellphone and texts her. A moment passes without a response. In a panic he takes a different path home, a dangerous one.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - LOS DRACOS BARRIO - SQUAD CAR - EVENING

Officer MacDonald and Melendez drive around patrolling the streets. An uneasiness occupies the cop car. The streets are QUIET, too quiet.

MELENDEZ

You feel that?

OFFICER MACDONALD

Feel what?

MELENDEZ

(Antsy)

The fucking energy is bad. My
Abuela used to be on some Santo
Teresa shit.

Melendez shoddily makes the sign of the cross.

OFFICER MACDONALD

I didn't know you were religious.

MELENDEZ

Working this beat. The gun and badge don't do it.

Officer MacDonald notices an African-American kid walking with purpose in the wrong neighborhood. Melendez speaks to a supreme being.

MELENDEZ (CONT'D)

(In Spanish)

The City of Angels? Then where are these assholes?

OFFICER MACDONALD

Pull over here.

EXT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - STREET - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL Sidney shows no attention to the slowly approaching squad car. His attention on something more pressing than his own life.

Officer MacDonald hops out of the car before it can completely stop. He thrusts himself in front of the determined teen.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Whoa! Kid! Hey, slow down.

SIDNEY

Get out of my way Friendly.

OFFICER MACDONALD

So you do know who I am?

Sidney, like his father, disregards authority at any level. He soldiers on, ignoring the pursuing Officer.

SIDNEY

My pops was fond of you. I'm not so easily amused.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Slow down. This area is very dangerous.

The suggestion that he is ignorant causes the haughty Sidney to stop. He approaches Officer MacDonald.

SIDNEY

It's still the Shadowlands. My pops still set the borders.

OFFICER MACDONALD
The other son. Big Sky's-

SIDNEY
I'm on the edge of Los Dracos. They
can't touch me. I need to find
Alex!

OFFICER MACDONALD
Alex? Vargas?

SIDNEY
Yes! I don't have time for this.

Sidney begins to head deeper into the hood. Officer MacDonald
grabs onto his arm.

OFFICER MACDONALD
I'm serious-

Before he can finish his statement a fury erupts from Sidney.
Sidney's pupils double in size and morph into glass-like
shadowy pearls. He locks eyes with the Officer.

SIDNEY
Let me go!

A dark cry murmurs under Sidney's voice. It spooks the
Officer. MacDonald rubs his eyes. The teen continues.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Find her, or whoever did this,
before I do. Do your damn job.

Melendez pulls up to Officer MacDonald.

MELENDEZ
That looked like it went well.

He jumps back into the squad car.

OFFICER MACDONALD
A Dracos girl is missing. We need
to find her.

MELENDEZ
Fuck tonight man.

Melendez hits a hard U-turn. The squad car whips into the
damned night.

EXT. DEACON'S HOOD - DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - ALLEYWAY - EVENING

Poorly cut grass raises from rustic panelling on the side of a disheveled DRUG house. It's very dark. A camera flash highlights a strange PAGAN marking right under the window.

Allison and John are once again somewhere they should not be.

ALLISON

Shit! Turn up the iso, or something.

He takes a look at the picture on the viewfinder.

JOHN

This is garbage.

On closer inspection...

JOHN (CONT'D)

Freaky. What kind of satanic shit?

They hear a car. The car's headlights almost spotlight the couple. Allison pulls John into a nearby brush. The FRONT YARD and PORCH are their only line of vision.

DEACON GANGBANGER (O.S.)

Man, hurry up.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - PORCH/STREET - EVENING

A SUBURBAN TRUCK, without a license plate, drives onto the yard. The wheels dig a trench into the yard. A gangbanger dressed in ALL-ORANGE swings the car door open. He waves to the two passengers inside to open the trunk.

DEACON GANGBANGER

We're running out of time. Grab her and start setting up.

The two gangbangers open the trunk. REVEAL Alexa bound and gagged, and frightened. Her captors are not gentle. They drag her out of the trunk as she struggles for her life.

DEACON GANGBANGER (CONT'D)

My job done. I can't really fuck with all this type of shit. Let me rob a store, or shoot something.

The driver skirts off. Alexa is dragged into the house. One DEACON plays lookout on the porch.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - ALLEYWAY

Allison and John witness the kidnapping.

ALLISON
(Frantic)
Oh, my god.

John covers her mouth.

JOHN
Shhhh. Quiet. One of them is out there.

ALLISON
What are we supposed to do?

JOHN
I'm going to call 911.

He takes out his cell phone. The screen distorts. John smacks the phone across his hand, knee, anything to make it work.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Christ. Dammit. My phone isn't working. Let me see yours.

Allison is in shock. John reaches for her phone. He gently guides it out of her pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It'll be okay.

He turns on her phone. No luck.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stay calm. We're going to have to make a break for it when we get a chance.

EXT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sidney is still on the hunt for Alexa. His worry has turned into fury. In the distance, a DRACOS and a DEACON TEEN chat amongst themselves. A suspicious Sidney rushes them.

SIDNEY
Hey!

Both gangsters are steadfast. The closer Sidney gets his intensity increases.

He tackles the Dracos Baby Gangster. The Deacon Teen gangster books it. Clutched fists knock into the Baby Gangster's chin as Sidney snatches him by the collar.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Where is she at?

DRACOS BG
Who? Damn!

SIDNEY
Alex.

Fear of snitching causes the teen to avert his eyes. Sidney lets out a growl.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Look at me.

He strikes the gangbanger. The two gangs are not friendly on any level.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
I've seen you before. This not even your hood. You know what I'm talking about.

Another punch softens him up. Sidney's eyes begin to dilate like before.

DRACOS BG
I don't know what the hell is going on nigga, damn. We just runners.

Sidney's eyes revert to normal. He leans in.

SIDNEY
(Whispering)
Where's he running to?

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - NIGHT

A swarm of heavily armed, Gray attired, drug fueled teens surround the area. Action movie formations are the only technical expertise exercised by the teens. A BROKEN DOWN CAR acts as cover for one group. The others, take refuge behind a large dirt hill onlooking the FRONT PORCH.

Asaan and Petey lead the pack.

Asaan takes out his phone to use as a walkie-talkie. No service. A flickering contorts the screen, similar to John's phone. Asaan scratches the Death Notch side of his face.

ASAAN

Let's move.

PETEY

Hell yeah, Nephew. That blood
thirst comes from me. But, hold up.

ASAAN

(Anxious)

One nigga?

Petey passionately grabs his nephew by the back of the neck.

PETEY

I like that fire in your eyes boy.

(BEAT)

But, we don't know what's going on
inside. Could be three, five niggas
in there, or the entire set.

Asaan could care less.

ASAAN

We're ready.

PETEY

Give it a minute.

ASAAN

Hell no. Let's go!

He signals the Shadow clan gang to mobilize on the house -- bodies move -- Asaan hops over the broken down car -- he stops. **Suddenly his face itches.** He motions for the group to stay back.

EXT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - NIGHT

MacDonald and Melendez's squad car patrols the deadly Los Dracos gang's hood. The Dracos BG, still licking his wounds from earlier, hopes to go unnoticed in the veil of night.

His swollen eye allows the officers to sneak up on the wary youth. Only MacDonald exits the vehicle. He walks at a slow pace. Skips, and desperate hobbles, are the only option for the Dracos BG.

He breathes heavily, swings his arms for momentum, as beads of sweat roll down the escaping teen's face. MacDonald comically walks at a slow pace and catches up with the teen.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Really?

Slow speed chases are the easiest part of MacDonald's day. The lackluster performance amuses him.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)
How about we talk?

DRACOS BG
I'm done talking today.

OFFICER MACDONALD
But, I'm such a good listener.

He cuffs the teen, and shoves him into the back of the squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Protocol has been ignored. MacDonald pow-ows in the back seat with the Dracos BG. Melendez drives slowly.

DRACOS BG
What are ya'll doing?

The muttering of the confused gangster goes unheard by MacDonald. The backseat becomes a make-shift interrogation room.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Where are the homies?

DRACOS BG
What are you on?-

OFFICER MACDONALD
I smell a whole lot of bullshit going on out here. Little girls going missing, pentagrams and voodoo shit-

Officer Melendez finishes her partner's statement, before the youth can complete his sentence.

DRACOS BG	MELENDEZ
I don't know what you talking about-	The gun we found on you.

Planting evidence is not the officer's modus operandi. The accusation takes the teen by surprise.

DRACOS BG
Come on man. Not today.

Tears drop onto the seat. He can no longer pretend to be anything other than a kid in over his head.

DRACOS BG (CONT'D)

(Crying)

I can't do this today man. They're going to sacrifice me too.

His words perk up the ears of the Officers.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Sacrifice? Who and where?

CUT TO:

INT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Loud MEXICAN RAP is blasted across large SUB-WOOFERS as two dozen Chicano gangsters enjoy a weekday kickback. The intoxicated crowd ranges from teenagers to the middle-aged. Every member, including the female bangers, are covered with tattoos on their faces, arms, and legs. A couple machetes lean against the sub-woofers.

A picture of Alexa wearing her Quinceanera dress hangs on the wall. The energy of the Barrio home does not reflect a family torn apart by a missing member. CHARLIE VERDEZ, 38, the temperamental shot caller of Los Dracos and Alexa's father, is the loudest gangster in the room. He dominates every interaction he has.

Charlie hops behind a short skirt wearing Latina, make-up caked on her face, and aggressively grinds on her.

A Dracos GANGSTER sitting on a ratty COUCH sips a beer. His PHONE beeps as he receives a text message. He then walks to the door.

CHARLIE

What you doing? We locked in til' Mañana.

GANGSTER

It's Hector. Must be a slow ass night for the little nigga.

CHARLIE

(Smiling)

No business acumen at all. Lucky his mom has a fatty.

He smacks her butt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let him in.

The gangster unlocks the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - HOME - FRONT DOOR

The anxious Dracos BG stands at the door. Everything in his soul is screaming at him to run away, but his legs will not move. Behind him Officer Melendez readies her firearm. On her Three O'clock, Officer MacDonald kneels down on one knee prepared to bum rush the Barrio home. Both officers have on BULLETPROOF VESTS.

MELENDEZ

(Whispering)

You've been a pussy for this long.
Don't expect your balls to grow in
the next thirty minutes.

She slides her thumb across the safety. She switches it off.

INT. LOS DRACOS BARRIO - HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Without looking up the Gangster opens the security door.

GANGSTER

What's up little bitch. You bring
back the fat burger this time? -

BOOM! Melendez kicks the Dracos BG into the Gangster that opened the door -- she identifies Charlie.

The loud music booms as Melendez charges through the party like a mad woman. Charlie sees a gun sitting atop an ASHTRAY. Instead, he reaches for a MACHETE. Before he can -- click! -- Melendez has one handcuff on the shot caller. She ties one arm behind his back, and shoves her pistol in his cheek.

She places her back against the wall, her leverage clinched close enough to take any stray bullets. Charlie is her hostage. Every Dracos gangbanger sets down their weapons. Melendez commands the room.

MELENDEZ

(Shouting)

That's fucking right! Turn off that
trash. Attention all Cholos, and
Cholettes! If I see even one naked
bitch wink at me from a calf
tattoo, I swear to God will blow
his brains out. BIEN?

Charlie attempts to make light of the situation.

CHARLIE
You gotta tight grip for a bitch.
(Chuckles)
Everybody chill out. You want a
cerveza? Fritas? Condoms?

She bangs the grip of the gun against his face. Blood drips from his nose. She shouts at Officer MacDonald.

MELENDEZ
Clear!

MacDonald walks in with a slightly different demeanor.

OFFICER MACDONALD
I know everyone is a little on
edge. We just want to talk.

CHARLIE
Talk, huh?

Melendez finds a way to shove the gun deeper in the blood stained face of the gang leader.

OFFICER MACDONALD
Exactly.

Officer MacDonald walks around the room. He see's a smorgasbord of drugs. He gently nudges them on the ground.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)
Where's your daughter?

CHARLIE
Who?

MacDonald is not amused. His face flushes an Irish red. He grinds his teeth. He shoves his pistol into Charlie's face.

OFFICER MACDONALD
(Screaming)
Your daughter! Coward!

Melendez is taken aback, along with the entire room. Charlie wavers -- for a moment.

CHARLIE
Oh, Alexa. I have a few daughters.
(BEAT)
She must be at the library.

MacDonald walks in the middle of the room and faces the vile gang leader.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Interesting, because I heard that she's missing.

CHARLIE

Must've heard wrong.

One of the gangsters at the party tries to make a move. The Dracos thug tries to launch at Officer MacDonald. Melendez does not move, securing her hostage. MacDonald catches the thug. In anger he begins to savagely punch the gangster in the face repeatedly.

MELENDEZ

Sir!

Officer MacDonald stops. He walks back toward Melendez, and Charlie.

OFFICER MACDONALD

What kind of father offers up his daughter? And, for what? For money?

CHARLIE

Money? Is that what the boy told you. It's something a lot more valuable.

Charlie's confidence causes Friendly to punch him in the gut.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Is that right?

CHARLIE

(Whispers to the cop)

I made a deal.

The remark reminds MacDonald of a similar notion from Big Sky, from what seems like years ago.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes you have to make decisions, hard decisions, for your family. I got a few hundred daughters, and sons. For years they haven't been able to eat, because a couple gray gorillas been running a monopoly on immortality Esé.

Without any sense of regret, or shame, the proud shot caller looks into the eyes of everyone in the home. Blood is still dripping down his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We put down a large down payment on the future. Los Dracos will bang through the end of days. All praise to the pastor.

MacDonald gets face to face with the delusional gangster.

OFFICER MACDONALD

Let's see about those survival skills.

He looks at Melendez.

OFFICER MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Officer Melendez. Shall we?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - PORCH/STREET**

The Deacon Teen from earlier runs onto the porch. Asaan holds off the charge.

DEACON GANGBANGER
Slow the hell up. You know this off limits tonight.

DEACON TEEN
I think one of them Dracos kids is telling.

DEACON GANGBANGER
To who?

DEACON TEEN
One of those Smog brothers.

The threat of something worse than violence causes the guard to be conflicted about alerting the inhabitants of the house. Asaan is still on standby.

DEACON GANGBANGER
C'mon. Let's go, but you telling Pastor.

DEACON TEEN
I change my mind. We good.

He drags the teen into the Drug House.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - STREET

All the anxious Shadow Clan teens wait for Asaan. The coast is clear. Out of nowhere, Sidney stomps down the street. Sidney's presence makes Asaan worry. Yelling is heard from inside the house.

DEACON GANGBANGER
Get lost! The mercy of Pastor.

Roughed up, and badly scratched, the Deacon Teen is tossed on the porch.

He bows in respect. Over the shoulder, Asaan runs into the street without back up. The Deacon Teen's eyes widen.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He almost let's out a scream -- THUD! Sidney sprints then knocks out the teen before he can let out a warning.

Sidney sees Asaan, but can not speak. Skin slowly falls off of Asaan's cheeks exposing his remaining DEATH NOTCHES.

Sidney's eyes are fully dilated. Drool violently drips from his mouth.

ASAAN

Sidney!

SLOW-MOTION: Sidney charges into the Drug House, unarmed.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - ALLEYWAY - BUSHES - NIGHT

Without the viewfinder John shoots aimlessly to calm his nerves. Playing director comforts Allison, during their frightening situation. Teary eyed, she looks onward to the porch. Emotions run high. Death looms.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - PORCH/STREET

Alexa screams ring from inside the Drug House.

ALEXA (O.S.)

Help!

Asaan runs to stop his brother. He fails.

INT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Demonic symbols are painted in blood from an unknown source. Furniture is stacked on the edges of the room to make space for a RITUAL. Candles provide sinister lighting. THREE SHIRTLESS DEACON GANGSTERS stand above a battered Alexa. Their bodies are covered in symbols drawn in blood. Alexa's hands and legs are bound by plastic.

Time nearly stands still. Sidney is unable to register the scene in front of him. Pastor Meachum holds a JAGGED KITCHEN KNIFE next to Alexa's neck. Tears roll down her eyes.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - STREET

Petey grabs Asaan before he can enter. Street lights flicker. A familiar energy falls on the area.

INT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - LIVING ROOM

A foreign devilish language is spoken by Pastor Meachum. Only the last words are in English.

PASTOR

The forsaken shall inherit the
land. We accept. DEAL!

Sidney rushes to her aid. He takes a step. Everything moves in slow-motion as Pastor slits the young girl's throat.

Sidney drops to his knees. An ink like substance slowly spreads, its engulfs his weeping eyes. His body shakes violently -- skin rips off his cheeks **REVEAL TWENTY DEATH NOTCHES** on his face -- his jaw widens to let out a violent screech.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - PORCH/STREET

All lights from inside blacken. Knapweed vines cover the windows, every window on the house shatters and the ground shakes. Asaan breaks free off his uncle.

ASAAN

Sidney!

He rushes in. Petey follows behind him. Hysteria breaks out. All the Smog teens are out of sorts, and out of position.

EXT. DEACON'S DRUG SPOT - ALLEYWAY - BUSHES - INTERCUT

POV: JOHN'S CAMERA

-- Petey and Asaan rush out of the house, carrying Sidney. TAR pours from his mouth, he's stained with blood, and his eyes are still pitch black. Small and painful murmurs escape his mouth. Anguish has imprisoned him.

CAMERA ZOOM ON: SIDNEY'S FACE - ONE LESS DEATH NOTCH IS UNDER HIS LEFT EYE.

JOHN (O.C.)

Jesus Christ! Holy shit.

John is in disbelief. His camera shakes. And turns off.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - UNKNOWN GANG TERRITORY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Blue and Red lights illuminate the dark neighborhood. Melendez uncharacteristically drives slow. The aim is to bring attention to the rival gang leader in the backseat.

He puts on a front. They pass more, and more, rival gang members. Unpleasant thoughts are on his mind. He hears his voice from the interview scene earlier.

OFFICER MACDONALD (V.O.)

Time for us to give them a new way
of life.

(MORE)

OFFICER MACDONALD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's why I'm Officer Friendly. I
 don't want the past to repeat
 itself.

CHARLIE VERDEZ
 Real cute, *Putas*.

Officer MacDonald waves for Melendez to stop the car on a busy corner. The car stops. He unbuckles his seat belt without any hesitation. He exits the car, and opens the back-door, pulling the unwilling Dracos leader with him.

Multiple gangsters gather to watch the spectacle. More attention causes the Dracos leader to become a little uneasy. He lashes out to assert himself.

CHARLIE VERDEZ (CONT'D)
 You think I'm not built for this,
 huh? These knuckleheads don't want
 a war with us. I'm the big bad wolf
 around these parts. To hell with
 you. This is not where I die. I'll
 die after I piss on your grave,
 Friendly. The devil told me. The
 deacons are blessed. They blessed
 us tonight.

MacDonald stares right into the eyes of the softened Chicano shot caller. He sends the confused gang members a kind wave.

OFFICER MACDONALD
 Have a nice night, fucker.

He enters the car. MacDonald leaves the gangster handcuffed, and serves him up to be eaten alive by his opposition.

CHARLIE VERDEZ
 (To the gang)
 What you looking at little bitches?

INT. THE SET - BEDROOM - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Asaan is still in the clothes from the night before. He sits bedside. Sidney hugs tightly onto a blanket. The bed shifts as he shakes from an unnatural coldness.

Asaan finally lets go of his anger. Asaan sets down Big Sky's Pistol on the night stand next to him.

INT. THE SET - LIVING ROOM

Silence. Weezer and Eddie all sit in silence. The events from last night have traumatized them.

Dev stands stiffly in the corner. A BURNER PHONE rings. Petey enters just to take the phone from Dev.

EXT. THE SET - PORCH - DAY

Petey steps onto the Porch. He could be talking to anyone. He tries to keep his voice low. The conversation is something that no one in the set should hear.

PETEY

Yeh. Twenty markings. Double the amount of notches than his brother. Both of them, easily stronger than they daddy. I'll keep you posted. Yes, sir.

Petey breaks, then tosses the phone in a nearby gutter. He's nervous. Whoever was on the other side of that conversation sends chills down the sociopath's spine. He puffs a cigarette to calm himself.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

John dumps footage from the night before. Clips from the previous night are previewed on his COMPUTER. Thirty .mov files populate his finder, but only ten function properly.

JOHN

This is shit.

Allison is beside herself. Her clothes are dirty, ripped, and covered in yesterday's sweat and fear. She can barely hold her PHONE in her hand, as she attempts to calm her PRODUCER.

ALLISON

Look. Things have changed. The story has changed.

(BEAT)

I don't know what it is yet! I just know that we need to be here.

She glances over at John.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

He's dumping the footage right now. We can make a small sizzle if you want-

John looks back, and disapproves of her obvious lie.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I can send it over by tomorrow.

Disgruntled murmurs can be heard from the phone. Allison hangs up without a goodbye. She takes a moment to gather herself. She prevents herself from crying.

JOHN

Are you sure you want to see this?

ALLISON

Just play the damn video, John.

Before John plays the clip he kisses Allison on the forehead.

JOHN

You are doing the right thing. This world is going to need to see what kind of shit is in their backyards. There's no possible way this doesn't go all the way up to city hall.

ALLISON

Play it.

John hits spacebar. The video window opens. **The ghoulish scream of Sidney, from the previous night, cracks the sound of the laptop.** Allison covers her mouth in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. PASTOR'S APARTMENT - GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A night-light shines on the face of an adorable LITTLE GIRL. She cuddles up with her TEDDY BEAR.

The closet lightly rattles. Shadows swirl and form into a body. REVEAL Asaan standing in the closet door. His eyes are still wet from watching Big Sky die by a Deacon inflicted gunshot wound. His intent is revenge.

Every step towards the child is heavy. His father's M9 BERETTA is gripped tightly in his hands.

She peacefully sleeps unaware of the evil standing over her. Cold steel touches her forehead. The eyes of Asaan are black, yet cold. He doesn't hesitate -- CLICK! Asaan pulls back the Hammer of the gun.

FADE TO BLACK.

-- THE M9 BERETTA IS FIRED TWICE...

END OF EPISODE