

TRAINING DAY

Episode 101:
'Apocalypse Now'
1-20-16

By Will Beall

TEASER

Real **LAPD RADIO TRAFFIC**, like an eerie seismograph measuring the strength of each tremor as the city rages, bleeds, laughs, cries. *211 in progress. 415 man with a gun. 459 suspects there now...* over actual images of LA - a kinetic phantasmagoria of still frame and documentary footage: Swimming Pools. Movie Stars. Crips. Bloods. Yellow tape...

KYLE (V.O.)

My dad told me they built these streets right over old game trails. Pleistocene hunters stalked saber tooth tigers down Wilshire. Hey, look this up you don't believe me. Indians hunted deer along La Cienega Boulevard. Rangers tracked horse thieves into Beverly Hills...

Walk of Fame. Rodney King. Florence and Normandie in flames. OJ pretends to try on the fucking gloves, shrugs. The North Hollywood Shootout. Biggie and Tupac. Bikinis on the rooftop of the W. Lambos under the portico of the Four Seasons. Phil Spector's courtroom hairdo. Earthquakes. Pursuits. Wildfires. A tapestry of chaos. Anything the traffic will allow...

KYLE

Okay, so now maybe we have different predators, different prey. But one thing never changes, not in eleven thousand years.

(beat)

Nobody sees it coming.

SMASH TO:

I/E. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Fast. Furious. IMMERSIVE. Think First-Person Shooter-- Adrenalized breaths. Boots bounding stairs. Graffiti blurring by **LAPD OFFICER KYLE CRAIG (*A gleaming Galahad in his physical prime, as yet untarnished, think Luke Skywalker in '77). Kyle's *sprinting* after an ursine parolee: **CLAYTON RHODES**. Prison pecs. Lightning bolts on a neck like a thigh. Aryan Brotherhood, fresh from Tehachapi, Rhodes spins to *FIRE* back at Kyle. *BULLETS stitching walls, drywall GEYSERS!**

Kyle's partner **JEN MITCHELL** pops out to block the hallway. Rhodes *RAMS* the DOOR to an apartment, *SMASHING* through--

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

--**HISPANIC FAMILY**. Dad's at work. Mom's home with the kids. Rhodes hurls MOM aside, snatching her **BABY** out of his crib! Chaos. Screaming. Time Kyle reaches the doorway, son of a bitch is dangling the **BABY** off the balcony, **THREE FLOORS UP!**

KYLE
Rhodes! DON'T! We still got options
here, okay? Nobody's dead yet.

Rhodes *FIRES* at Kyle, bullets chewing up the door frame.

MITCHELL
This isn't going well.

RHODES
Get your ass BACK or I'll DROP him!

Kyle and Mitchell pressed to the wall on either side of the doorway. Kyle pulls a HAND MIRROR, angles it for a look. [*When he does, we see 'GN353' a partial plate printed in ballpoint pen on the inside of Kyle's wrist. An old cop's trick, a reminder, like tying a string around your finger.]

KYLE
Come on, Rhodes, you don't wanna
hurt that kid, man. Look at him.

Rhodes *FIRES* again, *SHATTERING* the mirror like a clay pigeon. OWW! Kyle shakes his hand, like he just touched a hot stove.

MITCHELL
He's gacked out of his gourd, Kyle.
He's gonna drop that kid, man.

KYLE
Just keep him talking.

Kyle runs off down the hall...

EXT. BALCONY - SAME

The baby screaming, thirty feet over the street, **LAPD BLACK & WHITES** converging below. Mom *SHRIEKING*, pleading in Spanish.

MITCHELL
Rhodes, I got an idea. Why don't
you hand the kid over to his mom
and then I'll be your hostage, huh?
I'm cuter anyway and I promise not
to make so much goddamned noise.

Mom *LUNGES* for her baby. Rhodes turns his gun on her, forcing Mitchell (Don't!) to *FIRE* --**BOOM!** Rhodes crumples, all his strings snapped. The **BABY FALLS** from Rhodes' dying arms! Mom *SCREAMING*, clawing the air for her child. But she's too late--

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

--Kyle *EXPLODES* out through the **WINDOW BELOW**, a cloud of glimmering glass, like he's been shot out of a cannon. A *diving* mid-air catch.

But now, both Kyle and the baby are falling. Everything *SLOWS WAY DOWN*, as though they're falling through water. As he *FALLS*, Kyle's life *FLASHES*, and we *HEAR*.

11-YEAR-OLD KYLE

*On my honor, I will do my best, to
do my duty to God and My Country,
and to obey the Scout Law...*

FLASH TO: 11-YEAR-OLD KYLE. Scout uniform, hand over his heart, taking the oath in his MIDDLE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM...

11-YEAR-OLD KYLE (CONT'D)

To help other people at all times,
to keep myself physically strong,
mentally awake and morally
straight...

Kyle's dad, **LAPD DETECTIVE BILLY CRAIG**, slips in the back of the auditorium. Their eyes meet. Kyle in his scout uniform. Billy in his LAPD uniform. Father and son share a smile...

FALLING: *Apartment building scrolling upward past us...*

13-YEAR-OLD KYLE and his father, **BILLY CRAIG**, both caked in sweat and dirt, digging up the weeds in a **VACANT LOT IN BOYLE HEIGHTS**, turning soil, planting vegetables, an **APPLE SAPLING**. Father and son transforming urban blight into a **COMMUNITY GARDEN**, driving in the wooden sign **KYLE CRAIG'S SCOUT PROJECT** as sneering **GANGSTERS** prowl beyond the cyclone fence...

KYLE

They're gonna wreck everything.

BILLY

No, they won't. They've been expelled from the garden. They know what happens if they mess with it.

Bill subtly lifts his shirt, revealing his **BADGE** and **GUN**. The **GANGSTERS** keep stepping, chastened by Billy's deadly stare...

BILLY (CONT'D)

Being a man's not about how tough you are, son. Anybody can throw a punch, pull a trigger.

FALLING: *As Kyle manages to **CURL** his **BODY** up **AROUND** the **BABY** as he falls, making himself a human air bag...*

BILLY (V.O.)

*Tearing down is easy, Kyle.
Building up is hard. Remember that.
And try to leave this world just a
little better than you found it...*

LAPD FUNERAL: OFFICERS in their CLASS-A UNIFORMS. A flag-draped COFFIN and **14-YEAR-OLD KYLE** standing beside his grieving MOTHER. Rifles firing a 21-GUN SALUTE for their fallen brother **DETECTIVE BILLY CRAIG**. The **BOOM** of the GUNS--

--**BOOM!** Curled around the baby, Kyle LANDS on the HOOD of PARKED CAR, shielding the baby from the brunt, spine cushioned by Kevlar, CAVING in the hood. Windows **BLOW** out...

EXT. KYLE LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE HOOD - MINUTES LATER

--Kyle JERKS back to consciousness, his arms around the **BABY** *that isn't there*, shoving away the PARAMEDICS with faraway voices, until he sees the **BABY** in his MOM'S ARMS.

MITCHELL

Kid's gonna be okay.

Kyle sags against the car, knees buckling in relief, sitting on the asphalt. Mitchell sits next to him, backs on the car.

KYLE

You okay?

MITCHELL

I feel gross. It's really unpleasant, shooting somebody. They teach you how to do it. Nobody tells you how it makes you feel.

He nods. She unwraps a stick of gum. He holds out his hand.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

It's my last piece.

She sighs, tears it in half, hands a piece to Kyle, taking in the forest of smart phone cameras around the hectic scene.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Think you might wanna try to get out in front of this one, partner.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - LATER

Kyle walks in, a little stiff, but hiding it well enough. Kyle's wife **ALYSE ARRENDONDO** standing in front of the TV, holding the DVR REMOTE like a weapon. Kyle sees **KTTLA NEWS** [paused] on TV... **DARING RESCUE**. Kyle freezes. Oh, shit.

ALYSE

Know why Batman isn't married?

KYLE

My partner has a theory about that. It involves the Boy Won--

ALYSE

--Because no woman in her right mind would put up with that.

Un-pauses the TV: Harrowing moments caught on video today when an LAPD officer... Bystanders' cell phone VIDEO...

KYLE

I was kinda hoping for something more along the lines of '*I'm proud of you, Kyle. I'm so glad you're okay, Kyle. Let's have relations, Kyle.*' You married a cop, you know?

Bills stacked up on the kitchen table. A checkbook...

ALYSE

I'm aware of that, yes.

KYLE

This is what you signed up for. I think Tammy Wynette said it best--

ALYSE

--That's what you're gonna go with?

KYLE

Well, I was. But now I'm rethinking it. Who's that Prussian guy who said no battle plan ever survives first contact with the enemy?

ALYSE

Helmuth von Moltke, the Elder. He also said *Strategy is a system of expedients*. You married a history teacher. This is what you signed up for. But I'm not your enemy. I'm the one who wore a yellow ribbon around my loins that whole time you were in Afghanistan, never knowing if it was gonna be you or a folded flag coming back on a plane. And now it's twelve hours instead of twelve months, which is a vast improvement, but it's still the same *Please, God, let him be okay*. But you're right. This is what I signed up for. I signed up for you. The kindest, most decent, most courageous man I've ever met.

(she touches his face)

But baby you've got a *blind spot*. You think you're chasing crooks out there, but you're not.

(MORE)

ALYSE (CONT'D)

You're chasing your father's ghost.
You were what, thirteen when he
died?

KYLE

Fourteen. But I don't see what--

She traces the '**GN353**' printed on Kyle's wrist...

ALYSE

--The anniversary's coming up,
isn't it? You push yourself so
hard, and then you push even harder
whenever it rolls around.

Family pictures on the wall. Loving father and adoring son.

KYLE

People who killed him, whoever they
are, they've already got a ten-year
head start on me. And I haven't
even made detective yet. It's
another year they're still out
there somewhere, walking free.
Another year I've let him down.

ALYSE

He just didn't live long enough to
let you down, but he would have. If
he hadn't been killed, you'd
eventually find out he had feet of
clay. Like the rest of us. He
wouldn't have lived up to your
image of him. No parent does.

(off Kyle)

And I did not sign up to watch you
kill yourself trying to live up to
the man you think you remember.

KYLE

You want me to give up chasing bad
guys so I can put on the *McGruff
The Crime Dog* costume and talk to
fifth graders about huffing?

ALYSE

Of course not.

KYLE

Good, 'cause the last guy who put
that thing on got scabies.

ALYSE

I'm just asking you to be aware
that you have a tendency towards...

KYLE
Stupidity?

ALYSE
I was going to say *swashbuckling*.
Maybe if you tried a little less
Charge of the Light Brigade and a
little more Battle of Troy?

KYLE
I'll work on it.

ALYSE
Thank you.
(embracing, kissing)
Oh, and *I'm proud of you, Kyle. I'm
so glad you're okay, Kyle...*

KYLE
Let's have relations, Kyle?

ALYSE
How's your back?

KYLE
Try me.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS. Alyse rolls over and picks it up.

HOYT (O.S.)
Officer Craig? Deputy Chief Hoyt.

Kyle sits bolt upright on the bed, clearing his head.

KYLE
Uh, yes, sir. Is there a problem--

HOYT
--More of an opportunity. Meet me
at Wilshire and Hobart in twenty.

He kills the call. Kyle stares at the phone like it bit him.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NEON-DRENCHED KOREATOWN - 20 MIN LATER

4-STORY RANGE: BUSINESSMEN blowing off steam, clubs *hissing*.
Balls *whizz* off, return through pneumatic tubes, as **KYLE**
approaches the tee-station of **DEPUTY CHIEF JAKE HOYT**. Years
have transformed Hoyt, *distilled* him to the flinty,
ectothermic predator that was dwelling inside all along.

HOYT
Hey, there he is! Man of the hour!
Quite a performance today, officer.

KYLE

Just doing my job, sir.

HOYT

Come on now. You're a hero, Officer Craig. Own it. It's okay to swagger a little. You've earned the right. Modest. Just like your old man.

(Kyle REACTS)

That's exactly what I thought when I saw you on the news, looks just like one of Billy Craig's old capers, and lo and behold, you're Billy's own flesh and blood.

(re: his club)

You don't mind, do you? I can hardly ever find the time anymore.

KYLE

Yes, I mean no, sir. I don't mind.

Hoyt **WHACKS** balls downrange throughout...

HOYT

You've been on the job for what?
Two years now?

KYLE

And three weeks, sir. Six months in the Academy. Little over eighteen months on the street.

HOYT

And before that Afghanistan, right?

KYLE

The Marine Corps.

HOYT

Heroes are hard to come by these days, Kyle. People just don't trust the police anymore. They've lost faith in us. It's my job to *restore* their faith. Before we all plunge into anarchy. It falls to me to refresh the tree of liberty. And that makes cops like you a very precious commodity.

(WHACK!)

Tell me, Kyle. What do you know about the *Alonzo Harris Scandal*?

KYLE

We studied him in Ethics Class. He was a great cop. But somewhere along the line he lost the meaning.

HOYT

That what they told you at the Academy? Alonzo *lost the meaning?*

(Kyle nods)

By the time I met Alonzo, he wasn't even a cop anymore. He'd *speciated*. He'd become a vampire, driven by this terrible hunger. That's what finally killed him. His appetite.

(WHACK!)

What they don't tell you in ethics class is what happened to this city in the aftermath. Hundreds of felony convictions were overturned. Judges tossed out every case Alonzo had so much as breathed on. Packs of violent predators released back into the wild. And the murder rate in Los Angeles soared. It was a massacre. It was a damn *plague*. Alonzo was still out there killing people, long after his death...

FLASHES: *Stylistic, still and video. CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. CHALK OUTLINES on rust-stained concrete. Sidewalk shrines. Votive candles around PEEWEE SOCCER PHOTOS. Torn bits of crime scene tape blowing like cobwebs. Grieving PARENTS...*

HOYT (CONT'D)

Rodney King. Rampart. Alonzo Harris. There's *always* a human cost to these scandals, Kyle. Nobody ever talks about that part.

KYLE

Because the people who paid the price were the wrong color, or died on the wrong side of the Freeway.

HOYT

Exactly. Now ask yourself, how many of those *innocent lives* could've been saved if someone had stopped Alonzo sooner? Well, we have an opportunity here to do just that.

(WHACK!)

Kyle, I need you to go undercover, to stop another ROGUE COP from becoming our next Alonzo Harris.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

Hoyt pulls two beers from an ice bucket, handing one to Kyle.

KYLE

Why me?

HOYT

You're perfect. You can obviously handle yourself. But you're still untarnished, a little unformed. And he'll like that, the opportunity to mold you in his own image, to *corrupt* you. And your stunt today will make the promotion and transfer plausible.

KYLE

What promotion?

HOYT

You'll be promoted to the rank of DETECTIVE and reassigned to **S.I.S.**

(Kyle reacts)

But in actuality, you'll be maintaining close surveillance on one of the finest investigators this department has ever produced, a man of courage and cunning. He was my friend. But I'm afraid he's gone upriver, Kyle, beyond our reach. He's the LAPD's *Colonel Kurtz*. Answerable to no one, fighting the war on his own terms. Trouble is, no one knows whose side he's on. I doubt *he* even knows anymore. His name is **FRANK ROURKE**.

Kyle slowly picks up the FILE, opens it... Frank's youthful **ACADEMY PHOTO**. CLIPPINGS, COMMENDATIONS, COMPLAINTS...

KYLE

I've heard stories. Everybody has.

HOYT

Frank's the last of the Gates-era gunfighters. He runs SPECIAL INVESTIGATION SECTION. They go after the worst of the worst, take them down by any means necessary. Frank's a very dangerous man, Kyle.

KYLE

I'd like to help, sir. I would, but-

HOYT

-You don't want a snitch jacket?

Hoyt produces a series of **PHOTOS**, placing them on the table one by one, almost like tarot cards. Women. Children...

HOYT (CONT'D)

Arlander Jenkins, Tiffany Hernandez, Emmett Forrest, Maribel Enriquez. All murdered by felons who were released after Alonzo's cases were overturned. I could show you a hundred more just like them. Women. Kids. Look at their faces, Kyle. Look. Don't tell me you're not a snitch. Tell them. I'm talkin about human lives, you're worried guys are gonna look at you funny in the locker room.

(Kyle reacts)

Grow up. This department, this city, will not survive another scandal of that magnitude. We have to cut out this cancer now, before it kills the entire body...

Off Kyle, torn, but determined to do the right thing.

I/E. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN OLYMPIC STATION - NEXT MORNING

FOLLOWING: ALLEN (12). Swollen eye, bloody nose, approaches the FAT DETECTIVE at the CAPS TABLE. *Excuse me, sir...* But the indolent detective doesn't even look up, just smoke-waves Allen to the waiting area... Only seat is next to some sketchy **DUDE** asleep under a ratty DODGERS CAP. Fu-Manchu. Sunglasses. Zombie flannel. *Judas Priest* t-shirt. Not homeless, probably not employed either.

DUDE (O.S.)

Hell happened to you, Dad make parole or something?

His voice like whiskey poured over gravel. It startles Allen.

ALLEN

Moreno. He runs a dope house on my block, I have to walk past it on my way to school, he wants me to be a lookout for him. Guess he's not used to hearing no from people--

DUDE

--Wait, Moreno, from Southside *Trece*, and you turned him down? What the hell's the matter with you, kid? Lookout, man, that's easy money. You don't even have to handle the product. Just whistle.

ALLEN

Well, I don't want any part of it.

DUDE

Your funeral. Look, here's the deal. See that tub of type-2 diabetes over there with the ass on the front of his pants, looks like he was born to die on the toilet?

(the CAPS detective)

Wait around long enough, he might run out of excuses and take a battery report. But you'll wind up right back here tomorrow because it's not like these Southsiders are gonna get bored of beating the crap outta you. But nobody here's gonna do anything about it until they kill you. Then they'll investigate your homicide, won't actually catch him because nobody's going to testify against a gangbanger anyway. Want my professional advice? Don't make it hard on yourself. Take the lookout job.

ALLEN

You know what? Go to Hell.

DUDE

Better.

He stands. The **DETECTIVE'S BADGE** on a chain around the his neck swings out from under his flannel. Meet **FRANK ROURKE**.

ALLEN

You're a cop?!?

FRANK

Well, technically. Name's Frank.

ALLEN

Allen.

FRANK

Well, Allen, since you're already late for school and I could use some ballast amidships, how bout I buy you breakfast?

I/E. FRANK'S MUSCLE CAR - 23 MINUTES LATER

Frank behind the wheel of his unmarked **MUSCLE CAR**, with Allen slumped low in the seat next to Frank, both eating Egg McMuffins. Allen sees a tattoo on Frank's arm: *Primum Nocere*.

ALLEN

What's that mean? *Pri-mum No-cere*.

FRANK

It's Latin for finish your hash
brown and mind your own business.

Frank's car sidles to the curb across from WATTS TOWERS...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look, this neighborhood's got no
shortage of knuckleheads. Hell, I'd
grown up with an invisible dad and
my mom feedin' me Funyons and Fanta
for breakfast, I'd be worse than
any of 'em. Come to think of it, I
AM worse than any of 'em. But
you're better than that, Allen.
(another mouthful of food)
You read me?

ALLEN

Everything you just said is racist.

FRANK

Just get your ass to school.

Frank stuffs another wrapped **EGG MCMUFFIN** in his shirt pocket
and **LIFTS** the hinged compartment (disguised as a **BABY SEAT**
on his back seat) and **PICKS UP** a Milkor **M32 RIOT GUN** inside.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Probably better if you're not
around for this next part.

Allen looks at Frank like the by-the-hour Batman who showed
up at your birthday just turned out to be the real guy...

EXT. DOPE PAD (ACROSS FROM WATTS TOWERS) - SECONDS LATER

A **PIT BULL** like a stone panther chained up out front. Frank
digs the McMuffin out of his pocket, hands it to the beast,
who inhales it wrapper and all. **SENTRY** out front, a jailhouse
Schwarzenegger, **PISTOL** in his waistband, drinking from a
brown-bagged **BOTTLE**. Frank's a **BLUR**, Shere Khan the tiger, a
claw around the sentry's throat, Frank **SNATCHING** the **PISTOL**
from the guy's waistband, **SLAMMING** him into the garage--

SENTRY

--GAH! Damn, Eastwood! EASY!

FRANK

Quit whining, you big baby. You
should be thanking me.

SENTRY

Yeah? For what?

Frank ZIPCUFFS him, YANKS the BANDANNA off the guy's head. Frank takes a swig from the guy's LIQUOR BOTTLE, then stuffs his BANDANNA down it, pulls his LIGHTER, lights the bandanna.

FRANK

For saving you from the fire.

Frank HURLS his improvised **MOLOTOV** through the WINDOW of the house! **FWOOM!** We flinch and wobble as **FIRE EXPLODES** at us through shattered glass. Frank RAISES the RIOT GUN, waiting for the **GANGSTERS** to come stampeding out the FRONT DOOR. Frank strokes the trigger. **FWUMP! FWUMP! FWUMP!** NON-LETHAL FOAM RIOT ROUNDS gut-punching GANGSTERS back off their feet.

MORENO's the last one out, awkwardly carrying FRAMED corporate '**SUCCESSORIES**' POSTERS under one arm ('Teamwork' 'Excellence' soaring eagles, etc.) A **DUFFLE BAG** in the other. Frank drops him with a riot round, scattering the posters...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, everybody, listen up, this franchise is officially closed due to numerous fire code violations.

Frank strolls across the yard. Groaning gangsters curled in the dirt like prawns, clutching their bellies. Moreno reaches for his dropped pistol, but Frank STEPS on his hand. *Arrgh!*

FRANK (CONT'D)

And Moreno? Next time I hear you beat up on a *kid* like that, I swear to God they won't be foam bullets.

MORENO

Talkin' bout Allen? Come on, Frank! Know me better than that. I never touched the kid. One of my overenthusiastic homies exceeded his authority, and that problem has been dealt with *accordingly*. I referred that fool to HR...

Moreno NODS toward the PIT BULL, the letters '**HR**' embossed on a rhinestone-studded COLLAR around the dog's muscular neck...

MORENO (CONT'D)

You think it's easy maintaining a professional standard down here?

Frank peeks in the DUFFLE: PISTOL, a dog-eared *How To Win Friends And Influence People*. Bundles and BUNDLES of **CASH**...

FRANK

Yeah well, as a great philosopher once said: *Mo money. Mo problems.*

I/E. BLACK & WHITE (KYLE ARRIVES)- MINUTES LATER

MITCHELL drives KYLE to the scene in their BLACK & WHITE, but she is in uniform and Kyle's in plainclothes. Up ahead, UNIFORMS haul grumbling gangsters away to their BLACK & WHITES, as FIREFIGHTERS scramble to hose down what's left. They both see **FRANK** silhouetted by the billowing FLAMES.

MITCHELL

Whoa, stranger danger.

KYLE

Tell me about it.

MITCHELL

Kyle, listen. We work patrol. And I like patrol. Keeps me in shape and I meet a lot of firemen. Most of all, I like the *simplicity* of it. I thought you did too. You know, cops and robbers. Good guys and bad guys, and never the twain shall meet. Now from what I've heard? You get in a car with Frank Rourke, and it'll never be simple again. Not too late to change your mind, man.

Partners clasp hands for the last time, like arm-wrestlers.

KYLE

I'll be alright. Take it easy, Jen.

She pulls him into a bro hug.

MITCHELL

You're a good man, Kyle. There's a shortage of them in the world. So do us all a favor, stay gold, Pony Boy. I mean it, man. Promise me you won't get lost out there.

KYLE

Okay. I promise.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kyle makes his way to Frank eyeing a cute KTLA REPORTER, casually explaining to a LIEUTENANT...

FRANK

Happened to be driving by when I saw the fire, so I entered the house to render aid to any persons who might be trapped inside.

LT. ALLENFORD
With a riot gun?

FRANK
Hey, man, you never know. You gonna
write me the commendation or what?

The Lieutenant reacts. Kyle stiffly approaches Frank.

KYLE
Detective Rourke? I'm Kyle Craig.

FRANK
Who the hell is Kyle Craig?

KYLE
Your new trainee. We were supposed
to meet back at the station?

FRANK
Oh, right. Well, come on, might as
well get this over with.
(on the move)
Keep your hands and arms inside the
vehicle at all times, unless of
course you're gonna blast somebody.

I/E. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kyle climbs in. Judas Priest's *Livin' After Midnight* blasting
from the speakers. Just under the music, Kyle can HEAR
pounding and Moreno's muffled CURSES coming from the TRUNK!

KYLE
Sir, somebody's in the trunk.

FRANK
Say, observation skills like that,
you're gonna make a fine detective.

Frank stomps the gas, smoke boiling out of the wheel wells.

EXT. THROUGH LOS ANGELES - MINUTES LATER

Frank and Kyle cruising through Los Angeles.

FRANK
Okay, this isn't a *Training Day*,
it's more of a trial by fire. I'm
the *Kobayashi Maru*, Kyle. I'm the
test nobody passes. My last two
trainees didn't make it through a
single shift. They both quit.

KYLE

They asked to be transferred out of SIS on their first day, sir?

FRANK

No, I mean they quit, as in quit the department.

KYLE

I'll take my chances.

With a pen, Kyle carefully prints 'GN353' on his wrist...

FRANK

What's that?

KYLE

Partial plate. For a vehicle I've been looking for. For a long time.

FRANK

G-ride?

KYLE

I honestly don't know.

(beat)

My dad was on the job. He was murdered. Almost ten years ago.

FLASH: BOOM! Billy Craig SHOT IN THE BACK, reaching into his shoulder holster as he spins to face his attacker. **BOOM! BOOM!** Shot twice more before he can draw his weapon. Falls...

KYLE (CONT'D)

He was off-duty. They say it was a botched robbery. Just... bad luck.

FLASH: Billy gasping in the dark street, eyelids fluttering, barely conscious as **GLOVED HANDS** roughly search his person. **FIGURES** running off. With his last breath, Billy pulls a pen from his inner pocket, scrawls **GN3 5 3** on his inner wrist...

FRANK

They ever catch the guy?

KYLE

No. But my dad managed to write down a partial license plate on his wrist just before he died. So I do the same thing. Every day. Remind myself they're still out there. Figure maybe one day I'll get lucky. My wife thinks I'm nuts.

Frank narrows his eyes at Kyle's WEDDING RING...

FRANK

You lie to her?

KYLE

What?

FRANK

Do you lie to your wife? It's a simple question.

KYLE

That's none of your business.

FRANK

But it is my business. Crime in LA is up over 300 percent, but arrests are way down. Cops don't even want to make a goddamned traffic stop, afraid they'll wind up on Anderson Cooper. Safer to pass out baseball cards, smile and wave. You wind up with a department full of those inflatable guys flopping around in front of car dealerships. Brass loves it because it keeps the press off their asses. Crooks love it because it's like *The Purge* every night out here. But you know who winds up with the turd end of the tomahawk? Allen.

KYLE

Who's Allen?

FRANK

Exactly. Allen's the very people we swore an oath to protect. Police work is like sex, Kyle. It's a lot more effective when it isn't pretty. Public catches a snippet of video on the news, they're like the kid who stumbles into his parents' bedroom one night and freaks out, thinks Daddy's killing Mommy. Because he's got no context for what he's seeing. And you can try to explain it him: 'Daddy's not hurting Mommy. He's just giving Mommy one of those special hugs that hold our whole goddamned marriage together.' But the damage is done. Kid woulda been a lot better off if he hadn't seen it in the first place.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, with that in mind, this job may require you to be somewhat economical with the truth, Kyle. A man who lies to his old lady can lie to anyone, so I'm going to ask you again, and then I'm kicking your ass out of the car. Do you lie to your wife?

KYLE

No. I tell her the truth. That's kind of the point of being married.

FRANK

Wrong. There's no point in being married. Took me four marriages to figure that one out. You're welcome.

KYLE

You know, when I was in High School, my buddy and I got pulled over by some Sheriff's Deputies. Ordered us out of the car at gunpoint, proned us out in the street. One of them stepped on my neck while his partner searched the car. They told us we 'matched a description.' No apology, just 'You two stay out of trouble now.' I remember laying there with my cheek against the asphalt, thinking they could do anything they wanted to us, shot us both and just made up some story afterward--

FRANK

--Heartbreaking. But we don't hassle teenagers in S.I.S. We hunt the city's most dangerous game, heavily armed and highly motivated. And they will kill you, Kyle. So here in S.I.S. we have our own version of the Hippocratic Oath.

(re: his tattoo)

Primum Nocere. 'First, do harm.' Shoot early and often. Policy and procedure do not exist in this dojo. Bullets either go in the bad guys or you wind up wearin 'em. And I'm an avid fan of the former. Better to be judged by twelve than carried by six.

Off Kyle's face. *What the hell have I gotten myself into?*

END TEASER**ACT ONE****EXT. DRIVING THROUGH THE INGLEWOOD OIL FIELD - DAY**

Frank drives through the dusty forest of pump jacks rocking like thirsty birds. **BANG! BANG!** Moreno pounds the bulkhead.

KYLE

Want to tell me who we're carpooling with, sir?

FRANK

He's a dope dealer, strictly retail. I need to chat with him. Anybody had seen him getting into my car, they'd figure he was a snitch and he wouldn't last a day, so I put him in the trunk for his own protection... Mostly.

Frank **SLAMS** the BRAKES, hearing the satisfying THUMP. *Oww!* A barrage of muffled Spanish curses as Frank and Kyle step out.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Behold.

Frank grabs Moreno's **DUFFLE BAG** off the backseat and Kyle sees the bag runneth over with cash! Hundreds of thousands.

KYLE

I thought you said this guy was strictly retail.

FRANK

Look out there.

The LA basin ripples behind a curtain of heat....

FRANK (CONT'D)

The way it ripples, like a mirage. None of it's real. We will Los Angeles into existence. We conjure it, every day. People come here to become someone they're not. Nobody here is who they claim to be.

Frank sits heavily on the TRUNK, hammering his fist on it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Moreno? I ever tell you how my third wife got into this pyramid scheme, selling cosmetics. You start out as a 'Beauty Consultant' right?

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Supposed to work your way up to 'Sales Director' but my old lady? Couldn't give that crap away, so we wound up with a garage full of face cream and she never made a dime. Multi-level marketing my ass. Now, here's the thing: I counted FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS in this *bolsa*. That's *Sales Director* money, my man, and you and I both know you're just a Beauty Consultant. Come on, just between us girls, what's your secret?

MORENO

Tony Robbins. *Awaken the Giant Within* changed my life, homes. Come on, Frank. It's HOT in here, and you know I hate that old ass music you listen to. Man I liked it better when you were just beating my ass with the yellow pages.

FRANK

That was a simpler time, wasn't it?

Frank sighs, POPS the trunk, stands aside, and MORENO *launches* out of the trunk like a demonic Jack-In-The-Box, attacking the first cop he sees, **KYLE!** Moreno *TACKLES* Kyle. They roll in the dirt, trading punches. Frank does nothing. Kyle manages to get Moreno in a *Mata Leon* CHOKE HOLD...

KYLE

Chill. Out. Homie.

MORENO

Alright. Okay. I'm cool.

Frank nods. Kyle reluctantly releases Moreno.

FRANK

Moreno. Meet Kyle Craig.

MORENO

(recognizes Kyle)

Hey, I know you. From the news! Yeah, that was pretty sick, homey. Hey, can I get a picture right quick? You can follow me on *Instagram*. @SexyMoreno13?

KYLE

Time out.

(to Frank)

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

I've been riding with you all of fifteen minutes and you've already made me an accessory to kidnapping under color of authority and probably armed robbery, but I have to draw the line somewhere and selfies with gangbangers might be a good place for me to start.

MORENO

Whatever. Fifteen minutes. That's longer than Frank's last trainee lasted, before he got stabbed.

KYLE

Thought you said he quit.

FRANK

He got stabbed. Then he quit.

KYLE

Who stabbed him?

FRANK

(nods at Moreno)
He did. Long story.

KYLE

...This is insane.

MORENO

I know, right? He torched my house. That was foul, homey. Even for you.

FRANK

You got off easy. Allen's a civilian, man. The hell do you need another lookout for anyway? *Southside Trece* controls that whole block. What's out there that's got you so paranoid all of a sudden?

MORENO

Blowtorch Bob's back in town.

Kyle and Frank REACT to the name. **FLASHES:** *Highly stylized, impressionistic, rapid-fire IMAGES a visual narrative of 'BLOWTORCH BOB' MENJIVAR: Posed with his unit of Contra guerillas. Aging through a series of MUGSHOTS. Thousands of kilos of COKE off-loaded from small planes. His glamor shot for Forbes list of wealthiest people...*

FRANK

Roberto 'Blowtorch Bob' Menjivar, cartel boss, controlled everything from Baja to Bakersfield--

KYLE

I know who he is. He just tunneled out of *Atiplano* Prison.

(**FLASH:** *the tunnel*)

Every cop in the world's looking for Menjivar. Why the hell would he come back here?

MORENO

Dude wants his chair back.

FRANK

After Menjivar went to prison, one of Menjivar's SICARIOS took over.

DAVID OCHOA.

FLASHES: **OCHOA** - *a viper in a guayabera, cradles an AK in the background of Menjivar's Forbes shot. Shallow graves. Bodies half covered with Sinoloa desert. Dangling from telephone poles. Ochoa grabs a fistful of hair, raising a machete--*

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ochoa's kinda like a cross between Pol Pot and the Ebola virus. Ochoa kills everything. Anyone he even thinks might be loyal to Menjivar, their families. Kids...

MORENO

I traded up, went to work for Ochoa. He's got this bomb-ass health plan: He lets you live.

Kyle eyes Moreno's Duffle Bag, and it dawns on him...

KYLE

It's a *go-bag*, isn't it? Now that Menjivar's back, there's gonna be a green light on all of you. Open season on anyone who sided with Ochoa. You're getting out of Dodge.

MORENO

You better bounce too, Frank. Once Menjivar starts crossing names off his naughty list, won't take him long to work his way down to you.

INTERCUTTING:

EXT. CENTURY CITY (GLEAMING TOWERS, FOUNTAINS) - SAME

A **PRIVATE AMBULANCE** 'ELITE MEDICAL TRANSPORT' heading down Avenue of the Stars, part of a convoy, between black SUVs, one running point. Another SUV trailing behind, stopping for a RED LIGHT at a busy INTERSECTION.

I/E. SUVS - CONTINUOUS

Both vehicles packed with **SICARIOS**, armed and watchful...

EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

--**FWOOM!** An RPG strikes the lead SUV! The vehicle punted skyward, swallowed by a **FIERY EXPLOSION** seen for blocks. Then before the fiery husk of the first SUV comes back to earth--**FWOOM!** A second RPG strikes the SUV behind the ambulance! Vehicles swerve. **PEDESTRIANS** scream, scatter and cower as-- Armed **MERCENARIES** materialize, converging on that **PRIVATE AMBULANCE**, trapped between flaming wrecks, **FIRING** control bursts as they move in, stitching the ambulance with bullets. Their **LEADER** is **THEROUX**, former Green Beret who hires out to the cartels as an assassin. The Appalachians in his voice--

THEROUX

--Contact rear!

--Because now the first **LAPD BLACK & WHITE** is screeching into the intersection, sirens wailing. **GONZALEZ** (50) lifetime street cop. His **ROOKIE: PRICE** (22) whippet-trim, eager.

PRICE

21-A-12 CODE 6 on an ADW shooting--
SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS FIRED!

--As the **MERCS** turn their weapons on them, high-velocity rounds chewing through the **BLACK & WHITE**--

EXT. INGLEWOOD OIL FIELD - SAME

The urgent broadcast coming over Kyle's radio.

RTO (KYLE'S RADIO)

*All units, Officer Needs Help,
Constellation and Avenue of...*

FRANK

(to Moreno)

You got lucky this time.

Kyle and Frank are already running back to their car. Tires spitting dust and gravel as they take off.

RTO

*Officer Needs Help, Constellation
and Avenue of the Stars. Be
advised, Officer Down...*

EXT. CENTURY CITY - SAME

Chaos in Century City. More **BLACK & WHITES** arriving, rolling **CODE 3** to the rattling gunfire. Badly-outgunned **COPS** battling **MERCENARIES**. Bullets *fizzing* by, masticating **Black & Whites**.

Heat*, though more contained, grounded, brief, real-time through **BODY CAMERAS, DASH CAMERAS, even **SMART PHONES...**

I/E. FRANK'S MUSCLE CAR - FAST

Frank and Kyle red-lining through traffic. Tires squeal.

I/E. PRIVATE AMBULANCE - SAME

While their compatriots are holding off the cops. Theroux and his partner **BLAKE** (who looks like somebody hung body armor on a prognathous chainsaw sculpture. Sunglasses hide a **VERTICAL SCAR** through his left eyebrow to his left cheekbone) *YANKING* open the REAR DOORS of the PRIVATE AMBULANCE. It's empty...

BLAKE

Greasy little son of a bitch
couldn't have gotten far.

Rotors slap the air. An **LAPD AIR UNIT's** props swirling smoke.

THEROUX

I'm callin it. We gotta redeploy,
find the bastard some other way.

I/E. FRANK'S MUSCLE CAR INTO THE INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Kyle running to help, but they're too late. The scene is eerily quiet, car alarms. Distant sirens. Intersection choked with bullet-riddled BLACK & WHITES. Half a dozen uniformed cops are dead.

FRANK (RADIO)

Control. Be advised we have
multiple officers down here.

KYLE

JEN!

Kyle's partner **JEN MITCHELL** crumpled against her black & white. Kyle kneels, turns her over, begins performing CPR...

KYLE (CONT'D)

Come on, Jen. Stay with me!
Come on, partner. COME ON!

Mitchell's blood on Kyle's hands now. She's unresponsive. Frank rests his hand on Kyle's shoulder, a human gesture...

FRANK

Kyle... She's gone.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY

Kyle watches them lifting Mitchell onto a GURNEY. They begin to zip his partner into a bag. Kyle stops them. Kyle removes her **STEEL NAMEPLATE** from her shirt. **J. MITCHELL**.

KYLE

She was my partner. I should've been here.

FRANK

If you had, you'd be laying in that chuck wagon right next to her.

(shaking his head)

Expect to see this kind of thing in Culiacan, Juarez, but this is Century City for Christ's sake...

*Not your typical TV crime scene. An *Officer Down* is like a collapsing star drawing COPS and OFFICIALS from all over. Everywhere Kyle sees OFFICERS are slipping **BLACK BANDS** over their **BADGES**. *In the LAPD, you have to keep them handy. Somebody hands one to Kyle, who slips it over his badge as...

A **NINJA HR2** prowls in, a **BOOT** pops the kickstand, tearing her helmet off, raven hair tumbles as **DETECTIVE REBECCA LEE** (20s) draws her **CAR-15** from a shock-proof sheath on the rear axle.

REBECCA

(nodding toward Kyle)

Who's he?

KYLE

Kyle Craig.

His hand extended. She just looks at it.

REBECCA

Shooting starts, stay clear of my muzzle and we'll get along fine.

KYLE

Pleasure's all mine.

Cue the '64 **VW MICROBUS** in need of paint, crammed with surfboards, driven by **TOMMY CAMPBELL**(30), halfhearted beard, hair just this side of dreads. Tattoos. Board shorts. Vans. Jeff Lebowski with visible abs. Rummaging for a shirt. His guns. **BADGE** on the rearview like a dreamcatcher.

TOMMY

You the new guy? Tommy.

KYLE

Kyle.

They shake hands. Tommy wriggles into a shoulder holster as they walk, short-sleeved shirt over it, unbuttoned...

TOMMY

Welcome to the other side of the mirror, man. Gets dark over here.

KYLE

Yeah.

Wedged between the blackened hulks of two exploded SUVs, the **PRIVATE AMBULANCE** is riddled with bullets, back doors open.

KYLE (CONT'D)

This was their target. Two SUVs were security, for whoever was in the back of the ambulance. Took them out with an RPG to box him in. I've seen this before, sir.

FRANK

Where?

KYLE

Zamindawar. Afghanistan.

FRANK

Cartels hire private contractors out of Special Forces, Spetsnaz.

TOMMY

Figure this was cartel business?

FRANK

Terrorists would've hit the mall down the block. And this is way too sophisticated for crackers crunked up on Jim Beam and talk radio.

(beat)

Moreno said BLOWTORCH BOB'S back. Maybe this was MENJIVAR settling accounts. Looks like an assassination, an attempt anyway.

KYLE

Our officers got here before they could finish. Whoever their target was, I think he's in the wind.

ROBBERY HOMICIDE DETECTIVES arriving to take over, lead by **DET. SMITH**. Tailored suit. Wingtips. Deliberate, methodical.

DET. SMITH

Sorry, but I'm gonna need your people to clear out of our scene, Frank. RHD's running point on this.

FRANK

They took out these two vehicles with an RPG. This look like it was gangbangers to you, Smith?

DET. SMITH

Word came down straight from The Building, God's lips to my ears. You don't like it, take it up with--

HOYT (O.S.)

--Is there a problem?

Kyle struggles to hide his reaction when he sees **HOYT!**

DET. SMITH

No problem, Sir. Frank was just leaving. I told him that--

FRANK

--I'm not going anywhere.

(steps to Hoyt)

Apex predators, professional skill sets, heavy ordnance, these are *exactly* the kind of monsters SIS was created to deal with. Now we can take these guys. They killed six of our own for Christ's sake. We're their best shot at justice.

HOYT

Listen. This department, every department, is under a microscope right now. Every day another video surfaces. I'm not afraid you won't catch their killers, I'm afraid of what happens when you do. You're the crowned prince of collateral damage. Oh, you'll take them down, but you'll lay waste to the whole damn city in the process. Godzilla's got nothing on you, Frank.

FRANK

You used to be someone I could trust, Jake. Someone I was proud to ride with. You used to be a cop. Before you turned climber, took up tin collecting. Was it worth it?

Kyle reacts. All of them do. The air crackles.

HOYT

You're about to talk yourself back into a black and white, detective. How'd you like to spend the rest of your career out in Toluca Lake, shooing tourists away from the Brady Bunch house?

(Frank smiles)

You don't think I'll do it.

FRANK

We both know you won't. Maybe one day you'll get lucky and catch me slippin, put my badge on your mantle with all the others. But not today. Today, you need me. To do what I do. So put me in, coach.

Hoyt appears to swallow his pride like a live goldfish.

HOYT

Stand down, Smith. I'm handing this one to S.I.S. Give Frank whatever logistical support he needs.

(Smith bristles)

I'm the incident commander here, Detective, so it's my call.

DET. SMITH

Yes, sir.

FRANK

(to Smith)

I need every body cam, dash cam, security cameras, smart phones within a thousand feet of us.

(to Tommy and Becca)

Get a hold of that ambulance company, find out who they were transporting, and where...

Frank and Detective Smith head toward the ICBU. Kyle lingers.

KYLE

(sotto to Hoyt)

I thought you didn't trust him.

HOYT

I trust Frank to catch these men. And I trust him to kill them. Or get himself killed trying. Either outcome is good for the department.

KYLE

And where does that leave me?

HOYT

You're a resourceful guy, Kyle. I'm sure you'll figure something out.

EXT. ICBU (INSIDE THE MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER) - MINUTES LATER

Kyle and Frank standing behind OFFICER uploading footage from BODY CAMS, DASH CAMS, RED LIGHT CAMS, CONFISCATED SMART PHONES, feeding all of it into a BANK of MONITORS. Welcome to 2017. The BODY-CAMS particularly disconcerting, almost like living these officers' last moments with them, like the hive scene in *Aliens*. **ONE OFFICER'S FEED IN PARTICULAR:** *Shooting it out with THEROUX, giving us a good look at Theroux's FACE--*

DET. SMITH

--Run facial recognition on him.

FRANK

Don't bother. His name's **THEROUX**. Mercenary, operates out of Cuba.

[another feed]

And this other guy, the one with the scar, his name's **BLAKE**.

KYLE

You know them?

FRANK

I've traded nine millies with them before. In fact, the last time we had a powder burnin' contest, I left Blake that little souvenir.

Frank taps the screen, indicating Blake's scar. **THAT OFFICER'S FEED:** Shot by **THEROUX**, we FALL sideways, the entire scene canted vertically as Theroux fires the *coup de grace--*

KYLE

(--jarred)

Whose body cam is this?

DET. SMITH

That one's Mitchell.

Kyle sets his jaw, biting back the rage like rising bile.

FRANK

(to Kyle)

You'll get your chance.

INT. ICBU (INSIDE THE MOBILE COMMAND TRAILER) - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca and Tommy enter...

REBECCA

Ambulance company was a pain in the ass, wouldn't tell me who they were transporting. But I finally got someone to tell me where they picked him up. *Beverly Hills Surgery Center*. Ready for this? Guy was a patient of DANIEL NAZARIAN.

FRANK

Who's Daniel Nazarian?

KYLE

Plastic surgeon to the stars. Allegedly. My wife buys all those magazines at the supermarket.

DET. SMITH

Yeah, mine too.

FRANK

You both disgust me.

REBECCA

Office isn't far. Beverly Hills.

I/E. BEVERLY HILLS SURGERY CENTER - MINUTES LATER

Pulling in behind a line of FERARRIS, LAMBORGHINIS and PORSCHEs lined up at the valet turnaround...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Kyle, Rebecca and Tommy walking the hallway, WEAPONS up, clearing corners on the move. A NURSE steps out of another office, stifles a scream. Kyle motions her back.

INT. NAZARIAN'S SURGICAL OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

They flow silently into the reception area, clearing corners. The RECEPTIONIST slumped (tastefully) on her desk. Two fingers to her neck, Tommy shakes his head grimly. Gone.

INT. SURGICAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

NAZARIAN on his own OPERATING TABLE. We don't really see him. Impressionist glimpses. Tools in a stainless pan, wrists and ankles strapped to the table tell the story...

FRANK

Welcome to S.I.S.

Nazarian stirs...

TOMMY

Dude's still alive.

Frank takes another step toward Nazarian, attention focused on Nazarian. His shin about a half-inch from the **TRIPWIRE!** Kyle **YANKS** Frank back, pulling him off balance--

FRANK
What the hell?

KYLE
He's wired.

Kyle steps over the tripwire, daintily opens Nazarian's shirt, revealing convex gray-green **WEDGE** taped to his chest. Embossed on the front of the device: '**FRONT TOWARD ENEMY**'

KYLE (CONT'D)
M181A CLAYMORE anti-personnel mine.
See that? *Front Toward Enemy*.
Directional Frag. Skinnies used to
do this to our wounded back in
Afghanistan. This was meant for us.

Kyle pulls a ballpoint pen from his pocket, unscrews it, and pulls out the plastic ink tube. Nazarian groans.

NAZARIAN
Held out... Long as I could...

REBECCA
Easy, Doc. Don't move.

Kyle slides the tube through the detonator, a trick he learned overseas, **SNIPS** the **TRIPWIRE** with his **LEATHERMAN**.

NAZARIAN
...Make sure he knows that.

FRANK
Daniel. Listen. What did they want?

NAZARIAN
...Where he was.

FRANK
Who? Where who was?

NAZARIAN
...Tiburon.

Nazarian coughs, dies. Kyle grabs for his radio.

FRANK
What the hell are you doing?

KYLE
Calling the bomb squad.

FRANK

We're not calling the damn bomb squad. That'll take hours. And we don't have that kind of time.

KYLE

Are you nuts?

FRANK

Listen, Theroux and Blake bounce through Mexico City on bogus passports and never stay in town more than 24 hours. We don't take them now, today, we'll lose them. Mitchell's killers will be sipping mojitos in non-extradition Cuba.

KYLE

Okay. But we can't just leave it--

--Frank peels the mine off Nazarian, tucks it in his jacket.

FRANK

Waste not. Want not.

INT. BACK IN THE RECEPTION AREA - SECONDS LATER

Rebecca leaning over the keyboard, fingers flying...

FRANK

Tiburon's the name of Menjivar's yacht. But the DEA seized it while he was in prison.

TOMMY

Maybe it's a password.

Pulling up PATIENT ROSTER, with BILLING INFORMATION...

REBECCA

It's an offshore corporation. Nazarian billed them for a facial reconstruction performed yesterday.

KYLE

Every cop in the Western Hemisphere knows Menjivar's face. So Nazarian gave him a new one.

FRANK

Theroux and Blake aren't working for Menjivar. They're hunting him, for Ochoa. Mexican Drug War's just been relocated to Los Angeles.

REBECCA

This says *Tiburón, Inc.* paid for another procedure back in August.

KYLE

Menjivar was in prison in August.

REBECCA

It was a breast enhancement. Patient's name is **NATALIE VARGAS**.

FRANK

She's Menjivar's mistress, his Achilles heel, the one thing that could draw him into the open.

KYLE

Don't tell me you know her. I mean really, don't tell me.

Tommy and Rebecca trade looks.

FRANK

No, I don't know her. But I know someone who does.

I/E. FRANK'S MUSCLE CAR - MINUTES LATER

Frank driving Mulholland like Space Mountain. Kyle grips the doorpost, expecting to sail off the edge at any moment...

FRANK

Theroux and Blake have the same information we do, and they have a head start, have to figure they've connected Menjivar to Natalie.

KYLE

Figure they'll try to grab her, use her to get to Menjivar.

FRANK

That's what I'd do. We play our cards right, we can bag 'em all. Theroux, Blake, AND Blowtorch Bob.

I/E. WIKSTROM'S MANSION - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - 20 MIN LATER

The 70 million dollar MANSION of German game Designer **FABIAN WIKSTROM**, currently packed with a thousand of his closest friends, drinking, making out, dancing to *Darude's Sandstorm*.

FRANK (V.O.)

Fabian Wikstrom created that videogame Aggravated Assault. Made him a multi-billionaire.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Aggravated Assault V drops on
 Tuesday. He's having a release
 party. That's where we'll find
 Natalie...*

EXT. POOL AREA (WITH A VIEW OF THE ENTIRE BASIN) - SAME

Maxim Magazine exploded, scattering models across the mansion. You could crowd surf the POOL. Frank, Kyle, Rebecca, and Tommy make their way through the crowd.

TOMMY

(to Kyle)

You've got that Alice in Wonderland look, dude, like 'I don't want to go among mad people.' But it's like the cat says. Can't help that. We're all mad here...

KYLE

Don't take this the wrong way, but--

TOMMY

I don't seem like a cop. Get that a lot. I was a pro surfer. Australia, Great White breached right next to me. Sixteen feet. I don't know how long he circled, felt like hours. If he wanted me, he had me, nothing I could do. This feeling came over me, blissful, I don't know how to describe it. Never felt more alive than at that moment, when I could literally reach out and caress death gliding by. Police work's the only place I've been able to recapture that. Think I'm nuts?

KYLE

Yep.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(re: Rebecca)

She always this friendly?

TOMMY

Today she's in a good mood. Frank rescued her from human traffickers. She was four. Frank used his connections to hook her up with a good foster family. She doesn't know her birthday, so Frank made one up for her, never misses it, not in twenty years. He's the only father she's ever known.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 (off Kyle)
 What about you, what's your story?

KYLE
 I don't have one yet.

Tommy frowns, breaks off, as Frank and Kyle approach **HOLLY MCCABE**(40) fills her suit like a woman half her age, half concealed under a caftan. Sun hat. Holly Golightly glasses.

FRANK
 Hey, baby.

A domestic kiss. Affection. Ease. Holly turns to Kyle...

HOLLY
 This must be your new partner.

FRANK
 Trainee.

KYLE
 Detective Craig, Ma'am.

HOLLY
 Holly McCabe. Hollywood Madam.

Extends her hand to Kyle, as though expecting him to kiss it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 Has a nice ring, don't you think?

KYLE
 Sounds better than pimp, I guess.

HOLLY
 Forebear to judge, detective.
 (re: pool nymphs)
 I offer them PPO health insurance, paid vacation, 401k, childcare, and above all discretion. I can't just give them up every time a cop comes knocking.
 (to Frank)
 Particularly one who leaves the toilet seat up every morning like we live in a goddamned frat house.

Kyle processing that...

FRANK
 Yeah? How bout I run your ass in for pandering?

HOLLY
 Oh, stop showing off, you idiot.
 (off Kyle's disapproval)
 All got our vices, kid.

(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Drugs, booze, sex, gambling. Yours is VIRTUE. And in this town, virtue will kill you a lot quicker than heroin. It's the worst, like having a kid who wants to be a rock star, banging his drum kit in the garage. Sooner or later he's gotta grow up and get a job like the rest of us.

FRANK

Natalie's in danger.

HOLLY

Why didn't you tell me on the phone, you moron?

FRANK

Because the LAPD has this thing called *Internal Affairs*, doubt they'd approve of our arrangement--

HOLLY

--Relationship. It's called a relationship, Frank.

Holly grabs her phone, sends Frank a **SEXY PHOTO** of Natalie from her website. Frank texts it to Kyle, Tommy, Becca...

HOLLY (CONT'D)

She's in a blue bikini, least she was when I last saw her.

FRANK

Blue bikini. After-market breasts. We'll be here for thirty years...

I/E. HEADING ACROSS THE POOL AREA TO THE MAIN HOUSE - SAME

Kyle catches up with Frank. Blue Bikinis everywhere...

FRANK

I know, the Rogue Cop and the Hollywood Madam, sounds like a sitcom, right? But listen, if you make it home to your wife tonight, she's gonna ask about your day and you're gonna *lie your ass off*. With Holly, I've got no reason to lie. Sadder but wiser girl for me.

INT. WIKSTROM'S (GAME ROOM) - SAME

Like every other square foot of the house, this place is packed with REVELLERS dancing to *Sandstorm*. Fog machines. Lasers. REBECCA and TOMMY searching the gloom. **AGGRAVATED ASSAULT** up on a GIANT SCREEN. Realistic **GUNFIRE**...

TOMMY

New guy smells funny.

REBECCA

Something's not right. Eighteen months on the job and they transfer him to S.I.S.? Frank should cut him loose, first chance he gets.

INT. KARAOKE ROOM - SAME

Kyle and Frank's search takes them here, where **WIKSTROM** is singing Karaoke, belting out a German rendition of *Bonanza*, in a ten-gallon hat and embroidered cowboy shirt.

WIKSTROM

--Ein sich'rer Colt ist so gut wie Gold, BONANZA! Nuchtelang die Trommel sang die Lieder der Prarie.

Flanked by COWGIRLS dancing in little felt cowboy hats, with twin squirt guns (one red, one blue). He **DRAWS** a **REVOLVER** from a fancy holster, **FIRES** a **BLANK**, (startles Kyle into reaching for his) before twirling it back in its holster.

KYLE

That must be Wikstrom.

FRANK

Like I said before, you have the makings of a fine detective.

Suddenly, a **BABOON** attacks Kyle! Well, maybe doesn't *attack*, but it **JUMPS** on a **TABLE** and bares its **TEETH!** Terrifying.

KYLE

Thing comes any closer, I'm gonna shoot it. What's the policy on--

FRANK

--Screw policy. I'll plant a gun on him, we can say he reached.

WIKSTROM (O.S.)

Nein! Nein!

Wikstrom speaks German to the baboon, calming it...

KYLE

Is that thing... safe?

WIKSTROM

Ja, Ja, zat buzinezz mit zee DJ, zat vass unfortunate. But I pait for zee Deejay's reconstructive zurgery myszelf. Eez FINE. Ent ROY RAH-GERS eez FINE!

(MORE)

WIKSTROM (CONT'D)

*You zee how he vears eez adult
tiapers vizout complaint? Long az
you ton't play **DAFT PUNK** or look
eem in zee eye.*

FRANK

I'll keep that in mind.

WIKSTROM

May I hoffer yoo zum-zink? Zee blue
guns are loatet mit votka ent zee
red guns hef zee Ketamine.

KYLE

No, thank you. I had Vodka and
Ketamine for breakfast.

Wikstrom squirts a blue gun into his own mouth.

WIKSTROM

Nein, nein, vait. Zorry. Zee **BLUE**
guns hef zee Ketamine.

FRANK

(showing him)

Hey. We're looking for this woman.

WIKSTROM

Ja, ja. Natalie, Natalie. **NATALIE!**

Kyle sees **NATALIE** through the crowd, a tunic tied over her
bikini, looking terrified, but not of Kyle and Frank. **THEROUX**
has Natalie by the arm, **PISTOL** against her ribs! Kyle and
Frank **DRAW** their **GUNS**, but they can't shoot through Natalie!
Kyle and Frank splitting apart as they **MOVE** toward--

THEROUX

--That'll do, pig.

Theroux digging his pistol into Natalie's ribs. She winces.

FRANK

He won't shoot her. He needs her.

BLAKE

You're right, Frank. But we sure as
hell don't need her.

BLAKE steps out (without his shades, we can see Blake's
ruined left eye) gripping **HOLLY**'s arm, **KNIFE** at her throat!
Kyle glares at Frank. Frank looks shaken, human, scared.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. WIKSTROM'S KARAOKE ROOM - DIRECT PICKUP

Frank and Kyle in a Mexican standoff with Theroux with his gun on Natalie, Blake with his knife on Holly. Suddenly, Wikstrom POPS up next to Frank, elaborately THUMB-COCKING his decorative REVOLVER, like he's playing Cowboys and Indians.

WIKSTROM

Vee teal in lead, frient!

Frank turns, SHOVES Wikstrom away, *goddamned nutcase*.

THEROUX

Go on. Slide your guns over.

KYLE

Never happen.

FRANK

(to Kyle)

Do it.

KYLE

No way. We drop the guns, they shoot us, that's how this works.

Holly's eyes beg him not to. But Frank bends defeatedly down, *slides* his gun across the marble floor toward Blake. Blake stops it with his foot. Every fiber in his being is telling him not to, but Kyle follows Frank's lead, sliding his gun, but his skims under the couch. Theroux is backing toward the door with Natalie. Blake SHOVES Holly to the floor, picks up Frank's gun, aims at Frank's FACE, smiles.

BLAKE

Eye for an eye, Frank. Hey, you see a tunnel of light, walk toward it.

Blake pulls the trigger-- **BANG!** Frank's turn to SMILE, dipshit is holding **WIKSTROM'S REPLICIA REVOLVER!** In the time it takes Blake to transition to the real gun in his shoulder holster, Frank manages to grab his own gun back out of Wikstrom's holster, trading rounds with Blake. Kyle DIVES next to Holly, down between the couch and a marble fire table. Theroux SHOOTS at Kyle, puffs of powdered marble all around Kyle and Holly, cushions spewing feathers as Kyle reaches under the couch, searching desperately, pulling out party garbage. Holly reaches under there too.

HOLLY

Hurry up!

KYLE

I'm trying! There's nothing under here but condoms and Zima!

THEROUX is walking toward them, his gun up, pulling Natalie along with him. Shit. *I GOT IT!* But Kyle's hand comes out from under the couch gripping a **RED SQUIRT GUN!** *Shit.* Wait... Kyle SQUIRTS 180 proof **VODKA** across the FIRE TABLE, shooting a JET OF FLAME at Theroux, setting Theroux's sleeve **ABLAZE**--*Arrgh!*--causing Theroux to DROP his GUN and LET GO of Natalie in order to beat out the fire. And Natalie breaks away...

HOLLY

Here, here! I got it!

Holly fumbles Kyle's **GLOCK**, accidentally fires into the floor. Kyle grabs it, points at Theroux. All Kyle has to do is squeeze, and Jen is avenged. But Theroux's **UNARMED** and panicked CIVILIANS stampede between them, **FLICKERING** past Theroux. *Promise me you won't get lost out there...*

FRANK

Shoot that son of a bitch!

Kyle can't do it. Theroux and Blake escape in the chaos.

INT. WIKSTROM'S MANSION (AFTERMATH) - MOMENTS LATER

Holly shudders on the couch. Frank touches her tenderly, hands her a RED SQUIRT GUN, she empties it into her mouth.

HOLLY

Thanks. I'm okay.

Frank stands, whirls on Kyle.

FRANK

Whose side are you on?! Why didn't you take the damn shot? That was your chance to avenge your partner, to bring her peace. And you choked.

KYLE

I didn't choke. I made a decision, room full of innocent bystanders.

FRANK

That's only a problem if you miss.

KYLE

And he was unarmed.

Kyle reaches into his pocket, pulls out Jen's **NAMEPLATE**.

FRANK

You're not pushing a patrol car anymore, Dorothy. Anybody can chase the radio, check boxes on a report, go just as far as the manual goes and no further. What takes real courage is to slip your leash and *keep going*, chase them where the law won't. That's what we do.

(off Kyle)

Wanna fight the monsters, Kyle? Well, you sure as hell better be willing to become one yourself, because at the end of the day somebody's gonna get eaten.

KYLE

And when you've burned through every law on the books, torn down everything that separates us from them, then what's the difference?

(squaring off)

I ever have a son, I have to warn him about cops like you, shoot first, and who cares if you're wrong. You can always just make something up, right Frank?

Nose to nose. Mounting tension.

FRANK

Wrong. You have to warn him about the ones who don't care, who don't bother getting out of the car. I'm the one you want protecting him.

Tommy and Rebecca rush in.

REBECCA

Natalie's gone.

FRANK

You sure? It's a big house.

TOMMY

She's southbound through the houses, man. All the commotion, she jacked Wikstrom's Lambo and split.

FRANK

There goes our Judas Goat. Special thanks to Dudley Do Right here.

Defeated looks. Then Kyle murmurs, almost to himself...

KYLE

Strategy is a system of expedients.

FRANK

What?

KYLE

Something my wife told me. No battle plans survives first contact with the enemy. You need to adjust, improvise, roll with the punches, find another way to get it done.

(off their looks)

Natalie's terrified, so who's she gonna run to now? Not the cops.

REBECCA

Menjivar.

FRANK

She's gonna run straight to him.

KYLE

Three hundred thousand dollar Lambo's gonna be equipped with a state of the art anti-theft system. GPS. If we can track the car...

EXT. OLVERA STREET PLAZA - LATER

KYLE (V.O.)

...Natalie will lead us straight to MENJIVAR. Once we have him, we can lay a trap for THEROUX and BLAKE.

A procession of HUNDREDS in skull masks and colorful garb. It's the perfect cover. Everyone's wearing a mask. Wikstrom's **LAMBORGHINI** prowls into an alley. **NATALIE** gets out. She's wearing a BRIDAL GOWN, her face painted like a SKULL...

I/E. FRANK'S MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pulling to the curb within sight of the LAMBO, as Natalie melts into the procession of the dead through the plaza.

FRANK

(into radio)

Here comes the bride.

EXT. ACROSS THE PLAZA - SAME

TOMMY and REBECCA moving through the plaza with their heads on a swivel, snaking through a forest of colorful walking skeletons. On stilts. Juggling torches. They spot **NATALIE**.

REBECCA (RADIO)

I got her.

Tommy clocks the MEN in MASKS stalking Natalie.

TOMMY (RADIO)

And she's got a fan club

Frank and Kyle hurrying through the plaza, past skull faces, giant skull puppets.

KYLE (RADIO)

That's gotta be Menjivar's guys.

REBECCA

What if they're Ochoa's?

FRANK

Well, either way, we have to grab her before they do.

Our team moves through the crowded plaza, trying to look everywhere at once, heads whipping this way and that. Wait. here are several CORPSE BRIDES! *Shit*. Then KYLE spots NATALIE, but the SKULL MEN appear to be closing in her. Natalie notices them, and ducks into a narrow walkway between two buildings. We FOLLOW her into the gloom when suddenly from out of frame-- A HAND CLAMPS around Natalie's arm, YANKING her through a DOORWAY into a--

INT. BOTANICA - CONTINUOUS

--FRANK removes his mask as Kyle follows them in. REBECCA and TOMMY guarding the door, watching the procession pass by...

FRANK

(to Natalie)

Menjivar tell you to wear that?

NATALIE

It was my idea.

KYLE

Romantic.

NATALIE

Am I under arrest?

FRANK

You're bait, kiddo. You're supposed to meet Menjivar here, right?

(Natalie scowls)

Those his guys following you?

She says nothing.

REBECCA

Let's grab one, beat it out of him.

FRANK

This is a tactical nightmare. Turns into a gunfight, we don't wanna get pinned down in here.

(to Kyle)

Go out the back through the alley, and bring the car around.

KYLE

Roger that.

EXT. THE ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

Kyle jogging through the shadows toward Frank's MUSCLE CAR, when a **SKULL MAN** with an [ASSAULT RIFLE] jumps out to block his path! Kyle **DRAWS** his GUN, points it at the guy's HEAD! SKULL MAN *screams*, drops his **PARTY HORN**. Just a **COLLEGE KID!**

COLLEGE KID

(fumbling his wallet)

Take it! Take whatever you want!

Kyle ignores him and keeps jogging, but the encounter distracted Kyle just enough for --**ZZZZZT!** A SKULL MAN Kyle didn't see shoots a **TASER** into Kyle's BACK! Arrgh! Kyle crumples. (4) **SKULL MEN** grabbing Kyle's limbs, hauling him toward an **SUV** backing into the alley at speed. Even stunned by the Taser, Kyle fights like hell, *MULE KICKS* one guy into the WALL of the alley, knocking him out. They manage to stuff Kyle into their SUV, SCREECHING OFF around the corner just as **FRANK** and **TOMMY** come running down the alley, guns drawn. Tommy kicks the gun away from the semi-conscious man Kyle kicked into the wall, CUFFS him, removes his mask - **SICARIO**.

FRANK

He's one of Menjivar's.

TOMMY

How do you know?

FRANK

Ochoa's guys would've killed Kyle, shot the rest of us as we came out. But Menjivar won't risk a shootout, not with Natalie in the crossfire, so he grabbed one of us, hoping he can trade Kyle for Natalie.

TOMMY

Think they call this an epic fail.

FRANK

Are you kidding? This is perfect.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH (SANTA MUERTE TEMPLE) - LATER

His SACKCLOTH removed, Kyle bound to an old-fashioned wooden wheelchair in a *Santa Muerte* temple. Her veiled skull grins in the candlelight. So does **MENJIVAR**, face covered in bandages, bruised eyes. Kyle tells Menjivar and his men...

KYLE

You're all under arrest.

They all laugh, *Santa Muerte* seems to grin wider.

MENJIVAR

Know why they call me Blowtorch Bob?

KYLE

Back when you were with the *Contras*, you used an acetylene torch during interrogations. My wife's a history teacher.

MENJIVAR

Well, truth is I mostly used magnesium flares, because acetylene is hard to come by in *Matagalpa*. But FLARE Bob just sounds stupid.

Menjivar produces a handheld butane **BLOWTORCH...**

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

I learned this at *The School of the Americas*, Fort Benning, Georgia. I was a soldier like yourself, seeking neither wealth nor power, wanting only to do what was right. CIA trained me to kill Communists. Then they ordered me to assassinate a dictator they'd installed to fight the Communists. So I killed them, my CIA handlers. Because all monsters turn on their creators.

Menjivar leans in closer, adjusting the dial to sharpen the blue **FLAME** before Kyle's eyes.

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

Where is Natalie?

KYLE

I honestly have no idea.

Kyle can't take his eyes off the FLAME, as it passes by his face on its way to...

MENJIVAR

You know something, I believe you.

Menjivar uses the torch to caramelize TWO SHOTS OF TEQUILA.

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

I find it brings out the flavor.

Kyle reacts. Menjivar slides a shot glass across the table. One of Menjivar's men CUTS the rope binding Kyle's wrists.

KYLE

I'm still on duty.

MENJIVAR

I promise I won't tell.

Kyle rubbing some life back into his wrists, taking a tactical assessment of the room. Guns. Knives.

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

Salud.

Menjivar and Kyle lift their glasses, slam back their shots.

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

I wouldn't expect you to understand this, but I'm not without honor. I won't harm women, children. Those police massacred today? **OCHOA'S WORK**. I'm ashamed to say Ochoa was mine once. Now, he's like a pig broken out of its pen, he's grown tusks, fur. He's bigger, but still a pig. Like your partner Frank.

KYLE

Frank's not my partner. My partner's dead.

MENJIVAR

Watch out for him anyway. Frank is not what he pretends to be.

KYLE

I'm hostage to a drug baron, number one on the FBI's Most Wanted List and you're telling me to watch out for my partner. Yeah, hope the irony isn't lost on you, Bob.

MENJIVAR

All cops are bastards, plant evidence, lie in court, shoot unarmed men. But Frank's different.

(MORE)

MENJIVAR (CONT'D)

He'll seduce your wife, turn her against you. He wants you dead, he'll get your best friend to kill you for him. You're riding with the devil, *mijo*. And if you want to live, don't trust anything he says.

Menjivar picks up Kyle's PHONE, snaps a PHOTO of Kyle, TEXTS it to FRANK, [RECEIVED] then Menjivar dials Frank's number.

MENJIVAR (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I have your partner.

FRANK

Trainee.

MENJIVAR

You can have him back alive, or I can ship him back in pieces. A trade. Natalie for your *trainee*.

FRANK

Where?

MENJIVAR

That's not how this works, Frank. I lead you all over the city first, to make sure you're alone before I bring you to me. If I see SWAT, choppers, a coyote I don't like the looks of, Kyle dies bad.

Menjivar kills the call. Frank smiles...

INT. ROOM (WIKSTROM'S MANSION) - 20 MINUTES LATER

REBECCA and TOMMY haul the handcuffed SICARIO into the trophy room and force him down on to the couch, then step out.

FRANK

I'm guessing we've both done this a few times, so if you don't mind we're gonna skip the part where you pretend you can't speak English.

SICARIO

Fine by me.

FRANK

Tomorrow morning your boss Menjivar is going to bounce me all over LA, then he's gonna walk me into an ambush, and he's gonna kill me. I know because it's what I'd do. But I have other plans.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now, in order for them to work, I need to know where Menjivar intends to make the exchange. And here comes the part where you say *Chinga tu madre*, something along those lines.

SICARIO

Something like that, yes.

FRANK

You know being a cop's a little like being a priest, or a shrink. You get to see another side of people, the parts they never show the rest of the world, but it's not like I've taken a vow of silence or anything, so I'm in a unique position to let you in on a secret.

(beat)

Despite what Lil' Wayne would have you believe, eventually, everybody talks. Think about it. Otherwise we'd never bother interrogating anybody. Snitchin's like looking at porn or listening to ABBA, everybody does it, behind closed doors, but nobody admits to it.

(sicario sneers)

So don't be too hard on yourself.

Frank opens the door and **ROY ROGERS** the baboon stalks in to the room and hops up on to the table across from the sicario.

FRANK (CONT'D)

In Africa, these things kill more people than lions, you know that? I'll let you two get acquainted.

But before he steps out. Frank taps PLAY on his phone. Music starts. *DAFT PUNK 'Get Lucky'*. Roy goes nuts, BARES his terrifying TEETH, snarling, screaming and swatting--

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where's Menjivar?

SICARIO

--*Llano Del Rio! He's hiding out at Llano Del Rio! Out in the Mojave! Just get this thing away from me!*

FRANK

How many men with him?

SICARIO

At least a dozen, maybe more.
They'll see you coming a mile off.

Frank picks up his phone, PAUSES the music, Roy calms down, hops down and lopes out of the room. The sicario sighs, sags.

FRANK

Like I said, don't be too hard on yourself. Everybody talks.

INT. SNOOTY FOX MOTEL - SAME

Moreno huddled in a dark motel room, parting the blinds. Guns on the bed. His phone rings. The CALLER ID says FRANK...

MORENO

I'm homeless because of you, and
now they both wanna kill me,
Menjivar AND Ochoa. So thanks.

FRANK (PHONE)

Shut up and listen. You want to
spend the rest of your short life
looking over your shoulder, or do
you want a chance to get back on
the right side of this thing?

EXT. OCHOA'S LAVISH PENTHOUSE DOWNTOWN LA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The remorseless usurper **OCHOA** looking out over the lights of the city, at his own dim reflection. **BLAKE** lurking in the shadows. **THEROUX** seated at Ochoa's dining room table, his **LAPTOP** open studying **KYLE CRAIG'S 201 FILE**, takes a drink...

OCHOA

You came so highly recommended,
Theroux. I paid your retainer. It's
not like I can leave you a bad Yelp
review and get on with my life. If
you fail again, we're all dead men.
(re: laptop)
Just what is it you're expecting to
find in there?

THEROUX

Weakness. Something I can exploit.
Kid had the drop on me, he had
every reason to kill me, but he
held back. I want to know why.

Just the, Ochoa's **SICARIOS** bring **MORENO** into Ochoa's penthouse, vigorously patting Moreno down for weapons.

OCHOA

I hold you responsible for the product that was destroyed when Frank torched that house. If you've come to throw yourself on the mercy of the court, you're a bigger fool than I thought. **I don't do mercy.**

A sicario brings a STRAIGHT RAZOR up to Moreno's THROAT...

MORENO

Wait! I can give you Menjivar, that's gotta be worth something.

Ochoa holds up his hand. The razor pauses, hovers there...

THEROUX

You know where Menjivar is?

MORENO

No. Where he is now wouldn't do you any good. Menjivar's like a shark, homes, always movin. But I know he's gonna be. And I know for a fact Frank will be there with him.

EXT. LLANO DEL RIO COLONY (MOJAVE) - DAWN

FRANK drives into the ruins of the **LLANO DEL RIO COLONY**. Graffiti slathered husks jutting from the desert. Menjivar and his men haul **KYLE** out of the SUV parked at the FAR END of the ghost town. Frank pulls **NATALIE** out of his car.

NATALIE

He's going to kill you.

FRANK

Others have tried.

Frank's cellular phone *chirps*.

MENJIVAR

You start Natalie walking. Then I'll start Kyle.

FRANK

Okay.

Menjivar and Frank start their hostages walking. Menjivar's **SNIPER** prone on the roof of a building has **FRANK** squarely in his **RETICLE**, finger on the trigger...

MENJIVAR

Soon as we have her, kill him.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. SAND DUNE (OUTSIDE THE RUINS) - DIRECT PICKUP**

The dune ripples, bulges as two prone SHAPES shoulder up out of the crest of sand like a desert vipers. **REBECCA** and **TOMMY!** Rivulets of sand trickling off their Ghillie suits, spitting out **SCUBA REGULATORS**, Rebecca has a **BARRET M82 SNIPER'S RIFLE**, Tommy has a **SPOTTER'S SCOPE**.

TOMMY

On the roof, third building.

REBECCA

Via Con Dios.

A supersonic bullet *blasts* Menjivar's SNIPER off the roof. Kyle DODGES laterally and *SHOVES* Natalie into the shelter of the adobe ruins, she tries to squirm away from Kyle--*Let me go!* Kyle holds on to her. *Shhh!* Approaching **DIESEL ENGINES...**

MENJIVAR

(hearing it)

I told you, Frank...

FRANK

That's not cops, Bob. It's OCHOA.
He's coming here to kill us both.

DUNE: Tommy ROLLS to SPOON Rebecca, just as an **SUV** crests the dune behind them, roaring right over them! Straddling them, the suspension is high enough that the vehicle passes right over. From all points of the compass, SUVs roaring across the open desert, converging on *Llano Del Rio*, and closing fast...

TOMMY

Tell me this doesn't feel right.

REBECCA

(elbowing him)

Shut up.

LEAD SUV: **MORENO** behind the wheel, **THEROUX** riding shotgun, **BLAKE** and **OCHOA** himself riding in the back...

FRANK

(approaching Menjivar)

You want Ochoa. I want the bastards who killed those cops. Way I figure it, we have two choices. We can both die here--

Theroux's MERCS exiting their vehicles, armed to the teeth, body armor, non-glare shooting glasses, ASSAULT WEAPONS...

MENJIVAR

--Or we form an *entente cordiale*.

And OCHOA himself mans an M134 MINIGUN...

FRANK

If that means team up and kill everybody then yeah.

Frank extends his hand, Menjivar takes it, as Kyle charges out of the structure toward Frank.

KYLE

(to Frank)

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!?

Just then, the DESERT ERUPTS in GUNFIRE. Dust GEYSERING all around them, punching through adobe walls as Kyle and Frank scramble for cover. Frank holds a GUN out to Kyle. Kyle's furious, but takes it and Kyle and Frank engage the enemy.

**The INTERCUT SHOOTOUT that follows is intense, but contained, tasteful, and brief. Everything happens quickly.*

REBECCA takes out sicarios and mercs with her SNIPER'S RIFLE, including two mercs about to kill Kyle, *saving his ass!*

Kyle looks over the dunes to wave *thank you*, but then sees a SICARIO cresting the hill behind Rebecca and Tommy. **KYLE** grabs an ASSAULT WEAPON off one of the bodies, FIRE kneeling, and returns the favor, taking out the Sicario behind Rebecca.

OCHOA grins raking the ruins with the **MINIGUN**, until **MORENO** rises up behind Ochoa with a KNIFE and stabs!

MORENO

I don't do mercy either, Davicito.

Ochoa's face slackens and he dies. Moreno KICKS him away and mans the minigun himself, taking out Ochoa's men, vehicles.

One of Kyle's shots damages Theroux's weapon. Theroux seeks cover in the RUINS OF THE TOWN CHAPEL. Kyle pursues him.

INT. RUINS OF THE CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Dusty bands of sunlight. Broken stained glass. Shattered Saints. A toppled cross. Kyle corners Theroux...

THEROUX

(hands up)

Had a chance to peruse your old 201 FILE last night, Corporal. Turns out we played in the same sandboxes, you and me. I know about what went down in Zamindawar.

(MORE)

THEROUX (CONT'D)

(Kyle reacts)

That's why you wouldn't shoot me in cold blood. But you weren't always so choosy, were you Kyle?

Beat. Kyle deftly strips the mag from his weapon, tosses it.

KYLE

I'm taking you in, Theroux.

Kyle *CHARGES* Theroux. The green beret *PUMMELS* Kyle to the ground, circling as Kyle struggles to get back to his feet.

THEROUX

Law enforcement, what a joke. The only law is the Law of the Jungle, and the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.

But Kyle has trained in *Muay Thai* and *Jiu-Jitsu*, going toe-to-toe with the ex-green beret. It's a scorpion's dance. Kyle holds his own for a few moments, but he's outclassed.

THEROUX (CONT'D)

You and I, we're both wolves, Kyle. I know the look. Fact I could use a man like you. Just had a few positions open up. Growth industry, opportunities for advancement.

Theroux *PUMMELS* Kyle to the floor, out falls his partner's **NAMEPLATE: J. MITCHELL!** And seeing Jen's nameplate there in the dirt awakens something in Kyle. His wolf breaks loose. Kyle *LAUNCHES* at Theroux attacking with more savagery than we thought he had in him. Kyle rains ferocious blows on Theroux, Theroux's martial arts training yielding to Kyle's raw fury.

KYLE

You are under ARREST!

(punch)

For the MURDER of...

(punch)

...**JENNIFER MITCHELL!**

Until Theroux sags back against a wall, utterly defeated, breath rattling. Kyle places her **NAMEPLATE** on Theroux's heaving chest, pins down, and Kyle *HAMMERS* Jen's **NAMEPLATE** down against Theroux's chest, *PUNCHING* it into Theroux.

KYLE (CONT'D)

JENNIFER. MITCHELL. I wanna hear you say it! You son of a bitch! SAY! HER! NAME!

THEROUX
Mitchell... Jennifer.

KYLE
You have her to thank. She's the
only reason you're still alive.

I/E. BLAKE HUNTING FRANK IN ANOTHER ADOBE STRUCTURE - SAME

BLAKE chases FRANK, BLASTING away with his AK, just missing--

FRANK
You know for a professional killer,
you're a lousy shot. Oh, right.
Your eye. Messes with your depth
perception, huh? And severely
limits your choice of Halloween
costume. You're stuck with pirate.

Frank FIRING back as he backpedals into the **LAST ROOM**: Dead
end! He RACKS his SHOTGUN... He's *EMPTY*! Blake stands in the
doorway now, a gloating smile breaking, as he levels the **AK**.

BLAKE
You were saying? Yeah, tough talk
dries up when you're staring down
the barrel of an AK, doesn't it?

Over confident, Blake steps forward through the doorway...

FRANK
Front. Toward. Enemy.
(Blake: huh?)
You see a light, walk toward it.

Blake sees his own **CLAYMORE**! Frank has placed it just inside
the doorway. '**FRONT TOWARD ENEMY**' angled at BLAKE. Blake
RAISES his AK at Frank, *too late*. Frank is already *diving* for
cover, PULLING the tripwire! **KA-BOOM**! Blake and half of the
structure disappear in a cloud of atomized debris...

FRANK (CONT'D)
(dusting himself off)
Sometimes you're the windshield.
And sometimes you're the bug.

EXT. LLANO DEL RIO COLONY (DESERT) - MINUTES LATER

LLANO DEL RIO looks like Kandahar, strewn with freshly minted
ghosts. Black smoke slanting up from burning VEHICLES, as
Kyle hauls Theroux through the carnage, seeing Frank and
Menjivar standing in the middle of the street, facing off...

MENJIVAR
You got what you wanted.

FRANK

So did you.

MENJIVAR

Well, then I suppose here ends our *entente*. Shall we kill each other now? Pistols at ten paces perhaps?

FRANK

I'm too tired. Another time maybe.

Menjivar helps Natalie into a surviving SUV, driven by Moreno. And Frank, Tommy, and Rebecca watch them speed away, trailing dust across the desert. Then Kyle walks over, tosses the semi-conscious Theroux in Frank's trunk, SLAMS it shut.

TOMMY

Wait, we're arresting people now?

KYLE

(in Frank's face)

That was *literally* the most wanted man in America. You let him walk!

FRANK

Regime change. We do it all the time. You of all people should appreciate that. Someone's gonna run the drug trade in LA. Better a businessman like Menjivar, than a butcher like Ochoa. We can't win this war. But we can restore balance, protect the ecosystem. This is gonna save lives, Kyle.

KYLE

You're not Robin Hood or some kinda half-assed game warden. You're just another dirty cop with four hundred thousand dollars of Moreno's drug money in your trunk.

FRANK

Calling me a dirty cop, kid, that's like calling Santa Claus a *burglar*. Sure, I'm breakin into peoples' homes, tracking soot all over the goddamned carpet and eating all the cookies and milk, but just look at all the *joy* I bring...

(re: the carnage)

Got your partner's killer, didn't you? Think you're gonna catch a guy like Theroux playing by the rules?

(off Kyle)

What were you gonna do, Kyle?

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Drive around, knock on some doors? Wait for the *lab results* to come back? Or how bout we set up a *hotline*, huh? Ask for the public's help? You can go to the funeral, *assure* Jen's parents *Oh, we're doing everything we can*. Watch their faces fall, because they know it's BULLSHIT!

(off Kyle)

I don't ever have to tell that lie. I'm the guy who gets to tell them *We got the bastards*. I can't give 'em their kid back. But goddamnit I can give 'em that. Can you? You sanctimonious little prick.

KYLE

You planned all this. You knew, didn't you? When you sent me into the alley, you knew they'd try to take me hostage. Or were you hoping they'd kill me? You set me up. You sent me out there to die.

FRANK

I bet on you, Kyle. That was a demonstration of my faith in your abilities. Christ, you remind me so much of your dad, you know it? I look in your eyes, I can see Billy in there looking back at me.

(Kyle reacts)

I know Hoyt sent you to inform on me. He figures I won't be able to see you clearly because your dad and I were tight. But I do see you, a lot more clearly than Hoyt does. I can see past your mask, Kyle. You're one of us, deep down, even if you don't realize it yet. Got some of your dad's magic in you.

Kyle **PUNCHES** Frank in the face, knocks the big man on his ass. Rebecca and Tommy rushing to get between them.

KYLE

My dad was NOTHING like you!

Frank stands, spits, wipes his bloody mouth, and smiles...

FRANK

(to Rebecca and Tommy)

You guys go on and book Theroux.

TOMMY

I don't think I remember how.

EXT. FRANK AND KYLE WALKING ON THE RIDGE - MINUTES LATER

Frank and Kyle walk on the ridge, *rippling* mirage-like in the heat. With a forest of turbines rotating beyond. A wind farm.

FRANK

Kyle. What did you really know about your old man? Church on Sunday? Catch in the backyard? You knew what he *wanted* you to know. He protected you from the rest, the way we all do. Most of his waking hours he spent out here with us. This was his family. *I was his family*. You and your mom, you were just this beautiful recurring dream he went back to every night.

KYLE

You're lying. You didn't know him.

FRANK

Back in the day, when Billy locked on, it was no joke. Gangsters heard your dad was after 'em, they'd turn themselves in. Afraid to meet him on the street. He was their thing under the bed, because they knew he didn't care about the rules. He used to say *You can wear a badge for twenty years, but you're not a real cop until you break the law*.

KYLE

(weaker)

...You're lying.

FRANK

We went through the Academy together, worked CRASH together, back when dinosaurs roamed the earth, until IA started sniffing around and we had to break up the band. Billy went to Major Crimes. He'd still reach out to me whenever he had a *special project*, black bag stuff he had to keep off the books.

(off Kyle)

He called me that night, Kyle. Said he had something by the tail. He said it was BIG, bigger than he could handle on his own.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

He wouldn't tell me over the phone, but whatever it was, it scared him. And nothing scared your dad. I was supposed to meet him at Hollenbeck and First, in Boyle Heights. He never made it.

FLASH: *BOOM! Billy Craig SHOT IN THE BACK, reaching into his shoulder holster as he spins to face his attacker. BOOM! BOOM! Shot twice more before he can draw his weapon. Falls...*

KYLE

...What are you saying?

FLASH: *Billy gasping in the dark street, eyelids fluttering, barely conscious as GLOVED HANDS roughly search his person. FIGURES running off. With his last breath, Billy pulls a pen from his inner pocket, scrawls GN3 5 3 on his inner wrist...*

FRANK

Department tried to write it off as a botched robbery. But no stickup artist could've gotten the drop on your dad. No way. **That was a hit.**

Kyle's ears are ringing, Frank's voice suddenly far away...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Those numbers on your arm, I've fed them into every DMV database and search engine on the planet. I don't think they're a partial plate. I think they're a *message*.

Kyle holds up his wrist, stares at the GN353... **FLASH:** *Kyle and his dad pulling the weeds in the COMMUNITY GARDEN in BOYLE HEIGHTS, planing an APPLE SAPLING. The GANGSTERS beyond the fence. 'They've been expelled from the garden...'*

KYLE

...I know what it means.

Kyle takes a pen, writes a line under the first. **G-E-N-3-V-3.**

KYLE (CONT'D)

V is the Roman numeral for 5.

(Frank REACTS)

...GENESIS CHAPTER 3 VERSE 3.

EXT. COMMUNITY GARDEN - BOYLE HEIGHTS - LATER

KYLE (V.O.)

But of the fruit of the tree that is in the middle of the garden...

Kyle's **SCOUT PROJECT** in ruin. The garden run riot. Towering weeds. Beer bottles. But in the middle, the **APPLE TREE** still stands. *SHOVELS plunging* into the earth at its base. FRANK and KYLE tearing up the earth around the tree until-- **CLANK!** Kyle kneels, picks up the **TOOL BOX**, opens the lid... There's a **ENVELOPE** inside, brittle and yellow. Kyle palpates it, tears it open, and slides a small **KEY** out into his hand.

KYLE

What does it open?

FRANK

I don't know. Swear to God I don't.
But we can find out together.

Kyle backs away from Frank, his other hand on his gun...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Kyle, listen to me. Whatever that opens, it's explosive. Your dad was killed to prevent a high order detonation. And Hoyt wants it. I think that's why he put us in a car together. He was Billy's **CAPTAIN** in Major Crimes. And Billy didn't trust him with it. He trusted me.

KYLE

Maybe. But I don't.

FRANK

Then run back to Hoyt, serve me up to IA, obey your teachers, eat your greens and so forth. They'll probably make you a Lieutenant. But you'll never solve your dad's murder, I can tell you that.

KYLE

(circling Frank)
Why not?

FRANK

Because even if I'm wrong about Hoyt, even if he is on the Side of the Angels, he doesn't want to solve this. He wants to *manage* it. You need someone who's not afraid to chase this thing off the edge of the map, someone willing to go into the darkness. You need me.

Off Kyle's choice. Then, in a moment of clarity...

KYLE

Yeah. I do. But you need me. Don't you, Frank? Just as much. Maybe even more. And not just because I want to solve his murder as much as you do. You need me because you want to chase this thing into its lair, but the further into the darkness you go, the harder it is to find your way back. That's what happened to Alonzo, isn't it? He got lost down there, never made it back out.

(Frank reacts)

You need someone to hold the lantern, or you'll lose your way. Is that what my dad was to you?

FRANK

Billy was more than that.

FLASH: Kyle's father's funeral. Six PALLBEARERS. We SEE that one of them is FRANK, clean-shaven, and devastated...

FRANK (CONT'D)

He was my brother.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - LATER

Kyle walks in through his front door, back on solid ground. He finds Alyse correcting papers.

ALYSE

Hey.

KYLE

Hey.

Kyle embraces Alyse, like he's been gone a month.

ALYSE

Sounds like you had a long night.

(Kyle reacts)

Frank called last night.

KYLE

He did?

ALYSE

Yeah, he said they were hazing the new guy. Guess that's how they welcome you to the unit. He said you'd be late getting home. I made him promise to be gentle. And no strippers. He sounds sweet.

(MORE)

ALYSE (CONT'D)
(Kyle gapes)
So? How was it?

And Kyle lies, just as Frank prophesied he would.

KYLE
You know, locker room stuff. We sat on a stakeout most of the time. But they wouldn't let me go to the can. So I peed in an Empty Big Gulp.

ALYSE
That's gross. I swear, you cops are worse than my 8th graders.

Back to her papers. Kyle heads into the kitchen. He stops, closes his eyes, digs the KEY out of his pocket...

KYLE
Alyse?

ALYSE
Yeah?

Kyle turns to face his wife.

KYLE
That's not what happened.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Kyle and Alyse sit at the table. The **KEY** on the table between them. Her somber face tells us she now knows what he knows.

ALYSE
I don't understand, why you don't just go to the department with this? Kyle, this isn't like you.

KYLE
You were supposed to go to the prom with Brad Mossey. But he got mono. So you didn't have a date, or you would never have gone with me. Everything would've been different.

ALYSE
What the hell does that have to do with anything?

KYLE
Would you know the Hand of God if you felt it? I mean, at the time, it just feels like coincidence, right? Blind luck.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

But there's more to it. There has to be. A Will. A Plan. That's what this feels like.

ALYSE

Like The Hand of God?

KYLE

Like it's what my father would've wanted. Or *does* want. I don't know. Something my dad said to me before he died. *Tearing down is easy. Building up is hard.*

ALYSE

So you think you're gonna what, *rehabilitate* this guy?

KYLE

I'm going to train him.

INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

KNOCK! KNOCK! Allen's home alone, as usual, hunched over his homework in poor light, stands to see through the peephole.

ALLEN

Who is it?

FRANK

Pope Francis.

Allen opens the door to see FRANK standing in his doorway. We see the BRAND burned into Allen's DOOR. ***Primum Nocere.***

ALLEN

(re: the brand)

Thought that was you. What is it?

FRANK

Means your under my protection now, and everybody out here knows it.

Frank hands Allen the PASSBOOK to a 529 account.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's a trust. Three hundred grand. You can't access it until you're 18. It'll get you through college, law school if you want, long as you don't go into criminal defense.

ALLEN

Or civil rights.

FRANK

Nobody likes a smartass, kid.

Framed in the doorway, Frank turns, walks away, to The Sons of The Pioneers' The Searchers. *Ride away... Ride away...*

END OF EPISODE