

GANG RELATED - PILOT

Written by

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ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

We HEAR the sound of an engine roaring. Tires screaming.  
Vehicular warfare.

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

RYAN (VO)  
I got it!

CASSIUS (VO)  
Don't lose him!

RYAN (VO)  
You wanna drive?!

Then SMASH OPEN on --

A CHRYSLER 300 HEMI

-- shrieking through the streets of San Francisco.

INT. HEMI - CONTINUOUS

In the driver's seat, RYAN LOPEZ (early 30s Latino; trim, intelligent and aggressive) racks the wheel, slotting the car through hellacious traffic.

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

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

CASSIUS  
There it is!

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

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
Right on time.

RYAN  
You doubted me?

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

Ryan stomps the accelerator and blasts forward.

EXT./INT. RYAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK

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

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

RYAN AND CASSIUS

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

CASSIUS  
*BRAKE! BRAKE! BRAKE!*

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

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

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

Ryan turns and smiles.

RYAN  
Gotta stop doubting me, dude.

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

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

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

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

SKINHEAD DRIVER

You don't look like cops.

CASSIUS

We're not.

RYAN

Gang Task Force. You're under arrest.

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

Cassius looks at Ryan, proud.

CASSIUS

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

RYAN

(grins)

Was it good for you?

CASSIUS

Man, now you're making it weird.

Just then, O.S.:

VOICE (OS)

Sure there's nothing else you want to destroy while you're at it?

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

RYAN

Nah, I'm good.

TANNER

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

RYAN

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

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

TANNER

Drinks after shift are on me.

Tanner grins and claps him on the shoulder.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Proud of you, partner.

CASSIUS

*Former partner.*

RYAN

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - ESTABLISHING

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

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

INT. THE BRIG - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

CASSIUS

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

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

VEE

Is it true they had a land mine?

Cassius makes her wait for it. Then:

CASSIUS

True.

VEE

Damn, why do I always get the lame calls?

(high-fives him)

You're so lucky.

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

CASSIUS

Up high!

But Tae leaves him hanging. Stares, deadpan.

TAE

Seriously? We're celebrating this?

RYAN

We stopped the heist.

TAE

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

VOICE (O.S.)

It ain't always about the numbers.

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

CHAPEL

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

CASSIUS

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

TAE

I graduated at the top of my class, asshole.

CASSIUS

And this is where they send the Valedictorian?

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

CHAPEL

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

There's a beat, then:

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

But let's not rest on our laurels, shall we? We've been tasked with tracking a new type of coke hitting the Bay area. They call it "Fishscale". It's pharma grade, potent as hell.

(beat)

Up to this point, the Latino gangs have cornered the market, and one family controls the supply -- *La Familia Sud*. Javier Acosta is running the show.

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

VEE

(under her breath)

What show *doesn't* that guy run?

CHAPEL

But now the DEA is saying the Oakland Lords have a shipment of the stuff coming in from the *Meta* Cartel out of Colombia. If they establish a pipeline, they're gonna start throwing off the balance, and before you know it we're gonna have a full-scale gang war on our hands. We have to avoid that at all costs. So starting tomorrow, float the word out, work your sources. Do whatever it takes to kill this deal.

(stepping away)

See you tomorrow. Dimissed.

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

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Lopez. My office.

INT. CHAPEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan enters. Chapel closes the door behind him.

RYAN  
Everything okay?

CHAPEL  
No. Give me your gun.

RYAN  
What? Why?

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

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

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

RYAN  
What's this?

CHAPEL  
Health insurance.

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

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

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

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

RYAN  
I'll try.

CHAPEL  
Go on. Get out of here.



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

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

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

They both smile, and as Ryan exits --

SMASH TO:

SHOTGLASSES CLINKING

Pull back to reveal we are --

INT. LOCAL BAR - KOREATOWN - NIGHT

-- where we FIND Ryan and Tanner, having that celebratory drink. In a perfectly synchronized ritual, they down a shots, turn the empty glasses over in their hands, then slam them down onto the bartop -- where we see ten other EMPTIES lined up.

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

TANNER

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

RYAN

No way!

TANNER

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

RYAN

What did you do?

TANNER

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

Tanner turns to Ryan, sloppy.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, man. It ain't the same without you.

RYAN

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

TANNER

What are you talking about?

RYAN

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

TANNER

Yeah? What did he say?

RYAN

Said he's putting in the paperwork.

These words mean the world to Tanner.

TANNER

We're gonna be partners again?

RYAN

Looks like it.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan and Tanner stumble out of the bar. Tanner fumbles in his pocket for something.

RYAN

What are you doing?

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

No.

TANNER

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

RYAN

Okay, here you go --

And Ryan snatches the keys away.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Failed.

TANNER

Hey! Hey!!

(then suddenly serious)

What did the policeman say to his belly button?

(beat)

You're under a vest.

Ryan stares at Tanner as he cracks himself up.

RYAN

Definitely getting you a cab.

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

TANNER

Hey, yo, check it!

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

TANNER (CONT'D)

Tagger.

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

RYAN

Wait, whoa.

TANNER

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

RYAN

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

TANNER

He'll be gone by then and you know it. Come on. It'll be fun! Like old times!

(then)

(MORE)

TANNER (CONT'D)

What, you too high and mighty now  
to do a little community service,  
*detective?*

(then grins)

Come on, brother.

And Ryan relents.

EXT. KOREATOWN WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

TANNER

What do you kids think you're--?

-- everything changes.

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

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

SFX: A NOISE from O.S.

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

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

SFX: SHUFFLING. FROM UP AHEAD.

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

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

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

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

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

SFX: BANG-BANG-BANG!

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

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

RYAN

Tanner..?

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

And Ryan has the sonofabitch dead to rights.

RYAN (CONT'D)

DROP YOUR WEAPON!!

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T MOVE!

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

But what's more is we see that the killer and Ryan recognize each other.

A smile crosses the killer's face (who we'll call TORRES from this point out). And Ryan does the last thing we expect a cop to do when facing a cop killer...

*He lowers his gun.*

Then Ryan nods, knowing what has to happen next.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do it.

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

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

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - THE NEXT DAY

Ryan lays in a bed, a tube sticking out of his chest. The DOCTOR is examining him. Chapel sits in the corner watching everything, his concern almost paternal.

DOCTOR

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

When Ryan does, the Doc YANKS OUT THE TUBE. Ryan roars in pain. Chapel reacts.

CHAPEL

Jesus, Doc. How about some warning?!

DOCTOR

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

The Doctor slaps an Asherman seal on the wound.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

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

CHAPEL

How long should he stay home for?

DOCTOR

That's up to him. The bullet didn't touch his lungs, arteries, internal organs...  
(to Ryan)  
You're one lucky guy.

Ryan glares at him, thinking of his dead friend. The Doctor instantly realizes his mistake.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry --

But Chapel intervenes.

CHAPEL

Can you give me a minute with him?

DOCTOR

Sure. I-- I'll go see about getting him discharged.

And the Doctor beats a hasty retreat. When he's gone, Chapel sits beside Ryan, who's lost in a sea of guilt threatening to break him.

CHAPEL

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

RYAN

It's my fault --

CHAPEL

No, it's not. You did everything you could.

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

Just then, a COP opens the door and signals Chapel. Whispers something into his ear. When the Cop is gone, Chapel turns to Ryan.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Listen. I.A. is outside. They want to talk to you.

RYAN

I just want to go home.

CHAPEL

I'll see what I can do.

Chapel moves to open the door, but pauses at the threshold.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

We're gonna find who did this. And we'll see justice done for Tanner. That's a promise.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTSIDE RYAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chapel exits Ryan's room, just as two INTERNAL AFFAIRS officers -- ALAN JEFERS (50) and JESSICA SHAW (32) -- reach the door.

JEFERS

Hey, Chap.

CHAPEL

Alan. Jess.

Jessica's look has all the warmth of an IRS auditor's smile.

JESSICA

He awake?

CHAPEL

Yeah --

Instantly, she tries to move past, but Chapel steps in her way.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

-- but listen. He's had a tough night. The guy just lost his best friend. He's blaming himself pretty hard.

JESSICA

Sometimes it's okay for people to blame themselves.

(pointedly)

At least he feels something. Some people can't even do that.

JEFERS

Jess --

JESSICA

Get out of my way.

But Chapel doesn't budge.

CHAPEL

I'm just saying, he's a good kid. Do you really have to do this right now?

Jess gets right in his face. Whispers low and threatening.

JESSICA

Yes, I do, *Dad*.

But Chapel holds his ground.

CHAPEL

Not tonight.

Jess gives him an icy glare. Then turns and storms out. When she's gone, Jeffers shrugs sheepishly at Chap.

JEFERS

Kids...

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - KOREATOWN - DAY

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

VEE

Shooter was here. In the dark.

(beat)

They never had a chance.

TAE

Did Lopez get a description?

VEE

No.

(indicates)

Tanner's body was here.

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

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

TAE

And that's where they found Lopez?

VEE

Yeah.

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

VEE (CONT'D)

See something?

TAE

No...

(turns)

That's the problem.

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

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR - DRIVING - DUSK

Ryan is driving home, trapped in his own mental hell...when another car rumbles up behind him. The car flashes its brights in two quick bursts.

And Ryan pulls over.

An instant later, the other car pulls up alongside: a bad-ass '69 CAMARO ZL1 -- a black automotive monster with the most powerful engine Chevy ever made for a heart.

The Camaro glides up alongside, and its tinted windows roll down to reveal the driver, DANTE ACOSTA (30, a Latino triple threat: a smart, heartthrob asskicker.) There's a moment, then:

DANTE  
My dad wants to see you.

Ryan looks around...then kills his own car and gets into the Camaro.

AERIAL TRACKING SHOT

following the Camaro as it cruises into San Francisco's Latino neighborhood...

INT. DANTE'S CAMARO - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Dante and Ryan drive in silence. Eventually, sensing Ryan is troubled, Dante looks to him.

DANTE  
You did good.

RYAN  
Sure doesn't feel like it.

And without another word, they drive the rest of the way to:

EXT. THE HOUSE OF JAVIER ACOSTA - ESTABLISHING

-- where a neighborhood barbecue is going on. The house is sophisticated and well-appointed. There's music, kids, fun. A real community vibe -- not at all what we expect of the home of a *capitan* of the Familia Sud.

INT. ACOSTA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan walks through the scene. It's clear that the people here know him, and as he passes, everyone -- from children to *cholos* -- respond with smiles and something more.

Respect.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)  
Ryan...

Ryan turns to find an incredibly sultry Latina woman, SILVIA (28), standing there.

RYAN  
Sil.

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

But just as Ryan is going to say something further, they're interrupted as Dante comes up and puts an arm around her. Gives her a kiss.

DANTE

Hey, babe.

(to Ryan)

I'll go tell Dad you're here.

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

SILVIA

It's good to see you.

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

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

INT. ACOSTA'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan continues on through the party, absorbing the moment...until a sight stops him in his tracks.

Ahead, drinking and laughing with a bunch of hot girls, stands Tanner's killer TORRES.

Ryan clenches his teeth and turns to ignore him. Until --

TORRES

Hey, Officer. Fun time the other night. We have to do that again real soon.

It's the straw that breaks the camel's back. Without warning, Ryan storms at Torres. Shoves partiers out of the way to reach him --

But he's too late as Ryan gets off one good, satisfying PUNCH before everyone reacts and jumps between them.

The two snarl at each other as people pulls them apart.

TORRES (CONT'D)

You just made the biggest mistake of your life.

RYAN

You made yours last night.

TORRES

You're nothing! You forgot who you  
are, you cop loving bitch!

Everything is about to go Def Con 5 -- until a commanding  
voice cuts through the chaos.

ACOSTA

STOP THIS.

JAVIER ACOSTA (50; a natural leader of men) stands at the top  
of the stairs, like a displeased god looking down on the  
wretchedness of mankind. His eyes find Ryan. Bore into him.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

In my office. Now.

Ryan shrugs off the men holding him and storms into -

INT. ACOSTA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As Ryan waits in Acosta's office, he looks around at the  
FAMILY PHOTOS that dominate every surface. There are even  
photos of Ryan and Dante as young boys. In every photo,  
Acosta is a man with an easy laugh, and an easier smile who  
is beloved by his wife, his children and his community.  
Awards on the wall proclaim him to be a successful  
businessman; a valued member recognized by the city's Better  
Business Bureau for his chain of local supermarkets and  
restaurants that have stayed in the neighborhood despite  
economic troubles.

Ryan finally notes TWO NASTY GOUGES in the plaster on the  
wall and we --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ACOSTA'S OFFICE - TWENTY YEARS AGO - (FLASHBACK)

Ryan and Dante are kids roughhousing in the same room.  
They're being wild and having fun -- when Dante accidentally  
topples over in a chair and the sharp armrest carves the  
FIRST GOUGE in the wall as it falls.

The world stops as the two boys look at the jagged scar raked  
in the plaster.

DANTE

Oh no...

And just then -- SFX: FOOTSTEPS in the hall, coming closer.

A moment later, the door opens and Dante's father, Javier,  
enters. He looks at the ghost-white boys...then sees the  
gouge. His face instantly darkens.

ACOSTA  
Who did this?!

The boys look to one another, but neither answers.

Javier focuses his rage at Ryan, raising a threatening hand.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
You will tell me. Which one of you  
did this?

But even under the threat of violence, Ryan says nothing. And right as he's expecting the shock of a slap from Javier, what comes surprises him.

A look of pride.

Javier ruffles the boys' hair.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
Very good.

Javier smiles -- and KICKS A SECOND, LARGER GOUGE into the wall.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
Walls you can replace. Things, you  
can repair. All it takes is money.  
(meets their eyes)  
But family... Trust... If you  
squeal on one another, nothing ever  
fixes that.

Javier leans down, fatherly.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
I'm proud of you, Ryan.

And Ryan's name takes us SMASHING BACK TO --

INT. ACOSTA'S OFFICE - PRESENT/CONTINUOUS

-- as Javier enters. Dante is about to follow him in, but Javier turns.

ACOSTA  
Why don't you wait downstairs.

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

DANTE  
Sure.

Javier closes the door.

RYAN

Isn't it risky bringing me to your house?

ACOSTA

I'm assuming if I was under surveillance, you'd know and wouldn't have come.

(then, re: his gunshot)

How are you? Are you alright?

RYAN

I'm still standing.

Javier smiles and embraces Ryan like a father.

ACOSTA

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

Javier sits and looks to Ryan, genuinely sympathetic.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your friend. He was a good man. It's a terrible thing that's happened, and we're gonna do our part to make this right. I'll make sure his widow and his family are taken care of. They'll never have to worry about money ever again.

(beat)

But I want you to know that you did the right thing. You thought big picture and held off your personal anger for the sake of the Family. It takes quite a man to do that.

RYAN

Torres has to pay for what he did.

Acosta shakes his head.

ACOSTA

I've spoken to Torres, and he's going to stay out of the way from now on.

(meets Ryan's eyes)

But Torres is off-limits from any retaliation.

RYAN

That's bullshit --

ACOSTA

No, it's business. His father controls our pipeline of fishscale.

(MORE)

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

I lose him, I lose territory, and the Family can't afford that right now.

RYAN

What the hell was he doing there, anyway?

ACOSTA

His job. Torres got wind of the deal going down between the Lords and the Colombians and went to bust it up.

RYAN

Yeah, well he enjoys his job a little too much. He butchered those Lord soldiers.

ACOSTA

And as distasteful as that is, what's worse is that the Colombians got away with the shipment. Those drugs are still in play and the Lords are going to make another attempt at a trade. If they get that shipment, it makes them stronger and we're gonna have a war on our hands. What happened to Tanner will become a footnote compared to the violence that will follow, and I don't think either of us wants to see any more innocent blood running in the streets.

(beat)

We have to do whatever it takes to stop this deal, Ryan. I need to know when this trade is going down. I need to know where. We need to end this.

Ryan doesn't like the sound of any of this, and is still steaming when Acosta reaches into his desk and sets two BRICKS OF MONEY, each four inches thick, before Ryan.

RYAN

What's that for?

ACOSTA

Help cover your medical costs. I know the budget cuts have hit your department very hard.

RYAN

You don't have to do that.

ACOSTA  
 (meets his eyes)  
 You're like a son to me. We're  
*family*. We take care of our own.

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

And eventually, he sighs and takes the money.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Ryan's at home, sitting in a chair, contemplating the BRICK OF MONEY Acosta gave him, all that it represents, when --

SFX: THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Quickly, Ryan lifts a board in the floor to reveal his SECRET CACHE. In the quick glimpse we get of it, we see it's filled with other bricks of money, burner cellphones and an assortment of firearms -- evidence of his double life.

Ryan tosses the money Acosta gave him in with the rest, slides the floorboard back in place and opens the door to find --

INTERNAL AFFAIRS LIEUTENANT JESSICA SHAW standing there. Her eyes narrow dangerously.

JESSICA  
 Wanna tell me where you've been?

For a heart-stopping moment, we think Ryan is about to be busted...

But then he pulls her inside and kisses her. Instantly, her demeanor softens.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 I'm so sorry about your frie--

But he silences her with a kiss. And as they devour one another passionately, and clothes begin to come off --

END ACT TWO



ACT III

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan and Jessica, post-coitus. They lay there in the moonlight, peaceful. Her fingers gently tracing the area around his gunshot wound.

After a moment, she sighs and gets up. Moves to the dresser and begins to put her clothes on.

JESSICA

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

Ryan cuts her a look.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What's the worst that could happen?

RYAN

If people find out I'm sleeping with an I.A. Investigator, who also happens to be my boss's daughter, I could think of a couple things...

JESSICA

(flirty)

Well, on the plus side, if we both lose our jobs, we could spend more time in bed together.

RYAN

That wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

(reaches for her)

Come here.

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jess..?

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

JESSICA

He gave this to you, didn't he?

RYAN

Yes, but --

JESSICA

"Colt 1911. Best service piece ever made. Blah, blah, blah..."  
I've heard the speech.

(softening)

Listen, I get it. He's charismatic. He draws you in. But you can't trust him. The things he's done to my family, to this Department...

(shakes her head)

You have a bright future ahead of you, Ryan. But only if you don't get too close. Believe me, I've seen plenty of bright careers get snuffed out because of decisions he's made.

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

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Don't be one of them.

And then she's gone.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY - THE NEXT MORNING

A beautiful hillside cemetery with panoramic views of the Bay.

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

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

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

PRELAP: PARTY MUSIC and --

SMASH TO:

INT. POLICE BAR - LATER

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

RYAN

Tanner was never one for speeches...unless he was the one making them. If he were here, he'd tell me to shut the hell up and drink.

(raises his glass)

So let's drink.

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

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

TAE

You know, when I was in Quantico, I had this one course. A whole semester on Officer Involved Shootings. You look for patterns, what could be done differently, better. And almost to a fault, in every incident, for every single shot the suspect would fire off, the cops returned five. I remember coming to incidents and seeing brass casings everywhere. It's shocking when you see how many. Sometimes you'd get hundreds in a single incident...

(pointedly)

...and yet you didn't even return one.

RYAN

What are you trying to say?

TAE

Nothing. Just making observations.

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

RYAN

He was my best friend. You have no idea what you're talking about.

And without another word, Ryan walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BRIG - SQUAD ROOM - DAYS LATER

Cassius enters in sweats. He wanders around, but not finding what he's looking for, he turns to a detective on the phone.

CASSIUS  
Where's Ryan?

The detective points to the back -- where we find Ryan working at a computer.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
Dude, it's our day off. What's going on?

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

CASSIUS  
Vials?

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

Ryan holds up an EMERGENCY ADVISE SHEET from the DEA.

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

CASSIUS  
So what's it mean?

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

Cassius stares at him, stone-faced.

CASSIUS  
But it's our day off.

RYAN  
Come on, man. I need you.

And as Cassius sighs, CUT TO:

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

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

CASSIUS

*...Ooh, baby, let's, let's stay together. Loving you whether, whether, times are good or bad, happy or sad...*

(beat)

Man, why can't anyone do music like that anymore?

RYAN

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

CASSIUS

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

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

RYAN

(re: the neighborhood)  
Old haunt?

CASSIUS

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

RYAN

Taste as good as home?

CASSIUS

(scoffs)

*Home?* My mom's idea of cooking a family meal was opening a box of Captain Crunch. And for the record, I hate collared greens, but there was this girl with the most insane body that worked the afternoons.

(wistfully)

*Alisha...* I'd go in there and order up plates of that shit just to keep her coming to the table. I had it bad for that girl.

RYAN

You guys ever hook up?

CASSIUS

I was working up my courage.

(beat)

But I waited too long. One night,  
place gets robbed. She got shot.  
Took her out. Such a waste.

(then)

It's why I became a cop.

RYAN

To find the guys who did it?

CASSIUS

No. 'Cause of everyone's reaction.  
People she served every day for a  
year, know what they said? "Huh".  
That's how normal death was in East  
Bay, like I was talking about the  
weather. Didn't matter if it was a  
neighbor, your brother or your best  
friend; that was the sum of a  
person's entire life. "Huh".

(beat)

Kids shouldn't grow up in a world  
where if their best friend gets  
shot, they're not even surprised  
anymore. That was my crossroads.

RYAN

Rest in peace, Alisha.

CASSIUS

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

Just then, Cassius points to something out the window.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Oakland GPS.

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

***THE HOOD, BITCH!***

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

Cassius smiles.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)  
Home, sweet home.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH AVENUE - KOREATOWN - ESTABLISHING - SAME TIME

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

*KOREATOWN. THE SOUTH BAY'S GOT SEOUL!*

INT. TAE'S CAR - KOREATOWN - DAY

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

VEE  
Really?

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

But Vee is dubious.

VEE  
Is that really all this is about?

TAE  
Look, I just want to take down the bad guys --  
(as he exits the car)  
-- whoever they may be.

INT. KOREAN MASSAGE PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Tae and Vee enter and march through the building. As they blow through the back, an AGING MAMASAN chases them.

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

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

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

KOREAN *FAN-TAN* (GAMBLING DEN)

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

VEE

Uh... Hi.

TAE

Come on.

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

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)

Ladies aren't allowed. You know better.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN)

You're right, I do. She's no lady.

VEE

What's he saying?

TAE

Nothing. Just old man stuff.

Tae turns back to the Boss.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN) (CONT'D)

I want to talk to you about the police officer who got killed in Koreatown --

But the old man waves him off.

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)

Go away.

TAE (SUBTITLED KOREAN)

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

ELDER BOSS (SUBTITLED KOREAN)

This is a place for gambling, not interrogations.

So Tae sits in the chair opposite.

TAE

Then I guess you should deal the cards.



The Elder Boss raises an eyebrow.

ELDER BOSS  
It's twenty thousand dollars a  
hand.

TAE  
(undaunted)  
Put it on my tab.

VEE  
What?!

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

NOW CUT BACK TO:

EXT. OAKLAND GANG NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

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

SPOTTERS  
Two-five! Two-five!

Ryan turns to Cassius.

RYAN  
Guess we've been announced.

CASSIUS  
Yeah.

RYAN  
What's two-five?

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

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

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

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

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

CASSIUS

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

PEE WEE

I can run!

CASSIUS

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

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

PEE WEE

Why you gotta be so mean, yo?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GAMBLING DEN - SAME TIME

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

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

ELDER BOSS

You win.

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

TAE

Keep it. Just tell me who to talk to.

And as the Boss considers --

CUT TO:

INT. PEE WEE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

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

PEE WEE

I told you, dawg! I don't know nothin'!

(nervously eyes Ryan)

What are you doing, man?

CASSIUS

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

PEE WEE

No, man, it's just --

RYAN

Oh my...

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now I know you ain't the cub.

Cassius shakes his head.

CASSIUS

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

PEE WEE

Gimme that!

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

CASSIUS

Run, man! It's a bear attack!

RYAN

Run? Aren't I supposed play dead?

CASSIUS

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

RYAN

I can never remember that.

PEE WEE

(annoyed)

That's my cousin's. It ain't mine.

Ryan flips it over and reads the address label.

RYAN

Marquece King. 351 Filbert Street,  
Oakland, California.

Pee Wee snatches the magazine back.

PEE WEE  
What do you want?

CASSIUS  
I told you. The Fish deal.

Pee Wee sighs, exasperated. Comes to a decision.

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

RYAN  
Where?

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

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

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

CASSIUS  
Whatever you say, man.

Ryan pats the magazine Pee Wee holds as he passes.

RYAN  
(can't resist)  
Happy hunting.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - KOREATOWN - DAY

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

TAE  
Here we go.

-- but Vee stops him.

VEE  
I got this one.

TAE

You sure?

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

VEE

You tell me.

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

A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE BACK - CONTINUOUS

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

YONG

X. Take whatever you want.

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

YONG (CONT'D)

What the --?!

By way of explanation, Vee pulls out her badge.

VEE

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

YONG

Or what?

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

VEE

Or we go gangnam style.

Yong looks at her, smug.

YONG

You can't do squat to me, cop.

VEE

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

And then she ZAPS him.

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

INT. KARAOKE BAR - MAIN ROOM - SAME TIME

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

Tae cuts him a look about the noise.

TAE

Pretty enthusiastic, those two,  
huh?

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

VEE

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

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

TAE

Anything?

VEE

Hell yeah.  
(vicious little grin)  
I got the shooter's name.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. *HACIENDA MEXICAN RESTAURANT* - DAY

A colorful family restaurant/Acosta shell corporation in the Latin Quarter...

INT. *HACIENDA* - DAY

Ryan walks through the restaurant and enters the kitchen, where he finds Acosta's older, right-hand man, TIO GORDO ("Uncle Fatty") cooking up some homemade pork tamales.

TIO GORDO  
There he is!

RYAN  
Tio.

The lovable guy hugs Ryan when he sees him.

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

Ryan takes one. Takes a bite.

RYAN  
Man, I miss these.

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

RYAN  
Not really.

TIO GORDO  
Wiseass.

They both smile.

Just then, Javier, Dante and a couple other *soldados* enter.

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

RYAN

I've got news on the shipment --

But Acosta stops him.

ACOSTA

You know the rules. No business  
before lunch. Sit down. Eat.

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

DANTE

Has Tio told you about his tamale  
deal?

RYAN

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

TIO GORDO

(shrugs)

Who hasn't had an exuberant youth?

ACOSTA

I can't believe that after  
everything this family has  
accomplished, all anyone will  
remember is you and your fake-ass  
smile on a tamale wrapper.

Everyone laughs and we DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SHOT - A BIT LATER

Lunch is over and Tio is clearing the dishes.

ACOSTA

That was delicious, Tio. Thank  
you.

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

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

First things first. Word is  
someone from your Task Force is  
sniffing around asking about  
Torres.

RYAN

(nods)

I'll see what I can do.



ACOSTA

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

RYAN

I won't.

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

ACOSTA

Now tell me about the deal.

RYAN

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

One of the *soldados* speaks up.

SOLDADO

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

DANTE

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

Acosta indicates the soldado.

ACOSTA

Old school.

Then looks proudly to his son.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

New school. Good work, Dante.  
(then to soldado)

You, get a better attitude. Now go, we all have work to do.

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

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

You miss this, don't you?

RYAN

Every day.

Acosta nods. Sits across from him.

ACOSTA

It weighs on me, too. But you're the only one who can pull this off. Most of my men wouldn't last a day on the Force -- you've *thrived* there for five years. Do you know why? You're special, Ryan. I've known it from the moment you first walked into this house as a child. It was a hard decision letting you go under... you're like my own flesh and blood. But I need you there. It's the most important thing we've ever done.

(puts a hand on his shoulder)

And it's not going to be forever.

RYAN

I know.

ACOSTA

One of these days, you're going to come back to the family, and you'll take your rightful place by my side.

(beat)

Dante may be my son... but you're the heir.

(meets his eyes)

I have big plans for you, Ryan.

It's a powerful moment --

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

*Get to the Brig. Shit's going down.*

Ryan rises.

RYAN

I gotta run.

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE BRIG - MOTOR POOL - DAY

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

CASSIUS (OS)

Hey --

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

RYAN

What's going on?

Just then, Chapel steps up.

CHAPEL

We got the name of our shooter. Miguel Torres. Works with the *Familia* and he's a Two Striker. I want that gun he shot Tanner with --  
 (looks at all his guys)  
 -- but I'll settle for anything. Whatever gets this guy off the street.

Nearby, Vee takes particular note of this statement.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Let's go take him down.

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

INT. SWAT VAN - DRIVING - MINUTES LATER

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

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

Secretly, Ryan begins typing out a message to Dante:

*911. GTF IS ONTO TORRES. GET HIM OUT.*

But as Ryan continues typing, at the far end of the van --

TAE looks over and sees him surreptitiously messing with his phone. Suspicious, Tae quietly rises and starts walking toward him

RYAN doesn't see Tae getting closer...and closer. He's typing away with one hand --

-- when Tae appears over his shoulder.

TAE

What are you doing there, Ryan?

Ryan looks up, surprised, as Tae reaches out and turns Ryan's hand to reveal --

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

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

Deflated, Tae walks back to his seat...and the moment his back is turned, Ryan slips the SIM CARD into his vest pocket.

CUT TO:

DANTE - IN HIS WIRETAP STATION

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

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

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

And Ryan's message goes unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORRES'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - ESTABLISHING

The SWAT VAN arrives and disgorges its occupants.

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

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

TAE  
...warrant...

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

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

TRACK WITH RYAN AND CASSIUS

as they move toward the rear of the apartment, kick open the master bedroom door -- and spy Torres's just as he slips out the open window!

CASSIUS  
FREEZE, MOTHERFU--!

But Torres is gone.

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

RYAN  
Cassius --

But Cassius bolts out the window after him.

EXT. TORRES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Torres has dropped to a lower roofline and is booking across the rooftop. Cassius drops after him, in hot pursuit, and Ryan a heartbeat later.

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

When he's across, Torres turns and shoves the plank, sending it toppling four stories to the asphalt below a heartbeat before Cassius and Ryan pull up short at the ledge.

Cassius is furious. Ryan is secretly happy Torres is getting away. He puts a hand on Cassius's shoulder and starts to lead him away --

RYAN  
Come on, we'll get him next time.

-- when Cassius is overcome with rage. And before Ryan can stop him, Cassius books for the edge -- and LEAPS ACROSS to continue the chase.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Goddamn it...

Now Ryan is forced to follow in hopes of helping Torres slip free. Swallowing his fear, Ryan runs and makes the jump as well.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Cassius blast through a maze of alleyways, pursuing Torres in a CRAZY FOOT CHASE FOR THE AGES.

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

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

RYAN

This way!

-- but Cassius's instincts are solid and chooses the right path.

CASSIUS

No, here!

Eventually they come to a SERIES OF ALLEYS where they need to --

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

SPLIT UP!

Ryan chooses the right direction and sees Torres ahead, racing right into --

-- a DEAD END ALLEY.

Ryan pours on the steam, running after Torres. When he reaches him, he turns to get him the hell out of there --

RYAN

Come on! HURRY!!

-- when Cassius rounds the corner a block away.

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

As the two impact the ground --

ECU - RYAN'S VEST

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

BACK TO SHOT

Torres is enraged.

TORRES

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

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

RYAN

It's too late. We got two seconds. What's in the apartment? What can they find on you?

TORRES

Nothin'!

RYAN  
Drugs? Money?

TORRES  
No. I'm totally clean --

Ryan's relieved. Until:

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

Torres looks Ryan dead in the eye.

TORRES (CONT'D)  
And if they find it and I go  
down...I'm taking your sleeper ass  
with me.  
(malicious little grin)  
You got some decisions to make,  
*moco.*

And as Ryan's world spins, Cassius arrives.

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

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

INT. TORRES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

And then he spies it. A bit of HOLSTER WEBBING peeking out from behind some books on a bookshelf -- right next to Tae who is tossing stuff around. And as Tae turns to the bookshelf, Ryan has to do something right fucking now!

RYAN  
Find anything yet?

TAE  
Why? You nervous?

RYAN  
No. I'm a cop. And I want the guy  
who killed my partner. What don't  
you understand about that?

As Ryan talks, he walks forward, positioning himself between Tae and the gun.

TAE

Back off.

RYAN

How about you tell me what your problem is? What the hell are you so goddamn mad at?

Ryan taps Tae in the chest for emphasis.

TAE

Don't touch me.

RYAN

You know everyone thinks Mr. FBI Super-Agent is pissed to have been pulled off his stellar career path to slum with us regular folk on our little Task Force.

Ryan pokes him again. Tae clenches his jaw.

RYAN (CONT'D)

But you know what I think? I think maybe the truth is you're pissed because you know weren't good enough. That they didn't keep you and sent you here...cause they knew you couldn't cut it.

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

The fight ends as Tae unleashes a brutal series of punches that Ryan doesn't defend...but instead uses the moment to surreptitiously scoop up Torres's gun and slip it into his waistband.

*That was his plan all along.*

CHAPEL

(rushing in)

What is this?! Break it up! BREAK IT UP!

Eventually, Tae and Ryan are separated.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you two?! We save our fighting for the gangs, not each other!

(re: Ryan)

Get him out of here!



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

EXT. TORRES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

RYAN  
You're clean.

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

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

VEE  
Look what I found.

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

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

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

TORRES  
Guess I spoke too soon.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE BRIG - BULLPEN - DAY

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

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

VEE

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

RYAN

What's he offering?

VEE

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

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

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

But it's gone.

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

EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT

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

As the phone rings, MATCH CUT TO --

DANTE - IN A GARAGE

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

DANTE

New SIM?

INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN BRIG/DANTE IN GARAGE

RYAN

I lost the other. Burn it.

DANTE

Not good, brother.

RYAN

Forget it, we've got bigger problems.

DANTE

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

RYAN

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

DANTE

*What?!*

(then)

You gotta get him out of there --

RYAN

I can't.

DANTE

If he talks --

RYAN

I know.

DANTE

It ain't good enough to know. You gotta do something about it. Whatever it takes.

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

INT. BRIG - MOMENTS LATER

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

VEE

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

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

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

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

THE BRIG'S HOLDING BLOC

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

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

CHAPEL

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

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

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

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

And Ryan can't believe his eyes as, amazingly, Chapel steps aside.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

I left the arrest report open. No telling how much he resisted when he came in.

(moving off)

Just keep it less than lethal.

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

And more importantly, admiration.

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

INT. TORRES'S HOLDING CELL - DAY

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

TORRES

Your secret's about to get out,  
cop.

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

TORRES (CONT'D)

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

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

Acosta will kill you if you give me  
up.

TORRES

Screw Acosta. And screw you. You  
think I'm going to spend life  
behind bars for some planted  
evidence and a bogus third strike?  
This is self-preservation. I'm  
gonna cut a deal. But to do that,  
I'm gonna have to give something  
up...

(grins)

...and you're the best thing I've  
got.

And off Ryan's sinking look, CUT TO:

EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

As Torres's LAWYER arrives.

VEE

Mr. Rhymes?

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

TORRES'S CELL

With time running out, Ryan turns to Torres.

RYAN

What if I gave you something else?

TORRES

(shrugs)

Doubt it will be good enough.

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

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

Confused, she looks around --

TAE

I got it.

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

TORRES'S CELL - SAME TIME

Ryan looks Torres in the eyes.

RYAN

It will be.

And off Torres doubtful expression --

INT. HOLDING BLOC - SECONDS LATER

Tae, Vee and Rhymes round the corner to Torres's cell...

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

TORRES

About frickin' time.

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

Torres looks to his Lawyer.

TORRES (CONT'D)

I think we have a deal to make.

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

CHAPEL

Ryan!

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

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Get the team together. He gave us  
the Fishscale deal. It's going  
down now.

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

AN ARMADA OF CARS - SPEEDING THROUGH THE STREETS

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

INT. DANTE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

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

*Pull back. Deal's covered.*

Dante stares at the text, concerned.

DANTE

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

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

INT. BRIG - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Ryan gets a text confirmation from Dante --

*Copy.*

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

*But watch the front door.*

Just then, Chapel shouts to the room.

CHAPEL

Suit up! We move out in five!

INT. BRIG - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

RYAN

You know. It was pretty lucky we  
found those drugs in his apartment.  
(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Especially considering the *Familia*  
makes it rule to not keep product  
in their homes.

(pointedly)

And they don't deal X.

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

VEE

(defiant)

You have a problem with that?

And Ryan earns her eternal trust when he says:

RYAN

No.

SLAM TO:

EXT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A long-abandoned terminal for transbay buses...

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

INT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - SAME TIME

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

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

COLOMBIAN KINGPIN

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

EXT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

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

CHAPEL

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

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



RYAN

Not the front.

(off Chapel's look)

Lords have been sending some of their guys through the military. They know to heavy-stack their softest entry points. You'll be walking into a hailstorm.

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

CHAPEL

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

And the teams move out.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE RAID - CONTINUOUS

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

TASK FORCE OFFICERS

*POLICE DEPARTMENT! GET DOWN!!*

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

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

But the fight only comes to an end when Ryan makes a bold move, dashing across a no man's land of gunfire to slide under some construction equipment and take down the Colombians' leader. With Ryan's gun to the Kingpin's head --

RYAN

It's over!

-- the rest of the Colombians give up.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED TRANSIT TERMINAL - LATER

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

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

CASSIUS

Fishscale gets taken off the streets. Colombian pipeline gets shut down. Gang war gets averted.

(MORE)

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'd call that a win for the day.

Just then, Chapel steps up.

CHAPEL

Tae, Vee, good work on tracking down Torres. He may have walked, but in the end we got something bigger because of you two.

The praise goes a long way for the team.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Ryan, walk with me.

He does, and together they walkt across the building --

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Thought you should see this.

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

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

If we had gone in through the front...

Chapel doesn't finish the thought.

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

Good instincts, kid. You're gonna fit in here just fine.

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

ENDING MONTAGE

-- EXT. BRIG - PARKING LOT: The day's work done, Tae, Vee, Cassius and Ryan walk to their cars together. More a team now than ever before. They say their goodbyes and as they drive away, CUT TO:

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

ACOSTA

I wanted those drugs. But more than anything I wanted them out of the Lords' hands. You did that, and you got Torres clear.

(MORE)

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

It wasn't exactly how I thought it would go down...but you improvised and looked like a hero to the Department in the bargain. And that's good for all of us.

(means this)

I'm proud of you, Ryan.

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

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

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

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

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

PEE WEE

Yo.

INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN CAR/PEE WEE AT HOME

RYAN

I think I found something your buddies are looking for.

-- EXT. STRIP CLUB - MINUTES LATER. Torres exits the club and stumbles drunkenly to his car. He fumbles with the keys and gets in. But as he goes to put the key into the ignition, he NOTICES something sitting on his dashboard: THE DISTINCTIVE GUN TORRES KILLED TANNER WITH.

TORRES

How the hell..?

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

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

TORRES (CONT'D)

Oh God no NO --

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

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

...to where Ryan sits in his car, having had a front row seat  
to the whole show. With the death of his friend avenged, he  
starts up his car to head for home, and as the MUSIC  
CRESCENDOES, and we --

FADE TO BLACK.