

"Kilo Valley"

Written By:

C.L. Taylor

Ice6Productions  
38300 30th Street East. #469 Palmdale, Ca. 93550  
310-909-6216  
Copyright©

"KILO VALLEY"

EXT. LONG SHOT OF DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

- A) We see a row of electricity generated Windmills.
- B) An oil drill pumping oil over and over again.
- C) Rows of cotton are aligned in ranks in the middle of the desert.
- D) LOW ANGLE on car racing by on Desert highway.

AGAINST BOTTOM OF SCREEN:

**The City of Lancaster California**

INT. CAR MOVING - DAY

A RADIO ANNOUNCER voice omits from the car's stereo.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
--the violence in this town this  
past week has been astounding...

ANGLE ON BLUE DUFFLE BAG resting in the front passenger seat.

ANGLE ON G.P.S. SYSTEM;

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...seven murders in one night is  
beyond comprehension, I mean you  
would expect this sort of thing in  
South Central Los Angeles...

We see a YOUNG HISPANIC WOMAN behind the wheel of the car. She wears a pair of sun shades. The Woman chomps down on some french fries as she checks the G.P.S..

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...but this is Antelope Valley.  
People move out here to escape all  
of that...

DRIVER'S POV INSIDE VEHICLE.

She makes a left down a dirt road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...The D.A., in a statement this morning, is attributing the out break of murders and increased violence to drug trafficking. His claim is that drug runners use Antelope Valley as the gateway for trafficking narcotics from Los Angeles into Vegas, and it's because of this, murders in Antelope Valley are on the rise.

The car pulls into a dirt driveway in front of a HOUSE and comes to a stop. The Young Woman KILLS the engine.

SIDE VIEW OF YOUNG WOMAN IN CAR;

She sits there for a moment.

YOUNG WOMAN

(convinces herself)

Okay.

She grabs the blue duffle bag, opens the door, and exits the car. The Young Woman heads for the house.

EXT. LANCASTER DESERT HOME - DAY

LOW DUTCH ANGLE:

The Young Woman walks INTO VIEW dressed in a black funeral dress. She ascends the steps leading to the house.

MEDIUM

The Young Woman raises her hand to knock on the door but hesitates. She gathers her strength and gives a resounding knock on the door. After a BEAT...

BLACK WOMAN (O.C.)

Who is it?

YOUNG WOMAN

Good afternoon ma'am. My name is Natalia Santiago. I am here on behalf of a Monte Willis. Are you Levetta Peters?

Silence. The door slowly creaks open. An ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN peers through the crack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVETTA

I am. What is this about?

NATALIA

I have a package here for his daughter, Chloe.

Natalia takes out a wallet sized photo of a five year old girl. She holds it up.

The crack in the door widens.

LEVETTA

What did you say your name was again?

NATALIA

Natalia Santiago.

Levetta looks Natalia up and down.

LEVETTA

Are you with the FEDS?

NATALIA

No ma'am. Monte asked me to deliver something for his little girl. May I come in?

Levetta looks around, skeptical. She gives in.

LEVETTA

Come on child.

Natalia enters the house. Levetta checks her surroundings. She goes inside and closes the door behind her.

INT. HOUSE CONTINUOUS;

LEVETTA

Can I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Tea?

NATALIA

Coffee will be fine.

KITCHEN;

The two enter the kitchen. Levetta goes off to pour Natalia a cup as she takes a seat at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVETTA

Are you Monte's girlfriend?

NATALIA

No. I never knew him until a week and a half ago.

Levetta comes back with the cup and sets it down on the table. Levetta reaches inside her duster pocket and takes out two convenience store packs of cream. She hands them to Natalia.

LEVETTA

You seem like a nice girl. How did you cross paths with Monte? I mean obviously you must know what he's into.

NATALIA

It's a long story but, he saved my life.

Levetta gives her a look.

LEVETTA

Monte saved your life?

NATALIA

Yes.

LEVETTA

We must be talking about a different person. The Monte that I know of is a notorious drug dealer, thief, murderer, liar, and convict.

NATALIA

I never said he was a Saint, I said he saved my life.

LEVETTA

What is this all about?

Natalia picks up the blue duffle bag and places it on the table. She motions for Levetta to take the bag.

Again Levetta gives her a look. Hesitantly she opens the bag and peeks inside. She is taken aback by what she finds. Levetta removes a stack of hundreds.

NATALIA

He told me to give this money to you, for Chloe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEVETTA

How much is this?

NATALIA

Three hundred thousand.

LEVETTA

My Lord! What's going on?

NATALIA

Monte's dead Misses Peters.

Levetta places the stack back inside the bag.

LEVETTA

I better call Tracey.

Levetta stands. She picks up her cell phone and flips it open. Levetta can't make the call. She closes the flip phone.

LEVETTA (CONT'D)

He loved that little girl. It's a shame he never got a chance to meet her.

Levetta grabs the bag off of the table.

LEVETTA (CONT'D)

I'll put this money in her trust fund.

NATALIA

He said you would.

Natalia stands.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

He also told me, to tell you, to tell her mother that he's sorry. He never meant to hurt her.

Natalia reaches inside of her purse and takes out a driver's license, Monte's. She sets it down on the table. Levetta picks it up and examines the license. She sees the dried smudge of blood.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

He wanted Chloe to know what he looked like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEVETTA  
 (studying the  
 license)  
 This is a sad.

Natalia walks towards the kitchen's entrance.

NATALIA  
 He seems to really have loved her  
 and her mother.

LEVETTA  
 I know. He did.

NATALIA  
 Good bye Misses Peters. I gotta  
 go. I'll see myself out.

Natalia exits the kitchen. Levetta sits down at the table. OFF SCREEN we hear the sounds of Natalia walking through out the house, her heels clacking against the hard wood floors. The front door opens and closes.

Levetta picks up Monte's driver's license.

LEVETTA'S POV;

We see a *cold* looking Monte staring back at Levetta. We stay on the license for a BEAT and then...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAR LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

ANGLE ON PHOTO OF FIVE YEAR OLD CHLOE:

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

We see a Black Man, MONTE mid thirties, dressed in a brown leather coat and a black turtle neck, sits behind the wheel of the parked car nursing a cigarette. He listens to '70's R&B as he rubs his fingers across the photo.

AGAINST BOTTOM OF SCREEN:

TITLE CARD:

"K I L O V A L L E Y"

EXT. PARKED CAR DOWN TOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

We see a Black Lexus sitting inside of the parking lot. The sounds of Al Green's "How Can You Mend" is coming from the car's stereo.

AGAINST BOTTOM OF SCREEN:

**Two Weeks Earlier Downtown Los Angeles**

INT. CAR CONTINUOUS;

Monte takes a sip from a pint of rum as he looks at the photo. Suddenly, headlights from another car OFF CAMERA illuminate the parked car. The headlights from the car go dim and the engine is KILLED. We hear a door SLAM shut. The sounds of footsteps approaching the car is heard. The door opens and a younger Black Man, ANDRE, early twenties, enters the car and shuts the door behind him.

Monte gives him an incensed look.

MONTE

What took you so long?! I been sitting out this muthafucka for over forty five minutes!

ANDRE

(heavy southern drawl)

Sorry bout that man. Traffic on the one ten was thick as fog.

Andre looks at Monte's attire.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

That's a nice coat homie? Where'd you cop that from?

Monte ignores the question and takes a drag from his cigarette. He turns watches Andre with a cold stare. He gets the message.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Oh!

He removes his back pack and reaches inside. Andre takes out an envelope and hands it to Monte.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

It's all there.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Monte opens the envelope and takes out the cash. He counts it.

MONTE

How long did it take you to move the weed?

ANDRE

Day and a half my nigga.

Monte studies Andre for a second. Suddenly he takes out a chrome .9mm and presses it firmly against Andre's temple.

MONTE

What the fuck did I tell you?!

ANDRE

I'm sorry man, I forgot.

MONTE

Didn't I tell you to never use that word with me?!

ANDRE

My bad man! It's a habit, I say it all the time, I don't mean nothing by it! It's like a term of endearment.

MONTE

The word nigger is a deplorable muthafucking word! It ain't no goddamn term of endearment, no matter how you backward-ass muthafuckas say it. Whether it's N.I.G.G.A. or N.I.G.G.E.R., it's still a racist-ass demeaning despicable word and if you ever say that shit to me again, even in an endearing way, I'm a blast your high-yella country black ass clean back to Louisiana!

Monte places the gun across his lap, still aimed at Andre. He resumes the conversation as if nothing happened.

MONTE (CONT'D)

So you moved it in a day huh?

ANDRE

Yeah. These white kids at my school are fiening for it man! I'm a need some more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monte turns and looks at him.

EXT. PARKED CAR CONTINUOUS;

POV FROM TRUNK;

Monte reaches inside the trunk and takes out a large zip lock bag, the equivalent of an ounce. He tosses it to Andre. He sniffs the bag.

ANDRE

Purple Rhino!

Monte closes the trunk.

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Hey, I might have an interesting opportunity for you.

Monte lights up a cigarette as he motions for Andre to continue.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

I know these guys at my school who are trying to move some work, some keys.

MONTE

Is that right? How many?

ANDRE

Twelve kilos of coke. But they having problems moving it.

MONTE

If they got twelve kilos why are they having problems moving it?

ANDRE

The work is stolen.

MONTE

Stolen?

ANDRE

Yeah. I don't know how they came across it but I've seen the bricks.

Andre takes out his cell phone and pulls up a picture. He shows it to Monte.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE'S POV;

Twelve individually wrapped bricks of Cocaine rest on a bed.

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

MONTE

Who'd they steal it from?

ANDRE

Didn't I just say I don't know all that man, I just know they got 'em and they trying to move 'em.

MONTE

Do they know how much the weight is worth?

ANDRE

I doubt it, I mean they smokers not dealers.

MONTE

So I can get 'em at a good price?

ANDRE

Probably.

Monte thinks about for a second. It's too good to be true.

MONTE

How well do you know these muthafuckas?

ANDRE

I've been their dealer since freshman year--

MONTE

That don't mean shit! Any of them got family connected to Five-0, the Feds?

ANDRE

Naw man, they families is doctors and business men. They got that generational money, that long money.

MONTE

Who ever they jacked is gone be out for their asses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDRE

That's they problem. If you cop  
the weight from them before  
whoever they stole it from get to  
'em, then it's yo come up and they  
bad.

Monte takes a long drag from his cigarette.

MONTE

Twelve keys?

ANDRE

If you want, I can go make the  
deal for you?

MONTE

Nah. Why the fuck would I do that?  
I wanna see what they got for  
myself. I tell you what, if I  
check this out and it's legit,  
I'll give you thirty percent of  
the cut.

Monte opens his car door and gets in.

ANDRE

Word?

MONTE

(looks him up and  
down)

Word. Set it up and hit me back  
with the details.

Andre smiles as Monte starts the car.

ANDRE

Hell yeah!

LONG SHOT OF SCENE:

Monte backs out and pulls away from the SCENE leaving  
Andre standing there. The college student walks over to  
his car and gets inside.

FADE TO BLACK:

ON BLACK SCREEN:

MONTE (O.C.)

DO YOU KNOW WHO THE FUCK I AM?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STUDENT I (O.C.)  
Chill out yo! I didn't mean it in  
a bad way! Why you tripping homie--

MONTE (O.C.)  
DON'T PATRONIZE ME WITH THAT  
BULLSHIT MUTHAFUCKA!

STUDENT II (O.C.)  
I thought we were here to do  
business?! It doesn't have to be  
like this!

MONTE (O.C.)  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

ON BLACK A GUN SHOT EXPLODES:

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME - NIGHT

We see the house sitting in the middle of a desert sand lot. An explosion of gun fire erupts from inside. We see the flashes of light from gunfire inside the house through the windows. Silence. We stay on the house for a BEAT and then...

INT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME CONTINUOUS;

KITCHEN;

The kitchen is a filthy wreck. Gun smoke swirls through the air. We PAN through out the SCENE. We see a Louis Vuitton Duffle bag resting on the table with several bricks of cocaine inside. We continue to PAN through out the kitchen where we see the three WHITE college students all laid out on the floor.

Their bodies are riddled with gun shot wounds, two of them fatal. O.S. We hear the sounds of one of the Students grunting and moaning. We PAN over to Monte standing, holding a .9mm. Blood spews from a bullet wound in his stomach.

MONTE  
(in pain)  
Silly muthafuckas!

Monte walks over to the one lone living Student.

ANGLE ON STUDENT;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see two bullet holes in his back. He turns over on his side. The Student has a mouth full of *fresh blood*. He sees Monte approaching OFF CAMERA.

STUDENT

Yo, what the fuck happened yo?!

9.mm INTO VIEW:

Monte presses the .9mm to the side of his head. The Student's eyes WIDEN with fear.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Please dude don't--

BOOM! Monte pulls the trigger killing the Student instantly.

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

Monte looks around the kitchen and sees the Louis Vuitton bag resting on the table.

He hears a sound coming from one of the rooms. He raises the .9mm and grabs the Louis Vuitton bag off of the table and heads out of the kitchen towards the noise.

HALLWAY CONTINUOUS;

We TRACK Monte as he walks down the hallway, gun drawn, drawing closer to the sounds coming from a bed room. He enters.

BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Monte reaches the bed room. We hear the sounds of muffled heavy breathing coming from behind a closet door. Monte drops the duffle bag as he advances towards the closet door.

Cautiously he reaches out and grabs the handle and turns the knob. Quickly Monte FLINGS the door open revealing...

ANGLE ON CLOSET;

We see Natalia, sitting down on the floor, her wrist wrapped in duct tape and a strip of duct tape covers her mouth. She has a bruise underneath her left eye. Her eyes WIDEN with fear.

MONTE

What the fuck?!

Natalia anxiously watches the wounded gangster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monte, in pain, squats down snatches off the duct tape.

NATALIA  
Don't kill me! PLEASE?!

MONTE  
What's going on here?

She doesn't respond. Natalia watches him in terror.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Get up.

Natalia stands and sees the blood spewing from his stomach.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
(aiming the gun at  
her)  
You with those fools in the front?

NATALIA  
I know 'em, I go to school with  
them. They brought me here.

NATALIA'S POV;

She eyes the Louis Vuitton bag on the floor.

NATALIA (CONT'D)  
They took that from my father's  
house.

MONTE  
Who's your father?

NATALIA  
Antonio Santiago.

Monte thinks on it for a second. It comes to him.

MONTE  
Antonio Santiago?

NATALIA  
Yes.

MONTE  
You're shitting me.  
(points to the Louis  
Vuitton bag)  
These are your father's bricks?

Natalia shakes her head "yes".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Monte smiles through the pain.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Those stupid muthafuckas.

NATALIA  
He's gonna be pissed.

MONTE  
No shit. Come on we gotta get out  
of here.

Monte picks up the duffle bag and Louis Vuitton bag in one hand. He shoves the gun in the Natalia's side and as he "*guides*" her out of the bed room.

KITCHEN;

They enter the Kitchen. The Natalia sees the carnage for the first time. She is horrified.

NATALIA  
OH MY GOD!

Monte glances over the SCENE unphased.

MONTE  
Come on , let's go.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Where are you taking me?

Monte nudges her with the gun.

MONTE  
Walk.

Cautiously Natalia makes her way out of the kitchen followed closely by Monte.

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME - NIGHT

DRIVEWAY;

Monte leads her over to the car. He unlocks the door and motions for her to get in.

NATALIA  
Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MONTE

This ain't no muthafucking  
interrogation! Get in!

Natalia enters the car. Monte checks his surroundings.  
The coast is clear. He heads for the driver's side of the  
vehicle.

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

He opens the door, shoves the bags at Natalia, and gets  
inside. The engine is started and the car backs out of  
the driveway. They TEAR away from the house.

INT. CAR MOVING CONTINUOUS;

Silence. Natalia sits in the front seat nervously staring  
ahead.

NATALIA

I know you said no more questions  
but, are you a cop?

MONTE

Do I look like a cop?

Natalia shakes her head "no". The car grows silent and  
then...

NATALIA

You know my father?

MONTE

I know of your father, I don't  
know him.

(to himself)

Goddamn Dre, I should kill your  
dumb ass.

NATALIA

So which one of them shot you?

MONTE

You ask a lot of goddamn  
questions!

NATALIA

This is crazy! They don't seem  
like the type. You gotta let me  
go. My father's gonna come looking  
for me--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE  
Why you still talking?

NATALIA  
My father is not a man you can  
negotiate with.

MONTE  
Neither am I.

Monte's cell phone goes off. He checks the number and  
answers.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Talk.

INT. APARTMENT LOS ANGELES - NIGHT/ INT. CAR MOVING  
SCENES INTERCUT

Andre is sitting in front of a flat screen television  
playing a PS3 game system. A blunt dangles from his lips  
as he holds a cell phone against his ear.

ANDRE  
What's up big dog?

MONTE  
I ain't your dog muthafucka!

Andre holds the phone away from his mouth.

ANDRE  
Sensitive ass nigga.  
(puts the receiver  
back to his mouth)  
Did you see the work?

MONTE  
Yeah, I saw it. I got it.

ANDRE  
It's straight?

MONTE  
Yeah it's straight but you put me  
in a pretty fucked up situation.

ANDRE  
What? What you talking bout?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

I can't discuss it over this cell phone. I'll call you in a minute.

ANDRE

What happened--

Monte hangs up the phone.

MONTE

We gotta get off the road. I can't drive all the way to L.A. like this.

NATALIA

Are you going to a hospital?

MONTE

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT INN MOTEL LATER

We see Monte's Lexus pull into the parking lot. It comes to a STOP.

INT. MONTE'S CAR PARKED CONTINUOUS;

Monte reaches inside of his coat pocket and takes out a roll of money. He points the .9mm at her.

MONTE

Look, I'm getting a room. Stay in the car. If you try something stupid I'm going to shoot you in your spine and leave you right here in this desert. Don't-be-stupid!

Monte opens the driver's side door. He gives her a look illustrating that he's not playing. Monte exits the vehicle.

Nervously Natalia watches him from inside the car.

PAYMENT WINDOW;

He walks over to the window concealing the .9mm against his leg. Monte rings the bell at the window. The NIGHT CLERK appears from the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIGHT CLERK

What can I do for you?

Monte takes out his driver's license and slides under the glass.

MONTE

I need a room.

ANGLE ON LICENSE;

A smudge of blood is on the license.

The Night Clerk takes the license. He sees the blood and looks up at Monte. The Clerk writes down his license information onto a card.

NIGHT CLERK

How many people?

MONTE

One.

NIGHT CLERK

Smoking or none smoking?

MONTE

Smoking.

The Night Clerk slides the card underneath the glass along with Monte's license.

NIGHT CLERK

Fill out the information regarding your vehicle.

The Night Clerk leaves to retrieve the room keys.

INT. MONTE'S CAR PARKED CONTINUOUS;

NATALIA'S POV;

She watches Monte at the window. He turns and looks back at her.

WINDOW CONTINUOUS;

He keeps an eye on the Natalia. Monte turns his attention back to the card as the Night Clerk returns with the keys to the room. Monte slides the card underneath the glass. The Night Clerk picks it and sees fresh blood smeared on the card. He looks at Monte.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

I cut my hand slicing some fruit.

The Night Clerk keeps an eye on him as he slides the keys underneath the glass.

NIGHT CLERK

You're in room one sixty eight.

Monte takes the key and walks OUT OF FRAME.

We PAN DOWN to the ground. We see a small pool of blood on the ground. A trail of blood leads away from the pool towards Monte's car.

INT. MONTE'S CAR PARKED CONTINUOUS;

Natalia watches as Monte approaches the car. He comes to her side and opens the door. He grabs the Louis Vuitton bag and the blue duffle bag of money. He shoves the pint of whiskey into his coat pocket.

MONTE (O.C.)

Get out.

Natalia exits the car. He closes the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens as Natalia enters the room followed closely by Monte. He walks over to a lamp and turns it on. Monte sets the two bags down on a table. He turns to Natalia, gun still aimed at her, and motions towards the bed with the .9mm.

MONTE

Sit down.

Natalia does as told. Monte opens his coat and sees the blood spewing from his wound.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Shit!

He storms over to the phone in the room. He takes out his cell phone pulls up Andre's number.

Natalia nervously watches Monte.

NATALIA

What are your plans for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monte ignores her and dials the number.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

If you're going to rape me let me  
drink some of that liquor so that  
I can at least be somewhat out of  
it.

Monte turns to her.

MONTE

I got a goddamn bullet in my  
stomach! You think I'm in the mood  
to be raping somebody?!

He turns back to the motel phone. After a couple of  
rings...

INT. APARTMENT LOS ANGELES/DESERT INN MOTEL - NIGHT  
SCENES INTERCUT

Andre is where we last saw him.

ANDRE

(into phone)  
Who this?

MONTE

It's me fool.

Andre pauses the game and sits up.

ANDRE

Monte, what's up baby?

MONTE

What's up is that I had to dead  
those fools you set with me up  
with.

ANDRE

What? You killed 'em? What  
happened?

MONTE

Shit went left. Long story short  
One of those dumb fucks shot me.

ANDRE

Shot you? Goddamn!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

I got more good news for your black ass. The work they came across belonged to Antonio Santiago. That name ring a bell?

ANDRE

Uh, no.

MONTE

Of course you wouldn't know who the fuck he is. Your fucking friends are real special you know that?

ANDRE

Hey man, them cats ain't my friends--

MONTE

Shut the fuck up! If you were sitting next to me I'd punch you in your goddamn temple! You know what the icing on the cake is though? These fucking clowns not only stole his coke but they kidnapped his daughter.

ANDRE

They kidnapped his daughter? Why would they do some shit like that?

MONTE

How the fuck should I know!

ANDRE

Is she dead?

MONTE

No, she's sitting right here with me.

ANDRE

This sounds crazy!

MONTE

It is crazy you fucking moron! I go in there thinking I'm gonna score some work, I get shot in the stomach, end up having to shoot three white boys, and then on my way out I find the daughter of Antonio Santiago, bound and gagged in a goddamn closet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDRE

I didn't know shit was gone end up like this man. What you need me to do?

MONTE

I need you to get your ass out here pronto! Stop at a twenty four hour CVS Pharmacy and get me a bottle of iodine, some gauze pads, and an ace band. Text me when you hit Palmdale.

Monte hangs up the phone. He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Natalia watches him.

NATALIA'S POV;

She sees the fresh pool of blood forming around his ankles from the gun shot wound.

NATALIA

You're bleeding pretty bad.

Monte looks down at the blood.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

That's not good.

Monte looks down and sees the blood. He picks up the pint of Barcardi and takes a swig. Monte aims the gun at Natalia.

MONTE

Go in the bathroom and get some towels.

NATALIA

Could you please not point that at me?

Monte ignores her request. He lifts the weapon and steadies his aim.

MONTE

Oh, my bad, didn't mean to intimidate you. Get yo monkey-ass up and get them goddamn towels like I told you to!

Natalia sees that he means business. She goes inside the bath room and retrieves the towels.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MONTE (CONT'D)

So I know how I ended up in this situation, what about you?

NATALIA (O.S.)

I told you I was brought here by the guys you... killed.

Natalia walks back into the room with the towels. She squats down besides Monte and begins applying pressure to his wound. The gangster winces in pain.

MONTE

Sliiiiiiii! Take it easy! They go to school with you?

NATALIA

Yeah. They're white boys who think they're black. Wanna be gangsters. They think cause they listen to Tupac and 50 Cent that their certified hard but they're just weed heads.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

NATALIA (V.O.)

My friend Rachel was seeing this guy Jason and thought it would be cool if I talked to one of his friends.

We see Natalia, Rachel, and Jason walking on the S.C.'s campus talking MOS.

INT. LOS ANGELES SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

KITCHEN;

Natalia reaches inside the fridge and takes out a beer when the door bell rings. WE TRACK behind her as she hands the beer to Rachel and heads into the foyer and over to the front door.

NATALIA (V.O.)

They all came over for a kick back at my dad's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She opens the door revealing the three college students from the drug transaction, JASON, EDWARD A.K.A. E, and TROY A.K.A. T-ROY. They carry liquor in their hands, beer, Tequila, and chips.

JASON

What's up Natalia? Where's Rachel?

NATALIA

In the kitchen.

They enter the house. Edward eyes Natalia up and down. He introduces himself.

EDWARD

Yo, you must be Natalie.

NATALIA

(correcting him)  
Natalia.

EDWARD

My bad.

Troy laughs as he heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN - LATER

Rachel pounds back a shot of tequila and chases it with a beer.

She staggers back over to Natalia and trips into her arms.

RACHEL

Oops! Sorry bitch. I'm turnt up!

Jason comes over and scoops her up into his arms.

JASON

You're a mess. How are you gonna drive home?

RACHEL

(circling her fingers  
in his chest)  
You're gonna have to take me.

JASON

I guess we're out.

Troy walks over to Natalia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY

Where's your bath room yo?

NATALIA

Upstairs, down the hall to your left.

Troy takes off for the staircase.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Make sure you spray and flush!

TROY (O.C.)

You crazy yo, I'm taking a piss!

Edward moves close to Natalia.

EDWARD

So what's up? You gone let me get that number or what?

NATALIA

I told you, you're cool but I'm not interested.

EDWARD

How you gone do your boy like that?

Natalia rolls her eyes. She leaves the room.

FOYER;

Jason carries Rachel over his shoulder as he exits the house.

HALLWAY;

Troy comes out of the rest room. He looks around. Troy walks over to one of the bed rooms and peeks inside. He turns and looks down the hallway. The coast is clear. Troy enters the room.

BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Troy looks around the room. He's impressed. He picks up a photo of Natalia, her mother and father. Troy sets the picture back on the night stand. He heads over to the closet and opens it up. Troy rummages through the wardrobe. He picks out a leather coat and tries it on. His eyes fall to a Louis Vuitton bag resting on the floor. He picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

Edward sits on a bar stool inside the kitchen dejected.  
He nurses a beer.

BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Troy sets the bag down on top of the bed. He unzips it  
and is shocked by what he finds. He dumps out the  
contents. Ten bricks of cocaine and a .9mm pistol. Troy  
takes out his cell phone and dials a number.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

Edward's cell begins to ring. He looks at the number.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Why is this fool calling me from  
the bath room? What's up?

SCENES INTERCUT;

TROY

Yo my nigga, you won't believe  
what I just came across upstairs.

EDWARD

What?

TROY

That white girl.

EDWARD

That white girl?

TROY

Cocaine. I'm talking bricks!

Troy picks up the pistol.

EDWARD

Bricks? Get the fuck out of here.  
How many?

TROY

(using the gun as a  
pointer as he  
counts)  
One, two, three, four, five... at  
least twelve.

EDWARD

No shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TROY

I shit you not.

EDWARD

I'm coming up.

Edward ends the call. He turns to Natalia.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm a use your toilet too  
before we roll.

Natalia nods for him to go on up.

INT. JASON'S PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Rachel is laid out in the back seat.

JASON

(looking at his  
watch)

What's taking these clowns so  
long?

RACHEL

Can we stop at El Polo Loco? I'm  
starving.

JASON

Whatever you want babe.

INT. HOUSE CONTINUOUS;

HALLWAY;

Edward walks down the hallway on his cell phone.

EDWARD

(into phone)  
Where you at yo?

TROY (O.C.)

In here!

Edward ends the call. He heads for the master bed room.

MASTER BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Edward enters the room. His eyes fall on the bed.

EDWARD

Oh shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

Yep!

EDWARD

Ol' girl's into this kind of shit?

TROY

I don't know, let's take it.

EDWARD

Take it? You're fucking kidding right?

TROY

No I'm not fucking kidding.

EDWARD

What the fuck are we gonna do with twelve bricks of yay-yo?

TROY

Get paid fool.

Edward walks over and picks up one of the tightly packaged bricks.

EDWARD

How do you know it's coke?

Troy points out one of the bricks with the gun.

TROY

One of them isn't wrapped too good and you can see the powder around it.

EDWARD

How much do you think it's worth?

TROY

How the fuck should I know?

EDWARD

I could google it on my I-phone if you want me to.

Troy gives him a look. He laughs.

TROY

Are you fucking crazy? I'll call Dre and he can come over and tell us what it's worth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Troy takes out his phone and takes a picture of the coke laid out on the bed.

TROY (CONT'D)

Come on, help me put it back in.

Edward's phone begins to ring. It's Jason.

EDWARD

(into phone)

Yeah?

INT. PARK CAR/ INT. HOUSE SCENES INTERCUT;

JASON

What are you two Bozos doing?  
Let's go already.

EDWARD

Yo, we'll be down in a minute. You  
won't believe what we came across.

NATALIA INTO VIEW IN DOOR WAY OF BED ROOM;

NATALIA

What the hell are you all doing in  
my father's bed room?!

Natalia sees the drugs on the bed. Her eyes WIDEN with surprise. Troy aims the gun at her. He STORMS over to Natalia and pulls her into the room. Troy SLAMS the bed room door.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL

NATALIA

They forced me in the car. After  
they dropped Rachel off at the  
dorm they called your friend, next  
thing I know we're in Palmdale.

Natalia stands and walks over to the window. Monte watches her with a curious eye.

Natalia opens the window and looks out.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

I can't believe he's doing that  
again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

Hey, close that curtain and get  
back over here!

Natalia sits back down on the bed. Monte takes a sip from  
the pint. He studies her.

MONTE (CONT'D)

You can't believe he's doing what  
again?

NATALIA

(she points at the  
Louis Vuitton bag)

He promised me he wouldn't. If he  
can't find it, there's gonna be  
hell to pay.

Monte lights up a cigarette. He takes a long deep drag. A  
billow of smoke escapes through his nose. We stay on  
Monte as WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see a plate being adorned with garnishments. A hand  
comes INTO VIEW and walks the dish out of the kitchen. As  
the Waitress leaves a Mexican Man enters. We only see the  
back of his head. He talks on a cell phone in Spanish as  
he inspects a meal that is being brought out to be  
served. He nods to the waitress shaking his head, giving  
his approval.

MEXICAN MAN

(into phone)

--twelve... It's pure, uncut...  
Business is slow, you know the  
economy being the way it is...  
yeah people are staying in...  
nobody wants to spend money... I  
get most of my business on the  
weekend... Send them over here, I  
need patrons...

(laughs)

...no doubt... No, thank you  
brother, I needed this... See you  
tomorrow my friend.

He ends the call. The Man turns around. For the first  
time we see forty four year old ANTONIO SANTIAGO. He lets  
out a sigh.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A WAITRESS walks into the kitchen carrying a tray with empty glasses. Antonio playfully smacks her on the behind.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Bueno!

The Waitress smiles and gives him the finger.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

How's the little man Martha?

MARTHA

A handful but he's good.

Antonio reaches in his pocket and takes out a roll of money. He peels off a few bills. He walks over to Martha takes her by the hand and shoves the money in her palm.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Go out and get something nice for the little guy.

He leans in and kisses her on the lips. He turns and heads towards the entrance of the kitchen.

MARTHA

You're going home?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Yes. I have some business to take care of.

He exits the kitchen. Martha looks at he money in her hand. She shoves it in her apron and checks the ticket on another order.

BAR OF RESTAURANT;

Antonio walks over to the bar and picks up a stand by shot. He hammers the liquor and removes a leather coat from off of the bar stool.

BARTENDER

Headed home Mister Santiago?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Yes, I'm going to call it a night.

BARTENDER

Tell your lovely daughter I said hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Will do. I'll come in early in the  
morning and check the receipts.

The Bartender nods his head "okay" as Antonio exits.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT OF SCENE:

Antonio exits the restaurant and walks over to a white  
Toyota Camry. He enters the car. The engine is STARTED  
and the car backs out of the parking lot.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT LATER

The Camry pulls into the driveway. The lights are turned  
off and the engine is KILLED.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME CONTINUOUS;

Antonio enters the house and places his keys on a table  
inside of the foyer. We TRACK behind him as he picks up a  
stack and mail and begins going through them. He makes  
his way towards the kitchen.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

Antonio enters the kitchen. Immediately his eyes fall on  
the empty beer bottles left on the counter.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Damnit Natalia.

He walks over and picks up one of the empty bottles.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

(calls out)  
Natalia!

Antonio exits the kitchen.

HALLWAY CONTINUOUS;

Antonio ascends the stairs. We TRACK behind him. He  
reaches the top of the staircase and begins to walk down  
the hallway towards his bed room. He enters.

BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Antonio sees his coat sprawled out on the bed. He eyes travel over to the closet. He opens it. The Louis Vuitton Bag is missing.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Quickly he walks out of the bed room. Antonio takes out his cell phone and dials a number. The phone ring several times. Natalia's voice mail picks up.

NATALIA

(voice mail)

Hello, you've reached Natalia.  
Sorry I can't come to phone right  
now but if you leave your name and  
a brief message I promise to get  
back to you in earliest  
convenience. Take care, bye.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

(into phone)

Natalia, when you get this  
message, call me it's important.

Antonio hangs up the phone.

JUMP CUT MONTAGE OF SHOTS;

Antonio vigorously searches his bed room for the Kilos.

Antonio reaches into a dresser drawer and takes out a .45 glock. He pulls out the clip and inspects it making sure it's loaded to the tilt.

He opens a drawer on a night stand and takes out another cell phone.

We see Antonio stressfully running his fingers through his hair.

ANGLE ON DOOR WAY FROM HALLWAY;

Antonio is now sitting on the edge of bed waiting from a response from the ringing cell phone. After a BEAT...

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

(into phone in  
Spanish)

Hello... Yes brother... We have a  
problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT OF SCENE:

We see the signature long cylinder lights of LAX International Airport changing colors against the backdrop of Inglewood. A LARGE BLACK JANITORIAL WORKER walks INTO VIEW pushing a yellow mop bucket. He walks over to a car parked in the lot. He hits the alarm and opens the door and enters the car.

ANGLE CAR CONTINUOUS;

The Janitor is STAB. He sits inside of the car. Stab picks up a Bible and begins thumbing through scriptures. He finds the appropriate verse and begins to read.

STAB

(reading)

"In you, O Lord, I have taken refuge; let me never be put to shame; deliver me in your righteousness. Turn your ear to me, come quickly to my rescue; be my rock of refuge, a strong fortress to save me. Since you are my rock and my fortress for the sake of your name lead and guide me,...

Stab's cell phone begins to ring. He picks up the phone and checks the number. Stab continues reading as the cell rings.

STAB (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Free me from the trap that is set for me, for you are my refuge. Into your hands I commit my spirit; redeem me, O Lord, the God of truth."

Stab answers the phone.

STAB (CONT'D)

It's a glorious day in the Lord,  
Pastor Eldridge speaking.

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL/ LAX PARKING LOT - SCENES INTERCUT

Monte is sitting at the table nursing his wound while talking on the motel phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Natalia sits in a corner with her knees drawn into her chest.

MONTE

Stab, It's Monte.

Stab exits the car and paces back and forth.

STAB

Monte, what's up? Long time no hear from.

MONTE

I know, I know. Look I hate to be this person but I need a big favor from you--

STAB

Now brother Monte, you know I'm not in that world anymore--

MONTE

Don't be giving me that brother religious shit! Yo ass owe me a favor muthafucka!

Stab holds the phone against his chest. He knows Monte's right.

STAB

What's up?

MONTE

I'm in bad shape. I need you to make a run.

STAB

Where?

MONTE

Palmdale.

STAB

Palmdale? What's up?

MONTE

I've been shot.

STAB

Shot?! Is it critical?

MONTE

Critical like a muthafucka! I'm bleeding real bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STAB  
Damn. Where are you?

MONTE  
I'm in a motel.

STAB  
Damnit!

Stab drops his head. His loyalty for God and Monte weighs on him.

STAB (CONT'D)  
What are you doing all the way out there in the boonies?

MONTE  
Business.

STAB  
Sounds like bad business.

MONTE  
Listen, you know I respect your new position in life and all but, you know I wouldn't call if I didn't need you.

Stab is hesitant. He gives in.

STAB  
You need me to take care of somebody?

MONTE  
Possibly. I just need you here to have my back.

Stab holds the phone away from his ear. He looks up towards the heavens.

STAB  
Forgive me.

He puts the cell phone back to his ear.

STAB (CONT'D)  
Let me go home and get my gun.

MONTE  
In about an hour?

STAB  
Yeah. I call you when I get close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The two men hang up.

Monte stands and walks over to the table. He takes a swig from the bottle. Monte lights up a cigarette as Natalia watches him. He feels her stare.

MONTE

You don't have to worry, nothing's gonna happen to you.

NATALIA

I don't see how this situation ends on a good note.

Monte blows out a plume of smoke. She's right.

MONTE

Yeah.

After a few BEATS. Monte takes another swig from the bottle.

MONTE (CONT'D)

How long has your father been out of jail?

NATALIA

He got out my sophomore year in high school, so about six years now.

MONTE

Antonio Santiago. They used call him the Snow Man on the news because of all the cocaine they was pumping into L.A.. You were just a little girl when he went in huh?

NATALIA

I was five.

MONTE

Yeah your pops was a real heavy weight in this game.

NATALIA

He said he was done with that life style. He promised.

Natalia begins to cry. Monte watches her on the floor.

MONTE

You're an only child?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NATALIA  
(through tears)  
What?

MONTE  
Are you an only child?

She shakes her head yes.

NATALIA  
You got kids?

Monte smiles. He takes a deep drag from the cigarette.

MONTE  
Yeah, I got a daughter.

Monte moans as he reaches into the inner lining of his pocket. He takes out a wallet size photo of his daughter. Natalia stands and walks to Monte. She takes the photograph.

NATALIA  
She's beautiful. What's her name?

MONTE  
Chloe.

NATALIA  
How old is she?

MONTE  
(smiles)  
She's five.

NATALIA  
Wow. Looks like you and my father  
have a lot in common.

MONTE  
You get to see your father. Chloe  
doesn't know me.

NATALIA  
She's never seen you?

Monte takes a swig from the Bacardi bottle.

MONTE  
No.

Natalia hands him the photo.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

NATALIA

That's sad.

MONTE

Yeah, it is what it is.

Natalia walks over to Monte and opens his coat. He cautiously watches her. Natalia removes the bloody towels and examines his blood soaked shirt.

NATALIA

We gotta do something to try to stop the bleeding. Take off your coat.

Monte winces in pain as he and Natalia remove his coat.

MONTE

Your father's lifestyle bothers you?

Natalia walks over to the bed and removes the pillow cases from the pillows.

NATALIA

Well when I was a small girl I wasn't aware of who he "was". He was just my dad. I mean I grew up with him and everything I was just too little to know what he was into.

Natalia goes into the bath room and begins to soak the pillow cases in water.

BATH ROOM CONTINUOUS;

NATALIA (CONT'D)

Then one day the FEDS show up at our house and arrest him. And like that he was out of my life, physically at least. Over the years I learned a lot about who he was and how he made his income.

Natalia walks back into the room. She folds one of the pillow cases into a square.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

Open your shirt.

Monte painfully lifts his shirt revealing the hole in his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

NATALIA (CONT'D)

My mother was told my dad took some sort of plea deal. And that's what I grew up believing but I found out that my father, because of his influence with the judges and strong political ties, got his sentence reduced to ten years.

Natalia looks at the open bullet wound in Monte's stomach. She places the folded pillow case across the hole. Natalia takes his hand and places it over the pillow case as it quickly begins soaking up blood.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

Here you're gonna have to hold it in place. Keep pressure on the wound.

Monte winces in pain.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

My father's assets were sieged by the government, cars, houses, everything. So for ten years my mother and I struggled living from place to place. It was rough. She took the little money that my father stashed for us and paid my tuition in private schools from Middle School up until High School.

Natalia walks over to the bed and takes a seat.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

The whole time my father was in jail, he forbid my mother from allowing me to see him behind bars. He said he didn't want me to know him that way. So I developed this weird relationship with my father through letters, photographs and telephone calls during the time he was incarcerated. When he came home he told us about other monies he had stashed down in Mexico. He took that money bought us a nice house and opened a restaurant. We lived a normal life for about two years until my mother died from a massive heart attack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

NATALIA (CONT'D)

I guess the stress over the years finally took it's toll. We were both devastated by her death.

MONTE

What was your mother's name?

Natalia smiles as the tears well up in her eyes.

NATALIA

Esmeralda. My father began putting all of his energy into me after she passed, making sure I had everything. I remember he was so excited when I got accepted into SC. He bought me a car.

Natalia smiles.

MONTE

Sounds like he really loves you.

Natalia expression changes to sadness.

NATALIA

He broke his promise. And now I'm here with you because of it.

WIDE SHOT OF TWO INSIDE HOTEL ROOM;

We stay on them for a BEAT and then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

We see several female college students mulling about the hallway. Andre appears in the hall carrying a CVS plastic bag. Frantically he searches for room. A female college student approaches him.

FEMALE STUDENT

Dre, that Kush you sold me last week, FUCKING AMAZING! I'm having a party on the fifth so I'm gonna need some more--

ANDRE

Cool, hit me up, we'll talk.

The Student continues down the hall as Dre finds the door. He knocks. No response. Andre bangs on the door harder. We hear small commotion inside of the room. Something falls over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (O.C.)

OUCH! Who is it?

ANDRE

Yo, what up? It's Dre!

The Door opens revealing Rachel, hung over from earlier.

RACHEL

Dre what's up homie? My ninja!  
Come on in.

Andre enters the door room.

DOOR ROOM CONTINUOUS;

ANDRE

Yo, I need you to give me the  
address to the house in Palmdale  
that Troy's dad owns. Where they  
have the kick backs. I had it  
before but I deleted the text.

RACHEL

What, are they having a kick back  
and didn't invite me? Faggots!

Andre looks at her for a beat. He shakes his head.

ANDRE

Just give me the address.

RACHEL

It's thirty eight forty six--

ANDRE

Write it down.

Rachel walks over to a desk and grabs a pen and a piece  
of paper. She begins writing down the address.

ANDRE (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Jason?

RACHEL

Nope, not since earlier.

ANDRE

Have you talked to Natalia?

RACHEL

No. Why are you asking me all of  
these questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDRE

Why you playing stupid and shit?

RACHEL

What are you talking about?

ANDRE

You know what I'm talking about!  
What happened tonight? You  
muthafuckas kidnapped Natalia!

RACHEL

Kidnapped Natalia? Are you crazy?  
Nobody kidnapped Natalia.

Andre gives her a look.

ANDRE

And you haven't talked to them?

RACHEL

I told you...

FLASH BACK:

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME - NIGHT

POV FROM INSIDE CAR;

Troy and Edward lead Natalia out of the house by gun point. Troy is carrying the Louis Vuitton duffle bag as Edward holds the gun on Natalia who has a strip of duct tape over her mouth and around her wrist.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Once we left the house they  
dropped me off here and took off.

JASON

Holy shit!

RACHEL

(from back seat)  
I want a steak burrito with a  
Pepsi.

BACK SEAT;

Rachel is laid out in the back seat drunk.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And a Nacho Pizza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jason watches the trio through the window.

JASON  
I thought you wanted El Polo Loco  
babe?

RACHEL  
I do.

JASON  
(transfixed on what's  
going on outside)  
They sell Nacho Pizza's at Taco  
Bell.

RACHEL  
Oooooooooooooohhhhh.

Troy looks at Jason through the window.

TROY  
Pop the trunk.

Jason hits the latch opening the car's trunk.

EXT. CAR PARKED IN DRIVING WAY CONTINUOUS;  
REAR OF CAR;

The Trio stand at the trunk. Edward opens it.

EDWARD  
(to Natalia)  
Get in!

NATALIA  
(through the duct  
tape)  
I'm not getting in that trunk.

TROY  
Get in the trunk!

NATALIA  
(through the duct  
tape)  
NO!

Edward's had enough. He grabs Natalia and tosses her over his shoulder and tosses her in the trunk and quickly SLAMS it shut.

INT. PARKED CAR CONTINUOUS;

Troy hops in the front seat as Troy enters the back of the car with Rachel. He puts her feet across his lap.

Jason leans over and whisper to Troy.

JASON

What the fuck are we going to do with her?

TROY

We can use her as collateral for the coke.

JASON

Are you stupid or stupid?

TROY

Listen, we'll drop off Rachel and then we can take her and the bricks back to my dad's property out in Palmdale. Figure out things from there.

JASON

Palmdale?

RACHEL

I want a soft shell taco too.

JASON

(starting the car)  
This is going to end up bad man, real bad.

Edward leans in behind his seat.

EDWARD

We got twelve bricks of powder baby. What could possibly go wrong?

FADE TO BLACK:

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A CELL PHONE RINGING;

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY OF DORM ROOM - PRESENT

A Female student walks out as Antonio Santiago walks in. He is dialing a number on his cell phone. Natalia's voice mail picks.

NATALIA

Hello, you've reached Natalia.  
Sorry I can't come to the phone  
right now but if you leave a--

Antonio hangs up.

ANDRE (V.O.)

--so you never saw her?

RACHEL (V.O.)

In the house before we left...

Antonio looks around the lobby. He picks up a flyer and examines it.

DORM ROOM CONTINUOUS;

RACHEL (CONT'D)

...but that was it. Why do you  
think we kidnapped her? Is she in  
trouble?

ANDRE

We're all in trouble.

LOBBY OF DORM ROOM;

Antonio walks up to the desk where a female Security Officer is sitting at a desk.

FEMALE OFFICER

Mister Santiago. How are you? How  
have you been?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Fine Susanna. How are you?

FEMALE OFFICER

Same ole, same ole, baby sitting a  
bunch of over grown children.

She walks up close to him and whispers.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing that for my kid brother. That connect worked out well for him.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

No problem. Hey listen, have you seen my daughter? I've been trying to reach her on her cell and she's not answering--

FEMALE OFFICER

I saw her earlier with Rachel Anatowski, but I haven't seen her since.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Damn.

FEMALE OFFICER

If you want to go up to Rachel's dorm room and check with her, you're more than welcome to.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Thank you.

FEMALE OFFICER

No problem.

Antonio turns and heads for the stairs. He ascends them.

HALLWAY OF DORM CONTINUOUS;

A couple comes down the hallway.

MALE STUDENT

--see Niccolo Machiavelli believed that a Prince can not always be good, and if he wants to keep his post he has to learn not to be good. He believed that if you are too generous, the non generous people will take advantage of you and take away your power.

FEMALE STUDENT

Sounds like the philosophy of a dictator to me. Didn't he also believe that it was better to be feared than loved?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE STUDENT

Yes! Because the nature of man makes it harder to overthrow a feared leader than a loved one. It makes sense.

FEMALE STUDENT

Like I said, the talk of a dictator.

The Male Student rolls his eyes. His attention is drawn down the hall.

QUICK PAN DOWN HALLWAY;

Antonio Santiago comes down the hallway looking for Rachel's dorm room.

QUICK PAN BACK OVER TO;

The Male Student looks at Antonio with curiosity. It comes to him.

MALE STUDENT

Holy shit! Do you know who that guy is?

FEMALE STUDENT

What guy?

The Male Student points towards him.

MALE STUDENT

That guy.

FEMALE STUDENT

No, why I am supposed to?

MALE STUDENT

I took this class last semester on American Free Enterprise and it dealt with the correlation between corporate enterprises and their parallels to drug cartels and their infrastructures. Well there was this one guy out here in Southern California they called the Snow Man who was trafficking large shipments of cocaine into Los Angeles from Mexico and then into Las Vegas in the nineties. This guy was like the fucking Donald Trump of cocaine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He points towards Antonio with his head.

MALE STUDENT (CONT'D)  
That's him.

FEMALE STUDENT  
That guy?

MALE STUDENT  
That guy.

QUICK PAN BACK OVER TO ANTONIO;

Antonio continues down the hall towards them.

FEMALE STUDENT  
How can you be so sure?

MALE STUDENT  
Come on, I did a paper about him,  
I know who he is.

The Male Student walks over to Antonio.

MALE STUDENT (CONT'D)  
Excuse me sir. I hate to trouble  
you. But, aren't you Antonio  
Santiago?

Antonio pauses. He looks at the Student for a BEAT. He  
looks at the Female Student.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
I'm sorry son, but you must have  
mistaken me for someone else.

MALE STUDENT  
(confused)  
No, I'm certain--

The Female Student comes over and grabs him by the arm.

FEMALE STUDENT  
Sorry sir, forgive my friend.

She pulls him away.

FEMALE STUDENT (CONT'D)  
Come on Einstein.

MALE STUDENT  
I'm telling you that's him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Antonio watches them as they disappear down the hall. He looks at the dorm room door.

INT. DORM ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Rachel is on her cell phone calling Jason. No answer. She turns to Andre.

RACHEL  
Tell me what's going on right now!

ANDRE  
You really wanna know? It ain't good.

Four resounding knocks echoes from the door. Rachel slowly walks over to the door.

RACHEL  
Who is it?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (O.C.)  
(from behind the door)  
Rachel, it's Mister Santiago, Natalia's father.

Andre panics. He mouths the words, "FUCK!".

ANDRE  
(whispers)  
Don't open the door!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (O.C.)  
I'm looking for Natalia.

RACHEL  
Hold on, just a second.

ANDRE  
(whispers)  
What are you doing?

RACHEL  
I can't just leave him out there!

ANDRE  
Don't open the door!

RACHEL  
I have to!

Andre grabs her by the arm. Rachel pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I'll just crack it open a little  
bit.

DORM HALLWAY CONTINUOUS;

Antonio stands there impatiently waiting. He checks the time on his watch. The door opens. Rachel peeks her head out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Mister Santiago, hey.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
Sorry for disturbing you.

RACHEL  
No problem.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
I'm looking for Natalia. I've been  
calling her cell, I can't reach  
her. Have you heard from her?

Rachel attempts to speak but the words won't come.

DORM ROOM CONTINUOUS;

Andre listens in on their conversation as he stands out of view.

DORM HALLWAY CONTINUOUS;

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
You know where she is don't you?

RACHEL  
I-- no I don't...

Rachel opens the door wide revealing Andre standing in the B.g..

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
But he does.

Andre mouth drops in shock.

Antonio eyes the dope peddler. He enters the room and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

Natalia and Monte are sitting across from one another inside of the Motel with Natalia seated on the floor Indian style. Monte finishes off the last of his Bacardi.

NATALIA

Can I ask you something?

Monte laughs through the pain.

NATALIA (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

MONTE

You never asked me if you could ask me something before.

NATALIA

Sorry if I'm getting on your nerves.

MONTE

You're not getting on my nerves. Talking to you helps me deal with this pain in my stomach.

NATALIA

I don't know if that's a compliment.

Monte begins to laugh loud, almost deliriously. Natalia laughs as well. His laughter is subsided by the pain in his gut.

MONTE

It's not, but go head kid. What is it you wanna know?

NATALIA

How come your daughter doesn't know you?

Monte sits back in his chair. He opens his shirt and checks his wound.

MONTE

Because her mother wants it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA

What do you want?

MONTE

I am firm believer in you make  
your bed and you lay in it.

NATALIA

What does that mean?

Monte takes out a cigarette. He lights it and winces in pain. After taking a deep drag...

MONTE

Tracey-- my daughter's mother--  
was and still is the love of my  
life. I met her during her second  
year of grad school. I knew from  
the moment I saw her that she was  
too good for me. A woman like that  
would never go for a low life  
gangster like myself.

NATALIA

Where'd you meet her?

Monte smiles.

MONTE

I met her in an art gallery of all  
places. I had a client who was  
heavy into coke and African art. I  
was there picking up some ends for  
a deal when I ran into her. She  
was so elegant, so graceful. I was  
smitten. She was out my league but  
I had to have her. So I introduced  
myself and proceeded to tell that  
I was an art trader.

Natalia laughs.

NATALIA

Do you even know anything about  
art?

MONTE

Come on, I'm fucking drug dealer.  
I know a little because of that  
fool who was scoring coke from me.  
I mean, I've purchased a few  
pieces for my mother and shit but  
I ain't no trader.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONTE (CONT'D)

Anyway we started dating, fell in love, and I spoiled her. Bought her anything she wanted. Took her on trips to Hawaii, took her to Paris. Paris! "Je t'aime Tracey, je t'aime!"

Monte grows quiet as he reflects and then...

MONTE (CONT'D)

Two years into our relationship she became pregnant. I got caught up into telling these lies, one lie protecting another lie. It was work. It was her mother who grew suspicious. She didn't trust me from the jump. Maybe Levetta knew like I did that her daughter was too good for me. As fate would have it, my name got brought up in a murder case, Tracey in the beginning believed that no way her knight in shining armor could be involved in anything like that. But being the fucking Sherlock that she is and was, Levetta started doing her own back ground investigation on my ass. Her lil boyfriend was with CHP HR department for backgrounds and investigations for the Sheriff's. He dug up my police record and gave Levetta a copy of it and she presented it to Tracey.

NATALIA

Wow. How did she respond?

MONTE

Not good. She was devastated. There was nothing that I could say. My whole relationship with her was a facade. She couldn't believe she had been duped by me. On top of that she was carrying my seed. It was bad.

Monte takes a deep drag from the cigarette.

MONTE (CONT'D)

I tried talking to her but she wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't see me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MONTE (CONT'D)

Finally on the day Chloe was born I get a phone call from Levetta telling me that Tracey had the baby. I show up at the hospital all proud, bearing gifts. And there they were, both beautiful, both glowing. I was in love all over again. She let me hold her. My little girl was gorgeous just like her mother. But my lies and the hurt I caused were too much for her.

ANGLE ON NATALIA;

She listens intently to Monte's words.

MONTE (CONT'D)

She told me she didn't want me to be in Chloe's life. That it would be too much for her daughter to know that her father was a criminal. A liar. A drug dealer. A murderer. The thing that got to me the most was what she said last.

NATALIA

What was that?

MONTE

She said I was the epitome of a nigger, in every sense of the word. That I was wretched, ignorant, deceitful... A nigger. The way she said it, that word,... the way she said nigger, almost the way a white man would say it, to demean you... to break you. It worked.

Monte stamps out the cigarette.

MONTE (CONT'D)

There was nothing that I could say because she was right. And that was the last time I saw both of them in the flesh. Shortly after she took off with the baby. That was five years ago.

NATALIA

That's really sad. How'd you get the photograph?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MONTE

When she left I realized that I was never gonna see them again, I mean I don't think I deserved to anyway, so I accepted it. But I wanted to do the right thing by my daughter. So I contacted the very person who exposed me, Levetta. I set up a trust fund for the baby. In return she gives me a photo of Chloe every year.

NATALIA

She won't tell you where they are?

MONTE

No. I don't want to know. I'm shamed of the hurt I caused and I'm shamed that I am not someone Chloe can be proud of.

NATALIA

Wow. Despite of everything that my father has done in his life he has found a way to change. Maybe you can too.

Monte opens removes the pillow case from his stomach and looks at the bullet wound in his stomach. Blood oozes from his gut.

MONTE

Change? Time may be running out for change.

Natalia walks over and takes the pillow case. She brings it into the bath room to rinse out the blood.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Don't judge your father. He's doing what he has to do to take care of you.

BATH ROOM CONTINUOUS;

NATALIA

I'm not judging him. But he did renege on his promise.

Natalia enters the room with the wet pillow case.

MONTE

Does he love you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

NATALIA

Of course.

MONTE

Then you need to find it in your heart to forgive him. Just like I hope one day my daughter will forgive me.

We stay on Monte for a BEAT and then...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAB'S CAR MOVING - NIGHT

POV FROM CAR'S WINDSHIELD;

STAB

(quoting)

"The Lord is my shephard, I shall not want, he maketh me lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me besides the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name sake.

ANGLE ON PASSENGER SEAT;

We see a chrome .9mm resting on top of a King James' Bible.

ANGLE ON STAB BEHIND THE WHEEL;

STAB (CONT'D)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me".

EXT. 5 FREEWAY - NIGHT CONTINUOUS;

We see Stab's car racing towards an exit that reads;  
**Antelope Valley 14 Freeway Palmdale, Lancaster.**

WE hear the sounds of a car's engine ROARING down the freeway.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDRE'S CAR MOVING - NIGHT

Andre is behind the wheel. Antonio sits behind him. He holds .45mm glock in his hand directly behind Dre's head. He speaks into his cell phone as Andre watches him through the rear view mirror.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

(into phone in Spanish)

--no, I'm looking for the coke for now.... I got a lead as to where it is and who took it.... Well if I don't find it we're gonna be burying a lot of fucking dead bodies out in Mojave.... Alright, I'll call you later.

Antonio hangs up the cell phone. He eyes Andre with pure hate and contempt.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Is Natalia hurt?

ANDRE

I don't think so.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

What do you mean you don't think so? Either she is or she isn't!

ANDRE

I was told she was fine.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Who has my coke?

ANDRE

The same person who has your daughter.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Call him.

ANDRE

I can't. He won't talk over the cell phone.

Antonio sees the CVS pharmacy bag in the front seat.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

What's in the CVS bag?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDRE

It's stuff for my homeboy. He's been shot.

Antonio presses the gun against the back of Andre's skull.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

There's nothing wrong with Natalia?

ANDRE

I swear to God man, as far as I know she's fine.

Antonio watches him closely.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

If anything has happened to her--

He puts the barrel in Andre's ear. Antonio's breathing becomes heavy.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Let's go motherfucker! You're driving too slow!

ANGLE ON GAS PEDAL;

Andre presses the accelerator.

ANGLE ON SPEEDOMETER;

The car's speed goes from sixty five all the way to ninety.

ANGLE ON REAR VIEW MIRROR;

We see the fear on Andre's face and the anger plastered on Antonio's.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Monte sits at the table holding his gun slowly running his thumb along the handle the handle of the .9mm. He is weak.

MONTE

If I don't get out of here soon, I'm in trouble. Can you get me some water?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA

Sure.

Natalia grabs a plastic cup from the vanity and fills it up. She brings it to him.

MONTE

Thank you.

NATALIA

You're welcome.

MONTE

What is your name?

Monte drinks the water.

NATALIA

Natalia.

MONTE

Natalia, thanks.

Natalia nods her head.

NATALIA

What is your name?

MONTE

Monte, Monte Willis.

NATALIA

Thank you Monte.

He looks at her confused.

MONTE

Why you thanking me?

NATALIA

For saving me I guess.

MONTE

It wasn't my intentions to save you but you're welcome.

The two share a laugh.

MONTE (CONT'D)

You need to choose better friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATALIA

They weren't my friends. Well,  
except for Rachel. You sound like  
my father.

MONTE

Good.

Monte bellies over in pain. Natalia walks over to him.

NATALIA

Maybe we should call an ambulance.

MONTE

Nah. Stab and Dre are coming.

Natalia studies Monte for a BEAT and then...

NATALIA

I guess you weren't expecting all  
of this.

MONTE

All of what?

NATALIA

The situation we're in.

MONTE

No I wasn't. I thought it would be  
an easy score. Now I'm here, dying  
in this fucking motel room.

The room grows silent and then...

NATALIA

Why did they shoot you?

Monte looks down at the floor. The sounds of a helicopter  
EXPLODES through out the SCENE. We stay on Monte for a  
BEAT and then...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME - NIGHT

LONG SHOT OF SCENE:

We see Monte's car pull into the driveway and come to a  
stop. The sounds of the helicopter fill the SCENE.

AGAINST BOTTOM OF SCREEN:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**Earlier that night.**

Monte KILLS the car's engine.

INT. MONTE'S CAR PARKED CONTINUOUS;

Monte checks the address on his phone. He turns off the ringer. Monte takes out his .9mm. He watches the house for a BEAT. Monte grabs a blue duffle bag from off of the front seat. He opens the door and exits the car.

INT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME

Troy and Edward are sitting at a kitchen table with the Louis Vuitton bag. Jason enters the room.

TROY

Is she good?

Jason gives him a look. He is not in compliance with the situation.

JASON

She's in a closet.

TROY

Alright, go back and keep an eye on her.

Jason looks at his two friends. He shakes his head.

JASON

We've crossed a line I hope you two know that!

EDWARD

Why are you tripping man?

TROY

Go back and keep an eye on--

The door bell RINGS echoing through out the house.

Edward lifts his right hand from underneath the table. He is holding the .45 glock.

JASON

What are you doing with that?

EDWARD

This is back up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TROY

Don't worry about it. Go watch the girl, we got this.

Jason is hesitant. He leaves the room.

Troy turns to Edward.

TROY (CONT'D)

Yo put that away.

Edward stands and walks over to a kitchen drawer. He opens it up and attempts to put the glock inside when Troy stops him.

TROY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't put it "away", tuck it in your waist band or something.

Edward tucks the glock inside of his pants as the door bell rings again.

Troy zips the Louis Vuitton bag. He turns and exits the kitchen.

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME CONTINUOUS;

Monte stands at the front door waiting. He checks the time on his watch.

The door is cracked open. Troy's face pokes out.

TROY

Monte?

Monte gives him a look.

TROY (CONT'D)

You here to see the bricks?

Again Monte responds with a look.

Troy opens the door wide.

TROY (CONT'D)

Come on in.

Monte enters the house. Troy closes the door behind him.

INT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME CONTINUOUS;

Monte cautiously looks around the living room as they enter.

TROY

Was there a lot of traffic on the freeway--

MONTE

Where's the work?

Monte sticks his hand inside of his coat pocket.

Troy notices. A look of caution registers on his face.

TROY

In the kitchen. This way.

Troy heads for the kitchen. Monte follows with his hand in his pocket.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

Edward is sitting at the table with his left hand resting on the table and his right hand underneath out of view. He sees Troy and Monte enter the kitchen.

EDWARD

What's up homie?

Monte gives Edward a nonchalant look. His eyes go to the Louis Vuitton bag on the table.

MONTE

Is the work in that Louie bag?

Troy walks over to the table.

TROY

This is it man.

MONTE

Lemme see 'em.

Troy unzips the bag and takes out one of the bricks. He holds it up for Monte to see.

TROY

It's twelve of these bad boys.

MONTE

It's pure cut cocaine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDWARD

Yep.

Monte takes the brick. He looks at the two.

MONTE

How the fuck would ya'll know?

Edward gives him a look.

Monte takes out his car keys and pokes a hole in the brick. He dips a key inside and takes out a sample of the coke on his key. He holds it up for Troy.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Sniff it.

Troy looks at him hesitant. He snorts the coke off the key. Monte watches him and then...

MONTE (CONT'D)

Okay.

BEDROOM CONTINUOUS;

Jason is talking to Natalia as she sits in the closet bound.

JASON

Natalia I'm sorry about this.

Natalia stares down at the floor.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

TROY

So that's the money in the bag?

MONTE

Yeah. Three hundred thousand stacks.

EDWARD

Hold on now. The street value for twelve kilos of cocaine is seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

Troy looks at Edward with shock.

Monte laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONTE

Is that right? How the fuck do you know that?

EDWARD

I googled it my nigga.

Again Troy turns and looks at Edward in shock.

Monte smiles.

MONTE

Did you just call me a nigga muthafucka?

TROY

He didn't mean it like that homie--

MONTE

I wasn't talking to yo monkey-ass!

He turns back to Edward.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Maybe I didn't hear you correctly. Repeat it.

EDWARD

My-- my bad. I-- I didn't mean it in a disrespectful way--

MONTE

There's no way you can say that word and not be disrespectful!

Edward raises his right hand from underneath the table revealing the gun.

EDWARD

Yo I'm sorry bro. I just meant like you were the homie, you know.

Monte steps back and reaches inside of his coat pocket and takes out his .9mm.

Troy steps away from Edward. He is dumbfounded by Edward's stupidity.

MONTE

What the fuck!? You feeling brave muthafucka?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TROY

Yo! Everybody just calm down! Yo  
E, put the gun away!

(he turns to Monte)

My man, put your gun back in your  
coat. Let's do this the right way!

Edward stands up. Monte aims in on him.

MONTE

Tell your boy to sit the fuck  
down!

EDWARD

Don't point that at me bro!

TROY

Yo! Let's just relax! There  
doesn't have to be an issue here.  
Three hundred thousand is cool for  
the coke--

BED ROOM;

Jason hears the commotion from the other room. He stands.

Natalia looks at him with fear from the closet. Jason  
walks over to the closet. He holds up his index finger to  
his lips. Jason closes the closet door. He walks over to  
the bed room door and slowly cracks it open.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

EDWARD

Why should we settle? The street  
value is seven hundred and twenty  
thousand dollars--

MONTE

I'm not negotiating with you two  
muthafuckas? This clown just  
called me a nigga! I should just  
take the money and the coke and  
leave ya'll asses with nothing!

TROY

No it doesn't have to be like  
that. We'll settle for the three  
hundred thousand--

EDWARD

We ain't settling for that shit!  
Now I'm sorry for calling you a  
nigga, my bad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

But we need the seven hundred and  
twenty thousand for the coke or  
there's no deal.

Troy is dumbfounded by Edward's boldness.

The anger builds in Monte's face.

MONTE

Do you know who the fuck I am?

The two don't respond.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Do you know who the fuck I am?!

EDWARD

Chill out yo! I didn't mean it in  
a bad way! Why you tripping homie--

MONTE

DON'T PATRONIZE ME WITH THAT  
BULLSHIT MUTHAFUCKA!

TROY

I thought we were here to do  
business? It doesn't have to be  
like this!

MONTE

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

As Monte is distracted, Edwards fires a round at Monte  
striking him in the stomach.

Monte instinctively fires his .9mm and hits Edward in the  
chest. Two more rounds EXPLODE from the gun, all with the  
perfect shot group into Edward's torso. Killing him.

Troy turns and attempts to run. Monte sends four bullets  
into his back sending the college student down to the  
floor.

BED ROOM CONTINUOUS;

HALLWAY ENTRANCE;

Jason appears at the hallway. He is taken aback by the  
carnage. Jason looks at Monte.

**BOOM!**

A bullet tears into Jason's face killing instantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

We PAN back over to Monte who is still aiming the gun at the hallway. The pain sets in. He looks down and sees the wound in his stomach. Monte grabs it in pain.

MONTE (CONT'D)  
Silly muthafuckas!

We hears the sounds of Troy moaning on the floor.

ANGLE ON TROY;

He spits out a mouth full of blood. Troy turns over onto his side.

TROY  
Yo, what the fuck happened yo?

Monte walks over to Troy. He presses the barrel of the .9mm against his temple.

Troy's eyes WIDEN with fear.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Please dude don't--

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CLOSET CONTINUOUS;

OFF CAMERA we hear the sounds of a .9mm going off killing Troy.

Natalia begins to sob uncontrollably. She hears Monte moving around in the kitchen. Natalia begins moving around inside of the closet. She pauses and listens for Monte's footsteps. Silence.

He moves around again this time the foot steps are moving closer and closer towards the bed room. Closer and closer and closer. The foot steps are now in the room. Natalia tries to quiet her cries.

Suddenly the door opens.

BED ROOM;

Monte opens the door revealing Natalia inside of the closet. She sits on the floor, eyes clinched, duct taped with a bruise underneath her left eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTE

What the fuck?!

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL LATER - NIGHT

Monte sits at the table weakly.

MONTE

I've done so much wrong...

He bends over in pain.

MONTE (CONT'D)

It's Karma. Would you do me favor?

NATALIA

You need some more water?

MONTE

No. If I don't make it out of this would you give that money to my daughter's grandmother for me?

Natalia stares at the duffle bag.

NATALIA

Why don't you ask your friends who are coming for you?

MONTE

Because they won't deliver the money. In this life everyone is greedy. They would take that money as soon as I was out of the way.

Natalia stands and walks over to the bag.

NATALIA

How do you know you can trust me?

MONTE

I-- I don't know if I can trust you, but I know I can't trust them.

NATALIA

How do you know you can trust your daughter's grandmother?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MONTE

Because I've been sending her money for Chloe for five years and she's put it in a trust fund. She'll do the same with that money as well.

Natalia picks up the bag and sets it on the side of the bed.

NATALIA

Okay.

ANGLE ON MONTE;

He clutches his stomach in pain. We stay on him for a BEAT and then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME - NIGHT

LONG SHOT:

Andre's car pulls up in front of the house. The ENGINE is killed as Antonio exits. He walks around to the driver's side and opens the door. Andre exits.

CAR CONTINUOUS;

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

So my daughter's inside here?

ANDRE

No.

Antonio shoves the gun into Andre's gut.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

So why the fuck are we here?!

ANDRE

The people who took your daughter are in this house.

Antonio turns and looks at the house. He turns back to Andre.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Let's go.

DOOR OF HOUSE;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andre looks back at Antonio who has the gun pressed right in the middle of his spine. Andre knocks on the door. The force of the knocking pushes the door slightly open. Andre again looks back at Antonio who motions for him to enter.

INT. SUBURBAN PALMDALE DESERT HOME CONTINUOUS;

Andre and Antonio cautiously enter the house. Antonio pushes him further inside the living room.

Suddenly a cell phone's ringer goes off in another room. Antonio recognizes the ring tone.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Natalia!

He pushes Andre towards the ringing.

KITCHEN CONTINUOUS;

Andre and Antonio enter the kitchen. Andre is taken aback by the carnage.

ANDRE

Oh shit!

Antonio looks around the room searching for the ringing phone.

ANTONIO'S POV;

Jason is lying on the floor. The cell phone's ringing is coming from his pocket.

Antonio walks over and reaches into his back pocket and takes out a pink Blackberry Curve. The phone stops ringing. He checks the number.

ANTONIO'S POV;

The Blackberry registers a missed call from Rachel.

Antonio is in a rage. He STORMS over to Andre.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED HERE?!  
WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?!

Andre is transfixed on the dead bodies surrounding them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDRE  
(talking to himself)  
He really killed them.

Antonio fires a shot... **BOOM!**

A round strikes Andre in the thigh. He falls to the floor in pain. Antonio walks over to him and aims in with the gun.

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
Where's my daughter?

ANDRE  
She's aight man! I SWEAR TO GOD!  
She's with my homeboy!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
Where?!

ANDRE  
Goddamn man this shit hurts! You  
didn't have to shoot me!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
WHERE'S NATALIA MARICON!?

ANDRE  
I told you man she's with my  
homeboy! She's okay, she's okay!

Antonio charges over to Andre and straddles him. He grabs him by the face and shoves the barrel of the gun into his mouth.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
You better tell me where she is  
now you fucking Mayate or I'm  
gonna blow a fucking hole in the  
back of your goddamn skull!

ANDRE  
They're here in Palmdale in a  
motel. I'll call him.

Andre reaches inside his hoodie.

Antonio sees him making a move for a potential weapon. He fires again. **BOOM!** Blood and brain matter explode through the back of Andre's skull killing him instantly. Antonio stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stares down at Andre's body. He turns and looks around the room. Antonio closes his eyes. He rest his forehead against the back of his hand that holds the gun. We stay on Antonio for a BEAT and then...

WIDE VIEW OF SCENE:

Andre's cell phone begins to ring inside of his hoodie. Antonio reaches down and pulls out his hand, still clutching his cell phone. He answers the phone and holds it to his ear. Antonio listens.

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL/INT. SUBURBAN DESERT HOME/ SCENES  
INTERCUT

Monte is inside the hotel room talking on the hotel telephone.

MONTE  
(into phone weakly)  
Dre, where you at?

Antonio listens for a second and then.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
(into phone)  
Your Dre is no more.

MONTE  
Who is this?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
Antonio Santiago.

Monte looks over at Natalia. She responds with a puzzled gaze.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)  
Do you have my daughter?

MONTE  
Yes. She's here. She's safe.

Natalia stands.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
Where is she?

MONTE  
We're in a motel in Palmdale.  
Where's Dre?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

I told you, he's no more.

Monte grows silent.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

Do you have my property also?

MONTE

Everything's here.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Where is the motel?

MONTE

It's on Sierra Highway. The Desert Inn.

Monte is growing weaker by the moment. He looks at Natalia.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Mister-- Mister Santiago--

Natalia's eyes widen with surprise.

MONTE (CONT'D)

--someone wants to speak to you.

Monte holds out the phone for Natalia. She slowly walks over and takes the phone and puts it up to her ear.

NATALIA

Dad?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Sweet heart. It's so good to hear your voice. Are you okay?

NATALIA

I'm fine. You lied. I thought you were through with that lifestyle?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Natalia this is not the time--

NATALIA

I'm in this situation because of you!

Antonio drops his head.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Natalia begins to sob.

NATALIA

You promised.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Natalia, what am I gonna do huh?  
Things got rough. This is what I  
know sweet heart, it's all I know.

NATALIA

Do you understand what you put me  
through?

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

Yes. Never again I swear.

Natalia continues to cry.

NATALIA

You said that before--

MONTE

Natalia.

Monte gives her a look. She knows what it means. She must  
forgive him.

NATALIA

You can't do this to us again.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

No, never again.

Monte's cell phone begins to ring.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

No one touched you did they?

NATALIA

No.

ANTONIO SANTIAGO

I'm on my way to get you.

NATALIA

Okay.

Natalia hangs up the phone.

Antonio looks around at the bodies. He turns and exits  
the kitchen.

Monte weakly answers his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MONTE

Stab.

INT. STAB'S CAR MOVING/ DESERT INN MOTEL/ SCENES CUT BACK AND FORTH

STAB

Monte. I'm in Palmdale. Where do I go?

MONTE

The Desert Inn Motel on Sierra Highway, off of Q-R, room number one sixty eight. Hurry up.

STAB

Got 'cha. I'm coming up Sierra Highway now..

Monte hangs up the cell. He turns to Natalia.

MONTE

Hey you. Come here.

Natalia wipes away her tears as she walks over to Monte.

MONTE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for talking to you the way I did earlier.

Natalia drops her head and looks at the floor.

NATALIA

It's okay. I'll make sure that the money goes to Chloe's grandmother.

MONTE

Thank you.

A POLICE SIREN WAILS from outside. Natalia stands and walks over to the window. She opens the curtain slightly and looks out.

NATALIA

Again, thanks for saving me Monte.

A THUD hits the floor. Natalia turns around.

Monte has dropped his gun to the floor. His body limply rest in the chair.

Natalia runs over to the dying man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA (CONT'D)

You okay?

MONTE

Tell Levetta to tell Tracey that I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt her.

Monte reaches inside his coat and takes out his wallet. He pulls out his California driver's license. Monte removes the wallet size photo of Chloe.

MONTE (CONT'D)

Give this to Levetta for Chloe. I want her to know what I looked like.

Natalia takes the license and photo.

NATALIA

How do I find them? Where do I go?

MONTE

They're-- they're out here. In Antelope Valley. In-- in Lancaster.

Natalia scrambles to her feet. She runs over to a table and grabs a note pad and pen.

NATALIA

What's the address?

MONTE

One zero four seven five Elm avenue off of Lancaster Boulevard...

ANGLE ON NATALIA.

Natalia writes it down. Monte lets out a breath. She looks up. Monte sits motionless with a blank stare on his face. He has expired. She watches him for a second and turns to the duffle bag on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDRE'S CAR MOVING - NIGHT

Antonio is behind the wheel, focused on the road.



INT. STAB'S CAR MOVING - NIGHT

OVER THE SHOULDER ANGLE ON STAB DRIVING/ POV FROM MOVING CAR;

STAB

"Save me, O God, for the waters  
have come up to my neck. I sink in  
the miry depths , where there is  
no foothold."

Stab turns left and pulls into the Desert Inn Motel parking lot.

STAB (CONT'D)

"I have come into the deep waters;  
the flood engulfs me."

EXT. STAB'S CAR MOVING CONTINUOUS;

We see Stab scanning the motel room numbers. He drives up to a room and stops. Stab puts the car in reverse and backs up.

STAB

"But I pray to you, O Lord, in  
time of your favor;"

Stab pulls the car forward and into a parking space. He KILLS the engine.

INT. STAB'S CAR PARKED

STAB

"In your great love, O God, answer  
me with your sure salvation"

ANGLE ON GUN IN FRONT SEAT;

Stab's hand reaches over and picks up the gun.

ANGLE ON STAB;

STAB (CONT'D)

"Rescue me from the mire, do not  
let me sink;"

Stab sends a round into the chamber. He opens the car's door.

EXT. DESERT INN PARKING LOT CONTINUOUS;

Stab exits the car and closes the door.

STAB

"Deliver me from the those who  
hate me, from the deep waters. Do  
not let the floodgates engulf me  
or the depths swallow me up or the  
pit close its mouth over me.  
Answer me; O Lord, out of the  
goodness of your love; Amen."

Stab walks over to the motel room.

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL CONTINUOUS;

Natalia breathes heavily as she watches Monte's lifeless  
body in the chair.

Suddenly a resounding knock comes from the door startling  
Natalia. She cautiously walks towards the door.

NATALIA

Who is it?

STAB

Uh, my name is Pastor Eldridge.  
I'm here to see a Monte Willis.

Natalia looks back at Monte. She turns towards the door  
and begins unlocking it. Natalia opens the door.

MONTE

Good evening ma'am--

Stab looks past Natalia and sees Monte sitting slumped in  
the chair.

STAB

Monte.

He pushes his way inside and rushes over to the deceased  
man. He kneels besides him. Natalia pushes the door  
leaving it slightly open.

STAB (CONT'D)

Monte!

STAB (CONT'D)

Who did this to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA

He was shot.

The sounds of loud TIRE SCREECHING echo from the parking lot as a car races by and comes to a stop.

Stab stands. His large frame filling the small room.

STAB

Who are you?

NATALIA

Natalia, Natalia Santiago.

A rage builds inside of Stab. He aims the gun at Natalia.

STAB

Who killed my friend?!

Natalia doesn't respond. She is gripped by fear.

STAB (CONT'D)

WHO KILLED MY FRIEND?!

EXT. DESERT INN MOTEL CONTINUOUS;

Antonio Santiago exits Andre's car, gun in hand. WE TRACK behind him as he makes his way to the motel room.

INT. DESERT INN MOTEL CONTINUOUS;

NATALIA

They're dead. They're all dead!

EXT. DESERT INN PARKING LOT CONTINUOUS;

Antonio approaches the room. He hears sounds coming from the room. He reaches up for the door and pushes.

STAB

WHO ARE THEY?!

The door opens revealing Antonio. He sees Stab aiming in on Natalia.

SLOW MOTION;

Antonio raises his gun aiming in on Stab.

Stab turns his gun towards Antonio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGULAR SPEED;

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
(in Spanish)  
Natalia get down!

Natalia drops down to the floor.

Antonio and Stab unleash a HAIL of gunfire on one another. Round after round tears through each man's flesh, arms, torso, legs;.

Both men fall to the floor. Stab is dead. Antonio clings to life.

Natalia looks up and sees her father struggling for air. Blood spews from his mouth. She rushes over to him and cradles his head in her arms.

NATALIA  
Papi! Papi!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
(in Spanish)  
N-- Natalia, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

NATALIA  
No! No! Nooooo!

ANTONIO SANTIAGO  
(in Spanish)  
Forgive me. Forgive me.

Antonio's stare goes blank. His life is gone.

Natalia buries her face into her fathers. She sobs uncontrollably.

NATALIA  
No. No. No. No. No. No. No.  
Nooooooooo!

She lifts her head and SCREAMS MOS as the SCENE goes silent. We PULL BACK into a WIDE SHOT OF THE ROOM with the three dead bodies and Natalia. She continues to scream. WE stay on the silent SCENE for a BEAT and then...

CUT TO:

INT. LANCASTER HOME - DAY

KITCHEN;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON MONTE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE IN LEVETTA'S HAND;

Levetta stands and quickly exits the kitchen.

HALLWAY;

We TRACK behind Levetta as she races towards her front door.

She reaches the door and exits the house onto the porch.

EXT. LANCASTER DESERT HOME CONTINUOUS;

Natalia is in her car backing up when Levetta comes running over towards the car. Natalia stops.

CAR;

Levetta leans into the car.

LEVETTA

I wanted to say thank you for coming all the way out here to bring that money for Chloe. You could've easily walked away with it all.

Natalia shakes her head agreeing.

NATALIA

I could've, but I made a promise to a dying man. My conscious would not have allowed me to.

LEVETTA

Please do not judge me and my daughter for our treatment of Monte. You see like I said, he was a liar, a thief, a murderer and--

NATALIA

Misses Peters I'm not here to judge anyone. But I will give you this advice that I learned from Monte. At some point you and your daughter are going to have to find it in your hearts to forgive him. For Chloe's sake, especially since he's no longer... here.

Natalia puts on her sun glasses. She puts the car in drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATALIA (CONT'D)

Good buy Misses Peters.

Natalia takes off away from the house.

Levetta stands there taking it all in. She looks at Monte's license and sticks it inside of her house coat.

We DOLLY into a HIGH ANGLE as Levetta ascends the steps to her porch and enters her house.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The men found inside a desert inn motel were reputed drug dealer and convicted murderer Monte Willis, a Notorious drug runner from the nineties and former drug kingpin Antonio Santiago, and an L.A. Pastor Eric Eldridge in what authorities are saying appears to be a drug deal gone horribly wrong. The SC students who were found shot to death in a Palmdale residence, all appear to have been connected to the murders inside of the Desert Inn motel in what detectives are calling a gruesome heinous crime by gruesome and heinous individuals. The D.A. is saying that because of the cocaine trafficking and out break in murders that stem from Mexico clean on into the Vegas, Antelope Valley is the gateway for cocaine distribution and death. Drug dealers have dubbed this once peaceful desert region, "Kilo Valley". This is Alan Scott for Antelope Valley News Radio .

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

(CONT ' D)

(CONT ' D)