

# THE ADDICTION

"Television Pilot"

Written by

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# ADDICTION

the fact or condition of being addicted to a particular substance, thing or activity



FADE IN:

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. WINDOWLESS BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPER:                   **THE TOMB**

A large white mammal bone lies in the doorway. The door opens. A man's hand snatches the bone. Door SLAMS shut.

INT. INNER TEMPLE (TOMB) - NIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS of past secret society members hang on the walls. Fire blazes in the hearth. Showcase displays human skulls labeled: GERONIMO, PANCHO VILLA, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Silent men dressed as the DEVIL, DON QUIXOTE and the POPE stand near the fire. Their masks reflect the flames.

MITCH MATTESON, 21, is led to a Wooton Rockefeller desk by robed BONESMAN, 20s. More robed BONESMEN, 20s, shriek:

BONESMEN  
Eulogia! Eulogia! Eulogia!

Bonesman opens a thick, ancient book: "OATH OF SECRECY" and hands Matteson a quill pen. Matteson dips it into the blood-filled well on the desk and signs his name: "Mitchell S. Matteson" onto a brittle page of parchment. He's shoved near a painting of the hanged JUDAS ISCARIOT:

BONESMEN  
(point at Matteson)  
Judas Iscariot! Judas Iscariot!  
Judas Iscariot!

Matteson is pushed to his knees before a human skull filled with blood placed at the foot of Don Quixote:

BONESMEN  
Drink it! Drink it! Drink it!

Matteson drinks blood from the skull, GAGS, drinks more. Don Quixote lifts his sword and taps Matteson on his left shoulder:

DON QUIXOTE  
By order of our order, I dub thee:  
Knight of Eulogia.



INT. FIANNA'S MANSION BEDROOM - DAY

CNN show on television: "Anthony Bourdain: Parts Unknown"

ANTHONY (V.O.)

As you move through this life and  
this world, you leave marks behind.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND closes around the bedroom door's  
EXTERIOR DOOR KNOB, and gently pulls the door closed:

ANTHONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In return, life leaves marks on  
you. Most of the time, those marks,  
on your body and on your heart, are  
beautiful. Often though, they hurt.

WALK-IN CLOSET

Woman's red-polished toenails. Her bare legs rest on the  
carpet. They tremble. Her satin sleepshirt falls across  
her thighs. Her buttocks is elevated several inches above  
the carpet. Her back is against the closet door. Her  
hands are in her lap with a RED PLASTIC ZIP-TIE fastened  
around her wrists. This is FIANNA, early-30s.

BEDSIDE TABLE

A piece of PAPER with WRITING on it lies on the table.

BACK TO WALK-IN CLOSET

Fianna's hair falls over a RED SILK SCARF tied tightly  
around her neck. She is hanging from the door knob.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Life is complicated. The root  
cause of all of life's problems,  
is looking for a simple fucking  
answer.

Wet tears glisten on Fianna's bluish-pale cheeks.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Running up the stairs, one behind the other, are  
Washington DCPD Patrol Officers: female OFFICER LAOTH,  
late-20s and male OFFICER RIZOEL, early-30s. Their  
shoulder radios SCREECH with the DISPATCHER'S VOICE:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units, code one, all units,  
code one. Two-zero-seven and two-  
zero-eight-eight in progress, 9-2.  
Converge on 3600 Prospect Street  
Northwest--over.

EXT. GRAHAM HOTEL (GEORGETOWN) - DAY

Very ill MITCH MATTESON, now 45-years-old, exits wearing a suit, white shirt and red tie carrying his briefcase. His skin is grey. His eyes bleary and red. He stumbles in his red leather shoes toward a waiting black Town Car.

MATTESON

(barely audible)

In Nomine Dei Nostri Satanus,  
Luciferi excelsi. In the Name of  
Satan, Ruler of the Earth, I invite  
the Forces of Darkness to bestow  
their infernal power within me.

The Town Car's rear door is held open by his SALVADORAN bodyguard, CARLOS MOJICA, 40. A GLIMPSE of Mojica's neck above his shirt collar reveals a black TATTOO of ambiguous design.

Matteson stumbles, drops his briefcase and falls against the Town Car. The briefcase HITS the red cobblestones and POPS open revealing: files, a SMALL CLEAR PLASTIC SYRINGE CASE with SYRINGES, and EMPTY INJECTION VIALS with warning labels indicating: ADRENOCHROME and CSF.

Mojica quickly bends down and gathers the items into the briefcase. He SNAPS it SHUT. He helps Matteson into the rear seat, hands him the briefcase, and CLOSES the door.

INT. FIANNA'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

In the same position as before, Fianna's eyelids begin to flutter. In her lap, her zip-tied hands suddenly reach up to her throat and pry desperately at the red scarf tied around her throat. Not able to solve the scarf's knot, she reaches above and behind her head for the taut scarf. She flails and grasps at it with her fingers, finally gets a hold of it with both hands, and yanks down hard. Her hands slip off the scarf.

BEDSIDE TABLE

TYPE-WRITTEN on the piece of PAPER:

"I love you my little Sol, I always will.  
This is not your fault. Ask Daddy!"

BACK TO WALK-IN CLOSET

Fianna tries to roll to her knees to stand up, but her movement TIGHTENS the knot. She gets hold of the scarf and yanks down hard. The door knob BREAKS off and slams down against her heart. Her buttocks drops to the carpet.

Scarf tight around her throat, she panics, can't breathe, her face is blue. She scrambles to her feet. Her finger nails pick and pull at the knot. She runs past the television with the scarf-connected door knob beating against her heart. She enters the bathroom:

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I don't like to see animals in pain.  
That's very uncomfortable for me.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

DCPD Patrol Officers Laoth and Rizoel continue running up the stairs, one behind the other.

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fianna, with the knotted red scarf tight around her neck, frantically pulls open cabinet drawers, searching--

BLACK SCREEN

SOL (V.O.)

(mumbles)

Amen... fromevil... deliverme...

(delirious whimper)

myfather... whyhaveyouforsakenme...

myGod... thywillbedone.

INT. APARTMENT CLOSET - DAY

Door opens--BLINDING BRIGHT LIGHT. A bloody stuffed WHITE RABBIT is revealed. The back of its head is ripped open.

The rabbit's stuffing leaks out of its head onto the squalid floor covered in human feces, blood and urine.

MUTED police SIRENS are heard.

HEAVILY TATTOOED ARMS and HANDS reach downward and roughly grab the very thin, black-and-blue arms of a girl, SOL, 11, lying on the filthy floor. Her head is shaved and bruised. Her eyes and mouth are duct-taped; her two tiny nostrils are visible. She is barefoot, wearing a dirty white blood-stained t-shirt and no pants. Her legs are streaked with dried urine, blood and feces.

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Desperate Fianna, on her knees with a scissors, cuts the red zip-tie off her wrists. She tries to the cut red scarf from her neck. Her face is blue, her eyes bulge.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I feel that I owe this child who  
loves me, to at least try to live  
a little longer, you know?

INT. APARTMENT CLOSET - DAY

HEAVILY TATTOOED HANDS pull Sol forcefully off the foul floor to her feet and out of the closet. The base of her skull has RED INFECTED NEEDLE MARKS and dried blood. Sol cannot stand on her bloody feet. Tattooed Hands pull her out of the closet by her arms, and drag her to-

INT. BUILDING ROOF DOOR - DAY

-MAN's BLUE & WHITE NIKE CORTEZ sneakers KICK the door open. Sol is dragged outside through the doorway.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

DCPD Officers Laoth and Rizoel run up the stairs.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Tattooed Hands drag Sol across the roof deck to-

EDGE OF BUILDING ROOF

-Tattooed Hands lift Sol off her feet, high in the air. Tattoo of a HORNEED GOAT'S HEAD is INSCRIBED WITHIN A PENTAGRAM on the Man's hand that clutches Sol's arm also revealing his arm tattoo: MARA SALVATRUCHA 13. A RING of SKULL TATTOOS is inked around his neck. MS-13 is tattooed on the back of his shaved head. He's shirtless with tattoos of: MATA (KILL), VIOLA (RAPE), CONTROLA (CONTROL) emblazoned across his muscular back. OCCULT SATANIC SYMBOLS cover his body. This MS-13 GANGSTER, 25, is the embodiment of evil, the epitome of a modern day demon. A machete dangles from a leather strap at his hip.

EXT. TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Matteson's black Town Car drives slowly through heavy D.C. midday traffic. Car HORNS BLARE!

SIRENS LOUDER.

INT. TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Driver Mojica looks up at the rearview-mirror reflection of the ill, dazed Matteson rocking back and forth gazing with wet red eyes out of the rear passenger window.

MATTESON

(barely audible)

Open the gates of hell to greet  
me as your brother. I am coming.

(exhausted)

Hail... hail Satan.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Officers Laoth and Rizoel run up the stairs and BUST OPEN the roof door-

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

-Sol, held high in the air over the edge of the roof by MS-13 Gangster, tilts her small bruised, duct-taped face toward the midday sun. MS-13 Gangster turns and faces the DCPD Officers coming through the roof doorway. Officers Laoth and Rizoel pull their pistols as they run across the deck toward MS-13 Gangster and Sol, YELLING:

OFFICER LAOTH  
 Stop motherfucker!  
 Put the child down!  
 Now!

OFFICER RIZOEL  
 Don't fuckin do it! Set  
 her down! Put her down!  
 She's a child!

They halt aiming their pistols at MS-13 Gangster-

-MS-13 Gangster smirks and chuckles at them. And nonchalantly throws Sol off the roof-

-Laoth and Rizoel: guns aimed, mouths open, stunned.

OFFICER LAOTH  
 No. Oh God.

SLOW MOTION: Sol floats away from MS-13 Gangster over the street below, then hangs still in the air. The sun shines on her bruised, duct-taped face and the infected needle wounds at the base of her skull. She spreads her arms, and floats, perfectly serene.

MS-13 Gangster raises his machete.

MS-13 GANGSTER  
 (smirks)  
 Hagámoslo, faggots.

Laoth and Rizoel SHOOT Gangster REPEATEDLY until their magazines are empty. Shredded MS-13 Gangster flies backward off the roof past Sol -- and drops down O.S.

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fianna lies still, on her back, on the floor. The cut red scarf still around her neck is tangled in her hand holding the scissors. Her face is grey. Her eyes and mouth are open. She's dead. In the b.g., a GREEN KATE SPADE TOTE BAG sits on the bathroom vanity.

INT. TOWN CAR (MOVING/STOPPED) - DAY

Mojica drives; Matteson sits in the rear seat. The Car crawls along... when a RAPIDLY MOVING OBJECT rockets downward past the rear passenger window and SMASHES EXPLOSIVELY into the sidewalk next to the car. Startled Matteson is instantly alert. He sits up, and stares out the window at the sight. Mojica brakes and stops the car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Splattered with BLOOD, BONE & FLESH, PEDESTRIANS SCREAM and stare at the BLOODY MESS of skin and bone on the sidewalk. MS-13 Gangster's machete falls from above. It HITS and sticks into the Bloody Mess. Shocked Pedestrians take pictures with their phones.

INT. TOWN CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

Matteson stares at the Bloody Mess outside his window. He summons his strength and opens his briefcase. He opens the plastic syringe case with his shaky hands, takes a syringe out, and pushes the briefcase away-

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

-Matteson exits the car, almost falls, scurries toward the Bloody Mess, crouches next to it, and jabs the syringe needle into the base of the PULVERIZED SKULL. He draws BLOODY CEREBROSPINAL FLUID (CSF) into the syringe, slams the needle into his thigh, plunges the bloody liquid through the needle -- and gazes in ecstasy.

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN takes pictures of him with her phone.

Horrified Pedestrians are shocked silent. Some stare, some look away. Others look upward, stunned:

PEDESTRIAN #1  
What, the, goddamn fuck.

Matteson immediately transforms into a healthy state. Color pours back into his face. His strength and determination return. Fully alert, he rises to his feet and takes a deep breath. He strides to the Town Car and enters. He SLAMS the door.

PEDESTRIAN #2 takes photos of the Town Car, then looks upward. PEDESTRIAN #3 stares upward.

Practically blinded by the SUNLIGHT from above, they shield their squinting eyes with their hands.

PEDESTRIAN #2  
Oh my... god.

The street in the b.g., traffic clears. The Town Car ACCELERATES away from the scene.

LOUD SIRENS closer-

The building in the b.g. Out of breath DCPD Officers Laoth and Rizoel exit the building doors to the sidewalk. They rush to the Bloody Mess on the sidewalk, stare at it briefly. A BLUE & WHITE NIKE CORTEZ SNEAKER is soaked in blood. Laoth and Rizoel look around in panic. Officer Rizoel's eyes dart around rapidly, scanning for Sol.

OFFICER LAOTH  
Where's- where is the girl?!

Pedestrians shake their heads. SIRENS BLARE as an Ambulance and DCPD Patrol cars arrive and SQUEAL to a stop at the curb near Officers Laoth and Rizoel.

OFFICER RIZOEL  
(looks upward, confused)  
Hey-  
(taps Laoth)  
-Laoth.

Ambulance EMTs and DCPD PATROL OFFICERS exit their vehicles and approach MS-13 Gangster splattered on the sidewalk.

OFFICER LAOTH  
(stares upward)  
Rizoel? What, is...?

SKY

High above them, near the building's roof, Sol floats stationary in the sky. Her blood-stained t-shirt ripples in the breeze.

SIDEWALK

Pedestrians, EMTs and DCPD Officers all stare upward in silent disbelief at what they are seeing.

SKY

A GOLDEN SUN RAY beams directly on Sol and engulfs her body in a golden glow. Miraculously, the tape dissolves from her mouth and eyes. Her skin clears. Her bruises vanish. The infected needle sores on the back of her skull heal. She smiles innocently, sweetly. Her eyes sparkle like DIAMONDS.

SOL  
 (softly)  
 I love you, too.  
 (smiles)  
 Yes, thy will be done.

Smiling Sol slowly disintegrates within the GOLDEN SUN BEAM... the sun beam disappears. The sky is empty and blue.

SIDEWALK

Pedestrians, EMTs & DCPD Officers all stare upward silently with their mouths open. A clean, pure white t-shirt flutters down from the sky. It gently covers MS-13 Gangster's mangled mess--and BURSTS into flames.

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

The cut red scarf around Fianna's neck is tangled in her hand that holds the scissors. She lies dead on the floor.

A RAY of SUN BEAMS through the window and shines on the ENLARGED PUPILS & BLOODY PETECHIAE in Fianna's hazy bluish-white eyes... then she blinks... and blinks again. The SUN BEAM lights her eyes. The petechiae vanishes.

Fianna sits up. And ERUPTS with a massive INHALATION--and COUGHS! Color reanimates her face. She rips the red scarf off her neck. She stands up and spits in the sink. Angrily, she hurls the scissors at the wall. They STICK in the wall VIBRATING. She stares at her reflection in the mirror. She picks up the door knob with the attached red scarf and hurls it at the mirror. It SHATTERS. She looks at her shattered self in the mirror, and cries. The IMAGE of SOL with her head shaved flashes briefly in a SHARD of mirror. Fianna squints at it. Sol is gone.

EXT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SUPER:                   **U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES**

The Town Car drives to the building's entrance steps and stops.

INT. TOWN CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

Mojica's in the driver's seat; Matteson sits in back.

MATTESON

Get the NSA to delete all the photo data from citizens' phones within a ten-mile radius of 3600 Prospect Street. No Snaps, Tweets or fuckin' Facebook.

EXT. TOWN CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

Mojica exits and opens the rear passenger door while speaking M.O.S. on his phone. Revitalized Matteson slides out confidently with his briefcase. He trots up the steps to the front door held open by D.C. CAPITOL POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN

Good day, Mr. Speaker. You look much better today. Sláinte!

Matteson nods at him and enters the building.

INT. LONGWORTH BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Matteson and Mojica walk the hallway. CNN Reporter, SERENA CARLSON, late-20s, and her CAMERA MAN, 30s, approach Matteson and walk with him. Mojica keeps them at arm's length as the camera's red light goes on. Serena speaks into her microphone as they all walk along:

SERENA

Speaker Matteson, the wall on the Southern Border prevents children from entering the U.S. to reunite with their families. What are you and Congress doing to help these poor, helpless children?

MATTESON

Serena, you know we're streamlining immigration policies and procedures to expedite entry and reunification. I promise you that our number one priority right now is to enable the easy flow of undocumented children into our country. Thank you, Serena.

They all arrive at the door of Matteson's office. Mojica hand-signals Serena that the Q&A with Matteson is over. Serena and Camera Man stop. Mojica unlocks Matteson's office door. Matteson and Mojica enter; the door closes.

INT. MATTESON'S OFFICE - DAY

Luxurious traditional furniture. A diploma from YALE UNIVERSITY hangs on the wall. Several framed PHOTOS of YOUNGER MATTESON, early-20s, as a Naval pilot in the cockpit of an F-35A Lightning II attack jet, sit on the mantle of the marble fireplace lit with flaming logs. Matteson sits at his Parnian desk. Mojica stands nearby.

MATTESON

That motherfucking wall!

KNOCK on the door. Mojica opens the door and lets SENATOR PAUL SCHIFF, 50s, enter. Schiff's face is grey. He's very ill and weak. He stares at Matteson in disbelief while shuffling to a chair. He sits:

SCHIFF

Where did you get it?

MATTESON

Why Schiff? You craving?

SCHIFF

Where, Mitchell?!

MATTESON

(twitches)

The gang-banger. There's no more.

SCHIFF

What about blood banks? They-

MATTESON

-No, you fool! That blood has CPDA.

SCHIFF

Abortion clinics have all-

MATTESON

-Monitored 24/7 by the NSA. I have Syrian refugees in transit from the War Zone. Yemen too. But no timeframe for delivery. I'm fucked!

SCHIFF

(bright idea)

Our black base in Antarctica!  
Their labs have CSF, Mitch. For  
a fact!

MATTESON

(twitches)

That, Senator Schiff, is a very  
promising option. Mojica, make the  
call, please. Colonel Ryan at  
McMurdo Station. ASAP. Then book  
a C-37A for Schiff and me. No  
attendants.

Mojica nods and exits into a side room.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SUNSET - AERIAL VIEW

SUPER: **TIERRA CALIENTE, CHIHUAHUA MEXICO**

The sun sets over the western peaks of the poppy-  
blanketed slopes of the Sierra Madre del Sur Mountains.

Truck HEADLIGHTS are VISIBLE on the dark road below.

PRE-LAP: The exhausted SCREAMS and MOANING of GIRL, 21,  
are mixed with the CHEERING sounds of young men.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SCREAMING stops. CHEERING continues.

A TEAM of armed SINALOA CARTEL GANGSTERS, 20s-30s, stand  
transfixed, staring at-

-a CIRCLE of CHEERING shirtless, shaved-headed, tattooed  
MS-13 GANGSTERS, 20s.

Fat MS-13 Gangster, GORTO, 23, exits the circle, wherein  
we see within the circle: an elaborate STATUE OF SATAN  
SHRINE lit with black candles, and the GRIM REAPER tattoo  
on Girl's leg on the floor. Her dead body is mutilated.

MS-13 GANGSTER

(smiles at Gorto)

You did her real good, Gorto! El  
Diablo will be pleased with your  
sacrifice!

A heavily tattooed, ruthless MS-13 Gangster, QUINCE (pronounced KEEN'-say, translates to the number 15 in Spanish), 25-years-old, the gang's CLIQUE LEADER, wears a gold "OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE" necklace around his neck.

The Gangsters disperse the circle, grab beers and do tequila shots. Quince stares at dead Girl on the floor.

GORTO  
(offers Quince beer)  
C'mon Quince. Have one.

Quince remains still. He stares at dead Girl.

He finally looks at Gorto with his shiny eyes. He flashes him the MS-13 devil horns "LA GARRA" gang sign, takes the beer, and pats Gorto on the back.

Wrapped around Quince's wrist is a 14k ROSE GOLD CHAIN.

Gorto smiles and glances uneasily at the GOLD CHAIN on Quince's wrist. He chugs his beer, BURPS, and laughs.

GORTO  
(nervous smile)  
BFF's, right?

QUINCE  
(sips beer)  
You're like my little brother.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The steel door slides up, a tractor-trailer drives in, the door slides down. The truck parks near the armed Sinaloa Gangsters. Quince and Gorto walk to the truck.

The Cartel's leader, EL GUERO, late-30s, walks with his BODYGUARD, 30s, to the truck's trailer followed by his Gangsters. The truck driver's door CLOSES. A uniformed SINALOA STATE POLICEMAN, 50s, walks to the trailer's rear door. Gangsters aim machineguns at it. A metal ramp is carried to it and hooked onto the trailer's tailgate. Policeman unlocks the door and slides it up. Gangsters enter and flip on a light revealing stacks of wooden crates. Gangster pries open a crate. He pulls out a BARRETT .50 CALIBER SNIPER RIFLE and chucks it to El Guero.

EL GUERO

Don't ever mess with Texas. They  
make the best fucking guns!

The Gangsters offload the crates from the trailer.

BODYGUARD

Hermanos, obtener los niños!

EL GUERO

Quince, come here. Check out these  
fifties. They're beautiful!

Quince and Gorto walk over to El Guero. El Guero hands Quince the Barrett rifle, he studies the craftsmanship. He aims it at Gorto's face. Gorto laughs nervously. In the b.g., the Satan statue shrine and dead Girl are visible. Quince lowers the rifle barrel. He chuckles at Gorto.

EL GUERO

Load up!

Led by Cartel Gangsters into the empty trailer are FIFTY terrified HISPANIC CHILDREN, ages 15-18. Some are sick with fever and vomit. The Children lie on the metal floor shaking and MOANING with chills. Gangsters toss empty buckets into the trailer and slide in a jug of water.

EL GUERO

(to Quince)

Niños. Their Cerebrospinal fluid  
and Adrenochrome are more valuable  
now than coca, meth or heroin. But  
my business has been cut in half!

QUINCE

Fucking wall.

EL GUERO

Dealers up north all say the same  
thing: without supply, the addicts  
are starting to crave. I need you  
to go up there. Tonight. Use your  
powers of persuasion on Matteson.  
Make him tear down the fucking wall.  
Tell him to be like Ronald Reagan.

(beat)

By the way, Matteson's enforcer? Is  
El Luz! Now known as, Carlos Mojica.

Quince stares impassively at El Guero. El Guero's bodyguard hands Quince a 9x12 envelope.

EL GUERO (CONT'D)  
Silver Spring. Take care of it.

QUINCE  
I will, El Guero. Gracias.

EL GUERO  
Our people have you covered to  
Ojinaga. Safe travels, Amigo.

Gangsters slide the truck's rear door closed and pull the ramp away. MUFFLED TERRIFIED SCREAMS are heard.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. BACKYARD PLAZA (SPRAWLING COFFEE FARM) - DAY

SUPER: **FINCA FLOR ROSA, EL SALVADOR**

"DE NIÑA A MUJER" by Julio Iglesias PLAYS OVER MONTAGE:

- A MULTI-TIERED PINK-FROSTED QUINCEAÑERA CAKE with an elaborate design matches the pink party decorations.
- YOUNG QUINCE, 18 (no tattoos), laughs with YOUNG GORTO, 16 (no tattoos), YOUNG ZAMBADA, 17, and their FRIENDS.
- Extended FAMILY of all ages: GRANDPARENTS, AUNTS, UNCLES, COUSINS, FRIENDS drink, eat, sing and laugh.
- LUPITA, 15, wears white flats, pink gown, pink gloves and a CZ TIARA. She holds a fuchsia fairytale scepter. Her face beams. Her proud MOTHER kisses her cheek.
- FATHER takes Lupita's right glove off and slides a GOLD RING with a SOLITAIRE DIAMOND onto her right ring finger. She smiles. Her proud Father smiles at her.
- Father and Lupita dance alone on the dance floor.
- Lupita sits in a chair. Young Quince ceremoniously changes her white flats for pink heels. He smiles at his sister as he places a 14k ROSE GOLD "QUINCEAÑERA 15 AÑOS" NECKLACE around her neck. They hug warmly.

[END FLASHBACK]

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fianna faces the shattered mirror. She reads the SUICIDE NOTE, crushes it, throws it into the toilet and flushes. She splashes water on her face. Her eyes are clear and no bruises on her neck. She dabs her face with a towel. She grabs the green Kate Spade tote off the vanity and exits.

BEDROOM

Fianna walks past the television to the bedside table.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

You made a mistake. Admit it and  
move on. Just don't do it again.  
Ever.

She opens the drawer and pulls out a GLOCK PISTOL. She checks the magazine, puts it into the tote, and exits.

EXT. FIANNA'S MANSION - DAY

Fianna exits the front door with the tote, walks to a waiting Uber and gets in. The car drives away.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

SUPER:                   **PANCHIMALCO, EL SALVADOR**

Young Quince, 18, shirtless (no tattoos), stands still in the yard surrounded by SIX shirtless, heavily tattooed MS-13 GANGSTERS and their CLIQUE LEADER, RAMOS, 25.

RAMOS

Chequeo, you ready to become a real  
Homeboy? Thirteen seconds for your  
beat-in, Cheq. All it takes. If you  
can take it.

Young Quince is calm. His arms at his sides. He stares at Ramos. The Gangsters start PUNCHING and KICKING him.

RAMOS

(slowly)

One mississippi. Two mississippi.  
Three mississippi. Four mississippi-

Young Quince doesn't protect himself. He doesn't fall down as they PUNCH, KICK, bruise and bloody his face, head, arms and chest. Young Quince locks eyes with Ramos. He stumbles during the beating but never falls or breaks eye contact while Ramos counts. He goes into a trance-

[FLASHBACK WITHIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. QUINCEAÑERA PARTY - DAY - MONTAGE

- Lupita sits wearing the 14k ROSE GOLD QUINCEAÑERA 15 AÑOS NECKLACE. She and Quince hug warmly.
- MEN O.S. YELL in SPANISH as machineguns RAPIDLY FIRE MULTIPLE ROUNDS.
- VICTIMS SCREAM in horror as machinegun BULLETS spray the party. GUESTS run. They are SHOT and killed.
- Young Quince dives under a table and helplessly watches the killing: Tattooed BARRIO-18 GANGSTERS slaughter everyone at the party. Young Quince is angry and helpless. Tears fill his eyes.

SLOW MOTION - NO SOUND:

- Young Quince's MOTHER and FATHER, hugging, are killed.
- BARRIO-18 GANGSTER SPRAYS and DESTROYS the pink tiered QUINCEAÑERA CAKE.
- Lupita's chair is empty. Young Quince desperately scans the party area. No sight of her anywhere. Bloody pink mist hangs in the air...

BACK TO FLASHBACK OF YOUNG QUINCE'S BACKYARD "BEAT-IN":

RAMOS

Eleven mississippi. Twelve mississippi. And, um, what's next, Cheq?  
Oh yeah. Thirteen.

The beating stops. The Gangsters are out of breath. Their knuckles bleed. They smile and nod at Young Quince, bloody and bruised; still standing tall. He nods to them.

RAMOS

Homeboy.  
(bro-hugs him)  
Welcome, to our Mara.

QUINCE

Gracias, Ramos. Seré un soldado de confianza.

The Six Gangsters take turns briefly hugging Quince.

YOUNG QUINCE

Get the ink.

Gangster brings a tattoo pen over, sits down behind Young Quince and starts inking a large "M" on his back.

[END FLASHBACK]

EXT. LONGWORTH BUILDING - SUNSET

Fianna's Uber drives up and stops at the entrance just as Mojica exits the building. He walks past the Policeman, down the steps, and past Fianna seated inside the Uber.

INT. UBER (STOPPED) - SUNSET

Fianna watches Mojica closely as a black SUV drives up and stops next to him. He reaches for the door handle revealing his BLACK LEATHER GLOVE.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

INT. FIANNA'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

POV of Matteson with his back to us sitting on a stool. He wears an athletic warm-up suit and red running shoes.

Sol, 11, with long blonde hair, appears in the closet doorway holding her CLEAN WHITE STUFFED RABBIT.

SOL

Daddy! What'cha doin'?

Matteson swivels on the stool and faces Sol. His face transitions from ecstasy--to surprise--to panic. The left sleeve of his warm-up jacket is pushed up his arm. A thin rubber hose is tied tight around his bicep. A syringe dangles from the vein in his inner arm.

SOL

Oh, did you hurt yourself?

Matteson fights to stay focused against the mix of euphoria and severe panic.

Fianna appears behind Sol.

FIANNA

I'm back from- Mitch?

SOL

Mommy, what's wrong with Daddy?

FIANNA

Get the fuck out of my house! I'm calling the police this time! You are going to jail! Goddammit!

Fianna storms off. Sol, confused, stares at him. She walks to him... hugs him.

SOL

Why do you do it, Daddy?

(cries)

Don't you love me? I love you.

[END FLASHBACK]

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sinaloa State Policeman drives. MUFFLED WHIMPERING & WAILING is heard from the trailer behind them. Gorto sits in the middle sleeping. Quince sits by the window. The 9x12 envelope lies on the dashboard. Quince looks out the window at the dark, silent countryside as they travel past a sign indicating: PEGUIS CANYON STATE PARK.

POLICEMAN

Thousands of our niños. All to feed Norteamericano Hivites.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage walls and a car are spray-painted in red: "M - LOCOS - SANTA MU3RT3 - CL - 503 - LA GARRA - MARA SALVATRUCHA." BLOOD drips into a PUDDLE on the floor. A headless MALE CORPSE hangs upside down by one leg. Its entrails hang down from its chopped open torso. Its ribcage is hacked open. The heart is gone--

--A blood-smearred DCPD BADGE with the name RIZOEL lies in the blood puddle. In the b.g., Rizoel's SEVERED HEAD sits on the car like a hood ornament.

Sol stands next to Rizoel's hanging corpse.

SOL  
 (looks upward)  
 Who would do this to somebody?  
 (beat)  
 He's for real? I hate him!  
 (beat)  
 Can I help you?

INT. UBER (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Fianna is in the rear seat; Driver drives. The black SUV ahead of them pulls over near a VACANT BUILDING and parks behind a parked, white SUV.

FIANNA  
 Drive past them and pull over.

Uber passes the SUVs. Fianna turns to look back at the black SUV and sees Mojica exit. Uber stops. Fianna tips the driver with cash and cautiously exits the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fianna watches Mojica approach the front door of the vacant building with the address indicating: 3600 PROSPECT STREET NW. Mojica enters. Fianna approaches the building and ducks into the adjacent doorway.

INT. C-37A GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

Matteson paces and twitches anxiously up and down the aisle past the seated, sleeping, very ill, grey-skinned Senator Schiff. Matteson is physically and mentally agitated. He twitches vigorously, sweats profusely, punches the cabin's seats maniacally. His eyes dart from point-to-point. He stops next to Schiff.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

Sinaloa State Policeman drives. Gorto sits in the middle sleeping. Quince sits next to him.

POLICEMAN

Driver in Ojinaga will take you  
across border. Up to Chicago.

QUINCE

Pull over, Jefe. I gotta piss.

Policeman pulls the truck over, stops. Quince taps Gorto.

QUINCE (CONT'D)

Gotta piss, Brother?

Quince exits.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Gorto slides out. He starts to piss.

QUINCE

Puto traidor.

GORTO

(pisses on himself)

What? Quince, no! I-

Quince SHOOTS Gorto in the balls. He SCREAMS, falls and  
bleeds profusely. Quince pivots and aims his CHROME .50  
DESERT EAGLE PISTOL at Policeman in the truck:

QUINCE

Out.

Policeman exits the passenger side, slowly and carefully,  
with his hands up. He stands calmly near Quince.

POLICEMAN

¡Soy un soldado de Satanás!

Policeman suddenly drops his arm. A PISTOL slides down  
out of his sleeve into his hand. He aims the pistol at  
Quince--Quince BLOWS his head off.

Quince takes out his knife, crouches down to MOANING  
bloody Gorto. He stares into Gorto's crying eyes, and  
cuts his balls off. Gorto SHRIEKS! Quince shoves the  
balls into Gorto's open mouth and clamps it closed with  
both hands. Gorto struggles and chokes. He can't breathe.  
He finally stops struggling, and drops his hands--dead.  
Quince wipes the blade across Gorto's face. He pulls off  
his latex gloves. Quince stands and takes out his BURNER  
PHONE. He presses digits then speaks:

QUINCE

Be there in thirty.

Quince pulls the phone apart and throws it into the canyon. He enters the passenger side of the truck.

INT. TRACTOR-TRAILER (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Quince grabs the 9x12 envelope off the dashboard and slides over into the driver's seat. Children's MOANING & WAILING is heard. He opens the envelope, slides out the PLAN DOCUMENT & PHOTO behind it. He stares at the plan, takes his lighter and lights it on fire. He drops it out the window. It burns to ash. He stares at the photo, torches it and drops it out the window. It burns to ash.

INT. C-37A GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

Matteson stands next to Schiff sleeping in his seat. He bends down near Schiff's face. He SNIFFS at him like an animal--and CHOMPS into Schiff's neck. He tears off a chunk of flesh along with his blood-spraying carotid artery. Blood sprays their faces. Schiff's eyes open in horror--he dies. Blood pulses from Schiff's open artery as Matteson bends down and feeds on Schiff's blood.

PRE-LAP: the sound of LOUD CHOPPING is heard. It stops.

EXT. VACANT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

A SATAN STATUE sits behind five lit black candles. The candles sit on the five points of a PENTAGRAM configured with the BLOODY ENTRAILS from the mutilated, disemboweled and decapitated CORPSE that lies within the pentagram. The torso is hacked open, an empty cavity. The heart is gone. Bloody DCPD police BADGE embossed with the U.S. Capitol and the name LAOTH lies in the center of the pentagram.

Sol kneels down next to the corpse.

SOL

(sad, touches corpse)

Rizoel. And now Laoth. My heroes.  
Can I kill the tattooed demons?

(beat)

Thank you. I will avenge them.  
Guardian Angels Laoth and Rizoel.

INT. C-37A JET COCKPIT - NIGHT (LATER)

Bloody-mouth Matteson, seated in the left pilot seat, scans the instrument panel's lights, gauges, switches and touch-screen controllers. He puts on the headset. He grabs the control wheel with his bloody hand and SWITCHES the AUTO-PILOT OFF with the other. He stares at the DIGITAL FLIGHT MAP SCREEN. The flight path and current plane location is over the Atlantic Ocean. Matteson sits back with a bloody-faced maniacal grin and stares out the windshield into the night. A BOLT OF LIGHTNING in the distance lights up the black, cloudy sky.

EXT. VACANT BUILDING - NIGHT

Four MS-13 Gangsters carrying machetes exit the front door followed by Mojica. They approach the white SUV-

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

-Holding her pistol, Fianna peeks at them from the adjacent doorway. Her POV as they enter the white SUV.

The white SUV ACCELERATES at Fianna and SLIDES to a stop with the tinted front passenger window right next to her. Fearful, Fianna stares at the tinted window that slides down to reveal Mojica. He stares at her in disbelief. Fianna stares at Mojica, quickly raises her pistol and aims it at his face.

FIANNA

What did you do with Sol?!

Mojica swings his silencer-equipped pistol out the window and aims it at Fianna. He SHOTS her THREE times in the chest. Fianna's eyes widen as the GUNSHOTS blow her off her feet onto her back. She drops her pistol and tote.

MOJICA

Get her!

Three MS-13 Gangsters immediately exit the SUV. The tailgate rises. The Gangsters pick up Fianna, place her into the rear cargo area and toss her pistol and tote onto her chest. The tailgate closes. They enter the SUV and close their doors as the SUV SPEEDS away.

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

Heavily tattooed MS-13 gangster, CATARI, 30s, drives. Mojica sits in the front passenger seat. The Three MS-13 Gangsters sit behind them. In the rear cargo area, Fianna lies dead.

CATARI

This woman. Is the same fucking woman? That was going to the Feds?

(beat)

You said she was dead?!

MOJICA

She is.

CATARI

The FBI is invest-

-Mojica jams his pistol against Catari's throat. The Three Gangsters lean back away from Mojica and Catari.

MOJICA

Drive, coño.

Catari stares angrily at Mojica... He nods.

INT. C-37A GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT

Sitting in the left pilot seat, headset on, bloody-mouth Matteson pilots the jet. The voice of a FEMALE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (ATC) is heard:

ATC (V.O.)

V-I-P-37A, do you read? The frontal is directly ahead of you. You're going right into the middle of it. Copy?

(beat)

It's a Level-Six storm. Repeat, Level Six! Decrease altitude now. V-I-P-37A, do you copy?!

Matteson's POV through the jet's windshield as LIGHTNING STRIKES surround him. He takes off the headset and drops it to the floor. TURBULENCE rocks him wildly as he wrestles with the control wheel. He drops altitude. He decreases speed. He taps the PILOT'S KEYBOARD and changes the destination from ANTARCTICA to BERMUDA. The jet stabilizes. He activates AUTO-PILOT--

--He depressurizes the cabin. He gets up, opens the closet and pulls out a packed PARACHUTE with a life vest. He pulls on the parachute, secures the harness and walks the aisle back toward the rear. He steps over TWO dead bloody PILOTS lying in the aisle. He passes by bloody Schiff, gets to the rear door, and opens it--gets BLASTED with a WIND GUST that blows him back against the wall. He approaches the open door and looks down at the black Atlantic Ocean. He takes a syringe from his pants pocket, removes the cap, and stabs the needle into his thigh. He plunges the liquid. His eyes widen in ecstasy. He smiles like a crazy man, and dives out of the jet-

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

-The CHUTE releases. Seconds later a MASSIVE EXPLOSION is heard that lights the black sky red, white and orange, just as Matteson floats downward and HITS the DARK DECK-

EXT. CARGO SHIP DECK - NIGHT

Matteson's chute drifts down over him. He pulls the chute off and looks around curiously. He notices hundreds of STACKED CONTAINERS on the cargo ship. In the b.g., the nearby JET WRECKAGE BURNS in the sea. He stands and takes off the chute harness. He looks up at the star-filled sky. His POV as he spots a small BRIGHT BLUE OBJECT--a UFO--hanging in place in the sky. A BRILLIANT BLUE LIGHT BEAMS down from the UFO and covers him completely. He disappears within the blue beam. The beam goes off. Matteson is gone. The UFO ACCELERATES and disappears O.S.

EXT. TRACTOR-TRAILER (MOVING) - NIGHT

The truck passes a sign indicating "BIENVENIDO A OJINAGA." The truck makes a right turn on Libertad, a left on Calle Sexta, then drives to the Emergency Entrance of: "HOSPITAL INTEGRAL OJINAGA."

EXT. HOSPITAL INTEGRAL OJINAGA - NIGHT

Quince parks the truck at the Emergency Entrance and exits with his backpack. He trots to the rear of the truck. He SHOOTS off the lock and slides the door up to reveal the scared Children staring in silence at who they think is a demon with frightened, tear-stained faces.

QUINCE

Está bien niños, estarás bien.  
These people here will help you.

Quince touches the 14k rose gold Quinceañera 15 Años chain wrapped around his right wrist as he looks at the frightened, sad and very ill Children.

QUINCE

Buena suerte, los niños.

The Children stare at him as MALE and FEMALE EMERGENCY STAFF from the hospital roll out stretchers and swarm around the back of the truck. They glance at Quince-- recognize his MS-13 tattoos--quickly look away--and tend to the Children.

Beautiful nurse, CRISTINA, early-20s, stares at Quince. She's mystified by the heavily tattooed MS-13 gangster who looks like a demon.

A black, customized pickup truck with monster tires and rack lights SPEEDS to Quince and SQUEALS to a stop. Truck driver, Zambada, now 24, yells:

ZAMBADA

Let's go, motherfucker! Now!

Quince gazes deeply into Cristina's eyes.

SIRENS are heard.

Quince, spellbound, absorbs her innocence and beauty... She nods to him. He nods back... reluctantly, he breaks eye contact, opens the truck's door and climbs in. Love-struck, he stares out the window at her as the truck drives away. She stares at Quince, mesmerized, in love.

EXT. WHITE SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

SUV heads east on Irving Street NW, passes "LOU'S CITY BAR" on the right, and parks.

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

Catari drives; Mojica sits in the front passenger seat; the Three MS-13 Gangsters sit behind them. Fianna's in the rear cargo area O.S. Mojica's reflected POV in the sideview mirror of the bar's front door.

EXT. LOU'S CITY BAR - NIGHT

SETTI RICHARDS, late-20s, exits Lou's and turns right. She walks the sidewalk toward the parked SUV and passes it. The passenger door opens. An MS-13 Gangster slides out, walks behind her and SHOTS her TWICE in the back.

Male PATRON, 40s, exiting Lou's Bar, witnesses the MS-13 Gangster shooting her. He ducks unseen into a doorway.

Richards falls MOANING and bleeding--she dies.

MS-13 Gangster gets in the SUV and SLAMS the door as the SUV ACCELERATES and makes a left turn on 14th Street NW.

INT. WHITE SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

Catari drives; Mojica sits in the front passenger seat; the Three MS-13 Gangsters sit behind them. Fianna's in the rear cargo area O.S. Mojica reaches back with his gloved hand. MS-13 Gangster hands the pistol to him. Mojica slides it into his jacket pocket.

MOJICA

Silver Spring now. Take 16th north.

CATARI

Why kill her? It makes no sense!

MOJICA

Favor for DWS. No more questions.

Mojica hands a plastic garbage bag back to MS-13 Gangsters who begin scraping & rubbing off their FAKE black MS-13 TATTOO DECALS from their hands, arms, necks and heads to reveal their REAL, body-covering BARRIO-18 TATTOOS. They put the MS-13 fakes into the bag and pass it forward to Mojica. The SUV passes a sign indicating: "PINEY BRANCH PARK."

MOJICA

Hit the park. Find a can.

EXT. PINEY BRANCH PARK - NIGHT

The white SUV enters and parks next to a trash can. Mojica exits with the bag, walks to the trash can, drops the bag into it, sprays lighter fluid on the bag and lights it. The bag flames-up inside the can.

Mojica walks back to the SUV, leans inside the front passenger area--SHOOTS Catari in the head--SHOOTS--BANG-BANG-BANG--the Three Gangsters--dead. He leans out of the SUV, holsters his silencer-equipped pistol and takes a GRENADE from his jacket pocket. A FAST BLACK SUV drives to him and stops. The front passenger door opens. Mojica tosses the grenade into the white SUV. He climbs into black SUV and SLAMS the door as the black SUV speeds away. The white SUV EXPLODES in a FIREBALL and BURNS-

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

-Neither affected nor harmed by the FLAMES, Sol sits in the rear cargo area. Fianna's head rests in Sol's lap. Sol strokes Fianna's hair. Her eyes open. Fianna sniffs the smoky air, alert. Confused, she touches her chest. No holes or blood. Sol kisses Fianna's forehead.

FIANNA

(panics)

Baby?

(grasps Sol's hand)

Are we going to-

SOL

-Nope. We don't burn.

FLAMES engulf them.

FIANNA

(scared)

Sol, what's happening?

SOL

Darkness to light, Momma.

FIANNA

(anxious)

I don't know what I'm doing!

SOL

Don't worry Momma, you got this.

(hands her pistol)

Follow Mojica. He'll lead you to Daddy.

Fianna takes the pistol.

FIANNA

Daddy?

SOL  
You're going to kill him.

FIANNA  
(beat)  
Yes. I am.

SIRENS are heard.

Fianna DISAPPEARS-

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

-Fianna REAPPEARS lying in the rear cargo area. Confused, she glances around and peeks over the rear seat. Her POV on Mojica in the front passenger seat next to the tattooed driver: BARRIO-18 gangster, DIAZ, 30s. Fianna lowers her head. She looks at her pistol. She nervously touches her chest where she was shot. She takes a quiet deep breath, and closes her eyes.

EXT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Truck drives fast on a dirt road parallel to the RIO GRANDE RIVER. The ominous dark, TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT BORDER WALL looms on the other side of the river. The truck splashes across a shallow stretch of the river and parks next to the imposing wall.

EXT. EL GUERO'S FINCA - NIGHT

Lamborghinis, Ferraris and G-Wagons are parked on the driveway of the sprawling ranch house. TEN armed SECURITY GUARDS with machineguns stand on the driveway.

EXT. FINCA POOL - NIGHT

LOUD Chicano hip-hop MUSIC plays as Sinaloa Cartel GANGSTERS sit around the pool partying with YOUNG PARTY GIRLS. Bodyguard walks over to El Guero who's getting a lap dance next to the pool from a Party Girl. He hands El Guero his phone. El Guero takes it and listens. He abruptly stands up. Party Girl falls into the pool.

EL GUERO  
The hospital?! That fucker is dead.

EXT. WALL - NIGHT

Quince exits the front passenger side of the truck. Zambada exits the driver's side. They walk to the rear of the truck, drop the tailgate, and slide a tarp off the bed of the truck revealing a large PERSONAL DRONE. They carry it to the base of the wall and set it down:

QUINCE  
Weight capacity?

ZAMBADA  
Seventy kilos.

QUINCE  
Zambada, I weigh eighty.

ZAMBADA  
It's got power, Q. You're going over that fence. Get on.

Quince nods and bro-hugs Zambada. He takes the backpack and climbs into the drone seat.

Zambada flips a switch activating the DRONE CONTROLLER. The drone's thirty-two rotors BUZZ to life.

The drone and Quince slowly rise fifteen feet and hover toward the twenty-five-foot wall--and pause. Quince turns toward Zambada and gives him a thumbs-up. The drone rises to twenty feet and approaches the wall.

DRONE/WALL

QUINCE  
Higher. Fucking higher, Z.

Zambada slides the drone's LIFT CONTROL to "MAXIMUM" but the drone doesn't elevate higher.

SIRENS are heard.

QUINCE  
C'mon man, get it up!

Zambada josticks the controller. The drone & Quince back away from wall.

QUINCE (CONT'D)  
The fuck're you doing?!

Zambada toggles the drone's ROTORS to "MAXIMUM" and josticks the drone forward-

SIRENS are louder, closer-

-Drone heads at high speed toward the wall, rising slightly higher. Quince throws his backpack forward over the wall as the drone lifts a few feet higher and SMASH-DRAGS across the top of the wall, sending Quince and the drone plummeting downward O.S. on the other side.

ZAMBADA

Jesus.

Zambada closes the truck's tailgate, jumps into the driver's seat and takes off. The truck thrusts a dirt cloud behind it from its monster tires.

WALL - AERIAL VIEW

Emergency lights as two MEXICAN FEDERAL POLICE SUVs approach the wall, stop for a few seconds, then turn left and follow fast the westward path of Zambada's truck.

EXT. U.S. SIDE OF WALL - NIGHT

Quince lies unconscious within the broken drone... he wakes, and rubs his wrist. He lies there a few moments, then untangles himself from the twisted drone. He rises to his feet, picks up the back-pack, slings it on his back and walks north away from the wall.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

Fianna lies with her eyes closed in the same position in the rear cargo area with her pistol in her hand resting across her chest. Mojica sits in the front passenger seat; Diaz drives. Diaz takes out his phone, speaks:

DIAZ

Yes... hold on, Reaper.

(faces Mojica)

Matteson and Senator Schiff's plane crashed, near Bermuda. No survivors.

Alarmed, Mojica looks at Diaz-

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Yes... Silver Spring. Got it.

(taps hangup)

Sorry about your boss, Carlos.

MOJICA

He was out of control. They all are. Craving addicts. Hivites are going to kill each other. And then we will take control of America.

Fianna rises and aims her pistol at Mojica and Diaz-

FIANNA

Pull the fuck over!

-Startled, Diaz and Mojica turn to look back at Fianna. The SUV swerves wildly.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

U.S. Border Patrol trucks with FLASHING EMERGENCY LIGHTS RUMBLE south past Quince who hides behind a rock. The truck lights fade. Quince continues walking north.

EXT. WALL - NIGHT

Two customized pickup trucks are parked at the WALL; their rack lights light it up.

TWO SICARIOS, 20s, in black clothing sit in TWO separate CATAPULT SEATS in the back bed of one truck. The pivot arms RELEASE and LAUNCH them forward high over the twenty-five-foot wall. Their black PARACHUTES deploy. They float downward O.S. on the other side.

INT. CUSTOMIZED TRUCK - NIGHT

Beefy Sinaloa Cartel GANGSTER sits in the front passenger seat. He speaks into his phone:

GANGSTER

They're over.

INT. BLACK SUV (STOPPED) - NIGHT

In the rear cargo area, Fianna aims her pistol forward at two silencer-equipped pistols aimed back at her by Mojica in the front passenger seat and Diaz in the driver's seat.

MOJICA

How?!

FIANNA

Take me to him.

MOJICA

Are you not dead?!

FIANNA

Take me to my husband!

DIAZ

No. Sorry, Mrs. Matteson. What are you now: undead? zombie? vampire?

FIANNA

(beat)

I don't know!

MOJICA

I killed you. Twice. You are not real, Lady!

Fianna SHOTS--the headrest cushion EXPLODES off the top of the passenger seat in front of Mojica. He ducks toward Diaz. Both men hunker down O.S. behind the front seats.

FIANNA

And maybe I am you fucking little bitch! Quit fucking around and take me to my husband!

DIAZ (O.S.)

We cannot do that, Mrs. Matteson.

FIANNA

You are! Or I'll kill you.

MOJICA (O.S.)

He's not here. Anymore.

FIANNA

Dumbasses! I can shoot you through the front seat! Where is he?

DIAZ (O.S.)

His plane crashed. He's dead.

FIANNA

Fucking kidding me?

DIAZ (O.S.)

No, Ma'am.

FIANNA

Fuck that! I'm-

-Diaz pops up from behind the front driver's seat--SHOOTS Fianna in the forehead. Her blood SPLATTERS the rear window behind her. She lies dead. Mojica rises, stares at dead Fianna. He SHOOTS her in the chest.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Quince walks past a sign indicating: "MARFA, TEXAS." He stops and stares at the eastern sky lit with the multi-colored "MARFA GHOST LIGHTS." His POV as he spots a SMALL BRIGHT OBJECT--a UFO--within the Ghost Lights that hangs still in the sky. He stares at the UFO and the strange colored lights. A brilliant PINK LIGHT BEAMS down from the UFO and covers him completely. His tattooed face, neck and body light up for a few moments. The pink light beam goes off. The UFO ACCELERATES and disappears O.S.

Our POV behind Quince as he looks up at the sky while walking along the road. His POV as he spots a sign for the "EL COSMICO" teepee and trailer campsite. He walks into the eclectic campsite-

EXT. EL COSMICO CAMPSITE - NIGHT

-Quince passes the WINDOW of the RENTAL OFFICE and catches his REFLECTION in the window. He stops. He looks at himself in the window. His MS-13 facial and neck tattoos are gone. He looks at his hands. Those tattoos are gone. He pulls up the sleeves of his jacket. Arm tattoos--gone. He pulls up his shirt. Chest tattoos--gone. Leg tattoos--gone. Stunned, he stares at his HANDSOME CLEAN FACE reflected in the window.

Quince turns from the window and faces grinning hippie, BOB, 65, with long clean hair, trimmed beard and expensive clothes. Bob's a rich old hippie. Quince says very politely, in perfect English:

QUINCE

Yes, sir? Can I help you with something?

Quince is astonished by the sound of his new voice.

BOB

(smiles)

Yeah man, why don't you join us?  
You kinda look like you're having  
an acid flashback.

(grins)

Learning how to operate a new soul  
takes time, man. You'll be okay.

(puts out hand)

I'm Bob. From Austin. Texas.  
What's your name?

QUINCE

(shakes Bob's hand)

Uh, Quincy. Nice to meet you, Bob.

BOB

Nice to make your acquaintance,  
Quincy. C'mon, let's go say hello.

Bob and Quince walk toward SEVERAL MALE and FEMALE  
HIPPIES, 60s/20s, smoking weed, drinking wine and dancing  
around a blazing bonfire.

BOB

(giggles)

We're tripping on ayahuasca.

QUINCE

That sounds dangerous, Bob.

BOB

Quincy my boy, it's time to pick  
up your needle, and move it to  
another groove.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Two Sinaloa Cartel Sicarios flag down an oncoming  
car. It passes them and pulls over to the shoulder of the  
road. They walk up to the DRIVER's window. FLASHES of  
LIGHT emanate from their silent gunshots.

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - NIGHT

Diaz and Mojica carry Fianna down a woodsy path and stop  
at an empty, pre-dug shallow grave. They set her body  
down. And roll Fianna in. She lies face up.

They use their feet to push the dirt over her.

MOJICA

Red witch.

DIAZ

Dead bitch.

Fianna's covered completely. Mojica and Diaz walk away.

EXT. EL COSMICO CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Quince sits next to Bob by the bonfire. He sips a beer. Hippies smoke weed, drink and dance around the fire.

BOB

What do you do in El Salvador,  
Quincy?

QUINCE

Primarily import-export. The new  
USMCA trade agreement leverages  
my capabilities to arbitrage-

(beat)

-Hang on a second, Bob. I have to  
urinate. I'll return shortly.

Quince walks behind a teepee.

Sicarios #1 & #2, in the stolen car, stop at the entrance of the El Cosmico campsite; the car idles. They stare at Bob and the Hippies drinking and dancing around the fire.

Quince stands behind the teepee, out of the sight line of the Sicarios.

Sicarios roll slowly into the campsite and park near the bonfire. Bob and the Hippies stare at them.

Sicarios exit the car with silencer-equipped guns held down by their thighs. They approach Bob and the Hippies and stop. The tripping Hippies and Bob stare at the Two Sicarios, baffled.

MALE HIPPIE

Oh wow! Po-Jama people! How's-

Sicario #1 SHOOTS Male Hippie in the throat. He falls backward into the bonfire, choking. He burns to death.

FEMALE HIPPIE #1

(stands)

Shit! Larry's toast!

Sicario #2 SHOOTs Female Hippie #1 in the throat, she falls backward over her chair to the ground. She dies.

SICARIO #1

Listen to me, useless fucking  
drug addicts! A man. Twenty-five.  
You seen him?

Bob tries not to look toward Quince, but he does.

FEMALE HIPPIE #2

(points to teepee)

He's over there! The teepee!

Sicarios both look toward the teepee--BOOM-BOOM--both Sicarios' heads EXPLODE. Blood and brains splatter the Hippies and Bob. Quince walks to Bob holding his smoking CHROME .50 DESERT EAGLE pistol.

QUINCE

Nice meeting you, Bob. Sorry about  
the mess. Bad hombres.

Quince starts walking away-

BOB

Holy shit! Wait!

Quince stops.

BOB (CONT'D)

Quincy, I feel you meshing into  
the cosmic vibration. An integral  
piece of our universal jigsaw  
puzzle. You are a warrior, Son.  
I can tell. You're on a mission.  
And for that, you need a stallion.  
Your journey will bring redemption.  
Oh... and possibly a Bride. I can  
feel it, Son. Can you?

Bob hands Quince his car keys.

QUINCE

(smiles, takes keys)

Um, maybe. You're sure, Bob?

BOB

A new groove, a new soul, and a new set of wheels. What could be more illuminating? Use this for fuel.

(hands credit card)

Travel safe. Hope we meet again.

(points)

That one.

Quince climbs into Bob's brand new black matte Corvette and starts the RUMBLING engine. He rolls slowly out of the campsite. Quince thumbs-up to Bob out of the driver's window as he REVS the ENGINE and ACCELERATES northbound. Red tail lights in the black night disappear O.S.

BOB

Fuck... the snake.

EXT. GRAVE (ROCK CREEK PARK) - NIGHT

The topsoil of the grave is smooth. An OWL HOOTS.

INT. GRAVE - NIGHT

Inside the dark shallow grave. Dead Fianna lies on her back. No dirt on her face. Her eyes are closed. A blood-crusted bullet hole in her forehead; one in her chest.

SOL (O.S.)

Wake up!

Sol lies belly-to-belly on top of Fianna. Her chin rests on Fianna's breastbone. Sol wipes her hand across the back of Fianna's head, then across the bullet hole in her forehead, then her chest. They all disappear. The skin is smooth, perfectly regenerated.

FIANNA

(wakes)

Oh, God. Again? Where are we, this time?

SOL

Shallow grave. Because you can't do your one simple job.

FIANNA

I'm not very good at-

SOL

-No, you're not! And to be honest,  
Momma, you suck ass.

FIANNA

That's not very nice.  
(breathes deep)  
They said. Mitchell is dead.

SOL

Well guess what? Turns out he's  
not. And Momma, we're running out  
of time! So, dammit-  
(beat)  
-make room. I'm coming in!

FIANNA

What? Sol, what're you doing?

Sol disappears O.S. Fianna's eyes widen. She sits up, her head, shoulders and torso rise through the soft shallow dirt. She stands up in the grave and dusts herself off. She steps out and trots down the path.

EXT. FIANNA'S MANSION - NIGHT

The house is dark except for two second-floor lights on.

INT. FIANNA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fianna steps out of the glass enclosed shower and puts her robe on. She looks at the shattered mirror and sees a hazy, quick-flashing IMAGE of SOL within her.

SOL (V.O.)

C'mon, hurry up!

Fianna brushes her hair.

FIANNA

(resigned)  
Where is he, Sol? Where do I look?  
I have no idea how to find him.

SOL (V.O.)

He's off the grid right now, but  
he'll be back in his office this  
morning. C'mon, this is serious.

Suddenly dizzy, Fianna sits on the bathroom stool.

FIANNA

Oh my god, just stop it. How could you know that?!

SOL (V.O.)

(sincerely)

Because, Momma. I carry the Light. Get dressed now. I want to go to church and pray before we go to Dad's office.

[FLASHBACK SEQUENCE]

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SIX heavily tattooed BARRIO-18 GANGSTERS, 20s, sit around a picnic table.

SUPER:                   **OPICA, EL SALVADOR**

Shot-Caller, EL LUZ, early-30s, O.S., speaks to his gang:

EL LUZ (O.S.)

They will not cut us in. So we are cutting them out.

BARRIO-18 GANGSTER

Everyone, El Luz? Women, kids?

EL LUZ

All of them! They have it all, and will not share with us, their poor Barrio brethren. When is Lupita's Quinceañera, Ratso? Saturday?

Fearful, Young Gorto, 16, stands alone, away from the Gangsters sitting at the picnic table. He stares at El Luz -- who is the present day Carlos Mojica.

YOUNG GORTO

(trembles)

Yes, El Luz. Saturday afternoon.

EL LUZ

You won't be harmed Saturday. And after, you will join their MS-13.

(MORE)

EL LUZ (CONT'D)

But you will work for us, until  
they kill you for being our spy.

(beat)

I would never have a rapist in  
our sacred Mara. You come near  
any of our women again, I will  
cut off your cojones!

El Luz SLAMS his machete point into the table top. It  
sticks and VIBRATES.

Young Gorto pisses his pants. Humiliated, he turns away  
from the LAUGHING Gangsters and cries.

[END FLASHBACK]

EXT. ST. BENEDICT CHURCH - NIGHT

The sign at the entrance of the car-filled parking lot  
indicates: "ST. BENEDICT CHURCH."

INT. ST. BENEDICT CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is filled with PARISHIONERS.

BISHOP FRANCIS, 60s, stands behind the pulpit speaking:

BISHOP FRANCIS

We are all sinners. But the burden  
of proof for child sexual abuse  
rests with the victims, not with  
the Bishops.

Sitting in pews, FEMALE PARISHIONER #1 (FP#1), 20s,  
sniffs the air. She twitches. FEMALE PARISHIONER #2  
(FP#2), 70s, stands:

FP#2

That is plain wrong! They were  
children! Innocent children!

FP#2 GRUMBLES, exits her pew and walks toward the exit.

BISHOP FRANCIS

I'll remind the Madam that we are  
in God's holy house!

FP#2

This is Satan's house! You're evil!

PARISHIONERS sniff the air and twitch. FP#2 exits past Fianna and visible Sol kneeling in the last pew.

FIANNA/SOL

(pray quietly together)

Saint Michael, defend us in battle.  
Be our protection against the  
wickedness and snares of the Devil.  
May God rebuke him, we humbly pray.  
And O Prince of the Heavenly Host,  
by the power of God, thrust into  
hell Satan and all evil spirits who  
wander through the world for the  
ruin and capture of our souls.

INT. UFO - NIGHT

Metal futuristic medical equipment fills the room. Matteson is naked, bent over a table on his belly, his feet are on the floor. His wrists and ankles are shackled to the table. Five grey-skinned humanoids: FOUR GREYS plus Grey Leader, Reticulan (from the teaser scene in the Tomb)--are four feet tall, with bald pointy heads, black almond-shaped eyes, nostrils without noses, slits for mouths, no ears, and four fingers, stand around Matteson lying on the table.

RETICULAN

The Cult is arranged in a pyramid, with us Greys at the top. Directly below are the thirteen primary bloodlines, who are directly descended from Cain, the Devil's own son, who have no souls or human conscience. They are pure evil predators. Below them are three hundred mid-level bloodlines who are high-IQ. This had been your lofty station in the Cult's hierarchy.

Matteson struggles against the shackles. Greys LAUGH.

MATTESON

Had been? C'mon Reticulan, let me go. I promise I'll behave.

RETICULAN

Quiet! Bloodlines at the bottom obtain breeders. Women are forced to breed unregistered babies for sacrifice and sex trafficking. We refer to these bottom feeders, like that Nexium cult, as coven scum. Their behavior is barbaric and requires constant management to stop them from exposing the Cult.

MATTESON

So what! Why am I here? Uncuff me!

RETICULAN

Your behavior has become barbaric. And you Mitch, are now coven scum!

MATTESON

Not my fault! There's no supply! We're craving and drying up! No CSF, no Adrenochrome-

RETICULAN

-Not my problem! We can no longer depend on you! We selected you, Mitch, from the beginning, to become the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, the second person in line for the most powerful position in the world, the President of the United States! Our strategy for the creation of the New World Order is now in grave danger of failing. All because of you, and your craven narcissistic addiction to CSF.

MATTESON

I'll do better! I promise. Please!

INT. ST. BENEDICT CHURCH - NIGHT

Bishop Francis stands behind the pulpit. Parishioners sit in the pews.

FP#1 stands up sniffing & twitching. She exits past the Parishioners in her pew and walks up the aisle toward Bishop Francis behind the pulpit.

BISHOP FRANCIS

(glances at her)

My lamb, what is it? Are you  
alright? You seem, possessed?

The Parishioners, twitching erratically, sniff like rabid animals as they exit their pews and walk up the aisle and up the altar steps toward Bishop Francis behind the pulpit. Bishop Francis stares at them, scared stiff.

Fianna and Sol sit in the last pew watching the action.

SOL

(whispers)

Some of these people, Momma, are  
demons. They're souls were scalped.  
But they don't know it.

FIANNA

(whispers)

Scalped?

SOL

(whispers)

Yeah. Removed, so their bodies  
could be walked-in by Reptilian  
Shapeshifters and Grey aliens. We  
gotta get out, now!

Fianna and Sol rise, hurriedly exit the pew and walk to the rear exit door just as the Parishioners are about to attack Bishop Francis. They exit.

INT. UFO - NIGHT

Same as before. Matteson lies naked, bent over a table on his belly, feet on the floor. His wrists and ankles are shackled to the table. Reticulan and Greys stand by him.

RETICULAN

I'm going to scalp your soul now,  
Mitch.

MATTESON

Scalp my soul? I can fix this!  
I promise, on my daughter's life,  
not to expose you or the Cult!

RETICULAN

Your daughter? Sol is dead, Mitch. You had her killed. Along with your wife, Fianna. You are a barbaric murderer.

Greys LAUGH.

MATTESON

You can't do this to me! I made a pact, with Satan. I already sold my soul! You can't take it! It's-

RETICULAN

-Quiet! I'm going to use a gentle technique to trigger the nerves at the base of your spine. That will activate your pineal gland, causing it to release your soul. Ready?

MATTESON

No! Not fucking ready!

The Four Greys secure Matteson's wrists and ankles. Reticulan steps up on the stool between Matteson's spread legs. He squirts some jelly into his butt, and sodomizes him. Matteson GROANS.

MATTESON

Ugh! Gentle technique?!

Reticulan GRUNTS, Matteson GROANS. Reticulan withdraws, and lowers his pointy grey head. He aims and guides it slowly into Matteson's rectum. Matteson SCREAMS!

MATTESON

(great pain)

Christ! Gimme an epidural!

Reticulan slides his entire body inside of Matteson and disappears O.S. Matteson stops GROANING. He's silent and still. He stares blankly without blinking.

Greys CLAP their hands cheerfully.

Matteson is now controlled by Reticulan.

MATTESON

Take them off. I have it.

Greys release the four shackles. GREY stands near Matteson with a small, open CHROME STORAGE BOX.

Matteson sits up. He GAGS and REGURGITATES his SOUL--a DARKENED FLICKERING AMORPHOUS LIGHT. Matteson takes it from his mouth and places it into the chrome box. Grey seals the box. A GREEN LIGHT blinks on. Grey walks to a wall-rack with MILLIONS of shiny chrome storage boxes and green-blinking lights. He slides the box into the rack.

MATTESON

I need a jet crash survivor story.  
And a flight from Bermuda to D.C.

Matteson "becomes" dressed in a crisp new suit, white shirt, tie and black shoes. He DISINTEGRATES.

INT. ST. BENEDICT CHURCH - NIGHT

PARISHIONERS approach Bishop Francis cowering in fear behind the pulpit.

BISHOP FRANCIS

The Devil! Oh my god, he's really real?!

Unaffected Female PARISHIONER #3 (FP#3), 40s, stands:

FP#3

They're fucking Hivites! Run!

PARISHIONER HIVITES block and lock the exit doors. Bishop Francis is grabbed at the pulpit by Parishioners:

BISHOP FRANCIS

Goddammit! Don't you know who I am?!

FP#1

Yeah! You're a child molester!

PANDEMONIUM as Hivites attack the fewer NON-HIVITES. Twitching, sniffing, biting, bleeding, eating, bloody cannibalistic CHAOS explodes within the church.

INT. SERENA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

CNN Reporter, Serena, drives. Her police scanner sits on the dashboard. Police DISPATCHER's voice is heard:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units, all units, code-eight.  
(MORE)

DISPATCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 St. Benedict church, 819 14th St.  
 Back-up needed. Multiple assaults  
 in progress. Code-three, code-  
 three! All available ambulances  
 needed!

Serena accelerates, makes a fast turn onto 14th Street.

INT. SERENA'S CAR (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT

SIRENS are heard as Serena drives into St. Benedict's church parking lot. Fianna and Sol run past her and enter Fianna's Audi A4, start the car and exit the lot.

SCREAMING bloody, maimed Parishioners run past Serena's car. She locks her car doors and stares fearfully at the rabid Parishioners. FEMALE VICTIM, 20s, with her throat bleeding, SMASHES her bloody face and open bloody mouth against Serena's window. Serena ducks and hides O.S.

EXT. BERMUDA PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Matteson exits the rear door of a car, walks past the female ATTENDANT, 20s, and enters a GULFSTREAM jet.

INT. BLACK SUV (IDLING/MOVING) - NIGHT

Diaz is in the driver's seat; Mojica's in the front passenger seat. Mojica taps his phone to hang up a call.

MOJICA

(excited)

Reaper says we're escalating.  
 AntiCiv will instigate street  
 violence to compel the President  
 to impose martial law. Sleeper  
 cells will accelerate the anarchy  
 to activate the Hivites feeding on  
 American citizens. It's going to  
 be the bloodiest mother of all  
 massacres! We're going to win!

DIAZ

Orders?

MOJICA

We collect Matteson.

DIAZ

He's dead.

MOJICA

Not quite. He arrives this morning  
in D.C. Five-thirty. GOGO Jets.

DIAZ

What? What do we do with him?

MOJICA

Silver Spring. A specialist came  
in. From Panchimalca. MS-13 guy.  
Reaper wants us to work with him.  
We're under short-term truce.

DIAZ

Panchimalca.

(beat)

Quince?

Mojica is silently stunned. Diaz drives out of the lot.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Heard he's killed over ninety now.  
Everyone involved in his sister's  
Quinceañera massacre. All of their  
families. All their friends. Glad  
I wasn't involved. He's killed...  
shit, everyone. Except the rapist,  
Gorto. And one other guy.

Diaz looks at Mojica, who stares out the window.

INT. CORVETTE (MOVING) - DAWN

Quince drives. He tunes the radio station and settles on  
a heavy metal song. He turns up the VOLUME, and speeds  
down the road into the eastern breaking dawn.

EXT. AUDI A4 (MOVING) - DAWN

The A4 drives along a D.C. street. BLOOD and BODY PARTS  
stain the streets. Roving HIVITES attack PEOPLE walking  
and PEOPLE stopped in cars at traffic lights. Hivites  
knock a BIKE MESSENGER off his bike and tear him apart.

INT. AUDI A4 (STOPS) - DAWN

Fianna pulls over and stops. Tears in her eyes. She stares aghast at the cannibalistic carnage of HIVITES attacking and eating PEOPLE. She reaches into her tote, pulls out her Glock pistol and lays it on the center console. Sol sits in the front passenger seat.

SOL

Daddy was involved with child traffickers. For their CSF. I was told this. By The Light herself. That's why Mojica hanged you, from the door knob, with the red scarf. To kill you. And to send a message to all the others. Because you were going to talk to the FBI about them, and the Sinaloa Cartel. And MS-13.

(beat)

I was collateral damage.

Fianna SOBS... Sudden POUNDING on her windows by desperate bloody HIVITES. They try the car door handles, shake the car, climb on top, HOWLING and SNARLING.

SOL

Drive Momma. Now. To Dad's office.

EXT. GOGO JETS AIRPORT - DAY

Gulfstream jet lands.

SUPER:               **5:10 AM**

INT. GOGO JETS TERMINAL - DAY

In dark suits and ties, CIA Officer, MARK EPSTEIN, 50s, and FBI Special Agent KLINE, 40s, armed with machineguns watch through the window as the Gulfstream lands, taxis, parks at the terminal and shuts down its engines.

EPSTEIN

(looks at watch)

Twenty minutes early.

EXT. TARMAC

Gulfstream door opens. Healthy and refreshed Matteson/Reticulan exits and walks to the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL WAITING AREA

KLINE

Look at the guy. Survives a plane crash and still looks like a tri-athlete. He's gotta be Reptilian.

EPSTEIN

Or something else entirely.

Matteson enters, walks near Epstein and Kline. They walk.

EPSTEIN

(shows badge)  
Speaker Matteson.

MATTESON

Yes.

EPSTEIN

Mark Epstein, CIA, and FBI Special Agent Kline.

Kline shows badge-

MATTESON

Gentlemen. What can I do for you?

They all walk toward the terminal exit. Their phones VIBRATE simultaneously. All look at their phones.

EPSTEIN

Presidential Emergency Alert.  
POTUS just declared martial law.  
He's shutting down the country.

They all quickly exit the terminal.

EXT. GOGO JETS AIRPORT - DAY

Cessna Citation X parks at the terminal. The door opens. El Guero exits with a briefcase.

INT./EXT. TERMINAL

El Guero walks through the terminal and exits the front door. A GOLD BMW M4 drives to him. El Guero glances at a DEAD BLOODY HIVITE on the street as the BMW passenger door opens. El Guero enters, it drives off.

SIRENS are heard.

Black SUV arrives at the entrance of the terminal and parks. Mojica exits the passenger door, walks quickly past the dead Hivite and enters the terminal.

Moments later... Mojica exits the terminal, trots to the SUV, enters the front passenger side. The SUV drives off.

INT. BLACK SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Diaz drives, Mojica sits in front passenger seat.

MOJICA

Two government suits got him.

DIAZ

Probably Clowns In America.  
Reaper's gonna be pissed!

MOJICA

Drop me and wait at Matteson's office. I'll get our homies for backup and meet you there. If he gets there before me, hold him.

Diaz pulls over, Mojica exits. Diaz drives away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pistol aimed, Mojica stops a RED CAR. He pulls the FEMALE DRIVER out, gets in, and drives away. A HIVITE attacks the helpless Female Driver.

INT. CIA SUV (MOVING) - DAY

CIA DRIVER drives; Kline sits in the front passenger seat; Epstein and Matteson sit behind them. Their EMERGENCY LIGHTS and SIREN are on.

EPSTEIN

(to Matteson)

There are tens-of-thousands, maybe more, of these creatures, these human-Hivite hybrids, that are all going rabid simultaneously. It's like Shaun of the fucking dead.

MATTESON  
Coven scum addicts! They're  
fucking up my scheme!

Kline and Epstein exchange a glance.

MATTESON (CONT'D)  
I need the codes for martial law.  
Go to my office!

EPSTEIN  
We're going there. Then over to  
the White House.

MATTESON  
I have to get into the Situation  
Room before they lock it down.  
(beat)  
Fuck! Skip the office. I recall  
the code sequence.

EXT. AUDI A4 (MOVING) - DAY

Audi passes several soldier-filled, armored military trucks. Audi arrives at Longworth Building and parks.

EXT. LONGWORTH BUILDING - DAY

Fianna exits the Audi with her pistol. THREE HIVITES attack; she turns quickly and SHOTS--BANG-BANG-BANG--kills all Three. Fianna runs up the steps and enters.

Diaz drives the black SUV to the front of the building and parks behind the Audi. He exits, looks down at the Three dead Hivites and runs up the steps. He enters.

EXT. CORVETTE (MOVING) - DAY

Corvette passes GROUPS of frenzied HIVITES feeding on people on the streets and sidewalks.

Corvette passes SPEEDING DCPD police cars and soldier-filled military trucks.

MACHINEGUN FIRE is heard.

BLACK HELICOPTERS BUZZ overhead.

SUPER:                   **SILVER SPRING**

The Corvette stops in front of a dilapidated house. Quince drives around to the alley behind the house, passes the rear of it, and parks several houses away.

INT. CORVETTE (STOPPED) - DAY

Quince reloads his .50 Desert Eagle pistol mag, pulls the slide back and chambers a round. He exits.

EXT. HOUSE (REAR) - DAY

Quince walks the alley to the rear of the house. He opens the gate and cautiously enters the backyard. He stops.

SIX tattooed MS-13 GANGSTERS, 20s, exit the rear door with machetes. They walk slowly toward Quince, who aims his chrome .50 Desert Eagle pistol at them. Three Gangsters approach from Quince's left, Three Gangsters approach Quince on his right. They move closer-

QUINCE

-Cut the shit or I'll feed you to the Hivites.

The MS-13 Gangsters stop.

MS-13 GANGSTER #1

Who the fuck're you?

QUINCE

Quince. From Panchimalca. El Guero sent me.

MS-13 GANGSTER #2

Where's your Mara ink? You don't look like us. You definitely don't talk like us!

The Gangsters laugh and raise their machetes.

QUINCE

(aims pistol at each one)  
Long fuckin story. In the house. There's supposed to be thirty men here. Where are the others?

MS-13 GANGSTER #1

Yeah, well. They were like, eaten.

MS-13 GANGSTER #3

You know Sinaloa Cartel El Guero?

QUINCE

He's the only one. In the house now or I'll paint it with your tiny fucking brains. Move!

Quince keeps his pistol trained on them. The Gangsters all enter the rear door of the house. Quince follows.

EXT. HOUSE (FRONT) - DAY

It's run-down with broken windows. The RED CAR drives up to the front of the house and parks. Mojica exits the car, walks to the front door and enters.

INT. DCPD POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It's filled with REPORTERS, CAMERA OPERATORS, CNN Reporter Serena and her Camera Man. DCPD Chief, BROCK, 50s, stands behind the podium with microphones arrayed in front of him. The press conference is in progress:

BROCK

Patrol and military personnel are securing the streets and eliminating all potential threats. Also, the investigation into the barbaric murders of Patrol Officers Laoth and Rizoel are active and ongoing-

SERENA

-Chief, are members of MS-13 your primary suspects in those murders?

BROCK

We continue to gather information, Serena. Our evidence and leads point to a cell of the MS-13 gang as potential people of interest. However, due to martial law and the Hivite, situation, our field resources are limited. But we hope to be making arrests soon.

EXT. HOUSE (FRONT) — DAY

TWO DCPD PATROL CARS roll up silently without lights or sirens and park next to the red car. FOUR PATROLMEN exit the cars and cautiously approach the house. RED DOTS from their AR-15 laser sights fix on the front door.

INT. HOUSE — DAY

Angry MS-13 Gangsters with machetes surround unarmed Mojica in a tight circle. Quince stands near the kitchen watching with his pistol aimed at Mojica:

MS-13 GANGSTER #1

He set us up, Quince, for the two cops murders. We didn't do it. Plus the fucking Richards murder.

MS-13 GANGSTER #2

Strip the fucker!

Gangsters rip Mojica's clothes off revealing his BARRIO-18 TATTOOS on his back, arms, neck, chest and legs.

MS-13 GANGSTER #1

We're going to eat your heart.

MOJICA

Fuck you, you Satanic wannabes.

MS-13 GANGSTERS

Chop him up, feed the Beast! Chop him up, feed the Beast! Chop him-

-The front door EXPLODES off its hinges, FLASH GRENADES fly through the broken windows: BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! the room fills with smoke-

-RED DOTS light up the CHESTS of the Gangsters: BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG--Four Gangsters drop dead in place. The remaining Two Gangsters run up the stairs-

-Quince FIRES his pistol BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! through the open front doorway and windows. He grabs Mojica with a RED DOT on his face, yanks him away by his hair, HITS him hard across the face with his pistol and guides him fast out the rear kitchen door; they exit running-

EXT. HOUSE REAR - DAY

-Quince, with his pistol up, and dazed Mojica stop in their tracks.

El Guero faces them. His pistol is aimed at Quince.

EL GUERO

Amigo. Good to see you. I almost didn't recognize you without your tats.

Quince's pistol is aimed at El Guero.

EL GUERO (CONT'D)

You fucked with my business!

QUINCE

Selling children to cannibals?

A MACHETE TWIRLS down from the house's second story window. It penetrates El Guero's chest, and protrudes out through his back. His eyes widen. He drops to his knees, and drops his pistol.

Quince looks up at the second story window just as MS-13 Gangster is BLOWN out the window by a BARRAGE of bullets.

Quince SHOOTS El Guero in the head.

He pulls Mojica by his hair through the yard, through the rear gate and down the alley. His POV as he spots the gold BMW M4 with its passenger window down. A PISTOL is aimed at him by DRIVER--BANG-BANG--the SHOTS miss Quince--

-Quince SHOOTS--BANG-BANG--kills the M4 Driver. He pulls Mojica to the Corvette, opens the trunk. A PLEXIGLASS BOX contains a HISSING DIAMONDBACK RATTLESNAKE baring its FANGS. Quince opens the box, the SNAKE slithers out; he shoves Mojica into the trunk with the Snake and SLAMS the lid. He enters the car, puts it in gear, and FLOORS it down the alley just as a SALVO of bullets RICOCHET off the Corvette as it disappears around the corner O.S.

INT. MATTESON'S OFFICE - DAY

Diaz sits in a chair. He faces Fianna who sits behind Matteson's desk. Her pistol rests on the desk aimed at Diaz. Sol sits in a chair next to Fianna facing Diaz.

DIAZ

I don't think he's coming. So-

FIANNA

-You're probably right. Makes  
my decision easy.

DIAZ

What does that mean, Mrs. Matteson?

SOL

You're dead, fucker.

Fianna SHOOTS Diaz in the forehead. His brains and blood  
SPLATTER across the NAVAL PILOT JET PICTURES of younger  
Matteson sitting on the mantle of the fireplace.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Black helicopters BUZZ overhead. Armored military  
vehicles are positioned around the perimeter of the White  
House. SOLDIERS and SNIPERS are inside the fenced grounds  
and on the rooftops ready with their weapons aimed at the  
swarm of approaching Hivites.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

SUPER:                   **WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM**

The PRESIDENTIAL SEAL hangs on the wall behind PRESIDENT  
JACK LEE, who sits at the conference table talking with  
VICE PRESIDENT MAX WATERS, CHIEF OF STAFF JOHN BUSH, and  
HOMELAND SECURITY CHIEF STEVE REID. TWO SECRET SERVICE  
AGENTS stand on either side of President Lee.

COS BUSH

CDC reports a world-wide pandemic!

HSC REID

The strategy is working.

PRESIDENT LEE

We're going to slaughter them all.  
Millions of deadbeats will finally  
be removed from the population. I  
will sign the Executive Order to  
commence with the National Purge.

President Lee picks up a pen to sign the Executive Order.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Matteson, Epstein and Kline run toward the Situation Room. They arrive at the heavily armored door. TWO armed MILITARY GUARDS, 30s, stand on either side of the door.

MATTESON

I'm Speaker Matteson! I must speak with President Lee immediately!

Matteson taps a code onto the KEYPAD at the door--BUZZ-

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

-BUZZ--Secret Service Agent #1 (SSA#1), looks at a MONITOR SCREEN showing Matteson, Epstein and Kline:

SSA#1

President Lee, CIA Epstein and FBI Kline are outside.

PRESIDENT LEE

Ask them to wait, please.

SSA#1 presses the button on the SCREEN:

SSA#1

Gentlemen, President Lee asks that you wait, please.

SSA#1 turns away from door... He sniffs the air.

President Lee holds the pen and presses it onto the Executive Order document at the SIGNATURE LINE.

Secret Service Agent #2, sniffs and twitches. He pulls out his pistol and aims it at President Lee. Stunned, President Lee drops the pen.

HALLWAY

MUFFLED GUNSHOTS, YELLING and THUDDING are heard from inside the Situation Room. Epstein, Kline and Military Guards stare in shock at the door. Matteson smiles.

INT. AUDI A4 - DAY

Fianna drives. Sol sits in the front passenger seat. News Radio is on. A MALE NEWSCASTER's voice is heard:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-all remaining Hivites will be euthanized. Raising the number of dead into the tens-of-millions. But I repeat: the global pandemic has been contained. Vaccines will be deployed. Remain sheltered in place to await further information. Breaking news now as Mitchell S. Matteson, formerly Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, was sworn in today as the forty-seventh President of the United States. This comes after the horrific murders last week of President Lee and Vice President Waters in the-

-Sol turns the radio off.

SOL

The craziest hybrid in the world is now the President of the United States! What the fuck, Momma?!

FIANNA

It's not over, Sol. We know who he is, who they are, and all of their secrets. We'll start work tomorrow. A new dawn. A new day.

(beat)

Darkness to light, Baby.

(smiles at Sol)

EXT. HOSPITAL INTEGRAL OJINAGA - DAY

Well-dressed Quince stands nervously outside the hospital Emergency Entrance holding a bouquet of flowers.

Nurse Cristina exits the hospital, glances at Quince and looks away. She stops and slowly turns to face him. She recognizes him, and smiles shyly. She walks to him. He smiles and hands her the flowers. She smells them, and hugs him and smiles... suddenly, she sniffs the air... and twitches.

FADE OUT.

THE END