

FAMILY CRIMES: PILOT

Written by

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FAMILY CRIMES -- EPISODE 1

INT. DOWNTOWN LA CONDO - NIGHT

Big money covers the walls, all picked from a Christie's Post-modern art catalog. A beautiful woman **CINDY** looking around in awe. In a tight dress. Long black hair. Perfect smile. Cheap make-up. The man with her opening a bottle of wine...

THE MAN

I won this in an auction in New York last Spring. Twenty thousand dollars.

CINDY

Whoa. That's crazy. For a bottle of wine? Maybe we shouldn't drink it.

THE MAN

You're worth it.

CINDY

Um, so like the agency wants me to get the money up front. I can phone in a card?

The Man lifts a napkin. A couple grand in cash under it.

THE MAN

Cash okay?

CINDY

Sure. So you're good for two hours. We can do anything you want. I can be whoever you want.

She slides a condom across the counter with a lacquered fingernail...

THE MAN

Well that sounds exciting.

The Man pours the wine. Cindy examines the bottle...

CINDY

Twenty grand for a 2008 Chateau Chaval Blanc? It's a six thousand dollar bottle at best. Are you a fucking idiot?

THE MAN

Excuse me?

The Man REACTS -- **WHACK!** Cindy smashes the bottle against his head, shattering it. The Man buckles...

Cindy looking around. SEES his laptop. Opens it. Needs a password. She returns to The Man. Bleeding like a pig. Rolls him over. Sits on his chest.

CINDY
Password.

THE MAN
...go to hell...

She grabs the broken bottleneck. Grinds it into his face. Shredding flesh...

CINDY
Password. Or you won't even be able to buy pussy when I'm done.

THE MAN
...fuck a bitch...

CINDY
Excuse me?

THE MAN
Fuck a bitch. It's the password. All uppercase.

She types it in. Bingo. She stands. Looking around. Grabs the massive cutting board. Brings it down on his head. **CRUNCH!** Again and again. Spattering herself with blood.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Cindy in a black hoodie before a 55 gallon drum roiling with flame -- The Man's body burning inside...

CINDY'S VOICE
"Fuck a bitch." The reason they're so scared of us is we made them. Every man walking this Earth is bitch made. See, we're the source, we're the blindspot, they never see us coming. But sometimes you never see them coming.

From the darkness a hand presses a pistol to Cindy's head...

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

Tomb quiet. So quiet we can hear the candleflames dance. A casket floats in a vast sea of flowers. Someone important inside. The endless wreaths and arrangements tell us this is **CINDY TORRES**.

We push in slowly -- Creeping towards the insanely expensive casket.

CINDY'S VOICE

When Jesus was on the cross, he drank the sour wine and cried out "it is finished." Then he bowed his head and his spirit went to God. If there's a Hell, that's where I'm going. I've broken every commandment. God's laws and man's laws. I became my own law. I wore a mask, I became a reflection, so people saw what they wanted to see. And what I wanted them to see. I remade the world in my image. But I was asleep. Blind in the darkness. It's all around us all the time. Things you can't imagine. A thousand nightmares at once. And I loved it. I fucking loved it -- *Until I woke up...*

CAMERA closer to the casket. We see the figure inside. A beautiful young woman. Perfect hair. Make-up. Fingernails. Designer dress. Maybe too perfect. We're seeing some of the best mortuary work imaginable.

ON HER FACE -- A porcelain doll. CAMERA spins so she's upright in profile. Her eyes open...

MATCH DISSOLVE:

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Cindy looking confused. Staring into oblivion. Her friend KIRSTIN looking at her. Concerned.

KIRSTIN

...Cindy...

CINDY

What?

KIRSTIN

Hello? You okay?

CINDY

I'm fine.

She's not. Getting oriented. Checking her notes. A single word - NIGHTMARE - On her laptop.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You're taking notes?

KIRSTIN

We're fucked. I don't know what he's talking about.

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Duress. I'm covering the duress defense.

CINDY

The fuck. Can he hear us?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Yes Miss Torres. I can hear you and your colleague, Miss Lord, just fine. Can you two hear me?

Cindy gives him a thumbs up.

PROFESSOR HARRIS (CONT'D)

Say your client wants to use a duress defense. What is your client admitting to?

CINDY

Doing the crime..?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Yesss. A duress defense is an automatic confession. Now do you think it's wise to advise your client to confess to a criminal act and trust in a favorable outcome at trial?

CINDY

I'm going to say that is unwise.

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Now what if your noble and forthright client is a battered wife who has killed her abuser? Wise or unwise?

CINDY

Um, less unwise?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Yes. If you can't build a self defense argument, scorched earth last resort is battered woman syndrome. Duress. Now what if you're the child of a mafia family and get indicted? Can you argue duress? 'Gee Mr. Prosecutor, it's not my fault I was born into it?'

CINDY

No?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

No. Easy. Very good. Duress.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Cindy and Kristen walking. Guys checking out Cindy. She's used to it. Amazing in her 10K outfit. Money and beauty.

CINDY

That was weird. Why would he say that?

KIRSTIN

Isn't half your family in prison?

CINDY

Omigod. No bitch. I have like a couple cousins who are shady. OK? Tonight. What's up?

KIRSTIN

Um. Drinking, dancing, hooking up vomiting followed by profound remorse?

CINDY

I can wingman you like a motherfucker on the hooking up part. But I got a man. And here he is...

Here comes **RORY SPENCER** -- A good looking athletic guy in Business school. Perfect white smile and daddy's money. Cindy and him make a perfect pretty shiny couple.

CINDY (CONT'D)

What's up, babe?

After their mandatory PDA...

KIRSTIN

Didn't anyone tell you guys not to count money in front of the poor?

RORY

Kirstin you're out there getting more than any of us. How's the Chlamydia?

KIRSTIN

Uh. Gone. How's your asshole friend who gave me Chlamydia?

RORY

Okay. So we're going to agree to disagree on the Patient Zero of it all.

KIRSTIN

Rory.

RORY

Yes Kirstin?

KIRSTIN

I let you have Cindy because I'm kind. I could wage a campaign against your brand and turn her blessed little heart against you. You do know that?

CINDY

Wait, you can do that?

KIRSTIN

Of course I could. I know you better than your parents.

CINDY

They think I'm still thirteen.

KIRSTIN

You know what I mean.

RORY

Kristen when you talk nonsense I ignore it. Tonight?

CINDY

Bring some friends to Serenata. Like eight?

RORY

Cool. That's ten in Cindy time.

KIRSTIN

And uh - Make sure they have clean health certificates. I'll be checking at the door.

RORY

I got you. I know what you like.

KIRSTIN

I like 'em dumb.

CINDY

Going shopping babe. Wanna come?

RORY

No. I'd rather die. Bye.

He kisses her and takes off.

KIRSTIN

Why? Again I ask. Why?

CINDY

You know why.

KIRSTIN

(shrugs, bewildered)

He's got a big dick?

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

A worried looking SHOE DEPARTMENT MANAGER stands before Cindy, hands tightly clasped before him. Cindy's face is tight with rage. Seven different designer shoes in a row before her.

CINDY

See this letherette here? How it tucks under and the toe cap? You think this is hand made in a Milan studio? Seriously. Look. Look right there. There's tool marks all over it. And this one. A fucking patent leather low rise pump? Where the fuck is your buyer? These in your best judgement are state of the art dealer samples? I mean, do I look stupid to you? I spent twenty six thousand here last week. Just help me understand what the fuck is going on here.

MANAGER

Miss Torres, I'm so sorry. Colette is in New York. I have her cell if you'd like to--

CINDY

--I have Colette's cell. I've been texting her. Why is she ignoring my texts?

MANAGER

I'm sorry Miss Torres.

ON KIRSTIN -- Watching this. She loves it when Cindy gets worked up like this.

KIRSTIN

Maybe they can overnight something from New York?

CINDY

Well? Because I'm not wearing this shit.

MANAGER

Arrangements will be made Miss Torres. Give me until tomorrow.

CLOSE ON -- Cindy's foot in a 5K pre-season sample high heel.

CINDY

Take the picture already.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy poses her foot as Kirstin take a cell snap.

CINDY

Instagram that shit. Hashtag Mexican Princess ballin' like a boss.

Kirstin typing -- WE SEE the post in Cindy's highly curated feed of fashion, lifestyle and venality.

KIRSTIN

Bitch I need shoes for tonight.

CINDY

Closet.

Let's pause for a moment -- See Cindy's room is larger than your average home.

A hundred grand in Italian silk draperies. A chandelier from the Czar's Summer home. A furniture set looted from Versailles. New clothes everywhere. Unopened bags and boxes. Kirstin walks to the closet. Opens it.

KIRSTIN

Mother of fuck. Are you kidding me?

The closet goes for a mile. Endless couture in Cindy's size. And a flotsam of shoes. All worn once.

CINDY

Seven days in a week times two feet equals a mad kicks. So?

KIRSTIN

You ever worn any twice?

Cindy packing a bowl...

CINDY

Ew.

GRISELDA the maid enters. 40, two kids, a drunk for a husband.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Griselda you ever get high?

GRISELDA

No. No.

Cindy blows a cloud of pot smoke in her face. Griselda is armored to these petty tortures.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Senorita, I need the laundry.

CINDY

You need a good fuck -- Kristen let's goooo. Hey can that guy get some Molly?

Kirstin appears with a pair of 6 inch spikes.

KIRSTIN

Yeah, it's on lock. You got cash?

Cindy flashes 20K...

KIRSTIN (CONT'D)
I think it's like five hundred. So
I think we're good.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cindy and Kirstin CLACKING across the travertine towards the massive front door...

DANNY JUNIOR (O.S.)
Cindy. You going out?

Cindy nods for Kirstin to follow her into her father's study.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Her father - **DANNY TORRES JR** - stands to hug his daughter. He's a big man, perpetually anxious about the endless business and deals in his life. He loves Cindy to death. Evidence by the giant oil portrait of Cindy in her Quincenera dress. She can do no wrong.

CINDY
Hi daddy!

DANNY JUNIOR
You're going out, mamita?

CINDY
No, daddy. Me and Kirstin have a study thing tonight.

DANNY JUNIOR
Oh. Okay. I mean, you're really done up.

CINDY
No come on, Daddy. I can take the Lambo right?

DANNY JUNIOR
Um, I don't think - it's a hard car to drive. Take the Mercedes.

CINDY
No that's okay.

DANNY JUNIOR
Please, please be careful.

CINDY
Okay daddy. I love you.

She finds the Lambo key on his desk. Looking at it.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Daddy. In class today the professor was making insinuations about our family.

DANNY JUNIOR

What does that mean? Insinuations?

CINDY

Is there a reason for to him think we're like shady?

DANNY JUNIOR

This is that Harris guy? I know who he is. If he was any kind of attorney he'd be making eight hundred an hour, not teaching undergrads. Guys like that resent the success of others. You know my dad was a street guy. That's how he grew up, he had some arrests. And Uncle Joe had the cops try and rope him into some bullshit a few years back. It went away. Look at what we have. There's a lot of haters. I wear a tie to work. C'mon princess.

CINDY

But you'd tell me?

DANNY JUNIOR

Excuse me Cindy Alicia Torres?

CINDY

Wow. That gets the indignant full name reaction?

DANNY JUNIOR

Drive carefully. And please, please, please, for the love of all that is holy, do not burn out the clutch again.

She gives him a big hug and a kiss.

INT. LAMBORGHINI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kirstin marveling at the car as Cindy whips it around a corner.

KIRSTIN

This is siiiiick. Instragramming
this shit. Up in the Lambo with
Cindy Torress. Wassup haters?

They pull along some Persian dudes in a white Mercedes. *They speak at Cindy in Farsi.*

CINDY

Guys. Mexican. Mexican not
Persian. Got it?

SCREEEEEECH! -- She blasts out of the light.

INT. SERENATA DE MI ALMA - NIGHT

A high end Mexican Restaurant in Downtown LA. Classic Spanish elements, curated together with a modern subtle taste.

Cindy sits at a massive table with Kirstin and Rory and a dozen of their friends from college. Beers litter the table. Plates of food. Rory holds court...

RORY

So I'm like "bro, really" and the
dude still mad dogging the shit out
of me and he's like all "bro I
gotta gun bro" And I'm like
"bullshit dude, let's see it" and
he like reaches around his back and
I left hooked that motherfucker
right on his ear and dude is down.

His buddy **TYLER** is rapt...

TYLER

He have a gun?

RORY

No it was a cellphone. Old as fuck
too like one of those Galaxies or
whatever. Cindy saw the whole
thing - Remember that shit?

CINDY

I have Molly.

RORY

No. No way babe.

She palms a bag of powder. Sensually licks her finger and dips it in the powder. Slides it into Rory's mouth.

RORY (CONT'D)
 Okay cool. I guess were doing MDMA
 tonight. Tyler?

TYLER
 Fuck it.

Tyler dips his finger in the bag. It quickly goes around the table.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 So what's up Kirstin?

KIRSTIN
 So what's up about what?

TYLER
 You should fuck with me.

KIRSTIN
 I'm going to turn away from you in
 an obvious way and talk to Cindy
 now. K? Thank you for playing.

CINDY
 I want to dance. It's the only
 thing real in life. Dancing.
 Moving my body. Like water.

That's when her **UNCLE RICKY** approaches. Cindy's father has three brothers. Ricky is the charismatic party boy. He's slick as fuck and can talk his way out of anything.

The bag of Molly has come around to Kirstin. Uncle Ricky grabs her wrist.

UNCLE RICKY
 Don't do that shit in here.
 (to Cindy)
 Let me see your eyes.
 (looks)
 Oh fucking awesome. Cindy you're
 putting me in a position I don't
 like.

CINDY
 Stop. Stop pretending. Just stop.

UNCLE RICKY
 Money. Who has the money? Because
 you guys just ate and drank, um,
 this much...

He shows her the tab...

CINDY
Daddymatic.

She lays an American Express on him.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Where's the underground tonight?

UNCLE RICKY
No.

CINDY
Uncle Ricky. Don't be a dick.
Where's the party?

UNCLE RICKY
If all of you leave quietly and
don't break anything, I'll text
you.

Cindy stands...

CINDY
K guys. We're outta here. After
hours time.

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

It's late. Bad things happen here. Drugs. Sex. It's a slice of LA from the money side to the shady side. Lines are snorted. Dancers writhe. Flesh and all things sensual grinding to the beat.

FIND CINDY -- Drunk and high out of her fucking mind. She and Rory and friends are in a big cuddle puddle.

RORY
My dad thinks he's this amazing smart guy but all he does is go on Ebay at work and buy wierd antiques. He's lucky he inherited so much shit and money and companies he couldn't fuck it up if he had a hundred lives.

CINDY
Daddy doesn't love you. So you talk shit about him?

RORY

What? No. He's a dick. I'm saying you think people are one thing but everybody's fronting. It's all hype.

CINDY

I love my daddy so much. I would never talk bad about him.

RORY

I'm not talking bad about him. I'm just saying he's full of shit.

CINDY

You have everything.

RORY

So do you.

CINDY

I'm grateful.

RORY

No you're not.

CINDY

Dude. You know how bad life would suck without money? I'm grateful.

RORY

I don't get shit until I graduate.

CINDY

So graduate. I'll graduate and be this badass like high power attorney with a jet doing these big corporate cases.

RORY

You know that's bullshit. You're gonna just make it through then go work for your dad doing little things with a big office.

CINDY

Yeah, we're kind'a saying the same thing. Is this Molly any good? It's like not a very fun trip.

RORY
I'm pissed off. Sorry. But it's
like you don't give a shit about
about anyone but yourself. Cindy I
love you.

Cindy looking at him. Starts laughing. A biting, sarcastic
laugh.

CINDY
You love me? You fucking love me?
Dude. You're rolling. Everybody
loves everybody on this shit.

RORY
It's not the drugs talking, it's me
talking.

CINDY
Stop. It doesn't mean anything.
Nothing means anything. We're
gonna dance.

She hauls him off the couch...

LATER -- Cindy is all over Rory on the dance floor. She rips
open his shirt. Licks his 5-hours-in-the-gym-a-day chest.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I want you to fuck me.

RORY
Right here?

CINDY
No stupid.

She grabs his hand and marches him the dancefloor, Cindy is
not afraid to throw an elbow...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Cindy is getting smashed by Rory in the Lambo. Don't ask me
how, but apparently it's possible. She's all passion and
hunger. A greedy lover...

She opens her eyes and SEES a man's face staring at her. She
SCREAMS.

Rory is up like a shot and charges the man. The man lazily
sidesteps him, clotheslines him, dropping him...

Rory tries to get up -- WHAM! -- Gets a shoe in the liver.

CINDY
Stop! Stop it! Leave him alone.

Cindy is out of the car, stuffing herself back into her dress. She pounds on the man's back.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Rory, stay down. Please just stay down -- Uncle Alex. Stop. Please stop. What are you doing here?

Cindy helps Rory up.

CINDY (CONT'D)
It's okay. He's my Uncle. Please don't do anything. You don't want to get hurt like for good okay babe?

She gets in Uncle Alex's cold angry face.

CINDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

UNCLE ALEX
Grandma sent me. Papa Danny had a stroke, he's in Cedars. Everybody's going. Get in the car.

Uncle Alex grabs Cindy's arm and shoves her into the Lambo.

RORY
Hey. What the fuck.

Uncle Alex turns and looks at him with mad eyes that would make Satan himself think twice...

UNCLE ALEX
The afterlife is a choice. Do you realize you're making a choice now? Are you ready to go to the place you will go? How have you conducted yourself in life?

Rory REACTS. That reaction you have to a predator that wants your heart yet restrains itself...

CINDY
Oh, fuck. Uncle Alex, are you off your meds again.

Uncle Alex gets in the Lambo, slams the door and peels out of there with Cindy. Rory wondering what the fuck happened.

INT. LAMBORGHINI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Uncle Alex driving. Cindy glares at him.

CINDY
What the fuck is wrong with you?
You can't do this.

UNCLE ALEX
I'm doing it.

CINDY
I'm telling my dad you assaulted my
boyfriend.

UNCLE ALEX
He's a punk. I'll tell my brother
you were fornicating on drugs in
his car. You're rotten with sin,
Cindy. But the beauty of Christ is
no matter how much pollution is in
your heart, wickedness and darkness
in your heart, His light will erase
every shadow.

CINDY
Fucking kill me please. You wanna
do something stupid and go back to
jail because you think aliens are
chasing you or whatever? Take your
medication. You're such a fucking
weirdo.

UNCLE ALEX
No more poison. My heart is at
peace, I have the protective armor
of Christ.

CINDY
Fuck yeah. I see it. You got a
cigarette?

UNCLE ALEX
You're not smoking in your dad's
Lamborghini.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Several high end cars pulling up. Cindy gets out of the
Lambo as her Father and her mother **TERESA (TERRY) TORRES** get
out of dad's Bentley.

CINDY

Omigod mommy. Uncle Alex is acting crazy again and hit my boyfriend.

Terry is as much of a princess as her daughter. Yoga, Pilates, macrobiotics.

TERRY

Honey. Were you drinking?

CINDY

I had a glass of wine at Uncle Ricky's restaurant. I was abducted.

(to her father)

Daddy. Uncle Alex--

Terry squeezes her arm.

TERRY

Leave him alone. His father is up there and they're saying he won't make the night.

Now Cindy notices how worried her father looks. Acquiesces. Uncle Ricky pulls up in a sports car. Gets out. Worried. More cars as the Torres family gathers in front of the hospital. A Prius abruptly pulls up. Out steps Cindy's big sister **NATALIE**. She's commanding even in her sweats and pony tail. *She's a full fledged emergency room surgeon.*

NATALIE

Cindy why are you dressed like it's your quincenera?

CINDY

Natalie. You're not in charge here. Okay? Don't make a scene. Daddy's upset.

Natalie ignoring her. She hugs their dad...

NATALIE

I talked to the receiving physician. Grandpa Danny had a massive Hemorrhagic stroke on the right side. He's unconscious--

Her father grabs her shoulders. Looks her in the eye.

DANNY JUNIOR

Natalie, honey. How are you? How have you been? Do you get any time off?

NATALIE
 Daddy I'm fine. Let's go.
 Grandpa's up there. C'mon.

Cindy watching them. Natalie is his favorite. *Perfect fucking Natalie the life saving doctor.*

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The Torres family gathered in an anxious knot. Cindy has packed herself into a corner. Hiding from her extended clan. Her father is beside himself. Uncle Alex, Uncle Ricky. **UNCLE JOE** enters the waiting room. He's an ex-convict, and the nice clothes can't hide the boxer, streetfighter and thug he is. He crosses to his brothers -- Cindy's dad and her Uncles. They have a quiet huddle. Cindy watching this. Natalie bursts in. Frustrated as usual, with life, humanity.

NATALIE
 Okay. Grandpa collapsed in the shower. Hit his head. Severe contusion. He was on the floor twenty minutes. He's intubated, unresponsive. The bleed is pressing on his brain stem. They can operate to relieve the bleed, but we think he'll pass on the table. Either way he could pass right now, or in a couple hours. I can bring two people back with me.

Danny Junior grabs Cindy's hand. To his wife's surprise, and follows Natalie.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT

GRANDPA DANNY hooked up to every imaginable machine. Circling the drain. At his side is **GRANDMA VERA** -- His wife of 50 years. Clutching her rosary in utter devastation.

Danny Junior standing there, as his father, patriarch of the Torres family. He stands there. Stoic. Cold. Natalie and Cindy watching this.

GRANDMA VERA
 It's my fault. I thought he was in the bath. He was so quiet. There was so much blood. It's my fault.

DANNY JUNIOR
 Mama can I have a minute alone with my dad.

GRANDMA VERA

I won't leave you alone with him.

DANNY JUNIOR

Then you're gonna hear what I say.
Just remember, mama, I asked you to
leave.

Cindy and Natalie trade looks: *"What the fuck is going on."*
Danny Junior looks at his daughters.

DANNY JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You can step out.

Natalie is cast iron outside but a baby inside. She knows
this is going to be heavier than she can take and steps out.

CINDY

I'm not missing this.

Danny looks at his father. Fading dying.

DANNY JUNIOR

I love you, pops. I'm who I am
because of you and everything you
taught me. You made me the man I
am today. And I hate you. More
than I love you. I was a little
kid. You never let me be a little
kid. You are an evil motherfucker.
And that's what you tried to make
me. It didn't stick. So help me,
I'm walking this family out of the
chaos you created. That's all I
got. Guess I'll see you in hell
motherfucker.

Grandma Vera looks at him.

DANNY JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Mom, I'm sorry. I had to say it
while there's life in his body.

Danny Junior exits. Cindy taking this in. Now it's just her
and her grandparents. That's when Grandpa Danny sucks in a
deep rasping breath. He pulls out his breathing tube and
looks at his wife of fifty years. With the last breath that
will ever fill his body...

GRANDPA DANNY

I think about Nancy Gomez every
single day.

Grandpa Danny collapses dead. Grandma Vera sits there. Motionless. Then slowly turns toward Cindy. She stands and approaches Cindy, pushes her against the wall.

GRANDMA VERA
What did you hear?

CINDY
Grandma I didn't hear nothing.

GRANDMA VERA
This is what you heard - I love you Vera. That's what he said. Say it what did he say?

CINDY
I love you Vera.

Machines coming alive with alarms, beeping. Natalie enters with a Doctor. Grandma collapses on the floor sobbing.

EXT. EVERGREEN CEMETARY - DAY

Grandpa's funeral is over. Everyone gone. A couple WORKERS tamp dirt down and place squares of sod. Ashes to ashes.

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Grandpa's wake is underway. Which means a big ass party with all the cousins driving in from Vegas and San Diego. It's a big event. Tucked away in the shadows, Danny Junior sits in a vaulted stone veranda with by his brothers Alex, Joe and Ricky.

JOE
Dad's gone. So you're the man now. You're driving the bus, where you gonna take it?

DANNY JUNIOR
How would this change anything? I do what I do, I'll do what I've been doing. I worked very hard to get as far from the street shit as I can.

ALEX
(making airquotes)
We know you're too good for the trenches. But the "*street shit*" pays your bills. Lets you live like a pharaoh off our backs.

Joe looks at Alex -- "Shut up".

JOE

The King's dead. So you're the King now. That's how people will see it. There's always a guy. There has to be a guy. If you don't want to fuck with it, I can set up a structure. All you gotta do is let people kiss your ring.

DANNY JUNIOR

No. This is your thing Joe. You take the wheel. I don't want any of it in my name.

(waving his hand)

Omini Domini - There. You're the guy now. Knock yourself out.

JOE

I got it. Don't trip. You won't have to touch nothin'. No one'll bug you, no one's asking you shit. And you can keep buying all the apartment buildings in LA and keep getting speeding tickets in your douche car.

DANNY JUNIOR

So don't borrow it if you think it's a douche car.

JOE

Poppa's friends are coming. They wanna talk to you.

Danny Junior REACTS.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't be scared of those guys. You gotta deal with them. You good?

Danny Junior nods: yes.

CAMERA FINDS CINDY AND RORY -- Walking through the extended family and well-wishers. Rory spots a group of tatted up Southsiders. Younger guys.

RORY

Are those guys gangmembers?

CINDY

I don't know anything about that. My dad's side all have business and real estate. His sister's side is a little rougher around the edges.

RORY

And Grandpa Danny is your dad's dad?

CINDY

My dad's Danny Junior. He's the oldest son. Aunt Vera is older than him and her side of the family is fucking jacked. Guys in prison. Cousins have died. It's like Christmas and Thanksgiving and *"Okay cool next year bye."*

RORY

And your dad's like a regular guy right?

CINDY

No yeah, he's been real estate dude and construction forever. He sold a warehouse he bought when I was born for ten million. He's always been on it with that stuff. And he knows half the people in City Hall. So boom-boom-boom he just flips buildings now.

RORY

And the crazy dude's his brother?

CINDY

Yeah. Uncle Alex is cool but he gets really intense.

Cindy's mom Terry waves at Rory...

CINDY (CONT'D)

Do not engage. Do not engage. Natalie's there she's an asshole.

Rory engages anyway and gives her mom a hug.

RORY

I'm so sorry.

TERRY

Thanks for coming. It means a lot.

Natalie is there.

CINDY

This is my big sister Natalie.

RORY

Oh you're the doctor. Cindy's so proud of you. Nice to meet you.

NATALIE

Rory I've heard a lot about you. You guys are so cute with the little trips on Instagram.

RORY

That's all Cindy.

NATALIE

Are you close to your dad?

RORY

Oh, wow. Yeah. I mean. I dunno. We talk.

NATALIE

You'll work for him after college then?

RORY

That's kind'a the plan.

NATALIE

We love Cindy. She's so crazy. But she actually is a very sweet girl once you get to know her.

CINDY

That's the nicest thing I ever heard you say about me. How's dad?

NATALIE

He's really quiet. But Grandma's killing it.

She nods over to where Grandma Vera is holding court.
Surrounded by flowers and family. Receiving callers and well wishers. So proud, poised, loving every second of the attention.

CINDY

You every heard of Nancy Gomez? Grandpa knew her.

NATALIE

No. Are you going to graduate?

TERRY

Is there a problem with your grade?

CINDY

Yes. Graduating. Grades good. No problem.

NATALIE

Are you getting high? Your pupils were blown out at the hospital. So like, are you partying again?

CINDY

Stop Natalie. Thank you. Try and be like a person who cares about other people right now. You know a good sociopath can fake empathy.

TERRY

Are you getting high?

CINDY

Mom no. Natalie's a conspiracy theorist. Because I actually have a life and can get a guy to talk to me she thinks I'm this drugged up whore.

NATALIE

Whatever Cindy. No one's judging you. We care about you.

CINDY

Cool talk.

Cindy pulls Rory out of there.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I told you.

RORY

Wow that was crazy. Natalie is intense as fuck.

CINDY

When she was six she was exactly like that. That's her. No thanks.

Cindy's dad approaches with **COUNCILMAN PAUL VELASQUEZ**. He's 40 but thinks he's 16. *And then there's his cocaine problem.*

CINDY (CONT'D)

That's Councilman Velasquez. He and my dad we're roommates in college and best men and all that. He's like such a trip.

Cindy goes in for a hug.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Hey Mr. Velazquez thanks for coming. This is my friend Rory.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ

We were talking about the time we crashed papa's car. And the cops drove us home. And your dad made us go to the body shop and stand there and watch for three days as they did the bodywork.

DANNY JUNIOR

I almost got a job there. They had me sanding it - Rory I know your dad. He's a good guy. Tell him I said "hi".

RORY

I will Mr. Torres.

CINDY

Rory's looking for an internship in City Hall.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ

C'mere Rory. Let's grab a beer.

The already toasted Councilman leads him to the bar. Just Cindy and her father. He looks a little lost. She squeezes his hand.

CINDY

You good dad?

DANNY JUNIOR

I guess the half full version is that I buried him before he buried me. Because that was a real possibility.

CINDY

I've heard the stories. Omigod.

DANNY JUNIOR

Mami, you have no idea. He was from a different World. People don't live like that anymore. The way he grew up, they'd take your kids today. The way he treated me and my brothers. You can't do that. You just can't do that. I've been good to you, yeah? Please mamita, tell me I've been good to you.

CINDY

Daddy you're a great dad. C'mon. You know you are.

She means it. She hugs him. His brothers in a drunken huddle wave him over.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Don't get drunk.

DANNY JUNIOR

No. I'm good.

CINDY

I'm serious daddy. Don't get drunk.

Her father smiles tightly. They both know he will. He walks away. Cindy turns, into DETECTIVE SANCHEZ -- In a suit. He's one of the councilman's baby-sitters. He's a young fit guy and crushing hard on Cindy.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Sorry about your granddad.

CINDY

Yeah me too. So what exactly do you do?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I'm a detective.

CINDY

No but like, you drive the Councilman around. And what? Like you guys hang out? Talk about stuff?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I'm on a protection detail. It's a great job. He's cool.

Councilman Velazquez is chugging a beer with Rory. Fratboy shit.

CINDY

Are you cool? You're a cop.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Yeah I think a lotta people around here got problems with the police.

CINDY

I dunno. Why would you say that? Anybody can be cool. Are you cool?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Are you fucking with me?

CINDY

I'm just asking question. You're always looking at me. Is that a cop thing? A cop look? Or is a dude who's pretty cool who happens to be a cop just, I dunno, just like "*she's cool*" so I'm gonna look at her.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You're cool. I'm cool. So we're cool.

CINDY

Yeah. No.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

That your boyfriend? The whiteboy?

CINDY

Yeah that's the guy I'm fucking.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Wow. You don't give a fuck.

CINDY

Why should I? He's inheriting a billion dollar fortune. He's fine as hell and funny as fuck and makes me laugh. Every bitch from Venice to Vegas wants to ride that D. But I got the dude locked down. So what do you got going on, Detective?

The Detective purses his lips in thought.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ
There's only one reason a girl
talks to a man like that.

CINDY
What's that?

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Detective Sanchez and Cindy fucking on the sink.

CINDY
Hit me. Hit me you piece of shit.

--he slaps her--

CINDY (CONT'D)
Do it for real pussy.

--SMACK! Did he go too far? Cindy laughing.

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Later. Cindy finds Rory still talking with the Councilman. They are asshole drunk at this point. So are most of the guests. The music blares. Plates piled with food. Caterers with trays of Coronas.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ
So your dad's deep in the VC game,
right?

RORY
Yeah. He's done some angel
investing with some tech start ups.
He killed it on Uber and some of
the other ones that hit.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ
Yeah, that tech money is fucking
crazy.

RORY
He's helped some people out. He's
good to people who are good to him.
If you're cool and real, he's
there. If you fuck with him, the
dude's a G and handles his shit.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ
That's how it is. Be tight with
your people.

(MORE)

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ (CONT'D)

(to Cindy)

Cindy this guy's cool as fuck.
Where you been keeping him?

CINDY

In my pocket. Rory you're crashing
here. No driving. K?

RORY

Yeah cool.

He gets back to ignoring her.

COUNCILMAN VELASQUEZ

Dude I've know her since she was a
little fucking baby this big.

RORY

She's grown now.

Cindy has found her mom Terry. Her sister Natalie. Her
Grandma. Her **AUNT GRACE**. All huddled together with several
other women of the family. Eyes full of judgement as she
approaches. Cindy hugs her Grandma.

CINDY

Hi Grandma can I get you anything?

GRANDMA VERA

Sit down. Just be with me, mija.

Cindy does. Grandma takes her hand, holds it tightly. Aunt
Hilda is the loud one, a little heavy who will never marry
but always dance.

AUNT GRACE

So what's the real story on how you
met Danny Senior?

GRANDMA VERA

It was Sunday and I was coming back
from mass. I took the Red Car
home. And Danny was working on a
car with his shirt off. I think I
was seventeen. He was twenty one
or two. And I got off there.

AUNT HILDA, a force of nature, grounded and life wise rolls
her eyes.

AUNT HILDA

Tell the truth. Grandma V. Tell
the real story. It's all family
here. You tell it or I'll tell it.

Cindy pours her Grandma a little shot of Tequila. She knocks back the shot. Her hands dance nervously with each other.

GRANDMA VERA

OK.

EXT. CHAVEZ RAVINE - 1958 - DAY

A dirt street with little wooden houses. These are the holdouts of the eminent domain landgrab of what became Dodger Stadium.

VERA, in her late teens, brings a hatchet down on a chicken. She dips the bird in boiling water and begins plucking feathers. This is the 5th bird today. One of the many little ways she makes money in the poor little neighborhood.

She **HEARS** an approaching siren. A young man jumps into her yard. She grabs the hatchet and stands. A knife in his hand. He's spattered in blood. Like her. They mirror each other for a moment. This is Grandpa **DANNY** as a young man. The sirens are close -- Vera nods for him to hide under the porch. Danny dives under the porch. As a police car slides to a stop. The two cops pop out with revolvers.

Looking around. At Vera...

COP

You see anyone run through here?

She shakes her head: no. **WHACK!** -- She kills another chicken. Keeps plucking. The cops have no idea Danny is just feet away. They get back in the car and speed off.

Vera plucking. Then...

VERA

You can come out. They're gone.

Danny slides out. Now dusty and bloody.

VERA (CONT'D)

I can get that blood out if you want me too. Go inside, nobody's home. My Papa's got trousers that fit you.

Danny standing there.

VERA (CONT'D)

Gimme the knife.

She takes it from him. Drops it in the boiling water.

MINUTES LATER -- Danny smokes a cigarette watching her wash the blood off his shirt and pants.

DANNY
He had it coming.

VERA
What?

DANNY
The guy had it coming.

VERA
I hope you got his money. You gonna go through that much trouble sticking someone and dodging the police, you should make some money.

Danny processing this. *She's one bad chick.* He shows her a wad of twenties.

DANNY
How's that?

VERA
That's a start. You owe me.

DANNY
I owe you? How much?

VERA
I'm not your washer woman. You're gong to take me out Friday night. Dancing. And I want a steak dinner. A good band. Not the bums around here. A good band. You understand.

DANNY
What's your name?

VERA
Vera.

DANNY
Vera. I'll take you out. But you ought'a know what your getting into. I'm nobody's sweetheart.

VERA
Stop talking now. You hungry? I got beans and pork chops. The chickens are for a wedding.

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

You want a chicken dinner you bring me one.

DANNY

That's fine. Pork chops are just fine.

Vera finishes hanging the laundry. Walks past him to enter her tired house.

VERA

Don't you go looking at me like that. I'll split your head with that hatchet.

Danny smiles and shakes his head. *What the hell?*

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Back to present day. The ladies enraptured by Grandma's story.

GRANDMA VERA

He took me out dancing. He bought me little white shoes because I didn't have any. He picked me up in a car. And I had a steak and there was this big band in from Philadelphia. I had three glasses of Champagne. And we danced and we danced. I had those shoes twenty years. It was the best night of my life. He was so handsome.

AUNT HILDA

There you have it.

TERRY

Mom. You never told me this. And going to mass and the Red Car? What's all that?

GRANDMA VERA

He'd fix cars for extra money on Sundays. That's all true.

CINDY

Who'd he stab?

TERRY

Cindy.

CINDY
What? I wanna know.

GRANDMA VERA
I never asked. That's the polite thing. You don't ask. You mind your own business.

CINDY
Cool Grandma. Sorry.

AUNT HILDA
I'm getting more Tequila. She's actually talking.
(to Natalie)
Knock it off. Where do you think you come from, Doctor?

Cindy follows Aunt Hilda to the bar.

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

At the bar. Cindy leans in next to Aunt Hilda, busy choosing a bottle from the stock of curated Tequilas.

CINDY
So you know a lot of the back in the day stuff, right?

AUNT HILDA
I'm the family Historian in a family where everyone's trying to forget everything.

CINDY
Cool. So you ever heard of Nancy Gomez. Maybe Grandpa knew her?

A beat. Aunt Hilda grabs a bottle. Darts off.

AUNT HILDA
Follow me.

She leads Cindy to a dark quiet part of the house. They sit. Aunt Hilda cracks the bottle. Takes a swig. Gives it to Cindy.

AUNT HILDA (CONT'D)
Who told you that name?

CINDY
Nobody.

AUNT HILDA
You heard it somewhere. Where?

CINDY
Why's it such a big deal? Did
Grandpa have an affair or
something?

AUNT HILDA
I'll tell you but you can't tell
anyone and you have to tell me who
told you the name.

CINDY
Okay. My mom told me.

AUNT HILDA
Bullshit, honey. Try again. Your
mom doesn't know she exists.

CINDY
Grandpa Danny said it as he passed.

AUNT HILDA
Okay. That makes sense. Now that
makes sense.

She passes the bottle.

CINDY
Well?

AUNT HILDA
Okay. Fine. Here goes.

A beat. This is hard...

AUNT HILDA (CONT'D)
You've seen the pictures of Grandma
V when she was young. She was very
pretty. Men like her. Pretty.
But she wasn't beautiful with the
kind of beauty that makes men, any
man. Stop and stare and forget who
he is. Nancy had that kind of
beauty. When she was sixteen she
dated a movie star and he's send a
limo to pick her up. Now this was
maybe fifty nine or so when people
still did things like that. Nancy
had this beautiful aristocratic
face. This thin waist and big
boobs. She was tall and had this
long hair.

(MORE)

AUNT HILDA (CONT'D)

I can't find any pictures. It's weird. Nobody has a picture of her. Now Grandma V and Danny Senior were dating. But then he started chasing after Nancy.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - 1959 - NIGHT

Cars are jammed into the park. Music from a dozen radios blare. The kids are out cruising tonight. Beer, wine. Song. Life.

CAMERA FINDS -- Vera and Danny in a convertible. Some of Danny's homeboys. **PETE, LOUIE, FRANKIE**. These are heavy guys, street hoods with a body count. Pete is the nominal leader of the crew. Everyone likes Pete, being near Pete makes them feel important. That's his magic.

PETE

There's bunch of guys from San Bernadino here tonight. They got guns and chains. There's gonna be a fight. Stay close.

Pete and the boys move on. Leaving Danny and Vera. People walking by their convertible, silhouetted by headlights. One silhouette stands out, perfect like a cartoon -- **NANCY GOMEZ**.

Danny SEES Nancy's unmistakable shape gliding over the Earth. He jumps out...

DANNY

Stop. You're paranoid. I gotta talk to Pete.

VERA

I'm supposed to wait here while you talk to that whore?

DANNY

Yeah. Hang on. You heard him. It's heated up tonight. The guys need me.

She watches him walk away. Maybe we can see the absolute rage and fury burning like molten steel in her eyes. Maybe we can't. She slides up her skirt -- Revealing a straight razor tucked into her thigh-highs. She reaches under the carseat. Pulls out a small revolver. And gets out of the car...

WIDE SHOT -- Cars and headlights and young people making out and preening and drinking. Laughter fills the little valley.

There's the group from San Bernadino by a menacing grey delivery truck. They are surly. Drunk. They throw a bottle at a passing car. This feral pack. Hungry for the taste of blood. The sweet smell of the frightened.

CAMERA FINDS -- Danny and Nancy Gomez. Hidden behind the trees. Making out. With the charge only an illicit encounter can create.

Shots ring out -- **BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!** People running. Stampeding. Bullets punch through the delivery truck. Men running for cover. Chaos. Shouts. Scream. Whistles. The powder keg has now blown. Warriors collide in battle. Fists and chains and knives and bottles and teeth and blood.

Danny leaves Nancy to join his tribe in battle...

MOMENTS LATER -- It's a full on riot now. Danny running through the madness. Finds his car, his woman Vera.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We gotta go. Guys are shot the cops are coming.

He's been in a fight. Starts the car with a shaking hand. Pulls out, honking at the running crowd. That's when an unfamiliar familiar shape runs past. Nancy Gomez, naked from the waist up. Covered in blood. Her breasts have been sliced off. Running in a panic. Powered forward by shock.

ON DANNY -- TIME SLOWS -- He gasps as he sees her. Stricken. Vera looks at him with the Devil in her eyes. She holds her hand out and lets something fall to the street.

The straightrazor.

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Aunt Hilda and Cindy sitting there in the dark. Cindy's mind is blown.

AUNT HILDA

Nancy was in and out of institutions after that night. She ended up in Albuquerque. Drug addicted. She was strangled to death in nineteen eighty.

CINDY

Grandma started a riot so she could cut a girl's boobs off?

AUNT HILDA

None of this is proven. These are rumors. Little scraps overheard. Little drips making a stream.

CINDY

Grandma is a fucking boss.

AUNT HILDA

Maybe you're taking the wrong lesson away from this.

CINDY

What's the lesson? "Don't fuck with my man?" "Go big or go home?"

AUNT HILDA

Grandma V isn't like other people. A lot of what this family is comes from her. And her blood is in your father, and her blood is in you. Which is scary, because you're so lost, Cindy.

CINDY

I think I'm doing pretty good. You're the one going to weird places and doing weird shit. "Oh, let's fly to like Peru and climb a mountain for a month." What's that?

AUNT HILDA

You need to be ready to accept that maybe there's no man out there for you. That maybe the life you've been given isn't your real life. You're smart. You're so smart, but you have no mind. You have no heart.

CINDY

OK, this is like weed talking or something. You on the edibles again?

AUNT HILDA

You're a knife with nothing to cut. Do you know what this family is?

CINDY

Yep. Known them all my life.

AUNT HILDA

Cindy, you're father's a gangster.

CINDY

Whatever. That's stupid. People say that. That's dumb. He wears a tie and does a yoga class with mom.

AUNT HILDA

You're clean right now. You don't have to get pulled in. I escaped it. I left. I evolved out of what this family is. You've been so protected. But it will come for you. The darkness. Little things, then big things. Then you'll have no soul. You're a little shit but you can be someone powerful and independent.

CINDY

Mom says you were a prostitute in New York. Is that true?

AUNT HILDA

I had no money and I was pretty. And men liked me and I know how to make them like me more. I wasn't standing on a corner. I had a condo, everything I wanted. These were powerful men. They were my friends.

CINDY

Cool story. I'm supposed to take life advice from a hooker.

Cindy gets up. Leaving Aunt Hilda just lacerated.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Danny Junior sits in a stuffed leather chair. In the dark room are four other men, all are older. All have a quiet dark power. Men who think before they speak. Men who are listened to, whose words are life and death. Their auras bleeding the Devil's wisdom and protection. The Four Horsemen.

MR. LOPEZ is the elder statesman of the bunch, elegant, old school manners. **TOMMY MARKS** is the only white guy, easy to underestimate with his beach trash vibe. **GUISEPPE** is thin and nervous. He's the thinker. Small nervous hands that always move.

NESTOR is motherfucking truth of life and death. A monster of the highest order. Murders dripping from his pores. This is not a friendly visit. Cigars and drinks barely keep the tension at bay.

MR. LOPEZ

I had a lot of love for your dad. I respected him. I learned a lot from him.

TOMMY MARKS

He was a prince. He was a fucking prince.

MR. LOPEZ

Amen. Look, Danny. This thing has worked because there's no bullshit between us. We're totally honest with each other. If we think it we say it. And it's hard. That is very hard. You know where we come from. We created a living thing. And the blood of it is trust. If these three guys said it was time for me to go, I'd cut my own throat right here. It has to be like that.

DANNY JUNIOR

I understand. Look, I've been on the edge of it my whole life. I've seen enough through the cracked door to know how it works. I'm the new guy here. I'm not about ego, I don't want to change things. I just want to help.

MR. LOPEZ

No, Danny. That's not what we're saying. You need to listen before you speak. You are not the man your father was. You are not. You are not a man at all. You're a boy. A child. And sadly your father wasn't who he was the last few years. He stepped back because of his health. His heart wasn't in our thing anymore. This circle here. He created the structure. He breathed life into our thing. And he tapped you to replace him. His eyes saw you with love, you are his son.

(MORE)

MR. LOPEZ (CONT'D)

Our eyes see you with contempt.
This is the truth. This is the
honesty of this moment.

DANNY JUNIOR

I'm listening.

NESTOR

You're goddamn right you're
listening.

GUISEPPE

Stop. Nothing's happening.

Nestor chews on his Cohiba, glaring at Danny Junior.

MR. LOPEZ

Everyone's asleep in this world.
But there are mechanisms. Things a
man can do to wake up. To burn the
things that holds a man back out
from inside himself. You need to
incinerate yourself. And the real
you will emerge from the fire. Do
you understand?

DANNY JUNIOR

No Mr. Lopez, I'm sorry. I don't
follow you.

TOMMY MARKS

Here, this is the program. We own
you. We own you in life. We own
you in death. We command your soul
now. Now what's that mean? You're
gong to have to do some things.
Call it homework. Whatever.
Things that will transform you.
You'll want to die. You'll hate
yourself, then that hate will
become who you are. And then we'll
come for that too. You will be
bound to us. Or you'll die.
That's about as clear as we can be.

GUISEPPE

It isn't like we meet for coffee
and go over Excel spreadsheets.
Okay, maybe there's a little of
that. This is a cellular
commitment. There is no version of
you checking out and handing the
wheel over to your brother Joe. He
thinks he's got the power.

(MORE)

GUISEPPE (CONT'D)

He's out there doing things in our name. You need to know what he's doing. And control.

DANNY JUNIOR

I get it. I'll talk to Joe. He'll listen to me. I'm in. I'm good. I'm in your car. Whatever you need. I'm there.

NESTOR

If we ask you to peel his fucking head and mail us his face, you'll do that.

DANNY JUNIOR

C'mon...

They. Are. Not. Joking. That's when Danny Jr. gets a chill through his bones. The hair on his neck stands up.

Cindy enters right then...

CINDY

Daddy, Rory's going to stay in the guest room tonight.

Her father's callers. Have instantly transformed into kind grandfathers...

MR. LOPEZ

Cindy Torres. Give me a hug.

She hugs him.

CINDY

Hey Mr. Lopez.

MR. LOPEZ

When do you graduate?

CINDY

Two years.

MR. LOPEZ

I'm always looking for a good attorney.

CINDY

Woah, it's like cigar world in here. You guys should open a window - Daddy, you OK?

Her father is troubled. That much is clear.

DANNY JUNIOR
I'm OK. I'll be OK. OK?

CINDY
Sure. OK. Bye.

Cindy exits.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Rory passed out drunk. Cindy sits in a chair watching him sleep. Her face drawn and cold. No one here to smile for. She drinks from a Tequila bottle.

Rory stirs. Suddenly upright. Vomits all over himself. Passes back out. As if nothing happened, covered in his own filth. Cindy sighs. Gets up and leaves.

EXT. CINDY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

A breath before sunrise. Cindy wandering with the Tequila bottle. The place is empty. The food eaten. The stories told. Cindy finds her mother sitting in the grass crying.

CINDY
Mommy?

TERRY
Hey honey.

CINDY
You okay?

TERRY
I'm okay.

Cindy sits next to her mom.

CINDY
I'm glad it's over.

TERRY
It's not over. It's just beginning. You really hurt Aunt Hilda.

CINDY
She came at me first.

TERRY

Don't use the things I tell you to hurt people or I won't tell you anything. I mean...

CINDY

Sorry, mommy.

TERRY

She's a good person. She was a little wild. Now she's not. Life does that to you. It steps on your back.

CINDY

You have everything. Daddy loves you. Stop. Go to bed.

TERRY

You didn't know Grandpa Danny. I knew him. I knew him. A man like that. You can't trust a man like that. But they expect you to worship them. And they can do anything they want.

CINDY

Like what?

TERRY

Anything. I'm not his blood. You are. You were safe. This fucking family. I was so happy to see the box go in the ground with him in it...

Getting it now...

CINDY

Oh no. Oh mommy no. Shit.

She hugs her mother. Who loses it, has a total meltdown. Cindy holding her mother as she sobs from the deepest pit of her soul.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Class over. Students leaving. Cindy slides her laptop into her backpack.

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Miss Torres. May I see you for a moment?

She descends the stairs to his podium.

CINDY

Hi.

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Hi. This semester is the building blocks. The bricks and mortar. Next semester is when you'll have to make something with the pieces you have. Synthesize. Create. I've been doing this a long time. You may be more successful studying something besides law.

CINDY

Am I failing?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

You're treading water. You don't care. And I guarantee you'll drown soon. So you can save yourself the hit to your transcripts. I'm trying to help you here.

CINDY

What do you want?

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Excuse me?

CINDY

What do you want. Everybody wants something. Help me for real. I'll get your back for real.

Cindy looking at him coldly. All business.

PROFESSOR HARRIS

Hmph. Well Miss Torres. It appears you really are a daughter of your family. I don't want anything from you. Only your interest and hard work.

(then)

That's really edgy. You asking me that. You know how to dance between the lines.

CINDY

I've always been a good dancer. Scary. Isn't it?

PROFESSOR HARRIS
 Very. Moving forward let's have a
 TA present when we speak.

CINDY
 Sure. Whatever you need. I can
 work hard. I'm not going anywhere.

PROFESSOR HARRIS
 Have a nice day.

Cindy turns and exits.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A Masarati pulls up to small house. Isolated. Ominous.
 Danny Jr. gets out in one of his bespoke suits. He looks
 around. Unsure. Crosses to the house and knocks.

INT. DESERT HOUSE - DAY

Danny is let in by a **SERIOUS MAN**. The man points at a back
 bedroom.

DANNY JUNIOR
 What's in there?

The Serious Man only stares. Danny crosses to the bedroom.

INT. DESERT HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

There is a new mattress and bed. A **PRETTY WOMAN** on it.
 Naked. A camera set up. Recording. Danny stands there.
 Utterly unsure what to do. The Woman approaches him.
 Unbuckles his trousers. Slides down to her knees. Danny Jr.
 lets it happen...

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

The Manager is showing Cindy a spectrum of bleeding edge
 designer shoes. She let's out a squeal of delight.

EXT. DESERT HOUSE - DAY

Danny exits. Sweaty. Anxious. Freezes when he sees Tommy
 Marks leaning on his Masarati. Danny smiles.

TOMMY MARKS
 How do you feel?

DANNY JUNIOR

I don't know. Look, I've been loyal to Terry. Loyal. Twenty two years. And I hate to admit it. But I'm floating. She's fucking incredible. I mean ... who is she?

TOMMY MARKS

She's a woman Danny. A woman. Need to know need more than that?

DANNY JUNIOR

And a camera? Really, Tommy? That scares the shit out of me. It necessary?

TOMMY MARKS

If something isn't witnessed, did it happen?

DANNY JUNIOR

It happened.

TOMMY MARKS

And it was witnessed. You earned a fragment of trust. A tiny little fragment.

(then)

You never killed a man have you, Danny?

DANNY JUNIOR

I dunno. I've been around some heavy stuff.

TOMMY MARKS

No. You haven't. You want people to think you have. Makes you feel powerful. You like feeling important. That's a problem. The important man who can be invisible is the man to be.

(a beat)

And you sure as shit haven't killed a woman, Danny.

DANNY JUNIOR

Women and children, right? There's rules against that. I've hurt people. Not women. Not that.

Tommy pulls out plastic bag with a pistol in it.

TOMMY MARKS

That's going to change right now.
Go back in there and finish her.

DANNY JUNIOR

Oh come one. This some kind of
fraternity initiation? A test?

TOMMY MARKS

No. This is something else. This
is deeper than that. This is the
road that brings you to us. This
is the beginning. Of the process.
She's nothing. Fucking nothing.
Do it. Get it done. Finish her
off. Or you're going in the hole.

His hand shaking. Danny takes the gun. He returns to the
house. Enters. A beat. **BLAM!** A single gunshot rings out.

Danny comes running out. Falls to his knees and wretches.

INT. BARNEY'S - DAY

Kirstin takes a picture as Cindy models a pair stilettos.

CINDY

Hashtag killing it. Hashtag
stomping like a boss.

EXT. DESERT HOUSE - SUNSET

Danny and Tommy sitting together in the air and space and
wind. The setting sun before them neither cares nor knows of
their sins.

TOMMY MARKS

The secret is to let yourself feel
it. Guys go numb. Grow cold.
Don't do that. Feel it. Let it
burn through you. Let it change
you.

DANNY JUNIOR

I can't go home. How do I go home?

TOMMY MARKS

There is no home, man. You're an
astronaut now. Your skin is your
home. You're it. You are fucking
it. There is no safe place.

(MORE)

TOMMY MARKS (CONT'D)
 It's all a fucking battlefield.
 It's all enemy territory. Hear me?

DANNY JUNIOR
 I think so. I need to go.

TOMMY MARKS
 OK Danny. You drive carefully.
 We'll take care of this.

Danny stands. Walks back to his car...

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

A party is raging. Cindy dancing. High on movement, high on music, high on assorted chemicals.

MOMENTS LATER -- Cindy catching her breath. Laughing. Kristen by her side. Her equal in euphoria.

KIRSTIN
 I'm getting stupid tonight. My paper's done. My rent is paid.

CINDY
 What paper?

KIRSTIN
 Criminal one-oh-one.

Cindy in free fall.

CINDY
When's it due..?

KIRSTIN
 Monday.

CINDY
 Monday?

KIRSTIN
 Uh-huh. You didn't finish it?

CINDY
 I didn't start.

KIRSTIN
 That's your grade.

CINDY
 That's fucked.

KIRSTIN
Start typing bitch.

Cindy is going to do just that. She quickly leaves.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy grinds up a couple Adderalls. Snorts them. Law books, text books before her. She gets to work writing.

INT. VERA'S KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

It's a couple weeks after the riot in Elysian Park. Vera fries eggs and hot dogs. Reheats the beans. The radio plays softly. Danny sits at the table. His heart broken. Drinking a quart of beer from a glass. Vera opens another quart for him. Serves him the supper she's made.

VERA
You don't have to talk. Nobody has to talk to anybody I guess. My papa never talked and everybody got along fine. Everybody likes pretty things, Danny. I like pretty things. But you go liking the wrong thing, you're setting yourself up. I know what I can have and what I can't. I'm not over there on Broadway crying about the dresses I can't have. Whatever happened to your little whore she had coming. Walking around. With that hair and those legs. She was spinning a web, pulling you in. Everyone was laughing at you. And laughing at me. She gonna fry up your supper? Wash your dirty socks and underwear? Without me taking care of you, you're a lost dog. Loping around the neighborhood sniffing shit. You're lucky I got such powerful regard for you. You're a damn lucky man.

Danny flips the table. He's on her in two steps. **WHACK!**
Punches her in the face.

VERA (CONT'D)
That's it. Do something. Do something. Sit there for two weeks. Do it again.

He hauls back to hit her again. She grabs a big bad cleaver.

VERA (CONT'D)

You ever hit me again, boy, I will split you down the middle and watch your guts slide out. Now pick that up. Every single bean. Then you're gonna sit down. And I'm gonna serve you again and you're gonna eat it. And clean your plate if you gotta lick it. Danny, if have no regard for me, you will have respect. You will have respect.

Danny looking at her. With the same dumb uncomprehending expression the steer has before the butcher's hammer smashes its skull. *He has been defeated. And he knows not how.* He grabs a kitchen towel and begins picking up pieces of broken plate.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's Sunday evening. Cindy proofreading her paper. She hasn't slept in three days and wants to fucking die. Satisfied she turns off her laptop and crawls into bed. She passes out.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

LUIS ALVAREZ drives as he eats a plate of tacos. Balancing lemons and salsa on his knees. With him is KELLY PEREZ.

KELLY PEREZ

How do you eat that crap?

LUIS ALVAREZ

It's just meat and corn. Basic life fuel. Protein and in a carb wrapper. Because it's easier to eat that way. And some salsa the fifth food group. Tacos are the staff of life. Don't you eat tacos?

KELLY PEREZ

No. I'm a vegan. Nothing has to die for my meals. No animals are enslaved. I can eat free of karmic load.

LUIS ALVAREZ
Rib eye with a char and sauteed
onions. No?

KELLY PEREZ
No. And you're going to get colon
cancer. They feed these animals
antibiotics, they stand in their
own feces eating GMO corn.

LUIS ALVAREZ
So why aren't you working for some
NGO fighting the multinationals?

KELLY PEREZ
The greater evil.

LUIS ALVAREZ
Evil?

KELLY PEREZ
Yes. Evil. I choose to fight the
greater evil.

LUIS ALVAREZ
Is that what we're doing? Fighting
the greater evil?

KELLY PEREZ
Yeah. What do you think we're
doing? I know you're hungry.
Please don't kill us.

LUIS ALVAREZ
I got this. That guy can't drive.
I'm doing my job. You know,
paycheck and all.

Kelly gets a text. Replies angrily.

LUIS ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
Tyler?

KELLY PEREZ
Yep. He can't watch the kids. The
nanny went home. So hopefully she
can come back.

LUIS ALVAREZ
He drinking?

KELLY PEREZ
I don't know. I don't really
bother asking.

LUIS ALVAREZ

Sorry.

KELLY PEREZ

It is what it is.

LUIS ALVAREZ

Me and Lisa did counseling together. It helped a lot. Now I can actually go home and not want to put my fist through the wall.

KELLY PEREZ

Things are looking up. You spilled salsa on your gun.

LUIS ALVAREZ

Fuck. Gimme a napkin.

She does.

LUIS ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

You have any idea how much overtime me and my guys are looking at? This will blow the year's OT budget. One fucking case.

KELLY PEREZ

I talked to the SAC. It's all good. They know this is a big one. Congratulations. You'll be able to get a new car.

He blushes and pulls into a parking lot behind a shopping center -- It's packed with police and federal law enforcement. SWAT TEAMS mill about. Agents review warrant packages. Check maps.

LUIS ALVAREZ

OK. Here we go. Time to pretend we know what we're doing. Jesus. Look at all these people. We invading Poland or something?

KELLY PEREZ

Three years. Ten trips to Washington. You have to pitch. Everyone else wants their case sprinkled with holy water and money. In the end you beg them. And they say yes to make them go away.

LUIS ALVAREZ

A little like sex with the old lady.

She looks at him. For a moment he thinks he's gong to get an HR lecture. Instead Kelly's eye twinkle for an instant...

KELLY PEREZ

I think I remember what that is.
Thank God for the internet.

She gets out, puts on a raid jacket that reads: US ATTORNEY

Luis takes a moment. She's a lovely woman. And a mile above him in the Government. "Be more careful" he thinks.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy is fast asleep.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - DANNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Her father drinks in the dark. Sitting at his desk. Hands steepled in thought.

INT. CINDY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Terry can't sleep. She lays in the dark staring at the ceiling.

INT. CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CINDY'S FACE -- We hear a commotion. Smashing doors. Footsteps. Shouts. Movement throughout the house. Rushing voices and boots getting closer...

WHAM! -- Her door is splintered open. FEDERAL AGENTS burst into her room. They sweep the room in that studied little dance they do. Cindy awakens. Finds herself staring at several agents aiming machine guns at her.

CINDY

What the fuck!? Who the fuck are you? Get the fuck out of my room.

BIG AGENT

Federal Agents! Do not move!

A Big Agent grabs her wrist and drags her out of bed. Drops a knee on her back and searches her. More agents swarm in and begin ripping the place apart...

The Big Agent hauls Cindy to her feet. Right as Luis Alvarez walks into her room.

LUIS ALVAREZ

Cindy I'm Special Agent Alvarez with the Los Angeles Organized Crime Task Force.

CINDY

Why are you in my house? Get out of my house?

LUIS ALVAREZ

Your father is under arrest. And you are in a lot of trouble yourself. You can help your dad right now. And help yourself. I'd like to take you to our offices. Just to talk.

CINDY

Attorney. Now.

LUIS ALVAREZ

You don't need an attorney.

CINDY

Am I under arrest?

Crossing to an Agent rooting through her dresser...

CINDY (CONT'D)

That's my underwear pervert.

LUIS ALVAREZ

You're a person of interest.

CINDY

Then I'm not under arrest. Good. Because I haven't fucking done anything.

Another Agent finds her weed.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I have a medical card. Helps my period cramps.

Next he finds her stash of Molly. Smiles at her. Cindy purses her lips. Luis takes the Molly regards it.

LUIS ALVAREZ
You have a card for this?

CINDY
I want my daddy.

LUIS ALVAREZ
Follow me.

EXT CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The circular drive filled with law enforcement and their vehicles. Cindy stands there with her mother watching as her father is stuffed in a black SUV..

--END--