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Episode #510

"Slow to Bleed Fair Son"

Written by

Elgin James & Sean Varela

Story #: E09401
Production #: 5WBD10

Green Revision
5/1/23

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REVISION HISTORY

Ep. 510

<u>OUTLINE</u>	<u>4/10/23</u>
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<u>BLUE REVISION</u>	<u>4/18/23</u>
<u>PINK REVISION</u>	<u>4/21/23</u>
<u>YELLOW REVISION</u>	<u>4/27/23</u>
<u>GREEN REVISION</u>	<u>5/1/23</u>



CAST LIST

#510

Green Revision 5/1/23

CAST

EZ REYES.....	JD Pardo
ANGEL REYES.....	Clayton Cardenas
MIGUEL GALINDO.....	Danny Pino
ISAAC.....	JR Bourne
LINCOLN POTTER.....	Ray McKinnon
EMILY GALINDO.....	Sarah Bolger
PATRICIA DEVLIN.....	Dana Delany
SOFÍA.....	Andrea Cortés
MARCUS ALVAREZ.....	Emilio Rivera
HANK.....	Frankie Loyal
BISHOP.....	Michael Irby
GILLY.....	Vincent Vargas
ALEX "BOTTLES" CASTELLANOS.....	Alex Barone
GUERO.....	Andrew Jacobs
NESTOR.....	Gino Vento
DOWNER.....	Angel Oquendo
OTERO.....	Hector Verdugo
CIELO.....	Mia Danelle
BOSTON TERRY.....	Greg Vrotsos
JAZMINE.....	Zhaleh Vossough
HOOSIER.....	Timothy Showalter
JOKER.....	Dakota Daulby
MAVERICK.....	Maverick James
IZZY.....	Patricia De León
TREENIE.....	Augie Duke
LOUIE.....	Noel Gugliemi
LETTY.....	Emily Tosta
LUIS.....	Michael Anthony Perez
KATIE.....	Stella Maeve
SANTIAGO.....	Zachary Gallegos
CRISTOBAL.....	Obadiah & Judah
DANIEL JEFFRIES.....	Michael Dempsey
PALOMA.....	Megan Renée Williams
LEFTY.....	Cortni Vaughn Joyner



CAST LIST - CONT'D

#510

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CHIP.....	Lauren McKnight
PHILTHY.....	Mike Torres
VANESSA.....	Kelsey Abbott
ALTAR GIRL.....	Alysa Arias
PRIEST.....	Art Ybarra
WOMAN.....	Mindy Vela-Henderson
PARISHIONER.....	Gena Bravos
FEMALE DOCTOR.....	Marisa Lopez
POLICE OFFICER.....	Ricardo Cisneros
MAN.....	TBD



SET LIST

#510

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INTERIORS

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP
- Foyer

ALVAREZ HOUSE
- Bedroom

JAZMINE'S APARTMENT
- Living Room

MAYAN CLUBHOUSE
- Barroom
- Templo
- Tattoo Room
- Bike Shed

LOCAL 186 - SAN BERNARDINO
- Back Hallway

APARTMENT BUILDING
- Hallway

EZ'S TRAILER
- Bathroom

SANTO PADRE HOSPITAL
- Delivery Room
- Hallway

DOJ
- Conference Room

DOWNER'S TRUCK

EXTERIORS

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP
- Parking Lot

MAYAN CLUBHOUSE
- Rusty Trail
- Corral
- Porch

LOCAL 186 - SAN BERNARDINO
- Alleyway

SAN BERNARDINO STREET
- Sidewalk
- Tunnel

CIELO'S HOUSE

DOWNER'S TRUCK

EZ'S TRAILER

DESOLATE CONTAINER YARD

MAIN STREET - SANTO PADRE

RESTAURANT

SCENIC HIGHWAY - SANTO PADRE

RAILROAD BRIDGE

GALINDO HOUSE



SET LIST - cont'd

#510

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INTERIORS

GALINDO HOUSE
- Cristobal's Bedroom
- Foyer
- Living Room

POLICE STATION
- Hallway
- Interrogation Room

G-WAGON

BISHOP'S APARTMENT

CHEVY NOVA

EXTERIORS

DESERT

BROKEN SAINTS RANCH

BEACH - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO

MAYANS MC
"[Slow to Bleed Fair Son]"
#510
PROLOGUE

IN BLACKNESS, the ghostly echo of a YOUNG BOY'S VOICE --

ALTAR BOY (O.S.)
*Were you there when they crucified
my Lord?*

SMASH TO:

1 INT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP - SANTO PADRE - DAY (D1) 1

An ALTAR BOY, 11, in a blood red cassock. Soprano voice haunting. Beautiful.

ALTAR BOY
*Oh, sometimes it causes me to
tremble...tremble...*

Boy dwarfed beneath a fifteen foot CRUCIFIX. Christ's paint-chipped body writhing on a wooden cross.

ALTAR BOY
*Were you there when they crucified
my Lord?*

CLOSE on FACES of ELDERLY PARISHIONERS. Sparse attendance. Scattered and staggered throughout the church.

Song finishes.

A PRIEST (70's), at the pulpit. Worn BIBLE open.

PRIEST
That they find rest as they lie in
death. The devout are taken away.

In the front pew, MAVERICK in ANGEL'S lap.

EZ next to his brother. SOFÍA reaching, lacing her fingers with his.

PRIEST
And no one understands that the
righteous are taken to be spared
from evil.

EZ's eyes locked on a LARGE PHOTOGRAPH of a much younger FELIPE at the altar. Vibrant. Full of life.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

PRIEST

That those who walk uprightly enter
into peace.

HANK, BISHOP, GILLY, GUERO, NESTOR, DOWNER and OTERO. Stiff,
awkward, fill a middle pew.

PRIEST

That they find rest as they lie in
death.

PRIEST closes the good book, crosses himself.

PRIEST

In the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Spirit.

Angel bows his head. Says along with the congregation --

ANGEL

Amen.

2 INT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP - MOMENTS LATER

2

Angel stands over the casket veiled by a FUNERAL PALL.
Maverick reaching to dry the tears slipping freely down his
father's cheeks.

A hand rests on Angel's shoulder.

EZ.

Dry-eyed.

Looking up at Jesus.

Nailed to the cross above the brothers. Christ's face staring
heavenward, twisted in ecstatic agony as we --

SMASH TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

3 INT. ALVAREZ HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (D1) 3

CRUCIFIX reflected in the DRESSER MIRROR. Marcus pulling out WHITE UNDERSHIRTS and tossing them in the OPEN SUITCASE on the bed behind him.

A RATTLE as he opens his SOCK DRAWER.

Pulls out his MAYAN RING. Glowering Metal warrior glinting in the center of his palm.

IZZY (O.S.)
Marcus?

Looks up. IZZY pale, reflected in the doorway. Puddle of AMNIOTIC FLUID at her feet.

4 INT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP - FOYER - DAY (D1) 4

Angle over the shoulder of a mourner. Watching EZ and Angel shake hands with the PARISHIONERS.

An ELDERLY WOMAN cups Angel's face.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Anything you boys ever need. I'm just right next door.

Touches EZ's face next.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Your father was so proud. Of you both.

Boys politely acknowledge the lie. EZ's face falling when he spots the next mourner in line.

MIGUEL.

Miguel steps forward. Extends his hand to Angel.

Confused, Angel takes it.

MIGUEL
I'm sorry. For your loss.

In his other hand, Miguel holds DITA'S LETTERS. PHOTOS of the boys at the beach. Young Miguel in the mountains.

He extends his hand next to EZ. Who ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

EZ

What the fuck are you doing here?

MIGUEL

I came to pay respects. And to...

Tries to find the words --

MIGUEL

Your father... He used to work for mine. And...

EZ

Fuck your "respects".

ANGEL

EZ...

EZ

This is for friends, and family and you ain't either.

Miguel stares at him. Thumbs the LETTERS and PHOTOS.

Finally --

Nods.

MIGUEL

You're right. I'm not.

Looks back at the CASKET at the altar.

MIGUEL

My condolences, just the same.

He walks out. Angel curiously watching him go until --

He's interrupted by another ELDERLY PARISHIONER.

PARISHIONER

I'm so sorry. Your father was a good man.

5 EXT. OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP - PARKING LOT - DAY (D1)

5

EZ leans against his BIKE. Sofia next to him. Her CAR parked close by.

SOFÍA

You okay?

EZ shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

EZ

My mom's funeral was packed. People had to stand in the back.

Looks at the church.

EZ

That was pathetic. But I guess, deserving.

MAN (O.S.)

Ezekiel.

EZ turns. Finding himself face to face with --

LINCOLN POTTER.

POTTER

Beautiful day. I mean, besides...

EZ keeps his eyes on Potter. But speaks to Sofía.

EZ

Go on back. I'll catch up with you.

SOFÍA

You sure?

EZ

(nods)
I'll catch up.

Sofía heads to her car. Looking back curiously at the man whose presence seems to have shaken up her boyfriend.

As EZ warily eyes the federal agent --

POTTER

I figured it was only right I make an appearance. Seeing I'm the one who dotted the I on Ignacio Cortez' American Dream.

He stops. Lets the sun beat down on his face.

POTTER

Hear that?

EZ doesn't respond.

POTTER

Birdsong. As they fly above us, unaware of the drama below.

Smiles.

(CONTINUED)

POTTER

No matter how awful the moment we may find ourselves in, the world keeps spinning, the birds keep singing. We are each meaningless in our own way.

Looks deeply at EZ.

POTTER

I honestly hope that brings you peace. We are each just one tiny story in a universe of billions. And no matter how much it hurts today, we will eventually be forgotten. When the end comes for you, Ezekiel. Know that somewhere, the birds will still sing.

On EZ, watching Potter walk away, whistling.

6 INT. JAZMINE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1)

6

JAZMINE wrapped in a flimsy blanket on the couch. Eyes red rimmed, shadowed with exhaustion and grief.

JAZMINE

I need to know.

BOSTON TERRY, head in his hands, on the other end.

JAZMINE

I need to know what happened to her.

Terry stares at the floor. Takes a long pause, before --

TERRY

What if you don't like what you find out.

Jazmine, emphatic --

JAZMINE

I can't spend the rest of my life waiting for a phone call. Thinking I see her face in a crowd. It'll kill me.

She looks at him.

JAZMINE

It's my fault.

Terry closes his eyes. Shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

JAZMINE
She's my little sister. I was
supposed to look out for her.

Jazmine suddenly choked by sobs.

JAZMINE
She's my little sister.

Off Terry. Wringing his hands until they're bloodless.

7 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - RUSTY TRAIL - DAY (D1)

7

CLOSE ON SALLY. Leash pulled taut. Struggling to get to Sofía
climbing out of her car. Finally breaks free from Bottles
grasp. Rushes to Sofía's arms.

SOFÍA
Thanks for watching her.

BOTTLES
How was the funeral?

SOFÍA
I don't know... sad?

BOTTLES
Right. Sorry...

Beat.

BOTTLES
Did you ever meet him?

Sofía shakes her head. Sally keeps digging at her with her
paws. Sniffing her belly.

SOFÍA
What the hell's gotten into you?

BOTTLES
My sister's dog used to do that to her
when she was pregnant. She was a
Golden Doodle though.

Sofía looks up at him.

SOFÍA
What'd you just say?

BOTTLES
Golden retriever and Poodle. They're
really cute.

Sofía watches Sally awkwardly nuzzle her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Then HEARS the burble of a Harley. Goes pale as she looks up at EZ riding past them into the corral.

8 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - DAY (D1) 8

EZ backs his bike under the stable. Dented, paint scratched.

Clocks HANK heading towards him from the clubhouse.

As he dismounts --

EZ

You were right about the clutch lever.
She's beat to shit but thanks for
having them get her runnin' again.

Picks up on Hank's troubled face.

EZ

What?

HANK

You're not gonna believe who's here.

9 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - BARROOM - DAY (D1) 9

EZ steps in on Hank's heels. Stops.

EZ

What the fuck?

Looks angrily at the other MAYANS present. Clubhouse fallen silent.

EZ

Why is this motherfucker still
alive?

REVEAL Terry. Sitting on a chair. Gilly's GLOCK pressed to his temple.

BOSTON TERRY

Tell me where Jess is...

Looks up at EZ, emotional.

BOSTON TERRY

And I'll tell you what happened to
your father.

SMASH TO:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - TEMPLO - DAY (D1) 10

EZ sits on the edge of the table. Back to the templo door as it slides open.

HANK
They're ready.

EZ doesn't turn. Just nods.

11 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - TATTOO ROOM/BARROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

EZ and Hank on the move --

HANK
Taza spoke with Bishop. He wants back in. I'd like to bring it to the table. It'd mean a lot to me... Personally.

EZ
Fuck Taza. He wanted out. He's out. Ain't our fault he didn't find what he was looking for.

Hank, disappointed... Moves on.

HANK
Pipeline. We missed last night's drop to Cole. Word's gonna spread fast about the cookhouse.

EZ
I'll speak with Gretton tomorrow. Find a new location.

They land at the front door. Sound of RUMBLING outside.

EZ
Today, we finish the war.

Hank opens the door. EZ stepping out to --

12 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - PORCH / CORRAL - CONTINUOUS 12

A MASSIVE ROAR from the corral flooded with a hundred MAYANS, GRIM BASTARDS and MEMBERS of IRON WAR. Energy electric. Palpable.

EZ stands on the porch. Waiting for everyone to settle. When it starts to ebb, a new wave of cheers sets everyone off again. EZ finally raises his hands. Quiets the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

Looks down at all of the faces staring at him.

EZ

Most people fear war. Fear the possibility of being carried by six of their brothers. Or judged by twelve of their peers. If you feel that way today...

Rustling from the crowd. A Mayan, PHILTHY (30's), yells out --

PHILTHY

Then you're a fucking coward!

Crowd cheers.

EZ shakes his head. Silences them with --

EZ

No. Then you're smart. War is an ugly business. The possibility of death is real. The possibility of prison is real. So why do we do it? Not out of hate. Let our enemies act out of hate. Hate will only get you so far. We fight because we love. Because we love our brothers. Because we love our families and want them to be safe.

EZ looks around.

EZ

Today, anyone wearing a reaper is an enemy. If they strip it, they can live. If not, the streets of San Bernardino will run red. It is the end of their era. The rise of ours. A chapter closed with a shotgun blast.

Roar of noise from the crowd.

EZ

So let's ride out to war. If you follow me into hell today, I promise you peace tomorrow. If you help me annihilate our enemy today. I promise you laughter, and an embrace with the brother next to you tonight.

The crowd starts to grow louder.

EZ

There will be time for celebration, I promise.

(at the top of his lungs)

But first, let's cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war!

(CONTINUED)

The corral explodes -- a RIOT OF SOUND crashing into --

PRE-LAP: Opening blistering chords of SKINHEAD'S "Sick Cunts."

13 INT. LOCAL 186 - SAN BERNARDINO - DAY (D1) 13

BAND crowded on a stage. A chaotic crash of thrashing BODIES on the floor.

ISAAC watching from a red leather BOOTH in the corner. Surrounded by CROW-EATERS. HOOSIER head banging at the far end.

SOA MEMBERS and CONCERT GOERS around the perimeter of the MOSH PIT. Shoving back against the punches and kicks being thrown.

Suddenly in the back of the packed club, door opens, daylight flooding in. Eclipsed by --

EZ and GUERO with AXE-HANDLES. Bishop, Angel and the rest of the Mayans behind.

EZ rears his AXE-HANDLE at the back of a reaper. Son looking back at the last minute.

CRACK! Spray of BLOOD and TEETH as hickory smashes across his face.

A sea of MAYANS, GRIM BASTARDS and IRON WAR rush in against a WALL of BODIES, backs turned, watching the show. WRENCHES, BASEBALL BATS and AXE-HANDLES smash in the head of EVERY REAPER KUTTE they see. GIRLFRIENDS and CIVILIANS scrambling. Trampled. SONS who turn back to fight, quickly overwhelmed.

Oblivious, the band keeps playing.

JOKER on the left side of the club. Spots a ruckus. Tries to move forward. Angel suddenly breaks through the scrum. Rushes at him. Gun leveled.

BANG!

Small black hole in the center of his forehead from the muzzle flash. Red halo spreading beneath him.

Panic sets in. Crowd rushing towards the side door.

MERCH TABLES being knocked over. Crowd panicking to get out.

BAND finally forced to stop playing as PHILTHY and another MAYAN force a SON over the stage. Whaling on him with AXE-HANDLES.

(CONTINUED)

HOOSIER jumps from the booth. Starts towards the side exit. Only gets a few steps before EZ is in front of him.

BANG.

Blood spattering all over the wall and the screaming CROW-EATERS behind him.

EZ clocks Isaac standing on the booth.

Isaac quickly turns. Starts for the back exit. EZ pushing his way through the panicked crowd after him.

14 INT. LOCAL 186 - BACK HALLWAY (ONER BEGINS) 14

CAMERA follows EZ as he storms after Isaac. Isaac climbs the stairs. Donkey kicks EZ back. Slamming the grated door behind him as he rushes outside.

EZ gets up. Rips open the door and starts out --

15 EXT. LOCAL 186 - ALLEY (CONTINUOUS SHOT) 15

Into harsh DAYLIGHT. Alley blocked by the BAND'S VAN. Isaac nowhere to go but left. Sprinting up an APARTMENT BUILDING'S STAIRS. EZ right after him.

16 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS SHOT) 16

They rush into the building. A WOMAN steps out of her apartment. Gets tangled up with Isaac. He shoves her out of the way, back into EZ.

EZ pushes her down. Leaps, slamming into Isaac. Thrashing him against the wall. Throws a right. Left. Wheels and shoves Isaac across the hall --

Wide mouth of a stairwell yawning open behind them.

The two share blows. Isaac's wild roundhouse cracking EZ's jaw.

EZ reels back against the drywall. Isaac rushes. Slams his knee into EZ's ribs. Once. Twice.

EZ wraps his hands up in Isaac's kutte for balance. Putting his weight on his rear leg, then shifts his hips, thrusting Isaac --

Tumbling backwards down the stairwell. Limbs flailing. Crashing down the steps. Landing hard against the pavement. Twisted. Broken at the bottom.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Camera follows EZ walking down the stairs as Isaac slowly crawls out of view.

17 EXT. SAN BERNARDINO STREET - SIDEWALK (CONTINUOUS SHOT) 17

We follow EZ onto the sidewalk. Leg broken, useless, Isaac pulls himself forward on the cement with his forearms.

EZ slowly trailing. Pulling his GLOCK from his waistband as Isaac leads him into --

18 EXT. SAN BERNARDINO STREET - TUNNEL 18

Dragging himself into the tunnel. Daylight, an invitation of freedom at the end. But EZ makes his way to him. STEPS on his broken leg.

Isaac SCREAMS. Stops. Flips onto his back.

EZ standing over him.

GUN leveled.

ISAAC

Wait, wait, wait. This can't be it.
I was right, it's you. But this
can't be it.

Isaac's eyes dance wildly. Looking around.

ISAAC

There has to be more.

EZ chambers a round. Isaac puts up his hands in defense.

ISAAC

Wait, wait, wait. I'm not ready. I'm
not ready for it to be over. I'm not --

EZ pulls the trigger.

Report of the gunshot deafening as it bounces through the tunnel.

EZ

It's over.

SMASH TO:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

19 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - NIGHT (N1)

19

CLOSE on a REAPER and SCYTHER. Isaac's KUTTE dropping into FLAMES.

MAYANS, IRON WAR, GRIM BASTARDS and HANGERS ON fill the corral in CELEBRATION. Feeding surrendered SOA KUTTES into a BONFIRE. Black smoke drifting into the night sky.

In the chaos, Bishop spots TREENIE. Handing out BEERS to greedy PARTYGOERS. Starts after her.

BISHOP

Hey.

Treenie stops. Doesn't turn around.

BISHOP

What happened...

TREENIE

Didn't mean shit.

She turns.

TREENIE

You don't mean shit. To me.

She starts off. Stops. Turns again.

TREENIE

That's a lie. You did. You meant too much to me. Showed me a smidge of kindness when I was in a bad place. And I twisted myself up in knots to thank you for it. But that's my shit. Not yours.

She steps closer to him.

TREENIE

You're a beautiful, sad man. But you're also a piece of shit. And that doesn't hold the allure it once did for me. I gotta figure my own shit out, and baby you ain't it.

She starts back towards the clubhouse. Bishop watching her go.

20 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - BIKE SHED - CONTINUOUS 20

Hank, Gilly and Downer under the bike shed. Hushed conversation. Partygoers raging around them.

DOWNER

What's up?

HANK

Cielo. She's been texting around.
Asking about Jess.

GILLY

And now she's stopped showing up.
Hasn't been back since she saw what
went down with Diaz and Jinx.

Downer looks off. Doesn't like where this is headed.

GILLY

It's on you.

DOWNER

Why me? I didn't fucking shoot Jess
or Diaz.

Hank goes cold.

HANK

What the fuck'd you just say?

Downer looks away.

DOWNER

Nothing. I just... I just don't
want to have to kill no chick.

HANK

(tight)
Go see her. Tonight.

Off Downer. Slowly nodding.

A21 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - NIGHT (N1) A21

EZ steps down the porch. Spots Guero shotgunning BEERS with a group of other Mayans. A Chula on his arm.

EZ

You seen my brother.

Guero coughs up foam. Shakes his head.

GUERO

Haven't seen him for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

EZ nods. Looks around the party. Raging. Guero punches his chest.

GUERO
We did it, P. We fucking did it.

EZ nods, smiles. But keeps looking for his brother.

21 INT. EZ'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1) 21

SOUND of MUFFLED PEEING. Sofía on the TOILET. Hand tucked between her legs.

She finishes and pulls out a popsicle stick shaped PREGNANCY TEST.

Wipes.

Flushes.

Places the TEST on the sink.

Stands and studies herself in the mirror.

Turns and pushes out her stomach. Trying motherhood back on.

Accidentally catches her own eye.

Deflates.

22 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - NIGHT (N1) 22

Camera pushing over the fire, onto EZ.

NESTOR (O.S.)
Hey, P. Need anything?

EZ lost in the flames.

NESTOR
You good?

Snaps to, lifts his beer --

EZ
I'm good.

Nestor smiles, checks in with the other guys.

EZ watches an amped Guero, Philthy and others dump BEERS over Bottles in celebration.

A prospect throws a heavy log onto the bonfire. EZ silhouetted against the crackling FLAMES. Watching the embers float away into the night sky.

Off victorious Mayan howls, we --

PRE-LAP: SOUND OF A WOMAN SCREAMING.

23 INT. SANTO PADRE HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

23

Izzy's sweaty face. Twisted in an agonized SCREAM. Marcus' hand pale from her squeeze. FEMALE OBGYN between Izzy's stirruped legs.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Come on, mama! You can do it. The baby's crowning. One more push!

Alvarez tries to take a look. Izzy yanks him back.

IZZY

Don't look down there!

He bends, kisses her forehead.

ALVAREZ

You got this, baby. You got this!

FEMALE DOCTOR

One more big push!

Izzy crunches up. WALLS as she pushes.

FEMALE DOCTOR

There we go, here he is!

Marcus watches the doctor's face fall.

ALVAREZ

What's wrong?

Doctor quickly moves the baby to a TABLE. A scrum of nurses surrounding her.

Izzy, confused.

IZZY

What's wrong?

The nurses and doctor keep their backs to the couple. Working quickly. Talking in hushed tones.

Alvarez, growing panic. Terror.

(CONTINUED)

ALVAREZ
What's wrong with our baby?
(shouts)
What's wrong with my boy?!

Finally --

A LOUD WAIL and CRY. Palpable relief spilling across the room.

A nurse brings the bundled BOY over. Face splotched, red. Brand new eyes blinking at the bright lights.

They lay the child on Izzy's chest. New parents look at each other. Tears spilling.

ALVAREZ
Our boy.

24 INT. DOJ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

24

Devlin scours through prepped documents. Bleary-eyed from the late night hour.

Jeffries appears in the doorway.

JEFFRIES
Jesus, you've outworked the interns and clerks.

DEVLIN
This new generation, it's unhealthy. They believe in hydration and eight hours of sleep.

JEFFRIES
Let me help with the hydration.

Reveals TWO GLASSES and a bottle of RYE WHISKEY from behind his back.

DEVLIN
I'm not superstitious, but it feels a little premature to celebrate.

Jeffries sits. Pours two shots. Devlin leaving hers untouched while he downs his.

JEFFRIES
Less a celebration and more just novocaine before a tooth drilling.

DEVLIN
They won't be my molars. And I'll be the one with the drill.

(CONTINUED)

Jeffries looks at his old friend.

Beat.

JEFFRIES
Potter's working on something.

Devlin, undeterred --

DEVLIN
Of course he is. But it's too late.

Points across the table --

DEVLIN
Tomorrow night, Miguel Galindo is going to sit right there next to his two thousand dollar an hour lawyers in their five thousand dollar suits and he is going to nail Potter to a fucking cross for us. RICO, witness tampering, kidnapping, procurement fraud, misappropriation of public funds. Violent Crimes in Aid Of Racketeering. We're just a hair away from a fucking war crime.

Jeffries, takes another drink. Won't look at her.

JEFFRIES
There's some buzz... About the Mayans Motorcycle club.

Devlin taps a pile of papers.

DEVLIN
He's got his greasy fingerprints all over them too. But no one's gonna care about some low level dirtbags when we have corruption that goes all the way to Washington-

JEFFRIES
(interrupts)
Have you read a newspaper in the last six months?

DEVLIN
I don't believe anyone's read a newspaper in the last six years.

JEFFRIES
Fine. Have you scrolled your newsfeed in the last six months?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

JEFFRIES (cont'd)

All anyone cares about is this Southern California war between The Sons Of Anarchy and The Mayans. Bodies are piling up and murder is a lot sexier than "misappropriation of public funds". If Potter somehow pulls a rabbit out of his ass... he'll be untouchable.

Devlin shakes her head.

DEVLIN

Bullshit. This is too big.

JEFFRIES

What do you think the white house would rather? Crucify one of their own? Or deck them in medals and give them a fucking parade.

Devlin goes back to work.

DEVLIN

It's not gonna be a parade. It's gonna be a fucking funeral. Trust me.

25 EXT. CIELO'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

25

Meaty fist POUNDS on a screen door.

A beat. Nothing.

Downer cups his hands to look inside. BANGS harder.

DOWNER

Yo, I see you! I see you inside there!
Open the door.

After a long beat. A shape appears on the other side.

Door cracks open. CIELO in sweats. Pale, nervous. Looks like she's been crying.

CIELO

Downer, what are you doing here?

DOWNER

Heard you been having some car trouble.

CIELO

Yeah.

DOWNER

Is it serious?

(CONTINUED)

CIELO

I don't know. Maybe it's the timing chain or something? I can't afford to get it fixed right now.

Downer looks past her.

DOWNER

Anyone home?

Cielo starts to shake her head. But changes her mind.

CIELO

My roommate's sleeping.

DOWNER

Didn't know you had a roommate.

CIELO

Yeah, helps with the rent.

Cielo looks back into the empty house.

CIELO

I thought she was sleeping, but maybe she's awake.

Downer nods.

DOWNER

Come one. I'll give you a ride.

CIELO

No, it's okay.

DOWNER

We're slammed at the clubhouse, we need you.

CIELO

I'm sure Treenie can handle it.

DOWNER

What about Jess?

CIELO

What?

DOWNER

You said Treenie? You didn't mention Jess.

CIELO

Oh, I just...

Cielo starts to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CIELO
No, I just meant...

DOWNER
I hear you been asking a lot of
questions about Jess.

Cielo starts to shake. Downer eyes her.

DOWNER
Let's go. I ain't gonna ask again.

CIELO
(desperate)
Let me just grab some stuff first.

DOWNER
No time for that. Let's go.

26 INT. DOWNER'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

26

When Downer SLAMS the door shut behind her. Cielo quickly
takes stock of her surroundings.

Keys dangling from ignition.

Holstered Knife on Downer's folded KUTTE on the bench seat.

Looks in the side mirror. Downer reflected, walking back
around.

Pulling a PISTOL from his waistband.

27 EXT. DOWNER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

27

Downer stops at the truck bed. Looking down at the gun.
Decision weighing heavy. Glances at Cielo through the back
windshield.

DOWNER
Fuck...

28 INT. DOWNER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

28

Downer clambers in. Takes a breath.

DOWNER
I know you're a good kid. I know
you ain't ever gonna say anything,
but --

Starts to reach into his JACKET.

(CONTINUED)

A BLADE suddenly slams into his chest. He looks confused at --
Cielo pulling the knife back out.

She starts stabbing wildly. Thrusting again and again. Into his chest. His stomach.

Blade sinks into his throat. Downer reaching to stop the blood spurting from his jugular. Eyes terrified, pleading.

Cielo SCREAMS. Blood spattering the windshield. Syrupy puddle spreading across the seat.

Exhausted, adrenaline dumped, Cielo finally stops. Breathing in quick ragged hitches. Blood freckling her face.

She stares down at Downer sprawled ungainly against the door.

In his hand --

A ROLL OF CASH.

And a blood smeared BUS TICKET.

SMASH TO:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. EZ'S TRAILER - MORNING (D2) 29

MORNING SUN through the sheers. EZ slips into his KUTTE. Looks down at Sofía, still cocooned in the blankets, asleep. Sally curled at her feet.

Everything exactly in its place.

PRE-LAP: IDLE SOUND of motorcycle CRACKLING like fire.

30 EXT. EZ'S TRAILER - MORNING (D2) 30

EZ mounted. Starts to slip on his helmet. Looks up to Sofía stepping out. Swallowed in his T-shirt. Blocking her eyes against the early morning glare.

EZ
I didn't wanna wake you.

SOFÍA
You should've.

EZ
I'll be out most of the day.

She reaches for his hand, loses herself in the folds of his palm. Can't look at him.

SOFÍA
When you get home, we should talk.

EZ
(worried)
What's wrong?

Sofía smiles.

SOFÍA
Nothing. Nothing's wrong.

EZ
(grinning, confused)
What are you smiling about?

She blushes. Finally looks at him. Leans and kisses him on the lips.

SOFÍA
Nothing. Where you going?

EZ
My brother wants to go for a ride.

(CONTINUED)

SOFÍA
You guys never do that.

EZ
Not for a long time. But if you wanna
talk, I can meet him later --

She shakes her head, cups his face.

SOFÍA
We'll talk tonight.

Rests her forehead against his. Whispers, barely audible over
the growl of the motorcycle --

SOFÍA
I love you.

She steps away. Watches him ride off. Her hand finding her
way to her belly.

31 EXT. DESOLATE CONTAINER YARD - DAY (D2) 31

LETTY on the hood of the Nova. Knees cradled into her chest.

EL CAMINO crunches to a gravelly stop.

LOUIE exits, cautious.

LETTY
You're late.

LOUIE
I ain't the one asking for a favor.

He unfolds a bandana-wrapped REVOLVER on the hood.

LOUIE
You gonna tell me what the hell you
need this for?

LETTY
To kill every motherfucker in a Mayans
kutte.

Louie bundles the gun back up.

LOUIE
Hell no! You know what they'd do to
me if they found out?

LETTY
I'll fucking pay you double.

LOUIE
No.

(CONTINUED)

LETTY

Triple.

Louie sucks his teeth.

LETTY

You scared of them?

LOUIE

Shit. They're scared of me, homie.
They know Dogwood holds down these
streets.

LETTY

Then give me the gun.

LOUIE

One hundred percent absolutely not.

(CONTINUED)

LETTY

Fine, then I'll go find one
somewhere else and come back and
shoot you first.

LOUIE

You got anger issues, girl. You
need to breathe.

LETTY

They killed Coco. They killed Hope.

LOUIE

Hope? Hope's gone?

Letty looks off.

LETTY

It's all their fault. They lie to each
other. Turn their backs on each other.
Fuck each other's daughters... As long
as they have that patch, they don't
give a shit who gets hurt.

Blinks back tears.

LETTY

Everything that's happened leads
back to them. Everyone I've lost...

LOUIE

Your dad chose the life, Letty. But I
know Coco would never want it for you.

LETTY

Well he isn't here to stop me, is he?
No one is.

Off Louie, uncertain --

32 INT. SANTO PADRE HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY (D2)

32

A gloved hand holds a tiny HEEL. The NEWBORN SCREAMING as a
red plastic needle pokes the skin. Draws blood.

Alvarez watching anxiously.

ALVAREZ

Be careful, yeah?

SANTI in the doorway.

SANTI

Dad... Someone's here to see you.

33 INT. SANTO PADRE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (D2)

33

Alvarez walks out. Stops when he sees --

Bishop. Awkwardly holding a STUFFED GIRAFFE.

BISHOP

Pickings were slim in the guest shop.

(CONTINUED)

Alvarez gives him nothing.

BISHOP
He... healthy?

Alvarez finally nods.

BISHOP
Mom?

ALVAREZ
She's a warrior.

BISHOP
They all are. We'll never be that
tough.

Alvarez leans against the wall. Looks back at the room. SOUND
of baby still crying.

ALVAREZ
Don't know what I'm thinking. I'm too
old to do this over again.

Looks at his cousin.

ALVAREZ
Stayed up last night doing the math.
How long I can be around. If I can
make it until junior high. Graduation?

Looks away.

ALVAREZ
I'll never meet his children.

BISHOP
You don't know that.

Beat.

BISHOP
He could always knock some chick up
when he's thirteen.

Alvarez laughs, shakes his head.

ALVAREZ
You're fucked up.

Looks at his cousin.

ALVAREZ
You think I'm doing the right thing?

BISHOP

I think for the first time in our lives, I know for absolutely fucking sure one of us is doing the right thing.

Hands his cousin the stuffed animal.

BISHOP

Go back in there. Spend every minute you can with him.

ALVAREZ

You want to meet him, primo?

Bishop looks at the closed door. Shakes his head.

BISHOP

Another time. This is your moment. Be with your family.

Bishop turns. Fluorescents glowing as he walks away. Long corridor stretching between them as Alvarez watches the warrior on Bishop's Kutte recede.

34 INT. GALINDO HOUSE - CRISTOBAL'S BEDROOM - DAY (WAS SC. 37) 34

Miguel walks in on Emily getting dressed. Quickly turns.

MIGUEL

Sorry.

She finishes pulling down her sweater.

EMILY

It's okay.

Miguel eyes her from the doorway.

MIGUEL

I have to go to San Diego after dinner tonight.

EMILY

That'll be late.

MIGUEL

Yeah. I've got to meet with... An ally. Someone willing to help with our future.

He moves to Emily as she rifles through her TRAVEL JEWELRY CASE. Puts his hand on her back.

(CONTINUED)

MIGUEL

I'm going to save us. I promise.
It's all in motion. The three of us
free and together. Forever.

He points inside the box.

MIGUEL

Will you wear that? Tonight? For
me?

She pulls out her WEDDING RING. Studies it. Slowly slips it
on her finger.

He leans in. Kisses her.

MIGUEL

Luis is getting the car ready.

Emily darkens as she watches him walk out. Reaches back into
the Jewelry Case.

Slips out a PHOTOGRAPH hidden in a compartment.

ERIN. Smiling at the camera.

35 EXT. MAIN STREET - SANTO PADRE - MOVING - DAY (D2)

35

EZ and Angel ride through downtown.

Both look over at the CARNICERÍA. Old SIGNAGE painted over.
WINDOWS BLOCKED with BUTCHER PAPER.

36 EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

36

Bikes crawl to a CROSSWALK. A young couple with a STROLLER
passing.

EZ turns to his left. G-WAGON parked across the street. EMILY
pulling Cristobal out of the backseat.

She looks up. Spots EZ.

The high school lovers lock eyes.

Emily cracks a sad smile. As Miguel comes around. Opens the
restaurant door for her.

Street now clear. Emily watches EZ pull away.

Miguel silently watching his brothers ride off.

37 OMITTED(NOW SC. 34) 37

38 EXT. SCENIC HIGHWAY - SANTO PADRE - DAY (D2) 38

Cloudless blue sky. Green hilltops and valley below bathed in a golden glow. In the distance, TWO HARLEYS tear down the stretch of open highway.

Rows of ORCHARDS blurring past as the Reyes Brothers ride.

EZ speeds up to pass. Splitting lanes through the light traffic.

Angel cranks down onto the throttle, trying to catch him. Brothers racing into the clear skies ahead.

EZ (PRE-LAP)
This is where I'd always go to
clear my head...

39 EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - SUNSET (D2) 39

Evening alive with the electric HUM of cicadas. EZ and Angel walk across a RAILROAD BRIDGE held up with RUSTED STEEL GIRDERS. Feet CRUNCHING on the track gravel. Bikes parked in the distance.

EZ stops and leans against the edge.

EZ
To be alone.

Looks over at his brother. Angel with a curious look on his face.

EZ
What?

ANGEL
Nothing.

EZ
Why the fuck are you smirking?

Dawning --

EZ
You've been here before?

ANGEL
Bro, I used to bring chicks here all
the time.

EZ
What, no?! This is my sacred place.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

It still can be. I just wouldn't run a blacklight over these tracks.

EZ shakes his head.

EZ

You're the fucking worst. I thought you were afraid of heights.

ANGEL

I am. But...

Carefully leans back against the edge.

ANGEL

Pop's truck only had so much room. And girls thought this shit was special. Girls, and you I guess.

EZ

I fucking hate you.

Angel looks out.

ANGEL

I'm sorry you didn't get... you know... with pop.

EZ

Closure?

Angel nods.

EZ

We knew where we each stood.

Beat.

ANGEL

Luisa's gone. She left us.

EZ looks at him.

ANGEL

That's why they were at pop's house. I was staying there. They were looking for me.

Looks off, emotional.

ANGEL

I led them there.

Looks at his brother.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

And now pop's gone. And I'm all
Maverick has. Me, this fuck up.
I have to go, EZ.

EZ

Where?

Angel looks out.

ANGEL

I don't know. Just not here. Just
not dead in a bar fight. Or an
alley. Not dead in a fucking wreck
on the highway. I have to live...
For him.

A silence settles between them.

EZ

When I was locked up... You know what
kept me from wrapping a sheet around
my neck? Wasn't Emily. Wasn't even mom
or pop.

EZ looks at him.

EZ

It was you. I couldn't do that to you.
I couldn't leave you.

Beat.

EZ

And now you want to leave me.

Before Angel can protest...

EZ

But I get it. I remember when I was
heading to college. You told me,
the night before... You were mad I
was leaving. You said "You can go,
but don't fuck it up."

He looks at his brother.

EZ

You can go. But don't fuck it up.

Angel looks away. Nods. Before he can get emotional.

ANGEL

I just wanted the room to myself.

EZ grins.

(CONTINUED)

EZ

We'll do it right. Bring it to the table tonight.

Angel nods. Looks out towards El Centro.

ANGEL

You did it, man. You put the Mayans on top, just like you said. Some shit no one else ever could have done. Not Bishop. Not even Alvarez. You really are the one king.

EZ hears that. Nods.

ANGEL

But you're still my annoying ass know it all little brother.

EZ

And I still had you on that straight away today.

ANGEL

Keep dreaming.

EZ leans on the girder.

ANGEL

I wouldn't lean there.

EZ

It's safe.

ANGEL

Remember Jenny Rojas?

EZ jumps back, disgusted.

EZ

Bro!

40 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - SANTO PADRE - NIGHT (N2)

40

Katie leads Potter through a hallway teeming with POLICE OFFICERS.

POTTER

I'd like to say the suspense is killing me. But to be honest, it's just incredibly fucking annoying.

As they approach a closed door.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

I got a call from a friend on the force. Said someone had surrendered themselves to the police with a wild story that I might want to hear...

She starts for the door. Stops --

KATIE

But you remember our deal.

Off Potter's nod. She opens the door --

41 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - SANTO PADRE 41

Revealing Cielo. T-shirt and sweats dried stiff with Downer's blood.

Looking terrified from the POLICE OFFICER in front of her to Potter and Katie.

POLICE OFFICER

Now just tell these agents what you told us...

42 INT. GALINDO HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (N2) 42

FRONT DOOR OPENS. Cristobal in Miguel's arms. Emily trailed by Luis.

MIGUEL

Every day I get older he gets heavier.

Kisses the top of his son's head. Starts towards the stairway as Luis heads towards the kitchen.

MIGUEL

One day he'll be carrying me up these stairs.

Emily stops in her tracks. Exasperated.

EMILY

Shit.

Off Miguel's look.

EMILY

We left Mr. Owl in the car. If he wakes up and doesn't have him...

She starts back outside.

MIGUEL

Here, take him. I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

He transfers Cristobal over. As he turns to leave, Emily tugs his arm. Kisses him.

EMILY
Thank you. For tonight.

Miguel smiles. They both look at each other. Air suddenly thick.

EMILY
How long before you have to go to San Diego?

MIGUEL
I've got a few minutes.

EMILY
I'll put him to bed.

MIGUEL
(smiles)
I'll be quick.

He hurries out the front door. Emily starts to haul Cristobal to the stairs. Struggles to take off her heels. Then --

EMILY
(quietly)
Luis, do you mind carrying him upstairs for me?

Luis, comes out from the kitchen without his jacket --

LUIS
Of course.

Starts to take the young boy. Stops when he feels Emily's stare.

EMILY
Do you mind not...

Luis sees he's wearing his GUN in his SHOULDER HOLSTER.

LUIS
Oh, sorry.

He slips it off and hangs it carefully on the bannister.

Takes the young boy as Emily presses her lips to the child's sleeping forehead.

EMILY
Sleep well, baby. I'll be in before you know it.

43 INT. G-WAGON - NIGHT (N2) 43

Dome light on. Miguel searches. Finally spots Mr. Owl crammed between the seats.

MIGUEL
How the hell did you end up there?

44 INT. GALINDO HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (N2) 44

Miguel walks back in, grinning.

MIGUEL
I think he purposefully --

A reflection in the hall mirror catches his eye.

Emily. Latex gloved hand holding out Luis' REVOLVER.

Miguel turns to face her. Before he can speak --

BANG!

Bullet SLAMS through his chest. Miguel staggers. Drops. Blood spreading across his shirt. Pooling on the slate floor beneath him.

Luis rushes down the stairs. Stops when he sees Emily, standing in shock.

LUIS
What happe--?

Before he can finish. She steps into his arms to be consoled. Buries her face into his chest.

Confused, Luis is unaware she's slowly pushing him back. Carefully lining up his body with the wall --

She whispers --

EMILY
I know you killed my sister...

BANG!

Top of his head flying off in a red puff of blood and brain matter as his body slumps backwards into the foyer.

Emily lowers the gun. Stands perfectly still. Studies the two men bleeding out.

Then places the weapon near Luis' feet. Tears off the latex glove.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY
(to herself)
One... two.. three...

Lets out a blood curdling SCREAM. Rushes into the foyer to Miguel's body. Pulling his head into her lap.

Lips already pale. Lifeless eyes staring back up at her.

Emily screams, rocks. Howls. As we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

45 EXT. GALINDO HOUSE - NIGHT (N2) 45

Strobing whir of red and blue lights. Driveway swarmed with POLICE CRUISERS and AMBULANCES. FIRST RESPONDERS crossing in and out of the home.

Emily leans against a SQUAD CAR. Arms clutched around Cristobal. A FEMALE OFFICER hands her a BLANKET.

She wraps her son, keeping him warm. Looks back toward the house.

46 INT. GALINDO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 46

SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE: DOOR OPENS creating a CCTV blindspot.

Then SOUND of a GUNSHOT.

Miguel drops to the ground.

After a beat.

We see the back of Luis. Barely in view. Burst of blood as he falls to the floor.

Finally, Emily enters the CCTV's view: SCREAMING, in shock. Rushing to her husband.

Camera pulls back to REVEAL: POLICE analyzing the FOOTAGE. FORENSICS FLASHING photos of Luis and Miguel. POLICE OFFICER talking to a DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

Possible murder suicide. Wife says the bodyguard had recently taken an unhealthy interest in her. Thinks he may have become unhinged. She went up to put the kid to bed. Came down to this.

47 INT. BISHOP'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N2) 47

Pounding on the door. Bishop steps out of the bathroom.

BISHOP

What the fuck? Hold on!

Opens the door. Annoyance turned to confusion. Edge leaving his voice.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP
Hey... Your Creeper's girl, right?

Katie steps in.

KATIE
Can I talk to you?

Bishop steps aside.

BISHOP
Sure, sure. What's up?

KATIE
I have a message. From Creeper.

48 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - NIGHT (N2)

48

Corral steeped in shadow. EZ and Angel ride in. Kill their bikes. Start their walk to the clubhouse.

EZ turns to his brother.

EZ
You ready?

Angel nods.

EZ
No turning back after this.

ANGEL
I know.

They stop at the stairs.

ANGEL
I love you, EZ.

EZ grins.

EZ
Shut up.

EZ pulls Angel in.

TREENIE (O.S.)
You boys want to get a room?

They look up. Treenie holding Maverick on her lap on the porch.

ANGEL
He behave?

(CONTINUED)

TREENIE

He's the most mature, best behaved man on these premises. Shit his pants a while ago and was still the best smelling dude around here too.

ANGEL

Did you find the diapers...

TREENIE

Yeah, in the diaper bag. We're good. Cleaned him up. That's what we do. Clean up messes.

Angel hurries up the stairs. Takes his son from her. Breathes him in.

ANGLE on EZ. Deeply moved. Proud. Watching his brother. The father.

49 INT. DOJ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

49

Ball-point pen taps against a LEGAL PAD. Devlin at the head of a CONFERENCE TABLE. Jeffries, An FBI SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE, THREE HIGH LEVEL ATTORNEYS and Miguel's EMPTY SEAT across from her. Waiting patiently.

Devlin's cell phone BUZZES.

DEVLIN

(answers)

Yeah?

She listens intently.

Table around her eager for an answer.

She ends the call. Carefully sets the phone down. Then --

Violently swipes the table clear. PAPERS, DOCUMENTS, crashing to the floor.

50 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - TEMPLO - MOMENTS LATER

50

EZ at the head. MC in their seats. A respectful, but electric stillness in the air.

EZ eyes Downer's empty chair.

EZ

Anyone heard from him?

Hank shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

GUERO

Hasn't answered his phone all day.
Fucker's probably still hungover.

Hank and Gilly share a concerned look.

EZ

We'll start without him.

EZ takes a beat to make eye contact with everyone in the templo. Bishop. Hank. Guero. Gilly. Angel.

EZ

I want to thank every one of you. What we accomplished... Everyone said we couldn't. We've had every obstacle thrown against us. Even our own brothers expected us to fail.

Camera drifts across the table. Everyone's eyes on EZ.

EZ

I will never forget the blood and sweat you all put into this club. Into this war. Into this family. I will be indebted to your loyalty, I will be indebted to your brotherhood forever.

Table remains respectfully quiet.

EZ

Now... It's all yours, Angel.

Angel looks down, unable to face the MC.

ANGEL

This club, it's been the biggest chapter of my life. Being a brother to you all... it's meant... But...

He finally looks up.

ANGEL

But as you all know... I got a kid now. And as proud as I am to sit at this table. I don't ever want him to.

Angle on Guero, taking that in.

ANGEL

I don't want him to lose me.

Angel looks at Bishop.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

I gotta go be a janitor... Because I
got something else. I got the most
important thing in the world.

*
*
*
*

Bishop stares back at him. EZ puts his hand on his brother's
shoulder.

*
*

EZ

There's something we'd like to bring
to the table...

*
*

Hank speaks up.

HANK

If it's okay, EZ. I'd like to bring
something first?

EZ takes a beat. Then nods. Sits back.

HANK

We've all been discussing it. I think
the time is now. As we talk about
putting the club over everything else.
I want to put forward patching in
Nestor.

Bishop, Gilly and Guero nod in agreement.

HANK

He took care of the business with
Jess. Regardless of his feelings. That
shows the kind of brother he is. One
who will always put the patch first.

EZ nods. Looks around at his brothers.

EZ
Nestor Ocetevea... Has he earned
the right to carry the Macuahuitl
and sit at la mesa del Guerrero?

BISHOP
I back it.

GILLY
Fuck yeah.

GUERO
One hundred percent.

They all look at Angel.

ANGEL
I used to not be able to stand the
stupid looking fuck. But... He's grown
on me. And he's a down ass
motherfucker. I say yes.

HANK
Downer in violation, forfeits his
vote.

EZ
So be it. Hun Hunahpu welcomes another
son.

GAVEL crashes down. Then at Guero --

EZ
Go get him.

Hank steps away as Guero hops out of his seat, hyped. Slides
open the Templo door. Yells --

GUERO
Yo, Sacagawea!

Nestor hurries in.

EZ
(cold)
Take off your kutte.

Nestor looks around the table. Everyone staring flatly back
at him. Slowly takes off his vest. Carefully places it on the
table.

Hank walks back in. Tosses a FULL PATCH and ROCKERS on the
kutte.

(CONTINUED)

Room explodes. Everyone smiling, banging their fists on the table. Then the MC all get up to embrace him.

EZ the first to hug him tight.

EZ
Congratulations. Welcome to the tribe.

NESTOR
(moved)
Thank you, EZ.

EZ lets him go. Steps back to let the others get a chance.

Gilly eyes him. And when his back is turned --

GILLY RUSHES HIM.

PUTS HIM IN A CHOKEHOLD.

EZ fights to free himself. Before Angel can react...

Nestor and Guero have already wrapped him up. Hank looking on as Bishop pulls his GUN. Holds it to EZ's face.

BISHOP
You're a rat?!

Angel can only look on in shock. EZ continues to struggle. Bishop presses the GUN harder against his forehead.

BISHOP
That's why you took the deal.
Creeper was on to you. And you had
Iron War and Storm 88 take our
fucking brother out so you could
keep your secret.

HANK
Put us in bed with fucking cops...

BISHOP
Creep gave up everything for us. For
you. And you fucking murdered him.

Steps inches from his face --

BISHOP
You've broken every fuckin' code we
got. Now you're working with the
fucking feds?

EZ fights harder to free himself from Gilly's grip. Only settling when --

Bishop moves the GUN to Angel.

(CONTINUED)

EZ

No!

Bishop, to Angel --

BISHOP

You knew. You knew he was a rat and
you brought him into the club.

(CONTINUED)

EZ
He didn't know. Tell them Angel.
You didn't know.

Angel in shock. Can't speak.

EZ
He had no idea. He's just finding out
now.

BISHOP
(disbelief)
You didn't know. You didn't know
your cousin, the DEA agent had
flipped your baby brother?

Hank pulls the KA-BAR from EZ's sheath.

HANK
Then prove it.

Slams the blade in Angel's palm as Nestor and Guero let him
go. Bishop's gun still to his head.

BISHOP
Prove you'll put the club over blood.

Angel shakes his head. Tries to appeal to --

ANGEL
Gilly, man?

Gilly shakes his head. Unable to make eye-contact.

BISHOP
You want to walk out of here? Prove
your loyalty to the patch.

EZ, realizing --

EZ
They're right, Angel. Do it.

ANGEL
I can't.

EZ
I betrayed you. I'm sorry. You have
to.

Angel stares down at the blade. Feels Bishop press the muzzle
tighter against his temple.

EZ, calm --

(CONTINUED)

EZ

Angel, that little boy out there. He
needs you. He's got no one else.

(CONTINUED)

Tears stream down Angel's cheeks.

EZ
It's the only way out of this.
Remember Freya? When we were little.
You got to be strong. It's just like
that. Angel. It's just like that.

Angel steps towards his brother.

EZ
It's okay. It's gonna be okay, Angel.

Angel shakes his head.

EZ
Look at me.

Angel finally does. EZ's smiling. His voice cracks.

EZ
Tell him about me. Tell him about mom.
Go... And don't come back.

ANGEL
I can't.

Bishop cocks the slide back. Shoves the GUN against the back of Angel's head.

EZ looks in his brother's eyes.

EZ
It's alright, Angel. It's okay.

Angel SCREAMS as he suddenly thrusts forward. BLADE burying into his brother's stomach.

Angel holds EZ close. Shoulders suddenly racking with sobs.

ANGEL
I'm sorry.

Lung pierced. EZ coughs blood.

EZ
I love you, Angel.

Hank pushes Angel aside. Takes the handle for himself.

Violently shoves it into EZ's side. Hands it to Bishop. Who gets in EZ's face.

BISHOP
You ain't the only one who's read
Shakespeare, motherfucker.

(CONTINUED)

SLAMS the blade into EZ's ribs.

EZ starts to collapse.

Bishop hands the KNIFE to Gilly.

Gilly, emotional, shoves the blade in.

Then again.

EZ falls to the ground. Starts to laugh. Choking on the blood in his mouth.

SLAM. Guero, tears streaming. Heartbroken, shoves the KNIFE in.

Then hands Nestor the blade.

Nestor stares down, cold. Emotionless.

Shoves the blade into EZ's heart.

Angel watches, bearing horrified witness as his brother writhes sprawled, slipping in a pool of his own blood. Breathing in wet, ragged GASPS.

He starts to slow. Until he's finally...

Still.

Eyes open and unseeing. Staring heavenward. Face twisted in ecstatic agony.

51 INT. EZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT (N2)

51

Sofía on the edge of the couch. Sally curled next to her.

Waiting.

Smile igniting her face as she hears steps approach the door.

She nervously lifts the pregnancy test in her hand.

Security light washing across her as the door opens.

Smile fades when she sees it's not EZ.

Spots the RIFLE raising in Bottles' hands.

Puts her hand over her stomach. As Sally WHINES.

SOFÍA
(soft)
No...

- 52 EXT. EZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT (N2) 52
WIDE SHOT. Bottles in the doorway. Trailer lighting up with three quick FLASHES of MUZZLE FIRE.
- 53 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (N2) (WAS SC. 56) 53
Car headlights cut through blackness as hands dig into earth.
Terry claws desperately through loose dirt. Stopping when he reaches --
A tangled clump of black hair.
He looks back at --
Jazmine, who clutches her stomach, gutted. Letting out an anguished SCREAM.
- 54 INT. CHEVY NOVA - MOVING - NIGHT (N2) 54
A REVOLVER sits in the passenger seat. Letty drives. Headlights bouncing past scrap metal. Then glint off a pair of eyes...
Letty slams the BRAKES.
Sally's eyes GLOWING in the Nova's headlights. Mouth licked with bloody drool.
- 55 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - RUSTY TRAIL - NIGHT (N2) 55
Dust dances in the Nova's LOW BEAMS as Letty approaches. Touches Sally's blue coat. Hand comes away bloody.
LETTY
You okay, girl?
Letty eyes EZ's trailer. DOOR OPEN. Sally CRIES.
LETTY
Okay. Okay.
Letty looks at the clubhouse.
- 56 OMITTED(NOW SC. 53) 56
- 57 INT. CHEVY NOVA - MOMENTS LATER 57
Letty has gently placed Sally in the passenger seat. Letty looking at the rearview as they drive out of the rusty trail.

(CONTINUED)

Clubhouse dark, foreboding, clouded in dust through the rear window. As we --

SMASH TO:

58 INT. SANTO PADRE HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT (N2) 58

Silence. Izzy sleeping soundly.

Marcus on the hospital chair. NEWBORN cradled skin to skin on his bare chest. New pink flesh nuzzled against his faded MAYANS TATTOO.

59 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - TEMPLO - NIGHT (N2) 59

CLOSE on Bishop. Back at the head of the table. Clutches the heavy grain of the President's chair.

Looks around the emotional room. Hank. Gilly. Guero. Nestor. Bottles.

BISHOP
Now, back to business...

Lights a cigarette. Exhales a long steady stream.

Untouched POOL of blood still on the ground. Streaks where the body was dragged out.

60 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - CORRAL - NIGHT (N2) 60

WIDE on the Mayan Clubhouse. Quiet. Still. Inscrutably dark.

A swarm of BLACK SHADOWS slowly emerge from the corners.

Steal across the corral.

Then in a uniformed manner, stack up on the porch.

At each exit.

A BATTERING RAM rears back. A VOICE YELLS --

MAN
Federal agents!!

SLAM! Door bursts off its hinges, BREECHED.

PILLAR OF LIGHT BEAMS into the corral as the SECURITY GATE is FLOODED by --

A mix of FEDERAL, LOCAL and STATE law enforcement vehicles. Lights strobing.

61 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - RUSTY TRAIL - CONTINUOUS 61

Makeshift command center. Katie and Potter in DOJ WINDBREAKERS over flak jackets. Watching safely from a distance as we hear --

BURSTS OF RAPID GUNFIRE. Echoing through the night. As the camera rises. Lifts.

62 EXT. BROKEN SAINTS RANCH - DAWN (D3) 62

Cookhouse charred and crumbled. Ranch abandoned except for THREE CHOPPER MOTORCYCLES, an OLD BRONCO and PALOMA, LEFTY, VANESSA and CHIP packing the last of their belongings in saddle bags.

The women spot dust starting to rise in the distance.

Quickly go to their rifles as a GREEN NOVA pulls into view.

Passenger door opens.

Sally rushes out.

RANCH DOGS swarm her.

Circle.

Sniff.

Then burst into play. Chasing each other through the dirt.

Letty climbs out of the car.

Looks out at the women.

Sights all drawing beads on her. She raises her hands.

Sun starting to bleed over the hills as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

Pre-lap: A SEAGULL'S FORLORN CRY.

63 EXT. BEACH - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - DAWN (D3) 63

ANGEL.

Maverick in his arms. Protecting his child from the sea spray. Goosebumps crawling up his bare arms from the cold, salty wind.

White skirts of foam as waves heave, buckle and crash at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA slowly circles.

Revealing his MAYANS BACK TATTOO.

The lettering surrounding the glowering warrior, BLACKED OUT
WITH INK.

The ocean in front of him, endless. Bleeding into the fire of
the early morning sky.

Our final, lasting image as we --

SMASH TO:

END OF SERIES