

LA LOTERIA

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WGA# 1862518

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAWN

Cold and overcast. A heavy mist is in the air.

GABRIEL SANCHEZ (25), scrawny build, angular face, wearing a black hoodie lumbers down a cracked sidewalk within a bland, unkempt apartment complex.

He holds a coffee thermos in one hand. A set of car keys in the other. As he reaches a:

COVERED CARPORT

He flips back the top of his hoodie - hand combs his hair.

Just as Gabriel inserts a key into the door of a beat up sedan, LOBO CRUZ (25), Latino, muscular, with a scarred, face, emerges from the shadows.

LOBO

You got my money?

Startled, Gabriel drops his thermos to the asphalt. Lobo approaches Gabriel - nose to nose.

LOBO

Because you fucking promised to pay me last night. Remember?

GABRIEL

Um - no. I mean yes. Look, I get paid at the end of the week. I promise. I'm good for it.

LOBO

You're good for nothing, cabron.

GABRIEL

I just need a little more time.

LOBO

I ain't no fucking bank. You don't pay, I find other ways.

Lobo lights a cigarette - flicks the match against Gabriel's chest. He flashes an evil smile, exposing one gold tooth.

LOBO

That wife of yours - she'd be a sweet piece of ass.

(grabbing his crouch)

Maybe I make her pay up?

GABRIEL
Don't you even think --

In a flash, Lobo presses a gun up against Gabriel's chin.

LOBO
I think what the fuck I want. I do
what the fuck I want.
(pressing the gun harder)
You got one week. Then I take
payment my way.

Lobo removes the gun from Gabriel's chin and gives him a gentle, humiliating slap on the face.

LOBO
You understand me, pendejo?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/BEDROOM - MORNING

DETECTIVE ANNA RAMIREZ (42), fit and trim, examines herself in front of a full-length oval mirror. She's all business. No, make-up, jewelry or other trappings of vanity.

Anna clips a LAPD DECTECTIVE BADGE on her belt, fluffs back her short dark hair and takes a last glance at the result. What the fuck - good enough.

As Anna picks up a REVOLVER from the nightstand, she accidentally knocks over a framed portrait. She rights it.

INSERT PORTRAIT

Anna, twenty years earlier wearing an LAPD police cadet uniform. Standing next to her with a beaming smile is Police Captain FRANK RAMIREZ, 55 at the time.

BACK TO SCENE

Anna stares at the portrait as she nestles the revolver in a holster hidden under her sweater. She then exits into the:

LIVING ROOM

And approaches Frank Ramirez (now 75), sitting in a recliner, laser focused on the TV.

Frank's adorned in a tattered bathrobe. His thick, uncombed, gray hair shoots out in random directions. The oxygen tubes inserted in his nose connect to a green tank at his side.

Anna gives Frank a kiss on the top of the head.

ANNA
Morning, Dad. Coffee?

FRANK RAMIREZ
(points at TV)
Ssssh. It's coming on.

Anna rolls her eyes and heads towards the kitchen.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN

A giddy MALE REPORTER (30) with a face you just want to punch stands in front of Blue Screen. To his right, a large CALIFORNIA LOTTERY ICON. Underneath that: "2-7-8-11-19-38"

MALE REPORTER
Three lucky winners of the Super Lotto last night. Two have already come forward to claim their share of the one hundred million dollar prize. One still remains a mystery but we know the winning ticket was bought at Brooklyn Liquor in the Boyle Heights area of Los Angeles.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank scribbles the lottery numbers down on a notepad. He points the remote at the TV and mutes it.

FRANK RAMIREZ
(calling out)
Hey, they ever get you a new partner?

KITCHEN

Anna, at the kitchen counter, stirs cream in a cup of coffee.

ANNA
No. But they're transferring over someone temporarily. From downtown.

FRANK RAMIREZ (O.C.)
Who?

Anna stops stirring - hesitates.

ANNA
Huck Whitehurst.

FRANK RAMIREZ (O.C.)
 (not pleased)
 Huck Whitehurst? Why'd the fuck
 they pick him?

Anna blows air between pursed lips - how did this
 conversation get started?

ANNA
 They didn't. He volunteered.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 And why would he do that?

Anna rinses the spoon in the sink, picks up the cup of coffee
 and enters the:

LIVING ROOM

Where she spots Frank thumbing through a stack of LOTTERY
 TICKETS, checking them against the numbers on the notepad.

ANNA
 I didn't ask. Maybe he just misses
 working with me.

Anna places the coffee on a table next to Frank.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 (still looking at tickets)
 That's not what he misses.

Anna gives Frank a rap on the back of his head.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 What?

Anna gives Frank a kiss on the cheek then scoops up her car
 keys from a small table on her way to the front door.

ANNA
 I don't know why you bother buying
 those.

Frank looks up from his tickets.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 For your inheritance of course.

Anna heads towards the door.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 Hey!

Frank lifts his oxygen tank with his left hand. Anna turns around.

FRANK RAMIREZ
No smoking today.

Anna nods then exits.

EXT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER/PARKING LOT - DAY

A dozen or so cars are parked. A white office building in the center of the lot has a sign: "CA-LOTTERY."

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - DAY

Gabriel snorts a line of cocaine off the top of his index finger. His eyes roll back in relief.

A muffled phone RING emanates from the glove compartment. Gabriel leans over, opens the glove compartment and removes a burner phone. He flips it open.

GABRIEL
Yeah.

EXT. PARK/PLAYGROUND - SAME TIME

Lobo Cruz, cell phone to his ear, leans on a wooden fence that surrounds a small park. He leers at the backside of SARAH SANCHEZ(21), pretty and petite, as she pushes a baby stroller through the park.

LOBO
(into phone)
I'm kind of hoping you don't come up with the money.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOBO AND GABRIEL

GABRIEL
What are you talking about?

LOBO
I'm watching that sweet ass wife of yours at the park. She makes me stiff.
(beat)
The clock's ticking, cabron.

Lobo hangs up.

GABRIEL
Hello...Are you there?

Gabriel tosses the phone on the passenger seat and slams his fist on the steering wheel.

GABRIEL

Fuck!

EXT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER/PARKING LOT - DAY

Gabriel emerges from his car and walks towards the double glass doors of the white office building.

Off to the side, with a cigarette in one hand and a red bull in the other, is JOLINE (30) - dresses too young for her age.

JOLINE

(as Gabriel nears)

Why do you always take your break in your car?

GABRIEL

You know - a quiet place to call the wife. See how the kid's doing.

Joline nods as she takes a drag.

GABRIEL

Hey, um - I was wondering if you could spot me some cash? I left my ATM card at home and I got to pick up some --

JOLINE

Dude, you haven't paid me back the money you borrowed last week.

GABRIEL

Really? I thought for sure I did.

Joline shakes her head. Gabriel removes his wallet from his back pocket and opens it. Just eight dollars and cobwebs.

GABRIEL

Payday - okay?

Joline butts her cigarette. She's heard this before.

JOLINE

Sure, dude. Payday.

Gabriel nods then enters the building.

EXT. HOLLENBECK POLICE STATION - DAY

A glass covered, modern structure that stands in stark contrast to the old run down businesses that surround it.

A man hustles up a set of red-tinted concrete steps that lead to the front door. He is DETECTIVE HUCK WHITEHURST (55), crew cut hair, built from bricks. A thick, strong old bastard.

INT. HOLLENBECK POLICE STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY

OFFICERS and STAFF mill about in a large room that is in the midst of modernization. Shiny computers sit alongside cartons of old paper case files. Staff talk, phones ring, coffee cups clatter - the din of work.

Cubicle stations segmented by three-foot walls surround the perimeter of the room. In one of those cubicles, Anna studies a case file. Her focus is interrupted by a commotion at the entrance to the room.

Anna slides her chair out to check it out. Several POLICE OFFICERS and STAFF MEMBERS are glad handing Huck as if he was a returning warrior.

POLICEMAN 1
(shaking Huck's hand)
Glad to have you back, brother.

HUCK
Thanks. Only here on loan though.

A full-figured FEMALE STAFF ASSISTANT (40) approaches and throws her arms around Huck's shoulder.

FEMALE STAFF ASSISTANT
Good to see you, Huck.

As Huck hugs the Assistant back, he catches Anna's eye. He gives her a wink. The type of wink that tells you these two have some history. Anna returns a warm smile.

INT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER/GABRIEL'S CUBICLE - DUSK

A sterile room. Fluorescent lights shine down on a row of cubicles, one of which is manned by Gabriel. A clock on his desk reads: "5:50 P.M."

Gabriel stares at a FRAMED PHOTO of him, Sarah and a BABY as he talks on his cellphone.

GABRIEL
(into his phone)
I would just need it till payday.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 Promise, you'll get it right back.
 (listening)
 No, I understand. Thanks anyway.

Gabriel ends the call. He closes his eyes and presses the palms of his hand against his temple - total anguish.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK

Street lights just starting to flicker on. Some, shattered by bullets, stand dark, creating eerie pockets of darkness.

The area is crammed with old, rundown homes and apartments - no two alike. This neighborhood wasn't planned. It evolved.

At the corner, a simple wood frame home is surrounded by a wrought iron fence. The pale blue paint is chipped and faded.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/BEDROOM - DUSK

Small and crammed with old furniture.

ESPERANZA CORONADO (78), frail, white hair, wearing thick glasses and a full-length nightshirt sits on the edge of the bed by a night stand. A phone receiver is pressed to her ear.

Glancing back and forth between the phone and an old, tattered ADDRESS BOOK on top of the nightstand, Esperanza slowly presses numbers on the dial pad.

As the phone rings, Esperanza removes a CALIFORNIA SUPER LOTTERY TICKET from the pocket of her nightshirt.

AUTOMATED VOICE FROM PHONE (V.O.)
 Thank you for calling the
 California Lottery Office. For
 English, please stay on the line.
 Para Espanol o prima dos.

Esperanza presses the "TWO".

AUTOMATED VOICE FROM PHONE (V.O.)
 (In Spanish - subtitled)
 Someone will be with you shortly.
 Your call may be recorded for
 quality assurance purposes.

INT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER/GABRIEL'S CUBICLE - SAME TIME

Gabriel leans back his chair. His eyes are still closed.

An electronic RING grabs Gabriel's attention. He scoots forward, puts on a headset on and presses the answer button.

GABRIEL
 (in Spanish - subtitled)
 California Lottery, Santa Fe
 Springs Office. This is Gabriel
 How can I help you?

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/BEDROOM - DUSK

ESPERANZA
 (in Spanish - subtitled)
 I hope this is the right number. I
 need to claim a lottery prize.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GABRIEL AND ESPERANZA

All dialogue is in Spanish - subtitles in English.

GABRIEL
 For prizes less than six hundred
 dollars you can simply return the
 ticket to any lottery retailer.

ESPERANZA
 But I don't know how much it is.

GABRIEL
 What kind of ticket do you have?

ESPERANZA
 The Super Lotto one.

GABRIEL
 And how many numbers did you hit?

ESPERANZA
 I'm not sure. I saw them on the TV
 last night. But they read them too
 fast. I can't write that quickly.
 But I know at least three numbers.

Gabriel rolls his eyes - sure that the lady has to be senile.

GABRIEL
 If you prefer, you can bring your
 ticket down to our office and fill
 out a claims form. We can validate
 the prize. Do you have pen and
 paper handy so I can give you the
 address?

ESPERANZA
 I can't drive. They took my license
 away.

GABRIEL
 You don't have any family - or
 maybe a friend that can bring you
 in?

ESPERANZA
 No. There's no one.

Gabriel shakes his head. He really doesn't need this now.

GABRIEL
 (under his breath)
 Jesus Christ.
 (to Esperanza)
 Can you read them to me?

ESPERANZA
 Pardon?

GABRIEL
 The numbers on your ticket.

Esperanza lifts the LOTTERY TICKET close to her glasses.

ESPERANZA
 (painfully slow)
 Two, seven, eight, eleven,
 nineteen, and thirty-eight.

Gabriel jots down the numbers as Esperanza reads them.

GABRIEL
 Okay, just a minute.

Gabriel taps the space bar on his computer screen. It goes
 from screen saver mode to THE CALIFORNIA LOTTERY PAGE.

Gabriel's eyes widen. On the screen:

"WINNING NUMBERS: 2-7-8-11-19-38."

ESPERANZA
 Hello?...
 (no response from Gabriel)
 Hello? Are you still there?

GABRIEL
 Um - yes, yes - I am. I'm sorry. I
 didn't get your name.

ESPERANZA
 Esperanza Coronado.

GABRIEL
 Where did you buy the ticket?

ESPERANZA
Boyle Heights. At the Brooklyn
Liquor store on Cesar Chavez. So
lucky. My first time buying there.

Gabriel taps some keys on the keyboard. He stares at the
results on the computer screen.

GABRIEL
Um, we're having some phone issues
here, Mrs. Coronado. Can I get your
phone number so I can call you
back? It'll be right away.

ESPERANZA
Yes, of course.

Gabriel scribbles the number on a notepad as he listens.

GABRIEL
Okay, just give me a few minutes.
(listening)
You're welcome.

EXT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER - NIGHT

Gabriel, carrying a leather satchel, bursts out the double
glass doors and hustles towards his car.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Gabriel has a piece of paper with Esperanza's phone number in
one hand. He holds a BURNER PHONE to his ear with the other.

GABRIEL
(In Spanish - subtitled)
Mrs. Coronado. This is Gabriel from
the lottery office.
(listening)
I have the claim forms. If you give
me your address, I would be happy
to drive them over.
(listening)
No, it's not a problem.

EXT. HOLLENBECK POLICE STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Anna and Huck meander through the lot towards their cars.

ANNA
So, how long do I got you for?

HUCK

Thirty days. Then back to downtown.
Sure they'll get you a full-time
partner by then.

Anna opens the door of her car. Huck stops just short of his.

HUCK

So, what do you think? You wanna
drown the day in a drink?

ANNA

(scoffs)
Really, Huck?

HUCK

What?

ANNA

God, what was I - twenty-six?
Twenty-seven? That was the very
first line you ever used on me.

HUCK

(trying to remember)
It was?

ANNA

What you meant is do you wanna
drown the day in sex.
(a beat)
Somehow it lasted a lot longer than
a day.

HUCK

You make it sound like it was
unpleasant.

ANNA

No, it was never unpleasant. Just
unrewarding.

HUCK

Hey, I didn't mean for it to end.

ANNA

Yeah. But I did.

Anna enters her car, closes the door- rolls down the window.

ANNA

Besides, some people thought it was
inappropriate for a Sargeant to be
sleeping with one of his officers.

HUCK
And how is your Dad?

Anna hesitates - not sure whether to answer.

ANNA
I think he's dying.

Anna turns on the ignition. The engine REVS.

HUCK
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to --

ANNA
I'll see you tomorrow, Huck.

Huck watches as Anna drives off.

INT/EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR/CITY STREET - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Gabriel stops at an intersection - wipes sweat from his brow.

VOICE FROM HIS CELL PHONE
In a quarter mile, make a right
turn ahead.

Gabriel scans the street as he drives forward. He spots a
"BROOKLYN LIQUOR" sign in the window of a run-down store.

VOICE FROM HIS PHONE
You have arrived at your
destination - on the right.

Gabriel pulls his car into the lot.

INT. BROOKLYN LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Crammed with more products than it was designed to hold.

Gabriel brings a bottle of soda to the counter manned by the
KOREAN OWNER (50), He has bald patches on his head poorly
concealed by a bad comb over.

KOREAN OWNER
Two fifty.

Gabriel reaches into his pants pocket as he points at a
lottery sign on the counter.

GABRIEL
You ever sell any winners?

KOREAN OWNER
(with a sly smile)
Big winner. Just sold.

GABRIEL
Wow. Did you know them?

KOREAN OWNER
No. Sell hundred tickets. Don't
remember.

GABRIEL
Hmm. Well, give me a ticket for
next weeks lottery. Random.

The Korean Owner hits a button on a Super Lotto machine on
the counter and slides it towards Gabriel.

KOREAN OWNER
Three-fifty.

Gabriel puts four dollars on the Counter. He looks around the
ceiling of the store.

GABRIEL
Where's the security camera? I want
to make sure they get a nice
smiling picture of me just in case
this one wins too.

KOREAN OWNER
Camera broken.

GABRIEL
How long?

KOREAN OWNER
Long time.

The Korean Owner's eyes narrow in suspicion as he lowers his
hand underneath the counter.

KOREAN OWNER
Why - you rob me?

GABRIEL
Oh, God no. Sorry - sorry.
(as he walks off)
Keep the change.

INT/EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR/RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The car creeps down the street. Gabriel spots Esperanza's house address painted on the curb. He drives around the corner and parks under a broken street light.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME - NIGHT

Eerily quiet. No one on the street.

Gabriel, wearing a hoodie and carrying a leather satchel, opens the gate of the wrought iron fence.

Two steps up and he's at the:

FRONT DOOR

The MUFFLED VOICES from a television emanate from inside. Gabriel KNOCKS on the door.

A moment passes. Gabriel KNOCKS again.

 ESPERANZA (O.S.)
Who is it?

 GABRIEL
Gabriel, from the Lottery.

The CLICK of a deadbolt unlocking. Gabriel removes his hoodie. A moment passes and then another CLICK.

The door creeps open. Esperanza smiles warmly.

 ESPERANZA
Nice of you to come.

 GABRIEL
You speak English?

Esperanza turns and waves Gabriel inside.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

It's small and cramped. The living room and kitchen separated only by the flooring. Worn carpet meets faded linoleum.

As Esperanza shuffles towards a recliner in the center of the room. She points over at a television. The LOCAL NEWS is on.

 ESPERANZA
I do my best. TV helps.

Gabriel carefully scans the room as he follows Esperanza. One wall is crammed with family photos, no two frames alike. In the middle, a wooden cross and a faded picture of Jesus.

Esperanza falls back into her recliner, picks up a remote from a table next to her and mutes the TV. Gabriel takes a seat on the end of a sofa next to the recliner.

ESPERANZA

Gabriel - the messenger from God.
You're Catholic?

Gabriel nods as he removes a CLIPBOARD from his satchel.

GABRIEL

Can I see the ticket, please?

Esperanza reaches into the pocket of her night shirt, pulls out a CALIFORNIA SUPER LOTTO TICKET and hands it to Gabriel.

Gabriel's hand trembles as compares the numbers to ones he had written down on his clipboard.

GABRIEL

Let's see ...Well, Mrs. Coronado.
It looks like you have four
numbers. That's \$112 dollars.

ESPERANZA

Oh my.

Gabriel removes a CLAIM FORM from his satchel and attaches it and the LOTTERY TICKET to the clip board.

GABRIEL

I'll help you fill out the claim
form. It'll take a few days to it.
I can bring the payment by when
it's ready if you like.

ESPERANZA

Very kind of you.

GABRIEL

So, you said that you had no
family.

ESPERANZA

Only a grandson - Pablo.

She points at the wall filled with pictures. Gabriel's eyes scan the wall.

ESPERANZA

Just under Jesus.

Gabriel's eyes are drawn to a framed photo of a young man dressed in an Army Ranger uniform.

GABRIEL

Ah. Where is he?

ESPERANZA

Iraq. He can't tell me any more than that.

Esperanza points at the wooden cross.

ESPERANZA

I pray for his safety every night.

GABRIEL

Have you told him about the ticket?

ESPERANZA

Oh, no. He's a Ranger. He's not allowed to say - um - what is it? Details. No details. He calls when he can. He's a very brave boy.

GABRIEL

What about friends - anyone?

Esperanza raises her eyebrows. She doesn't get it.

GABRIEL

Have you told anyone about your ticket?

ESPERANZA

No. Just you. Should I have?

GABRIEL

No, not at all.

Gabriel scribbles a note on his clipboard.

GABRIEL

So, on the phone you said you don't normally buy your tickets at Brooklyn Liquor.

ESPERANZA

This was the only time. Usually, I buy them at a store by Saint Mary's Church. So that way I can pray for forgiveness.

GABRIEL

Forgiveness?

ESPERANZA

For gambling.

(In Spanish - subtitled)

He that hastens to be rich has an
evil eye. Proverbs 28:22.

(in English)

You read your bible - no?

GABRIEL

Of course.

Esperanza starts to COUGH.

ESPERANZA

(through cough)

Allergies. I need water.

Esperanza starts to get up. Gabriel places his hand on hers.

GABRIEL

Please, I can get it.

Gabriel heads back towards the kitchen area. Esperanza turns
her attention to the LOCAL NEWS.

Gabriel reaches the sink and turns on the faucet.

ESPERANZA

(calling back)

Glasses are in the cupboard.

As Gabriel reaches up to the cupboard, Esperanza's attention
is drawn to the Television.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN

A FEMALE REPORTER in front of a BLUE SCREEN with the
CALIFORNIA LOTTERY LOGO and six WHITE BALLS, each with a
distinct black number in the center: "2-7-8-11-19-38."

BACK TO SCENE

Esperanza squints at the television.

ESPERANZA

Gabriel. I think you made a
mistake.

Gabriel turns around. His eyes widen as he spots the numbers
on the Television screen.

Esperanza picks up the remote and hits the sound button.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.)
...And those were the winning
numbers from last night's lottery
drawing.

ESPERANZA
Those are all my numbers.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.)
...One mystery winner still has not
come forward to claim their prize.
Back to you Thomas...

Esperanza mutes the TV then reaches over and picks up the
CLIPBOARD. She examines the ticket.

GABRIEL
What did you say?

Gabriel turns off the faucet. He closes his eyes, swallows
hard, as he removes a thin leather belt from his waistband.

ESPERANZA
(staring at the ticket)
I think I got all six.

From behind her chair, Gabriel loops the belt around
Esperanza's neck and pulls it tight.

Esperanza's eyes widen in panic. She drops the clipboard to
the floor as she brings her hands to the belt.

The veins on Gabriel's forearms bulge as he pulls harder.

Esperanza GASPS. Her eyes are in full panic as she kicks her
feet and arches her back. Her face reddens.

GABRIEL
I'm sorry. You made me.

Esperanza's eyes flutter as she fights for air. Then, in an
instant, they go calm - filled with resignation. She takes
one last glance towards the family pictures on her wall.

Esperanza's arms fall to her side. Gabriel's chest heaves up
and down as the adrenaline ebbs from his body.

Gabriel runs his hands through his hair as he paces back and
forth - nervous, unsure.

GABRIEL
Get a fucking hold.

Gabriel grabs the satchel. As he stuffs the clipboard and LOTTERY TICKET inside, he notices his bare hand.

GABRIEL

Idiot.

Gabriel hustles to the kitchen and grabs a washcloth and soaks it in water. He wipes the sink faucet and counter.

Gabriel scans the room for other things he might have touched. His focus is interrupted by the sound of NARCOCORRIDO MUSIC (Mexican Gang Hip Hop) emanating from outside the house.

Gabriel creeps towards the front door and flips off the light switch. He separates the dusty slats of a window blind with his finger and peers out into:

THE STREET

A black, glistening, totally remodeled, 1967 CHEVY IMPALA idles. Tinted windows conceal the occupants.

BACK TO SCENE

Gabriel releases the slat of the blind.

GABRIEL

(in a whisper)

No fucking way.

Gabriel taps his fist on his forehead - thinks. He removes his cell phone from his pocket puts it on camera mode and, through the slat of the window blind, zooms in on the back license plate of the Impala.

INT. 1967 CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

The speakers pulsate to the beat of NARCOCORRIDO HIP HOP.

VICTOR VALENZUELA (goes by "DOUBLE V"), in his twenties, is at the wheel. He has a shaven head. Tattoos completely cover his forearms and the exposed area of his neck.

In the passenger seat is LITTLE STEVIE (21). Not much taller than five feet. He's tatted up like Double V.

DOUBLE V

Make it fast.

Little Stevie opens the car door.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel presses the camera button and a FLASH occurs. Panicked, Gabriel drops to the floor and presses his back up against the front door.

INT/EXT. 1967 CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Just as he exits the car, Little Stevie spots the flash from Gabriel's camera. A flick of light in the darkened window.

Little Stevie points towards the pale blue home.

LITTLE STEVIE
Thought I saw something in the
window. Like a flash or something.

Double V looks towards the house. Considers it a moment.

DOUBLE V
I'll check it out while you deal
with Ortiz.

Little Stevie nods - walks towards a house across the street.

Double V turns off the radio, exits the car and walks towards the pale blue home.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel, sweaty and nervous, hears the CLINK of the iron gate. He reaches his hand up to the door handle and locks it.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Double V reaches the front door, grabs the door handle and tests it - it's locked. He presses his fingertips up against the door and puts his ear to it. Hears no sounds from inside.

Double V backs away a few steps and scans the front of the house. Satisfied, he turns and leaves.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gabriel sits with his back against the door - dead quiet.

The SLAM of car doors closing emanates from outside. An engine REVS then fades as the Impala drives away.

Gabriel, legs wobbling, stands and returns to Esperanza's corpse, stares at it - takes in the nasty deed.

After a moment, Gabriel bends over and removes a JACK KNIFE from a strap on his ankle.

He flicks the knife open and presses the point of the blade on the right side of Esperanza's forehead. With the washcloth covering his left hand, Gabriel holds Esperanza's chin as he carves the letter "V" in her forehead.

As the blood trickles from the wound, Gabriel stops and dry heaves. He's not cut out for this.

A deep breath to regain composure. Gabriel carves the letter "N", followed by the letter "E."

Blood from the carved letters trickles over Esperanza's eyes, down her cheekbone before dripping onto her night shirt.

Gabriel returns the knife to his ankle strap, picks up his leather satchel and returns to the window. He peers at the street through the slot in the blinds. The coast is clear.

With the rag in his hand, Gabriel opens the front door and cleans both the back and front knobs. He flips his hoodie over his head and heads out.

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT/ENTRY AREA - NIGHT

Gabriel, carrying the leather satchel, enters the darkened apartment. He quietly closes the door behind him.

He opens a small closet door and stuffs the leather satchel in the back on a top shelf, out of sight.

Gabriel tip toes towards the back of the apartment and walks through the open doorway of a:

SMALL BEDROOM

A night light casts a shadow on a baby crib.

Gabriel inches forward. His eyes fall on ANDREW (infant) all cozy in a blue cover all. Andrew stirs.

GABRIEL
(finger to lips)
Sssh. Sssh.

Andrew yawns - returns to slumber. Gabriel tip toes back out and enters the:

ADJACENT BEDROOM

Sparsely furnished. Sarah sleeps with a baby monitor clutched in her hand.

Gabriel, quiet as a mouse, undresses, tossing his clothes on a chair. He slips into bed beside Sarah. As his head hits the pillow, Sarah rolls over - wraps her arm around him.

SARAH
(yawning)
You're late.

GABRIEL
I know. My shift change didn't show on time.

Gabriel caresses Sarah's arm.

GABRIEL
Go back to sleep.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME - DAY

A darkening, overcast sky threatens rain.

A POSTWOMAN (30), with a mail carrier bag over her shoulder approaches the front door. She KNOCKS three times.

POSTWOMAN
Esperanza.

There's no answer. She KNOCKS again.

POSTWOMAN
(loud)
Esperanza, I have your mail.

The Postwoman sniffs at some unpleasant odor. She kneels down and lifts the flap of the mail slot and peers in.

POSTWOMAN
Oh, My God.

INT. DISTRICT LOTTERY CENTER/GABRIEL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Gabriel's at his cubicle with a headset on. The red call light on his console is lit.

GABRIEL
You're welcome. Glad I could be of assistance.

Gabriel hits the end call button and watches the CALL RECORDING light go dark. A look of worry consumes his eyes.

Gabriel removes his headset and walks over to:

JOLINE'S CUBICLE

And taps on the outside wall. Joline, in the process of applying nail polish, swivels around in her chair.

JOLINE
What's up?

GABRIEL
Hey, um - you told me you were reprimanded last month because you were rude to someone who called in.

JOLINE
Yeah - so?

GABRIEL
Did they listen to the call recording?

JOLINE
Yeah, of course. Why do you care?

GABRIEL
I just - um, just got off the phone with someone that I think I pissed off. You wouldn't happen to know how long they keep the recordings would you?

JOLINE
I would. Ninety days.

GABRIEL
Damn.

JOLINE
Yep. Looks like you got to sweat another eighty-nine.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME - DUSK

A black and white LAPD cruiser, two dark sedans and a white Coroner's Van are parked on the curb in front of the house.

A male CORONER ASSISTANT smokes a cigarette as he leans against the van.

Crime scene tape is wrapped around the perimeter of the wrought iron fence. The front door is open.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/MAIN ROOM - DUSK

Esperanza's corpse sits rigid in the recliner. The "V-N-E" carved in her forehead now distinct from the dried blood.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER gently scrapes underneath Esperanza's fingernails.

A CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER (60), male-Caucasian, snaps random photos as if nothing or everything could be a clue and it ain't his job to figure out which is which.

LAPD POLICEMAN DREW SAUNDERS (35) in full uniform, wears latex gloves as he examines the contents of a kitchen drawer.

Anna, laser focused, scans the room as if each blink of her eyes were taking a mental picture. They finally settle back on Esperanza's corpse. She winces. The image bothers her.

The Medical Examiner points at the V-N-E initials carved on Esperanza's forehead.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

You know what it means?

ANNA

Varrio Nuevo Estrada. They're a Boyle Heights gang.

The Medical Examiner nods.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I should have guessed as much.

BACK BEDROOM

Huck, wearing latex gloves opens the drawers of a nightstand and gently sorts through the contents. Finding nothing of interest, he moves to the nightstand on the other side of the bed and continues the search.

MAIN ROOM

As the Medical Examiner continues his work, Anna's attention is drawn to an old antique china cabinet. A small POLAROID PHOTO is taped onto the corner of one of the cabinet's glass panels. It's a younger Esperanza with a HISPANIC GIRL (5) on one arm and a HISPANIC BOY (6) on the other.

Anna removes the photo. She stares at it, lost in thought.

Saunders approaches.

SAUNDERS

I've bagged all the knives. You never know. One could match.

Anna stuffs the Polaroid in the pocket of her sweater.

ANNA

Um, - uh - thanks. When will the print people be here?

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

Not till tomorrow.

ANNA

Jesus. Really?

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

They're down two staff and already working a backlog. It's not their --

Anna puts her hands up. She's heard it before. She walks over to the window motioning for Saunders to follow.

Anna removes a pen from her pocket and gently separates the slats of the blinds that Gabriel peered through. She points at a circular clean spot amongst the dark dust on the slat.

ANNA

When they do get here, make sure that they try to pull a print from there.

(nodding toward the back)

Check on the progress in the back yard - okay?

Saunders nods then walks away.

Anna stares at the front door. One older dead bolt lock just above a shiny, brass new one, obviously, recently installed. She inspects the edges of the door. There's no damage.

ANNA

(to the Photographer)

Get shots of the locks and the door.

The Photographer, busy taking random shots, doesn't respond.

ANNA

Hey!

Anna points at the door. This garners a "what a bitch" look from the Photographer before he begrudgingly walks over.

ANNA

I want pictures of the locks -
front and back. And the door - all
sides.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah, that will break the case wide
open.

Huck enters from the bedroom holding an old, worn address
book in his hand.

HUCK

(to the Photographer)
Don't be a dick. Just take the
fucking pictures.

The Photographer begrudgingly goes to the front door and
starts snapping. Anna's angry eyes follow him.

HUCK

(to Anna, hushed tone)
You okay?

Anna ignores the question as she points at the door.

ANNA

Both locks were open. Any sign of
forced entry from the bedroom?

HUCK

The windows are barred. No one got
in through there.

ANNA

You find anything?

HUCK

Nothing out of the ordinary.

Huck hands Anna the address book.

HUCK

But this might help with next of
kin notification.

Anna aimlessly thumbs through the address book. Something's
gnawing at her gut and it shows.

HUCK

What's going on?

Huck follows Anna as she walks towards the wall filled with family pictures. She taps on a black and white photo of much younger Esperanza with a small child.

ANNA
That's her son.

HUCK
How would you know that?

Anna taps on another photo. A WEDDING DAY PICTURE of that same boy, now in his twenties, with his HISPANIC BRIDE, both with beaming smiles.

ANNA
He got married.

Anna points to a photo of a BABY with the Hispanic Couple.

ANNA
And had a child - a boy.

Anna places her hand on the military photo of Pablo that Esperanza so proudly pointed out to Gabriel earlier.

ANNA
This must be him now.
(reading the nameplate)
Corporal Pablo Coronado.
(turning to Huck)
You know the uniform?

HUCK
Army Ranger.

Anna looks towards Esperanza's body.

ANNA
Next of kin. Her grandson.

HUCK
What makes you so sure that her son's not around?

Anna points at the pictures on the wall.

ANNA
They're no pictures of him after his wedding day.

HUCK
And?

ANNA

We never stop putting them up.
 (to the Medical Examiner)
 How much longer do you need?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Fifteen, maybe twenty. But you can
 send the boy in. I'll need him soon
 enough.

ANNA

(to Huck)
 I need a break.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME - NIGHT

Anna exits through the wrought iron gate, pulling the crime scene tape over her head. Huck follows closely behind.

Anna approaches the Coroner Assistant, still smoking. She gives him a - "give me one" - motion. The Coroner Assistant reaches in his pocket and tosses Anna a pack of cigarettes.

CORONER ASSISTANT

Matches are inside the box.

Anna lights her cigarette. One deep inhale and exhale creates a plume of smoke in the air. She tosses the pack back.

ANNA

Thanks.
 (nods towards the house)
 He says he's ready for you now.

The Coroner Assistant butts his smoke and walks off.

Anna offers Huck a drag.

HUCK

I quit.

ANNA

Not like you to give up a vice.

HUCK

Yeah, age will do that to ya.

Huck leans up against the fence as he scans the neighborhood.

HUCK

This is really an odd place.

ANNA

Meaning?

HUCK

Where the fuck are the neighbors? I mean you got a Patrol car, a Coroner's van, crime scene tape and no one's come out to see what's going on? Not even some fucking lookie loos?

Anna takes a long look up and down the street.

ANNA

It's Boyle Heights. No one comes out. They don't want the complications.

Anna takes one last drag then butts the cigarette on the sidewalk with the heel of her boot.

ANNA

Or the consequences.

Anna surveys the neighborhood.

ANNA

Let's start with the next door neighbor and work outwards.

Anna starts towards the neighbor's house. Huck follows.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

A dirty, beat to shit hole in the wall.

A Hispanic BARTENDER (30), sits on a stool chewing stale pretzels as he watches a soccer match on a wall mounted TV.

Off in the corner in a small booth are the bar's only patrons; Lobo, holding a beer bottle, and Gabriel.

GABRIEL

She, um - she thought she only hit four numbers. Just gives me the ticket for a hundred dollars.

LOBO

Just gave it to you - right.

Lobo takes a gulp of beer. He's not buying this crap.

LOBO

And why didn't you just cash it? Keep it for yourself?

GABRIEL

I work for the Lottery. It's not allowed.

LOBO

You think I'm stupid, cabron?

Lobo lays a gun on the table and spins it like a top.

LOBO

I'd fucking kill you right here.

Lobo nods towards the inattentive Bartender.

LOBO

But he'd have to clean up the mess.

The gun stops spinning. Lobo picks it up and cocks it.

LOBO

Outside.

GABRIEL

I swear. I'm telling the truth.

Gabriel reaches in his pocket. Lobo points his gun.

GABRIEL

No - no. Just a piece of paper.

Gabriel pulls a folded piece of paper from his pocket, opens it and lays it on the table top.

INSERT PIECE OF PAPER

A photocopy image of the LOTTERY TICKET next to a photocopy image of Gabriel's DRIVER LICENSE.

BACK TO SCENE

Gabriel points at the date underneath the winning numbers.

GABRIEL

It's all there.

Lobo picks up the paper and studies it.

LOBO

You little shit. How much?

GABRIEL

Thirty-three million total.

Lobo let's this settle in.

LOBO
So where's the ticket?

Gabriel picks up the paper and pockets it.

GABRIEL
In a safe place. I got to hold it
for ninety days. That's when the
call recordings are erased. Then
we're free and clear. I swear.

Lobo nods.

GABRIEL
But I'm going to need help till
then. You know.

Lobo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small plastic
bag of cocaine. He tosses it to Gabriel.

LOBO
If you fuck me, I will make you
watch me take that wife of yours
and put a bullet in both your heads
when I'm done. You understand?

Gabriel nods as he stuffs the coke in his pocket.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/NEIGHBORS OF PALE BLUE HOME - NIGHT

Anna, holding a pen and notepad, and Huck stand at the half-
open doorway of a small Adobe style house.

A nervous HISPANIC FEMALE (30) guards the entrance to her
home. A small FEMALE CHILD hides behind her mother's skirt.
Only her little curious face showing.

ANNA
(in Spanish - subtitled)
So you didn't see or hear anything?

HISPANIC FEMALE
Nada.

The Hispanic Female starts to shut the door.

ANNA
(in Spanish - subtitled)
Nothing at all?

The Hispanic Female shakes her head.

HUCK
Christ almighty.

Anna extends a business card towards the Hispanic Female.

ANNA
(in Spanish - subtitled)
Here's my card. If you happen to
remember anything --

HISPANIC FEMALE
No! No!

The Hispanic Female slams the door.

ANNA
Damn it.

HUCK
I think she wanted the entire
neighborhood to hear that.

Just as Anna and Huck turn around, they catch the last
glimpse of a light turning off in a dilapidated house across
the street.

ANNA
I think that one ought to be next.

Anna heads towards the street. Huck follows:

HUCK
We're wasting our time.

ANNA
Think of it as an opportunity for
you to brush up on your Spanish.

HUCK
(in Spanish - subtitled)
Your ass is still firm for a woman
of your age.

This elicits a smile from Anna as she crosses the street,
Huck's right behind her.

ANNA
I see that your Rosetta Stone is
paying dividends.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Totally dark. Not a light on.

Anna KNOCKS on the door. Waits and KNOCKS again. Frustrated,
Huck moves to the front and slams the door with his fist.

HUCK
LAPD! We know you're fucking in
there. We saw the light, ass hole.

ANNA
Nuanced.

A light comes on. Huck gives Anna a "who's a dummy now" look.
The CLACK of a lock and the door creeps open revealing GUS
ORTIZ (30), a twitchy, drugged out, little prick.

ORTIZ
I didn't see nothing.

HUCK
Didn't ask you anything yet.

Huck makes his way in. Anna follows.

ORTIZ
Hey, you can't do that.

HUCK
Sorry, saw the bag on the table.

Huck points towards a SMALL TABLE. On top of it, a small
plastic bag containing white powder, a spoon and a syringe.

HUCK
You already hit it?

Ortiz trembles. Huck pulls up a chair next the table. Anna
scans the house with her eyes - searching.

HUCK
Or is it just time to hit it again?

Huck picks up the bag and closes his fist around it. Ortiz
looks as if Huck had his arm around his only son's neck.

ORTIZ
Hey, um - look. You got no right.

HUCK
So what didn't you see?

ORTIZ
I already told you - nothing.

Ortiz rubs his hands up and down his forearm. He's itching
for a hit.

HUCK

The guy that sold you this bag
already told us that you got the
money by robbing that poor woman
across the street.

ORTIZ

Who, Little Stevie?

Huck looks towards Anna. She nods. They both know the guy.

ORTIZ

He's fucking lying. I paid that
mother-fucker with my own money.

Huck unfolds his fist and opens the top of the plastic bag
and tilts it as if he's going to pour the contents on the
floor. This panics Ortiz more than his current predicament.

ORTIZ

Don't --

HUCK

So how and when did you pay him?

Ortiz shakes his head.

HUCK

(to Anna)
You got cuffs?

ORTIZ

He drove here.

HUCK

(tilting the bag more)
You want me to believe that Little
Stevie saw all those cop cars
outside tonight and thought - hey,
what the fuck, looks like a good
time for a drug deal.

Ortiz puts his hands up in a begging motion.

ORTIZ

(panicked)
No - no, man. It was last night.

ANNA

What time last night?

ORTIZ

Fuck, I don't know. Maybe seven-
thirty.

Anna makes an entry on her notepad - gives Huck a glance.

Huck stands up, drops the plastic bag on the table.

HUCK
 (to Ortiz)
 Don't forget you owe me.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Anna and Huck walk towards their cars.

HUCK
 So, you want to try to round up
 Little Stevie?

ANNA
 No, not yet. I think we need to
 brief the Captain first.

As they reach the car, Anna stops and stares at the Pale Blue Home. Something's percolating in her mind.

HUCK
 You going to tell me what's going
 on?

Anna enters her car. She rolls down the window as she shuts the door.

ANNA
 No. I'm not.

Anna starts the engine.

HUCK
 If you really want me to help on
 this case --

Anna rolls up the window. Huck watches as she drives away.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank, dressed only in a T-shirt and boxers sits on the side of his bed. He holds the POLAROID PHOTO of Esperanza with the Latino Girl and Boy in his hand. Anna sits next to him.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 (staring at the picture)
 It doesn't make any God damn sense.
 Who would want to kill her?

Franks hands the picture back to Anna. She stands, kisses him on the top of his.

ANNA

Sorry I woke you. I didn't want you
to find out about it on the news.

Anna heads towards the door. She places her finger on the
light switch.

FRANK RAMIREZ

Who's going to lead the
investigation?

Ann hesitates - should she lie?

ANNA

I am.

FRANK RAMIREZ

You know you're not supposed to.

Anna nods.

ANNA

But you know I'm going to.

Frank takes a moment and then nods back.

FRANK RAMIREZ

Yeah.

Anna flicks off the light switch.

ANNA

Try to get some sleep.

EXT. DOUBLE V'S HOME - NIGHT

A small structure peppered with cracked stucco that sits more
than fifty feet from the curb atop a small barren hill. The
windows have security bars and security cameras are perched
on both sides of the weather worn eaves.

A fortified chain link fence that surrounds the property
houses two PIT BULLS chained to a metal stake sunk in the
middle of the hill.

A white FORD MUSTANG pulls up along the curb. Three men exit
in unison. They are Little Stevie, carrying a duffel bag,
HECTOR (22) and MIGUEL (22). They're both slim and muscular
and dressed in black tee shirts and black denims.

INT. DOUBLE V'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Not at all like the exterior of the home. It has fresh paint,
rich hardwood flooring, expensive furniture and electronics.

An array of four SECURITY MONITORS is mounted on the wall next to a large flat screen television.

Double V, holding a game controller, sits shirtless in a recliner playing BATTLEFIELD. His torso is peppered with tattoos and scars.

Double V looks up at the security monitor. It shows Little Stevie, Hector and Miguel approaching up a gravel driveway.

Double V pauses the game, walks to the front door, unlocks it and opens it. The three men enter.

Little Stevie hands Double V the duffel bag.

DOUBLE V

How much?

LITTLE STEVIE

Twenty-two thousand.

Double V walks over to a large floor safe in the corner of the room. Bends over and turns the dial.

DOUBLE V

There's chela in the fridge. Grab some.

Little Stevie heads towards the kitchen. Hector and Miguel slump in chairs in the living room.

Double V opens the safe door, removes the cash from the duffel bag and starts stacking it in a safe.

LITTLE STEVIE

(from the kitchen)

You hear about Esperanza Coronado?

Double V closes the safe door as he stands up.

DOUBLE V

What was there to hear?

Little Stevie returns from the kitchen handing a beer to all.

LITTLE STEVIE

There was some shit going down.
Squad cars, coroner van. The place
is wrapped in crime scene tape.
They were interviewing neighbors.

DOUBLE V

How the fuck do you know that?

Little Stevie's mouth drops open - no sound coming out.
Hector and Miguel stare at their feet.

LITTLE STEVIE

Um - Ortiz called. Said they were
asking him questions.

Anger fills Double V's face. He clenches his right fist and
rhythmically pounds the end table: THUMP- THUMP - THUMP.

DOUBLE V

Which ones did he answer?

LITTLE STEVIE

Man, he wouldn't say nuthin bout
us. He knows better.

THUMP - THUMP - THUMP.

Double V stands up and approaches Little Stevie. An evil
sneer crosses his face.

LITTLE STEVIE

What?

A vicious SLAP from Double V to Little Stevie's face forces
him to the floor. Double V pulls back his foot to kick Little
Stevie - stops short.

DOUBLE V

Why do you come here with half ass
information? Go find out what the
fuck Ortiz said and what happened
to Esperanza.

Little Stevie has his hands covering his face in a defensive
posture.

DOUBLE V

Now!

EXT. DESERT AIRFIELD/40 MILES SOUTH OF MOSUL - DAY

Off in the distance, A Humvee kicks up sand as it approaches
a military airfield.

There are small, clay-colored buildings flying Iraqi flags
peppering the perimeter. The sand colored air strips nearly
blend into the desert.

The Humvee pulls up to one of the small buildings. A US Army
Ranger exits the vehicle and removes his helmet. He has a
boyish face but a man's build. He is PABLO CORONADO (22).

INT. U.S OPS BUILDING/MOSUL AIRPORT - DAY

Pablo enters and immediately salutes LIEUTENANT WASHBURN (55), bald as a cue ball, stocky.

A SOLDIER stands next to the desk. Lieutenant Washburn nods towards him. The soldier salutes and then exits.

The Lieutenant points to a chair.

LIEUTENANT WASHBURN
Corporal Coronado, please - sit.

Pablo complies. He notices an official looking letter in the center of the desk.

LIEUTENANT WASHBURN
I'm afraid there's been some bad news, Corporal.

Pablo's eyes narrow as the Lieutenant slides the letter towards him.

LIEUTENANT WASHBURN
We just got this. They need to talk to you, Corporal. You leave tomorrow.

Lieutenant Washburn stands up. Pablo instinctively starts to rise. Washburn puts a gentle hand on his shoulder.

LIEUTENANT WASHBURN
My condolences, son.

Lieutenant Washburn exits and closes the door behind him.

Pablo stares at the letter on the desk, afraid to read it.

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Gabriel, at the dinette table, stares at a flat screen TV mounted on the wall. Sitting in a high chair next to Gabriel, baby Andrew smears food all over his face.

INSERT: TELEVISION SCREEN

A pleasant looking, thirty-something, FEMALE ANCHOR'S face fills the screen.

FEMALE ANCHOR
A gruesome scene as police discover the body of an elderly woman strangled to death in her Boyle Heights home.

An image of Esperanza's street appears in a small box in the corner of the screen.

FEMALE ANCHOR

The area continues to be plagued by gang-related crime. The LAPD has asked anyone who might happen to have information to call the Tip hotline at 818-664-2647...

BACK TO SCENE

Gabriel hastily writes the phone number on a piece of paper and stuffs it in his pocket.

He picks up the remote from the dinette table and clicks off the television. He takes Andrew's baby spoon, scoops up some food from Andrew's bowl and taps the spoon on Andrew's lips.

GABRIEL

Uno más por niño.

Sarah enters from the bedroom with Gabriel's jacket.

SARAH

You're going to be late.

GABRIEL

I know. I just like to feed him.

As Gabriel picks up a baby wipe and cleans Andrew's face, Sarah places a gentle hand on Gabriel's shoulder and caresses his hair with the other.

SARAH

The landlord called yesterday. He said he didn't get the rent.

Gabriel places his hand on top of Sarah's.

GABRIEL

Yeah, I forgot. I'll take care it.

(beat)

Soon, I will take care of everything.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CAPTAIN GARZA'S OFFICE - MORNING

A glass enclosed office room in the corner of the building.

Anna, holding a folder, and Huck sit side by side at the front end of an office desk.

A short man, fit and built, dressed in full uniform stands at a credenza as he waits for an instant coffee maker to fill his cup. He is CAPTAIN AURELIO GARZA (55).

CAPTAIN GARZA

The Bureau transmitted a letter to Army operations last night. They're going to send the kid home ASAP.

(as he stirs his coffee)

God damn shame to have to come home to this.

(a beat)

You find out what happened to her son?

ANNA

Javier Coronado and his wife, Maria were killed in a drive-by shooting, September 27th, 1997. Gang related.

Huck shoots Anna a - how the fuck did you know that - look.

ANNA

Unsolved.

CAPTAIN GARZA

God damn gangs.

Captain Garza returns to his desk, takes a seat.

CAPTAIN GARZA

What about prints?

ANNA

Two days to process - backlog.

Even Captain Garza is embarrassed by this.

CAPTAIN GARZA

I'm working on getting more staff.

(beat)

So tell me about this Ortiz guy.

ANNA

He said he bought drugs from Little Stevie - same night as the murder. That's all we got.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Little Stevie?

HUCK

Basically, a five-foot pile of shit.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Been a Varrio Nuevo Estrada banger for most his life. He runs with Victor Valenzuela.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Double V. That figures.

Huck nods. Garza leans back in his chair.

CAPTAIN GARZA

And nothing stolen - right?

ANNA

As far as we could tell.

CAPTAIN GARZA

You think it was some kind of gang initiation ritual?

DETECTIVE ANNA RAMIREZ

No.

HUCK

Probably

Anna removes a photo of the door locks taken the night before and slides them over to Captain Garza.

ANNA

This was a cautious woman. Those locks are relatively new.

(pointing at the picture)

There's no damage to the door. No signs of forced entry. It had to be someone she knew. Someone she trusted.

CAPTAIN GARZA

(to Huck)

And what do you think?

Anna clenches her jaw, not pleased with the redirection of case questions to Huck. This is her baby.

HUCK

I think we ought to pay Double V and Little Stevie a visit. Shake the tree. See what falls out.

ANNA

It's too early. All we got so far is a higher than a kite drug addict flipping on his dealer.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Yeah, but why would Ortiz give up his dealer?

An awkward silence.

HUCK

I may have used a little leverage.

Captain Garza rolls his eyes.

ANNA

Look, if Little Stevie or Double V are involved, we're just going to tip our hand by going out there. Let us work the case a bit. Get enough for a search warrant. I'm meeting with the Coroner in an hour. Maybe he'll have something.

Captain Garza considers this.

A RAP on the window outside Garza's office. It's GARZA'S SECRETARY. Garza motions for her to open the door. She does.

GARZA'S SECRETARY

A reporter from the L.A Times is on line one. He wants to know if you have any comment on the story.

CAPTAIN GARZA

What story?

The look of dread on the Secretary's face tells it all. The Captain ain't going to like this.

GARZA'S SECRETARY

Let me get a copy of the paper.

INT. DOUBLE VV'S HOME - SAME TIME

Double V, with a lit cigarette dangling from his lips, stands at a counter in the kitchen area pouring RED BULL into a half filled cup of coffee.

Hector and Miguel stand in the foyer between the living room area and the kitchen.

Little Stevie's at the dinette table. A copy of the L.A Times spread out in front of him.

DOUBLE V

Well, fucking read it to me.

LITTLE STEVIE

(reading paper)

"...

LITTLE STEVIE (CONT'D)

The seventy-eight year old victim's forehead was mutilated with a gang symbol. Boyle Heights is home to several gangs, including the Varrrio Nuevo Estrada..."

Double V removes a box of vinyl trash bags from a cabinet.

DOUBLE V

They might as well put my fucking name in it.

(to Hector and Miguel)

I want everything out of here. Everything. You understand?

Hector and Miguel nod. Double V tosses the trash bag box to Hector. Hector snaps it out of the air.

DOUBLE V

Start with the bedroom.

Hector and Miguel exit towards the bedroom.

DOUBLE V

(to Little Stevie)

And Ortiz didn't say anything?

LITTLE STEVIE

No - no. Like I told you. He's good.

DOUBLE V

He's good, huh? Well, if he's lying, you're both going down.

LITTLE STEVIE

(nervous)

Don't fuck with me, brother.

DOUBLE V

I ain't your brother.

Double V turns his back to Little Stevie and pours more coffee.

DOUBLE V

Go help Hector and Miguel. Don't overlook anything.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CAPTAIN GARZA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Garza at his desk, looking at the same LA Times article that caught Double V's attention. He glares at Anna.

CAPTAIN GARZA
How the fuck did this get out?

ANNA
I have no idea, Sir.

Garza's eyes turn towards Huck. Huck shakes his head.

CAPTAIN GARZA
Damn it.

Garza SLAMS his fist on his desk. Huck and Anna don't dare say a word. He looks at the FLASHING RED LIGHT on Line One of his desk phone.

CAPTAIN GARZA
(to Anna)
Get enough for a search warrant and get it quickly.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN - MORNING

Anna, clearly agitated, and Huck hustle through the bullpen area towards their cubicles.

ANNA
I want a list of everyone who could have known about the mutilation.

HUCK
You might as well get a roster of all employees. You know how that stuff gets around.

ANNA
Well, it shouldn't!

HUCK
Why are you so pissed?

Anna stops - faces Huck.

ANNA
It would have been reckless to show up at Double V's without a search warrant. Anything we found could be thrown out --

Anna continues her fast pace. Huck follows.

HUCK
Christ, Anna. I was just giving my recommendation.

ANNA

Which you should not give without clearing it through me first.

HUCK

It's me. Really? You're going to play the rank card?

ANNA

No. The respect one.

Just as they reach:

ANNA'S DESK

Policeman Saunders, holding a manila folder approaches. Huck gives him a greeting nod.

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

Hey, Huck.

Saunders hands Anna the folder.

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

Rest of the shots from the photo lab.

Anna takes the folder and starts flipping through the photos.

ANNA

Thanks. Keep me posted on the prints.

Huck looks down at the top of Anna's desk. A brown folder is in the center with a tab that reads: "JAVIER CORONADO."

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

Sure thing.

Saunders walks away.

Huck opens the folder on Anna's desk. There's a POLICE CRIME SCENE PHOTO. It's the same Hispanic Couple from the wedding photo on Esperanza's wall. Except now, their bullet-ridden bodies are slumped on the porch of the pale blue home.

HUCK

Jesus Christ, they got sprayed.

Anna, anger in her eyes, reaches over and closes the folder.

ANNA

Sometimes you can be such a fuck.

Anna storms off.

HUCK
What now?

Anna bursts through the doors.

EXT. HOLLENBECK STATION/SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY

Anna, with a lit cigarette in her mouth, leans against the building. Huck approaches.

HUCK
Okay, that's it. You need to tell me what the fuck is going on.

Anna takes a drag - exhales.

ANNA
Do I?

HUCK
If not, I'm going back downtown. I don't need this bull shit.

Another drag. A pause.

ANNA
Can I trust you?

HUCK
Seriously?

Anna removes the POLAROID PHOTO of Esperanza with the Hispanic Girl and Hispanic Boy on her arms from her sweater pocket. She hands it to Huck. He studies it.

ANNA
The little girl is me.

HUCK
The little boy - Esperanza's son?

Anna nods as she takes a drag.

ANNA
After my mother died, my father hired Esperanza as my niñera.
(off Huck's look)
My nanny. She took care of me until I was twelve. She often brought Javier over with her. We were playmates. Anyway, time passed.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We all lost touch. We shouldn't have - but we did.

Anna crushes the butt of her cigarette under her heel.

ANNA

She was a good woman. She deserved justice for Javier. She didn't get it. I'm going to make God damn sure that she gets it this time.

HUCK

You know that you really shouldn't be working a case where there's a personal involvement.

ANNA

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Good thing I can trust you.

Anna extends her hand for Huck to hand her back the picture. Huck complies. Anna checks her watch.

ANNA

I'm late.

INT/EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR/LOTTERY OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Gabriel has his burner phone to his ear and his personal cell phone on his lap. The photo he took of Double V's license plate is displayed.

Gabriel takes several deep breaths as he waits for an answer.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)

Los Angeles Gang hotline.

(a beat)

Hello?

GABRIEL

Um - uh, yes. I have some information to report on the old woman who was killed. The one in Boyle Heights.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)

I need to inform you that this call will be recorded.

GABRIEL

Um, yeah - sure.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)
Okay, Sir - go ahead.

GABRIEL
A car, a black one, was on the street - outside the old lady's house the night of the murder.

Gabriel looks down at the phone on his lap.

GABRIEL
The license plate number was: 7-C-S-R-2-5-0. I saw someone come out of that house and get back in that car.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)
Can you estimate the time?

GABRIEL
Um, Seven thirty-two. He was carrying a knife.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)
Can you describe him?

Gabriel shakes in fear.

HOTLINE OPERATOR(V.0)
Hello?

Gabriel ends the call as he bursts open the car door and vomits on the pavement.

INT. CORONER'S AUTOPSY LAB - DAY

A brightly lit rectangular lab room.

DOCTOR WALTER YAMAMOTO (50), Japanese, wearing a white lab coat and Anna stand near Esperanza's corpse displayed on a lab table in the center of the room.

ANNA
Time of death?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO
Somewhere between 7:00 and 8:00 p.m. I may be able to narrow that down. I'm still waiting on lab results.

Doctor Yamamoto points to a bluish-purple circle of contusion around Esperanza's neck.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

But there are some things that are fairly obvious. Whoever did it used some sort of strap. Perhaps a belt. Regardless, it was at least a half inch wide. That's uncommon.

ANNA

How so?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

Normally, in strangulation homicides, the contusions are much narrower - a rope, a wire - something like that. You know, basically, marks from a device that is intended for the purpose.

ANNA

Meaning that it might not have been premeditated. More spur of the moment?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

Yes, perhaps.

Doctor Yamamoto points at the contusions on Esperanza's neck.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

You can see that the contusion pattern becomes darker on the top half. It means that whatever was used to choke her was pulled upwards. Her larynx bone was also fractured. The break is upwards rather than straight across. Again, indicating an upward pull. And a violent one.

Doctor Yamamoto points to scratch marks on Esperanza's neck.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

I believe these were made by the victim - struggling to remove whatever it was that was choking her. There was some tissue found under her nails. We'll get the DNA results back soon. But I'm afraid we'll find it's hers.

Anna points at the scars from the initials carved in Esperanza's forehead.

ANNA

What can you tell me about those?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

Made from a four or five inch blade
- thin. They weren't made from any
of the knives brought in from the
kitchen. Oh, and I believe that
they were made postmortem.

ANNA

How can you tell?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

The blood trails on her face. Given
how deep these cuts were I would
have expected more volume. The
blood stream would have trickled
down further. But if the heart's
not pumping, there's no force
behind it.

(off Anna's look)

That's important to you?

ANNA

It may be. If the cuts were made
before she died, it was vengeance.
If they were made afterward, it
might just be someone sending a
message.

Doctor Yamamoto nods. He gets it.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN - LATER

Anna approaches Huck's desk.

ANNA

Any updates?

Huck swivels around in his chair and waves a piece of paper
in the air.

HUCK

Good news. We got a search warrant.
A hotline tip came in putting
Double V's car at the scene.

Huck hands Anna a copy of the Hotline transcript.

ANNA

(as she takes transcript)

Did they leave a name?

HUCK
Do they ever?

ANNA
(as she reads transcript)
You update Garza?

HUCK
Yeah, I think his exact words were -
go shake the fucking tree. Back-
up's ready to roll when you are.

INT/EXT. UNDERCOVER BLACK POLICE SEDAN - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Huck drives. Anna, in the passenger seat, stares at the anonymous call transcript in her hand.

ANNA
This doesn't make sense.

HUCK
What?

ANNA
(Seven thirty-two -
really? So, this guy
happens to see a car,
just happens to write
down the plate number and
just happens to jot down
the precise time. Not
seven thirty-ish. Not
somewhere between seven
and eight. Seven thirty-
two on the nose. I mean,
who does that?)

HUCK
Maybe he's just meticulous.

ANNA
(sarcastically)
Yeah, right. That's it.

HUCK
You got a better theory?

ANNA
No.
(beat)
Any update on Pablo?

Huck turns down a residential street.

HUCK

Yeah, he's on his way to Baghdad.
Should be back home tomorrow.

INT/EXT. HUMVEE/THE ROAD TO BAGHDAD - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

The main highway between Mosul and Baghdad.

Pablo sits in the passenger seat, helmet on. He stares out into the desert as it passes by.

PRIVATE GONZALEZ (20), drives.

PRIVATE GONZALEZ

You okay?

Pablo nods.

The Humvee approaches a concrete bridge that crosses over the highway. It's peppered with Arabic graffiti. Private Gonzalez points at the graffiti as they approach the bridge.

PRIVATE GONZALEZ

They got nothing on East L.A, eh
homey?

They pass under the bridge.

PABLO

It's Corporal.

Just as Private Gonzalez starts to open his mouth, an EXPLOSION catapults the HUMVEE in the air. It tumbles violently before coming to rest in a cloud of dust.

EXT. DOUBLE V'S HOME - DAY

The black undercover police sedan creeps up to the curb.

The front doors swing open and Anna and Huck exit, both instinctively checking their hidden holsters for their guns.

HUCK points to Double V's 1967 Chevy Impala parked on top of the gravel driveway.

An LAPD cruiser pulls up behind them. Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS exit. Anna catches their look. She waves her hand motioning them to go to the back of the house.

INT. DOUBLE V'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Double V stares at a security monitor that shows Anna and Huck walking up the gravel driveway on the side of the house.

Double V glances at another monitor and sees the two Uniformed Officer's approaching the back door.

EXT. DOUBLE V'S HOME - DAY

Huck and Anna reach the top of the hill. Huck places his hands on the metal gate. In a flash, the pit bulls, BARKING and GROWLING, charge towards them.

They lean back just in time to avoid the snapping jaws of the dogs as they strain to leap over the top of the fence. The chain that holds the dogs to the pole tightens forcing them back to the ground.

Huck looks up directly at the Security Camera. He removes his gun from his holster and takes dead aim at the pit bulls as he stares at the camera.

INT. DOUBLE V'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Double V sees Huck's threat to the dogs in the monitor. He presses a button on a remote control on the table.

EXT. DOUBLE V'S HOME - DAY

The pole in the center of the hill starts to turn slowly, reigning in the chains linked to the pit bulls' necks.

The dogs GROWL and SNARL as the winding chain drags them towards the center of the yard.

HUCK
(impressed)
Now that's pretty fucking clever.

The front door to the house opens. Double V fills the frame.

ANNA
Victor Valenzuela?

No response. Just a menacing nod.

ANNA
We need to talk.

DOUBLE V
Who the fuck are you?

Anna pulls the front of her sweater back so that Double V can see her LAPD BADGE, and more importantly, her gun.

ANNA
I'm Detective Ramirez. This is
Detective Whitehurst.

DOUBLE V
 (In Spanish - subtitled)
 Why are there cops in my back yard?

ANNA
 For protection.
 (menacing)
 For us. Not for you.

Double V turns and waves for Anna and Huck to follow. They do and as they enter:

INT. DOUBLE V'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

The FLUSH of a toilet is heard.

Little Stevie, oblivious, enters from the back bathroom.

In an instinctive flash, Huck's revolver is out of his holster and pointed at Little Stevie's head.

Little Stevie's trembles as he stares at Huck.

Double V takes a seat in a chair. A bit too casually given the circumstances.

DOUBLE V
 He's not carrying.

Huck's eyes scan from the toes to the head of Little Stevie's small frame.

HUCK
 Little Stevie, what a coincidence.

Huck lowers his gun.

HUCK
 You know, Stevie, we have a common acquaintance. A piece of shit addict that lives across from Esperanza's house.

An instant flash of anger from Double V toward's Little Stevie. Huck points his gun at another chair.

HUCK
 (at Little Stevie)
 You sit there.

Little Stevie complies.

HUCK
 Okay, we're off to a very good
 start.

Huck pulls up a dinette chair next to Double V and takes a
 seat. He casually points his revolver towards Little Stevie.

HUCK
 So, we got a witness that places
 that little fuck on the street
 right at the time of the murder.

LITTLE STEVIE
 (panicky)
 He's fucking lying.

Double V starts to open his mouth to speak.

HUCK
 Wait - wait, keep your powder dry.
 It gets better.
 (beat)
 Seems that Detective Ramirez there
 has a transcript from our hotline
 that puts your car there as well.

Huck taps Double V on his knee with the tip of his gun.

HUCK
 Okay, now you can talk.
 (Off Double V's glare)
 What? Nothing to say?

ANNA
 Where were you on Thursday night?

DOUBLE V
 Home.

ANNA
 Is there anyone that can verify
 that?

A sly smile crosses Double V's face.

DOUBLE V
 Of course there will be.
 I ain't done nothing, so...
 (In Spanish - subtitled)
 Fuck you, cunt.

In an instant, Huck's left hand finds Double V's throat. He
 places the barrel of his revolver on Double V's forehead.

Huck squeezes Double V's throat. As his face reddens, Double V's eyes shift to Anna in a - what the fuck - look.

ANNA
(to Double V)
Rosetta stone.
(to Huck)
That's enough.

Huck releases his grip. Double V gasps in air. As he regains full oxygen, anger returns to his face. His jaw clenches.

DOUBLE V
You shouldn't have done that.

HUCK
What, you gonna file a lawsuit?

Double V gives Huck a menacing wink.

DOUBLE V
No, cabron. I don't file lawsuits
to settle my scores.
(to Anna - in Spanish -
subtitled)
You let him treat your people like
this, chica?

ANNA
You're not my people.

Anna drops a piece of paper on Double V's lap.

ANNA
That's a search warrant. Those two
gentlemen at your back door are
going to help Detective Whitehurst
and me search the premises. Is
there anything you want to let us
know ahead of time?

DOUBLE V
I already told ya. You're wasting
your time here, Chica.

Anna goes to the back door and opens it and let's the Two Officers in.

ANNA
(to the Officers)
Every room. Every inch. And I want
you to bag all knives in the house
and any belts that you find.

Anna turns and looks at Little Stevie and Double V. They're both wearing brown leather belts. Anna points at them.

ANNA

Start with those two.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna and Frank Ramirez, with oxygen tubes in his nose, eat quietly at an old oak dining room table. The CLINKS of their knives and forks on their plates the only sound.

Franks takes a big bite of steak. Chews it like a cow.

FRANK RAMIREZ

So, what's eating you?

ANNA

Me? Nothing.

FRANK RAMIREZ

Bull shit.

Anna takes a sip of wine. Places the glass back down.

ANNA

It's Esperanza's case. Something's not right.

FRANK RAMIREZ

(as he chews - mouth full)
Go on.

ANNA

Everything we got so far makes it look like a gang initiation.

FRANK RAMIREZ

Yeah - so?

ANNA

They're never pointless - random. There's always some side issue. A dealer stepping into their territory. A snitch. Something. Esperanza doesn't make sense. And why would Double V even risk being there in the first place? He has people for that.

Frank finishes his last chew - wipes his mouth with a napkin.

FRANK RAMIREZ

Maybe just hubris.

ANNA

What?

FRANK RAMIREZ

It's the downfall of everyone.
Roman Emperors, Mafia Heads,
politicians. You get so much power
you think you're never at risk.

ANNA

Hubris? Roman Emperors? What did
you do with my father?

FRANK RAMIREZ

(proudly)
Been watching a lot of PBS.

Anna rolls her eyes as she takes the plates and exits to the:

KITCHEN

Just as Anna places the dishes on the counter, her cell phone
RINGS. She looks at the contact screen: "CAPTAIN GARZA."

ANNA

Hmm.

Anna hits the answer button and puts the phone to her ear.

ANNA

Good evening, Captain.
(listening)
My God. How bad?
(listening)
Thank you for letting me know.

Anna places her phone down on the counter. She presses the
palms of her hand against her forehead.

FRANK RAMIREZ (O.S.)

Hey, while you're in there can you
grab me a beer?
(a moment)
Hey, did you hear me?

ANNA

Yeah, Dad.

She goes to the fridge, grabs a beer and then returns to the:

DINING ROOM

And places the beer in front of Frank.

FRANK RAMIREZ
 What was that all about?
 (off Anna's look)
 Anna?

ANNA
 Pablo Coronado was hit by a
 roadside bomb. They're not sure
 he's going to make it.

INT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Pablo, heavily bandaged and unconscious lays in a hospital bed as an IRAQI NURSE changes the IV bag at his bedside.

BEEPS from an array of medical monitors permeate the room.

An IRAQI DOCTOR, holding a medical chart and an ARMY MAJOR stand in the doorway.

IRAQI DOCTOR
 (to the Major)
 We had to take both legs. There was
 enormous blood loss, so I can't
 speak to his cognitive abilities.
 It's wait and see.

ARMY MAJOR
 But he's going to make it - right?

IRAQI DOCTOR
 That is now in God's hands.

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark and quiet other than the dim glow of a night light.

Sarah, curled up and buried in covers, sleeps soundly as Gabriel stares at a clock on the nightstand: "11:30 P.M."

Gabriel quietly slides out of bed and gathers his clothes from a chair in the corner of the room. He takes a last peek at Sarah and then tip toes out into the hallway.

EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Park lights cast shadows off the playground equipment.

Gabriel, breath misting in the cold night air, makes his way through the playground towards a freeway overpass that arcs above a man-made, lake at the edge of the park.

CORNER OF THE LAKE/UNDER THE OVERPASS

Lobo waits, hands stuffed in his pockets. The sound of cars traveling down the overpass above him creates an eerie HUM.

A wicked smile crossed Lobo's face as he spots Gabriel approaching.

LOBO

You bring it, cabron?

Gabriel nods. Just as he reaches in his pocket, Gabriel hears the ZIP of a bullet shot through a silencer.

Lobo's face fills with confusion as a red blood stain spreads on the front of his shirt.

ZIP - ZIP - two more shots. Lobo wobbles then falls face down in the mud surrounding the lagoon.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/RECEPTION AREA - NEXT DAY

Sarah, with baby Andrew cradled in her arms, stands at a high reception counter. Several PEOPLE stand in line behind her.

A disinterested DESK SARGEANT (40), overweight, behind the counter takes notes as Sarah talks.

DESK SARGEANT

So when did you notice him missing?

SARAH

I already told you. Last night, I woke up at three and he wasn't there.

DESK SARGEANT

We normally wait at least twenty-four hours before filing a report.

SARAH

I called his work. He's not there either. He wouldn't just leave in the middle of the night. Something's wrong.

The Desk Sargeant seems more annoyed than interested.

DESK SARGEANT

Does he have any friends that he might have gone to see? Male?
Female?

SARAH
What are you saying?

DESK SARGEANT
Just trying to get information.

The Desk Sargeant slides a clipboard towards Sarah.

DESK SARGEANT
I'll let you fill the report out now. But there's nothing we can really do until twenty-four hours have passed.

The Desk Sargent points towards some empty plastic chairs in the reception area.

DESK SARGEANT
You can fill the forms out over there.

SARAH
My husband is missing!

The Desk Sargeant looks over Sarah's head at the people in line behind her. Then nods towards the plastic chairs.

DESK SARGEANT
There are other people waiting.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Paperwork is strewn about the table. Various crime scene photos are attached to the wall with push pins.

Huck stands staring at the photos on the wall. Anna sits as she reads the contents of a folder.

ANNA
No match on any of the knives.

HUCK
Uh-huh.

ANNA
Little Stevie's belt didn't match the contusion pattern on Esperanza's neck. Double V's couldn't be ruled out.

HUCK
I'm not surprised.

Huck turns around.

ANNA

But it's a pretty standard belt.
(points at Huck's waist)
Same width as yours.

Huck takes a seat, picks up a cup of coffee then rests his feet on another chair.

HUCK

You're over thinking it. We know the mother fucker was on the street that night.

ANNA

But we found nothing at his house. Nothing in his car.

HUCK

Yeah, exactly.

ANNA

Your point?

HUCK

He's a fucking gang leader. But we find nothing at his place? No drugs. No weapons. No cash. He obviously did some serious cleaning before we ever got there.

ANNA

You point?

HUCK

That's what guilty people do.

A RAP on the door. Policeman Saunders enters.

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS

Garza wants to see you both - now.
We got another one.

EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK - MORNING

CHILDREN enjoying playground equipment. Their PARENTS have one eye on them and one eye on a police presence under the freeway overpass at the far end of the lake.

Crime scene tape is strapped between trees. A CORONER'S VAN and several LAPD CRUISERS are parked on the grass.

CORNER OF THE LAKE/UNDER THE OVERPASS

A Crime Photographer and OFFICERS mill about looking for evidence. Two CORONER ASSISTANT's stand next to a van.

Anna and Huck, both wearing latex gloves, stand over Lobo's corpse. His shirt's covered in dried blood. The letters V-N-E have been carved in his forehead.

HUCK

Lobo Cruz. You dumb fuck.

ANNA

You know him?

HUCK

He's with the City Terrace Gang.
Sure ain't suppose to be in Varrio
Nuevo Estrada territory.

Anna scrunches down and carefully lifts Lobo's shirt just enough so that she can see underneath.

ANNA

Exit wounds. He was shot from
behind. Ambushed.

Huck points at Lobo's forehead.

HUCK

Obviously, he was rolled over for
the artwork.

A CORONER'S ASSISTANT stands nearby, ready with a blue body bag. Anna gives him a wave.

ANNA

Okay. You can take him.

Anna and Huck walk towards Policeman Saunders. He holds plastic evidence bags containing a wallet and car keys. At his feet, another CORPSE resting on the bank of the lagoon.

Anna squats down to take a closer view of the body. Huck follows her move.

Gabriel Sanchez's dead eyes are open. A BULLET HOLE in the center of his forehead. The letters "V-N-E" have been carved around it.

HUCK
There's something in his mouth.
(calling to the Coroner
Assistant)
Take a look at this.

The Coroner Assistant walks over and bends down next to Huck. Huck points at a small piece of plastic just protruding over Gabriel's blue lips.

HUCK
What do you make of that?

The Coroner Assistant removes a pair of surgical tweezers from his lab coat. He carefully separates Gabriel's lips and removes a small PLASTIC BAG bag filled with a white powder.

CORONER ASSISTANT
I'm guessing, cocaine.

ANNA
Why would they put it in his mouth?

Huck stands up.

HUCK
In case we were confused.

ANNA
I don't understand.

Huck points at Gabriel's body.

HUCK
Buyer.

Then points back at Lobo's body, now being zipped up.

HUCK
Dealer.

Anna waves Saunders over. He complies. The Coroner Assistance drops the cocaine in an evidence bag.

A PATROLMAN, a bit out of breath, walks up. Anna and Huck stand up.

PATROLMAN
Sanchez's car was pretty clean. Not much of anything. I did find this. Looks like it fell into the slot between the console and the driver seat.

The Patrolman hands Anna a piece of scrap paper. It has the numbers: "6-9-2-1" written on it. Anna examines it and then hands it to Huck.

ANNA
Any thoughts?

HUCK
I don't know. Maybe it's a pin number. We can check with his bank.

Huck starts to pocket the piece of paper.

ANNA
Huck. We need to bag that.

HUCK
Yeah. Sorry, tired as fuck.

Huck walks over to Policeman Saunders and hands him the piece of paper for placement in an evidence bag.

LAPD PHOTOGRAPHER
(twenty feet away)
I got something here.

Anna and Huck walk over to the Photographer who's clicking away at an object under a bush. It's a closed JACK KNIFE.

Anna picks up the knife with her gloved hand. A tint of RED is on the spine of the closed blade.

ANNA
That's just a little convenient,
don't you think?

HUCK
Or sloppy.

Anna nods - maybe. She walks to Policeman Saunders. He drops the knife in an evidence bag and seals it.

Anna watches as the Coroner Assistant ZIPS the blue body bag over Lobo's face.

ANNA
You take notification on Cruz?

Huck nods. Anna looks down at Gabriel's body.

ANNA
I'll do this one.

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna stands just to the left of the open door. Andrew CRIES as he clutches the net inside a playpen.

Sarah's face is reddened and tear streaked. She points a butter knife at Anna.

SARAH

You're lying. He's alright. I know he is!

ANNA

I'm sorry.

Anna places a business card on a table by the door.

ANNA

We're going to need an identification of the body.
(pointing to the card)
Call me when you're ready.

SARAH

It's not him! It's not him!

Anna backs out, closing the door behind her.

EXT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sounds of Sarah's WAILS and Andrew CRYING fade as Anna makes her way down the cracked sidewalk.

Anna reaches her car, goes for the door handle - pauses. She turns, leans against the hood and pulls out a cigarette and lights it. Anna takes a deep drag and watches the purple plume of her exhale waft in the air.

After a couple of drags, Anna pulls out her cell phone, scrolls through her contacts and hits one labeled: "HUCK."

ANNA

(into the phone)

Hey, it's me.

(listening)

You wanna drown the day in a drink?

INT. HUCK'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Furnished by a life-long bachelor. No two pieces of furniture match, not a frilly pillow or comforter in sight. A large floor safe at the side of the bed doubles as a nightstand.

Huck, naked, hands behind his head, sits propped up in bed as he watches Anna at the corner of the bed slip into her jeans.

HUCK

Thought you said we couldn't do
this till I transferred back
downtown.

ANNA

It was an emergency.

HUCK

(playfully)
Should I feel used?

Anna buttons her shirt then fluffs back her hair.

ANNA

Yeah, a little.

Anna goes to a chair in the corner of the room, sits and slides on one of her boots.

HUCK

Why don't you stay?

ANNA

You know I can't. I need to check
on my Dad.

Anna slides on her other boot.

ANNA

Esperanza's funeral is tomorrow
morning. I'm going to be late.
Cover for me?

HUCK

Yeah, sure.

HUCK

You don't have to go the funeral.
Why put yourself through that?

Anna walks over to the floor safe and grabs her revolver, badge and car keys.

ANNA

Because.

Anna heads for the door.

HUCK

Guilt?

Anna stops at the door - contemplates this for a moment.

ANNA
Obligation.

INT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An IRAQI DOCTOR holds a clipboard with a medical chart as he hovers over Pablo's hospital bed. The white wraps covering Pablo's amputated legs are spotted with blood.

Pablo stares aimlessly out a sand crusted window.

IRAQI DOCTOR
There's really not more we can do
for you here. You'll be transferred
to Germany - the Landstuhl Medical
Center - at the end of the week.
It's a very fine facility.
(beat)
Do you understand?

Pablo, still not looking at the Doctor, musters a nod.

IRAQI DOCTOR
You know we thought there was
little chance you would pull
through. You are a very lucky man.

PABLO
Am I? Why's that? You going to sew
my legs back on?

The Doctor takes a seat at the edge of the bed.

IRAQI DOCTOR
I know it looks bleak. But you will
find a way to adapt. For your
future. For your family.

Pablo turns his head and faces the Doctor.

PABLO
The last of my family will be
buried before I make it home.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - MORNING

Made of century old, white stone with Roman style architecture. It stands in stark contrast to the run down urban buildings that surround it.

Several local NEWS TRUCKS with a variety of REPORTERS, ready and waiting, stand on the curb outside the church.

INT. ST MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Rows of simple wood pews, the first three of which are occupied by ELDERLY MOURNERS, mostly gray-haired or bald.

Anna sits in the very back row. There's not another mourner within twenty feet of her.

A PRIEST stands at the altar in front of a white casket, adorned with flowers. A LARGE PHOTO of Esperanza next to it.

PRIEST

...We humbly pray Thee to show mercy upon the soul of Thy servant Esperanza, whom Thou hast commanded to pass out of this world, that Thou would place her in the region of peace and light, and bid her to be a partaker with Thy Saints. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

ELDERLY MOURNERS

(in Unison)

Amen.

PRIEST

May you also show your compassion and heal her beloved grandson, Pablo. For this we pray.

ELDERLY MOURNERS

(in Unison)

Amen.

Then a pause as the Priest scans the audience.

PRIEST

All of you are welcomed to attend the blessing at the burial service.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH/SIDE - DAY

Anna exits through the side doors, fumbles through her sweater pocket for a pack of cigarettes and lights up.

As she exhales she spots the back end of a TV NEWS TRUCK on the front of the street. A look of disdain crosses her face.

Anna's feels the vibration of her cell phone. She removes it from her pocket. She doesn't recognize the calling number.

ANNA

(into phone)

Hello.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (listening)
 Sarah.
 (listening)
 Yes, I'll go in with you.
 (checks her watch)
 I can be there in a half hour.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH/FRONT - DAY

The doors swing open as the MOURNERS flow down towards the sidewalk. Rude REPORTERS stuff microphones in their faces. Most shield their faces and walk away. A few are trapped.

EXT. ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH/SIDE - DAY

ANNA
 (into phone)
 Okay. I'll see you then.

As Anna hangs up, her cell phone beeps and displays the LOW BATTERY ICON.

ANNA
 Damn it.

Anna's distracted by the CLAMOR of Reporters from outside the front of the church. She pockets her cell phone, takes one last long drag on her cigarette then angrily flicks it in the direction of the news reporters.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY

Typical media frenzy as REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN surround a podium on the steps of City Hall. The MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES, Asian, female (50) is at the microphone.

To the Mayor's right, ASSORTED STAFF MEMBERS. To her left, CHIEF OF POLICE JENKINS, African American, male (60) and Captain Garza.

MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES
 ... I can assure you that everyone
 within the LAPD is aggressively
 pursuing all leads.

All the Reporters shout for attention. The Mayor settles on one and points at him.

REPORTER ONE
 Can you confirm that the victims at
 the park were mutilated in the same
 manner as the Boyle Heights victim?

MAYOR OF LOS ANGELES
I'll let Chief Jenkins address
that.
(waving him to podium)
Chief...

Chief Jenkins, not a happy camper, takes the podium.

CHIEF JENKINS
We are not releasing any details of
the crime scene at this time due to
the ongoing investigation.

Reporter Two raises his hand and speaks before bothering to
be acknowledged.

REPORTER TWO
But you do believe that the murders
are related?

CHIEF JENKINS
We have not reached that
conclusion.

REPORTER TWO
When will you release the name of
the victims?

Chief Jenkins leans over and says something to Captain Garza.
Garza responds.

CHIEF JENKINS
Fernando Cruz, also goes by Lobo
Cruz, has been identified as one of
the victims at the park. The
release of the other victim's name
is still pending official
identification. I understand we
will be able to release that
information shortly. That's all I
have for now. Thank you.

Chief Jenkins leaves the podium to the SHOUTING of reporters
with pointless questions. He rests his hand on Captain
Garza's shoulder. A forced smile crosses Jenkin's face.

CHIEF JENKINS
You better fucking get on this,
Captain. Stop dragging your God
damn feet or your ass will never
leave that hell hole of a station.

The Chief gives Garza a fake pat of encouragement on his
shoulder, takes one last look at the press and then leaves.

INT. CORONER'S AUTOPSY LAB - DAY

Doctor Yamamoto, Anna and Sarah stand by a metallic, eight door corpse refrigeration unit.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO
(to Sarah)
Are you ready?

Sarah nods. She instinctively grabs Anna's hand for support. Anna, not quite comfortable at first, squeezes Sarah's hand in a reassuring manner.

Anna gives Doctor Yamamoto a nod. He opens a latch on one of the corpse doors and slowly slides out Gabriel's body.

Sarah holds her free hand over her mouth to prevent a gasp.

ANNA
Is that him?

Sarah nods. She moves forward and touches Gabriel's forehead around the scar from the V-N-E carved in his forehead.

SARAH
(sobbing)
Who did this to you?

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN AREA - DAY

Huck, with a cup of coffee in hand, leans against a wall as he hovers over the desk of an attractive FEMALE CLERK. The look on her face screams disinterest.

HUCK
...Been shot twice, stabbed once.
All in all not bad for thirty years
on the force.

FEMALE CLERK
(tapping her keyboard)
Uh-huh. You're very lucky.

HUCK
Although a lot of guys never get
shot.

FEMALE CLERK
(tapping away)
Yeah, I've heard that.

As Huck takes a sip of coffee, a FORENSICS INVESTIGATOR (30), redheaded, pale white male, approaches. He carries a folder.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
I'm looking for Detective Ramirez.

Huck walks towards him.

HUCK
She's out in the field. What do you got?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
The prints from the Coronado home.

HUCK
Let me guess - no matches.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
No - no, quite the opposite.
(opening the folder)
Prints on both the front gate and
the front door match a Victor
Valenzuela.

HUCK
Bingo.

Huck extends his hand for the folder. The Forensic Investigator hesitates.

HUCK
It's okay. I'm working the case
with her.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CAPTAIN GARZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Garza at his desk reading the contents of the folder Huck received from the Forensic's Investigator.

CAPTAIN GARZA
Where the hell is Ramirez?

HUCK
At Esperanza Coronado's funeral. I
told her I'd cover.

CAPTAIN GARZA
Why would she go to the funeral?

Huck shrugs his shoulders.

HUCK
You know how she is. Just good
community relations.
(checking his watch)
She should be back any --

CAPTAIN GARZA
We don't have time to wait.

Garza presses a button on his desk phone.

GARZA'S SECRETARY
(through phone speaker)
Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN GARZA
Get me Judge Monroe. Tell him it's
urgent.

GARZA'S SECRETARY
(through phone speaker)
Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN GARZA
(to Huck)
Bring em in. Take Saunders and two
others. I'll have an arrest warrant
before you get there.

HUCK
Little Stevie too?

CAPTAIN GARZA
Well, he was in the God damn car.

HUCK
Okay, I know. Just making sure.

Huck stands to leave.

CAPTAIN GARZA
And don't fuck anything up
procedure wise on this, Huck. I
want everything clean as a whistle.

HUCK
Yeah, of course. Like always.

EXT. DOUBLE VV'S HOME - DAY

An unmarked police sedan is parked behind Double VV's car in the gravel driveway.

Two LAPD BLACK AND WHITE CRUISERS are curb-side, both with a back door open. An LAPD OFFICER stands next to each vehicle.

Policeman Saunders and another OFFICER escort a handcuffed and panicked Little Stevie down the gravel driveway towards the waiting Cruiser.

INT. DOUBLE VV'S HOME - DAY

An OFFICER keeps a steady eye on Hector and Miguel standing off to the side.

Huck, standing behind Double V slaps the ring of a handcuff on his left wrist.

HUCK

Do you understand your rights?

DOUBLE V

Fuck you, bolillo.

Huck slaps the other ring of the cuff on Double V's right wrist, intentionally tight. Double V winces.

DOUBLE V

(to Hector)

Call Watkins. I want him at the station by the time I get there.

HUCK

Your lawyer?

Double V doesn't respond. Huck grabs the back of Double V's arm and turns him towards the front door.

HUCK

Cause I think you'd be better off calling a priest.

(moving Double V forward)

You know, for confession.

INT. RAMIREZ'S CAR - DAY

Anna pulls alongside a curb in front of Sarah's apartment complex and puts the car in park. Sarah, lost in thought, stares out the window.

ANNA

We have to keep his clothes.
They're still running tests,
looking for DNA.

SARAH

I understand.

Anna reaches in her purse and removes a small bag.

ANNA

But I was able to retrieve the contents of his wallet - photos, credit cards. I thought you might need them.

Sarah takes the bag.

SARAH

Thanks for everything. I know you didn't have to.

Sarah places her hand on the door handle.

ANNA

Yeah, sure.

(beat)

You going to be okay?

Sarah opens the car door.

SARAH

I really don't think so.

Anna's mouth is half open as Sarah exits the car. She wants to say something, but just can't find the words.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Typical investigation interview room. Small and rectangular with a one-way mirror on one side.

Little Stevie sits in a chair at a metal table, twitching like a nervous chihuahua. Huck sits across from. Policeman Saunders stands in the corner.

HUCK

How long were you in Ortiz's house?

LITTLE STEVIE

Ain't I supposed to get a lawyer?

HUCK

A Public Defender's on his way.

(Huck leans back)

Funny, Double V had his high priced lawyer here before his ass hit the station.

LITTLE STEVIE

So?

HUCK
 Guess he wasn't all that concerned
 about you.

Little Stevie takes this in.

HUCK
 So, how long?

LITTLE STEVIE
 You know I can't say nothing.

HUCK
 How do you like it?

LITTLE STEVIE
 What?

HUCK
 Being Double V's little bitch?

LITTLE STEVIE
 I ain't no one's bitch.

HUCK
 You know he's already told us that
 you were the one that went into
 Esperanza's house that night.

Little Stevie's eyes bounce back and forth.

LITTLE STEVIE
 That's bull shit.

HUCK
 You really think that Double V's
 not going to make you pay for this -
 one way or another? He's pretty
 angry. Your boy - Ortiz, giving him
 up and all.

(to Saunders)
 I forget, was it Double V's or this
 little shit's belt that matched the
 bruise pattern on Esperanza's neck?

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS
 His, as I recall.

LITTLE STEVIE
 Ten minutes - maybe fifteen.

HUCK

And you saw Double V get out of the car and head towards Esperanza's house.

Little Stevie nods.

HUCK

You need to say it.

LITTLE STEVIE

Are you guys going to give me protection?

EXT. HOLLENBECK STATION - DAY

Reporters and Camera crews are assembling by the front door. Anna, like a worker who's late, blows by them.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/WITNESS INTERVIEW ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

Huck and Saunders step out of the interview room into the hallway just as Anna, red-faced and angry approaches.

ANNA

What in the hell is going on?

Huck points to the witness interview room door.

HUCK

We got Little Stevie pouring his soul out in there. Double V is --

ANNA

No, I mean why didn't you notify me? God damn it, Huck. This is so typical. You know I'm the lead on --

HUCK

I called you. About seven times.

Anna pulls her cell phone from her pocket - yep, the battery's dead.

ANNA

Ah, shit.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/HOLDING CELL - DAY

Double V paces back and forth like a caged tiger.

JEREMIAH WATKINS (55), African-American, suit and jewelry that screams high paid lawyer, stands on the other side of the bars.

DOUBLE V
Did Little Stevie say anything?

JERIMIAH WATKINS
I have no way of knowing. But we'll
get that information soon enough.
(off Double V's look)
At your arraignment.

DOUBLE V
If he did, I'll fucking --

JERIMIAH WATKINS
Stop!

Watkins points at the security cameras in the ceiling. He motions for Double V to come closer to him. Double V does.

JERIMIAH WATKINS
(hushed tones)
You know better, Victor.

Double V nods.

JERIMIAH WATKINS
Now look, it's going to be a fast
arraignment - forty-eight hours
max. Too much press coverage.
(beat)
There's not going to be any bail,
Victor. You need to mentally
prepare for that.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Investigation War Room. The mug shots of Double V and Little Stevie have been added to the wall of crime scene photos. Case folders and documents cover the table.

Around the table: Anna, Huck, Captain Garza, the Forensics Investigator and a DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY, male (40s).

DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
You're sure that this, um...
(looks down at a folder)
Little Stevie will hold up for us?

HUCK
He's in the bag. Assuming we can
get him immunity.

The Deputy District Attorney nods.

DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Well then, you got Valenzuela's prints present, a hotline tip and two witnesses that can place his car at the location. Shouldn't be a problem at arraignment. Although, I'm still not totally comfortable with motive. We'll need more before trial.

CAPTAIN GARZA

What about the Hollenbeck Park murders?

DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I don't think you have enough yet.

HUCK

For Christ's sakes, they had the same initials carved in their foreheads. And the Coroner says the knife found at the park matches the blade pattern to the one used on Coronado.

DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I didn't say you had nothing. I said you didn't have enough.

HUCK

Look, I've been --

CAPTAIN GARZA

Settle down, Huck.

(to Anna)

You've been unusually quiet. What's eating you?

ANNA

The prints.

CAPTAIN GARZA

I don't understand.

ANNA

So, we got Double V's on the outside gate and on the front of the door. But nothing on the door handle and nowhere inside the home. So what did he do? Smear his prints all over the gate and the front door and wait to put gloves on once he got inside? That doesn't make sense.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And we got prints inside that don't match anyone - not even Esperanza's.

CAPTAIN GARZA

That's not unusual. Crime scenes are loaded with latent prints.

ANNA

Yeah, but we have an odd one.
(to the Forensic's Investigator)
Tell them what you told me.

The Forensic's Investigator removes a PHOTO from a folder. It's a blown up image of the fingerprint taken from the window blind at Esperanza's home.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

...This print doesn't match Esperanza Coronado or anyone else in the database.

CAPTAIN GARZA

As I said, that's not unusual.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Yes, Sir. Of course. But this one is an unusual specimen.

HUCK

Oh, Christ almighty.

Anna shoots Huck an admonishing glower.

ANNA

(to the Forensic Investigator)
Go on.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Because it was very recent.

CAPTAIN GARZA

How would you know that?

The Forensic Investigator points to a dust ring around the print on the enlarged photo.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

See the fringe from the dust around the print? It's still very defined.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR (CONT'D)
 Just normal ambient air would have
 disturbed it by now - I mean if it
 were an older print.

ANNA
 So you think it could have been
 made the same day as the murder.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
 I would guess within eight hours of
 the murder. Give or take.

CAPTAIN GARZA
 (to the District Attorney)
 Is that a problem for you?

DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 No, it's not exculpatory. But you
 may want to find out who else had
 access to that house.

Garza looks towards Anna.

ANNA
 All we have is Pablo Coronado, and
 obviously, he wasn't there.

EXT. BAGHDAD HOSPITAL/HELIPORT - NIGHT

The Iraqi Doctor watches as Pablo, in a gurney, is loaded
 into a MILITARY TRANSPORT HELICOPTER.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN AREA - DAY

Anna is at her desk with her office phone to her ear.

ANNA
 (into phone)
 He wants to talk to me?
 (listening)
 Okay. Be there in five.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Anna, escorted by an CUSTODY OFFICER approaches Double V's
 holding cell at the end of a long corridor.

ANNA
 (to the Custody Officer)
 I'm good.

The Custody Officer nods and walks away. Anna takes a deep
 breath and walks to the end of the corridor.

There she finds Double V, head down, sitting on a stool in the center of the cell. Double V, sensing Anna's presence, raises his head.

DOUBLE V
Wasn't sure you would come.

ANNA
I need to warn you that anything you say to me can be used against you.

DOUBLE V
Or used for me.

Anna nods.

DOUBLE V
Can you tell me where I'm headed next? After arraignment?

ANNA
Men's Central Jail.

DOUBLE V
Ah, my home away from home, Chica.

ANNA
Stop with the Chica crap. It's Detective.

Double V runs his eyes upon and down Anna as he takes the measure of her.

DOUBLE V
You really think we are all that different - Detective?

ANNA
I'm not a killer. You are.

DOUBLE V
You don't believe that.

ANNA
Your prints are on the gate - on the door. How do you explain that?

DOUBLE V
I don't. My lawyer will.

ANNA
At least answer me this. Did you know Esperanza Coronado?

DOUBLE V

Yes, I did.
 (a beat)
 But not nearly as well as you.

Anna's eyes narrow.

DOUBLE V

I've talked to her about you. The picture on the cabinet.
 (beat)
 Have you told anyone she was your niñera?

Anna's eyes turn upwards towards a security camera mounted in the ceiling.

ANNA

No. But you just did.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/GARZA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Garza at his desk. Anna stands by the doorway.

CAPTAIN GARZA

I expected better of you, Anna. You know better. You could have jeopardized the case.

Anna nods. There's really nothing to say.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Two-week suspension. And, of course, you'll be removed from the case. I'm assigning Johannesen as lead. Make sure you turn all your files over to him before you leave.

ANNA

Yes, Sir. Is that all?

CAPTAIN GARZA

Yes. You're dismissed.

Anna turns to leave.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Did Huck know?

Anna stops but doesn't turn around.

ANNA

No, Sir.

Anna waits just a moment and then exits out the door.

INT. WALTER REED MEDICAL CENTER/TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

PATIENTS and MEDICAL PERSONNEL interact in a large room filled with therapeutic training equipment and prosthetics.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

In the corner, Pablo has his arm around the shoulder of a PHYSICAL THERAPIST as he wobbles on a pair of prosthetic titanium legs.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
Seems like a good fit. What do you think?

Pablo nods and then slowly sinks back into a small bed behind him, exhaling from the exertion.

The Therapist takes a seat next to Pablo.

PABLO
How long does it take?

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
It varies. But certainly a few weeks. The best approach is to use the crutches with them at first and gradually build up your strength and balance.

Pablo extends his hand to the Therapist.

PABLO
Thanks for everything. I know I wasn't exactly easy.

The Therapist grabs Pablo's hand and gives him a bro hug and slaps him on the back.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
Thank you, soldier.

The Therapist gets up.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
When you get home, call me. You know, just to check in.

Pablo nods. The Therapist leaves.

Pablo scans the room and the other patients, knowing it's the last time he'll see it or them.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank Ramirez, oxygen tank at his side, sits in a recliner. He's got a beer in his hand and a bag of pretzels on his lap.

Anna's curled up on an adjacent sofa. She caresses the stem of a wine glass as she watches TV. A COMMERCIAL is playing.

Frank stuffs a handful of pretzels in his mouth.

FRANK RAMIREZ

You know, I can smell the smoke on you.

ANNA

It's the oven.

FRANK RAMIREZ

(heavy sarcasm)
Right.

Commercial over - The LOCAL NEWS PROMO appears on the TV.

Frank grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN

A NEWS ANCHOR's face fills the center of the screen. Double V's MUG SHOT is in the corner.

NEWS ANCHOR

....The Grand Jury has indicted Victor Valenzuela in the murder of Esperanza Coronado, a grandmother from the Boyle Heights District. Valenzuela, also known as Double V is the alleged leader of the Varrrio Nuevo Estrada gang and is being held without bail at the Men's Central Jail. We go now to David Tran outside the Criminal Courts building.

DAVID TRAN (30), Vietnamese stands on the steps of the Court House as he holds a microphone to the very pleased face of the DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

DAVID TRAN

Would you like to comment on today's decision?

D.A. ANTHONY WILSON

I appreciate that the Grand Jury reached the proper decision.

D.A. ANTHONY WILSON (CONT'D)

I also want to thank the staff of my office as well as the LAPD for all their efforts on this case and look forward to the trial.

DAVID TRAN

Any update on the two related murders in Hollenbeck Park?

D.A. ANTHONY WILSON

I can't comment at this time as those cases are still under investigation.

Huck, exiting the courthouse, briefly appears in the background behind the District Attorney.

FRANK RAMIREZ (O.C.)

Hey, isn't that Huck?

DAVID TRAN

This is David Tran, reporting live from the Criminal Courts building in downtown...

BACK TO SCENE

Frank points the remote at the TV and mutes it.

FRANK RAMIREZ

So, have you heard from him?

ANNA

Not since he transferred back downtown.

FRANK RAMIREZ

That figures.

ANNA

I'm not disappointed. Why should you be?

FRANK RAMIREZ

Because I would like you to settle down with someone. God knows I ain't here all that much longer and - well, you're, not exactly getting any younger.

Anna gets up from the sofa.

ANNA

Think I'll go out back and have a
cigarette.

Anna exits.

FRANK RAMIREZ

(calling out)

Hey!

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL/VISITING CENTER - DAY

A row of segmented visiting stations. A molded plastic chair bolted to the floor sits in front of each station facing fortified glass windows.

Pablo, crutches by his side, with a prison phone to his ear, sits on one of those chairs.

Double V, wearing an orange prison jumpsuit with a phone to his ear, sits on the other side of the window. A watchful GUARD monitors the conversation.

DOUBLE V

I should have gone inside the
fucking house. I knew something
wasn't right.

PABLO

She was already gone. You know that
- right?

Double V gives a reluctant nod. He notices Pablo's crutches through the window.

DOUBLE V

How bad is it?

PABLO

Both legs - gone. Still trying to
get the hang of the prosthetics.

DOUBLE V

You got blown up for nothing.

PABLO

Maybe. Maybe not. It was a way out.

Double V nods - he gets it.

PABLO

Do you know who did it?

DOUBLE V

They would be dead by now if I did.
Hector and Miguel are working on
it.

PABLO

What about Little Stevie?

DOUBLE V

He's no longer available.

An ugly pause. Pablo knows what this means, but he doesn't want to hear it.

GAURD

Wrap it up.

PABLO

Anyone at the station that you
trust?

DOUBLE V

No, homey. But there is one that I
distrust the least. Anna Ramirez.

The Guard, with cuffs in one hand, approaches from behind.

GUARD

Time.

Pablo puts his fist up against the glass. Double V matches it on his side.

PABLO

Watch your ass.

Double V hangs up the phone, stands and puts his left hand behind his back. A CLICK as the Guard cuffs it.

GUARD

Right hand.

Double V raises his right hand and shoots Pablo a salute before putting it behind his back. A CLICK as the Guard cuffs it, spins Double V around and escorts him away.

EXT. PALE BLUE HOME - NIGHT

Using his crutches, Pablo limps up the steps towards the front door. He inserts a key and opens it.

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT

Pablo flicks a light switch as he enters. He takes a moment to scan the room.

He limps towards the recliner that Esperanza was killed in. He caresses the top of the chair as if he was caressing her.

Putting his crutches aside, Pablo slumps back into the recliner. He removes his cell phone from his pocket and enters a phone number. As it rings, he stares at the FAMILY PICTURES and the WOODEN CROSS on the wall.

PABLO
 (into phone)
 My name is Pablo Coronado.
 Esperanza Coronado was my
 grandmother.
 (listening)
 I'm trying to get a hold of an Anna
 Ramirez.
 (listening)
 I can hold.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

Pablo, eyes forward, sits on a wooden bench paying no attention to people entering and leaving the lobby. He holds a Spanish Language newspaper in his right hand. His aluminum crutches are propped up against the bench.

The glass doors that lead to the inner station open. Anna walks through them.

ANNA
 Pablo Coronado?

Pablo nods. Anna takes a seat next to him.

ANNA
 I'm sorry about your Grandmother.
 It was a horrible tragedy.

PABLO
 Thank you.

ANNA
 So what is it that I can do for
 you?

PABLO
 I would like you to find her
 killer.

ANNA
I don't understand.

PABLO
Double V didn't do it.

Anna tightens with tension. Old doubts start to surface.

ANNA
That's not what the Grand Jury
thought.

PABLO
My father was a Varrio Nuevo
Estrada member. You really think
they kill their own?

ANNA
There wasn't any record of that.

PABLO
He had V-N-E tattooed on the
knuckles of his right hand. How did
you miss that?

Anna shakes her head. The doubts are growing stronger.

ANNA
Look, Double V's prints were there.
The only ones we found. How can you
be so sure that --

PABLO
Because he went to the front door
to check on her. He watched after
her. It was a promise to me - while
I was gone.
(beat)
My father and mother died for their
gang. That gave me and my
grandmother protection. Forever.
(beat)
You strike me as someone who ought
to know that.

Anna just stares at Pablo. She's caught.

ANNA
Who do you think killed her?

PABLO
I don't know. Yet.

Pablo opens the Spanish Language newspaper and hands it to Anna.

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

In big bold letters, it reads: **"LA LOTERÍA"**

BACK TO SCENE

Pablo points at the article underneath the headline.

PABLO

It says the prize has not been claimed yet. That was her prize. Her ticket. Her numbers.

ANNA

How could you possibly know that? You were in Iraq.

PABLO

My father was born on February seventh. I was born on August eleventh. She was born in nineteen thirty-eight.

(deliberately)

2-7-8-11-19-38.

(beat)

They were the only numbers she ever played. One ticket, every Sunday for as long as I can remember. And the last winner still has not come forward.

ANNA

Just because someone hasn't come forward doesn't mean --

PABLO

The mystery winner just happen to pick them the day before my grandmother was murdered and Gabriel Sanchez, killed four days later, just happened to be a lottery worker? Maybe you ought to start out by figuring out who really killed him.

This hits Anna hard - sudden realization.

Pablo stands up and grabs his crutches from the bench. He limps away on his artificial legs.

Pablo stops - clumsily turns around on his crutches.

PABLO
 Did you take the picture from the
 china cabinet?
 (off Anna's look)
 The one of you with my grandmother
 and father.

ANNA
 (embarrassed)
 Yes. I'm sorry. I'll return --

PABLO
 That's not necessary. She would
 have wanted you to have it.

Pablo stares at Anna.

PABLO
 Just find her real justice. Can you
 do that?

Anna nods.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/ANNA'S DESK - DAY

Anna removes the photo of Pablo's parents on their wedding day from a folder, places the photo on top of a portable printer on her desk then closes the lid and hits SCAN.

The scanner HUMS for a few moments and then the IMAGE appears on the screen of her desktop.

Anna centers the cursor on Pablo's father's hand and taps the ZOOM icon. The image grows larger and larger.

INSERT IMAGE

It's blurry. The knuckles on Pablo's Father's hand can be made out, but the marks on them are indistinguishable.

BACK TO SCENE

ANNA
 Damn.

Anna inserts a thumb drive in the side of the computer and hits the SAVE KEY. After a moment, she removes the drive, pockets it and hurries off.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER LAB - DAY

A small room crammed with Camera equipment and computers.

The Crime Photographer who took the original pictures at the pale blue home sits in a chair with his feet up on a desk eating a sandwich. The FLASH DRIVE is on top of the desk.

Anna sits across from him.

CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER
So now you think I can be helpful.

ANNA
(not taking the bait)
Can you do anything?

CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER
(between chews)
Maybe. We got a program that inserts pixels where they logically belong.

ANNA
What does that mean?

CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER
Means that I can probably create an image of what a computer thinks is there. No guarantee that --

ANNA
Thanks.

Anna stands.

ANNA
I'll be back this afternoon.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

An EVIDENCE CLERK (30, male) sits at a caged desk protecting a large room behind him.

Anna, on the other side of the desk, signs her name on a clipboard. She gives it to the Evidence Clerk.

In turn, he hands her a plastic bag containing the clothes Gabriel wore the night he was killed.

ANNA
Thanks.

Anna rushes off.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Yamamoto stands at a metal file cabinet perusing through manila file folders.

Anna sits at a desk in the center of the room. The evidence bag containing Gabriel's clothes is on top of the desk.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

Ah, here it is.

Doctor Yamamoto removes a manila folder with a white label. Typed on it: "CORONADO, ESPERANZA."

Dr. Yamamoto takes a seat at his desk and opens the folder. He removes several 8" by 10" photos of Esperanza's neck contusion that he had taken at the autopsy.

He opens a desk drawer and removes a pair of latex gloves. He opens the plastic evidence bag and removes Gabriel's belt. He takes a small tape measure out of his drawer and measures the belt's width.

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

One inch.

(points at the picture)

Just like the contusion.

ANNA

So, it could have been used?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

I can't eliminate it. But I would need DNA to include it. I'll see what the lab can do.

ANNA

What about Gabriel Sanchez's prints?

DOCTOR YAMAMOTO

I've sent the full set over. They're running them now.

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/ANNA'S DESK - DAY

Anna approaches her desk. There's a large envelope on top of it labeled "PHOTOGRAPHY LAB."

Anna opens it and removes her flash drive and a note that reads: "IS THIS WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?"

She inserts the flash drive in her computer. Clicks on a PICTURE ICON on the screen.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

A blown up picture of Pablo's Father's hand from the wedding photo. Across his knuckles - clear as day - are the tattooed letters: "V-N-E."

BACK TO SCENE

Anna stares at the screen. The BUZZ of her office phone startles her. She hits the answer button:

ANNA
This is Ramirez.

VOICE THROUGH PHONE SPEAKER
We've processed the prints from the
Coroner's office. The results are
on their way.

ANNA
Oh for God's sakes - what are they?

VOICE THROUGH PHONE SPEAKER
The print on the blind from
Esperanza Coronado's home matches
Gabriel Sanchez.

A pause. Even though she knew it was coming, Anna is still taken aback by the result.

VOICE THROUGH PHONE SPEAKER
Hello?

ANNA
Um, yeah. Thank you.

Anna hits the end call button. Picks up the receiver from the console and puts it to her ear. Hits the call button.

ANNA
This is Detective Ramirez. Is he
available to see me?

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/CAPTAIN'S GARZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Garza at his desk reading a report. Anna's on the other side.

ANNA
... And Gabriel's prints were in
her house. I'm sure that --

CAPTAIN GARZA
Stop.

Garza stands, inhales a lung full of patience, and walks over to his credenza. He pours himself a cup of coffee.

CAPTAIN GARZA

You know I respect you, Detective.
But you nearly fucked this case up
once already. I don't want you
anywhere near it. Do you
understand?

Anna simmers.

CAPTAIN GARZA

(sternly)
Detective?

ANNA

Yes, Sir. I understand. Who should
I pass this information along to?

CAPTAIN GARZA

You've already passed it along. To
me.

Anna's eyes narrow, obviously biting her tongue. Garza returns to his desk, grabs the folder and drops it in a file cabinet drawer by his side.

ANNA

But you're not following up.

CAPTAIN GARZA

Look, you yourself were the one
that said there was no forced
entry. That she had to know the
person. All you've done now is
proven that Double V knew her. It
actually makes the case against him
stronger.

ANNA

Shit!

Anna stands up and heads for the door.

CAPTAIN GARZA

What?

ANNA

You're right. She had to know him!

Anna hustles out.

CAPTAIN GARZA
 Detective. Are we clear!?

INT. HOLLENBECK STATION/DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY

A file folder with a title tag "GABRIEL SANCHEZ" is open on a table. A red-faced and angry Anna holds court with Saunders.

ANNA
 You said there was nothing in the
 phone record!
 (pointing at the folder)
 She called the lottery office!

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS
 By the time we got the records from
 the phone company, Double V was
 already arrested. I didn't think --

ANNA
 No, you didn't.

The insult falls hard on Saunders. Anna, trying not to burst from anger, picks up a scrap piece of paper from the folder with the numbers "6-9-2-1" written on it.

ANNA
 Did you ever follow-up on this?

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS
 Yeah.

ANNA
 And?

POLICEMAN SAUNDERS
 It was his pin number. I checked
 with the bank.

One last sneer before Anna closes the folder and walks away.

EXT. HOLLENBECK STATION/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Anna leans up against her parked car. She has a cell phone to her ear and a cigarette in her mouth.

ANNA
 (into phone)
 I hate to ask, but I got to bounce
 this off someone.
 (takes a drag - listens)
 Thanks. I'll see you at seven.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR AREA - NIGHT

A fancy bar in a fancy restaurant with few patrons. A TV on the wall shows CNN on mute. A Bartender fills an order from a WAITRESS at one end of the bar and Huck, beer in hand, and Anna, drinking wine, sit at the other end.

HUCK

You're sure Double V had nothing to do with this?

ANNA

Yes.

Anna takes a sip of wine - contemplates.

ANNA

Hell, who really knows? But you got to admit there's something here. Gabriel Sanchez is in Esperanza's house one day and dead at the park four days later. Really?

Huck nods.

ANNA

So. You'll help me with Garza?

HUCK

Yeah, why the fuck not.

Huck points at Anna's empty wine glass.

HUCK

You want another?

ANNA

(checks her watch)
I should be getting home.

HUCK

C'mon. One for old times sake.

Anna's face show she's teetering. Huck motions towards the bartender for another round.

INT. HUCK'S HOME/BEDROOM - MORNING

Huck and Anna under the sheets - asleep.

Their BADGES, PHONES and REVOLVERS sit on top of the floor safe on Anna's side of the bed.

Their clothes are strewn haphazardly on the floor. There obviously was no time for folding.

Anna stirs awake. She rubs the sleep from her eyes and takes a moment to get her bearings.

ANNA

Shit!

She slaps Huck on the shoulder rudely awakening him from a sound sleep.

HUCK

What - what - what?

ANNA

You let me fall asleep. You know I don't leave my Dad alone overnight.

Anna grabs her cell phone from the top of the safe. Hits a CONTACT and puts the phone to her ear as Huck falls back on his pillow.

ANNA

(into phone - awkward)

Hey - um, just checking in to make sure you're okay.

HUCK

(getting out of bed)

I'm going to take a shower.

This garners a harsh SSSH from Anna.

HUCK

(mouthing)

Okay.

Huck lumbers off to the bathroom.

ANNA

(into phone)

No, I had to pull an all-nighter.

(rolls her eyes)

Yeah, really.

The ROAR of the shower emanates from the bathroom.

MOMENTS LATER

The shower still roars.

Anna, fully dressed, picks up her REVOLVER from the top of the floor safe and slips it into her holster.

As she picks up her own Detective badge, Anna inadvertently knocks Huck's BADGE to the floor. She picks it up and places it back on top of the floor safe.

Anna freezes in place. The only discernible movement is the rise and fall of her chest from panicked breaths as she stares at Huck's BADGE NUMBER: "6-9-2-1."

ANNA

No.

Anna hustles out of the bedroom to the:

LIVING ROOM

And goes to the front door and unlocks it. She pulls her cell phone out of her pocket as she walks towards the:

KITCHEN

And approaches the back door.

ANNA

(into phone)

...You got it?Okay, get here as quick as you can.

Anna unlocks the back door.

MOMENTS LATER

Anna sits rigidly in a chair staring at the bathroom door - slightly ajar. She has her revolver in one hand and Huck's Detective Badge in the other.

The shower is still running. It stops.

Anna pulls her cell phone out of her pocket. Hits the RECORD icon and places it in her gun holster.

HUCK (O.C.)

Hey, I was thinking we could grab breakfast.

Huck, wearing sweats and drying his hair with a bath towel, enters the room.

HUCK

Did you hear me?

As Huck lowers his towel, he takes it all in. At first, confusion. A second later, anger.

HUCK
What the fuck?

ANNA
I need you to open your safe, Huck.

Huck starts towards Anna. She extends her arms forward - rigid - and holds the gun on Huck.

ANNA
Stop!

Huck freezes in place.

HUCK
And what the fuck do you think is
in my safe?

ANNA
For the love of God, I'm hoping
nothing.

HUCK
You're acting insane.

ANNA
Am I?

Anna tosses Huck's DETECTIVE Badge towards him. He snatches it from the air.

ANNA
The last thing Gabriel Sanchez
wrote down before he was killed was
your badge number.

Huck starts to move forward. Anna takes dead aim.

ANNA
Open the fucking safe!

Huck walks over to the safe, bends down and dials the numbers. He CLICKS the handle open and swings the door open.

HUCK
Help yourself.

Anna uses her gun to motion Huck towards the other corner of the room. He takes a seat on a wooden chair.

Keeping her eyes and gun glued on Huck, Anna makes her way to the safe. She bends down and steals a glance inside the safe and spots a WHITE ENVELOPE.

Anna slides the envelope out. With one hand she flips the flap open revealing the top half of a LOTTERY TICKET. She removes the ticket.

It contains a single line of numbers: "2-7-8-11-19-38."

ANNA

How did you get this, Huck?

Dead silence.

HUCK

We could share.

Huck slowly rises and creeps towards Anna.

HUCK

Half for you, half for me.

ANNA

Stop.

Huck inches forward.

HUCK

You wouldn't have to waste the rest
of your life chasing down scum
bags.

ANNA

(in shooting position)
I said stop.

Huck, now parallel with the bathroom doorway, holds his hands up, showing his palms in an surrender stance.

HUCK

Okay, you win.

Anna relaxes for a millisecond. Huck darts into the:

BATHROOM

And pulls a revolver from a vanity drawer. Keeping his body behind the door jam, Huck swings his arm into the:

BEDROOM

At the site of Huck's gun, Anna FIRES. She misses Huck as he ducks behind the door jam.

Huck reemerges and FIRES. The bullet grazes Anna's shoulder. Her revolver falls to the carpet as she recoils.

Anna makes a motion towards her revolver.

HUCK
(pointing his gun)
Don't.

Huck strides towards Anna. Just as they lock eyes, Huck throws a vicious full fisted punch to Anna's face. She collapses to the floor, down and out.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anna, unconscious, sits in a chair, her hands handcuffed behind her. Blood clots under her swollen and broken nose. A streak of blood from the bullet that grazed her shoulder oozes from her blouse.

Huck, armed with his gun, sits in a chair several feet away. He stares at Anna. His face devoid of emotion.

On the table next to him a rope and a knife.

Anna comes to. She looks down at the cell phone in her holster. The red record light is still on.

HUCK
You really should have taken my
offer to share.

ANNA
How did you know about the lottery
ticket?

HUCK
Why does it matter?

Anna looks at the rope and the knife on the table.

ANNA
I'm about to die. We've fucked each
other. Humor me.

Huck nods.

HUCK
You make a fair point.

BEGIN FLASHBACK - FIRST DAY OF INVESTIGATION

INT. PALE BLUE HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Huck, wearing latex gloves, searches through the top drawer of a nightstand. He finds an old address book. Nothing else.

He opens the second drawer and pulls out a large stack of LOTTERY TICKETS bound together by a rubber band.

HUCK (V.O.)

The day we searched Esperanza's house - there was a stack of lottery tickets. Had to be more than a hundred. All neatly bound together.

Huck removes the rubber band and thumbs through the tickets.

HUCK (V.O.)

One ticket for one dollar for each week. All with the exact same set of numbers. Funny thing was, the last ticket just happened to be missing. I found that odd given that those numbers finally won.

Huck stuffs the entire stack of tickets into the pocket of his slacks.

He opens the ADDRESS BOOK. Written in pencil with a feeble hand on the first page: "LOTERIA 562-777-3434."

Huck rips the page from the address book and pockets it.

BACK TO SCENE

ANNA

But how did you know?

HUCK

(off Anna's look)

Heard it on the radio on the way over. Mystery winner - Brooklyn Liquor in Boyle Heights." I even passed the fucking store on the way over. So I'm thinking - really? That poor old woman played the same numbers every God damn week without fail and just happens to get killed when her numbers finally hit. Naw. That meant that --

ANNA

Someone stole the ticket.

HUCK

Bingo.

ANNA

Gabriel Sanchez.

Huck makes a "tip of the hat" motion.

HUCK

Well done.

ANNA

How did you know it was Gabriel?

HUCK

That took some work. The next day, I called the lottery office. Hit two for Spanish and wala - Gabriel Sanchez. But I had to be sure.

RESUME FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. HUCK'S CAR/SANTE FE LOTTERY OFFICE/CURBSIDE - NIGHT

HUCK (V.O.)

I ran a background check on him. Plates, criminal records - the usual stuff.

Huck waits in his darkened unmarked sedan parked on the street curb just outside the lottery office. He watches through binoculars as Gabriel makes his way through the parking lot to his own car.

Huck looks at a picture of Gabriel from the background printout. Yep, it's him.

HUCK (V.O.)

The little fuck was popped for cocaine possession last year.

INT/EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR/SANTE FE LOTTERY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The dome light comes on as Gabriel enters his car. He removes the plastic bag from the glove compartment and taps out a line of coke on his finger and snorts it.

HUCK (V.O.)

And of course was still using.

The dome light goes dark. The red taillights beam and Gabriel's car reverses out of the space and enters the:

STREET - ALTERNATING BETWEEN HUCK AND GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Huck's car follows Gabriel's.

HUCK (V.O.)

Which gave me a legitimate reason to stop him.

Gabriel turns the corner. Red and Blue police lights FLASH from Huck's headlights.

INT/EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel catches the lights in his rear view mirror.

GABRIEL

Fuck.

Gabriel slowly pulls over. Stares at his glove compartment. Contemplates - can he grab the coke in time?

Gabriel's car fills with light from a high-powered flashlight. A quick glance at his side view mirror. Huck, flashlight in hand approaches slow and steady.

Huck reaches the driver window. TAPS on the glass with the butt of the flashlight as he displays his badge with the other hand.

A pause as Gabriel stares at the BADGE NUMBER. A moment passes. Gabriel rolls down the window.

HUCK

License and registration.

GABRIEL

What did I do wrong?

HUCK

(firmly)

License and registration.

Gabriel removes his wallet from his pocket, takes out the license and gives it to Huck.

HUCK

Now, I'm going to need you to lean over - slowly - and remove your registration from the glove compartment. Along with the cocaine, of course.

GABRIEL

(panicky)

Why I'm being pulled over. Did I --

HUCK

Snort cocaine in the parking lot? Yes, you did. Now give me the fucking cocaine and registration.

Gabriel's hand trembles as he removes his registration from the glove compartment and hands it along with the little plastic bag to Huck.

Gabriel starts to cry.

HUCK

Really? Get out of the car.

Still sobbing, Gabriel exits the vehicle. Huck spins him around and cuffs him.

HUCK (V.O.)

He was kind of a pussy. I'm surprised that he had murder in him.

GABRIEL

Please, if my wife finds out...

Huck ignores Gabriel's pleas and marches him back towards his unmarked car. He opens the rear door and shoves Gabriel in the back seat.

Huck SLAMS the door and enters the driver's side.

INT/EXT. HUCK'S CAR - NIGHT

Silence, as Huck stares at Gabriel through his rear view mirror. He's sizing him up.

HUCK

What did you do with the ticket?

GABRIEL

(confused)

The ticket?

HUCK (V.O.)

The dumb fuck thought I was talking about a traffic ticket.

HUCK

The lottery ticket. The one you killed Esperanza Coronado for?

Gabriel's eyes widen. His pupils bounce back and forth. He's panicked to his bones.

GABRIEL

I don't know what you're talking about.

Huck turns around and faces Gabriel.

HUCK

Relax. I'm not here to arrest you.
I'm here to make a deal.

(beat)

I want half. In return, no arrest
for cocaine. No arrest for murder.
But first, I need to know a little
about the logistics.

GABRIEL

Like what?

HUCK

Coronado called the Lottery center.
Aren't those calls recorded?

GABRIEL

Yeah, but they only keep them for
ninety days. So we got to wait at
least that long, Oh, and - um, I
cut her off real quick. I called
her back on a burner phone. So it
can't be --

HUCK

Why does a lottery worker have a
burner phone?

Gabriel points at the cocaine in Huck's hand.

HUCK

Maybe you're not as stupid as I
thought.

(beat)

What about the store where it was
bought? Do they keep records?

GABRIEL

No. I already checked. Their
security cameras were broken. The
owner said he had no idea who
bought the ticket.

HUCK

Okay. Then fifty-fifty. That seems
real fair to me. What about to you?

No response. Huck puts his keys in the ignition.

HUCK

The station it is then.

GABRIEL

Wait! Give me a chance to think!

BACK TO SCENE

HUCK

A chance to think. An odd request
from a non-thinker.

(laughing)

You know how the dumb fuck was
going to cash the ticket?

Anna shakes her head.

HUCK

He was going to give it to his drug
dealer under some fantasy that they
would split the money. Like the
fuck wouldn't have just shot
Gabriel dead the minute he handed
it over.

ANNA

Lobo Cruz.

HUCK

I'm beginning to understand how you
made detective so quickly.

ANNA

So, how did you get the ticket?

HUCK

Gabriel finally saw the light.

RESUME FLASHBACK - INT. HUCK'S CAR - NIGHT

HUCK

(checking his watch)

Call Cruz. Tell him you want out.
That you're going to give him the
ticket. Have him meet you at
Hollenbeck Park - midnight. By the
lake underneath the overpass.

GABRIEL

What will you do?

HUCK

Don't worry. I'll handle it. Now,
if the ticket has the right numbers
on it, we have a deal. You
understand?

Gabriel nods.

HUCK

If you don't show, I will hunt your
ass down and arrest you for murder.

Huck jiggles the plastic bag of cocaine in front of Gabriel's eyes. Like an addict, Gabriel's face shows more concern for the fate of his drugs than the fate of his life.

HUCK

And I'm keeping this for insurance.
You can have it back tonight.
(beat)
Now go.

Gabriel rushes back to his car, opens the door and enters.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel closes his eyes - thinks. He picks up a pencil and piece of paper from the console and writes down Huck's badge number.

A FLASH from Huck's headlights fills Gabriel's car. Gabriel waves meekly and turns the ignition key.

EXT. HOLLENBECK PARK/LAKE - NIGHT

Dark and quiet other than the sound of cars HUMMING down the freeway overpass that spans over the corner of the lake.

Lobo waits, hands stuffed in his pockets. The sound of cars traveling down the overpass above him creates an eerie HUM.

HUCK (V.O.)

I got to admit. I had my doubts
that they would show up.

A wicked smile crossed Lobo's face as he spots Gabriel approaching. Gabriel reaches Lobo.

LOBO

You bring it, cabron?

Gabriel nods. As he reaches in his pocket, Huck, wearing a long leather jacket and tight leather gloves appears from a bush behind Lobo. He raises his arm displaying an automatic pistol with a silencer attached. He pulls the trigger - ZIP.

Lobo's face fills with confusion as a red blood stain spreads on the front of his shirt. ZIP - ZIP - two more shots. Lobo wobbles then falls face down in the mud.

GABRIEL

Jesus Christ!

Gabriel stumbles back in shock and fear. Huck lowers his pistol.

HUCK
Gabriel, I need you to relax.

GABRIEL
You fucking shot him!

HUCK
You don't think he was going to do the same thing to you? You should be grateful.

Gabriel, too afraid to talk can't take his eyes off Lobo's lifeless body.

HUCK
Gabriel, I need you to get a hold of yourself. Do we have a deal or not?

GABRIEL
Fi-fi-fifty, fifty. Right?

HUCK
Yes. But I need to see the ticket.

Gabriel reaches into his pocket and removes a LOTTERY TICKET. His hands tremble as he hands it to Huck.

Huck inspects the ticket. It's the one.

Huck removes the bag of cocaine from his pocket and palms it in his glove covered hand. Gabriel salivates.

Huck stares at Gabriel for a moment - the wheels are turning. He tosses the bag of cocaine to Gabriel.

HUCK
You did good, Gabriel.

Gabriel looks at the bag in his hand as if it were gold. Then looks up at Huck.

HUCK
Go ahead. Celebrate.

As Gabriel opens the bag and nervously taps out a line on the top of his finger, Huck pockets the lottery ticket.

As Gabriel snorts back the coke, Huck raises his pistol and fires a shot square in Gabriel's forehead. Gabriel's eyes roll back as he collapses to the ground.

HUCK (V.O.)
Can't say that he didn't have it
coming. The way he strangled that
poor woman.

Huck exhales into the night air. He scans the area. Still no one around.

Huck bends over and rolls Gabriel's body over - face up. He spots the bag of cocaine next to Gabriel's body. Huck picks it up and inspects it. He purses his lips as he concentrates.

Huck separates Gabriel's dead lips and then stuffs the bag of cocaine into his mouth.

HUCK (V.O.)
Don't mean to brag, but I thought
that really had an artistic flair.

ANNA (V.O.)
Where did you get the knife?

HUCK (V.O.)
Now that was an interesting turn of
events. I'm going to say dumb luck.

Huck pats down Gabriel right leg - feels a bulge in Gabriel's left pocket and pulls out a set of car keys and the burner cell phone.

Huck stuffs the car keys back in Gabriel's pocket and while still on his knees, hurls the cell phone deep into the lake.

Huck pats down Gabriel's other pocket. He pulls out a wallet. He opens it, inspects the contents then stuffs it back in.

Huck pats down Gabriel's left leg - feels something. He reaches under the denim and finds a jack knife strapped to Gabriel's ankle.

Huck opens the knife. He admires the glimmer of the blade.

HUCK (V.O.)
The dumb fuck had it on him.

Huck kneels over Gabriel's face and firmly grabs his chin with his gloved left hand. With his right hand, he carves the initials - V-N-E - in Gabriel's forehead.

Huck moves to Lobo's corpse. He flips the body over and mutilates his forehead with the same initials.

Huck stands and takes one more look around - dark and silent. He walks away, dropping the jack knife in a nearby shrub.

BACK TO SCENE

HUCK

I can't tell you how convenient it was that the press was printing gang mutilation horror stories.

ANNA

So you're the one that leaked the mutilation information.

HUCK

(satisfied smile)
Guilty.

ANNA

You just made one mistake.

HUCK

Yeah, I should have checked his car. That was sloppy of me.
(beat)
And unfortunate for you.

Huck taps his hands on the knife and rope on the table.

HUCK

You know, there was a moment where I thought about just arresting Gabriel. But there were thirty-three million reasons not to.

A look of disdain from Anna.

HUCK

Don't give me that fucking look. Double V is scum. He deserves to be in jail. Lobo Cruz was scum and Gabriel was going to end up dead one day or another. I did the community a favor. They win. I win.

Huck stands up, grabs the knife and rope.

HUCK

You know I've got to make it look like the others.
(twisting the rope)
But first, your turn. I need to know who you called while I was in the shower.

In the window of the back door, Anna can see the silhouettes of two figures.

HUCK
Saunders?

Anna averts her eyes as if Huck got it.

HUCK
Oh, God, you called Saunders.
That's rich. You didn't know he was
in on it? He's getting two million.

ANNA
For burying the information about
your badge number.

Huck's eyes narrow - she shouldn't know that.

ANNA
Yesterday he told me that they were
Gabriel's pin numbers. When I saw
your badge this morning, I knew he
lied. About the phone records too.
(beat)
So, no. I didn't call Saunders. I
didn't call anyone at the station.
Didn't know who to trust.

HUCK
Then who did you call?

The front door opens. As Pablo appears in the door frame,
Huck's picks up his revolver from the table.

HUCK
(at Pablo)
Who the fuck are you?

At the same time, the back door quietly opens and Hector and
Miguel start to creep up behind Huck, guns drawn.

ANNA
I called him.
(off Huck's look)
You don't recognize him? That's
Pablo Coronado.

PABLO
I believe you have something that
belonged to my Grandmother.

HUCK
Sorry, soldier.

Huck raises his gun and takes dead aim at Pablo. Hector,
behind Huck, raises his gun.

HECTOR

Drop it.

Huck spins and FIRES. The bullet whizzes by Hector and Miguel and lodges in the back door.

Hector returns FIRE and catches Huck square in the chest.

Huck's revolver drops to the ground. An ominous red spot spreads out on his chest. He falls to his knees. Blood leaks from his mouth as he drops to the carpet.

Still handcuffed to the chair, Anna's chest heaves up and down as the adrenaline rushes through her.

Hector approaches Huck. He grabs the knife from the table, bends over and taps the point of the blade on Huck's head.

HECTOR

This is for Double V.

HUCK

(gurgling through blood)
Go ahead - you fucking - wetback.

Hector presses the knife into Huck's forehead.

ANNA

No! Don't.

Hector looks towards Pablo. After a moment, Pablo shakes his head no. Hector, not pleased, stands up and pockets his knife.

Anna SOBS as she watches the life escape from Huck.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Anna, nose bandaged, sit in the living room watching the News.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN

NEWS ANCHOR

...Saunders is being held without bail pending his arraignment. As reported earlier, Detective Whitehurst, died at the scene. We go now to David Tran with LAPD Chief Jenkins.

David Tran has a microphone in the face of Jenkins.

CHIEF JENKINS
 Police integrity has always been
 first and foremost a priority for
 my office and --

CLICK, as the screen goes dark.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK RAMIREZ
 Go ahead. Have a cigarette.

ANNA
 I quit.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL/PRISONER RELEASE AREA - DAY

A PRISON GUARD escorts Double V, now dressed in regular clothes, towards a perimeter exit gate.

EXT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL/PRISONER RELEASE GATE - DAY

A black 1967 Chevy Impala is parked. Hector in the driver's seat, Miguel in the back seat. Waiting for Double V.

EXT. EVERGREEN CEMETERY/BOYLE HEIGHTS - DAY

Surrounded by a chain-link fence, a gray, broken feeling place. Graves crowd each other. Old monuments sit oddly on the untended ground - mostly crabgrass and dirt.

Pablo, in his dress uniform and now without crutches, and Anna, stand in silence at Esperanza Coronado's marker.

INT/EXT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Anna drives. Pablo's in the passenger seat as they drive down a residential street.

ANNA
 So, what are you going to do with
 the money?

PABLO
 I'm giving most if it to Saint
 Mary's.
 (beat)
 That's what she would have done.

ANNA
 And what about you?

The car stops in front of the:

PALE BLUE HOME

Anna and Pablo stare at it for a moment - a monument to their journey together.

PABLO

I'm keeping a little for moving expenses. I got a job with the VA - Walter Reed. I leave tomorrow.

ANNA

The house?

PABLO

I'm giving it to Sarah Sanchez.
(off Anna's look)
They need it. She was a victim too.

ANNA

You're a good --

PABLO

I got to pack.

Pablo opens the door - gets out.

PABLO

Thank you, Detective.

ANNA

Anna.

Pablo smiles as he closes the door. Anna watches him walk up the steps towards the pale blue home.

Anna puts her car in gear and drives up the street.

She turns the corner onto a main street and stops at a stop sign right across from the:

BROOKLYN LIQUOR STORE

Anna stares at a sign in the window: "WINNING TICKET SOLD HERE." A HONK from a car behind her disrupts her thoughts.

Anna holds her hand up apologetically. Then drives on.

FADE OUT