

TAKIN' BACK THE STREETS

Episode One: Miserere Mei (Have Mercy On Me)

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(Actual Credits TBD)

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COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK:

The uneasy sound of BACKWARDS BREATHING is heard.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF MANSION - NIGHT

In slow motion, a young woman in a RED COCKTAIL DRESS runs desperately towards the camera.

The backwards breathing can still be heard.

The woman is ANGELA WEST and she is being chased by a young, but well-dressed punk JUAN CABRERA. Bizarrely, he is wearing a black "Lone Ranger" MASK to conceal his face. He is muscular and his head is clean-shaven.

He is a few steps behind but gaining on her.

Angela turns blindly down an adjacent hall.

She quickly notices an open DOOR that leads to a Powder Room. She lunges into it and slams the door shut.

ANGLE on Angela's RED SHOES as the door closes.

INT. POWDER ROOM - FOLLOWING

The slow motion abruptly stops. The backwards breathing ceases.

Her hands shaking, Angela locks the door.

She is safe. For the moment.

Bracing herself against an opulent marble sink, Angela hyperventilates. She glances at herself in the mirror above the faucet. She is a petite and beautiful woman. Out of habit, she touches her hair in the reflection.

BAM! BAM!

There is pounding at the door.

Angela jumps and lets out a small scream. She backs away as the pounding becomes louder.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

On the other side of the door, Cabrera is calling to her.

CABRERA (O.S.)
Hey *Chiquita*! Here chicky chicky!
(pounding again)
Ven aquí! A la fiesta!

("Chiquita" means "little girl". The rest can be translated as "Come to the party!")

Angela clocks the room. There is a window that might be big enough to escape through.

For the moment, she stands frozen.

More pounding on the door and then —

CRUNCH!

The door is forced open.

Cabrera and Angela are now in the same small space.

Angela SCREAMS.

Cabrera puts both hands up as if to calm her.

CABRERA (CONT'D)
Buena chica. Chica bonita.

Literally: "Good girl. Pretty girl."

Angela notices that he is not displaying a weapon. She suddenly assumes a MARTIAL ARTS posture.

Cabrera is caught completely by surprise. He is not frightened. He is amused.

CABRERA (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Chica loca!

Literally: "Crazy girl!"

Without warning, Angela uses her JIU JITSU skills (and the element of surprise) to subdue Cabrera.

Her initial kick causes the mask on Cabrera's face to fly across the room.

After a brief tussle, she pins him to the floor.

Cabrera is no longer laughing.

Cabrera struggles but Angela uses a BLOOD CHOKE. Her right arm encircles Cabrera's neck.

Her right hand then grasps Cabrera's left shoulder. She maintains the chokehold. Then -

CRACK!

The unsettling sound of splintering bone is heard. Within seconds, Cabrera is unconscious.

Angela stands and backs away.

VOICES are heard in the hallway.

Angela now realizes that the window is her only way out.

She opens the bathroom window and climbs on the sill.

Angela quickly - but significantly - makes the sign of the cross.

She jumps out of the window.

CUT TO BLACK:

The title sequence rolls.

MUSIC CUE: "Miserere Mei, Deus" by Gregorio Allegri.

After the production and artistic credits, the following words appear in white letters against a black screen:

"Episode One: Miserere Mei (Have Mercy On Me)"

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Our Lady of Guadalupe is a Roman Catholic Faith Community located in a poor and underserved region of Baltimore City. It consists of an old CHURCH, RECTORY and MEETING HALL.

While the parish buildings are properly maintained, the surrounding neighborhood is very shabby.

Presently, the sky is dark and rain is pouring down.

SUPER: Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. Baltimore, Maryland.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - FOLLOWING

The church is illuminated only by a few electric candles and an ornate chandelier over the altar. But there is enough light to see that the worship space is completely empty.

ANGLE on a painted reproduction of the iconic image of OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, which mysteriously/miraculously appeared on the cloak of Mexican convert Juan Diego in the sixteenth century.

The Lady's sad face stares off into the distance in an attitude of pious prayer.

Some COUGHING is heard. Apparently the church is not empty after all.

ANGLE on a traditional Roman Catholic CONFESSIONAL made of dark wood with RED VELVET CURTAINS. It is located at the rear of the church near the VESTIBULE.

As the camera tracks closer, FATHER MAX, 39, an otherwise healthy priest, is seen coughing into a brilliant WHITE HANDKERCHIEF. He is seated in the center compartment of the confessional.

The coughing episode ends, the handkerchief is removed, and Father Max's handsome, clean-shaven face is revealed.

BOOM!

Father Max hears the echo of the heavy front door of the church closing and sits up straight.

Footsteps are heard on the marble floor walking towards the confessional.

Father Max closes his eyes, remains calm and listens as the footsteps get closer.

CLOSE UP of RED SHOES walking on the marble floor towards the confessional. Could it be -

The velvet drapes in the right compartment rustle and the silence returns.

Father Max, in a ritual he has performed many times, knocks and slides open a small door to reveal a LATTICED WINDOW that protects the anonymity of the penitent.

He leans his ear against the screen.

FATHER MAX
(whispering)
Go ahead, my child.

Through the screen, the outline of a person's head can be seen, but nothing more.

There is no answer.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)
Please. You've come this far. Trust
in the mercy of God.

Some soft crying is heard. The penitent is obviously a woman. She is ANGELA WEST who was seen in the Cold Open. But this information is not revealed at this time to Father Max.

Throughout the confession, she remains completely anonymous to him.

ANGELA
(struggling)
Bless me, Father, I - I've
forgotten the words...

FATHER MAX
Speak from your heart, my child.
Don't be afraid.

ANGELA
I am ashamed.

FATHER MAX
The Lord Jesus endured the shame of
the cross for you. He understands
completely.

ANGELA
Must I tell you everything?

FATHER MAX
Come to God with whatever will
clear your conscience.

ANGELA
It might be a long story.

Father Max smiles ruefully and looks out at the empty church.

FATHER MAX
I don't think I'm going to be very
busy today.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

High shrubbery surrounds an opulent three-story Victorian-style dwelling. There are many windows and all of them are illuminated.

High energy DANCE MUSIC can be heard in the distance. A party or a rave is obviously in progress.

The gates to the private property are open and a late model PORSCHE COUPE drives through. It is RED.

Angela's voice is heard as she continues her off-screen confession.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Funny. I thought I was going on a
sleigh ride. But I had no idea
where I was. Literally.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Angela is sitting in the passenger seat. She is glamorously dressed in a RED COCKTAIL DRESS that was seen in the Cold Open. But she has a BLINDFOLD over her eyes adding a strange vibe to the situation.

The car comes to a stop.

The driver is DAVE O'BRIEN, 35, who is also Angela's "date" for the night.

O'BRIEN
(turning off the car)
And as GPS would say, "You've
reached your destination."

ANGELA
(sullenly)
Great. Now can I take this silly
thing off?

O'Brien chuckles.

O'BRIEN
I don't know. You look good kinda
nice in it. Mysterious.

Angela pulls the blindfold off, revealing her to be a
stylishly beautiful young woman.

She looks around and scowls.

ANGELA
This is it?

O'BRIEN
What were you expecting?

ANGELA
For all the secrecy, I was
expecting Buckingham Palace.

O'BRIEN
Trust me, Angela, this is going to
be a lot more fun.

INT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - FOLLOWING

The high-energy music is now very LOUD.

In the ornate FOYER, a sculpted, life-size UNICORN guards the
front door. Although a unicorn is typically known for being
pure, in this context, it seems anything but.

Angela and O'Brien enter.

Angela seems intrigued and intimidated by the colossal
unicorn.

Nods of recognition to O'Brien from the household STAFF.

Angela's voice is heard continuing her confession.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Father, there are some things
that...once you see them...they
can't be unseen.

FATHER MAX (O.S.)
That is true, my child.

ANGELA (O.S.)
If I had known that, I would never
have taken off the blindfold.

Angela looks into the adjoining LIVING ROOM and sees a large group of GUESTS — all of whom are wearing masquerade MASKS. Some of the masks are quite ornate, while others are simple "Lone Ranger" masks.

A WOMAN in a Mardi Gras mask smiles at Angela and O'Brien and hands each of them a mask.

Angela looks at her mask and shouts at O'Brien above the din of the music.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Are you serious?

O'BRIEN
(also shouting)
Don't be so uptight, Angela.

O'Brien dons his mask.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Everybody's here to have a good
time.

Clearly, Angela is not pleased. This date is not going as expected.

Reluctantly, Angela puts on the mask and follows O'Brien into the living room.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH — DUSK

In the confessional, Father Max is listening intently. He is still not able to see Angela.

ANGELA
His name was O'Brien. Dave O'Brien.

FATHER MAX
A friend of yours?

ANGELA
He was one of my regulars.

Father Max is a little put off by the implications.

FATHER MAX

I see.

ANGELA

I...I was a bartender at a hotel downtown. Apparently, I was the only one who could make him a decent drink.

FATHER MAX

Is alcohol that complicated?

ANGELA

Dave took his scotch neat. Mixed with ice at first. Then strained into a lowball glass. The few drops of water made it a bit more... interesting. It was worth the trouble. He was a big tipper. And he drove a Porsche.

FATHER MAX

(smiling)

A red one?

ANGELA

They're all red aren't they?

FATHER MAX

Go on, my child.

INT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

The party in the living room is in full swing as O'Brien and Angela enter.

The masks conceal a lot, but it is obvious that the guests are young.

Angela continues her confession.

ANGELA (O.S.)

He also knew the right things to say.

O'Brien gives Angela the once-over as she walks the room. She looks absolutely gorgeous.

O'BRIEN

Nice dress. Fits you perfectly.

ANGELA

Thank you.

O'BRIEN
Where'd you get it?

ANGELA
The usual place.

O'BRIEN
Five finger discount?

ANGELA
(smirking)
As always.

Angela continues her confession.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dave was a very generous man. When
he asked me to go to a party with
him, I felt I had to say yes.

FATHER MAX (O.S.)
Was he a married man?

ANGELA (O.S.)
I knew nothing about him.

Despite the masks, Angela gets the impression that she is being watched. Everyone seems to know that she has never been there before.

She feels even more exposed when she realizes a man is standing nearby with a CAMCORDER. He is photographing her.

The man is BILLY FRANCISCO, 23, a part of the Rodriguez "household". His face is half-concealed by his mask and he is wearing a BLACK PORK PIE HAT. It seems incongruous for a young man, but the look seems to suit him.

Francisco points the camera directly at Angela as she passes by. She tries to defuse the situation by making a joke.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to Francisco)
Nice hat.

Francisco cracks a smile and continues to photograph her.

A DJ is across the room with two TURNTABLES and a stack of records. He too is masked.

Angela tries to be heard above the loud music.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Who are these people?

O'BRIEN
Do yourself a favor, sugar. Don't
ask any questions.

Across the room, RAPHAEL RODRIGUEZ, 32, stands up from a plush sofa. He is the owner of the mansion and the host of this party. He is wearing a designer suit.

Even though his face is half-concealed with a mask, a long red SCAR can be seen on his left cheek.

He waves his hands to signal a tuxedo-clad SERVANT to enter from the kitchen.

The Servant, face hidden by a mask, walks in with a SILVER TRAY heaped with WHITE POWDER.

Cocaine.

Angela sees this and smiles. Maybe this party won't be so bad after all.

ANGELA
It's about time this party got
started.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Angela's confession continues. Father Max looks horrified.

FATHER MAX
It was cocaine?

ANGELA
The good stuff.

FATHER MAX
I'm sure I wouldn't know the
difference.

ANGELA
Street coke is diluted. This was
pure. A rare delicacy.

INT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

The guests descend upon the Servant to snort their share of the cocaine.

O'Brien reaches into his pocket and produces a crisp ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. He hands it to Angela.

O'BRIEN

Use this.
(smiling)
More fun.

She expertly rolls the C-note into a straw. Obviously, she has done this before.

As the Servant places the tray in front of her, Angela bends over for a snort. O'Brien places his hand on her shoulder.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Don't be greedy.

Placing the C-note in her nose, Angela inhales deeply.

She looks up and smiles blissfully.

ANGELA (O.S.)

The rush was immediate. It was
nothing like I'd ever experienced
before.

Angela hands the C-note to O'Brien, and he too takes his turn.

They exchange buzzed glances.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I thought I was in heaven.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

ANGELA

But I was standing at the gates of
hell.

FATHER MAX

All this can be forgiven, my child.

ANGELA

I haven't gotten to the bad part
yet.

Father Max visibly tenses.

INT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

Angela and O'Brien are now seated on one of the sofas. Both are wearing contented smiles.

O'BRIEN
Having fun?

ANGELA
Your friends are mysterious, but
they sure know how to throw a
party.

Abruptly, the high energy music stops. The lights go up and Rodriguez steps into the middle of the room. He speaks with a mild Hispanic accent.

RODRIGUEZ
Friends and honored guests. Thank
you for joining me this evening. I
hope everything was up to the usual
standards.

The guests enthusiastically applaud. Rodriguez bows.

He points to a framed painting on the far wall which turns into a giant widescreen television.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
A little visual entertainment I
think is always nice.
(with mock seriousness)
Some of this material may not be
suitable for children.

The guests laugh. The video begins.

The footage is shaky and a bit out of focus, but a STOCKY MAN can clearly be seen talking on the street to a POLICE OFFICER.

In the footage, the Stocky Man looks around nervously. He quickly hands a small package to the cop, who instantly pockets it. They exchange smiles and leave in opposite directions.

The audience gasps.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Can we see that again in slow
motion?

The video quickly reverses and in slow motion the package is handed off to the cop. Rodriguez smiles broadly.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
And the moral of this story ladies
and gentlemen? You never know when
big brother is watching.

Angela looks at O'Brien. She is not sure what's happening.

Suddenly, in the corner of the room, a STOCKY MAN wearing a mask lunges for the front door. This is MIKE WITHERSPOON, the man who was just seen in the video.

He is abruptly stopped by two young, muscular thugs: GENE RYKER and JUAN CABRERA, who was seen in the Cold Open. Ryker is a muscular man and proudly non-Hispanic.

The faces of both men can't be seen, but they mean business.

WITHERSPOON
(yelling)
No! Wait! You've got the wrong guy!

Ryker tackles Witherspoon to the floor as the guests scatter.

Cabrera tears off Witherspoon's mask, revealing him as the snitch.

Angela grabs O'Brien by the arm. She is clearly frightened.

RODRIGUEZ
(pointing to Witherspoon)
You look awfully familiar. Did
anybody ever tell you you should be
in pictures?

The guests titter nervously.

Billy Francisco moves closer with the camcorder. Obviously, this entire incident is being recorded.

WITHERSPOON
(with desperation)
I can explain! It's not what you
think!

RODRIGUEZ
(smiling)
He can explain!

The guests laugh nervously.

WITHERSPOON
C'mon, Rodriquez! I've always been
square with you!

RODRIGUEZ
I am a very patient man, Mister
Witherspoon. But my patience is
limited.
(beat)
(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

And I have no patience for
traitors.

Rodriguez motions to Ryker and Cabrera, who manhandle
Witherspoon out of the room.

WITHERSPOON

(screaming)

Wait! Stop! No!

Angela moves forward, but O'Brien reassures her.

O'BRIEN

Relax, sugar. Mister Rodriguez is a
businessman. He does what he needs
to do.

Angela isn't so sure.

RODRIGUEZ

And now ladies and gentlemen, a
change of venue for the next part
of the show. My staff will conduct
you accordingly.

Angela now looks really nervous.

The guests follow a group of tuxedo-clad SERVANTS.

Rodriguez is clearly enjoying himself.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Father Max runs his hand through his hair. He is obviously
uncomfortable listening to this.

FATHER MAX

And this Rodriguez fellow, he was
what?

ANGELA

(abruptly)

Evil.

FATHER MAX

I mean...he's a drug dealer?

ANGELA

(emphatically)

He's evil. That's his profession.

Father Max sighs deeply.

FATHER MAX

Yes. Go on.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT.

The guests file into a large room that Rodriguez calls the MUSEUM OF DEATH. It is his favorite room in the mansion.

The walls are PAINTED BLACK with TORCHES to provide the only light.

The vibe is overwhelmingly negative bordering on demonic.

Angela haltingly takes all this in.

Chairs are placed in a circle that surrounds a *prie-dieu*, a small desk-like piece of religious furniture that incorporates a kneeler for devotional purposes.

It faces a gothic THRONE that is quickly occupied by Rodriguez.

He motions for the guests to sit.

Angela whispers to O'Brien.

ANGELA

I think I don't -

O'BRIEN

(interrupting)

Pipe down and watch, sugar. This should be good.

Rodriguez makes a signal with his hand. The show begins.

Billy Francisco walks backward into the room. His camera is pointed at two ACOLYTES dressed in hooded robes, each bearing a tall lit candle and processing towards the *prie-dieu*.

The crowd is spellbound.

Behind the acolytes, Ryker and Cabrera are escorting a bound and gagged Witherspoon who seems strangely docile and compliant. Perhaps he has been drugged. Nevertheless, he makes no attempt to escape.

Billy Francisco takes his place beside Rodriguez's throne, still recording the event.

The acolytes stand at either side of the *prie-dieu* with their candles.

Finally, Ryker and Cabrera force Witherspoon into a kneeling position at the *prie-dieu*.

It looks like some kind of perverse religious service.

Angela is visibly shaken and unfortunately has a clear view of Witherspoon and Rodriquez.

Witherspoon is breathing heavily.

Rodriquez smiles.

The room is dead quiet.

RODRIGUEZ
(to Witherspoon)
Welcome to the Museum of Death.
(beat)
Are you ready to say your prayers?
(beat)
Are you not a religious man?
(beat)
Perhaps you should pray to me.

Witherspoon begins to weep.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
I could answer your prayer. I shall
answer your prayer.
(beat)
The answer is no.

Rodriguez motions to Ryker who raises a STEEL SWORD in the air. It is obvious that he is going to behead Witherspoon.

A look of horror on Angela's face.

The sword moves quickly.

Angela screams.

Blood.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

A close up of Father Max who cries out.

FATHER MAX
Merciful God!

He regains his composure.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)
Forgive me, my child. I was not
expecting to hear that.

ANGELA
I was not expecting to see it. But
I did.

FATHER MAX
And now it cannot be unseen.

ANGELA
It will follow me to my grave.

Father Max takes a deep breath.

FATHER MAX
What then?

EXT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

In eerie slow motion, the guests point and laugh. Some
applaud. Their masks have now taken on a sinister aspect.

Angela will never be able to identify any of them.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Everything was a blur. I may have
passed out, but I don't think so.

Angela turns and runs away in slow motion.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I couldn't see. So I took off my
mask.

Angela tears off her mask and throws it to the ground.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Big mistake.

Unfortunately, she is now running directly towards Billy
Francisco who captures her unmasked face in the lens of his
camera.

Realizing her error, she turns and runs in the opposite
direction. It is clear that she has no idea how to escape.

Francisco motions for Cabrera to follow Angela.

ANGELA (O.S) (CONT'D)
And then...

INT. HALLWAY OF MANSION - FLASHBACK

Quick cuts of Angela being chased by Cabrera.

The audience is now connected to the Cold Open of the episode.

INT. POWDER ROOM - FLASHBACK

Quick cuts of Cabrera breaking into the powder room. Quick cuts of Angela utilizing her Jiu Jitsu moves. Quick cuts of Cabrera being subdued.

Finally, Angela jumps out the window.

INT. POWDER ROOM - NIGHT

Cabrera awakens in pain and in a cold fury.

Ryker walks into the powder room and stands behind Cabrera. Both look up at the open window.

A slight breeze makes the curtains move.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Father Max is astonished.

FATHER MAX

But - but how?

ANGELA

The bathroom was on the first floor. It turns out I jumped a grand total of six feet.

Father Max tries to process all of this.

FATHER MAX

And then - what?

ANGELA

Here I am.

FATHER MAX

(still baffled)

But -

ANGELA

Isn't this where you're supposed to tell me I have a guardian angel?

FATHER MAX

Please tell me you went to the police.

ANGELA

That was not an option.

FATHER MAX

Listen, my child. A man was killed. You were a witness.

ANGELA

I can't identify anyone.

FATHER MAX

What about your friend? O'Brien?

EXT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

In the Museum of Death, Rodriguez stands stiffly. Ryker and Cabrera approach. Between them, they have O'Brien bound and unmasked.

ANGELA (O.S.)

(ominously)

He doesn't answer his cell phone. Connection issues, apparently.

With a nod of his head, Rodriguez orders Ryker and Cabrera to take O'Brien away. There is minimal resistance.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But I have my suspicions.

(beat)

Mister Rodriguez is a businessman, you know. Apparently, he did what he needed to do.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Father Max rests his head against the back of the confessional. He is perspiring.

FATHER MAX

If you won't go to the police, why are you telling me?

ANGELA

Because you're not allowed to tell anyone else.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And if anything happens to me, I
will have made my peace with God.

FATHER MAX

Yes, but the police can help.

ANGELA

If you haven't figured it out by
now, Father, I'm a junkie. And a
thief. And a prostitute.

FATHER MAX

God can forgive all that.

ANGELA

But not the cops.

FATHER MAX

I know of a policeman who can help
you.

ANGELA

(chuckling)

There is no policeman who could
help me.

FATHER MAX

His name is Officer McGuire. Phil
McGuire. He works downtown out of
Police Headquarters.

INT. MCGUIRE' S OFFICE - DAY

Sparse furniture consists of a desk, chair and file cabinet.

A life-sized picture of Orioles great Cal Ripken smothers the
wall like a giant postage stamp.

Angle on PAUL STERN, a thin man in the visitor's chair.
Shabbily dressed, he looks like he's having trouble holding
it together. He is sitting across the desk from McGuire.

PHIL MCGUIRE, 39, is a boyishly handsome man, professionally
dressed and - at the moment - deadly serious.

MCGUIRE

If you work with me, Paul, you are
home to stay.

From the drawer, McGuire takes out a urinalysis bottle and
puts it on the desk.

MCGUIRE (CONT'D)
 I have a court order for you to
 take a drug test right now. And the
 law requires me to report the
 results if they're positive for
 anything stronger than Gatorade.

Stern looks crestfallen.

MCGUIRE (CONT'D)
 Yes, I know. You wouldn't pass,
 would you?

He puts the bottle back in the drawer.

MCGUIRE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 So we're not gonna do that today.

Puzzlement and relief flood Stern's face.

STERN
 You...you mean...

MCGUIRE
 Instead, you're gonna tell me who
 your source is.

STERN
 Look, McGuire - how many times do I
 have to tell you?

McGuire quickly puts the urinalysis bottle back on the desk.

STERN (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 He's a drug dealer, man! We're not
 Facebook friends!

MCGUIRE
 Listen to me, Paul. If I help you,
 I expect you to help me.

STERN
 And if I help you, I get killed.

MCGUIRE
 You're a crackhead, Paul. If you
 don't get clean and get away from
 these guys, you're gonna die
 anyway. Under the most pathetic
 circumstances imaginable. Those
 guys hate you. If they didn't, they
 wouldn't be feeding your addiction.

STERN
Let me think.

McGuire opens his palm to Stern.

MCGUIRE
Think about this.
(pointing to his palm)
This is where your life is, Paul.
Get used to it.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

ANGELA
(sarcastically)
Wow. He sounds like a real charmer.

FATHER MAX
That is his professional side. But
Phil is more than his profession.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

McGuire and Father Max are in a restaurant. A WAITER
approaches the table.

JERRY
Are you gentlemen ready to --
(glancing at McGuire)
Wait a minute. I know you. You're
Phil McGuire. Er - *Officer* Phil
McGuire.

MCGUIRE
Do I know you?

JERRY
You arrested me once.

MCGUIRE
I've arrested a lot of people.
Should I be sorry?

JERRY
Are you kidding? Picking me up off
the street probably saved my life.
You helped me a few years ago when
I was having trouble with drugs.

MCGUIRE
What is your name?

JERRY

Jerry.

Father Max speaks up.

FATHER MAX

Jerry Parker?

Jerry turns to face Father Max and instantly recognizes him.

JERRY

Father Max!

They shake hands.

FATHER MAX

I thought you looked familiar.

JERRY

You were the one who found me a place to stay until I got clean.

Father Max shrugs as if it were nothing.

MCGUIRE

Did it do any good?

JERRY

I'm married. I have a son. I got this job because you helped me turn my life around. I owe you more than I can ever repay.

MCGUIRE

We believe in a God of second chances.

JERRY

Yes! That's exactly what you said. Officer McGuire, you were tougher on me than anybody in my life. Not even my parents were that strict. But you did something that nobody else ever did. You treated me like a human being. That's a powerful thing.

MCGUIRE

I thought you deserved it.

JERRY

I thought you just wanted to kick my ass.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)
 (turning to Father Max)
 Oh, sorry Father.

Father Max just laughs.

MCGUIRE
 I've been known to do that from
 time to time.

JERRY
 Without the treatment program, I
 would probably still be in jail. Or
 worse.

MCGUIRE
 Never give up on God. Because God
 never gives up on you.

JERRY
 You should have been a priest
 instead of a policeman.

MCGUIRE
 That, Jerry, is a whole other
 conversation.

Father Max smiles knowingly.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

The confession continues.

FATHER MAX
 And that is the true story of Jerry
 Parker.

ANGELA
 I'm happy for Jerry Parker. But it
 won't work for me.

FATHER MAX
 How do you know if you won't try
 it?

ANGELA
 I don't have to touch fire to know
 it's hot.

FATHER MAX
 Did you need to try cocaine to know
 it would ruin your life?

ANGELA
Don't be so logical.

FATHER MAX
Phil runs a rehabilitation group
right here at this church. Let me
put you in touch with him.

ANGELA
No. I saw what happens when you
tell the police about Rodriguez.

INT. RODRIGUEZ MANSION - NIGHT

Cabrera is standing before Rodriguez and is holding an ICE
PACK to his injured neck. Ominously, Ryker stands behind him.

It is now Cabrera's turn to be in the hot seat.

Rodriguez looks closely at Cabrera's ice pack.

RODRIGUEZ
Nice. You know we don't do worker's
comp here.

CABRERA
It will be fine, Mister Rodriguez.
Don't worry about me.

Rodriguez squeezes Cabrera's neck and causes him to wince.

RODRIGUEZ
I'm not worried about you, *idiota*.
I'm worried about the one who did
this to you.

CABRERA
(nervously)
We'll never see her again. That
puta was arm candy. O'Brien was
renting her by the hour.

("Putas" means whore.)

RODRIGUEZ
And you guys let her escape?

Ryker points to Cabrera.

RYKER
He let her escape.

CABRERA

She went out the window - okay? By the time I got outside -

RYKER

You mean, by the time she was finished beating you up -

RODRIGUEZ

(yelling)

Cállate!

Literally: "Shut up!"

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You guys can perform this opera later.

Rodriguez holds up the cell phone that belonged to O'Brien.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

(to Cabrera)

For your information, that *puta's* name was Angela West.

Rodriguez jerks the phone back and forth salaciously.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

She was more than a rental. O'Brien was her plug. In more ways than one.

Ryker smirks.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

I don't like unfinished business.

Suddenly, Rodriguez throws the phone at Cabrera who makes a good catch with one hand.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

I'm not taking any chances. You find this...Angela West. Or bring me convincing evidence that somebody else found her first.

INT. GUADALUPE CHURCH - DUSK

Inside the confessional, Angela continues somberly.

ANGELA

That is exactly what will happen.

FATHER MAX

All the more reason to go to the police.

ANGELA

Father, the next time we meet, it will be at my funeral.

FATHER MAX

Don't despair, my child. You came to God. Let him guide you the rest of the way.

ANGELA

I have already said too much.

FATHER MAX

Would you like me to take you there?

No answer.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)

I can get you there safely.

Father Max hears the rustle of the confessional curtain, followed quickly by the sound of running footsteps.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)

Are you still there?

(beat)

Miss?

Father Max realizes she has run away.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)

Wait!

Father Max stands and struggles to open the confessional.

Finally it opens just in time for him to step out and see a glimpse of Angela's red dress as she runs out of the church.

BOOM!

The heavy door of the church closes.

Father Max does not pursue her.

Father Max makes the sign of the cross and quietly gives a benediction.

FATHER MAX (CONT'D)
May God have mercy on you and may
He grant you pardon and peace.

He lowers his head sadly and feels the weight of what has
just transpired.

ANGLE on Our Lady of Guadalupe's sorrowful face.

CUT TO: BLACK

END OF EPISODE ONE