

DEAN

Last couple weeks. It's always the same black mercedes. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but...

Dean trails off, his anxiety taking over. Then:

DEAN (CONT'D)

What if someone knows about us?
What we've been doing?

A tense beat as silence descends upon the room. AND THEN--

The room is plunged into darkness. What we see: A shadowy mass of shapes, and BRIEF FLASHES of LIGHT. What we hear: yelling, furniture crashing, all punctuated by GUNSHOTS.

And then...Silence. Stillness. Black.

EXT. LA STREETS - NEXT MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sun shines brightly over rows of small homes and palm trees. Nothing nefarious about this LA morning. As a car wipes frame--

INT. CAR - SAME

PAUL O'GRADY is behind the wheel. Late 20's. Tall, dark and handsome in his suit. He catches a glimpse of himself in his rearview mirror, but quickly looks away. Avoiding his own reflection.

His attention is suddenly drawn to SEVERAL POLICE CRUISERS. Officers are trying to control an unruly crowd.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

QUICK POPS of the chaos, as MEXICAN RESIDENTS are dragged violently out of their homes by the POLICE FORCE.

--A Mexican Man shoves a cop who's manhandling his wife. Two cops corner him and beat him to the ground with their clubs.

--A Mexican teen hurls garbage at the police.

--Two Mexican men are pushed violently into a squad car.

We land on OFFICER CLAY, yelling at a teary Mexican woman.

OFFICER CLAY

If you wanna file a complaint, go downtown and fill out the paperwork!

The woman responds in badly broken English.