

MAYANS MC

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In Lak'ech Ala K'in (*I am you, and you are me*)

- Traditional Mayan greeting

Clayton Cardenas
03/03/2017 12:07:08 PST

THE TIME

Circa now. The inevitable fate of Jax Teller has changed the MC climate forever. The ramifications of his final days still ripple through Northern and Southern Cali.

THE WORLD

At the farthest, southern end of California, the desert region of Valley de Los Padres is separated by a jagged scar of corrugated steel. A tenuous wall separating --

SANTO PADRE, USA - Population: 25,000. Largely Latino community, most of whom are employed by the Imperial Valley's agricultural industry. The region used to produce a billion dollars in food annually, but immigration laws and crime have forced the agri-giants to flee. It is now one of the poorest counties in California.

SANTA MADRE, MEXICO - Population: 1 million. Once a thriving border town, now a city caught between blood wealth and rebellious poverty. The decades of cartel narco wars have forced legitimate businesses to shutter and screeched tourism to a halt. But it's now the cartel that is under siege. Arrests, murders and rebel groups increasingly threaten the power of the Galindo cartel.

THE MAYANS MC - SANTO PADRE CHARTER

EZEKIEL "EZ" REYES - 30. Latino. Handsome, athletic, very bright. Often that intelligence is clouded by a sense of racial indignation and rage. His emotions easily refreshed by his *Hyperthymesia* -- an extremely detailed autobiographical memory. EZ recently got out of prison, an early release from a 25 year manslaughter sentence.

ANGEL REYES - 32. Latino. Thick, street smart, driven. EZ's brother. Angel has a problem with authority in and out of the club. Loves few, trusts even less. EZ is one of the few.

ESAI "TAINO" OSORIO - 48. Latino. Mexican, Puerto Rican. President. Charismatic, formidable. Father's lineage traces back to the indigenous chiefdoms of Puerto Rico. Cousin of MARCUS ALVAREZ.

MICHAEL "RIZ" ARIZA - 45. Latino. Tall, chiseled. Vice president. Even-tempered, but holds a grudge. Former president of CRUCES DE SANGRE MC; a Santo Padre MC the Mayans patched over.

CHE "PADRE" ROMERO - 62. Latino. Wise and road-worn. Founder of Cruces de Sangre MC. Club Inker. Old friends with Alvarez.

HANK "EL TRANQ" LOZA - 50. Latino. El Pacificador. Former gangbanger and bare-knuckle brawler. He maintains order without saying much. Like Taino, he was sent to SP by Alvarez.

LUIS "YUKI" MOYANO - 28. Latino. Mexican, Native American. Lean. Smart. Scrap metal artist. Riz's nephew.

JOHNNY "COCO" CRUZ - 30. Latino. Wiry, quiet. Tech/weapons specialist. Former Marine sharpshooter, three TODs in Iraq. Talks to himself more than he does to other members.

NERON "CREEPER" VARGAS - 28. Latino. Lean, ninja fast. Ex-junkie. Reacts first, thinks later. Big emotions.

GORDO LOPEZ - 25. Latino, Black. Big-boned, thin-skinned. Prospect. MMA fighter. What he lacks in wits, he makes up in brutality.

OTHER OUTLAWS

MARCUS ALVAREZ - 50. Latino. Founder of Mayans MC. National President. He's the club shot caller. All business. Ruthless.

MIGUEL "EL JARDINERO" CASTILLO, 54. Latino. Calm, understated. Disturbingly violent. Shotcaller in the Galindo Cartel. Used money and fear to gain social and business legitimacy. Runs the border.

RICARDO CASTILLO, 32. Latino. Metro, arrogant. Miguel's son. Mexican national, but speaks the English of a private US education. Wants to be respected like his father without having to earn it.

GALINDO CARTEL - For twenty years, the Galindo cartel has used bloody force, bribery and outlaw alliances to control the flow of drugs out of Sonora Mexico.

NIÑOS DEL INFIERNO (NDI) - Children of Hell. Orphans created by Santa Madre's decades of cartel violence. They've survived on the streets by petty theft and tourist scams. Organizing into a rebel army, whose primary directive is to overthrow the establishment. And the establishment in Santa Madre is Castillo and the cartel.

DEAD OIL ALLIANCE (DOA) - Samoan gang based in the projects of San Bernardino. Fiercely loyal, deadly.

FRIENDS AND FAMILY

EMILY THOMAS - 25. White. Beautiful, but broken. The fair-haired, blue-eyed, girl next door. She and EZ were childhood sweethearts. But when Romeo went to jail, Juliet didn't drink the poison, she traded it in for Cristal and a mansion on the hill.

CARNALITA - 22. Latina. Beautiful, maternal, deadly. A founding member of *Niños del Infierno*. On her neck, a ROSARY TATTOO that covers a gnarly SCAR. Turning the ugly fear into beautiful faith.

MARISOL REYES - 48. Latina. Self-sacrificing matriarch of the Reyes family. Deeply religious, but a pragmatist. Trying her best to keep her family together and alive.

FELIPE REYES - 60. Latino. The once strong patriarch has been physically crushed by bullets and hard labor. And emotionally crushed by EZ's incarceration.

LAW AND ORDER

ANTONIA PENA - 40. Latina. Mayor of Santo Padre. Idealistic, but practical. Believes the compromises she makes with the Mayans and the cartel will ultimately benefit the greater good of her community.

OFFICER MIKEY ROGAN - 26. Black. Fair, realistic. EZ's trouble-making childhood friend. EZ's arrest woke him up. Tries to walk the blue line in a town that lives in the shadow of the cartel.

DEA AGENT KEVIN JIMENEZ - 35. Latino. Aggressive, adaptable. Hellbent on taking down Miguel Castillo.

Clayton Cardenas
03/03/2017 12:07:08 PST

MAYANS MC
"Pilot"
#101
PROLOGUE

IN BLACKNESS we hear PANTING as we --

SMASH UP ON:

A SMALL WOODEN CROSS --

Hammered into dirt and gravel. It's adorned with ribbons, bows and a PHOTO of an angelic, brown-haired, six-year-old GIRL. At its base, dried flowers and a dirty STUFFED BUNNY.

We are close to the ground as we PULL BACK to reveal --

1 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - SOUTH OF THE SALTON SEA - DAWN 1

PAVEMENT. The cross is a roadside memorial. Barren flatlands stretch out behind the sad, time-worn tribute.

We continue to PULL BACK to catch --

The SUN glint FIERY ORANGE as it rises over a two lane freeway. It's very early in the morning.

Then, A DEAD CROW drops into frame. It's road dirty and slightly chewed.

We continue to PULL BACK to reveal --

The chewer, a FERAL DOG. The product of several painful crossbreeding violations. We will come to know him as OC. He PANTS while he reads the terrain. Sensing something --

Then, we hear it -- the SOUND of DISTANT THUNDER.

The dog turns his head in the direction of the rumble. It grows into the THROATY ROAR of American-made MOTORCYCLES.

Oc abandons his meal and calmly crosses to the shoulder.

We PULL BACK more --

Morning shadows pass over the crow, cross and dog. Then --

A HARLEY invades the frame and CRUSHES THE CROW. SMASH --

An iron herd flashes past. FIVE HARLEYS. Hardtails, Softtails, Baggers. Flashy colors, dressed to impress. These are clearly not the Dynas we've come to know.

The bikes flank a white BOX TRUCK. TWO Harleys in front. THREE behind.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Oc watches the MC convoy blow past the roadside memorial.

We PUSH in on the dog's DARK EYES until he HOWLS. A cue for MEXICAN ALTERLATINO to become SCORE as --

We join the MC. Tattooed arms casually draped from ape hangers. Each RIDER's TOP ROCKER reads MAYANS. The bottom, SOUTHERN CALI. Glowering TRIBAL FACE in between.

Except for EZ. Riding, behind at the right. Back of his KUTTE empty except for a bottom rocker reading -- PROSPECT.

Freeway open and empty, EZ basks in the early morning ride. Looks over to see his brother, ANGEL, full patched Mayan, as he pulls alongside the BOX TRUCK. The window rolls down, SCORE becomes SOURCE inside the truck.

ANGEL

Gonna ride ahead, check on the drop!

The driver, CREEPER, MAYANS MC inked across his neck, 9MM on the seat next to him, gives a nod. Angel falls back to EZ --

ANGEL

Hey, Prospect! Keep up!

Mischief in Angel's eye, he GUNS IT. Leaving EZ in the dust. EZ takes off after him. As we PUSH TIGHT on his GRIN, he --

FLASHES BACK TO:

2 EXT. FIELDS - SANTO PADRE - DAWN

2

YOUNG EZ (8) chases YOUNG ANGEL (10) through tall husks of BARLEY. They taunt each other in Spanish --

YOUNG ANGEL

Keep up, kid...

EZ reaches a CLEARING, stops, no Angel. He looks around, unsure which way to continue. Then, like a wolf, Angel pounces on him from the stalks. Pins him --

YOUNG ANGEL

Never saw me comin', little brother...

BACK TO:

3 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - DAWN

3

EZ smiles as he roars up even with Angel. A life long race, now on two wheels. They turn the bend. Box truck far behind.

- 4 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - DAY 4
- The Harley escort is now one in front of the truck, two in back. In front, HANK. The two in back, COCO and YUKI.
- 5 INT. BOX TRUCK - DAY 5
- Creeper lights up a SPLIFF as the MUSIC from his radio once again becomes SCORE.
- 6 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - MILES AHEAD - DAY 6
- EZ and Angel approach an old SCHOOL BUS parked on the shoulder. SISTERS OF SORROW faintly painted across the side.
- A DRIVER, in coveralls, checks under the hood as EZ and Angel blow past. His face obscured by shadows. He shuts the hood.
- 7 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - DAY 7
- Hank drops back from his lead position to Creeper's window.
- 8 INT. BOX TRUCK - INTERCUT 8
- Creeper hands the spliff out the window.
- Hank takes a deep drag. Hands it back up to Creeper --
- HANK
Thanks, carnal...
- *
- Then, as they round a BEND --
- The Sisters of Sorrow SCHOOL BUS is HEADING DIRECTLY FOR THEM. The Driver now wearing a SKULL-FACED BALACLAVA.
- Creeper swerves hard toward the side of the road as the heavy bus SMASHES into the side of the box truck and forces it off the road. The truck SPINS, then FLIPS into a VIOLENT ROLL.
- Creeper now a rag doll, jerks helplessly in a glittering downpour of windshield glass.
- Hank and Coco try to swerve around the accident. They are forced to LAY DOWN the bikes and SLIDE. LEATHER, DENIM and STEEL scraping on HOT ASPHALT.
- *
- Yuki, who came into the turn last, manages to stay upright.
- The box truck lands heavily on its passenger side beyond an ACCESS ROAD in the middle of the desert scrub.

(CONTINUED)

The Driver backs out of the bus with an AR-15 strapped to his back, spilling GASOLINE from a can as he exits.

TWO trail-worn JEEPS tear out from the access road as the driver IGNITES the bus with a match.

FIVE more GUNMEN jump out of the jeeps, also in coveralls, gloves, skull masks and armed with assault rifles.

The Driver and two gunmen level guns at the downed Mayans --

MASKED MAN

Get down! Knees! Hands behind heads!

The bikers, whole, but banged up, have no choice but to obey.

The other three gunmen grab GAS CANS from the back of one of the Jeeps and head to the flipped box truck.

9 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - SALTON SEA - DAY

9

EZ and Angel pull over to the shoulder. Behind them, the SALTON SEA. A body of water the color of rust. POWER LINES and TREES sticking out like dead arms cast angrily heavenward.

Angel checks his phone. EZ dismounts, stares out at the desolate body of water. Then, EZ spots wafts of SMOKE --

EZ

Angel!

His brother turns, sees what EZ sees --

ANGEL

Shit!

10 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - CRASH SITE - DAY

10

As the bus burns in the distance, a GUNMAN opens the back of the box truck with a CROWBAR. DOZENS of ornate QUINCEAÑERA DRESSES tumble out. Several ripped apart by the crash. Sewn inside the layered chiffon lining, we see a 1/4 KEY of HEROIN.

The Gunman douses the truck and its cargo with GASOLINE.

11 INT. BOX TRUCK - INTERCUT

11

Creeper, still belted in. Dazed, bloody. Spots his 9MM, lying against the passenger door. He unbuckles himself, slides toward the gun. As he reaches for the weapon -- POP!

Burst of glass and a BULLET HITS Creeper's SHOULDER. He MOANS and through the webbed glass, sees two GUNMEN.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

As the shooter takes aim for another shot, the other gunman stops him. They share an anxious nod and join the others.

One of the gunmen throws a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL against the BOX TRUCK. Truck and dresses IGNITE INTO A FRILLY INFERNO.

12 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - DAY

12

EZ and Angel roar back down the road toward their brothers. As they approach, they see the GUNMEN rush back to the Jeeps.

The Jeeps circle the bikers, a GUNMAN leans out a window and FIRES into the highway, a warning -- do not follow.

Angel hops off his bike, stunned by the level of destruction.

ANGEL

Shit...

The other three MAYANS stumble to their feet. Dazed, torn up. They watch the BOX TRUCK being swallowed up by FLAMES. EZ scans the upright Mayans, realizes --

EZ

Creeper!

He bolts to the truck.

13 INT. BOX TRUCK - INTERCUT

13

Cab FULL OF SMOKE. Creeper MOANS as he tries to push through the shattered windshield. Choking and losing blood, he doesn't have the strength to get out. FLAMES start to lick in from the back of the truck.

EZ reaches the truck. Frantically begins PUNCHING the webbed glass with his gloved hand. SMASHING through, he rips away the splintered sheet and pulls Creeper out of the cab.

Angel joins him, they each put an arm around Creeper and run. BOX TRUCK engulfed in flames behind them. Then --

The truck EXPLODES into a BALL OF FIRE.

As Angel lays Creeper on the ground, EZ looks back at the vehicular inferno.

PUSH TIGHT on EZ. His face morphs as the flickering flames reflect in his eyes -- amazement turns to terror, then the fear softens to relief. As his eyes slowly CLOSE, we --

SMASH TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

SMASH UP ON:

14 EXT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY 14

On a remote industrial stretch of road, a MERCEDES AMG approaches a CINDER BLOCK BUILDING surrounded by a fence topped with RAZOR WIRE and SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS. A simple sign on the side of the building reads: MUY BONITA, INC.

Not too far in the distance, the BORDER WALL. *

15 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY 15

Large space filled with RACKS OF QUINCEAÑERA DRESSES and BOXES of SHOES and ACCESSORIES.

A wall of STEEL CABINETS we will come to realize is an arsenal. A BACK OFFICE. A FENCED IN CAGE with ELECTRICAL AND UTILITY EQUIPMENT. Several SUVs and TRUCKS.

On a far wall, a Christ-sized SCRAP IRON CROSS with rusted SHACKLES. Industrial art. Upon further examination, we see a RED-STAINED DRAIN underneath. This media is interactive.

We find Creeper propped against the wall. EZ's fist pressed to his shoulder to staunch the bleeding.

Angel UNLOCKS the cage, flips latches on the base of an AIR CONDITIONING UNIT, swings it upward. It's a HOLLOW piece of equipment. Underneath it, a HATCH. Angel pulls up the hatch, exposing a HOLE in the floor. A ladder drops down to a TUNNEL. * *

RICARDO CASTILLO enters. Immaculately dressed, flanked by two CARTEL SOLDIERS.

Ricardo and EZ share an historical look. They've met before, but the gaze goes deeper than recognition. Then, at Angel --

RICARDO

Where are you going?

ANGEL

We're gettin' him to the other side.
He needs the Doc.

RICARDO

Not now. My father's on his way and
he'll want answers.

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

My prez is on his way, he'll give you
all the answers you want. But I'm
bringing my boy over.

Ricardo nods to a Soldier who heads into the cage and slams
the hatch closed.

Angel, pissed, steps towards Ricardo, EZ forces himself to
stay planted. Before things escalate, TAINO, PADRE and RIZ
walk in. They see the cartel soldiers step to Angel --

TAINO (O.S.)

Hey, hey! United front, boys.

Taino and Ricardo share a respectful nod.

Padre puts an arm around Angel, walks him away from the
conflict, sotto --

PADRE

The enemy ain't in this room, *hermano*.

Angel cools off, nods.

TAINO

Where are the others?

ANGEL

Banged up. Back at the clubhouse.

RIZ

How you doing, Creeper?

CREEPER

Shitty, brother...

EZ

Left shoulder's dislocated and he's
got a bullet in the other.

TAINO

How much did we lose?

CREEPER

They torched everything.

RICARDO

Shit! You only had one thing to do.
Deliver --

ANGEL

We've been running this day route for
five years without a problem --

(CONTINUED)

MIGUEL (O.C.)
There was a problem today.

Everyone gets quiets as MIGUEL CASTILLO enters. BODYGUARDS trail him.

EZ spots Miguel --

FLASHES BACK TO:

IMAGES of Miguel Castillo. HIS EYES, HIS MOUTH, A JAGGED SCAR ACROSS HIS CHEEK, A DIAMOND RING ON HIS FINGER.

BACK TO:

16 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. - DAY

16

EZ jumps out of the memory, as Miguel politely shakes Taino's hand. Angel, with forced contrition --

ANGEL
Sorry, Mr. Castillo. I didn't mean --

Miguel waves off his apology with a friendly hand.

MIGUEL
Clearly, someone wants our attention, gentlemen.

TAINO
Well, they got it.

MIGUEL
Yes. But who are they?

TAINO
Getting any heat from rival cartels?

MIGUEL
No... Lobo Sonora has flatlined.
We've absorbed everyone else.

Ricardo tries to assert himself. Barks at Angel --

RICARDO
What did you see?

ANGEL
Me and the Prospect were checking on the drop point. Saw the smoke.

Creeper intervenes, through the pain --

(CONTINUED)

CREEPER

They broadsided us, sir. Came outta
nowhere. Masks, assault rifles.
There was... five, maybe more...

EZ

Six, counting the driver. Coveralls,
masks, gloves. Trying to hide color.

Angel stares at his brother as he continues --

EZ

They left travelling east in two
Jeeps. Older ones, I'd say late 90's.

EZ stares off recalling the incident --

FLASHES BACK TO:

17 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - CRASH SITE - DAY

17

A GUNMAN leans out of the Jeep. Raises an ASSAULT RIFLE to
lay down warning shots. His SLEEVE CATCHING on the window.
Revealing a TATTOO on CAMEL COLORED SKIN -- DOA.

EZ (V.O.)

The guy laying down fire as they
left... He was dark-skinned. Ink on
his arm. Looked like... DOA...

BACK TO:

18 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

18

EZ realizes that now, everyone is staring at him --

EZ

I remember shit.

Miguel studies EZ --

MIGUEL

Photographic?

EZ

Something like that.

RICARDO

What's DOA?

TAINO

Dead Oil Alliance. Samoan gang out of
San Bernardino.

(CONTINUED)

RIZ

We got no beef with them.

PADRE

If they weren't flying colors, it
wasn't about a beef.

MIGUEL

Yes. They were muscle. But for who?
(off the silence)
Bring me the man in charge, we will
get the truth.

TAINO

Yeah, okay. We'll head to the IE.

As Taino turns back to his men --

MIGUEL

And Taino, if there is not a well
informed Samoan chained to my cross by
end of day... it will be a Mayan in
his place.

Miguel gives a polite nod as he, Ricardo and their men head
for the door.

Taino waits for them to leave. Then, as the door shuts, he
downs EZ with a right CROSS --

TAINO

You don't speak unless we tell you to.
I don't give a shit what you remember.
(at Angel)
Educate your prospect.

ANGEL

He saved Creeper's life.
(off Taino's glare)
I'll keep him in line.

RIZ

(re: Creeper)
Get him to Doc Estrada.

PADRE

Alvarez was in San Fernando when he
heard. He's on his way down. Hurry
back.

Angel gives Padre an anxious nod --

- 19 INT. GALINDO CARTEL TUNNEL - DAY 19
- EZ and Angel help Creeper descend the rungs of the ladder into the main tunnel. They head south. *
- BLACKNESS interrupted every fifteen yards with FLOOD LAMPS. DUCTING AND WIRES draped above. *
- The men walk on planks over damp earth. The passage engineering is primitive, but functional. *
- They pass by several INTERSECTING TUNNELS. It's a dank, underground freeway.
- Angel sees EZ working his sore jaw --
- ANGEL
Next time it'll be broken.
(beat)
Gotta check that "Rain Man" shit.
- EZ
I was trying to help.
- Creeper stumbles. Groans in pain.
- EZ
Easy, brother.
- PRE-LAP SOUND of PEEING.
- 20 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BATHROOM - SANTA MADRE, MEXICO - DAY 20*
- A CARTEL SOLDIER takes a piss at a urinal. Then --
- A single bulb above a UTILITY CLOSET BLINKS. The soldier zips up, then UNLOCKS the closet door. *
- Angel steps out of the closet. We see EZ helping Creeper climb up and out of a tunnel. The soldier gives a nod, then washes his hands. The MC exits the bathroom. *
- 21 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 21*
- Two CARTEL SOLDIERS keep watch as DOCTOR ESTRADA, 40's, Latino, and a NURSE, 20's, Latina, prep surgical tools.
- EZ, Angel and Creeper enter. Conversation is in *Spanish* --
- ANGEL
Hey, Ponch...
- DOC ESTRADA
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL

Both shoulders. Dislocated and shot.

The Doc nods, looks over Creeper --

DOC ESTRADA

It almost went through. He is going to be awhile.

(at Creeper)

You're lucky it didn't tear muscle.

CREEPER

(at Angel)

What's he saying? Tell him I'm an LA Mexican.

EZ

(re: Creeper)

No comprende.

The Doc shakes his head. Mutters something to his nurse. Creeper, confused, panics --

CREEPER

Make sure he knows what the hell he's doing.

ANGEL

(in Spanish)

He also wants a sex change, Doc.

EZ

(in Spanish)

Give him a tight one.

The Doc, Nurse and Soldiers laugh --

CREEPER

Why they laughing?

EZ and Angel smile as they head for the door. Creeper, tweaked, looks at the Doc --

CREEPER

Hola...

22 EXT. STREETS - SANTA MADRE - DAY

22

Welcome to Santa Madre. We've traveled less than a mile, but it may as well have been a thousand. Poverty and affluence weaved together into a bizarre metropolis. Towering buildings next to shack shops. Mercedes and Bentleys parked next to Toyota pickups held together with rust, duct tape and prayers.

(CONTINUED)

EZ and Angel exit a nondescript OFFICE BUILDING into a crowded STREET. *

Angel leads them into a STREET MARKET. Vendors selling BOOTLEG CD'S, DVD'S and knock off DESIGNER WEAR. *

EZ
Thought we were supposed to head right back?

ANGEL
Stay here.

EZ
Where you going?

ANGEL
(re: his bruised jaw)
You already forget why you got this?
I tell you to do something, you do it.

EZ nods. Angel picks up a CD: *RICKY MARTIN - GREATEST HITS*

ANGEL
I know you've been looking for this.

EZ
That's me. Living La Vida Loca...

Angel grins as he walks toward a PARK across from the market.

EZ lights a smoke, peruses the cheap merch. As he turns a bend, he gazes up at the large IRON BORDER FENCE in the distance. Vertical slats capped with heavy crossbeams. Separating America from its Third World cousin.

As he scans the dividing wall we see GRAFFITI: GRINGO, YOU NO COMBOVER HERE! *

Then EZ spots a freshly painted, prominent TAG: *SOMOS EL FUTURO DE MÉXICO*. It triggers a memory and he -- *

FLASHES BACK TO:

23 EXT. BORDER FENCE - SANTO PADRE - DAY

23

EZ (18) and EMILY (17) walk along the US side of the fence. They scan the GRAFFITI looking for something, then --

EMILY
Here it is!

EZ joins her, sees in weathered Krylon -- E♥E 4 EVR. *

(CONTINUED)

EZ
Shit... It's still there.

*

They take each other in. There is a depth to this connection. Two old souls who have found each other. They embrace and kiss, we PRE-LAP the sound of excited children --

BACK TO:

24 EXT. STREETS - SANTA MADRE - DAY

24

EZ is pulled back to the present as CARNALITA approaches. She leads EIGHT CHILDREN, dirty-faced, barefooted (9-12). As the kids surround EZ, her almond-shaped eyes lock onto his.

KIDS
Chicle? Chicle?

Grimy hands thrusting BOXES of CHICLETS GUM at him.

KIDS
Chicle? Chicle?

EZ
(at Carnalita)
Are they all yours?

*
*
*

CARNALITA
Yes. They are.

*
*

EZ's focus is pulled to the ROSARY TATTOO covering her neck scar. She unconsciously adjusts her collar.

*
*

A cow-eyed boy, VALENTIN (11), filthy backpack and a huge smile, continues the broken English sales pitch --

VALENTIN
Americano? Chicle? Blow bubble.

EZ looks at the old BOX of gum --

EZ
How old is this shit? You find some Alamo rations?

Carnalita smiles. The kid is clueless. Then, Valentin mimes a large bubble coming out of his mouth. Falling back as it explodes. Picking the imaginary gum off his forehead and cheeks. Kids roar with LAUGHTER. EZ can't help but smile.

EZ
All right, slick. You made a sale.

EZ and Carnalita share a nod. He holds her gaze, till she breaks it.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONTINUED: 24

A feral dog sits in the gutter. It's Oc. He watches the connection between EZ and Carnalita. Then licks his balls. *

Carnalita heads to the park. EZ watches her walk away, then pulls CASH from his pocket. Hands Valentin a FIVE. All the kids desperately shove their GUM at him.

Valentin shrugs off his BACKPACK. He zips it open and slips the five inside. As he does, we catch a flash of a MAC-10. *

25 EXT. RURAL ROADS - SANTO PADRE - DAY 25

EZ and Angel ride past BARREN FIELDS. POWER LINES stretch down the road as far as the eye can see.

26 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROW - SANTO PADRE - DAY 26

EZ and Angel ride past WAREHOUSES and FACTORIES. Half of them shut down or abandoned.

They slow their ride as they approach an OLD BUILDING. Faded lettering that reads: ROMERO BROS.

TORCH, 30's, black, his face badly burned in Iraq, opens the gate. He's not MC, he's an employee. EZ and Angel pull in. *

TORCH *

Oakland in the house. *

EZ and Angel give him a nod, then share a look. Ride on -- *

27 EXT. ROMERO BROTHERS SCRAP YARD - DAY 27

The brothers cruise through the acres of scraped and rusted METAL. AUTOMOBILES, ELECTRICAL PARTS and other odd twists of iron and steel. CRUSHERS, HAULERS AND SCRAP METAL SCULPTURES populate the rusty terrain. It's a maze of sharp edges. *

At the first bend, they pass a couple of old AIRSTREAMS. One of these is where EZ lives. *

At the end of the drive, they approach another GATE. On top of the gate, like spiked heads, are SCRAP METAL FACES. *

GORDO, the other prospect, swings open this gate, letting his brothers into -- *

27A EXT. SCRAP YARD - CLUBHOUSE CORRAL - CONTINUOUS 27A*

Set back, protected by a wall of scrap and barbed wire, is a LARGE WOOD/METAL STRUCTURE. *

(CONTINUED)

A Quonset hut juts out from the back. A faded mural of a *
GLOWERING MAYAN WARRIOR hangs over the door, written under *
the symbol: XIBALBA. THE CLUBHOUSE. *

To the side of the clubhouse, a MOTORCYCLE REPAIR AREA, *
FIREPIT, TABLES and a makeshift MMA CAGE. *

As EZ and Angel pull up to the clubhouse they see --

MARCUS ALVAREZ and four OAKLAND MAYANS embrace Taino and the
other Mayans.

28 EXT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - DAY

28

Angel joins the others as EZ and Gordo follow behind.
Alvarez and the Santo Padre Mayans enter the clubhouse.

GORDO

Marcus shows up, shit's getting real.

EZ, not quite sure what that reality is, nods --

EZ

I'll post.

EZ stays out front as we follow Gordo inside --

29 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - SALA DE SOL - CONTINUOUS

29*

Gordo enters a front room with an INKING STATION, a desk, *
filing cabinets, chairs. A door leads to a KITCHEN. He *
continues into -- *

29A INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - BAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29A

See MAYAN MASKS, CATHOLIC ICONOGRAPHY, PLAQUES, PHOTOS of MC *
brothers on the walls. Remnants of the CRUCES DE SANGRE MC. *
The space is a colorful mix of Chac, JC and MC. *

At the entrance a SIX FOOT STATUE of OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. *
A BELT OF BULLETS draped across her chest. *

To the right a LONG BAR. TV's above. One screen is filled *
with SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES. To the left, POOL TABLE, GAMING *
STATION, SOFAS and TABLES. *

Above, a BALCONY with more tables, sofas, etc. *

Straight ahead, Gordo sees Angel close a STEEL AND STAINED *
GLASS DOOR. *

30 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - TEMPLO - DAY

30

The walls are filled with ANNIVERSARY PLAQUES. On the floor, four large tiles form a HUNAB KU SYMBOL. We will learn that this is a HATCH to a tunnel that leads outside of the yard. *

Angel takes his seat with the other full-patched members. They sit around a large handmade STEEL TABLE. The Mayan tribal image, AHAW (king), burned into the center. Scorched under the icon: *Los Asesinos de Dios*. *

Taino is at the head of the table. Alvarez at the other end. On one side, Riz, Padre and Hank. On the other, Angel, Coco, Yuki and Creeper's empty chair. The other Oakland Mayans sit in chairs along the wall. *

We are into the heated powwow --

HANK

We're gonna start a war 'cause a Prospect thinks he saw some ink? *

YUKI

Is that memory shit for real?

ANGEL

(nods)

Been that way since he was a kid.

TAINO

Real or not, we ain't got much else to go on. At least it gives Castillo someone to hurt.

HANK

And if the hurt doesn't give us any answers? *

RIZ

A beef in Berdoo could vibrate both north and south. *

PADRE

(at Alvarez)

You think this is backlash from Jax Teller's *día muerto*?

ALVAREZ

I don't know...

ANGEL

Could be Guerilla Nation making a play for the H trade.

(CONTINUED)

TAINO

If it was about moving in on our
trade, they wouldn't have torched a
quarter-mill of product.

Alvarez thinks as the room sits with the uncertainty. Then --

ALVAREZ

Let's focus on the task at hand. That
will show us what's next. How do we
move on DOA?

PADRE

They run the projects out by the old
oil fields. Probably about twenty,
thirty strong. No affiliations.
Hood's a DMZ, five-o don't give a shit.

RIZ

Shotcaller's a guy named Pogo. We've
done business a few times. They're a
tight bunch. All blood. Fierce.

COCO

We go in hot?

TAINO

No. But ready for it to jump off.

ALVAREZ

I'll give Packer a call, have San Dino
throw us some support.

ANGEL

Until we know who hit us and why, we
shouldn't leave Creeper alone on the
other side.

YUKI

I'll keep an eye on him.

Yuki shares a conspiratorial glance with Angel.

31 EXT. ROMERO BROTHERS SCRAP YARD - DAY

31

Outside the front office, EZ digs through a barrel of RAGS.
Torch exits the office --

TORCH

E, out front. Mayor and cops.

EZ hops on the barrel. Sees a POLICE CRUISER and a BLACK
SEDAN outside the front gate.

(CONTINUED)

EZ

Shit.

EZ bolts into the yard.

*

32 INT. MAYAN CLUBHOUSE - BAR ROOM - DAY 32

EZ enters as the templo empties and members head to the bar.
Out of breath --

*

EZ

PD and Pena are on their way.

Alvarez and Taino share a look --

ALVAREZ

Not a good time.

Taino nods.

33 EXT. ROMERO BROTHERS SCRAP YARD - CLUBHOUSE CORRAL - DAY 33

EZ closes the gate as the vehicles park. Stays at the gate.

*

Taino walks toward ANTONIA PENA as she exits the sedan. Her
face free of makeup, hair pulled back, she fights every inch
of her prettiness.

*

*

*

EZ catches a look at the mayor as she exits the car --

FLASHES BACK TO:

IMAGES of Antonia Pena. HER EXITING A BLACK ROLLS-ROYCE, HER
HAND TUCKING SOMETHING INTO HER BAG, HER LOOK OF DISGUST.

BACK TO:

34 EXT. ROMERO BROTHERS SCRAP YARD - DAY 34

EZ is pulled from the memory by OFFICER MIKEY ROGAN as he
exits the driver side of the police cruiser. Another UNIFORM
OFFICER (UNI) climbs out the passenger side. Mayoral backup.

Pena splits off, joins Taino for a private powwow --

PENA

What the hell happened out on 111 this
morning?

TAINO

I can't really get into it --

(CONTINUED)

PENA

Hey. I'm not one of your dumb *putas*.
This shit will land on my desk.

(off his hard stare)

Troopers found a bus and truck burned to
a crisp. No paperwork, no VIN number.
Traces of heroin in the wreckage.
That's a red flag for the Feds. The
deal was that you move your Mexican
export under the radar. No noise. No
trouble.

(off his nod)

Who torched it?

TAINO

We don't know.

(off her doubt)

We don't know.

PENA

Shit... This can't blow back in Santo
Padre, Esai. You tell Castillo if
there's any retaliation, it happens on
his side of the fence. Understood?

Taino nods. Pena makes a cell call. As she walks away --

TAINO

Culero...

As Pena makes her call, Officer Rogan approaches EZ, friendly --

MIKEY

How goes it, Prospect?

EZ scans his brothers, some eyes on him. He politely spits
at the ground in front of Mikey.

MIKEY

That's right... no talking to PD.

(off his look)

She just got back. Reached out to me.

Mikey walks past EZ, slips a NOTE in his shirt pocket. The
move unseen, EZ reads it. He looks over at Mikey, gives him
a thankful nod. The cop returns the gesture.

The Mayor heads back to her car. The cops follow.

The MC regroups as EZ processes the new intel.

EZ rides up to a modest two-story house. It's in need of
repair, but the lawn is mowed and there are flowers.

There is a makeshift rock GROTTO on the side lawn. With a statue of the VIRGIN MOTHER.

EZ dismounts and as he takes in his childhood yard, he --

FLASHES BACK TO:

36 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

36

PARTY. Music. Yard packed with FRIENDS and FAMILY.

BANNERS read: GOODBYE EZ. WE LOVE YOU. GOOD LUCK AT STANFORD.

We see EZ (18), Emily (17), ANGEL (21), MIKEY (18). They drink, smoke, celebrate. EZ has the world by the balls.

His folks, MARISOL and FELIPE, his uncle OSCAR (45) and cousin KJ (27), set up food and drink on the picnic table.

Felipe watches his youngest son with pride, then returns to breaking apart an ice slab with a MALLET.

EZ slow dances with his blue-eyed, natural beauty. She stares deeply into his eyes. Means this to her core --

EMILY

I am so proud of you...

EZ

Yeah... Not too bad for a poor Mexican kid born in a bean field.

Mikey catches his comment as he passes --

MIKEY

You were born in Pioneer Memorial, three days after I was.

EZ

Don't tell Stanford that.

(off their look)

I may have embellished the son of a migrant worker story... just a touch.

MIKEY

Of course... Rich white folks love a good *birthin' while workin'* story.

EZ

Shhhh....

(re: Emily)

She's rich white folk...

Emily grabs him, playfully tussles. It ends in an embrace. Her look says, "I fucking love you." His nod says, "Me too."

(CONTINUED)

The festive mood is interrupted as TWO LOWRIDERS approach the house, kicking up DUST and blaring HARDCORE LATINO RAP.

EZ shoots a look at Angel. Then, his brother walks to the four BANGERS who exit the cars. It's not a friendly visit.

Marisol, Felipe and Oscar join EZ, Emily and Mikey. Worried --

MARISOL

Who are they?

EZ

Dogwood Crew.

FELIPE

What's Angel doing with those vatos?

MIKEY

Can't be good. They're muscle for Castillo now.

That fact ignites EZ. He heads toward Angel and the thugs.

MARISOL

Ezekiel...

BACK TO:

37 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

37

EZ is snapped out of his memory by --

MARISOL

Ezekiel...

Looking like she's aged much more than the eight years, his mother, MARISOL, calls to him from the front porch.

MARISOL

Ezekiel.

EZ joins his mother. She knows him better than anyone --

MARISOL

Where were you?

EZ

Here...

They embrace. She feels his distraction --

MARISOL

What is it, *mijo*?

(CONTINUED)

Before EZ can answer, a new, white MERCEDES COUPE pulls into the gravel driveway.

EZ

She's back from Cozumel. Wanted to talk.

EMILY exits the car. A long way from the girl next door, she sports designer wear, perfect hair, perfect makeup, perfect tan. But the new wardrobe and tits can't hide the innate sadness that burdens her heart. EZ takes in the transformation --

EZ

Shit...

MARISOL

The girl you love is in there somewhere.

Marisol kisses his cheek, eyes Emily, then heads inside.

Emily takes in the house as she approaches EZ --

EMILY

This place hasn't changed.

EZ nods. Before the irony of how everything else has changed gets too uncomfortable, EZ walks her to the picnic table --

EZ

You want anything? Water or --

EMILY

No. Thank you.

They sit. Neither of them know where to start. Then, Emily takes in the grotto.

EMILY

I used to see your mom at mass once in awhile...

EZ

Yeah... Seven days a week. Twice on Sunday.

(beat)

She's got a lot of souls to save.

EMILY

I guess so.

(beat)

How's your dad?

EZ

I wish I knew.

(CONTINUED)

Emily takes in the sadness of his response. Unconsciously grabs his hand. They lock eyes, then suddenly aware of the intimacy, their hands slip apart. EZ moves the chat along --

EZ
You look... amazing.

EMILY
Yeah? Thanks... You look good.

EZ
I look like shit.

She smiles. Silence. Then --

EMILY
I heard you were in San Diego.

EZ
Did my probation time at Point Loma.
State program. Keeps ex-cons out of
trouble.
(beat)
Been back here... almost two months.

She nods. They both go to a nostalgic place. Then --

EMILY
I would drive out to Calipatria once or
twice a month. Park on the ridge road
by the gun tower. I'd sit there for
hours, wondering which cell was yours.
What you were doing. Were you safe...
(off his silence)
Why wouldn't you let me visit?

EZ takes on the weight of the query. Then, with compassion --

EZ
I was looking at twenty years, Em.
(off her look)
You coming... It would give me hope.
I'd hold onto something I could never
have again...
(beat)
Your life would move on. You'd stop
coming... I had to let go.

EMILY
I didn't let go, EZ. Not for a very
long time.

EZ
I'm sorry.

EZ takes her in. Needing a subject change, sees her car --

(CONTINUED)

EZ

Looks like you landed on your feet.

Emily looks at his Kutte --

EMILY

You too.

EZ

Yeah. Got me an airstream at the
scrap yard. Living large.

They lock eyes. Mutual jabs landed. Then, EZ gets to it --

EZ

So... This just a homecoming call?

EMILY

I wanted to say hello. Clear the air.

EZ

What does he know --

EMILY

It's ancient history.

EZ

Yeah. Barely can remember anything...

That ironic lie touches Emily. She knows how his brain works.
EZ swallows his heart, eases her anxiety --

EZ

I won't stir shit up, Em.

Emily nods. She pushes down the emotions wanting to rip
through her chest. Stands. Forces a smile --

EMILY

It was nice seeing you.

EZ

Yeah. Take care of yourself.

Emily heads back to her car. After a moment, EZ
instinctively starts to go after her.

FELIPE (O.S.)

No. EZ...

As EZ stops himself, he --

FLASHES BACK TO:

38 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

38

The going away party has taken a dark turn. Near the lowriders, Angel is being viciously BEATEN by one of the GANGBANGERS. The other three gangsters stand guard.

As EZ runs to his brother --

FELIPE

No...

Felipe and his Uncle Oscar go after EZ. They stop him from intervening.

Then, Felipe with the mallet, Oscar with a softball BAT, rush to help Angel. As they approach, a Banger pulls a .45, SHOOTs Oscar in the chest before he can even raise the bat. Oscar drops. Dead.

EZ

Uncle O... Pop...

EZ bolts to the fray as the crowd REACTS.

Felipe SMASHES the shooter in the head with the mallet. The Banger gets off a SHOT before he falls. The bullet pierces Felipe's LEG. The gun SPINS free.

Now two of the other Bangers are STOMPING Felipe.

Angel, bloody and broken, sobs --

ANGEL

Papa...

EZ's cousin KJ is now over Oscar's body, distraught.

A Santo Padre POLICE CAR screeches up. A UNI (30's) and SERGEANT MILLER, 50's, white, jump out of the police vehicle.

EZ, driven by cold rage picks up the dropped gun. Without hesitating he SHOOTs one of the Bangers STOMPING his father.

DUST kicks up from the chaotic fight --

BACK TO:

39 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

39

DUST flies as Emily speeds away. EZ settles into his current reality, then heads toward the house.

40 INT. REYES HOME - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 40

EZ enters his childhood home. Passes by --

41 INT. REYES HOME - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 41

On the walls and shelves, academic AWARDS and TROPHIES. Baseball, football, soccer. Most of them belong to EZ. FAMILY PHOTOS fill empty spaces.

As we scan the photos, we catch a glimpse of one. It's the photo of the BROWN HAIR GIRL we saw on the memorial cross. *

His father, Felipe, watches a SOCCER MATCH on an old TV. A CANE near his chair. The room is stuck in time. Nothing has changed in over ten years. EZ takes in his old man, then --

EZ

Hey, Pop.

Felipe glances at his son, barely gives him a nod of recognition, then turns back to the match.

Marisol watches from the hallway as EZ squelches the sadness of that slight. She kisses his cheek as he passes.

Felipe's eyes follow his son out. Heartbreak evident. You get a sense that engaging EZ is just too painful. He shares a look with his wife. She knows it, too.

42 INT. REYES HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 42

EZ sits at the table. Like the rest of the house, the kitchen is modest, lacking technology, but tidy and exuding warmth. Marisol enters. Sits next to him. Silence, then --

MARISOL

He loves you, EZ. That hasn't --

EZ

Doesn't matter.

Before the conversation can continue, EZ slides a folded BROWN PAPER BAG out of his kutte pocket, hands it to his mother. Marisol tucks it inside her apron pocket.

MARISOL

Emily didn't stay long.

EZ

She just wanted to make sure I understood the rules.

Marisol pats his hand. EZ lost in a thought --

(CONTINUED)

EZ

I was watching the Science Channel the other day. This documentary on quantum physics. There's a theory... that every conceivable outcome to every situation lives on in its own universe.

(beat)

Ever feel like you're living in the wrong universe, Mom?

She gives it some thought. Then, with maternal pragmatism --

MARISOL

I don't know quantum physics from fresh compost. But you better choose the world you wanna live in, *mi hijo*. 'Cause having one foot in both, will tear you apart.

Before EZ can dwell on that advice, we hear HARLEYS approach.

43 EXT. REYES HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

43

EZ steps out the front door as Angel and Coco ride up. Harleys POP loudly as he --

*

FLASHES BACK TO:

44 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

44

End of the party. POP. The Banger EZ shot, drops. Then, as another Banger pulls a gun, EZ SHOOTS him also.

SERGEANT (O.S.)

Drop your weapons!

EZ, caught up in the heat of the fight, spins on the cops. Sees guns pointed at him. Before he can process the situation, he impulsively FIRES a shot. The Sergeant grabs his THROAT. BLOOD gushes through his fingers as he collapses.

EZ watches, stunned. The other cop freezes, stares at his superior in shock. As EZ drops the weapon, Angel cries --

ANGEL

No! *Carnal*...

BACK TO:

45 EXT. REYES HOME - DAY

45

EZ shakes off the fate spinning memory as Angel calls --

(CONTINUED)

ANGEL
Gotta go, *carnal*.

EZ
Yeah...

EZ heads to his bike.

Angel sees that Marisol is now watching from the doorway. He reads her concern --

ANGEL
(in *Spanish*)
I'll take care of him, Mama.

Mother and eldest son share a reassuring nod as EZ fires up his Harley --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

Clayton Cardenas
03/03/2017 12:07:08 PST

ACT TWO

SMASH UP ON:

46 EXT. STREETS - SANTO PADRE - DAY 46

The MC rides through their hometown. Although hit by hard times, there is still pride. Some businesses are shuttered, but the streets are clean and the shops are well maintained.

The largely Latino population has accepted the MC presence.

Like Samcro in Charming, the Mayans in Santo Padre provide a level of safety that the police cannot provide. They don't own the town, but they help control it.

Alvarez and Taino in front. Followed by Padre, Riz, Hank, Angel, EZ and Gordo. Coco brings up the rear in the CARGO VAN. *

47 EXT. SANTO PADRE COURT HOUSE - DAY 47

As Antonia Pena walks with several CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS, their conversation is silenced by the ROAR of passing Harleys. She watches the Mayans ride by.

Taino and a few club members give her a respectful nod. She is not very comfortable with the outlaw respect.

As Pena heads to the courthouse steps, she notices a YOUNG GIRL, 10, wearing a colorful, handmade MOUSE MASK and pink hoodie.

The child sits on a bench at a BUS STOP across the street.

A backpack on her lap, the little mouse watches the Mayor as she turns away and climbs the courthouse steps.

48 EXT. STATE ROUTE 111 - DAY 48

The MC blows past the hills of WIND TURBINES on the way to the IE. The windmills, as out of place as they are remarkable.

49 EXT. BACK STREET - ABANDONED OIL FIELDS - SAN BERNARDINO - DAY 49

On a battered, torn up street, the MC dismounts.

To the south, a field of weeds and OLD OIL RIGS. A few wells pump, but most are long dry. To the north, the Fredrick Hoyle Housing Project. Referred to by the locals as the DEAD OIL PROJECTS. A maze of tall, identical concrete buildings.

(CONTINUED)

The Mayans move to the back of the van and prep for battle --

QUICK SHOTS. KEVLAR under kutties. CLIPS jammed into 9MM and AK-47's. KNIVES into sheathes. REVOLVERS into ankle sheathes.

50 EXT. GALINDO SAFE HOUSE - SANTA MADRE - DAY

50

Yuki, on a bench outside a simple brick building. He smokes and checks his phone.

We see the STREET MARKET and BORDER FENCE in the distance.

Suddenly, several of the children we saw earlier swarm Yuki --

KIDS

Chicle? Chicle, señor? Americano?

YUKI

No. No. Get lost. No *Chicle*...

Then, Valentin hands him a box of gum. With weight --

VALENTIN

Take it.

Yuki looks at the kid, then across the street, he spots Carnalita watching the exchange. There are several OLDER TEENS now with her. Carnalita gives him a nod. Yuki takes the box of gum. The children run back to their street mother.

Yuki opens the small box. Inside it, a NOTE.

51 EXT. MAIN STREET - DEAD OIL PROJECTS (LITTLE SAMOA) - DAY

51

Afternoon sun begins to set over rows of barrack style PROJECTS. SIDE STREETS and SIDEWALKS intersect the street.

EZ, Angel, Alvarez, Taino, Hank and Riz slowly cruise into the projects. *

A SPOTTER eyes the MC, makes a call.

As the club approaches the CENTER COURTYARD, SAMOAN KIDS playing soccer, spot them. They all split, in a hurry --

ALVAREZ

I guess the game's over...

EZ and Angel share a look. EZ assures him, I'm good.

Suddenly, they see two ATVs coming from the EAST.

(CONTINUED)

The lead vehicle carries, POGO, 30, Samoan. A fucking linebacker who looks like he ate the other linebackers. The five SAMOANS with him in the ATVs are almost as big.

RIZ

That's Pogo...

More ATVs roar up from the SOUTH. Also packed with SAMOANS. The MC tenses. Taino holds the line --

TAINO

Keep it cool... Could just be the welcoming committee.

Then, as the vehicles near the courtyard, Pogo raises a .45 --

HANK

I don't feel very welcome... *

Pogo FIRES a shot.

The Mayans REV the Harleys and turn down --

52 EXT. SIDE STREET - DEAD OIL PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

52

The ATVs on their tails. SHOTS ring out.

CHASE SEQUENCE

To avoid the assault, some of the guys go off-road. JUMP sidewalks, ride over lawns, through playgrounds, etc.

As well as having the gang on their heels, the MC contends with LOCALS who throw bottles, swing bats, etc.

As the Mayans try to find their way out, they get lost --

ALVAREZ

Shit. Wrong way...

TAINO

This place is a goddamn maze.

EZ

Go Right. Head south.

EZ takes point. They follow the Prospect --

53 EXT. BACK STREET - ABANDONED OIL FIELDS - DUSK

53

EZ, Angel, Alvarez, Taino, Hank and Riz fly out of the projects onto the deserted street. Samoans right behind them.

The MC cargo van is parked down the block.

(CONTINUED)

As the MC approaches the van, Padre, Coco and Gordo flank left and right, larger weapons raised. Coco and Padre fire warning SHOTS to slow the pursuant. *

The Mayans dismount and take strategic cover behind barriers, Harleys and parked cars.

EZ, Angel and Coco, behind the shell of an ABANDONED CAR. *

The ATVs SCREECH to a halt. The Samoans jump out and also take cover. Taino negotiates. Calls out --

TAINO

Pogo... We know it was DOA who torched our cargo this morning. So does Castillo. We can settle our beef later, right now, the cartel just wants to know who hired you.

Pogo shares a hard look with his men. Says nothing.

Angel looks at Coco, who puts Pogo in his sights. *

ALVAREZ

(calls out to Pogo)
You come with us, tell them what went down and no blood gets spilled.

POGO

I ain't no fool.

Riz comes out from behind the van, intervenes --

RIZ

Pogo. It's me, Riz.

Riz places his weapon on the seat of a Harley, shows hands --

RIZ

It's crazy for our crews to shoot --

Before he can finish the diplomatic thought, Pogo FIRES at Riz. Riz dives for cover behind the van. MC returns fire --

RIZ

That didn't go the way I planned it.

TAINO

We need Pogo alive.

Then, Angel eyes Coco. Coco aims and FIRES. Pogo moves and the bullet BLOWS OFF his ear. Pogo screams, dives for cover. *

TAINO

Goddamnit, Coco! *

(CONTINUED)

COCO
Sorry. My bad.

*

Angel burns a look at Coco -- *You missed, shithead.* Coco
returns an apologetic shrug.

*

The GUN BATTLE RAGES. Shots fired from both sides.

EZ fires. The gun, surprisingly comfortable in his hand. He
shares a look with Angel -- *I'm good.*

Samoans take HITS. Coco and Gordo take MINOR FLESH WOUNDS.

Pogo, bleeding, but on his feet, realizes his crew is taking
a pounding and the Mayans aren't going to be scared off --

POGO
Back to the crib!

DOA hop back into the ATVs.

RIZ
We'll never find Pogo, he gets back
into that jigsaw puzzle.

The MC mounts and pursues.

As the ATVs escape, we hear the ROAR of approaching Harleys.
But it's not the Mayans.

The familiar REAPER fills the screen. As it moves forward,
we see the back of an SOA KUTTE. Suddenly more appear. A
full DOZEN. SONS OF ANARCHY SAN BERNARDINO CHARTER roars
down the other end of the industrial street.

LES PACKER, President, in the lead. They reach the entrance
of the projects before the Samoans. Take tactical positions.
Pull WEAPONS. An ominous gauntlet.

Pogo and his crew SCREECH to a halt. DOA is fucked.

PACKER
(to his guys)
You ever have a Samoan sandwich?
(beat)
It's two tons of dark meat jammed
between a dozen tortillas and a loaf of
white bread.

The Sons laugh.

Off of Pogo's resignation we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SMASH UP ON:

54 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

54

Pogo is chained to the SCRAP IRON CROSS. Cartel SOLDIERS on either side. His face beaten and bloody. He spits out teeth with the little truth he knows --

POGO

That was it... the whole job... torch
the cargo... no dead bodies... Wired
us the cash... fifty K.

EZ and Gordo off to the side, Prospect's respectful distance. Alvarez, Angel, Taino, Hank, Riz, Padre and Ricardo flank Miguel as he interrogates Pogo.

There's a metal TABLE with RUSTY BLADES, LEATHER STRAPS, GARDEN TOOLS and HOT SAUCE.

MIGUEL

Was she American?

POGO

No... Spoke English. But...
Mexican... I think... Young. She
sounded young.

MIGUEL

Why order the attack?

POGO

She... I don't...

Pogo tries to put together a thought. He takes too long.

MIGUEL

Do you know why they call me, "The
Gardener"?

Pogo looks at him, not wanting to know why. Miguel picks up a STEM CLIPPER and casually SNIPS off Pogo's PINKY FINGER like a wilted leaf. EZ watches as Pogo SCREAMS. Then he --

FLASHES BACK TO:

IMAGES of BUTCHERED BODIES. SEVERED LIMBS, NOSES, FINGERS, SCROTUMS, all brutally cut off TORTURED BODIES.

A collective, sotto --

MC VOICES (O.S.)

Holy shit...

(CONTINUED)

The awe pulls EZ --

BACK TO:

55 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

55

The MC reacts to the torture. Pogo sobbing --

POGO

I don't know why.... I don't... She
said something... something else...
something in Spanish... About Mexico...

MIGUEL

Somos el futuro de México?

POGO

Yeah... Yeah... that was it...

Miguel puts down the clippers, joins the MC --

MIGUEL

We are the future of Mexico. It was
the rebels.

TAINO

Niños del Infierno?

(off Miguel's nod)

I thought they were just street punks.

RIZ

Making alliances, torching cargo...
Those are punks who want more than the
street.

Miguel ignores the comments. At his son, in *Spanish* --

MIGUEL

*Sweep the underground. Pick up those
little fiends. Bring them to The Cage.*

RICARDO

We are going to torture children?

Before Ricardo can realize what he's done, Miguel picks up a
LEATHER STRAP AND BEATS his son --

MIGUEL

Don't you ever question me...

RICARDO

I'm sorry, Father. I'm sorry...

Miguel, still enraged, returns the strap to the table, picks
up a RUSTY KNIFE and STABS Pogo in the EYE, twisting the
blade into his brain.

(CONTINUED)

Even the hardcore bikers turn away. Fuck. This guy is nuts.
Miguel wipes his hands on a Soldier's shirt. To Taino --

MIGUEL
Get rid of the body.

Miguel shakes Alvarez's hand. History, respect between them.

Then, Miguel and his Soldiers head for the door. Ricardo collects himself and follows.

HANK
Shit... That psycho makes my old man look like a... well... like someone who wouldn't have killed my mother.

Hank laughs at his own dark joke. The guys laugh at Hank.

ANGEL
Street knows we were in Little Samoa.
I'll dump Pogo on the other side.

TAINO
Take your prospect.

ANGEL
I don't need him. I can --

TAINO
(at EZ)
No. He should see this through.

Angel nods. The MC exits.

EZ
Niños del Infierno... The Children of Hell?

ANGEL
Orphans. By the hand of the cartel.
Abandoned kids of the slaughtered.
(questions over, re: Pogo)
Get him down.

EZ unchains and LOWERS Pogo's bloody corpse to the ground.
As he opens up the MANACLES on the carnage, he --

FLASHES BACK TO:

A dimly lit room, CAMERAS in the corners. EZ sits in front of a metal table. He looks at the MANACLES on his wrists as brutal CRIME SCENE PHOTOS drop on the table in front of him.

DEA AGENT KEVIN JIMENEZ stands above EZ. His face obscured by SHADOWS. He comes at EZ with intensity, re: the photos --

JIMENEZ

This is what he does for fun. To amuse himself. Perpetuate the myth. Some real Keyser Söze shit. There's never anything left to photograph when he actually wants to hurt you.

(beat)

Castillo operates at a level that you and I could never understand. Nothing is too inhumane. Too despicable. Too godless.

(off his awe)

Are you sure you can handle that?

See other PHOTOS in Jimenez's FILE. Realize that the photos are the IMAGES EZ has been seeing in some of the flashbacks.

EZ

Yeah... I'm sure.

JIMENEZ

Okay. I'll put it in motion.

As Jimenez packs up his photos, he glances at the cameras, then at EZ. Gives him a kind, reassuring nod.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Let's go...

The command pulls EZ --

BACK TO:

57 INT. MUY BONITA, INC. WAREHOUSE - DAY

57

Angel stands by the open tunnel hatch, lighting a cigarette.

EZ nods, drags the heavy bloody corpse by himself. Then --

EZ

You know this guy eats small children for breakfast, right?

(off Angel's look)

No, man... you should relax. I got this.

EZ and Angel need the dark humor. His brother smiles as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SMASH UP ON:

58 EXT. SCRAP YARD - CLUBHOUSE CORRAL - NIGHT 58*

High-energy CUMBIA blares from a sound system. MAYANS, SOA MEMBERS, HANGERS ON, OLD LADIES, FRIENDS, FAMILY and SUCIAS (the Mayan version of Crow Eaters) dance, drink and party.

EZ and Gordo are the free labor. Changing kegs, clearing bottles, serving members, etc.

Alvarez, Taino, Riz, Padre and Hank at a table. Somber mood. EZ shares an uneasy look with Taino as he serves him a beer.

59 INT. REYES HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 59

Felipe finishes making himself a sandwich when Marisol enters. The conversation is gentle and in Spanish --

MARISOL
I could've made you dinner.

FELIPE
It's no trouble.

Felipe heads to the table. He limps, but refuses to use the cane. He sees she has her coat on --

FELIPE
You going to St. Rose's?

MARISOL
For a bit. I'll stop by the Vons on the way home. We need milk.

He nods. Sits. Her compassion, deep, she puts a hand on his shoulder. He places his hand on hers. After a long moment --

FELIPE
Does he talk to you?

MARISOL
Not like he used to. But, he's trying. He needs you, my love.

FELIPE
I don't have anything he needs. Not anymore.
(beat)
We're out of Raisin Bran.

Marisol realizes the conversation is over. She kisses him and exits. Felipe bites into his sandwich.

60 INT. PENA HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

60

A BEAUTIFUL INFANT is being fed a bottle.

Antonia Pena enters the tasteful kitchen, wearing a more casual outfit. She walks over to her partner, KATRINA, 30, mixed race, petite. In her arms, the infant, MAX, 9 months.

KATRINA

You're going out again?

PENA

I've got that zoning committee thing.

They kiss. Antonia takes Max in her arms, in love --

PENA

I'd much rather be here with this
chubba... Momma loves her perfect,
little *chico...* Loves him so much...

As Antonia cleanses herself with the purity of her child, Katrina picks up on her partner's dispirited distraction --

KATRINA

What's going on, baby?

Antonia strokes her child's head, then --

PENA

Conscience is a little noisy today.

KATRINA

Cartel shit?
(off her silence)
For the greater good, right?

PENA

That's what I tell myself.
(beat)
I won't be late.

Katrina kisses her partner. Their love is solid.

PENA

I love you, Kat.

KATRINA

We love you, too.

Pena heads to the door.

61 INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - NIGHT

61

Antonia drives down her upscale street. Ornate street lamps illuminate the well-appointed townhouses. Then she notices --

- 62 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - INTERCUT 62
- The Girl in the MOUSE MASK is walking down her street.
- As Antonia drives by, the Girl stops and watches the Mayor drive past. Antonia ignores the chill that's just rolled up her spine, keeps on driving.
- 63 EXT. SCRAP YARD - CLUBHOUSE CORRAL - NIGHT 63*
- Angel exits the clubhouse. Nods to Taino and Alvarez. Then, calls to his brother --
- EZ
- Let's go.
- As EZ and Angel head to their Harleys, the eclectic rhythms morph into a MEXICAN HYMN --
- 64 INT. ST. ROSE OF LIMA CHURCH - SANTO PADRE - NIGHT 64
- In the balcony above, a CHOIR practices. They sing the beautiful hymn. *
- The Church is nearly empty. Marisol sits by herself in the holy candle cove, working her Rosary beads. As we PUSH IN on the beads, the hymn becomes SCORE and we begin a -- *
- MUSIC MONTAGE
- 65 INT. GALINDO CARTEL TUNNEL - NIGHT 65
- EZ pushes a HAND TRUCK. On it, POGO, wrapped in layers of CELLOPHANE. A large, horrific cocoon. Angel follows.
- As EZ passes a makeshift METAL GATE, Angel WHISTLES -- *
- ANGEL
- This way.
- Angel UNLOCKS the gate. Enters another tunnel. EZ and Pogo follow. Angel re-locks the gate.
- The tunnel ends at a what looks like a HOLE IN A WALL. Angel and EZ push Pogo through the hole then follow him into -- *
- 65A INT. MAIN SEWER LINE - CONTINUOUS 65A*
- Dark, dank and the occasional rat. EZ and Angel roll Pogo back onto the hand truck, then head deeper into the sewer. *
- Angel leads with a FLASHLIGHT. EZ hauls the Samoan. *

66 EXT. PALATIAL HOUSE - SUBURBS OF SANTA MADRE - NIGHT 66

Emily pulls up to the front of the house.

Two ARMED MEN greet her as she exits her Mercedes.

ARMED MAN #1
(in Spanish)
Welcome home, Miss Emily.

Emily gives them a polite nod and enters the home.

67 EXT. STORM DRAIN/QUIET INDUSTRIAL ROAD - SANTA MADRE - NIGHT 67*

EZ and Angel push away BRUSH and BRANCHES as they exit the sewer through a STORM DRAIN. *

Parked on the road above, Yuki exits a nondescript STEP VAN. He joins his brothers. *

ANGEL
(at EZ)
We got this. Cover the drain. *

EZ heads back to the storm drain, begins covering it with the brush and branches. *

As Angel and Yuki shoulder the body --

ANGEL
Other cargo make it through?

YUKI
Yeah. Went down easy.
(anxiously)
What do we do about the Prospect?

ANGEL
We trust him.

Yuki gives an obedient nod as they reach the truck.

68 INT. PALATIAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 68

Opulent space. Bar, modern furniture. Well decorated.

Emily does a BUMP of blow from a gold vial off the marble bar. She wipes her nose and checks herself in the MİRRORED WALL.

Searching for the girl that EZ once knew.

Ricardo Castillo slides up behind her. Kisses her neck. Emily paints on a smile and returns the affection.

(CONTINUED)

The cartel leader wannabe, pulls her close. Roughly kisses her. Shoves a clumsy hand up her skirt.

69 INT. STEP VAN/EXT. REMOTE WOODS - NIGHT 69*

EZ sits on a milk crate behind Angel's seat. Yuki drives. *

Angel studies directions on the NOTE Valentin gave Yuki --

ANGEL

Should be at the end of this trail.

EZ watches his brother, knowing better than to ask questions

70 INT. ST. ROSE OF LIMA CHURCH - NIGHT 70

Someone slides up next to Marisol. She stops praying, then pulls the BROWN BAG that EZ gave her from her purse.

She slides it over to Agent Jimenez. We see his face more clearly now. Something about him is familiar.

Jimenez opens the bag, removes two miniature AUDIO CASSETTES and a FLASH DRIVE. The conversation is in Spanish.

JIMENEZ

How is he?

MARISOL

Trying to figure out what world he's living in.

JIMENEZ

Yeah...

He compassionately pats her hand.

JIMENEZ

Thank you, Aunt Mar. Call if you need anything.

Marisol nods. Jimenez leaves. She returns to her bead work.

71 INT. REYES HOME - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 71

CLOSE ON A PHOTO. It's from EZ's going away party. EZ with his arm around his father. And his cousin KJ with his arm around his father, Uncle Oscar. KJ IS AGENT JIMENEZ.

Felipe, leaning on the mantle, is holding the framed photo. *
If he still knew how to cry, he would be. He doesn't.

He returns the photo to its time and place on the mantle. *

72 EXT. REMOTE WOODS - NIGHT

72

A NOMADIC CAMP at the edge of dense trees. An old CAMPER and tents. It's primitive, but suggests a sense of community. *

EZ, Angel and Yuki exit the truck. Angel and Yuki head to the camp. EZ not sure what's happening -- *

EZ
Should I get the body?

ANGEL
Just come with us.

EZ follows. Angel gives THREE WHISTLES.

Before EZ can ask anything else --

CHILDREN in more of the handmade MASKS emerge from the dark woods. A PIG. A KITTEN. A FROG. A DOG. A RACCOON. They all carry weapons. Some GUNS, others MACHETES, CLUBS.

EZ
Holy shit...

The menagerie grows. A TURTLE. A FOX. A BEAR. A HORSE.

The children form a loose line of defense. Then, from inside the camper, a SMILING RABBIT exits. Taller than most of the others, she steps through her army and joins Angel. *

The Rabbit sees EZ. Ominously points to him.

ANGEL
He's okay. *Mi hermano. Mi sangre.*

The Rabbit's mask comes off, revealing CARNALITA.

The line behind her takes the cue, they slide up their masks. It's Valentin and OTHER CHILDREN. Ages 10-16. Latino, thin, street-hard. *

EZ shares a WTF with Angel as Carnalita walks toward him. The following conversation is in *Spanish*.

CARNALITA
I'm Carnalita.

EZ
EZ.

CARNALITA
Your given name.

EZ
Ezekiel.

(CONTINUED)

CARNALITA

Hello, Ezekiel. Thank you for your help.

EZ, nods. There is obvious chemistry between these two.

Then, Angel breaks off their eye contact, updates Carnalita -- *

ANGEL

Castillo got to the Samoans. Knows it was the rebels who had the cargo torched.

(re: kids)

Gotta keep 'em off the streets.

CARNALITA

I will.

(re: truck)

I trust you were able to deliver our package.

ANGEL

Yes.

Angel nods to Yuki. He leads Carnalita to the truck. EZ and Angel follow.

EZ

(sotto)

Gotta tell me what's happening here, hermano.

ANGEL

The Children of Hell are the future of Mexico.

(beat)

They're also the future of the Mayans Motorcycle Club.

Yuki opens the back of the truck. Inside, a WOMAN, bound, her head covered by a SACK. Dead Pogo off to the side.

Carnalita slides her rabbit mask back on her face, turns the woman away from the others and removes the sack.

It's a gagged and terrified KATRINA.

Then, from out of the darkness of the back of the truck, the Girl in the MOUSE MASK steps forward. In her arms, Pena's child, Max.

The kitchen is empty.

PENA (O.S.)
You still up?

Antonia enters, sees no one, then spots something on the wall. She stares at it in horror, screams --

PENA
Kat! Max...

Antonia runs to the back of the house as the CAMERA REVEALS --

On the wall above the table, smeared in BLOOD: *SOMOS EL FUTURO DE MÉXICO.*

74 EXT. REMOTE WOODS - NIGHT

74

The sack has been returned to Katrina's head.

Carnalita takes the baby from the little Girl, in *Spanish* --

CARNALITA
My good little mouse.

The Girl removes her mask. The praise makes her SMILE. The joy contradicts the BURNS of torture on her face. *

EZ and Angel watch as the children of hell walk Katrina and the infant toward the camp. *

In the brush, behind them, we catch the glow of an animal's EYES. Then a flash of the beast. Oc?

Angel puts his arm around EZ, leads him away from the camp. *

ANGEL
Time to talk, *hermano*. No more secrets...

EZ, flanked by Mayans, is lost in a harsh realization --

His survival is wholly dependent on secrets.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT