

EXPOSED

Written by

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OPEN ON intense near black eyes staring straight ahead.

INT. COUNTRY BAR - SAN FERNANDO, CA

The eyes belong to the grizzled face of KEN KING (45). His long greasy hair hangs down around his thick dark beard.

He holds a beer in his massive hands and ignores the crowd of hard drinkers surrounding him as his eyes remain fixed on --

ACROSS THE BAR

A group of OUTLAW MOTORCYCLISTS surrounding an innocently rowdy BACHELORETTE PARTY that just stumbled in.

The outlaws all wear matching CUTS - *faded, sleeveless denim jackets* - with their gang's patch, a demon on a motorcycle, and the club's name, DEMON RIDERS, written on back.

The seeming leader of this group of outlaws, RICKY LEIGHT (38), gropes the BRIDE-TO-BE.

She tries to deflect his advances without much luck.

The bride-to-be's MAID OF HONOR steps in to challenge Ricky.

She barely gets a word out before Ricky grabs her by the arm.

Ricky and two of the Demon Riders push her into the bathroom. The other Demon Riders hold back her struggling friends.

AT THE BAR

Ken watches the bathroom door swing closed. He then finishes the entirety of his beer in one long pull.

He takes out and lights a cigarette. He takes a long drag and lifts his muscular body up from the barstool - revealing that he wears a Demon Rider cut, too.

The crowd of tough drinkers respectfully step out of his way and avert their eyes as he makes his way down the bar to the Demon Riders restraining the rest of the bridal party.

Without stopping or looking at any of them, Ken speaks to one of the Demon Riders.

KEN
Send them home.

The Demon Riders force the women towards the exit.

Ken takes one last drag off his cigarette. Then, he enters --

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ricky and the two other Demon Riders, WAYNE (38) and JACK (40), spin away from the desperately fighting Maid of Honor.

RICKY
Get the fuck out.

He trails off at the sight of Ken.

RICKY (CONT'D)
King Kong. You want to join in?

Ken looks at the Maid of Honor while speaking to Ricky.

KEN
Get out.

Wayne and Jack look to Ricky for guidance.

RICKY
Come on, Kong. No reason we can't
all share her. Plenty to go around.

Ken turns his flat gaze on Ricky. He shrinks back.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Alright, sure. Yeah, no problem.
She's all yours. You have fun.

Ricky leads Wayne and Jack out of the bathroom.

After the door closes, Ken takes out and lights a cigarette.

He takes another long drag. Then, reaches for... Her JACKET.

He weighs it in his hand before...

Averting his eyes from her shaking body. He hands it back.

Her startled eyes look from Ken to her jacket.

KEN
It's okay. They're gone.

She takes the jacket and quickly pulls it on.

Ken meets her eyes after she finishes getting dressed.

KEN (CONT'D)
Never come back here again. Okay?

She firmly nods back in agreement.

EXT. COUNTRY BAR - NIGHT

Ken watches the bridal party drive away in an Uber. He then turns back to find a pissed off Ricky and crew eyeing him.

Without looking at any of them, Ken walks over to his custom built HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE and climbs on.

He fires up the Harley's engine. He meets Ricky's stare.

Ricky tries to hold it before looking away. He leads the others back inside. Ken roars off into the night.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Ken races his Harley along the streets of the valley.

The sparkling lights of the quiet city fly by. He pushes his powerful bike faster and faster along the open road.

A calm has come to his face - *this is his release.*

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - VAN NUYS, CA - NEXT MOMENT

Ken sits on his bike, hidden behind a parked car, looking out across the street on the darkened windows of the small house.

His gaze settles on the large maple tree that covers most of the front yard and the old tire-swing that hangs from a limb.

An older SEDAN pulls into the drive, drawing his attention.

Ken sinks back further into the darkness. He watches a YOUNG WOMAN (25) exit the car and enter the house.

He keeps his eyes on the house. Lights are turned on and off as the young woman settles in for the night.

Once all looks safe, he starts up his bike and drives off into the night.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - CHATSWORTH, CA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ken rolls up to the nondescript warehouse that serves as an auto repair shop and HQ for the Demon Riders motorcycle club.

Harley Davidson motorcycles line the exterior of the club. Loud music emanates from inside. A few leather and denim clad bikers mill around the entrance.

They give Ken nods of respect as he dismounts and heads in.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - NEXT MOMENT

Loud classic rock blares from large speakers into this open industrial space that's currently filled with BIKERS, both patched and not patched, and numerous WOMEN.

There's an underlying sense of hedonism to the violent and sexual energy hanging over the room. Copious amounts of drugs and alcohol are being consumed.

Ken ignores all of this. He heads to the back bar where the club's vice president, JOE "BONES" NEWTON (56), stops him.

BONES
How's it hanging, Kenny?

KEN
Don't let anyone up.

Ken moves to the stairs behind the bar. Bones stops him.

BONES
He has company.

Ken meets Bones's whiskey blurred eyes.

BONES (CONT'D)
What's the rush? Have a drink.

Bones pours them both a shot from his bottle of JACK DANIELS.

BONES (CONT'D)
May all the Demons burn in hell.

They cheers the shots and shoot them back.

BONES (CONT'D)
Some fine ladies in here tonight.

Ken follows Bones's lecherous stare over the room. He spots Ricky and his crew (Wayne and Jack) with a group of FEMALE HANGER-ONS - *fans of the club*.

Ricky catches Ken's stare. He nods back with a smirk.

Ken holds Ricky's stare without returning the nod.

KEN
I'm heading up.

BONES
You never do listen. Do you?

Ken brushes past him in response.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NEXT MOMENT

Ken quietly opens the door of the office to find the club's president, SHELTON WHILDER (48), sitting behind a large oak table. He talks to a MEXICAN MAN (55) in a custom suit.

Shelton raises a finger. Ken steps off to the side.

After another moment of quiet discussion, Shelton leads the Mexican man to the back door, where he departs.

A distracted Shelton turns back to Ken.

SHELTON
(With raised hands)
Already heard.

KEN
You talk to him?

SHELTON
I will.

KEN
You better or I will. And you know
I won't do much talking.

SHELTON
Easy, Ken. I said, I'll handle it.
Shit. You nearly ripped the eyes
out of a guy's skull for touching
your cut and now you're all worked
about a girl you don't even know.

KEN
We don't cross that line.

SHELTON
Yeah... I know. You're right. Shit.
I'll talk to him. I will. Here.

Shelton pours Ken a glass of higher-end whiskey.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
We got bigger concerns anyways.
They're all worked up now.

Ken looks to the door the Mexican man just left.

KEN
About what?

SHELTON
They think we got a snitch.

KEN

No way. I vetted everyone.

SHELTON

That's what I told him. But he said they got some new intel that might say otherwise. So he wants us to check out everyone again to be sure. We both know we can't afford to lose this deal. Not now.

KEN

Been a long time coming.

SHELTON

Nearly twenty fucking years. Built this shit up from nothing and now I'll finally be getting us what we all deserve.

KEN

Damn right you will.

They cheers their drinks.

SHELTON

Let's go join this party.

KEN

You go. I'm gonna look into this.

SHELTON

Always business with you. Just let me know what you find out.

KEN

You know I will.

Ken heads for the back door.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ken makes his way down the exterior steps.

A LINCOLN TOWNCAR, with the Mexican man inside, drives off.

Ken walks past his Harley to a classic CHEVY PICK-UP TRUCK.

He takes off his cut - *club members are forbidden from wearing their cut while riding on any vehicle that's not a motorcycle* - and gets into the truck.

The truck drives off after the Lincoln.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Ken's truck follows the Lincoln through the streets of greater Los Angeles.

Driving along the 101 freeway from the suburban tree lined streets of the San Fernando Valley into the gritty and clogged streets of Los Angeles.

Passing Hollywood, Silver Lake, Echo Park...

EXT. CITY HALL - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The Lincoln pulls to a stop in front of the ornate building that serves as Los Angeles City Hall.

Ken's truck idles across the street. The Mexican man exits the Lincoln and heads inside.

Ken considers this new development. He takes out his CELL and sends a TEXT before driving off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - ARCADIA, CA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The truck slows. It's lights turn off. It glides into this quiet suburban neighborhood on the outskirts of LA.

The truck comes to a stop in front of a row of similar looking ranch homes.

BACK YARD - RANCH HOME - NEXT MOMENT

Ken circles around the well manicured lawn, stopping by a wooden picnic table. A small light above the back door turns on and out steps LAPD CAPTAIN CHERYL BROWN (52).

She pulls her nightgown close around her fit runner's body.

CHERYL

I do like to sleep every once in a while, you know? You might want to think about trying it too sometime.

KEN

They think there's an informant.

The mock cheer drops from Cheryl's face.

CHERYL

Do they suspect you?

KEN

They have me looking for him.

CHERYL

Where'd this come from?

KEN

The new partners. They had a meeting at the club tonight.

CHERYL

We're getting close then.

KEN

Could they know about me?

CHERYL

No. You're the only undercover officer working them and I'm the only one who knows about you in the department. That was our agreement.

KEN

We need to move on them now then.

CHERYL

Not yet. We need this next deal to happen. Then, we'll finally have enough to take them down for good.

KEN

They can't get away again.

CHERYL

They won't. No one has ever gotten us this close, Ken. We just need you to give us a few more weeks. That's it. After that, you can have your old life back.

Ken takes in this reality.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Now go home and get some rest. You look like you need it.

KEN

You too, Cap.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - PANORAMA CITY, CA

Ken enters his mess of an apartment.

A single mattress sits in the corner. Clothes, used take-out food containers and empty beer cans are strewn throughout.

He kicks off his beaten up engineer boots. He strips off his grease stained cut.

He goes to the connected kitchen's refrigerator. He takes two beers from the fridge. He cracks one and takes a long pull.

He then goes to the mattress and collapses down onto it. He finishes the first beer and cracks the second.

His eyes drift to a tattered photo next to his bed. The photo is of a younger Ken with a smiling WOMAN (30) and CHILD (7).

His gaze holds on the photo before slowly fluttering closed.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The buzz of Ken's cellphone causes him to burst awake. He fumbles for the phone as he tries to pull himself out of the deep sleep he'd just fallen into.

KEN
(Into phone)
What?

Ken sits up, quickly coming awake.

KEN (CONT'D)
(Into phone)
Wait until I get there.

EXT. ANGELES NATIONAL FOREST - DAWN

Ken's truck pulls to a stop at a clearing on the edge of the Angeles National Forest. Immense dark trees fill the hillside here at the base of the San Gabriel mountain range.

A Demon Rider stands by four other custom built Harleys. Ken steps out of the truck. He puts on his cut.

KEN
Where is he?

The Demon Rider motions towards the back of the clearing.

ACROSS CLEARING

A slight warm orange comes to the purple sky. Ken arrives at the end of the clearing to find Ricky, Wayne and Jack.

They pass a BOTTLE of WHISKEY while standing around a tree where a bloodied PROSPECT (19) - *a person working to get into the motorcycle club* - is tied.

RICKY
We found the rat.

PROSPECT
I'm not-

Ricky whips the Prospect with a bike chain.

RICKY
Shut the fuck up.

WAYNE
This rat needs to die, man.

KEN
He's not the rat.

RICKY
We found him in my uncle's office.
Going through files and shit.

PROSPECT
I was just looking for-

Ricky raises the chain. The Prospect cowers back.

RICKY
Shut your fucking-

Ken grabs Ricky's arm.

RICKY (CONT'D)
What the hell's your problem?

WAYNE
We need to fucking kill him.

KEN
No one's killing anyone.

Ricky pulls his arm away from Ken.

RICKY
You're gonna let him get away with this shit? I thought you were our muscle. He's a fucking rat!

KEN
No. He's not.

RICKY
And how do you know that?

Ken meets Ricky's stare. This time, Ricky doesn't look away.

KEN
You questioning me?

RICKY
...No.

And now, Ricky looks away.

KEN
(Still staring at Ricky)
Bring him to my truck.

Ken turns back towards the clearing.

RICKY
You're going soft, Kong. First that
chick at the bar and now this shit.
Uncle might need to rethink who he
has as a sergeant.

Ken spins back on Ricky. He grabs him by the throat and slams
him up against the tree.

KEN
If you ever question me again.
It'll be the last question that you
ever ask.

Wayne and Jack are frozen. Ricky stares back - *terrified*.

KEN (CONT'D)
Understood?

Ricky nods his head in agreement. Ken releases him.

KEN (CONT'D)
(Walking away)
Bring him to my truck.

INT. KEN'S TRUCK - NEXT MOMENT

The Prospect holds a rag to his bloodied face. Ken drives.
Neither say a word. The Prospect fights to stay conscious.

Ken gives him a quick look. The slightest bit of sympathy
flashes in his eyes. He turns his gaze back to the road.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CANOGA PARK, CA - MORNING

The sun rises over this 1980s era apartment building. What was once luxurious is now just tired and old.

KEN'S TRUCK - SAME

Ken looks over to the Prospect. He's passed out.

KEN

Hey.

Ken shakes him.

KEN (CONT'D)

Wake up, kid. You're home.

The Prospect slowly comes to. He opens the door.

PROSPECT

Thanks.

Ken stops him.

KEN

This isn't the life you want.

PROSPECT

I don't really have a choice.

KEN

Sure you do. You can leave. And that's exactly what you should do.

The Prospect gives a nod in response and closes the door.

BING.

Ken checks his cell to find numerous MISSED CALLS and TEXTS.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - CHATSWORTH, CA - DAY

Ken's truck pulls into the motorcycle filled lot and parks.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - NEXT MOMENT

Ken enters to find Shelton, Bones, Ricky and the rest of the gang drinking and prepping guns in the back of club.

SHELTON

Where the hell've you been?

Ken shoots Ricky a look.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

I know about the prospect. You're not a goddamn babysitter though.

KEN

You're checking up on me now?

SHELTON

No. I've been looking for my damn sergeant. The partners called. They need to meet right now.

KEN

What's the rush?

SHELTON

They're worried about leaks. So you need to meet them now and no one can bring their cell.

KEN

That's bullshit.

SHELTON

Just give me your fucking phone.

The gang quiets. Ken eyes Shelton. Shelton can't meet Ken's stare. Ken hands him his phone.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

Shit. Was that so hard?

Shelton tosses the phone aside.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

They only want a small crew at the drop. So it'll be you, Bones and two of the grunts. That's it.

KEN

What'll you be doing?

SHELTON

Handling shit here. They want us to make a few other drops tonight too. This is it. What we've been waiting for. Time to get it done.

Shelton hands Ken a HANDGUN with a heavy look.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

See you on the other side, brotha.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NORTHEAST OF LOS ANGELES - EVENING

Bones and Ken ride their Harleys. They lead a WHITE PANEL VAN along the desolate desert highway.

Ken leads them onto a turn-off. They fly down a dirt road towards the red rock hills rising in the distance.

The dust of the road engulfs them as they pull further away from the highway and deeper into the desert.

EXT. BASE OF RED ROCK HILLS - EVENING

The setting sun casts an orange and yellow hue over the jagged rocks that slant above the darkening desert expanse.

The Harleys and van come to a stop at an alcove in the base of the hills. From here, they're not seen from the highway.

The dust slowly settles. They dismount their bikes.

Ken subtly checks his BURNER cell - NO SERVICE.

He quickly puts the phone away as Bones approaches.

BONES

They're pulling up now.

Two other DEMON RIDERS get out of the van.

KEN

We should have more guys.

BONES

What're you so worried about?

KEN

That we're covered.

BONES

Don't worry.

(With a smirk)

We are.

Two LIFTED PICK-UP TRUCKS race towards them.

The two trucks come to a screeching stop. Dust settles.

CARTEL MEMBERS jump out with guns raised. The LEADER yells.

LEADER

Drop your guns!

BONES

Whoah. Easy, Amigo. No need to get worked up. We're all friends here.

LEADER

Guns on the ground! Now!

BONES

Okay. Let's all just take it easy and stay calm.

(To the Demon Riders)

Drop them.

KEN

We're not doing that.

BONES

We don't have a choice.

(To the cartel members)

No problem. Guns are down.

Seeing that they're surrounded. Ken follows the others and drops the handgun that Shelton gave him to the desert floor.

KEN

What now?

BONES

Their move.

The Mexican man, who Ken followed earlier, steps out of one of the trucks. This is FELIX, the true leader of this gang.

FELIX

So this is the man I've heard so much about. The infamous *King Kong*.

BONES

Thought he'd be bigger, right?

FELIX

(To Ken)

Your boss said we would need all of this muscle just to handle you. I thought it was a bit excessive but I guess that will be up to you.

Ken shoots Bones a look. Felix holds up a FILE.

FELIX (CONT'D)

They say, that you served three years in a Mexican prison. They say, that you would kill men there with your bare fucking hands.

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

They say, that you were *the baddest of all the motherfucking badasses.*

KEN

They say a lot then.

FELIX

A man who did all of that would be remembered. He would be revered.

Felix levels his flat gaze on Ken.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I hate rats.

BONES

The fucking scum of the earth.

Bones pulls out a 9mm pistol. He aims it directly at Ken.

KEN

What're you doing?

BONES

Did you really think we wouldn't find out that you're a fucking rat?

KEN

What're you talking about?

BONES

You're a fucking cop!

KEN

No. I was kicked off the force. Years ago. You know that.

Felix tosses the file to Ken's feet - It's his POLICE FILE.

FELIX

Then why are you still meeting with a Detective Cheryl Brown?

KEN

I don't know who that is.

Felix takes out that day's LOS ANGELES TIMES.

FELIX

This story will be running on the front page today. It reveals all undercover officers. Including you.

He tosses the paper at Ken's feet.

Ken can only read the start of the headline - EXPOSED...

KEN

I don't know what you think you know but you're wrong.

FELIX

We find out what we need to know. And we are never wrong.

(To Bones)

Now are you going to clean up your mess or are we?

BONES

I'll be happy to.

KEN

Who told you about Cheryl?

Felix ignores Ken. Bones steps forward.

BONES

Take off your patch.

Ken takes a subtle step to the side.

KEN

I never liked you, Bones.

Bones now blocks him from Felix and the others.

BONES

Is that so? Well, I never fucking liked you either, *Kong*.

Ken slips his hand into the back of his waistband.

KEN

This'll be easier then.

BONES

What'll be? You dying?

Bones laughs. Ken pulls out his own SIG SAUER handgun.

KEN

Drop it-

The words barely escape his mouth when... POP.

Bones fires. And misses.

BOOM. Ken puts a round squarely through Bones's head.

He then shoots Felix and -- BAM. BAM. BAM.

An eruption of gunfire explodes out from the cartel members' automatic rifles --

Killing the other Demon Riders while --

POP. POP.

Quick rounds from Ken takes out two more cartel members.

He runs behind one of the PICKUP TRUCKS - *Gunfire chases him.*

TRUCK - NEXT MOMENT

Bullets rip into the side of the truck that Ken hides behind.

He reloads his SIG SAUER. Then, he disappears into the night.

BASE OF RED ROCK HILLS - SAME

The five remaining cartel members stop their barrage of bullets to reload. They make their way closer to the truck.

POP. A shot rings out from behind them.

One of the cartel members drops to the ground - *DEAD.*

The four remaining cartel members swing their weapons back towards where the shot came from.

POP. POP. Two more cartel members are dropped from behind.

The two remaining cartel members swing their guns back around to their trucks and open fire. BAM. BAM. BAM.

The concussion of bullets rips into the trucks, the Harleys and the surrounding area before coming to a stop.

They sweep their guns over the empty desert.

POP. POP. They're shot through their heads - *DEAD.*

Ken steps out of the darkness into the light left from the lone remaining headlight of the front truck.

A cough comes from Felix.

Ken picks up his police file. He walks over to Felix.

He watches a desperate Felix try to pull his wounded body towards a fallen automatic weapon.

Felix is almost at the gun when Ken steps on it.

Felix levels his fading gaze on Ken.

KEN
How'd you find out about me?

FELIX
They are going to kill you.

KEN
What'd they do to Cheryl?

FELIX
Nothing... Yet.

KEN
I won't let anything happen.

FELIX
You don't have a say in it.

KEN
Sure I do.

Ken's eyes go cold as he takes his foot off the gun.

Felix tries to hold his gaze.

FELIX
Fuck you.

Felix pulls the gun up and...

BANG. Ken shoots him dead.

A quiet settles over the desolate landscape.

Ken takes a deep breath before turning back to the bullet-riddled trucks.

He opens the back to find multiple CASES OF FENTANYL TABLETS.

Ken grabs the cases. He takes them back to the white van.

He then takes a CAN OF GASOLINE out of the van.

And returns to the trucks. Dousing them with it.

Ken takes out a lighter.

He tosses it on the trucks and turns back to the van.

The darkness fills with light as the trucks go up in flames.

Ken climbs in the van's driver's seat.

The van peels off into the night. The trucks burst into an explosion of flames, alighting the dark night sky.

EXT. RANCH HOME - ARCADIA, CA - NIGHT

The van races to a stop in front of Cheryl's darkened home.

RANCH HOME - NEXT MOMENT

Ken arrives at the front door to find it slightly ajar with a LARGE KNIFE sticking the front page of the LA TIMES to it.

Ken's eyes hold on the headline that reads: EXPOSED - LAPD'S UNDERCOVER OFFICERS.

He rips the paper off the door, lifts the SIG SAUER up in front of him and enters.

He cautiously steps into the house with his gun raised.

He scans the neatly organized living room to find it empty.

The gun remains trained in front of him as he slowly makes his way through the open living room to the dining room.

He stops short at the sight of Cheryl.

She's splayed out on the ground with a puddle of blood pooling out from under her. Ken rushes to her side.

KEN

Cap.

He checks her wounds - *She's been beaten and tortured.*

KEN (CONT'D)

Stay with me.

He checks her pulse. It's low but still there.

KEN (CONT'D)

Come on, Cap. You're alright.

She coughs up blood. Her eyes slowly open.

KEN (CONT'D)

There you are.

CHERYL

Ken...

KEN
I'm here, Cap.

CHERYL
Get... out...

KEN
I'm going to call for help.

CHERYL
Trap...

KEN
What?

Ken puts his ear closer to her mouth.

CHERYL
It's... a... trap.

Ken follows her terrified eyes to --

KITCHEN

WHERE A DIGITAL IGNITER TICKS DOWN TO ITS FINAL SECONDS ON
TOP OF MULTIPLE CANISTERS OF GASOLINE AND EXPLOSIVES.

DINING ROOM

Ken snaps into action.

KEN
We need to move.

He scoops her up. She cries out. He rushes to the door.

KITCHEN

The digital igniter reaches 00.00...

EXT. RANCH HOME - ARCADIA, CA

Ken bursts out the front door with Cheryl in his arms,
storming down the front steps as...

BOOM!

The house explodes into flames. Sending Ken and Cheryl
sprawling out across the lawn's immaculately cut grass.

The explosion rocks the entire neighborhood. Pieces of the house are thrown out across the surrounding yards and street.

Ken slowly pushes himself up. Remnants of the house flutter down around him. Black soot covers his face. He tries to blink the buzzing sound out of his head.

He crawls to Cheryl. She gasps for breath.

Ken can only comfort her now.

She tries to speak to him. Her breath accelerates.

KEN

Easy, Cap. Just relax.

He places a calming hand on her chest. She keeps trying to speak. So he leans down closer to her.

KEN (CONT'D)

What is it, Cap?

She inaudibly moves her mouth. Her eyes go wide with fear and she takes two more breaths. Then... Nothing - She DIES.

KEN (CONT'D)

Cap? No, no, no. Stay with me, Cap.
Come on. Breathe, Cap. Breathe!

Ken desperately tries to revive her with CPR.

KEN (CONT'D)

Hold on... Come on. Hold on!

It's no use - *She's gone*.

A rage comes to Ken's eyes as...

The unmistakable roar of motorcycles cuts through the air.

Ken turns toward the street to find Ricky, Wayne, Jack and THREE other Demon Riders tearing down the street towards him.

He pulls out his gun. He stands to face them.

They come screeching to a stop with their weapons raised.

They outnumber him 7 to 1 - *Still, he tries*.

KEN (CONT'D)

Put down your-

They open fire. BAH. BAH. BAH.

Ken dives away from the gun fire exploding around him.

He rolls over to a tree and comes up firing.

BAM.

He puts a round into one of the Demon Riders heads - *Killing him instantly.*

The other riders scurry for cover. They return fire.

BAM. BAM.

He takes out two more of the Demon Riders.

BAH. BAH. BAH.

Ricky, Wayne and Jack fire down on him from behind parked cars, pinning him behind the tree.

Ken fires off his last few rounds. He checks for more ammunition - he's out.

BAH. BAH. Ricky and his crew continue to fire down on him.

Without receiving any return fire, they begin to approach.

RICKY
You're dead, Kong.

The sound of sirens can be heard approaching in the distance.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You fucking pig. We're going to
kill you and anyone you ever knew
for this bullshit.

Ken desperately searches for a weapon.

They get closer.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Like this fucking cop bitch.

Ken grabs a rock as they get even closer.

KEN
I'm going to kill you, Ricky. I
promise you that.

RICKY
Maybe in hell, Kong. Maybe in hell.

They're almost on him when... Ken explodes out.

He throws the rock directly into Wayne's face - sending him sprawling.

He spins on Jack. Stomping on his knee - crumbling him down.

Before Ricky can react - Ken is on him.

He grabs Ricky by the throat with one hand and pushes his gun away with the other.

BOOM.

A shot fires off - missing Ken.

Ken grips Ricky's throat tighter.

The life drains from Ricky's eyes. Ken grips even tighter.

SIRENS ARE HEARD LOUDER. Ken leans in close to Ricky.

KEN

These cops just saved your life.
But if I ever see you again, you're
dead. Understood?

Ricky nods back. Ken grips a bit tighter. Then, he releases him. Ricky collapses to the ground. Ken disappears.

Ricky coughs for breath. Wayne and Jack get to their feet.

RICKY

(Through coughs)
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Ricky, Wayne and Jack limp to their bikes. They race off.

Moments before a squadron of police cruisers arrive on the scene. Sirens blare. Lights flash. But they're too late.

EXT. STREETS OF ARCADIA - NEXT MOMENT

Ken's van makes its escape from the helicopters hovering above and the sirens wailing close by. This once peaceful neighborhood has been turned into an absolute war zone.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The white van pulls into this grimy storage facility off of the 101 freeway in Hollywood.

It circles around the interior storage units twice, making sure no one's there, before stopping at a back corner unit.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

The gate opens. The headlights of the van shine in on a 2003 TOYOTA COROLLA parked inside.

Ken enters. He goes to a SUPPLY CHEST that sits against the back wall. He opens the chest and holds on the contents --

GUNS, CASH, CLOTHES and MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

Essentials for a quick escape. He picks them up. He stops...

Finding his old POLICE UNIFORM and BADGE underneath.

His gaze holds on this.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - VAN NUYS, CA - NEXT MORNING

The early sun rises as the Corolla comes to a stop in front of the house with the tree and swing from earlier.

Ken steps out in a new nondescript outfit.

He scans the street before making his way to the front door.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Ken stands at the front door. His fist poised to knock, but he hesitates, trying to build the courage to.

When the door suddenly opens. Putting Ken face to face with the young woman he watched enter this house the night before.

THIS IS HIS DAUGHTER.

GRACE MACQUERRY (25). While she has the dark complexion of her mother, she has the same fiery gaze as Ken.

GRACE

What're you doing here?

KEN

We need to talk.

GRACE

Talk? You seriously want to talk right now? After everything? You can't be serious. I have absolutely nothing to say to you.

KEN

You're not safe here.

GRACE
You need to leave.

She goes to shut the door. Ken stops it with his foot.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Move.

KEN
You might be in danger.

GRACE
Because of you?

KEN
I'm here to help.

GRACE
I don't need your help. Not now.
After everything that happened you
can't just...
(Stifling a sudden tear)
How dare you show up here with your
bullshit. Just leave me alone.

KEN
Grace.

GRACE
Leave or I'll call the police.

KEN
Good. You should call-

GRACE
Get the fuck out of here!

Ken slowly moves his foot out of the door.

KEN
I'm sorry.

GRACE
It's a little late for that.

Grace slams the door closed. She fights back tears as she watches her dad, Ken, walk away from the house.

INT. OFFICE - DEMON RIDERS HQ

Shelton enters his office and freezes - two LARGE AND INTIMIDATING MEN stand next to his desk where an UNKNOWN MAN (48) that we'll meet later sits, shrouded in darkness.

UNKNOWN MAN
You failed me.

SHELTON
We'll get him. Don't you worry.

UNKNOWN MAN
He took their product.

SHELTON
We'll get that too.

UNKNOWN MAN
You've forced me to get others
involved to clean up your mess. I
didn't want to have to do that.

SHELTON
I'll fix this. Just tell me what
you want me to do.

UNKNOWN MAN
I want you to find their product
and I want you to kill your rat.

INT. DINER - OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES

Ken sips coffee in a corner booth. He wears a baseball hat pulled low. The LONE WAITRESS waits on the few tired TRUCKERS who fill out the rest of the near empty diner.

Ken reads his police file and the LA Times article about the undercover police officers' identity leak. Below the headline are small pictures of about 100 police officers.

Nestled in amongst these photos is a tiny headshot of Ken.

The picture is nearly 20 years old. He's much younger with a close cropped haircut and cleanly shaven face but it's him.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Two uniformed LAPD OFFICERS, CARSON (34) and WILLIAM (42), knock on the door. They eye the neighborhood as they wait.

After a moment, Grace opens the door.

CARSON
Grace MacQuerry?

GRACE
Yes.

CARSON

We're with the LAPD. We need to ask you a few questions about your father, Kenneth MacQuerry, or as he's now known, Ken King.

GRACE

What do you want to know?

CARSON

We just have a couple questions for you. Can we come in?

GRACE

I don't know how I can help. I don't know anything about him.

CARSON

That's okay. This won't take long. Then we'll be out of your hair.

Carson offers a charming smile that Grace meets.

INT. CRAFTSMAN HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Grace hastily picks up dirty dishes while simultaneously trying to move the clothes that litter the open living room.

GRACE

Sorry. I was just...

She trails off as she catches William's eyes on her laptop. It's open to the article about the undercover leak.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...work.

She quickly shuts the laptop.

CARSON

What do you do?

GRACE

I'm a freelance journalist. Mostly for different online publications.

William has not moved from the closed door.

CARSON

That must be interesting.

GRACE

It can be. Can I get you anything?

CARSON
We're okay. Is anyone else here?

GRACE
No. It's just me and... my cat.
He's shy though so he's hiding.

William steps over to the window. He pulls the curtains shut.

GRACE (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

CARSON
We just need some answers from you,
Grace. This'll be quick.

William and Carson casually put on leather gloves.

GRACE
What's going on here?

Her senses become very heightened as they step towards her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I need to see your badges.

CARSON
You need to take a seat.

GRACE
No. You need to leave.

WILLIAM
He said sit.

William has circled behind Grace - *She's surrounded.*

GRACE
What do you want?

CARSON
I think you know, Grace.

GRACE
No. I really don't.

CARSON
Where is he?

GRACE
Who?

CARSON
I was hoping this would be easy.

William suddenly grabs her from behind.

GRACE
Get off me-

He covers her mouth with one hand and grabs her squirming body with the other.

CARSON
Where's your father?

Grace fights back so Carson punches her in the stomach.

This stops her, briefly.

CARSON (CONT'D)
This doesn't have to be so hard.

Grace turns anger filled eyes on Carson.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Has he contacted you?

Carson nods for William to remove his hand from her mouth.

GRACE
Help!

William covers her mouth. Carson punches her again.

CARSON
Come on, Grace! All you have to do is answer our questions and then this'll all be over. Okay?

Grace stops struggling.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Alright, then. Good. We're going to let you go now, but you need to behave. Can you do that for us?

Grace nods back. Carson motions for William to let her go.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Where is he?

GRACE
I have no idea. He stopped by earlier today but that was the first time I've seen him in years.

CARSON
What'd he want?

GRACE

I don't know. I told him to leave and that was it. He left and I haven't seen him since and I really hope I never see him again.

CARSON

That's all? He didn't give you anything or tell you anything or say he talked to anyone else?

GRACE

No. I barely talked to him myself. I don't know anything about him and I don't want anything to do with him. To me he's not my father, he's just some guy who stopped by.

CARSON

Okay. That's good. You did good.

Carson smiles back at Grace before nodding to William.

He grabs her by the throat - Strangling her.

CARSON (CONT'D)

(Casually)

I read about you and your family in his file. You're all he has left.

Carson leans in close.

CARSON (CONT'D)

And your mom? Cancer? That must have been terrible. And to think that he wasn't even there for you two at the end... I'm sorry you'll have to be joining her so soon.

The life drains from Grace's eyes.

CARSON (CONT'D)

But, hey, maybe, he'll at least show up for your funeral. I mean, better late than never, right?

A final flash of anger enters Grace's eyes. She tries to give one last fight when... CRASH.

The front door bursts open. Carson spins to find... Ken.

In an instant - Ken's across the room, delivering a right hook to Carson's jaw and a knee to William's face.

Carson crumbles to the ground. William grabs his now shattered nose - blood pouring down his uniform.

Grace gasps for breath. Ken spins on Carson who has his SERVICE WEAPON partially drawn.

CARSON (CONT'D)

Here he is.

Ken steps towards him.

Carson smirks as he PULLS HIS GUN FULLY OUT.

Ken grabs his arm and yanks the gun away. He pistol whips him across the face and kicks him to the ground.

He then spins on William who has his own GUN drawn.

KEN

Don't.

William holds Ken's fierce stare before RAISING HIS GUN and --
BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Ken puts two rounds in his chest and one in his head.

Grace screams. Ken spins on a charging Carson.

BOOM. He drops him dead in his tracks - *Headshot*.

A quiet settles. Ken looks down at the two dead officers.

KEN (CONT'D)

We need to go.

He turns to find Grace curled up in a ball in the furthest corner of the room, trying with all her might to disappear.

KEN (CONT'D)

It's alright.

She shies away from him.

KEN (CONT'D)

You're safe.

Her shell shocked eyes stare back at him.

KEN (CONT'D)

But we have to go now. Is there anything you want to bring?

She subtly nods her head yes.

KEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's grab it quick then.

She tries to speak, but no words are said.

KEN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's going to be okay.

He gently lifts her to her feet. She stops him.

GRACE

Mutt.

INT./EXT. 2003 TOYOTA COROLLA/INTERSTATE 110

Ken drives while a still shaken Grace sits in the front seat holding her pet Russian Blue cat, MUTT, who nestles into her, giving her the tiniest bit of comfort.

The Corolla drives south along the busy interstate. Passing the bright lights of downtown Los Angeles. Lost in the maze of this great city's massive expanse.

EXT. COASTAL NEIGHBORHOOD - SAN PEDRO, CA - NIGHT

The Corolla comes to a stop in front of an old multi-family house with views of the Port of Los Angeles. Similar old homes, that've all seen better days, litter the landscape.

Ken leads Grace and Mutt up the exterior stairs of a multi-family home as the sun sets behind them.

INT. ATTIC APARTMENT

Ken clears the modest apartment. Grace looks on.

A lone couch sits under a bay of windows with views of the harbor. Books cover the floor.

Ken guides Grace to the couch where she sits.

KEN

Can I get you anything?

He heads into the connected kitchen. A still stunned Grace stands back up. She eyes the foreign room.

KEN (CONT'D)

Don't have much to eat.

He pulls out a can of TUNA FISH.

KEN (CONT'D)
Will he eat this?

Grace's eyes land on a FRAMED PHOTO of a younger Ken with the smiling WOMAN and CHILD. THIS IS A YOUNGER GRACE AND HER MOM.

GRACE
What is this place?

Ken places the opened can of tuna on the floor.

KEN
It's safe. I've always kept one of these in the city.

Grace lets Mutt down. He sniffs the tuna before eating.

KEN (CONT'D)
I only have beer. So we'll have to pick up something to eat. Here.

Ken hands her a BEER. Her eyes continue to scan the room - finding other old photos of Ken, Grace and her mom.

GRACE
You left us.

She picks a stack of NEWSPAPER ARTICLES up off the couch.

KEN
I didn't have a choice. My job got too dangerous for me to stay.

She flips through the articles - they're all WRITTEN BY HER - Ken has been collecting her work.

GRACE
You followed me?

KEN
I never stopped caring.

GRACE
But I haven't seen or talked to you in years... And then today...

KEN
I always checked in on you.

She drops the articles and slowly backs away from him.

GRACE
...You just show up...

Her breath accelerates. Tears come to her eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)
...Saying I'm in danger...

She starts to gasp. She's hyperventilating.

GRACE (CONT'D)
...Because of you.

Ken places his hand gently on her arm.

KEN
Grace.

She pulls away as if he slapped her.

GRACE
They tried to kill me!

The shock of all that has happened suddenly hits Grace. She begins to sob uncontrollably.

KEN
Hey. It's okay. Sit.

Ken gently guides her to the couch.

KEN (CONT'D)
Drink this. It'll help.

She takes a long pull from the beer. She takes a breath. Then, she finishes the rest of the beer in one gulp.

Ken just watches. She puts the empty can aside. She wipes the beer away from her mouth and takes another deep breath.

GRACE
I'm fine.

As suddenly as it started, Grace stifles her tears.

KEN
You should try and get some rest.

GRACE
Just leave me alone.

Grace curls up on the couch. Ken continues to watch her.

Mutt jumps up and nestles in next to her.

Ken turns away. He picks up the scattered articles.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - CHATSWORTH, CA - NIGHT

Ricky, Wayne and Jack race up to the entrance, passing heavily armed Demon Riders, guarding the front.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - NEXT MOMENT

Shelton sits at the bar with a double shot of WHISKEY.

RICKY

She's gone and the cops are dead.

SHELTON

He's going to come for us.

RICKY

And we'll kill him.

SHELTON

It's not that easy. You have no idea what he's capable of.

RICKY

I'm not scared of him.

SHELTON

You should be.

INT. ATTIC APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Grace stirs awake with a start. Her eyes dart around this unfamiliar room.

KEN

Hey.

Ken steps in from the kitchen.

KEN (CONT'D)

I got some food if you're hungry.

GRACE

How long was I asleep?

Grace sits up on the couch. Ken brings her a bowl of MACARONI & CHEESE and HOT DOGS, smothered in KETCHUP.

KEN

A few hours. Didn't know if this was still your favorite but...

She hesitates, touched by this, before turning away.

GRACE
No, thanks. I'm not hungry.

Ken places the food on the side table. Grace eyes the photo of Ken with Grace and her mom. She looks away.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You killed them.

KEN
I had to.

GRACE
Why'd they attack me? They were police officers.

Ken steps closer to Grace. Her look stops him there.

KEN
I'm not sure. They must've been trying to get to me, but I don't know why.

GRACE
What'd you do?

KEN
My job.

GRACE
Are you still a cop?

KEN
Yes. Well, no. I was. I still am, but it's complicated.

GRACE
Mom said you left the force. That you'd gone rogue or something. That you were a criminal now.

KEN
That was my cover. I did it to protect you. Both of you.

GRACE
By leaving us?

KEN
It was the only way-

GRACE
You didn't even come to her funeral.

KEN

I know. I'm sorry, Grace. I thought it'd all work out. But-

Grace checks an alert on her phone.

GRACE

Well it looks like they're calling you a cop killer now.

Grace shows Ken her phone.

On it is a new article from the LA Times --

COPS KILLED: FORMER UNDERCOVER OFFICER GOES ROGUE.

This article has one picture now - KEN. In full biker gear.

His face falls at the reality of what this means.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What're you going to do?

KEN

I'm going to find out the truth and then I'm going to clear my name.

GRACE

How do you plan to do that?

KEN

I'm not sure yet. But I promise you, I'm going to get answers.

Grace pulls out her phone.

GRACE

If you want answers then you need to start at the beginning.

KEN

Where would that be?

GRACE

With him. He used to work for the Times but left to start his own crime blog and podcast. I think he might have tried to write a book or two, too. He started this story though.

Grace shows Ken the profile page of THE BLOGGER who first leaked the undercover officers' identities.

GRACE (CONT'D)

And every reporter has a source.
Even this guy had to get his
information from somewhere. So that
is the place you want to start at.

KEN

I need to find him then.

GRACE

I know where he lives.

Grace stands and collects her things.

KEN

What're you doing?

GRACE

I'm going with you.

KEN

No you're not.

GRACE

Yes, I am.

KEN

You need to stay here.

GRACE

They tried to kill me.

KEN

And they'll answer for that. But
right now, I need you to stay here
where it's safe.

GRACE

I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm
a reporter. This is what I do.

KEN

I can't let you.

Ken reaches out to take her bag. She pulls it back.

GRACE

I want answers just like you. The
sooner we can figure out what's
going on, the sooner I can go back
to living my life the way it was.
Without you. So let's go.

Ken has no response for this.

EXT. BUNGALOW - WEST LA - MORNING

A TOYOTA PRIUS pulls to the curb. ALTON GRISWOLD, the blogger who leaked the undercover officers' identities, steps out.

GRACE (O.S.)
Mr. Griswold?

Alton spins to find a smiling Grace.

ALTON
Yes?

GRACE
Hi. It's Grace. I don't know if you remember but I worked with you on a story a few years back.

ALTON
I've worked with a lot of people, but I'm sure I'd remember you.

GRACE
I was hoping to ask a few questions about another story that you wrote recently.

ALTON
All inquiries can be sent to my PR manager.

GRACE
I just have a couple clarifying questions. It won't take long.

ALTON
You never go to a reporter's home. You should know that.

GRACE
I know, but there's more to this story than I think you know. Live's are in danger.

ALTON
What story?

GRACE
The undercover officers' leak.

ALTON
No comment.

Alton walks away. Grace follows.

GRACE
How'd you find out about the
officers' real identities?

ALTON
I've already issued my statement on
that.

GRACE
I just need a name-

ALTON
I shared what had been obtained
through a legal public records
search. As always, I just wanted to
tell the truth.

GRACE
But you didn't. Not all of it.

Alton turns back to Grace.

ALTON
You need to leave this alone.

GRACE
I can't. My father was in that
leak. Kenneth Mac... Ken King.

Recognition washes over Alton.

ALTON
He just killed those cops.

He picks up his pace. Grace continues to follow.

GRACE
They tried to kill me. You don't
know the whole story here.

ALTON
They wouldn't lie to me.

GRACE
Who wouldn't?

ALTON
You know I can't tell you that.

GRACE
We just want to know what really
happened. If you do want to tell
the truth then I know you want
that, too. Please.

They arrive at his front door - He hesitates.

ALTON
I'm sorry, but I have nothing else
to say on the matter.

He slams the door closed.

INT. BUNGALOW - NEXT MOMENT

Alton takes a calming breath. He turns on the light and
freezes - Ken.

Before Alton can say anything - Ken grabs him.

KITCHEN - NEXT MOMENT

Ken and Grace stand in front of a seated but still defiant
Alton. His anxious eyes dart nervously around the room.

ALTON
You can't do this.

KEN
Who told you about the-

ALTON
I have rights!

Ken gets right in Alton's face.

KEN
You really think that matters now?

Alton leans back.

ALTON
I won't reveal my source.

KEN
Who's your source.

Alton eyes Ken's looming presence.

ALTON
I can't tell you.

KEN
You will.
(To Grace)
You should go wait outside.
(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)
(Turning back to Alton)
This is what I do.

Grace hesitates before turning away. She walks out.

Once she's gone, Ken picks up a PEN. He removes the cap.

ALTON
What're you doing?

KEN
I never really had a problem with reporters, which is different than most guys on the job. Especially with all the shit you've been piling on us recently.

ALTON
I was just doing my job.

KEN
Yeah, well, so was I. Now, what's that saying you folks in the media have... *if it bleeds it leads?*

Ken grabs Alton's head.

ALTON
You can't do this to me. I'm a journalist!

Ken forces Alton's eye open. He brings the pen up to it.

KEN
Who gave you the names and photos?

ALTON
It was a city official.

KEN
What's their name?

ALTON
I can't tell you that.

The pen is almost touching Alton's eye.

KEN
Tell me.

ALTON
Please. Don't. I can't

The pen just touches Alton's eye and...

ALTON (CONT'D)
 Okay! Okay! I'll tell you!

Ken pulls the pen back.

ALTON (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you whatever you want to
 know. Just stop. Please just stop.
 Don't hurt me.

Alton whimpers - *he's petrified.*

KEN
 Talk.

ALTON
 (Through deep breaths)
 It came from my contact at City
 Hall. He works for a city council
 member. Jamie Johnson. The leak
 came from him.

EXT. PERSHING SQUARE - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

PEOPLE crowd around a stage in the middle of this city park.
 The limited green space and sidewalks around it are filled.

Police Officers are scattered throughout. Helicopters circle.

The tension's high. The raucous energy of the crowd has
 everyone on high alert.

Speakers on stage lead the crowd in different chants.

They're all waiting for the main speaker -- newly elected
 city council member and recently announced mayoral candidate,
 JAMIE JOHNSON (40) - young, charismatic and driven.

He walks back and forth on the stage, soaking in the applause
 coming his way - A mega-watt smile on his face.

A nearly unrecognizable Ken stands amongst this rowdy crowd.

He has cut his long and greasy hair to a clean buzz and
 shaven his unruly beard into a trim goatee.

Jamie steps to the microphone. The young and idealistic crowd
 explodes in loud cheers of support.

JAMIE
 How're all of you powerful citizens
 doing today!

The crowd cheers back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We did it! Thanks to of all of you.
You auditors. You engaged citizens.
We've struck back and hit the
police where it hurts them the
most... their pocketbooks!

More cheers.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Thanks to your support, I was able
to push the council today to hold
the police accountable. Making them
know that they can no longer act
like the crooks that they are.

The crowd is eating this up.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And now that we've crippled their
unnecessary over spending. It's
time for us to take back full
control of our city!

The crowd goes wild with even more cheers. Ken walks away.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DOWNTOWN LA - NEXT MOMENT

Ken approaches the Corolla. He checks his surroundings. All
looks clear. He climbs in.

COROLLA

Grace turns to face him.

GRACE

What do you think?

KEN

He definitely doesn't like the
police.

GRACE

What's to like.
(Off Ken's look)
Sorry. Habit.

KEN

Someone from the force had to have
given him that information.

GRACE
Who'd have access to that?

KEN
I'm not sure but I think I know who
I need to ask.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT OF THE LAPD - DAY

LAPD Detective MELISSA ROCKINGHAM (45) exits the simple brick building and makes her way to an UNMARKED CRUISER.

She gives the neighborhood a quick check. Then gets in.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - NEXT MOMENT

Melissa settles behind the wheel. She checks the rearview mirror and startles.

MELISSA
Oh, fuck me!

Ken sits up in the back seat.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

KEN
Let's go somewhere quiet.

Ken flashes his Glock.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

The unmarked cruiser comes to a stop at a picnic area across from the historic GREEK THEATER nestled into the hillside below the iconic GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY.

UNMARKED CRUISER - SAME

Melissa turns to face Ken.

MELISSA
You're a dead man, Ken.

KEN
It's nice to see you too, Mel.

MELISSA
You killed two cops.

KEN
They were trying to kill-

MELISSA
And Cheryl? How could you?

KEN
You know I'd never-

MELISSA
What do you want?

KEN
Your help.

MELISSA
Why would I help you after what you did? We were partners. More than that. You were like family to me. And then you just flipped? How could you go rogue like that?

Ken hands her the copy of his police file.

KEN
It was all part of my cover. After our last sting failed, Cap and I realized there was no other way than for me to go fully under. We couldn't risk anyone else knowing. Not you. Not my family. Not anyone.

She flips through the file, taking this all in.

MELISSA
Why should I trust you now then?

KEN
You don't have to. I just need information on the undercover leak.

MELISSA
I don't know anything about that.

KEN
Well I found out that someone from City Hall's involved. Some new city council member. Jamie Johnson.

MELISSA
Bullshit. Why would he do that?

KEN
That's what I want to know.

MELISSA

Why're you doing this, Ken? If you're who you really say you are then you need to come in with me.

KEN

I can't risk that. I don't know what's going on here or who's involved but until I do...

Ken motions to the Corolla parked across the lot from them.

KEN (CONT'D)

I have to protect her.

Grace steps out.

MELISSA

Is that...

Grace walks to them.

KEN

I didn't kill Cheryl. You have to know that. And those cops that I did kill were trying to kill her.

Melissa and Ken get out of the car to meet Grace.

MELISSA

Grace.

GRACE

Hey Auntie Mel.

They take each other in. Then hug. Melissa turns back to Ken.

MELISSA

What do you need?

KEN

Whatever information you can get us. I need to know how Johnson and those cops are connected to this.

Melissa looks to Grace again.

MELISSA

Okay. I'll ask around and see if I can find anything else out. Where can I reach you?

Ken hands Melissa a burner CELLPHONE.

KEN

My number's the only one in there.
It'll be good for 24 hours.

MELISSA

I'll call. But I need to keep this.

She holds up his police file.

INT. COROLLA - NEXT MOMENT

Ken drives. Grace looks out at the passing cars. They sit in silence. Grace speaks up.

GRACE

Why'd you leave?

KEN

Where?

GRACE

(Pointedly)
Home?

KEN

I had to.

GRACE

No. You chose to.

Ken considers his response.

KEN

I'd gotten so deep into this case
that there was nothing else I could
do. It consumed every part of me.

GRACE

But I was your daughter.

KEN

You still are.

GRACE

Then how could you just leave me
like that? I was only a kid.

KEN

I had to keep you safe.

GRACE

From the life you chose?

KEN
It's not that simple.

GRACE
I needed you. We both did.

KEN
I was trying to protect you. I hope
you realize that.

GRACE
I didn't need protection. I just
needed my dad. But you were never
there.

KEN
I'm sorry, Grace. I really am.

GRACE
It doesn't matter now.

Grace looks back out the window.

EXT. COASTAL NEIGHBORHOOD - SAN PEDRO, CA - DAY

The Corolla pulls to a stop. Grace quickly gets out of the car. She hustles back to the house.

Ken follows, checking the neighborhood. His phone rings.

INT. ATTIC APARTMENT

Ken enters the safe house on his phone.

KEN
(Into phone)
I'll text you where to meet.

He hangs up and turns to Grace.

KEN (CONT'D)
That was Mel. I'm going to meet her
now and I need you to stay here.

GRACE
Okay. Fine.

KEN
You'll be alright?

GRACE
You said it's safe, right?

KEN

It is. No one knows about this place and I won't be gone long.

GRACE

I'll be fine then. Just go do whatever it is you need to do.

Ken wants to say more, but leaves without saying it.

Grace looks at the closed door - A sadness washing over her.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

An unmarked cruiser pulls in back. Ken steps out to meet it.

Melissa climbs out. The traffic above drowns out most noise.

MELISSA

I didn't find anything on Johnson. And no one in the department knew anything about your case.

KEN

Cap did.

MELISSA

And now she's dead. I want to believe you Ken, but according to police records, you went rogue.

KEN

That was my cover.

MELISSA

If that's true then Cheryl did a hell of a job keeping it a secret.

KEN

I'm still a cop. You saw the file.

MELISSA

That's not an official record.

KEN

What're you doing here then?

MELISSA

If anyone other than Cap knew about your case it'd be the Deputy Chief of Special Ops. I have a contact in his office. I can set up a meeting. But it'd have to happen tonight.

KEN

Can he be trusted?

MELISSA

He's a politician. He moved up the ranks at lightning speed and is all in on running for office now. But at the end of the day he's doing it for the department. He's a good cop. I really think he is.

KEN

Where can I meet him?

MELISSA

He's attending a police fundraiser at The Beverly Hilton tonight. You can talk to him there.

KEN

I can't go there. I'm wanted by the whole department.

MELISSA

It's the only way you'll get to see him and it's the only way you'll get to tell him your side of the story. If you really want to clear your name, this is your chance. So, what do you say?

Ken holds Melissa's stare.

KEN

You drive.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

The roundabout driveway below the balcony lined rooms of this iconic hotel are filled with BLACK LIMOUSINES and POLICE CRUISERS, both marked and unmarked, as men in tuxedos and women in gowns enter the luxuriously decorated lobby.

Across the street are a couple hundred PROTESTERS with signs challenging the police - their excessive use of force and the size of their annual budget are the most common complaints.

Jamie Johnson leads these protestors in CHANTS against the police as they all glare out at the POLICE OFFICERS lined up across the street from them.

Neither group willing to back down.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - BALLROOM - LATER

Police officers and politicians are intermixed with the expensively dressed crowd, listening to THE UNKNOWN MAN from earlier Deputy Chief of Special Operations TRAVIS FIELDSTONE.

FIELDSTONE

...There certainly has been a lot of talk about change and revolution recently. As if things were really all that bad. But I will say that I do agree with one thing these... *protesters* have to say, this city should work for all its citizens. Of course we can't forget that police are citizens, too. Some of the best. And with your backing and support, I'll make sure that this city remains one that is prosperous for all of its *good* citizens. Like everyone of you. Thank you.

The crowd claps loudly. Fieldstone smiles out at them.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Ken paces the room. Melissa walks in.

MELISSA

He's on his way up now but he wants to confirm that you haven't told anyone else about this.

KEN

What's he so worried about?

MELISSA

He's worried about you.

KEN

I'm surrounded by cops who think I'm a cop killer. What could I do?

MELISSA

Good point... I'm sorry, Ken. I wanted to believe you but...

(Then looking past him)

Take him.

Ken spins on TWO LARGE OFFICERS entering from the balcony.

KEN

What the hell's this?

MELISSA
You're under arrest.

KEN
What?

The large officers rush Ken, taking him by surprise.
He dips down and the FIRST OFFICER's punch glances off him.
The SECOND OFFICER connects with a clean punch to his jaw.
This punch sends Ken to the ground.

MELISSA
HEY.

The first officer takes out a TASER GUN.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

He tases Ken in response.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Put that down.

Melissa grabs the first officer. He pushes her back.

Ken groans out in pain.

The second officer holds him up by the arms. The first officer punches him in the face.

Ken tries to spin out of their grasp. They tase him again.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Stop it!

They shove Ken's beaten body on a chair. He gasps for breath. Melissa steps in between Ken and the officers.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
He's just a suspect.

Ken raises his bloodied face.

KEN
What'd you do?

MELISSA
What I had to.

Fieldstone and ANOTHER OFFICER walk in.

FIELDSTONE
Who else knows?

Fieldstone holds Ken's unofficial police file.

KEN
Knows what?

FIELDSTONE
You, your daughter and who else?

Ken perks up at the mention of Grace.

KEN
She has nothing to do with this.

FIELDSTONE
We'll find that out soon enough.

KEN
If you touch her-

FIELDSTONE
Who else have you told about this?

Ken fights against the officers holding him.

KEN
Where is she?

FIELDSTONE
Tell me who you told.

KEN
If you hurt her, I'll kill you.

With a smirk, Fieldstone lights the file on FIRE.

FIELDSTONE
She should really be the least of
your worries right now.

Ken lunges for Fieldstone. The two officers hit him to the floor. They tase him for a third time.

MELISSA
That's enough.

Melissa spins on Fieldstone.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing
here? You said you were just going
to talk to him. He's a suspect.

FIELDSTONE
Do you want to join him?

MELISSA
Join him? What the fuck are you
talking about?

THUMP. THUMP.

Melissa gasps for breath as she crumbles to the ground and looks back at Fieldstone, holding a GUN with a SILENCER.

KEN
NO.

FIELDSTONE
Looks like that's another body to
add to your list. You've become
quite the cop killer now.

Fieldstone removes the silencer from the gun.

KEN
I'm going to fucking kill you.

FIELDSTONE
You're already dead. But if you
want to save your daughter then
tell me what you know?

KEN
I don't know anything about this.
That's why I'm here.

FIELDSTONE
Good. Then you're not a threat.

Fieldstone drops the gun down next to Ken.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
(To the Officers)
Make it look like he killed her and
then jumped... What a tragedy.

Fieldstone struts out.

The two large officers grab a struggling Ken. They deliver a succession of body blows.

Ken groans as they drag him towards the balcony.

They lift his beaten body up on the railing and... KEN COMES TO LIFE WITH A VIOLENT HEAD BUTT TO THE FIRST OFFICER'S FACE.

The first officer stumbles back.

The second officer tries to hold Ken down.

Ken undercuts his legs and flips him over the balcony --

THE OFFICER'S BODY FLUTTERS THROUGH THE SPARKLING LIGHTS,
CRASHING DOWN ON A WAITING LIMOUSINE THAT'S PARKED BELOW.

Ken pulls the first officer's GUN. He pistol whips him and sticks the gun under his chin.

KEN

Where'd they take her?

FIRST OFFICER

Easy, man.

Ken lifts the officer to his feet.

KEN

Where is she?

FIRST OFFICER

I don't know. I swear. We were just told to take you out. That's it.

KEN

Then you're no use to me.

Ken cocks the gun and...

The hotel room door bursts open.

Two more CORRUPT POLICE OFFICERS enter with guns blazing.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Bullets hit the first officer - *killing him*.

Ken dives to the ground and returns fire - emptying his clip.

He drops one corrupt officer. He crawls out onto the balcony.

Gunfire from the other officer continues to erupt behind him.

The glass sliding doors shatter and rain down on Ken.

He rolls away and looks down at --

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - SAME

CHAOS.

Police swarm the building, looking for where the officer's body fell from and where the shots are being fired from.

A distant police helicopter quickly approaches.

Fieldstone disappears into the back of a black SUV.

The SUV immediately departs with two other black SUVs leading and following it respectively - A mini-caravan.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

The gunfire stops. The corrupt officer reloads.

Ken makes his move - He races back into the room to tackle the officer to the ground, knocking his gun away.

Ken delivers a punch to the officer's face.

The officer raises his knee into Ken's groin.

Ken grunts out in pain.

The officer rolls on top of him, delivering sharp blows down on his face.

Ken blocks these blows. He rolls away.

The officer removes his NIGHTSTICK.

He pulls it against Ken's throat, strangling him.

Ken desperately tries to hold on...

His eyes fall to the officer's gun - a short distance away.

He reaches out for it.

The officer tries to kick it away.

Ken gets a finger on the gun.

The officer releases the nightstick. He dives for the gun.

Ken elbows the officer in the face.

He grabs the gun, spins and fires on the diving officer.

POP.

The officer drops dead where he lands.

Ken takes in the carnage around him.

The sound of POLICE OFFICERS in the hallway and the hovering of a helicopter outside the window can be heard.

GASP.

Melissa sits up, removing the straps of her BULLETPROOF VEST.

Blood seeps from shoulder where a round missed the vest.

KEN

Where's Grace?

MELISSA

(Gasping for breath)

I don't know. I didn't know any of this was going to happen. He said he was just going to talk to you.

KEN

Yeah well, he talked plenty.

MELISSA

What're you going to do?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NEXT MOMENT

Ken, now dressed in the dead officer's jacket, with a hat pulled low, stumbles out into the hallway.

A disorganized group of POLICE OFFICERS and SWAT TEAM MEMBERS force people out of their rooms - clearing the hotel.

In the chaos, Ken slips in amongst the crowd.

He heads for the exit unnoticed.

A group of OFFICERS rush towards the room that he just left.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Total madness surrounds the hotel.

Law enforcement officer from all over the greater Los Angeles area have descended on this mass of rich and elegant people.

Ken exits a side entrance.

He slips out to the side street where traffic has been stopped and unoccupied police cruisers litter the street.

He climbs into a running POLICE TRUCK and races off.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A light RAIN starts to fall. The caravan of SUVs makes its way through the heavy evening traffic.

THE 405 FREEWAY

The caravan picks up speed as it pulls onto this major freeway that cuts through the westside of Los Angeles.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME

Fieldstone furiously types messages on his cellphone.

FIELDSTONE
(Without looking up)
Is the plane ready?

An ambitious STAFFER (25) looks up from their cellphone.

STAFFER
Yes, sir. It's waiting on the
tarmac now.

THE 405 FREEWAY

The rain's pouring down harder now.

The caravan races towards the airport when out of nowhere...

BOOM.

Ken's truck crashes into the backend of the caravan's front SUV, sending it spinning out of control.

BLACK SUV

Fieldstone startles from his phone and looks out at --

THE 405 FREEWAY

The first SUV crashing directly into the dividing barrier - flipping over to the other side of the freeway.

POLICE TRUCK

Ken rocks from the collision. He regains control of the truck and turns it towards --

THE 405 FREEWAY

The two remaining black SUVs that have raced past his truck.

He catches up to the rear one and drives directly into it.

The SUV wobbles before regaining control.

The truck slams it again.

The SUV begins to swerve. The truck slams it again.

And again.

This time the SUV turns completely side ways.

The truck continues to accelerate into its back end and...

The SUV goes airborne!

Flipping end over end across the freeway.

The truck continues its hot pursuit of the last SUV.

BLACK SUV

Fieldstone looks out at the quickly approaching truck.

FIELDSTONE
Drive, drive, drive!

POLICE TRUCK

A singularly focused Ken keeps his eyes locked on the SUV.

THE 405 FREEWAY

The truck races up to the SUV.

It knocks into the side of it. The SUV knocks back.

And the two become locked in a back and forth struggle.

One hitting into the other as the other hits back.

The truck accelerates in front of the SUV. Then, it slams on its brakes.

The SUV crashes directly into its back end.

The bed of the truck crushes.

The SUV flips over the front end and slides to a stop on the side of the freeway.

Traffic slows to a crawl at the sight of this accident.

Ken kicks the door of the demolished truck open. He drags his bloodied and bruised body out into the heavy rain.

He slowly crosses the freeway to the overturned SUV.

BLACK SUV

Fieldstone pushes himself up from the glass covered ceiling.

He looks over at the deceased driver and unconscious staffer.

The door gets ripped open. He spins to find --

THE 405 FREEWAY

Ken. Bloodied and mangled with a deranged look in his eyes.

KEN

We need to talk, Deputy Chief.

Before Fieldstone can respond, Ken rips him from the SUV. He throws him to the ground. The rain soaks them both through.

FIELDSTONE

You son of a bitch.

Ken aims his Glock directly at a bloodied Fieldstone.

KEN

Where's my daughter?

FIELDSTONE

Who do you think you are.

WHAP. Ken slams his Glock into Fieldstone's face.

KEN

WHERE IS SHE.

FIELDSTONE

You broke my nose!

KEN

That should really be the least of your worries right now.

Fieldstone wipes the blood from his face.

FIELDSTONE
You have no idea who you're dealing
with here.

KEN
Tell me where she is. I'm not going
to ask you again.

FIELDSTONE
Why should I tell you anything?

KEN
Because you want to live.

Ken raises his Glock.

KEN (CONT'D)
Right?

FIELDSTONE
You wouldn't.

Ken places the Glock against Fieldstone's head.

KEN
You sure about that?

FIELDSTONE
(With a mocking sneer)
Your safe house isn't as safe as
you thought it was.

Ken slams his Glock into Fieldstone's face. Knocking him out.
He then turns his Glock on an approaching BMW SEDAN.

EXT. COASTAL NEIGHBORHOOD - SAN PEDRO, CA - NIGHT

The BMW pulls to a stop across from Ken's safe house.

BMW - SAME

Ken looks out at his darkened apartment and the quiet
neighborhood. The rain has stopped and all seems calm.

He spots the glow of a cigarette coming from the back of the
house. He slips stealthily out into the night.

EXT. BACK YARD - KEN'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

Jack, of the Demon Riders, sits on his Harley. He smokes a
cigarette with a shotgun across his lap.

CLICK. Jack freezes. The cold steel of a gun presses against his head. Ken leans in from out of the shadows.

KEN
Who else is here?

JACK
No one. It's just me.

KEN
They never let you out alone.

JACK
Fuck you, you fucking traitor.

WHAP. Ken pistol whips him off the Harley.

INT. ATTIC APARTMENT - NEXT MOMENT

Wayne sits on the lone couch, scrolling through his phone with a COLT 45 PISTOL on the cushion next to him.

KEN (O.S.)
Where'd they take her?

Wayne startles. He reaches for his 45.

KEN (CONT'D)
Don't.

Ken steps into the room with his gun trained on Wayne.

KEN (CONT'D)
Where is she?

WAYNE
I'm not tell you shit.

And Ken is on him, jamming his forearm against his throat.

KEN
Where. Is. My. Daughter.

Ken puts his gun to Wayne's head.

KEN (CONT'D)
That's the last time I'm asking.

Ken pulls his forearm back from Wayne's throat.

WAYNE
(Through coughs)
The clubhouse.

KEN
What do they want?

WAYNE
You. Dead.

KEN
I don't need your help with that.

Ken points the Glock at Wayne.

WAYNE
What're you going to do? You're a
cop. Cops have rules. Cops have
boundaries. So you can't do a
fucking thing, you fucking pig.

Ken glares back in response. Wayne can't meet his eyes.

Instead, Wayne GRABS FOR HIS 45 and -- POP.

Ken puts a round squarely through his head.

An eerie quiet settles after the loud gun shot.

Movement comes from the corner. Ken spins to find --

Mutt.

He lets out a breath as Mutt purrs and rubs against his leg.

EXT. BACK YARD - KEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ken, now dressed in his old biker attire, minus the cut, carries Mutt down the back stairs. Jack stirs awake.

JACK
Where the fuck you going?

Jack gets to his feet. He raises his shotgun.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talking to you, bitch.

Jack aims the shotgun directly at Ken.

BOOM. Ken drops Jack without breaking stride.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - CHATSWORTH, CA - NIGHT

Harleys block the front. Demon Riders stand guard.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - STORAGE ROOM

Grace huddles in the corner on a stripped mattress - surrounded by canned goods and other nonperishable foods.

She sharpens the edges of a flattened SODA CAN on the ground.

The door opens. She hides the makeshift weapon.

Ricky enters. He stands by the door, eyeing her hungrily.

RICKY
Don't you look cute.

GRACE
Fuck you.

RICKY
So you're tough? I like that.

Ricky steps in closer to Grace.

GRACE
Don't you dare touch me.

Grace leans back from his hot breath. He grabs her arms.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Get the fuck off me.

She tries to pull away. He holds her tight.

RICKY
You're a fighter. I like that, too.

She can't get the sharpened soda can out of her pocket.

GRACE
Let go.

RICKY
But I like it rough.

GRACE
You're sick.

RICKY
(In a whisper)
You don't know how sick I can be.

He pushes her against the wall. He leans in even closer.

SHELTON (O.S.)
That's enough.

Ricky looks to the door to find Shelton.

RICKY
We're just having a little fun.

SHELTON
Let her go, Ricky.

RICKY
Are you going to do it then?
Because someone needs to.

SHELTON
After they call.

Ricky reluctantly releases Grace. Shelton steps in.

RICKY
Why're we doing what they say?

SHELTON
Go check outside.

RICKY
It's our product now anyways.

SHELTON
I said, go outside.

Ricky slinks out of the room.

RICKY
This is bullshit.

Shelton turns back to Grace.

SHELTON
You can come out now.

He heads back into the main room, leaving the door open.

Grace grips the sharpened soda can.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - NIGHT

A full moon glows over the warehouse. The Demon Riders guarding the front are on high alert.

A DEMON RIDER snorts a line of COCAINE off a knife blade.

Ken steps out of the darkness behind him.

He covers the Rider's mouth, pulls his struggling body off the Harley and breaks his neck in one swift move.

He lets the lifeless body fall to the ground.

Ken picks up the Rider's fallen KNIFE. He then slips back into the shadows - unnoticed by the other Demon Riders.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - SAME

Shelton settles on a stool at the bar. He grabs a bottle of WHISKEY and two shot glasses.

SHELTON

Take a seat. Have a drink.

Grace makes her way towards him. He pours her a shot.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. He has some...
Well some serious fucking issues.

He slides the shot in front of the stool next to his.

Grace slowly sits.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He raises his shot. She raises hers. They both drink.

Shelton refills their glasses.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

Your dad and I were close. Like
brothers. You know that?

He drinks his shot and pours another. Grace ignores hers.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

How can someone that close to you
keep a lie for that long?

GRACE

You'd be surprised.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE HQ - NIGHT

Two other DEMON RIDERS chain smoke cigarettes, anxiously eyeing the surrounding darkness.

One of the RIDER'S eyes are drawn to a flash of movement.

Before he can say a word -- THUMP.

A knife splits his eyes.

His body drops. The other RIDER swings his gun towards --

Ken, who plunges his fingers deep into the Rider's eyes.

The Rider barely utters a noise before Ken snaps the Rider's neck back and leaves him to bleed out.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - SAME

Shelton takes his shot. He pours another.

SHELTON

He talked about you once. How he was sorry. Things he wanted to fix. Shit he wanted to change. It was the only time he ever seemed human.

Grace doesn't say a word. Shelton takes another shot.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

I don't get how he could still be a cop though. He'd left. We'd planned it all out years ago. He turned on the cops to make our connection with the Mexicans. But now they say he's still a fucking cop. I just can't believe it.

GRACE

Where is he?

Shelton starts slurring his words. He takes another shot.

SHELTON

We were going to turn this into something special. Take it from a simple gang into something bigger.

GRACE

What'd you do to him?

SHELTON

This was our family, but now it's all just... fucked.

GRACE

Where's my dad?

Shelton turns his drunken gaze on Grace.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - NIGHT

Ricky storms outside to find the fallen Demon Riders.

RICKY

What the...

CLICK. Ricky freezes. Ken puts a SHOTGUN to his head.

KEN

How many are inside?

RICKY

You rat piece of fucking shit.

KEN

How many?

RICKY

I can't wait to watch you die,
Kong. First your daughter and now
you. You fucking pig.

KEN

What'd you do to her?

RICKY

What Demons do... whatever the fuck
we want. And now there's nothing
you can do about it.

KEN

Sure there is.

Ken whips the butt of the shotgun across his face, dropping
Ricky to the ground.

Ken raises the shotgun above his head and brings it down on
Ricky's face - THUMP. THUMP. CRACK.

Ricky's head splits open, splattering blood on Ken.

Ken then aims the shotgun down at the bloody mass and...

KEN (CONT'D)

See you in hell, Ricky.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

INT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - SAME

Shelton spins towards the gunshot sound.

SHELTON

He's here...

He pulls a KNIFE from his waistband and grabs Grace.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, but I gotta protect the club.

Shelton raises the knife and...

SHELTON (CONT'D)

AH!

Grace stabs the soda can into his chest.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Shelton slaps her off her stool.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

I didn't want to hurt you! He fucking made me do this!

Shelton stands. He pulls the can out. He throws it aside.

Grace crawls away from him.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

This is his fault. He had to go and be a fucking hero.

He grabs her ankle.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

So just know, he's the reason you're gonna die.

He raises the knife. She kicks him in the groin.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

GODDAMNIT.

He lets go of her. She scampers to her feet.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

You're just like your dad.

Shelton pulls out a HANDGUN. Grace backs away.

SHELTON (CONT'D)

A stubborn fighter who never knows when to quit.

He aims the gun directly at her and... BANG.

A bullet rips through his chest, sending him sprawling.

Ken steps into the warehouse with his gun raised.

GRACE

Dad.

KEN

You alright?

GRACE

I will be.

A cough from Shelton draws their attention.

Ken steps over. He looks down at the blood pouring out of Shelton's chest, pooling on the ground around him.

KEN

You tried to kill my kid?

Shelton sputters for breath.

SHELTON

(Very labored)

You're still a cop.

KEN

She has nothing to do with that.

Ken aims his gun down at him.

SHELTON

I didn't want to.

KEN

But you were going to anyways.

SHELTON

We were family.

Shelton coughs up blood - He's fading fast.

KEN

And I thought this would be hard.

SHELTON

They won't stop.

KEN

I won't either.

SHELTON

I know...

With those last words, Shelton dies. Ken turns back to Grace.

KEN

We need to go.

GRACE

I just want to go home.

KEN

It's not safe there.

GRACE

What if we go to the papers?

KEN

With what?

Grace takes out her phone.

GRACE

We have a story. I've been keeping track of everything. We can connect the police to the gang and expose them all for what they did.

KEN

That isn't enough.

GRACE

When will it ever be? When will this end?

KEN

When those responsible pay for what they did. But I won't put you in danger again. I can't lose you too.

Grace looks away.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

KEN

You didn't do anything wrong.

GRACE

I did. I think... I think helped start all of this.

KEN

What're you talking about?

GRACE

The leak.

KEN

What do you mean?

GRACE

I was looking for you when I came across some of your old files at home. I brought them to a contact who works with Jamie Johnson. I think they may have used it to get information on all the other undercover officers.

KEN

Why would they do that?

GRACE

They do a lot of political action stuff and I think they were hoping to shed light on police abuse and their overreach with undercover work. At least that's what I talked to them about when I gave them your information. But I never thought that all of this would happen. I didn't want anyone to get hurt. I just thought... I'm so sorry... I should have told you.

Grace cuts herself off as tears overwhelm her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I was just trying to find you.

KEN

You shouldn't've had to. I never should've left. This case... it consumed me. Your mom and I... my life was a mess and I needed to do something good, something right, but I never should've left. And I'll never leave you again.

Grace lets these honest words wash over her.

GRACE

(Composing herself)
We need to finish this.

KEN

We need to let it go.

GRACE

We can't stop now. Not after we've come this far. It's too important.

KEN

What do you want to do then?

GRACE

Keep searching for the truth. Jamie Johnson must have had a reason for wanting all that information to be put out there. We just need to find out what it is.

KEN

I know who to ask.

EXT. DEMON RIDERS HQ - DOWN THE ROAD - DAWN

The sun rises. Ken leads Grace to a HONDA ACCORD that he's replaced the BMW with.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - TRUNK

A zip-tied and bloodied Fieldstone looks up at Ken and Grace. She holds out her cellphone and hits RECORD.

KEN

We need answers.

Ken rips the tape off his mouth.

FIELDSTONE

You can't do this to me!

WHAP. Ken slaps Fieldstone across the face - HARD.

KEN

What're you covering up?

FIELDSTONE

You don't know shit.

KEN

I know Jamie Johnson's involved.

FIELDSTONE

How do you know that?

KEN

I'm resourceful.

FIELDSTONE

That only gets you so far.

And Ken snaps!

He rips Fieldstone out of the trunk.

KEN

I'm done with your games!

Ken punches Fieldstone in the face. Over and over.

Blood splatters on the concrete.

KEN (CONT'D)

I want answers.

Grace steps back with horror filled eyes.

KEN (CONT'D)

Why the leak?

Ken yanks Fieldstone up to his feet.

FIELDSTONE

I can't tell you.

WHAP. Ken slams Fieldstone's head against the car, letting his body crumble to the ground.

KEN

You will.

He delivers a series of vicious blows.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

KEN (CONT'D)

TELL ME.

Ken has lost all control... He viciously beats on Fieldstone.

Another punch and he might just...

GRACE

Stop!

Grace pulls an enraged Ken back.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You'll kill him.

His deranged eyes stare back at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Please, Dad. Stop.

Ken finally sees Grace.

KEN
...I'm sorry...

Fieldstone pushes his beaten body up to a seated position, breathing heavily. He spits a glob of blood out.

FIELDSTONE
He couldn't handle his end of it.

Ken turns back to Fieldstone.

KEN
Why're you working with him?

FIELDSTONE
I was going to be Chief of Police.

KEN
So you endangered other cops for
your own career advancement.

FIELDSTONE
No.
(With a laugh)
I did it for the fucking money. Why
else would I? Are you really that
fucking naive? It's all that
fucking matters!

KEN
Who paid you?

Fieldstone settles back.

FIELDSTONE
The people you were investigating.

KEN
(Realizing)
You sold out cops to the cartel.

FIELDSTONE
I took what I earned. We get
bullshit pay for unappreciated
work. But I got what was owed me.

KEN
You greedy piece of shit.

FIELDSTONE

I was protecting my investment.
Your investigation, among others,
was threatening their business. So
we ended them. All of them.

KEN

Where's he now?

FIELDSTONE

I don't know. I was almost out of
this. If you hadn't taken their
product then they wouldn't have
cared. It would've all ended once
you died. But now...

GRACE

(Off her phone)

It looks like he's leading a rally
at City Hall.

KEN

That's where we're going.

FIELDSTONE

I can't. They'll kill me.

KEN

That's your own damn fault.

FIELDSTONE

Please. Don't tell them that I told
you. No one can know the truth.

KEN

The truth will set you free.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY

Jamie's full of energy, leading the CROWD in chants against
the police.

Ken, DRESSED IN HIS OLD POLICE UNIFORM, has blended in
amongst the cops, watching every move that Jamie makes.

The crowd settles at the bottom of the City Hall steps.

LAPD OFFICERS stand at the top, guarding the entrance.

Jamie goes to the temporary stage set at the base.

He encourages the crowd to get even louder.

JAMIE
LET THEM HEAR YOU! LET THEM KNOW
YOU WON'T TAKE ANYMORE! YOU WON'T
EVER LET THEM TAKE BACK CONTROL!

Ken watches from the crowd.

Jamie steps aside. He confers with a few of his STAFFERS.

After they talk, he exits the stage.

The staffers look out at a few SPECIFIC SPOTS in the crowd.

Ken follows the looks.

Small groups of TACTICAL MASKED PEOPLE are spaced out amongst the mostly peaceful crowd - *Are they looking at them?*

After the look the masked people quickly disperse.

Ken searches the crowd for these masked people when...

BOOM. A small explosion erupts amongst the crowd.

Ken looks to the side stage where a small fire has started.

BOOM.

Another small explosion goes off behind the crowd.

And chaos quickly ensues.

People rush in all different directions. Police close in.

Ken pushes his way out of this madness as...

BANG.

GUN SHOT. And now all semblance of control is lost.

People scatter. Police draw weapons.

This once peaceful protest dissolves into an all out RIOT.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DOWNTOWN LA - NEXT MOMENT

Ken approaches an UNMARKED CRUISER. Grace steps out.

GRACE
What's happening down there?

KEN
It's anarchy.

GRACE
What're we going to do?

KEN
Get those responsible.

He opens the trunk and yanks Fieldstone up.

KEN (CONT'D)
He sure can talk.

Ken rips the tape off Fieldstone's mouth.

KEN (CONT'D)
Tell him *you* need to talk now.

Ken hands Fieldstone a cell. He turns back to Grace.

KEN (CONT'D)
You need to go and write the real story. That's how those responsible will pay. That's how it'll finally be enough.

Grace holds his stare before nodding back.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The bright lights of downtown fill the night sky with the dark hills looming large behind it.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The moon casts a yellow glow over the hills. The unmarked cruiser stops on the side of the winding road.

A cluster of large houses look out over the sparkling lights of the city below.

One house in particular stands out for the small group of ARMED SECURITY GUARDS milling around outside.

INT. HOUSE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

Ken and Fieldstone enter. SECURITY GUARDS greet them.

LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Floor to ceiling windows provide a clear view of the city below. Jamie stands by the windows, staring out at the riots.

JAMIE

Look at them all. Burning the city
to the ground. It's beautiful.

KEN

Do they know you're a liar?

JAMIE

And who do you think you are?

KEN

I'm the cop you tried to silence
and kill.

All cheerfulness drops from Jamie's face.

JAMIE

Where's their product?

KEN

I knew you were full of shit. You
have all these people believing in
a lie.

JAMIE

I've given them what they want,
someone to blame for their
problems.

KEN

You've manipulated them.

JAMIE

I've set them free. Now if you want
to join them and live, then tell me
where the product is.

KEN

I need certain promises first.

JAMIE

I don't like when others set the
terms for me.

KEN

I don't trust it any other way.

JAMIE

Why should I do anything other than
have you killed right here?

KEN

Because then you'd all be exposed.

JAMIE

To what?

KEN

Being the criminals that you are.

JAMIE

I don't think you understand the rules of this game. They're simple. There are no rules. We create a world of chaos and then within that chaos those who step forward to fix it have free rein to do whatever they want. Like us.

KEN

So this was all just about power and control?

JAMIE

What else is there?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

A bandaged Melissa tells her story to a group of HIGH RANKING LAPD OFFICERS. Grace rushes in.

MELISSA

Grace? What're you doing here?

GRACE TAKES OUT HER PHONE TO PLAY FIELDSTONE'S CONFESSION.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The unmarked cruiser drives through the riot's aftermath.

These neighborhoods have been destroyed - Cars burn, windows are broken, trash litters the streets.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The unmarked cruiser stops in front of two POLICE CRUISERS.

Jamie and Fieldstone pull Ken out of the unmarked cruiser to find FOUR CORRUPT OFFICERS training hateful eyes on him.

Ken leads Jamie and Fieldstone over to his storage unit.

JAMIE

Open it.

Ken holds Jamie's stare. After a moment, Jamie looks away.

Ken opens the unit. The WHITE VAN fills the space.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Was this really all worth it?

Ken opens the van to reveal the cases of Fentanyl.

KEN
Was it for you?

Ken takes out a case. Fieldstone steps in.

FIELDSTONE
Is that all of it?

KEN
Every ounce.

Fieldstone reaches for the case - Ken holds it back.

KEN (CONT'D)
This is it. We're done now. You'll
leave me and my daughter alone.

FIELDSTONE
Yeah, sure. You're all done.

Ken releases the case to Fieldstone. He motions for the corrupt officers to come get the rest of the cases.

JAMIE
What'd you hope to get out of this?

KEN
The truth. And maybe some justice.

JAMIE
(With a laugh)
Well those two things have a funny
way of bending to those who control
it. Like me. This is your justice.

Jamie takes the case from Fieldstone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Make sure you actually kill him
this time.

Fieldstone grabs Ken.

FIELDSTONE
You're under arrest, asshole.

Fieldstone removes his SERVICE WEAPON.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
But I don't think you'll be making
it back to the station for booking.

KEN
That wasn't the deal.

FIELDSTONE
It was the one we made.

WHAP. Fieldstone slams his gun into Ken's face. Blood sprays.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
Did you really think you could beat
me? I'm the fucking law.

Fieldstone kicks Ken in the side. He grits through the pain.

KEN
You're no cop. You're just a thug
with a badge.

Ken spits out blood on Fieldstone uniform.

FIELDSTONE
You... motherfucker!

And this time, Fieldstone snaps.

Stomping down on Ken with everything he has.

After a few more kicks, Jamie steps in.

JAMIE
That's enough.

Fieldstone stops the beating - panting from the effort.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Just kill him and get this over
with already.

Fieldstone points his gun at Ken.

FIELDSTONE
Gladly.

And Ken starts to laugh.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
You think this is funny?

Ken keeps laughing, he's losing control.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
Stop it.

Ken can't.

JAMIE
Shut him up.

FIELDSTONE
I said, stop!

Fieldstone hits Ken with his gun - this quiets him.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
Not so funny now, huh?

Ken pushes himself up. He nods past Fieldstone and Jamie.

KEN
I sure think it is.

FIELDSTONE
What?

They turn to find...

Melissa and a squadron of LAPD OFFICERS and CRUISERS converging with sirens blaring and lights flashing.

MELISSA
LAPD! Drop your weapons and put your hands up!

FIELDSTONE
What the hell's this?

The corrupt officers drop the cases and grab their guns.

THE TRUE POLICE OFFICERS pour out in overwhelming numbers.

KEN
(Through a bloody smile)
Your due.

In one quick motion - Ken kicks out Fieldstone's legs.

He stands, picks up Fieldstone's gun and steps on his chest.

Jamie turns on the corrupt officers.

JAMIE
What're you doing? Shoot them.

Seeing they're vastly outnumbered, the corrupt officers lower their guns and raise their hands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You all work for me. I'm a city council member, damnit.

Ken grabs Jamie from behind, pulling his arms back.

KEN

And a criminal.
(To the officers)
Arrest them.

JAMIE

Wait.

Jamie desperately tries to fight against Ken's hold.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I can pay you.

KEN

See that's the difference between you and me. I'm not for sale.

JAMIE

I'll promote you then. Whatever you want. Just let me go and it'll be yours. I promise you.

KEN

This is what I want.

Ken hands Jamie off to the police officers.

JAMIE

No. Please don't.

Other police officers pull Fieldstone to his feet.

Ken looks across the lot. Melissa walks over.

KEN

You got here just in time.

MELISSA

Thanks to your daughter.

Ken turns to find Grace. She leads an LA TIMES REPORTER and PHOTOGRAPHER over. Ken and Grace share a smile.

KEN

Will this be enough?

MELISSA

It should be. Grace's recording of Fieldstone is pretty damning by itself. And now with all of this. Well... What do you think, Grace?

GRACE

It'll make one hell of a story.

KEN

Just make sure it's right.

GRACE

The truth is always right.

They share a knowing look.

OFFICER VOICE (O.S.)

Stop!

They spin to find Fieldstone breaking away from the police officers with one of their SERVICE WEAPONS drawn.

FIELDSTONE

I'm your commanding officer!

Fieldstone grabs Grace.

KEN

NO.

Ken quickly raises the gun he took off Fieldstone.

FIELDSTONE

Look what you did.

He puts the gun to her head.

KEN

It's over. Don't do this.

FIELDSTONE

Get back! All of you. Get back!

Fieldstone waves his gun at the surrounding officers.

KEN

Let her go.

FIELDSTONE

You couldn't just let it go, could you? It would've all been over. You just had to keep on digging.

KEN
This is between you and me.

FIELDSTONE
I'm not going down alone.

KEN
Then take me.

Ken lowers his gun.

KEN (CONT'D)
Don't hurt her for what I did.

Fieldstone points his gun at Ken.

GRACE
Don't.

Ken and Grace lock eyes - *all is forgiven.*

KEN
It's okay.

Fieldstone turns Grace aside.

FIELDSTONE
I told you I'd win.

His finger tightens on the trigger and...

BOOM.

Ken's eyes blink shut at the blast that never comes his way.

He slowly opens his eyes to find Fieldstone hunched over.

He then turns to find...

Melissa. Staring down the gun she just fired at Fieldstone.

FIELDSTONE (CONT'D)
But I'm a cop.

MELISSA
You're a disgrace.

Fieldstone lifts his gun to fire and...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Gunfire from the surrounding officers rips his body apart.

Fieldstone's bullet riddled body slumps over - *DEAD.*

Melissa turns back to Ken - holding Grace close.

Officers rush in to take Jamie and the corrupt officers away.

More REPORTERS arrive with their cellphones and cameras recording this madness all go down.

Ken keeps Grace close.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NEXT MORNING

Ken and Grace sit in this barren room, staring vacantly ahead. Grace snuggles Mutt close.

Both are lost in their own thoughts of all that has happened.

Melissa enters with a FILE.

MELISSA

It turns out that Cheryl had a contingency plan in place. If she didn't check in every 48 hours then the evidence you two had collected would be sent to headquarters. It came in today and it's certainly is expansive. With it we should be able to put them all away for a very long time.

(Lifting the file)

It also came with this...

She hands Ken the file - this is his OFFICIAL POLICE RECORD.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

You're officially clear now, Ken. Or should I say... Officer King.

KEN

(Looking over the file)

Thanks... But it's MacQuerry now. Ken King can be put to rest.

MELISSA

I'll tell them to make a note of that in your file.

Melissa takes out that day's LA TIMES.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Thought you two would want to read this, too.

She places the Times on the table.

Headline - VAST CONSPIRACY RING **EXPOSED** WITHIN THE LAPD AND CITY HALL. Written by: Grace MacQuerry.

Ken and Grace share a small smile at this little victory.

KEN

What happens now?

MELISSA

We'll close your case and make sure that everyone who was involved gets the justice they deserve.

Ken takes this even bigger victory in with a simple nod.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

And what about you? What's next?

Ken looks to Grace as she reads over her article.

KEN

I've got a bit of lost time that needs to be made up for.

MELISSA

You've earned it.

KEN

Just make this right.

MELISSA

We will.

Ken then turns back to Grace.

KEN

What do you say we go home now?

They share an even larger smile.

GRACE

There's nothing I'd like to do more.

They put their arms around each other and walk out together.

FADE TO BLACK.