

VALHALLA RISING

Written by

Richard Cartwright

And

Jason Michael Hoare

GNRC Media
Richard Cartwright

E. rich@gnrcmedia.com

W. www.gnrcmedia.com

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER: THE WAR ON DRUGS COST THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER 10 BILLION DOLLARS IN 2020.

IN THE PAST DECADE OVER 1 MILLION PEOPLE HAVE DIED IN LATIN AMERICA IN COCAINE TURF WARS.

THE GLOBAL COCAINE ECONOMY IS ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH 500 BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR AND GROWING.

WHO IS WINNING THESE WARS?

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Two motorbike headlights beam on an open road, the rumble of engines break the still of night as white centre-line markings flash by.

EXT. DEPOT - NIGHT

SUPER: FIFTY MILES SOUTH-WEST SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

The two motorbikes come to a halt, engines cut, two RIDERS in full face helmets dismount.

On their sleeveless denim vests over leather jackets...

- WARLORDS MC (top rocker) SAN ANTONIO TX. (bottom rocker) and a MOTIF in middle -

Both riders remove their helmets.

KING (35) muscular, handsome, takes a cursory look around.

RAY PERETTA (40) Sergeant At Arms, stocky, swarthy, a sense of menace pervades him as he checks his surrounds.

He throws a key to King. He unlocks a gate and they enter a depot where several trucks and containers are parked.

The sound of a truck nearing alerts them. It drives through the open gates with a container on its table-top as its payload, then comes to a stop in the depot.

PABLO (20s) the truck driver, alights and walks to the rear, he gives a gentle nod to Peretta and King.

Peretta unlocks the padlocked container with a key, raises a latch and pulls open two doors.

He raises his hand to cover his nose and mouth, overcome, he's forced back.

Pablo buckles over, he dry reaches to the side.

King covers his nose and mouth, his initial shock locks his eyes on what he can't believe he sees. He then looks off.

PERETTA

(to Pablo)

What the fuck is this?

Pablo shakes his head 'don't know'.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

Look at me Pablo!

He raises his head, fear in his eyes.

PABLO

(tremble in his voice)

I drive truck. I don't know?

Peretta angrily slams the container doors closed. He turns away from Pablo, then looks up into the night sky and shakes his head in dismay.

PERETTA

(under his breath)

Fuck.

He turns back, pulls out a revolver from under his jacket and shoots Pablo point blank in the temple.

King is splattered with blood and skull fragments as Pablo drops dead to the dirt.

KING

What the fuck Ray?

PERETTA

Don't say a fucking word.

Peretta pulls out his mobile phone. King stands there silent.

EXT. VEGA VILLA - NIGHT

SUPER: 48 HOURS EARLIER SABINAS HIDALGO NUEVO LEON MEXICO

Spanish Villa, three stories, sandstone, stucco roof tiles, palms sway in a grass courtyard with high concrete perimeter walls and a foreboding steel gate, this is a fortress.

Three burly MALES patrol the grounds with Uzi machine guns slipped over their shoulders.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - VEGA VILLA - NIGHT

HECTOR VEGA (50) in casual attire, carries largesse, a powerful drug lord and head of the Vega Cartel, sits absorbed in his Wall Street Journal.

CONCHITA VEGA (35) Hector's younger, glamorous wife, in a floral one piece, sits opposite, she sips champagne from a flute glass while she reads a VOGUE magazine.

CLAUDIA VEGA (16) in a Haute-Couture red dress - younger version of her mother's beauty - prances into the room and pirouettes.

CLAUDIA

Mama, Papi, how do I look?

Hector rises from his seat, his hand behind his back as he beams, so proud of his daughter.

HECTOR

Beautiful! Your mother and I have something for you.

He brings his hand forward, in it he holds a jewelry box.

Claudia excitedly takes it, opens it to see an exquisite, gold bracelet with a diamond setting. She shrieks with joy.

HECTOR VEGA

Do you like it?

CLAUDIA

Yes! It's stunning!

CONCHITA

Happy birthday Claudia.

Hector places the bracelet upon his daughter's wrist. She hugs and kisses her Mother, Hector opens his arms, they embrace, she then steps back.

CLAUDIA
Mama, my friends are having a party
for me tonight.

CONCHITA
But it's your birthday. Your father
and I thought...

CLAUDIA
(overlapping)
Marissa got us all VIP!

Claudia pours herself a champagne flute and sips. Conchita
looks at Hector, he just shrugs.

CONCHITA
Which club?

CLAUDIA
La Pasha mama.

CONCHITA
In Monterrey?

Conchita frowns, looks to Hector.

CLAUDIA
What's wrong with La Pasha? It's so
cool. Everyone goes there!

Hector glances at Claudia, then to Conchita.

HECTOR
I'll send Topo with her.

CLAUDIA
But Papi I'm sixteen years old! I
don't need a baby sitter.

HECTOR
Young lady you will do as you're
told, keep your mother happy. Home
by midnight, comprende?

CLAUDIA
Fine.

Claudia spins on her heel then walks out of the room as
Conchita gives Hector a displeased look.

HECTOR
What? It's her birthday. She will
be fine.

Hector returns to his newspaper, Conchita disgruntled returns to her Vogue.

INT. LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Claudia with TOPO (30s) burly bodyguard, breeze into the fashionable nightclub.

Music thumps loud, lights flash, PEOPLE dance, it's a party!

She's greeted by a VIP BOUNCER, with a welcoming smile, she spins on her heel and open-palms Topo's chest.

CLAUDIA

No! You watch me from over there at the bar.

Topo looks to the VIP bouncer for support, it's not forthcoming and Claudia is ushered in.

He steps back, then walks to the bar and props on the edge, yet keeps a keen eye on Claudia.

INT. LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

YOUNG MAN (20) slick, handsome, greets Claudia, he smiles and extends his hand, they dance amongst several young MALES and FEMALES of similar age.

Champagne flows, Claudia sees Topo keenly watching, she ignores as she dances away.

INT. BAR - LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Topo sips his beer, his eyes scan the VIP as a YOUNG WOMAN (20s) sidles up, she distracts with a flick of her long curly hair and buxom cleavage.

Topo tries to see past her as she wraps both arms around him and coils like a vine that obstructs his view.

INT. LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Claudia and the Young Man catch their breath. He whispers in her ear, she smiles, he drops a white pill in her champagne flute, his shirt sleeve is now rolled up - there is a black scorpion tattoo underside of his forearm.

Claudia drinks the champagne in one go, she giggles.

A MOMENT LATER...

She becomes woozy, the Young Man takes her hand - her vision is blurred, the room starts to spin - she's now wobbly on her feet, he guides her towards a corridor and they STEP INTO...

INT. LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Young Man half carries, half drags Claudia along, he pushes open an exit door and walks out.

INT. LA PASHA NIGHT CLUB - BAR

Topo is distracted by the Young Lady. He strains to look into the VIP yet he can't see Claudia.

He pushes the Young Lady away to search the dance floor, tries to find Claudia. The Young lady discreetly exits the bar. Topo looks back to see her now gone, he's frantic.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Black VAN is parked, its engine idles. A sliding door opens and two Latino MALES are crouched in the back.

Claudia is grabbed by her arm by an extended hand - on the underside of a forearm a black scorpion tattoo - she is pulled inside, the door slid shut and the Van drives off.

The Young Man scampers away down the alley.

Topo bursts into the alley in panic. He props looks around, all he can see is darkness.

INT. RECEPTION - BROTHEL - NIGHT

King and Peretta enter. MARIA (50) Latino, buxom, hard faced Madam is at a counter. She discreetly presses a button underneath.

Three scantily clad Latino HOOKERS (20s) sit on a cane lounge and sprout nervous looks.

A MOMENT LATER...

Two hulking Latino MALES (30s) emerge and hold baseball bats.

PERETTA

Really?

King grins, then steps forward with lightening-quick hands 'n feet, he attacks one, disarms the other as both drop to the floor. He now holds both baseball bats.

PERETTA (CONT'D)
Batter up!

He flicks one bat to Peretta who in one motion catches and swings and administers a solid whack to one of the bodies on the floor.

King smashes the legs of the other male, both grimace and moan as more heavy blows are inflicted.

PERETTA (CONT'D)
(to Hookers)
You three, out now!

The three scamper off. Maria doesn't flinch, she just eyes King.

Peretta sweats, his chest heaves as he hands the now bloodied bat to King, then steps to the counter. Maria eases back.

PERETTA (CONT'D)
Maria you know the rules.

MARIA
What am I supposed to do?

PERETTA
Don't make me do this again.

She gulps, nods in agreement, then hands an envelope to him, he opens it and peeks inside, sees stacks of fifty-dollar bills.

Peretta steps over the bloodied, battered bodies and exits, King follows.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Peretta and King pull up into a suburban driveway, kill their engines and dismount their bikes.

PERETTA
Let's go 'round back.

They walk across a lawn, open a side gate and STEP INTO...

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Small backyard where grass meets an old weatherboard and brick dwelling, it's nothing fancy.

They walk towards the back door, Peretta open it and he, followed by King STEP INTO...

INT. PERETTA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RAY-JAY (5) cute little boy, rushes his Father.

RAY-JAY
(excited)
Daddy!

Peretta scoops him up and swings him around. There is joy in the child's face as King enters and observes the father-son interaction.

Ray-Jay is swung faster, his delight grows. Peretta then slows and hugs him, scruffs his hair, kisses the top of his head and places him back down.

SANDI PERETTA (30s) raven hair, vivacious, devoted wife and caring mother, stirs a pot on a stove, she turns to greet with a kind smile.

Peretta kisses her cheek. King with a respectful smile in reply.

KING
Hi Sandi.

SANDI
Hi King. You boys hungry?

Peretta winks at King.

PERETTA
You bet babe.

He then rubs the rosy cheeks of BOBBI (2) his baby girl sat in a high chair.

SANDI
King?

KING
Sure Sandi. Thanks.

Ray-Jay climbs up into his chair, he picks up a drawing on the table and holds it up proud.

PERETTA

What have you got here son?

RAY-JAY

It's you Daddy.

Sandi opens the fridge, grabs two beers, slams it shut with her hip, places the bottles on the table with bread, ketchup, and salt 'n pepper shakers.

Peretta shows the drawing to King - image of a stick-figure on a motor bike 'Daddy' scrawled underneath - he nods approvingly.

The proud father rises and affixes it to the fridge with a magnet then resumes his seat and swigs on his beer.

PERETTA

(to King)

Budding Picasso, hey?

Sandi places two plates laden with beef stew on the table.

SANDI

(to King)

Bursting with pride is our Ray.

King nods with an agreeing smile as Peretta shadow punches with Ray-Jay.

He then pours ketchup over his stew, sprinkles salt and pepper and makes light work as he shovels it in his mouth.

King less frenetic, he nods approvingly and Sandi accepts with a smile, then a side glance to Bobbi.

SANDI (CONT'D)

You in a hurry babe?

PERETTA

Friday night party at the clubhouse.

Sandi gives Peretta a dark look.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

Darling you know I have to be there.

SANDI

Just because you have to be there doesn't mean I have to like it.

PERETTA

Babe you know I don't have a choice.

Peretta gives his wife a kind smile.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

(to King)

C'mon. Get a move on. We'll be late.

He swigs his beer and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand then rises.

King hurriedly finishes off his meal and takes a swig of beer.

KING

Thanks Sandi.

SANDI

You're welcome.

(to Peretta)

Behave yourselves now.

PERETTA

Not a chance.

Peretta sports a cheeky grin and laughs out loud. Sandi playfully flicks a tea towel. He grabs it instinctively and pulls Sandi into his arms and cradles her.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

You got nothin' to worry about babe. You're the only one for me.

Sandi beams and kisses him - great love and affection between two of them - as King holds out his index finger to Bobbi, her tiny fingers pull his finger and he pokes his tongue out.

Bobbi laughs, Sandi laughs, King laughs and encourages the toddler.

She pulls his index finger again, King pokes his tongue out once more. The little girl shrieks. Sandi turns in Peretta's arms to face King.

SANDI

I think she likes you.

Bobbi smiles wide, her 'baby blue' eyes sparkle.

KING

She's beautiful.

Sandi smiles, nods 'yes'.

PERETTA
Just like her mama!

Sandi's smile widens, she turns with a loving look in her eyes and kisses her husband once more, then slips from the embrace.

SANDI
(to King)
You're good with kids. You got any?

KING
(pauses for a beat)
Na.

King deflects with a polite smile.

SANDI
You need a woman? I've got a
girlfriend you might like to meet?

PERETTA
Don't worry 'bout setting him up
with just one. He's got plenty!
Ugly lookin' son of a bitch like
him?

Peretta laughs, King lowers his gaze, while Sandi shakes her head in wry dismay at her husband.

He winks then affectionately kisses the heads of his children and his wife goodbye.

PERETTA (CONT'D)
See ya babe.
(to King)
Come on Romeo!

KING
Thanks again Sandi.

SANDI
Make sure you look after my man.

Peretta opens back door and exits.

KING
Always.

King gives Sandi a kind nod, then turns and hurriedly exits and pulls the door closed.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Topo sits tied to a chair, he's shirtless, sweats, his face a bloodied and bruised mess. His head is hung low and he dribbles blood. Two THUGS stand over him.

Hector enters and stands over Topo, he looks up through squinted eyes.

TOPO

All I know is she was dancing with
some guy and then she was gone. I
checked every where. I'm sorry
Jefe.

Another blow to the head by Thug #1.

HECTOR

Sorry is not good enough my friend.
I trusted you with my daughter's
safety.
(screaming)
My only daughter!

TOPO

I will find her. I promise. Just
let me try.

CONCHITA (O.C.)

You're not going anywhere.

Conchita emerges from the shadows, she holds an electric cattle prod. Two Thugs step back with a respectful bow.

She thrusts the prod into Topo's rib cage. He screams in agony. She leans in, prods him harder, longer. Topo screams louder and his body convulses.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

(controlled)
Where - is - my - daughter?

Conchita prods him again. Topo's screams are shrill, his eyes roll, his head flops side to side as blood and saliva spew from his mouth. He's barely breathing and slowly raises his head.

TOPO

(whimpering)
I don't know...I'm sorry.

She looks at him with utter disdain and hands the cattle prod to Thug #1. He takes it as she looks at Hector in disgust.

CONCHITA

Call Ramos.

Conchita walks off to the sounds of Topo's screams as Hector slips out his mobile phone to make a call.

EXT. COMPOUND - WARLORDS MC - NIGHT

A wild bikie party in progress. Four-piece BAND on a makeshift stage belts out some slow-grind blues.

Three naked STRIPPERS (20s) in high-heels with silicon enhanced breasts and a myriad of tattoos that cover their flesh gyrate on three podiums to the hypnotic beat.

TITO VEGA (40) Latino, Warlords MC President, tough, no nonsense, slips his Mobile Phone under his jacket and looks angry.

TITO
(to himself)
Fuck!

Several WARLORDS with BIKIE-MOLLS drink, dance and fall about, smoke joints, snort lines of cocaine on mirrors handed around.

WARLORD #2 on his Harley does Donuts* and rubber smoke fills the air.

*Motorbike rider with front brake on as he rotates in circles, the bike stays in one spot.

WARLORD #3 is doing a Wheelie* the length of the compound.

Stood on the bike's side pegs, in a mix of danger and delicate balance, is a half-naked, big breasted WOMAN (20s) her arms extended upward and she wails.

*Bike is going forward at pace with the front wheel elevated.

Wheel-standing bike comes to a screeching stop and BIKIE-MOLL #1 throws a can of beer at the Woman on the back of the bike and she catches it in one hand.

Warlord #3 pulls a blade from the scabbard on his belt, flicks it in the air, she catches the handle, stabs the bottom of the can and Shotguns.*

Then crushes the can and throws the blade at a wooden post, narrowly missing WARLORD #4 as it whizzes past his ear.

*Can is stabbed at the bottom and mouth is placed over the hole, the ring top is pulled and the beer is downed in one go.

She stands triumphant, her arms raised above her head and the crowd erupts!

Tito with his arms folded across a barrel-like chest looks at his watch with a disgruntled expression.

TITO (CONT'D)
 (to Old Stumpy)
 Where's Peretta?

OLD STUMPY (mid 60s) a grizzly bearded, huge mountain of an old bikie with a 'Lifer' patch on his jacket looks at Tito.

OLD STUMPY
 He's with King as far as I know?

TITO
 What are they doing?

OLD STUMPY
 I don't know I'm not his keeper.

WARLORD #1 (30s) reluctantly shakes his head as Tito glares, then pulls out a cigarette, lights it up and puffs away as Old Stumpy throws back his beer then strides off.

Old Stumpy grabs hold of Stripper #1. Drunk, his bear-like arms pull her over his shoulder, she screams, kicks her legs and punches his back to no avail.

Crowd hoots and hollers!

He then stumbles, loses his balance and falls backwards and thunders into the dirt. Stripper #1 is cushioned by his bulky body.

She climbs to her feet and kicks a high-heeled clad foot into his ribs. He's too drunk and doesn't feel a thing. She then storms off.

Crowd burst out laughing as she resumes her position on the podium.

PLEDGE* (18) slight frame, long hair, keels over and laughs.

*Yet to be inducted MC member on probation.

Warlords mill around and pour their beers over Old Stumpy. He comes to life and his tongue laps his beer-soaked beard and he grins.

Young Pledge sidles up beside Warlord #1.

PLEDGE
(laughing)
Did you see that fat fuck?

Tito glares. Warlord #1 indicates Pledge to shut up, he doesn't take the hint.

PLEDGE (CONT'D)
I mean that fat bastard picked up
that stripper and then the fucker
fell over!

TITO
(to Pledge)
What the fuck did you say?

Pledge is blurry-eyed from too much beer. He's like a deer in the headlights.

TITO (CONT'D)
You fuckin' deaf?

Pledge says nothing. Tito lands a straight right and sends the kid rocketing to the dirt, then drags him to his feet, hits him again and again.

Blood splatters, his nose is crushed and teeth fly from a brutal beating.

Band stops. Strippers are still on the podiums. ALL go quiet.

Tito steps back, he scans the compound, no one makes eye contact. The now battered Pledge lays bleeding in the dirt.

TITO (CONT'D)
It's a fuckin' party. So party!

Band strikes up, 'festivities' resume.

TITO (CONT'D)
(to Warlord #1)
Clean him up.
(sternly)
Then find me Peretta.

Warlord #1 nods as Tito walks off.

A MOMENT LATER...

Roar of two bikes shatters the compound.

All eyes divert as Peretta and King ride in, stop, dismount. Peretta carries a brown bag, then notices the Pledge now propped in the arms of WARLORD #2 (40s).

PERETTA
What happened?

WARLORD #2
The pledge laughed at Old Stumpy,
for just being himself. Then Tito
did the rest.

Peretta nods then takes a closer look, he frowns. King looks at blood seeping from Pledge's mouth.

KING
He alright?

WARLORD #2
He'll live. Just.

PERETTA
Not him, Tito?

WARLORD #2
He's waiting for you.

PERETTA
Good, I'm thirsty.

He points to a beer barrel and propped next to it is Old Stumpy with a beer in hand.

PERETTA (CONT'D)
Stumpy.

Old Stumpy raises his beer in salute.

OLD STUMPY
Raymond! To the life, let's live it
while we can.

Peretta grins. King strolls over and pulls out two beers.

PERETTA
One for the kid.

King pulls out another can of beer and hands it to Pledge, he takes it, he's groggy, yet manages to pull the ring pull and nods 'thanks'.

KING
Hey Stumpy. How you doing?

OLD STUMPY

I'm doing great, what can I say?
 You Ray's shadow now? Climbing the
 ranks huh? Like a creeping vine.
 You slippery fuck. Don't forget who
 started this club.

Peretta sighs. Old Stumpy downs his beer, then stumbles off
 with inaudible grunts.

KING

What was that about?

PERETTA

Don't worry about Old Stump, he
 just gets nostalgic from time to
 time.

Pledge looks at Peretta through blurry eyes.

PLEDGE

Ray, I didn't say nothin'...

PERETTA

(overlapping)
 Don't ever disrespect an Original
 lifer, ever, if you want to be part
 of this club. Understand?

The battered kid nods and grips the can firmly in his hand.

Warlord #2 looks at Peretta with respect, throws back his
 beer, King does the same.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

(to King)
 C'mon.
 (to Warlord #2)
 Clean the kid up. Make sure he's
 okay, then get him laid. He's had a
 fight, so he may's well have a
 fuck.

Warlord #2 nods with a grin.

KING

Tito must be pissed?

PERETTA

We'll soon find out.

King nods at Peretta and they walk off.

INT. TITO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walls are covered with posters of semi-naked women, images of Harleys, Warlords MC flag on back wall, it's a typical MC President's office.

Peretta and King enter. Tito sits at a wooden desk with his anger visible and rising.

TITO

Where the fuck have you been?

The Sergeant At Arms throws the brown bag on the desk.

PERETTA

Taking care of business. Here's
this week's collection.

Tito opens the brown bag and thumbs through stacks of bundled dollar bills.

King's gaze is slightly lowered. Tito opens up a saddle bag on his desk - full of bundled dollar bills - he removes the bundled dollar bills and drops them into his saddlebag.

Tito flicks a bundle of bills at Peretta. He catches it and slips them inside his leather jacket.

PERETTA (CONT'D)

What the kid do?

TITO

Disrespected the Lifer. You got a
problem with that?

Peretta mildly shakes his head 'no'.

TITO (CONT'D)

Good. I gotta go south to see
Hector.

PERETTA

What's up?

TITO

Family problem. You and King go out
to the depot. Make sure the
shipment is secure. Pablo is the
driver.

Tito rises and hands Peretta a key. He takes it then Tito picks up the saddlebag and brushes past them. Peretta and King turn and follow.

EXT. COMPOUND - WARLORDS MC - NIGHT

Tito straps the saddlebag on his bike, he mounts and kicks over his engine, it fires, he revs it a few times.

Warlord #1 follows as do Peretta and King with the roar of erupting engines the Warlords and Bikie-Molls part like the red sea as they ride off.

Large gate opens and they ride through, one by one, then the gate closes behind.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tito turns left and Warlord #1 follows. Peretta and King turn right as the rumble of Harley's shatters the night.

INT. HECTOR'S STUDY - VEGA VILLA - NIGHT

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR: Claudia Vega sits in a chair, she's naked, her hands and legs bound, she's bruised, battered and sobs.

CLAUDIA
(desperate cries)
Why are you doing this to me?

Another whip lashes her body and she screams. MALE in an evil face mask in head to toe black, reefs her head back, he shoves her bloodied face straight to camera.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
(desperate cries)
My father is rich he can pay you.
(sobs)
Papi, help me, please!

Another whip lashes her body and she screams.

INT. HECTOR'S STUDY - VEGA VILLA - NIGHT

Conchita is in front of the Computer Monitor, distressed, fearful, she shakes and builds into a vengeful rage. Hector is next to her, his eyes bulge.

She steps forward and picks up the Computer Monitor, then hurls it across room. It smashes against the oak paneled wall.

Her face is contorted and she turns and slaps her husband's face. He stands there and she glares at him.

CONCHITA

How could you let this happen to our daughter? Oh my god Hector you have to find her now. Pay them what ever they want!

Conchita storms from the study, abruptly brushing past a HENCHMAN (30s) who averts any eye contact and steps aside.

HENCHMAN

Boss, Inspector Ramos is here.

The Henchman motions to Inspector VICTOR RAMOS (45) smooth, stylish, suited, head of the local police.

Hector walks behind his desk and opens a draw, removes wads of bundled cash and throws it on the desk as Ramos enters.

HECTOR

My daughter has been kidnapped and I need you to find the animals who have done this and bring them directly to me.

Ramos nods once, picks up the wads of cash and slips it inside his suit jacket as Conchita re-enters the study.

RAMOS

Senora Vega.

CONCHITA

Inspector Ramos do I need to remind you my husband pays you and your police force for our family's protection. So please earn your money!

RAMOS

Senora Vega I personally guarantee I will leave no stone unturned. We will find your daughter and those responsible.

Conchita eyeballs Ramos, then she looks at Hector, then turns and exits briskly.

RAMOS (CONT'D)

Don Vega where was your daughter last seen and who was she with?

HECTOR

La Pasha nightclub with one of my men, Topo.

RAMOS

Where is Topo now? I would like to
speak to him?

HECTOR

Downstairs, in the basement.

Ramos nods knowingly. Hector leads him from the study.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Topo's head is slumped in his chest. Hector and Ramos enter
with the sound of a creaking door.

Through blurred eyes Topo sees Conchita behind Hector and
Ramos, she holds a large machete.

He tries to speak, no words, just blood drips from his lips.

Conchita steps forward and forcefully slashes Topo across his
neck with the machete. Blood spurts as the blade is lodged in
his neck, then she turns and walks off.

Hector and Ramos are shocked. Conchita brushes past, her
dress splattered with blood.

HECTOR

Mi Amor?

She stops, props and looks at her husband.

CONCHITA

He had nothing more to say.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

(sternly, to Ramos)

Find my daughter Inspector Ramos.

RAMOS

We will Senora Vega, we will.

CONCHITA

You had better. Take a good look at
our dear friend Topo.

Conchita exits the basement. Ramos looks at Hector, he shrugs
as Topo sits there dead.