

Beyond the Badge/Pilot

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MEXICAN WOODS - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: THREE DAYS AGO

ROBERT, 30's, Latino and dressed in a dark hooded sweater, frantically runs through the dark Mexican woods while trying to evade a group of pursuers.

Several heavily armed LATINO MEN led by JULIO, mid 20's, scatter around the area searching for Robert. They move their flashlights in a sweeping motion.

Robert stops and takes cover behind a large tree to catch his breath.

JULIO (V.O.)
(filtered in Spanish)
Anybody find the bastard?

LATINO MAN #1 (V.O.)
(filtered in Spanish)
Not yet.

Robert peeks pass the tree and notices...

The flashlight beams approaching in the distance. Robert then continues running, but after taking a few feet, he stumbles and falls down a cliff.

JULIO and a group of Latino Men arrive at the cliff edge. They illuminate everywhere, but no sign of Robert.

From behind the group, RAMON SALAZAR, 50's, dressed in a high priced suit, long mustache that extends to his chin, and a cigar dangling from his mouth, steps forward. He grabs a flashlight from one of the men and shines it down the cliff.

JULIO
(in Spanish)
There's no way he survived that.

Ramon turns to Julio.

RAMON
(in Spanish)
Is that your professional
assessment?

Julio shyly looks away.

RAMON (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Get down there and find him.

Julio nods and turns to the other men.

JULIO
(in Spanish)
Come on.

Julio and a few others start their descend.

GRINGO, 40's, Caucasian with salt and pepper hair and goatee, steps from the shadows with a swag.

GRINGO
(to Ramon)
My boss won't approve of this.

RAMON
We'll find him.

Ramon looks forward in the distance and notices...

The twinkling lights from a shipping dock down below in the distance.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - AERIAL - EVENING

SUBTITLE: PRESENT DAY

An urban and quiet tree-lined street with middle class looking homes is seen from high above. The Manhattan skyscrapers are visible in the background.

EXT. QUEENS HOME/BACK - EVENING

CARLOS, Latino, mid 20's, tall, slim, and dressed in blue jeans and white tank top, CRASHES through a back window of a single family home. He lands on the concrete pavement with glass covering him. He bounces up and takes a quick look around - there's nowhere to go. He then staggers down a long driveway toward the front of the home.

EXT. QUEENS HOME/FRONT - EVENING

Carlos is about to exit the driveway when a kick to his mid section from an unseen attacker brings him to his knees. He looks up and sees...

DETECTIVE ELIZABETH LOZA, an attractive girl-next-door Latina, 30's, dressed in dark slacks and blazer with her gun on her hip and her detective badge dangling from her pants belt.

CARLOS

You bitch!

Elizabeth grabs Carlos by the arm, straightens him up, slams him against the wall, and starts handcuffing him.

ELIZABETH

Carlos Ortega, you're under arrest
for the murders of Ashley Hernandez
and Kyle Anderson.

Elizabeth's partner, DETECTIVE CLINTON ADKINS, 30's, tall, sharply dressed African American man, appears from the front entrance of the home. He looks at Carlos' face pressed against the wall.

CLINTON

(to Carlos)

That's what happens when you choose
the hard way.

ELIZABETH

(to Clinton)

I thought you were going after him?

CLINTON

You think I was going to ruin a
suit like this for this shit bag?

Elizabeth grabs Carlos' neck and the detectives escort him away.

As they approach their vehicle, a small group of onlookers have gathered on the curb. Some of the onlookers have their cell phones in video mode recording everything.

The detectives notice the spectators.

ELIZABETH

(agitated)

Here we go. The damn zoo.

Clinton notices Elizabeth is annoyed.

CLINTON

You gotta learn to embrace them,
Elizabeth. It's our way of life
now.