

# GREEN RUSH

Written by

Matt Tente

Contact:

BELLEVUE  
Jeff Portnoy  
818-207-8172

Darren Trattner  
JTWAMMK  
310-553-0305

OVER BLACK:

The spark of a lighter - A crackling singe - Bubbling water...

*MUSIC CUE: Kendrick Lamar & Dr. Dre's - The Recipe fades up.*

EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - NIGHT

A 1930's bungalow in desperate need of repair. The lawn's overgrown, windows barred and shades blacked out.

The water continues to bubble over the music.

*GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hit that shit homie.*

The sound of lungs sucking back smoke.

INT. KITCHEN - GROW HOUSE - SAME

A cloud of smoke fills the frame. As it dissipates, we see--

ASHLEIGH TAYLOR (black/20s), a lipstick tomboy, bobbing to the beat in an *I Smoke LA* tank top. A rip on the iconic *I Heart NY*, with the heart replaced by a pot leaf.

She's looking at someone across the table.

ASHLEIGH  
Well?

Angle on two white guys, JEFF and ERIC (late-20s), preppy in polos with Harvard Crimson caps. Jeff's holding a BUBBLER.

JEFF  
That's that good shit.

ASHLEIGH  
Home grown hybrid I'm calling *King Tut*. You'll feel it in your face.

ERIC  
Got us a would-be herbologist.

Eric stands, as she corrects him.

ASHLEIGH  
Nothing would-be about it, and the proper term is cultivator.

JEFF

I'll call you whatever you want, as long as I get some of this.

Ashleigh slides a dime bag across the table.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's it?

She looks over at Eric tugging on a LOCKED DOOR.

ASHLEIGH

Read the sign.

He looks at the door, but nothing's there.

ERIC

Where's your bathroom?

ASHLEIGH

(Points)

That way.

Ashleigh walks over and picks a piece of paper up off the floor, the sign reading -- *KEEP OUT* -- and tacks it back up.

JEFF

Can I get an ounce?

ASHLEIGH

Dimes and samples from here on out.

JEFF

Come on Ash, don't do me like that.

ASHLEIGH

Got an investor, taking my talents legit.

JEFF

(Genuine surprise)

Really... Who?

Jeff takes a monster hit and almost coughs up a lung.

ASHLEIGH

Why? You wanna buy in?

JEFF

How much we talking?

ASHLEIGH

Two fifty.

He coughs again, blanching at the number.

JEFF

Let me think about it.

INT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - LATER

The music's mellowed, the guys walking out the front door.

ASHLEIGH

Gonna think it over, right?

Jeff's polite, but has no intention of giving it a second thought.

JEFF

Absolutely.

They shake and she closes the door.

INT. AUDI - NEXT

The guys slide in, Eric examining the dime bag.

JEFF

Any seeds?

Eric nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Can you clone it?

He sniffs the nuggets, smiling ear to ear.

ERIC

Most definitely.

INT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - SAME

Ashleigh walks over to the Locked Door, opening it to reveal a veritable JUNGLE on the other side.

INT. GARAGE - GROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A garage converted GROW, with six-foot-tall MARIJUANA PLANTS cooking under the pink glow of full spectrum LED lamps.

Fans circulate the air, while PVC pipes irrigate the plants.

Ashleigh takes out a small pair of scissors and trims the buds, caring for the plants like they're her own children.

Suddenly, one of the lights flickers and goes dark. She tests the socket -- It's dead.

Ashleigh runs an extension cord from a POWER STRIP inundated with plugs, connects it and the light flickers back to life.

We hold on the Power Strip as she leaves, a small spark jumping from the slew of plugs tapped into it.

INT. BEDROOM - GROW HOUSE - LATER

Ashleigh's fast asleep in an empty bedroom, no furniture aside from her floor bound mattress.

Suddenly--

*ERRRR - ERRRRR - ERRRR - ERRRR*

The smoke alarm sounds.

Ashleigh crawls out of bed and crosses to the door to find SMOKE creeping in through the bottom.

ASHLEIGH

What the hell?

She opens it and--

*A BLACK CLOUD RUSHES IN*

She coughs as smoke fills her lungs.

INT. HALLWAY - GROW HOUSE - NEXT

Ashleigh stays low, hurrying down the hall to discover--

*FLAMES RACING UP THE WALLS*

ASHLEIGH

Oh my God.

She runs to the kitchen and grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, pops the pin like a grenade and takes aim--

*SWOOSH*

Foam hits the flames, but it has little effect. The fire climbing the walls and catching the ceiling.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

Ashleigh runs over to the Locked Door and grabs the handle, but it burns her hand--

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She wraps her sweatshirt sleeve around her other hand and opens the door--

*WHOOSH*

Fresh oxygen feeds the flames.

Ashleigh coughs as black smoke billows from the Grow, flames eating away at the walls and dancing across the ceiling.

*Time slows...*

She looks around as the fire gains in heat and intensity.

Ashleigh glances behind her, the back door her only way out.

She takes one last look at her precious plants and bolts.

EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - LATER

FIREMEN are battling the blaze, while NEIGHBORS watch from behind a wooden barricade.

A FIRE MARSHAL approaches the crowd.

FIRE MARSHAL

Anybody live here?

The Neighbors all shake their heads.

FIRE MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Anyone at all?

Ashleigh's standing at the back of the crowd, watching in despair as the flames consume her crop.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE UP: *GREEN RUSH*

EXT. PRISON YARD - FCI TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY

INMATES are mingling in self-segregated cliques -- *Crips, Bloods, MS-13, Aryan Brotherhood...*

Jogging the wall away from the crowd is LU TAYLOR (black/40s), a hackneyed, loner of an inmate, averse to that clan mentality.

He locks eyes with a GUARD, who nods as he passes.

Lu glances over his shoulder as the Guard turns his back and a TENNIS BALL flies over the wall.

Lu scoops it up and shoves it down his prison issued pants.

INT. CHOW LINE - FCI TERMINAL ISLAND - LATER

Lu's behind the line, plating food for the lunch crowd.

LU  
Chicken or veg?

INMATE 1  
Chicken.

LU  
Chicken or veg?

INMATE 2  
Chicken.

He passes the plates over the sneeze guard.

LU  
Chicken or veg?

INMATE 3  
Veg.

The magic word. Lu drops a nickel bag under the veggie entree and passes it across. The Inmate moves on, no one the wiser.

Another INMATE working beside Lu whispers.

INMATE 4  
Yo, you got any smack?

LU  
Know I don't fuck with that poison.

INMATE 4  
Help a brother out.

LU  
Get out of here with that *help* a  
*brother*. Go on and help yourself.

INT. PRISON CELL - FCI TERMINAL ISLAND - NIGHT

Lu's on the bottom bunk scanning a thick packet, while his  
CELLMATE reads above him.

CELLMATE  
Know what you're gonna say?

LU  
Been rehearsing for months.

Lu lays the packet across his chest and we see the title--  
*LUIS TAYLOR - PAROLE PACKAGE*

CELLMATE  
Remember your yes sirs and no sirs.

LU  
Yes sir.

His Cellmate snickers, as Lu gazes at a few old PHOTOS taped  
to the bottom of the top bunk.

One of a YOUNG WOMAN (black/20s), holding a NEWBORN, another  
of a YOUNG GIRL (black/9-10) and a third more recent image of  
a YOUNG MAN (black/20s).

LU (CONT'D)  
Call'em whatever they want, as long  
as they sign my release.

CELLMATE  
I'll be praying on it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FCI TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY

Lu is seated across from the PAROLE BOARD, fidgeting in his  
chair, nervous despite all his preparation.

MEMBER 1  
Very impressive. I can't remember  
the last time we received a  
document this thorough.

LU  
I'm sincere about my  
rehabilitation... Sir.

## MEMBER 1

Two prior convictions for second degree robbery and a third strike for intent to distribute--

LU

Marijuana sir. All three were non-violent and my third strike came a decade after time served for the first two. Done twelve years for it.

## MEMBER 2

Mr. Taylor, are you aware that without recent changes to the law, you wouldn't be here today?

LU

I am Ma'am and grateful.

The Members stare back, their expressions impossible to gauge.

## MEMBER 3

What do you plan to do if released?

LU

Spent almost half my life inside these walls. Gonna work hard at whatever I find and try my best to make up for lost time. My daughter's full grown. I'd like the chance to get to know her.

Lu scans their faces, just as inscrutable as they were before.

*Prelap: BEEP - BEEP - BEEP*

EXT. FCI TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY

The prison gates open, Lu standing behind them in street clothes, holding a plastic bag.

He breathes deep and takes his first steps as a semi-free man in over a decade.

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Lu drops the plastic bag with all his worldly possessions on a naked twin mattress that's covered in stains.

The room not much of an upgrade from his prison cell.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

Lu's P.O. is a grungy guy (white/50s), bitter about his place in the world.

He hands Lu a slip of paper.

P.O.

Work release, here's the address.  
If you're a no show, I'll hear  
about it and you'll be one step  
closer to the can. Understood?

Lu nods.

P.O. (CONT'D)

Check in once a week, phone's okay.  
I don't hear from you, the cops  
hear from me. That clear?

LU

Crystal.

P.O.

Something on your mind?

Lu shakes his head.

P.O. (CONT'D)

Then get the hell outta here.

*Prelap: KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK*

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - AFTERNOON

Another window barred bungalow with a clean paint job. The lawn and bushes recently trimmed.

KEISHA (40s), the woman from Lu's photo, but over a decade older, answers the door like she's just seen a ghost.

KEISHA

When'd you get out?

LU

Yesterday.

She sizes him up -- Prison fit beneath his old clothes.

KEISHA

What took you so long?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - KEISHA'S HOUSE - NEXT

Lu and Keisha are sprawled out on twisted sheets, making love like it's their honeymoon.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - KEISHA'S HOUSE - LATER

The two are lying on their backs, catching their breath.

LU  
Feel like I'm fifteen.

KEISHA  
Fuck like it too.

He laughs as Keisha slides on a shirt.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
Where you staying?

LU  
Halfway house. Gave me work  
release. Gonna fly straight.

KEISHA  
That'll last.

Lu takes offense, but doesn't argue.

LU  
Thanks for the letters.

KEISHA  
Only pen pal I've ever had.

LU  
Lingerie shots were a nice touch.

KEISHA  
Stop...

The conversation grows stale. A moment they've both dreamt about, spoiled by the harsh reality of expectations.

LU  
Ash still living here?

KEISHA  
Moved out almost a year back.

There's a heaviness in Keisha's voice that Lu can't place.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
Always wanted to be like her daddy.

INT. BEDROOM - KEISHA'S HOUSE - LATER

Lu's looking around a teen girls bedroom. Posters and magazine clippings taped to the wall -- PTAF and Kendrick Lamar...

He closes in on some photos taped to the headboard, ASHLEIGH at different ages, playing and posing with friends.

Keisha's in the doorway, fully dressed.

KEISHA  
Called you a Lyft.  
(Off his look)  
It's like a cab.

LU  
Think I read about those.

KEISHA  
It's ten past five...  
(A beat)  
My husband's coming home.

The words husband and home are like a knife in Lu's side.

He looks at a high school graduation photo -- Keisha, Ashleigh and a straight faced MAN who must be her husband.

LU  
Nine to five guy?

KEISHA  
Might not be flashy, but at least I  
know he's coming home.

Lu gestures to the photos.

LU  
Alright if I take one?

Keisha nods and he plucks one off, walking towards the front door, when--

KEISHA  
Lu...

He turns back, expectant.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
You'll go and see her, yeah?

LU  
First chance I get.

EXT. GROW HOUSE - CREWNSHAW - MORNING

A burnt out skeleton of 2x4's. Black ash covering the lawn like demonic snowflakes.

Special Agent ROSANNA CORTES (Latin/mid-30s), pant suit serious, makes her way over to the Fire Marshal.

ROSANNA  
Cortes, DEA.

She extends a hand, they shake, but he doesn't look happy.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Been waiting on you over two hours.

ROSANNA  
Didn't have enough to do?

FIRE MARSHAL  
You're gonna love this.

EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - NEXT

The Fire Marshal leads Rosanna to the edge of the house where the garage once stood.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Looks like we got us a Grow.

Rosanna bends down, scanning the charred remains.

ROSANNA  
That what caused it?

FIRE MARSHAL  
Power strip. Too many cables, not enough juice. Thought it was a squatter til we dug around here. Think they'd be more careful.

She picks up a blackened stalk.

ROSANNA  
Forensics go over this area?

FIRE MARSHAL  
Been waiting on you, like I said.

ROSANNA

Dive in. Let me know if they find anything traceable. Phones, computers, receipts, shit like that.

Rosanna hands him her card and turns to go, when--

FIRE MARSHAL

How much you think it's worth?

She looks over the remains, counting the burnt out pots.

ROSANNA

Sixty, seventy plants... Half-a-mil, give or take.

FIRE MARSHAL

Think they got State Farm?

ROSANNA

My guess... Not even a real name on the property title.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - MORNING

Ashleigh's parked with the engine off, her face wrecked from the sleepless night.

Her phone vibrates on the passenger seat. She glances at the screen -- *STEVEN* -- and a nervous look envelops her face.

She lets it ring, afraid to answer, but picks it up at the last second.

ASHLEIGH

Hey...

*STEVEN (PHONE)*

Ash?

ASHLEIGH

Yeah, it's me.

*STEVEN (PHONE)*

Thank God. Are you hurt?

Relief washes over her.

ASHLEIGH

No, I'm alright.

*STEVEN (PHONE)*

Where are you? What hospital?

ASHLEIGH  
I'm not. I got out.

There's silence on the other end of the line.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
Steven... You there?

He responds, his voice different, cold and calculated.

STEVEN (PHONE)  
*Why didn't you call?*

ASHLEIGH  
I... I don't know--

STEVEN (PHONE)  
*We're partners, aren't we?*

She starts to tremble.

ASHLEIGH  
Yeah, I just--

STEVEN (PHONE)  
*I called a friend at the department  
when I didn't hear from you. Do you  
know what he told me?*

ASHLEIGH  
No.

STEVEN (PHONE)  
*He said it was an overwhelmed outlet.  
(A beat)  
I thought that can't be my Ashleigh,  
she wouldn't be so careless.*

ASHLEIGH  
I don't know how it happened. I was  
asleep--

STEVEN (PHONE)  
*We'll discuss it when you come by.*

By the look on her face, that's the last thing she's gonna do.

STEVEN (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*Don't make me come looking. Neither  
one of us wants that.*

A tear tumbles down Ashleigh's cheek as the line goes dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - LATER

Jeff is walking Ashleigh through a massive GROW operation, filled with rows upon rows of Marijuana plants.

JEFF  
Impressive, right?

Ashleigh looks around, envious.

ASHLEIGH  
Very...  
(A beat - Nervous)  
You give any thought to what we talked about?

JEFF  
It hasn't even been a day Ash--  
(Off her grimace)  
Look... all of our capital is tied up in this place. We might be able to bring on another grower in six months if you're interested.

Ashleigh's desperate.

ASHLEIGH  
I'm looking for a partner, if it's more equity...

JEFF  
What happened to your investor?

ASHLEIGH  
We're doing a second round--

She stops dead in her tracks when she spots a row of recently planted pots labeled -- *KING TUT*.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
You steal my seeds?

Jeff's face falls.

JEFF  
Hold on, I can explain--

Ashleigh's desperation turns to rage.

ASHLEIGH  
You stole my strain and didn't even bother to change the name?

JEFF  
Hey, wait a second--

ASHLEIGH  
That's infringement. I'll sue your  
ass.

Jeff's demeanor changes and he goes on the offensive.

JEFF  
Sue. Us. Over what? An illegal grow  
you built in your garage?

Ashleigh's rage is undercut by the harsh reality of her  
situation. She has no leverage.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Get real Ash, you're punching above  
your weight here.

She knocks over a few pots and storms out of the building.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You can kiss that job offer goodbye!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Lu's gazing at a NEON GREEN CROSS glowing above a storefront.

*MUSIC CUE: Ice Cube's - Smoke Some Weed.*

INT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - NEXT

There's a SECURITY GUARD standing right inside the entrance.

SECURITY GUARD  
I.D. please.

Lu hands him his I.D. and looks around, his face like  
Dorothy's when she first set foot in Oz.

The place is like an herbal Apple store, with sleek wooden  
tables and glass display cases containing every strain of  
Marijuana you can imagine.

He approaches a wall display, reading the labels of Cannabis  
candies that look like *M&M's*, *Jolly Ranchers* and *Reeses Cups*.

LU  
Well I'll be damned...

Millennial BUD TENDERS are waiting on Millennial CUSTOMERS, all of them *white* except the Security Guard and one of the girls behind the counter with her back to us.

Lu's the only person over 40 in the entire place.

He surveys the scene some more, not a single Customer appears to have any recognizable ailment, except for one--

A WOMAN in a head scarf, missing her eyebrows.

Lu steps in line, zeroing in on Customers exchanging twenties, fifties and hundred dollar bills for tiny green pill bottles.

His eyes are drawn to the CASHIER, removing her drawer from the register and carrying it down a short hall to a back room.

He watches her close, as decades old instincts kick in.

The Cashier knocks and the door opens, revealing the OWNER (white/40s), behind a desk with a SAFE built into the wall.

OWNER

Close the door.

She does and Lu cases the place -- *Safe, security cameras, entrances and exits...* An old pro planning a heist in his head.

INT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - NEXT

Lu reaches the front of the line and a Bud Tender greets him.

BUD TENDER

How can I help you?

LU

Alright if she does?

Lu gestures towards--

*ASHLEIGH*

The Bud Tender that had her back to us.

BUD TENDER

Customer Ash.

Lu looks down at the Display Case as Ashleigh walks over.

ASHLEIGH

How can I help you?

LU

I'm not sure exactly, it's been awhile.

She leans down and pulls out a sample tray.

ASHLEIGH

We carry over 150 varieties grown all over the state. Hogs Breath is a sativa blend from the central valley. This is a Pineapple Rhino, which is my personal favorite. Give it a smell.

Ashleigh holds it out like some sort of pot Sommelier and meets Lu's gaze, recognizing him for the first time.

She goes quiet as they hold each others stare. Surprise, joy, fear, anger - A mix of emotions swirling around inside of her.

She takes a moment to collect herself, struggling to find words and not break down in front of her Co-Workers.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

We also have an Alaskan Thunderfuck and our top seller is a Girl Scout Cookie indica.

LU

Wanna try the candy, since I don't like the smell.

She nods, doing everything she can to remain professional.

ASHLEIGH

You like sweet or savory?

LU

A little bit of both.

She pulls out some options, *M&M's*, *Brownie Bites*, *Lollipops...*

ASHLEIGH

We strongly recommend sticking to the portion size listed on the back of the bag.

Lu looks at the display case, troubled.

LU

Know a lotta guys who got time for a whole lot less.

She finally breaks, tears welling in her eyes.

ASHLEIGH  
Yeah, me too...

An emotional moment lingers, so much going unsaid.

LU  
Pack of M&M's and a few of those  
lollipops.

She rings him up as he hands her a twenty and a slip of paper.

LU (CONT'D)  
Where you can find me... If you  
wanna grab a coffee and talk.

EXT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - DAY

A bleak desert of a boulevard, concrete stretching on forever.

Lu's staring at the slip of paper from his Parole Officer,  
the address matching the run down DINER in front of him.

There's a sign in the window pushing a *\$9.95 DINNER SPECIAL*.

INT. WASHROOM - DINER - LATER

A BUS BOY drops a tub of dishes beside the sink. Lu rinses  
them off and stacks them in a tray that he sends through the  
washer, when another Bus Boy drops a new tub beside him.

INT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - LATER

The MANAGER'S door is open, Lu knocks.

LU  
Gonna take my break.

The Manager's at a small desk, the office more like a closet.

MANAGER  
What break?

He doesn't look up from his old desktop computer.

LU  
I've been going at it eight hours  
straight.

MANAGER  
Need you to clean the bathrooms  
before the dinner rush.

LU  
What rush?

The Manager smolders.

MANAGER  
Come here. Close the door.

Lu steps inside and does as he's told.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Your P.O. and I have come to an understanding. I take care of him and he gives me guys like you. Guys that do what I say or I call him up and tell'em they're selling coke to the server's... That what you want?

The Manager stares him down, no response necessary.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Good. I'm glad we could come to an understanding.  
(Back to the computer)  
Mop's out back.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DINER - NEXT

A tattered old mop is sitting in a bucket of brown water. Lu stares at it as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pot lollipop that he tucks under his tongue.

INT. BATHROOM - DINER - LATER

Lu's mopping away with a grin, the job much easier to bear.

INT. OFFICE - ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - AFTERNOON

Banded bundles of cash are spread out on the desk, the Owner organizing them while Ashleigh watches.

OWNER  
We can't work with an unlicensed grow. Regulators are begging for reasons to shut shops down.

ASHLEIGH  
Wouldn't be unlicensed if you invested.

OWNER

We've got a surplus of suppliers already. I get ten calls a week from new farms trying to break in.

ASHLEIGH

But you'd own a piece of this one.

The Owner sighs and leans back in his chair.

OWNER

We don't have the money Ash--

Ashleigh gestures to the bundles of cash on the desk.

ASHLEIGH

What's that?

OWNER

This? Our monthly tax bill. All of it goes right in Uncle Sam's pocket.

ASHLEIGH

Jesus...

OWNER

Crazy we're still paying in cash, while every other business on the planet pays by check or a wire.

Ashleigh's eyes suddenly light up, a revelation crashing over her like a wave.

OWNER (CONT'D)

To be honest Ash, I'm not all that interested in cultivation. Sorry.

ASHLEIGH

No worries, I understand.

She gets up and walks out, pulling the slip of paper Lu gave her from her pocket.

INT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - LATER

The place is empty, *Muddy Waters* - *Champagne & Reefer* playing on the radio while Lu mops up.

The bell on the door chimes and -- *ASHLEIGH* -- steps inside.

INT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - NEXT

Lu and Ashleigh are in a booth with slices of pecan pie in front of them.

ASHLEIGH  
How's it feel?

Lu considers the question.

LU  
Been inside so long, not sure if I know how to function just yet.

ASHLEIGH  
It's a shame... Locked up all that time and when you get out, it's not even a crime anymore.

The Manager pops his head in.

MANAGER  
These dishes aren't gonna wash themselves.

Lu glances over his shoulder.

LU  
Be right there.

He turns back to Ashleigh, taking her in.

LU (CONT'D)  
Last time I seen you, you still had your baby teeth.

ASHLEIGH  
Never let me visit.

LU  
That's no place for a child. Didn't want you to see me like that.

She frowns and looks around.

ASHLEIGH  
This what you wanna be doing with the rest of your life?

LU  
Hoping it's temporary.

ASHLEIGH

What kind of job you gonna get with  
three strikes on your record.

Lu's taken aback.

LU

Haven't been out long enough to  
think about it.

Ashleigh's expression turns mischievous.

ASHLEIGH

What if you could get back at them?  
(Off his look)  
What if we could get back at them,  
together?

Lu looks her in the eye, curious.

LU

Get back at who?

ASHLEIGH

The people that put you away.

He plays along, not wanting to scare her off.

LU

Can't fight City Hall.

ASHLEIGH

That's funny.

LU

What is?

ASHLEIGH

You'll see... If you come check out  
this score I'm casing.

Lu turns serious.

LU

Retired from thieving a long time  
ago, before you were born.

ASHLEIGH

These people have no clue what  
they're sitting on.

LU

You've got a job, a good one from the looks of it. Why you wanna throw that away?

She leans in, sincere.

ASHLEIGH

Get a piece for myself. A piece for you. Got all these rich white boys setting up shop, making serious money doing something you were, when they were in grade school.

She slides her phone across the table, the browser open to an article titled: *Harvard MBA's building the Hermès of Cannabis.*

LU

Harvard, huh?

Below the headline is a picture of JEFF and ERIC.

LU (CONT'D)

What's a hermes?

ASHLEIGH

Doesn't matter. What matters is that people like us can't even get a foot in the door. Don't have access to enough capital to get a license. Can't go to a bank and get a loan, because they don't work with dispensaries. It's all private equity. You don't have a connect, you're left out in the cold.

LU

You trying to go legit?

ASHLEIGH

(Nods)

It's fifty thousand for the license alone, but to get approved by the state, you need a quarter million sitting in the bank and the property purchased, zoned and ready to go.

LU

Goddamn...

ASHLEIGH

It's a fucking Green Rush, but the barrier to entry's a brick wall.

(A beat - Serious)

(MORE)

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

All these white boys and their rich friends are gonna get the biggest piece of the pie, while people like you and me... People who got fucked over by the system... We're gonna get left with the crumbs.

Lu's quiet, appreciating her ambition, however misguided.

LU

Fresh out after twelve years and you're asking me to risk going back?

Ashleigh's relentless.

ASHLEIGH

Think of it as restitution for time served.

LU

Knew I'd be tempted to get back into the life... Never though it'd be coming from you.

A tense silence lingers, when--

MANAGER (O.S.)

*Lu, move your ass!*

Ashleigh looks away, as Lu ease up on the guilt.

LU

I'll take a look, but only to prove to you that it's a bad idea.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - UNIVERSITY PARK - DAY

A college neighborhood, USC students walking the streets. Ashleigh's behind the wheel, Lu sitting shotgun eyeing Zen Dispensary with a dismissive grin.

LU

You're the only black girl on the payroll. You'd be the second one questioned after the guard.

ASHLEIGH

Headwaters, money flows downstream.

The Security Guard steps outside, the Owner following with a bag slung over his shoulder as he gets in his car.

*MUSIC CUE: Snoop Dogg & Dr. Dre's - Smoke Weed Everyday.*

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - HILL STREET - NEXT

She tails the car through bustling downtown traffic, the Dispensary Owner not slowing down for anyone.

Ashleigh cuts left, right and left again, keeping pace with the Owner, while Lu holds on for dear life.

LU  
Where the hell we going?

ASHLEIGH  
You'll see.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - LOS ANGELES STREET - NEXT

The Civic Center district, government buildings and suited government cogs everywhere you look.

The Owner slows down, signaling before he pulls into a garage. Ashleigh parks at a meter.

LU  
Your mom teach you to drive?

She ignores him.

ASHLEIGH  
Come on.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NEXT

The Owner emerges, looking over his shoulder every few steps, while Ashleigh and Lu keep their distance.

He takes a left onto TEMPLE and another on MAIN, walking towards a second floor sky-bridge and into the back entrance of a building -- Ashleigh stops.

ASHLEIGH  
That's it.

Lu looks around, oblivious.

LU  
What's it?

She points, Lu following the imaginary line from her finger to--

*LOS ANGELES CITY HALL*

EXT. GRAND PARK - DOWNTOWN L.A. - LATER

Lu and Ashleigh are sitting at a PINK PARK BENCH, City Hall's 32 story tower looming in the background.

He laughs, looking at Ashleigh like she's out of her mind.

LU

You've got ambition, I'll give you that.

ASHLEIGH

I'm not laughing.

LU

For starters, it's too public and has too much security. But you wanna know what your biggest problem is?

ASHLEIGH

What's that?

LU

That it's fucking City Hall! I've seen five cops pass by in three minutes.

Ashleigh leans close.

ASHLEIGH

My boss pays a hundred grand in taxes there once a month -- In cash. Same with every other dispensary.

LU

Cash, huh?

ASHLEIGH

Have to do business in cash since the Feds say it's illegal. Banks, remember? Won't work with dispensaries, growers, anybody.

Lu's tempted, but gets serious. A veteran schooling a rookie.

LU

This day and age, you'll need a guy on computers, a helluva good driver--

ASHLEIGH

I can drive.

LU  
I just seen how you drive...

ASHLEIGH  
Don't you want payback for all that  
time? Twelve years and for what?

LU  
Come on Ash--

ASHLEIGH  
A half? They move pounds where I  
work and no one bats an eye.

She's like a toddler throwing a fit over a candy bar in the  
checkout line.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
It's tax money that's federally  
insured. Do it right, no one gets  
hurt. It's just like robbing a bank.

LU  
Listen...

He takes her hand.

LU (CONT'D)  
I'm not gonna let you get mixed up in  
the same shit I did. I just can't...

Ashleigh's face falls and she pulls her hand away.

ASHLEIGH  
Weren't around for me then, don't  
know why I thought you would be now.

LU  
Hey, that ain't fair--

She gets up and walks off.

LU (CONT'D)  
Where you going?

ASHLEIGH  
To find someone who will.

INT. FIRE STATION - 7TH & EXPOSITION - DAY

Rosanna's walking with the Fire Marshal as he inspects a  
dusty red ladder truck.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Forensics came up empty. Remnants  
of a mattress, some clothes, but no  
electronics.

ROSANNA  
Mens or women's clothes?

FIRE MARSHAL  
Mens I figure.

He runs his finger through the dust.

FIRE MARSHALL  
(Yelling)  
Why wasn't this washed?

Rosanna doesn't react.

ROSANNA  
You sure?

FIRE MARSHAL  
How the hell should I know? Fibers  
were burnt beyond recognition.  
(A beat)  
Anything on that property title?

ROSANNA  
Name on it belonged to a dead guy.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Figures.  
(Yelling again)  
Am I speaking in tongue?

A young FIREMAN comes running.

ROSANNA  
Alright if I drop by and dig  
around?

FIRE MARSHAL  
Can't without one of our guys  
present.

A wolf-whistle rings out from somewhere in the station.  
Rosanna ignores it, accustomed to this type of ill treatment.

FIRE MARSHAL (CONT'D)  
(Yelling)  
Knock it off.

ROSANNA  
Anyone available?

FIRE MARSHAL  
I'll put in a request.

He doesn't appear too motivated.

ROSANNA  
When should I expect a call?

The Fire Marshal turns to her, savoring the moment.

FIRE MARSHAL  
Not fun waiting around is it?  
(Grins)  
You know the way out.

*Prelap: A fence rattling.*

EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - AFTERNOON

The remains of the house are surrounded by a temporary chain link fence. Rosanna climbs it and catches a pant leg. It tears.

ROSANNA  
Son of a bitch.

INT/EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - NEXT

Rosanna's pants bottoms are tucked into her hiking boots.

She kneels down with a paint brush, tweezers, and a bandana covering her face like a bandit, combing through the ruins like a playground archaeologist.

INT/EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - MONTAGE

Rosanna bounces around various rooms of the ruins, brushing away dust and digging through debris, while the sun drops lower and lower in the sky.

INT/EXT. GROW HOUSE - CRENSHAW - LATER

There's five or ten minutes of daylight left.

Rosanna continues to dig through the charred remains, examining the remnants of irrigation tubes, herbicides and grow lights, when--

*CRACK - CRACK - CRACK - CRACK - CRACK*

She jumps, as KIDS run past and rattle the fence with sticks.

Rosanna takes a breath and gets back to work, scraping away the soot one layer at a time, desperately searching for any scrap of evidence when she spots--

*A PARTIAL RECEIPT*

A tiny piece of singed paper nine out of ten people would have missed.

She holds it up to the dying light, barely able to make out the W-E-S in the name LOWE'S, along with a partial DATE and the last three digits of a PRODUCT NUMBER.

ROSANNA  
(Sotto)  
Hello there gorgeous.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - CRENSHAW - NIGHT

Ashleigh's in the back seat, the windows taped over with grocery store fliers.

She lays down, using her backpack as a pillow, when--

*SOMEONE SCREAMS*

ASHLEIGH  
Fuck this.

She sits up, rips off the fliers and climbs behind the wheel.

*Prelap: KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK*

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - NIGHT

Keisha answers, Ashleigh on the stoop. No words are exchanged, as Keisha steps aside and invites her in.

INT. BEDROOM - KEISHA'S HOUSE - NEXT

Ashleigh drops her bag on the bed, Keisha in the doorway.

KEISHA  
How long?

ASHLEIGH  
Just until I find a place.

There's tension between them.

KEISHA

Stay out of Ray's way when he comes around, you hear me?

ASHLEIGH

Long as he stays out of mine.

Ashleigh looks away, as Keisha shakes her head.

KEISHA

You ain't changed one bit.

EXT. STREETS - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

Lu's walking towards a BUS STOP, when he spots a DOPE BOY working the corner. He watches him for a second considering...

EXT. CORNER - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - NEXT

Lu looks left and right as he approaches, no cops in sight.

DOPE BOY

What you into old man?

LU

Got any herb?

The Dope Boy laughs.

DOPE BOY

Get the fuck outta here. Nobody slanging that shit no more.

LU

No?

DOPE BOY

Nah, go buy it at the shop.

LU

Any of y'all go legit?

DOPE BOY

Can't if you got a felony rap.

LU

That right?

DOPE BOY

Hell yeah. Caught pushing herb,  
white, crystal, can't work a shop.

(A beat)

You wasting my time or what?

Suddenly -- A *SIREN BLARES & LIGHT BAR FLASHES.*

*MUSIC CUE: Ice Cube's - Good Cop Bad Cop.*

DOPE BOY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The Dope Boy takes off running, dropping a bag at Lu's feet--

*PLOP*

Lu looks down, terror washing over him when he sees the bag of COKE... He takes off too, booking it down an ALLEY.

A UNIFORM hops out of the BLACK & WHITE and give chase, his boots pounding the pavement as he zeroes in on his prey.

EXT. ALLEY - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - NEXT

Lu's feet are flying across the pavement, breathing hard as he hops a chain link fence blocking his path--

*RIIIPPP*

He tears his pants, the jagged edge scraping his thigh.

LU

Shit...

He looks over his shoulder, the Uniform close behind, hopping the fence without breaking stride.

Lu presses on, cutting a hard right, a left and another right, the sound of the Uniform's boots falling faint.

He looks over his shoulder again, the Uniform nowhere in sight -- His prison yard exercise proving its worth.

Lu slows to a jog when he spots--

*THE BLACK & WHITE*

--as it cuts a hard right and follows him down the block. He picks up the pace, running towards a METRO STATION.

He blends into the crowd as he flies down the steps, the Cop Car losing him in the throng.

INT. METRO STATION - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - NEXT

Lu flies down the steps, as the train doors are about to close and slides on at the last second.

The Uniform comes up short, looking in the train car windows, but Lu's lying under a seat, out of sight.

EXT. PERSHING SQUARE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - LATER

Lu exits the Metro Station at the corner of 5TH and OLIVE and spots the L.A. PUBLIC LIBRARY down the block.

INT. LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY - DOWNTOWN L.A. - LATER

A warm wooden room with bookshelves and tall lamps. The place empty, like most libraries tend to be nowadays.

Lu's at a computer, running a Google search. A series of headlines flash across the screen.

- *STUDY: LEGAL POT TO BE A \$5 BILLION BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA*

- *\$1 BILLION IN MARIJUANA TAXES IS ADDICTIVE TO GOVERNORS*

- *CALIFORNIA CANNABIS LAWS LEAVE GREY AREA FOR FELONS*

He holds on the last headline, staring at the word -- *FELONS*.

He clicks on the link and we zoom in on words and phrases:

*Licensing authority - Deny application - Convicted of any felony controlled substance...*

LU

Well I'll be damned...

EXT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - EVENING

Ashleigh exits the shop, surprised to find Lu waiting for her.

ASHLEIGH

What do you want?

LU

To hear that business plan of yours.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - UNIVERSITY PARK - LATER

The two are in a booth, the table covered in documents.

ASHLEIGH

...license and application process  
is fifty grand, plot of land runs  
around three hundred thousand.  
Another seventy for the greenhouse,  
twenty five for irrigation and five  
a month for electricity...

Lu studies the numbers Ashleigh's laid out in a spreadsheet.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

All in, startup costs are around  
five hundred thousand.

LU

You have first year revenue  
projections?

She grins.

ASHLEIGH

You've done your homework.

LU

Lotta time to read in prison.

Ashleigh shows him another document.

ASHLEIGH

Six or seven months for the plants  
to mature. Sell what we harvest to  
dispensaries and edible companies.

She points to a figure.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

Current estimates take monthly loan  
payments into account. We do what  
we talked about, there's no loan.  
Profit margins will be much bigger.

LU

Add a ten percent skim. Need to  
launder the cash, and that costs.

She had no idea.

ASHLEIGH

Right...

Lu studies the numbers.

LU  
All in all... Looks good.

ASHLEIGH  
It is good and so am I.

He can see the passion in her eyes, when a WAITRESS comes by to refill their cups. They sit in silence until she departs.

LU  
I've got two conditions.

Ashleigh's eyes light up.

LU (CONT'D)  
You help plan the job, but when the time comes, you're on the bench. Can't risk you getting pinched.

ASHLEIGH  
Number two?

LU  
When it's all over...

He hesitates.

ASHLEIGH  
Spit it out.

LU  
I want a job.

ASHLEIGH  
Doing what?

LU  
Handy man, planter, waterer, whatever you need.

Ashleigh thinks it over.

ASHLEIGH  
Alright.

She extends a hand and they shake.

LU  
Let me make a few calls.

INT. STAPLES - DAY

An OLD LADY is standing at the TECH DESK with a laptop.

MANNY (black/late-20s), the Young Man from the photo in Lu's prison cell, who looks more like a running back than an I.T. guy, is behind the counter in a red Staples shirt.

OLD LADY

I called my son, but he's busy. He usually helps.

MANNY

Was he really busy or just making up an excuse?

OLD LADY

My, you're fresh.

He's playing on his phone and still hasn't looked at her.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Can you call the repair man?

MANNY

I am the "repair" man.

OLD LADY

You look like you stock shelves.

He puts down the phone.

MANNY

What was that?

The Old Lady backs away, as he practically snatches the laptop out of her hands.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Let me have a look.

Manny fiddles with it for a few seconds and--

MANNY (CONT'D)

Voila.

She looks at the screen.

OLD LADY

How'd you do that?

MANNY

You dragged everything to the recycle bin.

OLD LADY  
Oh, how silly... What do I owe?

MANNY  
It's on the house.

She grins and walks off, while Manny goes back to his phone.

LU (O.S.)  
*You look busy.*

He recognizes the voice and smiles.

MANNY  
When'd you get out?

LU  
A week ago.

MANNY  
Come here man.

Manny walks around the counter and the two embrace.

LU  
Got a favor to ask.

MANNY  
What kind of favor?

LU  
An opportunity came along that I  
couldn't pass up.

MANNY  
Couldn't or wouldn't?

LU  
A little bit of both.

Manny looks suspicious.

LU (CONT'D)  
Hear it out, for old times sake.

He considers the request.

MANNY  
Alright, but no promises.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - DAY

A minimal, meticulously organized studio with computer parts neatly arranged on tabletops.

Lu's at the kitchen table.

LU  
Nice place.

MANNY (O.S.)  
*Tell me again why we had to meet here?*

Manny enters the frame and hands Lu a bottle of water.

LU  
Conference room at the halfway house was booked.

There's a knock at the door and Manny answers, Ashleigh standing in the hall with her backpack on.

ASHLEIGH  
You Manny?

She looks Manny up and down, surprised by his appearance.

MANNY  
Yeah, yeah... Come in.

Ashleigh bats her eyes as she steps inside.

ASHLEIGH  
Don't look like a hacker.

MANNY  
Don't judge a book--

ASHLEIGH  
--by the cover, yeah, I know.

They sit beside Lu and Manny gets right down to business.

MANNY  
So, what's the plan?

Lu nods to Ash. She's nervous, avoiding eye contact with Manny, like a school girl with a crush.

She takes a breath and blurts out--

ASHLEIGH  
We're gonna rob City Hall.

Manny's face falls and Lu hangs his head.

MANNY

Get out.

ASHLEIGH

What? I just got here.

LU

Manny--

MANNY

I thought you were talking a bank or a business, not a heavily guarded government building.

ASHLEIGH

It's just like a bank, swear to God.

MANNY

It's a suicide job and I'm in no mood to go back.

He gets up and opens the door, but Lu doesn't budge.

LU

It's seven figures.

Manny's intrigued.

LU (CONT'D)

Low seven... Barely seven, but still seven.

He sits back down.

MANNY

I'm listening.

INT. LOWE'S HOME IMPROVEMENT - MID CITY - DAY

Rosanna's at the CUSTOMER SERVICE counter.

ROSANNA

Can you identify any of it?

The young CLERK across from her is looking at an enlarged copy to the partial receipt.

CLERK

Who did you say you're with?

She flashes her badge.

ROSANNA  
Special Agent, DEA.

CLERK  
Let me get my manager...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LOWE'S HOME IMPROVEMENT - NEXT

The MANAGER looks over the receipt.

MANAGER  
Product ending with those digits,  
probably PVC pipe. Can't tell the  
diameter without the whole thing.

ROSANNA  
Inch and a half.  
(Off his look)  
Can you tie it to a purchase date?

MANAGER  
I can try.

He types the numbers into a database on his computer.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Takes a minute.  
(A beat)  
You got a partner?

ROSANNA  
Nope.

MANAGER  
Dangerous for a girl going it alone  
in your line of work?

ROSANNA  
No more than it is for a man.

He turns back to the computer, taken down a peg.

MANAGER  
Could be four different dates, two  
from over a year ago.

ROSANNA  
Other two more recent?

MANAGER  
Eight months back.

ROSANNA  
You have security footage?

MANAGER  
Keep sixty days in store by law.  
Rest is at headquarters, but they  
tend to delete it.

ROSANNA  
Can you put in a request?

MANAGER  
Sure.

Rosanna stays put.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
What, like right now?

ROSANNA  
Am I speaking in tongue?

She stares him down until he picks up the phone.

INT. GOLDEN WEST MANOR MOTEL - WESTERN AVE. - AFTERNOON

A run down economy stay that's pay by the hour.

Keisha's putting herself together in the bathroom, the bed a  
ball of sheets in the foreground.

LU (O.S.)  
*Ash back home?*

KEISHA  
Where'd you hear that?

Lu's at the end of the bed sliding into his pants.

LU  
From her.

KEISHA  
It's temporary.

Keisha's fixing her makeup in the mirror.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
What she say?

LU  
Nothing, just mentioned it.

KEISHA  
You tell her you seen me?

LU  
What if I did?

KEISHA  
Don't play.

LU  
Not a word.

She's relieved, but hides it well.

LU (CONT'D)  
Dropped by the store and grabbed a  
coffee after her shift.

KEISHA  
Waste no time do you?

LU  
Nope.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her neck.

KEISHA  
Stop... I gotta go.

LU  
Stay.

There's desire in his voice, something Keisha hasn't heard in  
a long time.

KEISHA  
I would but...

LU  
But what?

KEISHA  
Need to get started on dinner.

LU  
That what you do for him? Cook and  
clean?

Her demeanor changes.

KEISHA  
Don't do that.

LU

Do what?

She pushes him away.

KEISHA

Make me feel small.

Keisha grabs her purse and leaves.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - EVENING

Manny's at the kitchen table looking off screen.

MANNY

You mind?

ASHLEIGH (O.S.)

*It's more comfortable over here.*

Ashleigh's lounging on his bed, having put more of an effort into her appearance than their first meeting.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

Come sit.

She takes a sip of water and Manny looks at his watch.

MANNY

Where's your father?

ASHLEIGH

Why? You bored?

She takes another sip, when--

*KNOCK - KNOCK*

Manny pops up and runs to the door. Ashleigh sits up and throws on a cardigan.

MANNY

Where you been?

LU

Missed the bus.

Lu takes a seat at the table, Ashleigh noticing a LIPSTICK stain on his shirt collar, as she hands out some papers.

ASHLEIGH

These are the eight most profitable dispensaries in L.A. county.

(MORE)

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
Our job is to hijack the payment  
appointment calendar and schedule  
them back to back to back.

Lu and Manny flip through the pages.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
I was thinking we could payoff  
someone on the inside. A teller, a  
guard, someone like that.

Manny and Ashleigh's legs touch under the table...

LU  
Can't trust those people. They talk  
at the first sign of trouble and if  
they're smart, they'll wanna be cut  
in. Manny can you hack it?

MANNY  
Yeah. Change the dates and times,  
confirm the appointments by phone.

Ashleigh brushes her foot against Manny's shin, but he pulls  
his leg away.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
I'll need one of you to access a  
computer inside to install the bug.

LU  
I want eyes in there anyway to map  
it out.

Ashleigh brushes his leg again and this time, he keeps it  
there. She grins and Manny buries a nervous smile.

LU (CONT'D)  
You alright?

MANNY  
Yeah, yeah... Fine.

Lu looks at Ashleigh, her face a portrait of professionalism.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
(Clears his throat)  
I might be able to crack their  
surveillance feed too.

LU  
You think?

MANNY

It's possible, but I won't know until I'm in the system.

ASHLEIGH

How do we get to a computer?

Lu smiles.

LU

We take the tour.

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY

A TOUR GUIDE is leading a group through the art deco lobby.

TOUR GUIDE

Three architects; Parkinson, Austin and Martin, were commissioned to design the building in 1925...

Lu and Ashleigh are standing amongst the VISITORS, snapping cell phone photos like everyone else.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

...the 454 foot structure was the tallest in Los Angeles upon its completion in 1928.

We flash to their POV's as they photograph -- *Security Guards, Surveillance Cameras, Entrances and Exits...*

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

If you could follow me this way...

The group follows the Tour Guide into another room, but Ashleigh breaks away, walking past a sign that reads--

*ROOM 101 - CITY FINANCE*

*MUSIC CUE: Kendrick Lamar - i.*

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

The place is like an old bank, with open Teller windows, industrial tile and furniture that dates back to the 90's.

Ashleigh peeks her head in from the hall.

ASHLEIGH

Excuse me...

TELLER

Yes.

ASHLEIGH

Which way's the restroom?

TELLER

Down the hall and to the right.

ASHLEIGH

Thanks.

She sticks a piece of tape over the strike plate as she leaves, depressing the latch.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - LATER

The Tour Group is walking along the 27th floor, looking out over the downtown skyline, the steel-skinned WALT DISNEY CONCERT HALL visible off in the distance.

Ashleigh glances below, spotting the TELLERS walking down the City Hall steps towards Grand Park.

She looks over at Lu and nods.

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu steps off the elevator on the first floor and makes his way to the Finance Office.

A sign on the door reads -- *OUT TO LUNCH*.

He tries the door. It opens, the strip of tape still in place.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

The lights are off, the office empty. Lu takes a step in and--

*FLASH*

--the lights turn on.

He stops dead in his tracks and looks around... There's a motion sensor blinking on the ceiling.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Ashleigh's still on the 27th floor, looking out over the front steps towards the fountain at Grand Park, when--

One of the Tellers runs back up.

ASHLEIGH

Shit.

The VISITOR beside her glances over.

VISITOR

What was that?

ASHLEIGH

Nothing.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu inserts a THUMB DRIVE into the USB port on a Teller's computer and double clicks the program icon.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Ashleigh tries to send a text message to warn him, but she has no bars.

ASHLEIGH

Come on, come on, come on....

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu watches the status bar that's moving at a snails pace.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Ashleigh runs around the deck, holding her phone above her head, desperate to get a signal.

She bumps into the Tour Guide pointing out landmarks.

TOUR GUIDE

Hey!

ASHLEIGH

Sorry.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

The status bar is nearing eighty percent, when--

*THE DOOR HANDLE RATTLES*

Lu turns towards the sound as the door opens and a Teller steps inside.

*ON THE TELLER--*

Walking in, but Lu's nowhere in sight.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Ashleigh finally gets a signal and the text goes through.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

The Teller grabs her purse from off a chair and moves back to the door, when--

*DING - DING*

The sound of a text message echoes throughout the office.

*ON LU--*

Hiding under a desk, his phone glowing with Ashleigh's text.

The Teller checks her phone -- *No alerts.*

She slides it in her purse and looks around, spotting--

*LU*

--hunched over a desk.

TELLER

Who are you?

LU

Me?

TELLER

How'd you get in here?

The Teller back pedals towards the door...

INT. ELEVATOR - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Ashleigh's in a crowded elevator, heading down to the first floor in a quiet panic.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu and the Teller hold each others stare as she nears the door and--

LU

Just emptying out the garbage.

He holds up some garbage bags that he grabbed from the bins underneath the desks, impersonating a janitor.

TELLER

Oh, duh.

LU

Scared me to death. Thought I was alone.

TELLER

Me too, sorry.

LU

Enjoy your lunch.

The Teller walks out the door and Lu turns on the computer screen -- The bug fully installed.

He pulls the Thumb Drive from the USB port and runs for the door, when he spots--

A *GUARD*

Patrolling the hall right outside the door.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Ashleigh exits through the front and turns left at the bottom of the steps, leaving Lu to fend for himself.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Lu peeks through the window, the Guard still in position.

He pulls the phone from his pocket and sends a text.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NEXT

Ashleigh races away from the building, abandoning Lu, when his text comes through on her phone--

*Help guard*

She hesitates, waffling on whether or not to return...

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - LATER

Lu peeks out again, the Guard still in position. He dips down and scans the room, looking for a way out, when--

ASHLEIGH (O.S.)  
Excuse me...

GUARD (O.S.)  
How can I help you?

He peeks out to find Ashleigh standing next to the Guard.

INT. HALLWAY - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

ASHLEIGH  
I'm looking for the east stairwell.

GUARD  
It's down that hall to the left.

He points, she looks, but doesn't move.

ASHLEIGH  
I just came from that way. Would you mind showing me?

GUARD  
Can't leave my post.

She throws him a smile that would melt an iceberg.

ASHLEIGH  
It'll just take a second...

Ashleigh holds his stare longer than expected and--

GUARD  
Alright, but we gotta be quick.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Lu watches, as Ashleigh leads the Guard away.

LU  
Good girl.

He creeps out and removes the tape, closing the door gently.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - DOWNTOWN L.A. - LATER

Ashleigh fires up the engine, Lu in the passenger seat.

ASHLEIGH  
You install it?

LU  
I think so.

ASHLEIGH  
Did it work?

LU  
I don't know, try Manny.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - SAME

Manny's at the table typing away, when he answers his phone.

MANNY  
What's up?

ASHLEIGH (PHONE)  
*Give us good news.*

MANNY  
I'm working on it.

His fingers are moving a mile a minute, punching code into a dialog box.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - DOWNTOWN L.A. - SAME

Ashleigh's riding an adrenaline high, Lu calm and composed.

ASHLEIGH  
Sorry about the Teller, my cell signal was shot.

LU  
You got the job done and we got out. That's what counts.

She smiles, savoring his praise.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - SAME

Manny's fingers come to a stop and hover above the ENTER KEY.

It's the moment of truth--

MANNY  
 (Sotto)  
 Here it goes...

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - DOWNTOWN L.A. - SAME

Silence...

Lu and Ashleigh wait as dead air lingers for what feels like forever, until a somber voice comes over the line.

MANNY (PHONE)  
*Bad news guys...*

Lu and Ashleigh share a frustrated glance in the rearview.

MANNY (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*Looks like this suicide job's a go.*

Ashleigh screams.

ASHLEIGH  
 Ha!

She grabs Lu's hand and holds it tight.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
 We did it!

Ashleigh honks the horn.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
 We fucking did it dad!

It's the first time she's called him that.

LU  
 Alright, alright, calm down... and  
 chill on the language.

She turns on the radio as she pulls onto the freeway, *PTAF's - Boss Ass Bitch* bumping from the speakers.

ASHLEIGH  
 We hacked mother f-ing City Hall!

LU  
 Yes we did...

INT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - NIGHT

Lu and Ashleigh are eating a celebratory dinner.

ASHLEIGH  
Who says you can't fight City Hall?

They cheers and dig in.

LU  
Was it me, or were you making eyes  
at Manny the other day?

Ashleigh grins.

ASHLEIGH  
Oh, please...

LU  
Am I wrong?

ASHLEIGH  
Seen mom's shade of lipstick on  
your shirt collar...

Lu almost spits out his drink.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
Am I wrong?

They hold each others stare. A silent truce offered, when--

*BELLS CHIME*

Lu looks at the door.

LU  
Sorry, we're closed.

Ashleigh turns towards the door and her face falls.

*STEVEN (O.S.)*  
*Think you can make an exception.*  
*(A beat)*  
*Right Ash?*

STEVEN POOL (white/40s), an unremarkable man dressed in a loose fitting suit is standing inside with his MUSCLE in tow.

LU  
You know this guy?

Ashleigh's expression says more than words ever could.

STEVEN  
We're in business together.

Steven walks over, while his Muscle flips the OPEN sign to CLOSED, locks the front door and closes the blinds.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

May I?

Ashleigh slides in and Steven sits down beside her, but Lu doesn't budge.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He doesn't mind standing.

His Muscle nods as Steven settles in, Lu noticing a pistol tucked into the Muscle's waistband.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You're her father right? Fresh from Terminal Island?

(Off Lu's look)

You didn't tell him?

Ashleigh shakes her head.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Secrets don't make friends Ash.

LU

Don't talk to her, you talk to me.

STEVEN

Alright...

Steven eyes Ashleigh's food and takes a bite.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That's good. Very good.

Lu's eyes are burning right through him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I invested a great deal of money in your daughter. She got careless and burned through it. Literally.

LU

What are you looking for?

STEVEN

To be made whole.

Suddenly, Steven grabs Ashleigh by the hair and tugs her head back.

Lu swats the Muscle's pistol to the floor, about to pounce, when Steven pulls a gun of his own.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Easy...

(To his Muscle)

What the hell am I paying you for?

The Muscle scrambles for his gun and presses the barrel against Lu's head. Steven still has a grip on Ashleigh's hair.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I told you I don't like to come looking.

He brings the barrel to her lips.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Open up.

She does as she's told and he shoves the barrel in her mouth, Lu watching, helpless.

The Manager pops his head in and turns right around.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Consider this a courtesy visit.

(To Lu)

I'm sure Ash can fill you in on the details.

Steven pulls the gun from her mouth and leaves -- Message received.

Lu looks at Ashleigh like he's ready to blow, but before he can speak, she springs from the table and runs out the door.

LU

Ash--

EXT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - NEXT

She's pacing up and down the sidewalk, Lu on her heels.

LU

Who the hell was that?

ASHLEIGH

Steven--

LU

He a shark?

ASHLEIGH  
I didn't know it at the time.

LU  
Jesus Christ...

ASHLEIGH  
He said he was an investor.

LU  
I thought you wanted to go legit?

ASHLEIGH  
That's what his money was for. It's  
the only way I could raise it. I  
tried everywhere and they all  
laughed in my face.

Lu takes a breath.

LU  
Where'd it go?

ASHLEIGH  
An accident at the grow. The whole  
place... It burned down.

LU  
Guys like him don't believe in  
accidents and they sure as hell  
don't buy insurance.

(A beat)  
How much you into him for?

She doesn't answer.

LU (CONT'D)  
How much?

It takes her a second to summon the courage.

ASHLEIGH  
Five hundred.

Lu cringes.

LU  
That's half the score.

He tries to keep calm.

LU (CONT'D)  
What else you keeping from me?

ASHLEIGH  
That's it, swear to God.

Lu takes a second to digest everything he's heard, realizing--

LU  
That's why you came to me, isn't it?

She plays dumb.

ASHLEIGH  
What?

LU  
It was never about getting payback.  
You just needed me to cover for  
you. Someone disposable to take the  
fall if things went south.

She deflects, but he sees right through her.

ASHLEIGH  
It's not like that, I swear--

LU  
Looks like it from where I'm  
standing.

A tense moment lingers.

ASHLEIGH  
You know what. You want out? Fine.  
(A beat)  
I'll do it myself, like I've been  
doing my whole life.

She gets in her car and drives away, leaving Lu alone in the street.

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - LATER

It's late, the lights out, everyone asleep.

INT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - NEXT

Ashleigh storms inside and slams the door.

INT. KITCHEN - KEISHA'S HOUSE - NEXT

She's at the counter pouring herself a shot of liquor, when--

RAY (O.S.)  
*Who the hell do you think you are?*

She puts down the bottle and looks at RAY (black/40s), Keisha's husband, whom we recognize from the graduation photo.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Coming in at all hours of the night  
with no respect for anyone living  
here.

She throws the shot back and pours another.

ASHLEIGH  
Fuck off Ray.

He seethes.

RAY  
Fuck off?

Ray marches down the hall, returning with Ashleigh's backpack and a handful of her clothes.

Keisha's in a bathrobe behind him.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Talking like that to me in my own  
Goddamn house? You've got some  
nerve girl.

He opens the door and throws her things on the front lawn.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Get out.

Ashleigh looks at Keisha.

KEISHA  
What I tell you?

RAY  
I said get out.

Ashleigh throws back another shot.

ASHLEIGH  
Ask her who she's been seeing on  
the side?

Keisha's eyes go wide.

RAY  
What's that?

Ashleigh throws her mother a cold glare and walks out the door. Ray turns to Keisha.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What the hell she talking about?

*Prelap: KNOCK - KNOCK*

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - NIGHT

Manny opens the door for Ashleigh, her eyes red from crying.

MANNY  
You alright?

She steps inside and Manny puts a hand on her shoulder.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Ashleigh turns to him and their eyes meet. She leans in for a kiss, but he pulls away.

ASHLEIGH  
I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come...

She moves back towards the door, about to leave, when Manny grabs her hand.

MANNY  
No, stay.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - LATER

Ashleigh's in bed, beneath the covers, coming down from her buzz. Manny's sitting on the edge of the mattress.

ASHLEIGH  
We're doing this, right?

MANNY  
It's a good plan. Trust it.

ASHLEIGH  
You won't back out?

MANNY  
Hell no. We're almost at the finish line.

They sit in silence, Ashleigh contemplating what's next.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
You know where I met Lu?

ASHLEIGH  
Have an idea.

MANNY  
I was the youngest kid in there,  
nineteen...  
(A beat)  
You need people to have your back  
on the inside if you're gonna  
survive. Lotta wolves preying on  
the weak and I was weak. Lu had my  
back from day one. Kept me safe  
when no one else would. Didn't ask  
for anything in return.

Ashleigh listens.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Only reason I'm here today is cause  
of him. He's like a father to me.  
(A beat)  
I know he's trying to be one for you.

Manny tucks her in and lays down on the couch.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Get some rest.

He turns out the light and Ashleigh stares at the ceiling.

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - DAY

There's a FEDEX ENVELOPE on top of a MAIL CART that's rolling  
across the floor. A hand drops it in an INBOX.

Rosanna picks it up and looks at the return address--

*LOWE'S CORPORATION, MOORESVILLE, N.C.*

She tears the seal and pulls out a DVD.

INT. OFFICE - DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - NEXT

The DVD loads on a laptop and SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE plays.

Rosanna fast forwards, pausing on a grainy image of a GIRL at  
the checkout counter with what appears to be PVC Pipe.

She enlarges the image, barely able to recognize the Girl's L.A. DODGERS cap and the ZEN DISPENSARY logo on her T-shirt, no clue what it's an image of.

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - DAY

Lu knocks and Ray answers, seeing red when he realizes who it is.

LU  
Ash around?

RAY  
No.

LU  
Thought she was crashing here?

RAY  
Moved on.  
(A beat)  
You fucking my wife?

Lu's face falls.

LU  
What?

RAY  
You heard me mother fucker.

Keisha calls out from inside.

KEISHA (O.S.)  
*Who is it?*

Ray doesn't answer, balling his fists, ready to throw.

LU  
(Yelling)  
Keisha, where's Ash?

Keisha comes to the door and Ray stands his ground.

KEISHA  
I got it.

RAY  
You better.

She steps outside and Ray slams the door.

KEISHA  
What the hell are you doing here?

LU  
Looking for Ash. What you tell him?

Ray is watching them through a window.

KEISHA  
Her and Ray got into it. She said  
some shit. You tell her anything?

LU  
Nothing, I swear.

She doesn't believe him.

LU (CONT'D)  
Know where she went?

KEISHA  
Your guess is as good as mine.

Lu turns to go, but can't help himself.

LU  
I'm sorry about what I said. It was  
wrong, but he ain't right for you.  
I hope you to know that.

He leaves, tears welling in Keisha's eyes as she shouts loud  
enough for Ray to hear.

KEISHA  
Next time you come around looking  
for Ash, you better call first!

INT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - LATER

Lu shows his I.D. to the Security Guard and walks in,  
scanning the Bud Tenders as he approaches the counter.

LU  
Ash working today?

BUD TENDER  
She's off til tomorrow.

EXT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - NEXT

Lu steps outside, when a text from Manny comes through on his  
phone. He looks at the screen, but we don't see the message.

INT. BATHROOM - MANNY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ashleigh's in the shower. She turns the water off and wraps herself in a towel.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - NEXT

She steps from the bathroom to find--

*LU*

--sitting on the edge of the bed, Manny at the kitchen table.

ASHLEIGH  
You tell him I was here?

Manny shrugs his shoulders.

LU  
Can we talk?

A beat.

ASHLEIGH  
Let me get dressed.

EXT. MANNY'S BUILDING - KOREATOWN - LATER

Lu and Ashleigh are sitting on the front steps.

ASHLEIGH  
You mad at him?

LU  
Who?

ASHLEIGH  
Manny.

LU  
Mad at you for what you told Ray.

ASHLEIGH  
I had a couple drinks...

An awkward silence passes.

LU  
Why didn't you tell me about the money straight up?

Ashleigh considers the question.

ASHLEIGH

Scared I guess... Hadn't seen you since I was a kid and then you just showed up out of the blue. Know Ray better than I know you...

(A beat)

I was desperate... Seemed like the easiest way to get you to go along.

Her admission cuts Lu to the bone.

LU

I know I haven't earned your trust, but from here on out, we've gotta honest with each other. We have to be, if this thing's gonna work.

Ashleigh nods.

LU (CONT'D)

My freedom, Manny's freedom, even your own... It's all on the line. This isn't a game we're playing.

ASHLEIGH

I know.

LU

Do you?

He looks deep into her eyes, seeing if she truly understands the severity of what they're embarking on.

LU (CONT'D)

Can we trust each other?

She nods, when Manny suddenly pokes his head out the door.

MANNY

Got something you both need to see.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - NEXT

Lu and Ashleigh are looking over Manny's shoulder at a grid of black and white video feeds.

MANNY

Surveillance feeds. Every damn one.

He double clicks a box and it enlarges, the three able to see a TELLER in the Finance Office in the middle of a transaction.

LU  
This is good Manny, real good.

The Teller walks a CUSTOMER to the end of the row, opens a door and the Customer hands her a bag.

LU (CONT'D)  
That's it.

ASHLEIGH  
What?

LU  
That exchange, right there. That's our way in.

Manny cuts to a new feed, where the Teller is dumping the money from the bag out on a table.

She arranges the bundles and runs the bills through a CASH COUNTER while the Customer waits.

LU (CONT'D)  
How much that look like to you?

MANNY  
High five, low sixes.

LU  
Can you map the place out from this?

MANNY  
I can try.

LU  
Get on it and Ash...

ASHLEIGH  
Yeah.

LU  
Take first watch. Write down everything that happens in there. Every customer, teller, guard, shift change. You got me?

ASHLEIGH  
I got you.

He looks at his two person crew.

LU  
Alright, let's get to work.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - MONTAGE

*Flash to --* Manny's watching the Surveillance Feed, mapping out the Finance Office on graph paper.

*Flash to --* Ashleigh's watching the Surveillance Feed, taking notes about the comings and goings of everyone inside.

INT. LITTLE BUDDHA MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - HANCOCK PARK - DAY

A high end store that's more like a Sephora than a Pot Shop.

Ashleigh's at the counter with a CLERK pushing lotions and ointments.

CLERK

Our topicals have been proven to relieve pain, soreness and inflammation without any of the cerebral euphoria typically associated with Cannabis products.

ASHLEIGH

What if I want the euphoria?

The phone rings.

CLERK

Excuse me.

The Clerk answers.

CLERK (*PHONE*) (CONT'D)

Little Buddha...

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - SAME

Manny's sitting at his laptop with a cell phone at his ear.

MANNY (*PHONE*)

This is Raymond from the City Finance Office, calling about your payment appointment.

INT. LITTLE BUDDHA MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - HANCOCK PARK - SAME

The Clerk looks over her shoulder.

CLERK (*PHONE*)

Let me get the owner for you.

She puts the call on hold and heads to the back, returning with the OWNER, a pristine bohemian woman (white/40s).

OWNER (*PHONE*)

Yes?

The Clerk returns to Ashleigh.

CLERK

Where were we?

Ashleigh points to a tube of lotion in the display case.

ASHLEIGH

Can I try that one?

CLERK

Of course.

The Clerk bends down, as Ashleigh takes out her phone.

OWNER (*PHONE*)

The sixteenth at 2:00pm is fine.

Ashleigh pretends to take a picture of the lotion, but actually snaps a photo of the Owner.

The Clerk pops up with a new tube.

CLERK

Did you just take a picture?

Ashleigh's face falls.

ASHLEIGH

What?

CLERK

A picture, on your phone?

A tense moment lingers as the two hold each other's stare.

CLERK (*CONT'D*)

Think you could tag us on  
Instagram?

Ashleigh breathes.

ASHLEIGH

Sure, no problem.

*MUSIC CUE: Ice Cube's - It was a Good Day.*

INT. MARIJUANA DISPENSARIES - MONTAGE - VARIOUS

*Flash to --* Ashleigh visiting different dispensaries and photographing the Owners, while Manny makes calls.

*Flash to --* Ashleigh walking out of the pot shops with bags of Cannabis products, adding them to the pile in her trunk.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - NEXT

She slides behind the wheel, Lu in the passenger seat, crumpling up an empty bag of *Cannabis M&M's*.

ASHLEIGH  
You ate the whole bag?

LU  
So what?

Ashleigh's eyes go wide.

ASHLEIGH  
Not the schwag you used to push.  
Medical grade, you'll be rolling.

LU  
Please, I been doing this since  
kids like you were in grade school.

She grins and pulls away.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - LATER

A Teller steps away from her desk, the appointment CALENDAR open on her computer, when--

The CURSOR starts to move on its own...

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - SAME

Manny's at his laptop, remotely revising the FINANCE OFFICE APPOINTMENT SCHEDULE.

We can see eight color coded Dispensary Appointments spread out over two days...

INT. ASHLEIGH'S CAR - LATER

The car's parked at the corner, Lu belted in the passenger seat, glancing out the windows with bloodshot eyes.

We cut to his POV -- Everything's moving in slow motion.

LU  
Can't feel my hands...

The drivers door opens and Ashleigh slides in. Lu looks at her, drool dripping down the side of his mouth.

LU (CONT'D)  
Can't feel my face...

ASHLEIGH  
Told you.

LU  
Huh?

ASHLEIGH  
Let's get you home.

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - LATER

Ashleigh walks Lu inside with his arm slung over her shoulder.

*Prelap: KNOCK - KNOCK*

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - LATER

Manny gets up and opens the door for Ashleigh.

MANNY  
You did good.

ASHLEIGH  
We did good.

MANNY  
Where's Lu?

ASHLEIGH  
Had too much candy. I had to put  
him to bed.

Manny laughs, as Ashleigh holds up the Dispensary bags with a mischievous grin.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)  
Wanna celebrate?

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - MONTAGE

*Flash to -- Ashleigh and Manny sampling her purchases. Eating Edibles, puffing Joints and sipping THC Sodas...*

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - LATER

The lights are low, *Kendrick Lamar's - Money Trees*, pumping through the speakers.

Ashleigh's lying on the bed with her bare back exposed. Manny's massaging it with the Cannabis lotion.

ASHLEIGH  
You have strong hands.

MANNY  
You have soft skin.

Manny steps away, eyes bloodshot, sucking on a pot lollipop.

ASHLEIGH  
Where you going?

We see the Surveillance Feed on Manny's laptop as he moves towards it.

BURLY MEN are entering with hand trucks and tools when--

The SCREEN SAVER comes on, as Manny grabs a bottle of lotion and makes his way back to the bed.

MANNY  
That's better.

She rolls on her back and their bodies collide, lips brushing against each other as they succumb to a soft kiss.

FADE TO:

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - MORNING

Manny wakes up to a text message from Ashleigh.

*Went to work. Thanks for a great night.*

He climbs out of bed and opens his laptop. His eyes go wide when he sees the screen.

MANNY  
Shit.

Manny fumbles around for the phone and makes a call.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
We got a problem...

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - LATER

Lu's looking at the Surveillance Feed.

MANNY  
Contractors must have gone in  
overnight.

LU  
Neither one of you bothered to  
check?

MANNY  
It's a government building. They're  
closed on weekends.

We finally see what they're talking about--

The Finance Office has been renovated with bulletproof glass  
Teller Windows and a Dispensary Bin for large deposits.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Entry point's gone.

LU  
No shit.

MANNY  
How do we get them to open that  
door?

Lu thinks.

LU  
We go low tech.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - NEXT

Angle on Manny looking down at the floor, as a vibrating  
sound is heard off screen.

The vibrating stops and Manny makes a face.

LU (O.S.)  
So?

Manny makes a so-so gesture with his hand.

Angle on Lu, lying on the floor.

LU (CONT'D)  
You get down here and try it. I'm  
old and your floor's hard.

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - MORNING

Rosanna's with a TECH running an image search.

ROSANNA  
Think you can find it?

TECH  
Oh yeah. This system runs through a  
database of public posts. It's like  
Google on steroids.

A series of Tweets and Instagram posts appear. The Tech  
scrolls through them, when Rosanna spots something--

ROSANNA  
That one, there.

The Tech clicks on an Instagram post of--

*ASHLEIGH*

--wearing a non-grainy version of the T-shirt and Dodgers cap  
from the Lowe's security footage.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
That's our girl.

TECH  
Kids today... Killing alibis one  
social media post at a time.

INT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - DAY

Ashleigh's behind the counter, grabbing her purse and jacket.

ASHLEIGH  
See ya.

BUD TENDER  
Later.

EXT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - NEXT

Ashleigh exits the store and heads for the parking lot, when--

*SIRENS BLARE & LIGHT BARS FLASH*

She drops her purse on the pavement, as three Black & Whites come screeching to a halt.

A COP'S voice booms over the loudspeaker.

*COP (LOUDSPEAKER)*  
*Put your hands in the air and get*  
*down on the ground!*

Ashleigh's heart almost explodes, as she takes in the COP CARS surrounding her.

*COP (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)*  
*Put your hands above your head!*

She raises her arms and drops to her knees, the Bud Tender and Security Guard looking on from inside the shop.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - LATER

Ashleigh's cuffed to a table, the room cold and grey.

Rosanna enters and drops a manila folder on the table. She opens it and pulls out two photos.

*ROSANNA*  
 Look familiar?

Ashleigh looks at them -- A still from the Lowe's footage and the Instagram post of her in the same shirt and cap.

*ROSANNA (CONT'D)*  
 These dates a coincidence?

Rosanna circles the matching dates on each photo, but Ashleigh doesn't say a word.

*ROSANNA (CONT'D)*  
 You're young, you don't have a  
 record, so I'll make it easy.  
 (A beat)  
 Who are you working with?

Ashleigh trembles as the cold cuffs choke her wrists and vibrate against the table.

She looks Rosanna dead in the eye, about to break, when--

*ASHLEIGH*  
 (Soft)  
 Lawyer.

ROSANNA  
What's that?

ASHLEIGH  
(Louder)  
Lawyer.

Rosanna sighs.

ROSANNA  
I know you didn't fund this working  
behind that counter. There was half-  
a-mil worth of gear and product in  
that house. Somebody staked you.

Ashleigh sticks to the script.

ASHLEIGH  
Lawyer.

Rosanna tucks the photos back in the folder.

ROSANNA  
Alright...

She stands and moves towards the door.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
You wanna do time, that's fine.

Rosanna turns back.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
Cute girl like you will get a lot  
of unwanted attention.

INT. TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - LATER

A cell door opens and Ashleigh steps inside wearing an orange  
DOC jumpsuit.

The two INMATES sharing the cell take her in with predatory  
eyes. Caged wolves just given a lamb.

INT. OFFICE - DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - EVENING

Rosanna's sitting across from the ASSISTANT SPECIAL AGENT IN  
CHARGE (ASAC/white/50s), a buttoned up DEA bureaucrat.

ROSANNA  
She's a kid. There's no way she  
raised that money herself.

ASAC  
Started young? Could've been  
selling for years.

ROSANNA  
School records say she was an honor  
roll student.

ASAC  
Father did time, right?

Rosanna nods, as her Boss looks off camera.

ASAC (CONT'D)  
What does the lawyer think?

The camera pans to reveal--

*STEVEN*

--sitting on a couch up against the wall.

STEVEN  
I have enough evidence to convict  
as is. I don't see the need for you  
to waste anymore resources on this,  
but I'll leave that up to you.

Her Boss thinks it over.

ASAC  
Steve's right.

ROSANNA  
There's someone bigger behind it.

ASAC  
It's a garage grow Rose and we have  
bigger fish to fry.  
(A beat)  
She won't talk, maybe some time in  
the towers will scare her straight.

INT. HALLWAY - DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - NEXT

Rosanna and Steven step out of the office.

STEVEN  
Don't dwell on it, you did good  
work.

Rosanna watches him go.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - NIGHT

Lu and Manny are drawing up a new map of the Finance Office.

LU  
Can't enter that way, there's no  
exit. What about here?

Manny's phone rings -- A number he doesn't recognize.

MANNY  
Hello?

He listens, concern crossing his face as Lu looks him over.

LU  
Who is it?

EXT. TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - EVENING

Lu and Manny are watching the entrance from the sidewalk,  
when Keisha exits alone.

LU  
Stay here.

Keisha walks in the opposite direction. Lu jogs to catch up.

LU (CONT'D)  
Keisha.

She doesn't stop.

LU (CONT'D)  
Keisha.

KEISHA  
What?

LU  
Where is she?

KEISHA  
In a Goddamn cell, where do you  
think?

LU  
Post bail?

KEISHA  
You got bail money on you, cause I  
sure as hell don't and Ray ain't  
paying a cent.

LU  
What's the charge?

They're still walking.

KEISHA  
Something about a burned down house  
and growing without a license.

LU  
Goddamn...

They arrive at her car, Keisha surprised by his tone.

KEISHA  
Did you know about it?

She looks at him, but Lu avoids her stare.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
You knew and you didn't to tell me?

He's quiet, when Keisha bursts out laughing.

KEISHA (CONT'D)  
Been out a month and she's telling  
you every damn thing.

LU  
Keisha--

KEISHA  
She wouldn't be in there right now  
if it weren't for you.  
(A beat)  
Told you she always wanted to be  
like her daddy.

Keisha gets in her car and drives away.

INT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - NIGHT

Lu's finishing up his shift, when an SUV pulls up outside.

EXT. DINER - JEFFERSON BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Lu exits as a window rolls down, Steven's Muscle behind the wheel.

MUSCLE  
Want a ride?

LU  
I got a choice?

MUSCLE  
Nope.

INT. SUV - NEXT

Lu slides in, Steven in the passenger seat.

STEVEN  
You know, I spent twenty years getting shitty pay to put guys away for it and one day -- BOOM, it's legal. Now I'm the bad guy. The one who locked up innocent people, when I was just doing my job. Hell, might have even tried you...

(A beat)  
Now they want to put me out to pasture because of it. Well, I'm gonna get paid first.

LU  
You a cop?

STEVEN  
Lawyer and for what it's worth, I think it's b.s. how they treat you when you get out. System's broken. We're all just trying to make a buck at the end of the day, aren't we?

Lu's thrown by Steven's admission.

LU  
What's keeping me from snitching?

STEVEN  
Three time felon's word over a career DEA attorney... Come on.

(A beat)  
Little pigeon says our girl got pinched.

LU  
Pigeon, huh?

STEVEN  
Now I have to consider some things.

LU  
Like what?

STEVEN

Like if she knows how to keep her mouth shut.

LU

She knows, if not, I'll get her the message.

STEVEN

She doesn't, bad things will happen Lu. Things much worse than prison.

LU

That a threat?

STEVEN

I don't make threats, I make promises.

(A beat)

A girl like her... She won't last inside. You know that.

Lu does.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Dykes making her do disgusting things... She gets out, the only way to get even is if she goes to work. You know what I mean by work.

He does.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

She'll make fifty a suck, two hundred a fuck and ten years from now she still won't be out from under it. If she lasts that long.

(A beat)

They never last that long.

Lu's a ball of fury beneath his calm facade.

LU

I'll get you the money.

STEVEN

Take on the debt?

LU

Long as you forget you ever met her.

Steven grins.

STEVEN  
On a dishwashers pay?

LU  
You'll get your money.

STEVEN  
For some reason, I believe you.

Steven leans in, deadly serious.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
She says one word, the deal's off.

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - NEXT

Lu climbs out of the SUV and it drives off into the night.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - TWIN TOWERS CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Two phones, a desk and glass divider. Lu and Ashleigh are on opposite sides.

ASHLEIGH  
She has me on a security tape  
buying the irrigation tube.

LU  
Were you living at the house?

ASHLEIGH  
Kinda.

LU  
Kinda, what's kinda?

ASHLEIGH  
Slept there sometimes.

LU  
Leave anything?

ASHLEIGH  
Clothes maybe... Some receipts, but  
they might be with the papers I  
showed you.

LU  
Where?

ASHLEIGH  
In my bag at Manny's.

Lu looks down the row of the hardened INMATES.

ASHLEIGH (CONT'D)

Thought one day you'd get out and the whole thing would be up and running... You'd come around and see it for yourself. I was hoping you would. Thought you'd be proud of me.

Lu keeps it together and changes the subject.

LU

You got a lawyer?

ASHLEIGH

The one they assigned.

LU

That won't do. Need a better one, one that won't tell you to plead.

There's a hint of fear in Ashleigh's eyes that wasn't there before. The reality of her situation starting to sink in.

ASHLEIGH

Can't afford a lawyer.

LU

Your mom and me, we'll figure it out.

ASHLEIGH

She ain't got the money.

Ashleigh breaks. The prospect of prison finally feeling real.

LU

Hey, look at me...

She does.

LU (CONT'D)

Stay strong, keep your head down and don't say nothing. Not a word, you hear me?

Ashleigh nods, as tears spill down her cheeks.

LU (CONT'D)

We're gonna pull this job, get a good lawyer and get you out.

She desperately wants to believe him.

ASHLEIGH  
 Promise?

LU  
 I promise.

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LEIMERT PARK - DAY

Keisha opens the door. Lu's on the stoop.

KEISHA  
 Thought I told you to call first?

LU  
 I need a favor.

KEISHA  
 A favor?

LU  
 Want your daughter in or out?

She crosses her arms.

KEISHA  
 What you need?

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - DAY - VARIOUS

Manny's at the kitchen table watching the Surveillance Feed.

*On Screen --* Various OWNER'S that Ashleigh photographed are making their tax payments at the Finance Office.

We hold on the Dispensary Owner from Little Buddha, as she dumps a bag of cash into the Depository Bin.

It takes two Tellers to carry it over and count it.

MANNY  
 That is a lot of green.

The Tellers finish up and one hands the Owner a receipt.

Manny clicks on another feed, watching another Teller stack the cash in the Safe.

He tracks the first Teller on screen, as she knocks on the Finance Manager's door and says something we can't hear.

The Finance Manager picks up the phone and makes a call, Manny continuing to watch, when--

*DING*

A new event alert appears on the hacked Calendar.

He double clicks the appointment and sees the words--

*BRINKS PICKUP*

INT. CITY BUS - SAME

The bus is moving, Lu sitting, when--

ROSANNA (O.S.)  
Seat taken?

LU  
All yours.

He slides in and Rosanna sits down beside him.

ROSANNA  
Everybody says L.A.'s got the worst  
public transportation, but they're  
the ones that don't ride the bus.

LU  
Right about that.

Rosanna extends a hand and Lu goes to shake it, but pulls  
back when he spots a BADGE in her hand.

LU (CONT'D)  
Been going to work and calling my  
P.O. every week like he said.

A WOMAN behind them overhears and changes seats.

ROSANNA  
I know, we spoke.

LU  
So, what's this about?

ROSANNA  
Ashleigh.

Lu's face falls.

LU  
You the one with the security tape?

ROSANNA  
Word travels fast.

His phone vibrates in his pocket.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
Need to get that?

Lu shakes his head.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
What's a kid like her doing working  
an illegal grow? She got daddy  
issues?

He takes offense.

LU  
You got nothing better to do than  
harass a good kid?

ROSANNA  
She is a good kid, reminds me of me  
when I was her age... I know she  
didn't fund that grow herself.  
Who's she working with?

LU  
How would I know? Hadn't seen her  
in over ten years.

His phone rings again, but he ignores it.

ROSANNA  
You seen her since?

LU  
Couple times.

ROSANNA  
She say anything about it?

LU  
Didn't come up...

Rosanna grins.

ROSANNA  
She's not talking Mr. Taylor. If  
she doesn't, she's going to go away  
for a long time and there is  
nothing I can do about it.

The Bus pulls over. Rosanna stands and hands him her card.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

Get her to talk. You don't want to  
lose her when you just got her back.

Rosanna gets off, Lu watching her as the Bus pulls away.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LEIMERT PARK - A SHORT TIME LATER

Lu's walking away from the Bus Stop, when another call comes  
through on his phone.

LU

Yeah?

MANNY (PHONE)

I've been calling you non-stop.

LU

Got caught up.

MANNY (PHONE)

We got a problem.

LU

What?

*(Intercut as needed).*

MANNY

They scheduled a Brinks.

LU

For when?

MANNY

An hour from now.

LU

How much has been delivered?

MANNY

Half the score...

Lu almost keels over.

LU

Can you cancel it?

MANNY

Not without the pin.

He checks out a CAMRY parked along the street.

LU  
Can you track it down?

*MUSIC CUE: Kendrick Lamar's - Humble.*

INT. STOLEN CAMRY - EVENING

Lu's driving the STOLEN CAMRY that was parked on the street, his cell phone on speaker.

MANNY (PHONE)  
*Turning onto Chavez.*

He floors it as he weaves through traffic.

MANNY (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
*Took a left on Alameda, a mile up.*

Lu cuts left, passing UNION STATION as he turns onto Alameda.

LU  
Pulling onto Temple.

MANNY (PHONE)  
*You're close, you see it?*

He drives fast and spots--

*THE BRINKS TRUCK*

LU  
Got it.

Lu floors it, almost clipping the back of a PICKUP TRUCK, as he pulls alongside the Brinks.

EXT. STOLEN CAMRY - CONTINUOUS

Lu cuts a hard left and crashes into the Brinks Truck front right wheel well.

The two vehicles skid along the street and come to a stop, as other cars brake and swerve to avoid the collision.

INT. STOLEN CAMRY - NEXT

Lu tries his door, but it's smashed in and won't open. He climbs over the console and exits out the passengers' side.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Brinks DRIVER is already out of the truck, his REVOLVER aimed and at the ready.

DRIVER  
What the hell man?

He looks at Lu, who has sunglasses on and a cap pulled low.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Get back or I'll shoot.

He cocks the gun, but Lu tucks tail and runs as a COP CAR suddenly appears on the scene.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - NEXT

Lu races down Temple towards the 101 Freeway. He looks over his shoulder, as the Black & White turns up the block.

Lu pumps his arms as he cuts across traffic, cars hitting their brakes and skidding to a stop to avoid him, when--

*THUD*

A car hits him and he rolls across the hood.

LU  
Shit--

He lands hard on the pavement and gets to his feet, limping onto ALISO STREET that runs parallel to the 101.

The Cop Car gets caught in the pile up and a UNIFORM hops out and gives chase.

EXT. ALISO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lu looks over his shoulder, the Uniform fifty yards behind.

He cuts left on ALAMEDA, jogging now as the Uniform shouts.

UNIFORM  
Stop or I'll shoot!

Lu's out of breath, about ready to give himself up, when--

*SCREECH*

A car pulls to a stop -- Manny behind the wheel.

MANNY

Get in.

INT. MANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lu slides in and Manny peels out.

LU

How'd you find me?

Manny holds up a phone.

MANNY

Find my phone app.

Lu looks at the screen, a BLUE DOT tracking his location.

LU

Thank God for that.

INT. MANNY'S APARTMENT - KOREATOWN - LATER

Lu chugs a glass of water and throws Ashleigh's backpack over his shoulder.

LU

Get some sleep.

MANNY

You too.

LU

See you in a few hours.

He leaves the apartment and closes the door--

BLACK.

INT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Keisha is sleeping on her living room couch.

Ashleigh's eyes are wide open on the lower bunk in her cell.

Manny's staring at the ceiling in his studio apartment.

Lu's looking through Ashleigh's bag and finds her RECEIPTS.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - MORNING

The morning sun rises slowly over the downtown skyline.

EXT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - MORNING

The Owner unlocks the door and enters the shop.

INT. BACK OFFICE - ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - NEXT

The Owner opens the safe and takes a whiff, before stuffing bundles of cash in a duffle bag and paging the front desk.

OWNER

Can you send Wayne back?

INT. BACK OFFICE - ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - NEXT

There's a knock on the door and the Owner opens it to find--

*MANNY*

--dressed in a Security Guard's uniform with sunglasses on.

OWNER

Who are you? Where's Wayne?

MANNY

Out sick, I'm filling in.

OWNER

No one told me.

MANNY

I can call the assignment office if you want?

The Owner checks his watch.

OWNER

No time, appointment's in half an hour.

EXT. ZEN MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - UNIVERSITY PARK - NEXT

Manny escorts the Owner and duffle bag to the parking lot and--

*ZAP*

He shocks the Owner with a TAZER and he falls to the ground.

Manny grabs his car keys, pops the trunk and lifts the Owner's body inside.

*MUSIC CUE: Instrumental - Dr. Dre & Snoop Dogg's - Still Dre.*

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - LATER

A TELLER greets a Customer from behind a window.

TELLER  
How can I help you today?

MANNY (O.S.)  
*Jay Greenstein, here for my 2:00...*

A reverse angle reveals Manny with the duffle bag, wearing the Dispensary Owner's jacket, hat and sunglasses.

She checks the schedule -- *JAY GREENSTEIN 2:00pm* -- and looks at Manny, suspicious.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Jewish on my father's side.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Manny watches the Teller send the bills through a cash counter as she holds her nose.

TELLER  
I'll never get used to the smell.

She bands a bundle and sprays it with Febreze, dulling the scent of marijuana embedded in the bills.

MANNY  
Sorry about that.

The Teller finishes counting and types up a receipt.

She prints it under her desk and bends down to grab it, but when she pops back up--

*MANNY'S GONE...*

TELLER  
Mr. Greenstein?

There's a vibrating sound coming from the other side of the window. She stands up and looks at the floor to find--

*MANNY*

Writhing around in the throes of a violent seizure.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

She runs out the SECURITY DOOR and races to his side, clutching his head in her hands to protect it.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Mr. Greenstein can you hear me?

His tremors continue, until--

*CLICK*

His body goes still, the Teller's too.

MANNY

Don't scream.

The Teller's face falls, as Manny presses a pistol against her ribs.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Now hand me your key card.

EXT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

A GUARD is at the entrance, a STAPLES VAN parked nearby.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Excuse me...*

The Guard turns to find a DELIVERY MAN tugging a hand truck with boxes of paper.

DELIVERY MAN

Best way to the finance office?  
It's my first day.

The Delivery Man lifts his head and we realize it's--

*LU*

The Guard points.

GUARD

That way.

INT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - LATER

Lu arrives at the SECURITY ENTRANCE and shows a fake I.D. to the Cop at check-in.

LU  
Picking up at City Finance.

The Cop inspects his credentials and pops the top on one of the boxes to find reams of paper stacked inside.

COP  
Little old to be pulling that weight.

LU  
Gotta do what you gotta do to make rent.

The Cop hands Lu back his lanyard.

COP  
Hear that. Go on ahead.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

The Finance Manager walks into the SAFE ROOM, where--

*THE TELLER*

--is sitting on the floor with a hood over her head.

FINANCE MANAGER  
Oh my God... Sally, is that you?

He moves towards the ALARM BUTTON, about to press it, when--

The barrel of Manny's pistol hits the side of his head.

MANNY  
I wouldn't do that.

The Finance Manager goes still.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Open the safe.

The Finance Manager's hand shakes as he turns the combination dial and tries the door, but--

*IT DOESN'T OPEN*

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Take a breath and go again.

The Finance Manager does as he's told, going through the process a second time and--

*THE DOOR OPENS*

Manny recoils and brings his hand to his nose.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
Shit, that's dank.  
(To the Manager)  
Put this on.

He hands him a black hood. The Finance Manager looks it over.

MANNY (CONT'D)  
It's not a fashion show.

The Finance Manager slides the hood over his head and Manny zip ties his wrists behind his back, lowering him to the floor beside the Teller, when his phone vibrates.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu's on the other side of the bulletproof glass and Manny lets him in.

MANNY  
This way.

Lu sees the pistol tucked into his waistband.

LU  
What the hell is that?

MANNY  
No time, come on.

INT. SAFE ROOM - FINANCE OFFICE - NEXT

Reams of paper are stacked in the Safe, Lu and Manny filling the empty boxes with bundles of cash.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Manny walks out of the Finance Office, the shoulder bag empty as he heads for the exit.

Lu comes out seconds later, tugging the dolly stacked with boxes of paper.

INT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu's about to leave, when the COP stops him.

COP  
Hold up a minute.

He does as he's told and the Cop walks over.

COP (CONT'D)  
How many boxes you have when you came in?

LU  
Messed up the order.

COP  
Step to the side.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Manny's on the sidewalk, pacing up and down MAIN STREET, waiting on Lu.

INT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - SAME

Lu's out of line, watching the Cop opening the lid of a box to find--

*PAPER ON TOP*

He opens another -- More paper... A third -- Even more...

Lu looks at one of the handle slits -- There's money beneath the first row of paper reams.

COP  
Have a good one.

EXT. FREIGHT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - NEXT

Lu loads the paper back into the van and closes the doors.

He slides behind the wheel and pulls onto MAIN STREET, Manny runs over and hops in when--

*AN ALARM CRIES OUT*

POLICE appear at the Freight Entrance with their guns drawn--

*BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG*

LU

Get down.

Lu hits the gas and speeds away -- Bullets piercing the sides of the van, blowing out a back window and popping a tire.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NEXT

Black & Whites give chase, as the van turns up the block, sparks flying from the tire that's rolling on its rim.

INT. STAPLES VAN - NEXT

Lu's got a solid head start, but the tire and stalled traffic threaten to even the race.

He looks in the sideview mirror, seeing red and blue lights flashing behind them.

Lu pulls onto the sidewalk, sending PEDESTRIANS diving out of the way, as he cuts a sharp right to bypass the traffic.

EXT. STAPLES VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van teeters on two wheels, sparks still flying, in danger of tipping over as it pulls through the turn.

INT. STAPLES VAN - SAME

Lu and Manny can hear sirens closing in, when Lu suddenly cuts another sharp right and turns into a Parking Garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NEXT

He speeds down the ramp and pulls next to a MINI-VAN.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

Keisha's behind the wheel. She sees the bullet holes and shattered windows.

KEISHA

Oh dear God...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lu and Manny hop out.

LU  
Open the back.

Keisha pops the back door and the two transfer the cash filled boxes from the Cargo to the Mini-van.

They're fast, the entire job done in a matter of seconds.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Lu hops in back, about to shut the door, when Manny runs off.

LU  
Where you going?

He jogs over to another car and pops the trunk to find--

*THE DISPENSARY OWNER*

--tied up inside.

MANNY  
Your bill's paid.

He tosses the Owner his TAX RECEIPT, jacket, hat and glasses and runs back to the Mini.

LU  
Really?

MANNY  
I don't rob regular people.

LU  
Let's go.

Keisha peels out in reverse.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NEXT

Keisha's about to pull out of the garage, when sirens scream and COP CARS fly by--

KEISHA  
Holy hell!

--almost clipping the front of the Mini-van.

LU  
Just breathe.

She takes a breath and drives on.

INT. MINI-VAN - NEXT

Keisha drives the speed limit as she approaches a Police enforced CHECKPOINT.

KEISHA  
What the hell kinda favor is this?

LU  
A big one.

Lu throws a blanket over the boxes, as Keisha watches the POLICE inspect the cars ahead of them like border security.

She closes in on the front of the line, her heart beating through her chest.

*LU (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*Just breathe and it'll be alright.*

EXT. CHECKPOINT - NEXT

Keisha arrives at the front and rolls down her window. One Cop watches her, while another one looks in the windows with a flashlight.

COP  
License please.

She hands it over -- A brutally tense moment lingering, as the second Cop peers in the windows.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

Keisha waits, beads of sweat bubbling on her brow.

COP  
Unlock the doors please.

She does and--

*THWISH*

The second Cop opens the sliding side door. An infinitely long moment lingers as the Cop looks around and--

SECOND COP

It's clear.

Keisha's confused.

COP

Drive on.

KEISHA

Thank you officer.

She rolls up the window and eases on the gas, when--

Lu and Manny pop up from under the cover of the depressed cargo area, where the seats fold down.

LU

You did good.

KEISHA

This is the last time I'm doing you any favors. You can count on that.

EXT. BUS STOP - A SHORT TIME LATER

Keisha hops out of the van.

LU

Thank you.

KEISHA

Get going, before someone sees you.

She smiles as they pull away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The Mini-van pulls up, Steven's SUV already waiting.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

Lu steps out, while Manny grabs a cell phone from the center console and shoves it in his pocket.

There's a second one there that he leaves in the cup holder.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Steven and his Muscle step out of the SUV.

STEVEN

You're early.

Manny appears with three boxes of paper from the back. Steven nods and his Muscle pops the lid on one and reels back.

MUSCLE

Stinks... but looks good.

Steven grins.

LU

We good?

STEVEN

Little pigeon told me about a heist at City Hall. Seven figures taken from the Finance Office.

LU

Where you keep all them birds?

STEVEN

Not just any bird...

Steven pulls out his pistol.

LU

You've been made whole.

STEVEN

What kind of man would I be if I passed up an opportunity like this?

Lu looks at Manny.

LU

Give me your gun.

Manny doesn't move.

LU (CONT'D)

Give it to me and get in the van.

Steven stands there with a shit eating grin on his face, as Manny pulls out the pistol and takes aim at--

*LU...*

LU (CONT'D)

What the hell you doing?

STEVEN

Meet my little pigeon.

MANNY  
I'm sorry Lu.

Steven nods to his Muscle.

STEVEN  
Get the rest.

The Muscle moves to the back of the Mini-van, while Manny holds Lu in place at gunpoint.

LU  
Thought you didn't rob regular people?

MANNY  
He traced the hack... Was gonna turn me in if I didn't play along.

LU  
What about Ash?

Manny winces at the mention of her name.

MANNY  
She's smart, she'll be alright.

The Muscle returns with the rest of the cash.

STEVEN  
Put it in back.  
(To Manny)  
Let's go.

Manny backs away from Lu and the three hop into the SUV, Steven calling out to Lu before closing the door.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Hire a lawyer. She's gonna need it.

A bundle of cash lands at Lu's feet and the SUV pulls away.

INT. MINI-VAN - NEXT

Lu slides behind the wheel about to turn the key, when he notices a cell phone in the cup holder. He picks it up and looks at the screen--

*IT'S MANNY'S PHONE*

He unlocks the home screen to find the *Find My Phone App* still tracing the location of his phone.

INT. SUV - SAME

Steven and his Muscle are up front, Manny in the middle row, the outline of Lu's cell phone in his pocket.

INT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - SAME

Keisha's cell rings. She answers, not recognizing the number.

KEISHA

Hello?

Lu's voice comes through the receiver.

LU (PHONE)

*It's me.*

KEISHA

What now?

LU (PHONE)

*I need another favor...*

EXT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - LATER

Keisha walks towards the trash cans waiting by the curb for the morning pickup.

She adds another bag and looks back at the house, before walking towards--

*THE MINI-VAN*

Lu rolls down the window and she hands him--

*A GUN*

KEISHA

It's Ray's.

He looks it over, the serial number filed off.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

Not registered.

LU

I appreciate you.

KEISHA

This is the last time, for real.

LU

I know.

Keisha smiles and walks back towards the house, when--

LU (CONT'D)

Keisha...

She turns back, expectant.

KEISHA

Yeah?

LU

Here.

He holds out the cash.

LU (CONT'D)

Post bail and get her a lawyer.

She takes the money.

KEISHA

I'm sorry... I didn't mean that  
shit I said about you and Ash.

LU

I know.

(A beat)

You don't hear from me, tell her...  
Tell her I tried.

Keisha leans in and gives Lu a soft kiss, before he pulls off  
into the night.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - LATER

The SUV is parked outside.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

Lu's watching the building with a phone at his ear and  
Rosanna's business card in his hand.

LU

You want the guy who staked the  
grow? Go to 1115 Industrial Street.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - WAREHOUSE - NEXT

The Muscle comes out the back door and lights up a cigarette. He takes a long drag and exhales, when--

*CRACK*

A pistol hits the back of his head. He stumbles, but doesn't go down--

*CRACK - CRACK*

Lu hits him two more times and he collapses onto the pavement. He kneels over him and takes his gun.

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - L.A. BUREAU - NIGHT

Rosanna's burning the midnight oil, the VOICEMAIL button on her phone blinking red.

She picks up the receiver and plays the message.

*LU (VOICEMAIL)*  
*You want the guys who staked the*  
*grow? Go to 1115 Industrial Street.*

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Industrial work lights illuminate the open space, as Steven gives Manny a tour.

STEVEN  
A year from now, you won't be able  
to see the forest through the trees  
in here. We're gonna be the  
Budweiser of the Cannabis business.

MANNY  
Budweiser, huh?

Suddenly--

*CLICK*

They stop at the sound of a PISTOL HAMMER snapping into firing position. Lu appears from behind a cement pillar.

STEVEN  
You don't waste any time, do you?

LU  
Where's the money?

STEVEN  
Why would I tell you that?

Lu brushes his finger against the trigger.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
You're no killer. I can see it...  
(Gestures to his eyes)  
Right here.

Steven reaches for his gun and--

*BANG*

Lu fires a shot at the cement floor. Steven and Manny jump.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright... You made your  
point.

LU  
Where - Is - It?

Lu holds Steven's stare, when--

*LIGHTS SHINE IN THE WINDOWS*

Lu glances away for a split second and Steven pulls his gun--

*BANG - BANG - BANG*

A shot clips Lu's leg -- Manny dives for cover.

Lu stumbles and falls to the ground, scurrying behind a  
cement pillar.

INT. ROSANNA'S CAR - SAME

Rosanna's idling outside, having just heard the shots.

ROSANNA (INTO RADIO)  
Shots fired at 1115 Industrial  
street, requesting backup.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Lu's behind a pillar, holding his wounded leg, when---

*BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG*

More bullets blister the cement buffer.

The shooting stops and Lu listens for movement, peeking around the left side of the pillar, but he can't see a thing.

He does the same with the right and sees a shadowy figure on the move. He cocks his gun, exhales and spins around--

*BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG*

Lu holds his fire when he sees--

*MANNY*

Standing in the middle of the floor.

Manny lifts a hand from his chest and blood pours from a bullet wound, staining his shirt.

Lu and Manny lock eyes for an instant, before Manny falls to the floor.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - SAME

Rosanna's approaching the entrance with her weapon drawn and creeps inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Lu takes cover behind the pillar again, torn apart by what he's just done.

*STEVEN (O.S.)  
Hell, you just made me a half  
million dollars.*

Lu glances at the blood seeping from Manny's body, as it expands across the floor.

He leans against the pillar, listening for movement, not sure of Steven's location, when--

*BANG - BANG - BANG*

Three shots chip away at the cement -- One clips Lu's shoulder, sending his gun flying from his hand and another rips into the side of his stomach.

Lu moves for the gun, but Steven kicks it across the floor.

*STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Strange the lengths parents will go  
for their children. Guess that's  
why I never had any.*

Steven circles the column...

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Shame you won't be around to see her  
if she gets out.

Lu comes into focus as Steven bends down.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I'm going to enjoy this.

He raises his pistol, when--

ROSANNA (O.S.)  
*Drop the gun!*

Steven glances at Rosanna and--

*BANG*

Steven's eyes go wide.

LU  
I'll be around...

Rosanna fires at the sound of the shot--

*BANG - BANG - BANG*

Steven stumbles backwards and Lu rolls away, the Muscle's  
pistol smoking in Lu's hand.

Steven brings his hand to his stomach, feeling the oily blood  
leaking from his body.

Lu's beside Manny now, watching his blood puddle on the  
floor, as Manny struggles for breath.

MANNY  
I'm sorry Lu...

Lu looks him over, he's in a bad way.

LU  
It's alright, you're gonna be fine.  
You're gonna be alright.

Manny shakes his head, knowing his fate.

MANNY  
I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry...

LU  
Yeah, me too.

Rosanna's voice cries out.

ROSANNA (O.S.)  
Police, drop your weapons!

With his last dying breath, Manny whispers--

MANNY  
The back room...

His eyes gloss over -- He's gone.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - SAME

Sirens blare and light bars flash as Black & Whites pull up to the scene.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Rosanna approaches a body resting against a pillar with her weapon drawn.

ROSANNA  
Show me your hands.

She takes another step to find -- STEVEN -- resting against a pillar, his shirt covered in blood.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
Steve, Jesus Christ...

STEVEN  
He ran out the back.

INT. BACK ROOM - WAREHOUSE - NEXT

Lu limps into an empty room, the paper boxes scattered across the floor.

He looks around and finds a bag and kneels down, unzipping it to find the stolen cash stuffed inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Uniforms descend on the scene, Rosanna giving them orders.

ROSANNA  
Get someone around back, now!

A Uniform kneels beside Manny, quickly realizing he's D.O.A.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)  
And call a bus, civilian down.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Lu limps out the back door with the bag, passing the Muscle who's lying on the pavement.

He nudges him with his foot and takes aim, ready to fire, but pulls back at the last second.

He removes a folded piece of paper from his pocket--

*ASHLEIGH'S RECEIPTS*

--and opens the door to the SUV and tucks it in the glove compartment.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - SAME

Two UNIFORMS race towards the back with Rosanna.

INT. MINI-VAN - NEXT

Lu tosses the duffle bag inside and slides behind the wheel.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - NEXT

Rosanna and the Uniforms burst out the door, ready to fire--

ROSANNA  
Get on the ground!

A reverse angle reveals--

*THE MUSCLE*

--rolling around on the pavement, the Mini-van gone...

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

Lu's driving with the headlights off, putting pressure on his bloody stomach.

INT. KEISHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The eleven o'clock NEWS, Keisha on the couch, Ray watching on a chair across the room.

*ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)*  
*The brazen heist at City Hall*  
*occurred in broad daylight.*

Surveillance images of Lu and Manny appear on screen.

*ANCHOR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)*  
*If you have any information, please*  
*call the tip line below...*

Keisha glances at Ray, shaking his head in disgust.

*ANCHOR 2 (ON SCREEN)*  
*We now go live to our team in the*  
*field.*

A REPORTER is standing outside the Warehouse that's surrounded by Cop Cars.

*REPORTER (ON SCREEN)*  
*One man has been pronounced dead at*  
*the scene after a shootout in the*  
*Wholesale district...*

Keisha watches in horror.

INT. WAREHOUSE - WHOLESALE DISTRICT - LATER

The place is taped off, FORENSICS taking photographs, while Rosanna inspects the scene.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NEXT

Rosanna walks up to the SUV and pops open the door. She searches it, opening the glove compartment to find--

*ASHLEIGH'S RECEIPTS*

She looks some more and finds Steven's REGISTRATION and INSURANCE INFORMATION.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NEXT

Steven's on a stretcher being loaded into an ambulance, when--

*CLICK*

A cuff wraps around his wrist and he locks eyes with Rosanna.

FADE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - L.A. COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAYS LATER

Keisha's in the audience, Ashleigh at the front with her LAWYER by her side. The JUDGE presiding reads her ruling.

JUDGE

Based on new evidence provided by  
the state, the case against Ms.  
Taylor is hereby vacated.

Ashleigh hugs her Lawyer and looks at Keisha in the audience.

Rosanna's behind them at the back of the room.

FADE TO:

EXT. FARMLAND - CENTRAL CALIFORNIA - MONTHS LATER

Noon day sun. The area surrounded by evergreens.

There's an AIRSTREAM TRAILER parked behind a pickup truck,  
while the sound of hammering echoes off screen.

The door to the trailer opens and Ashleigh steps out,  
climbing down the steps with two cups of coffee. We track her  
as she walks towards--

A GREENHOUSE

The hammering goes quiet as she approaches.

ASHLEIGH

You want breakfast?

A face turns to her--

*IT'S LU*

He's working on an irrigation system that's feeding a grid of  
potted Marijuana plants.

LU

Sounds good.

*MUSIC CUE: Kendrick Lama's - Alright.*

She smiles and walks off, as the camera booms into the air.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS.