

CHAOS

"Pilot"

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TEASER

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Industrial washers and dryers churn. Prisoners mill about, working at a snail's pace.

We rest on **TITUS CROWELY**, thirties, muscular with a stern yet thoughtful face.

He methodically folds crisp laundry, seemingly resigned to his incarceration.

A BIKER, 275 lbs and heavily inked, pulls a cart full of sheets next to Titus. Ignores the sheets.

BIKER

You that mixed martial arts guy,
right?

The biker eyes him for a moment, nods.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Dude, I saw you fuckin' clobber
Sanchez on pay-per-view. Watched
the replay of his arm snapping like
a hundred times. Fuckin' sick.

Titus doesn't even acknowledge that the biker exists.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Don't look like you're making too
many friends in the yard. My boys
and I came to a wha-chu-call,
consensus. Want you to know... we
can be your friends.

TITUS

I'm good. Thanks.

BIKER

Just tryin' to be neighborly,
chief. Kung-fu shit may save your
ass once, but in here,
motherfuckers keep coming 'til...
as our dark skinned brethren say --
"you get got."

Leaning in, the biker claps a meaty hand over Titus's shoulder.

BIKER (CONT'D)

And they are coming, bro.

Titus' eyes go from the sausage fingers to the scruffy face of the biker.

TITUS

Thanks for the heads up... bro.

The biker releases his grip. Starts to walk away, pushing Titus' pile of folded laundry to the floor. Blows a kiss.

BIKER

Welcome home, princess.

Titus continues folding as if nothing's happened.

The LAUNDRY SUPERVISOR approaches.

LAUNDRY SUPERVISOR

Crowely -- stow the folding and get your ass over to help unload the dryers.

Titus continues with what's in his hands.

The supervisor glares.

LAUNDRY SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Now, asshole!

Titus finishes, walks away.

Titus approaches a corner that leads towards rumbling industrial dryers. With each step the sounds grow louder.

TIGHT on Titus' hand as he flexes it, ready for a fight. For a flash, his face shows that maybe he cares for his life more than he lets on.

The dryers grow LOUDER. He rounds the corner.

DEAFENING.

In the distance, a GROUP OF INMATES pull fresh laundry from machines. One of the inmates waves Titus over, calling out -- voice muted by noise.

A moment of relief. Then --

-- a quick flash of a SHIV.

Titus reacts, zero hesitation. Disarms his ASSAILANT before using leverage to toss him against the blunt metal corner of a dryer.

The 275 lbs biker. Out cold.

The group of inmates unloading dryers comes running.

A SECOND ASSAILANT emerges from the shadows. Swings a WRENCH. Titus partially deflects the blow, but it manages to strike his back with a THUD.

Titus STUMBLES.

The group of inmates arrives -- but not to help. One KICKS at Titus' jaw.

Titus catches the foot and instantly goes into Krav Maga mode. One against six. We SMASH TO --

INT. PRISON SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

On a small monitor we watch a flurry of activity as Titus DEMOLISHES his attackers.

Assailants down, we see a pixilated CLOSE UP of Titus' face. Poised -- waiting to FUCK UP the next guy who shows his face.

CORRECTIONS OFFICERS rush into view.

CORRECTIONS OFFICERS
(a staggered chorus)
On your knees! Put your fucking
hands behind your fucking head,
motherfucker! Get on your fucking
knees!

Slowly, deliberately -- Titus obeys. He's LEVELED by a dog pile of corrections officers.

The monitor freezes.

PULLING BACK, we REVEAL the WARDEN (late 40s), and an icily beautiful woman in her mid-twenties. The woman has sharp features and a dark complexion. She wears a visitor's badge that reads -- **IONE**.

WARDEN
There's your boy. Managed to piss
off an entire cell block with that
number. Some asshole trying to
make a name for himself woulda
killed him within a day if I'd
released him back into gen-pop.
Lucky you got here first.

IONE
How screwed up is he?

WARDEN

Nasty bruise on his back.

IONE

I mean in the head.

WARDEN

Killed his wife and kid. What do you think? You don't end up behind my bars unless you trend towards sociopathic. But he's not painting frescos on the wall with his own shit if that's what you mean.

The warden rewinds the video so we can see Titus destroying his attackers a second time.

Ione is fixated.

IONE

Get him ready by tonight.

WARDEN

About that. My exposure is pretty high on this one.

IONE

What do you want?

WARDEN

Double.

IONE

(cold as dry ice)
Twenty percent bump. One time only. Say yes now or it's nothing.

WARDEN

I aim to please.
(re: Titus)
Sayonara, shitbird.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

The worn, leathery look of an aging rancher, **RANSOM EVERETT III** (50s) leans against an island counter, cup of coffee in hand. Tired eyes belie an agile mind.

His wife, **JESSICA** (50s), sits at a table, scanning stocks on a tablet computer. She appears to be an aging trophy wife. She's not.

Ransom glances at a suitcase leaning against the wall.

RANSOM

You sure you have to head back so early? One more day won't hurt.

Enter **LAURA**. Mid-twenties, petite with auburn, pin-straight hair, and fair skin. Pretty in an innocent way.

LAURA

So I can watch you putter around like an old farmhand?

RANSOM

Nothing wrong with getting your hands dirty. You used to love working with me out there.

LAURA

Wrong daughter.

CESAR, a dashing Latino in his fifties, steps into the kitchen. Nods to Ransom.

CESAR

Car's here.

LAURA

Cesar! Where have you been?

Laura hugs Cesar in a way that suggests he's one of the family.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Where's Mateo? I haven't seen him either. Or Antonio for that matter.

CESAR

They're visiting family in Mexico.

LAURA
I'm sorry I missed them. Tell them
I said hey when they get back.

CESAR
Of course.

Cesar picks up the suitcase, carries it away.

Laura leans down and hugs her mother. Kisses her cheek.

RANSOM
Need money?

LAURA
I have money, dad. I can take care
of myself.

JESSICA
She tell you she bought a gun?

LAURA
Mom!

JESSICA
I didn't realize it was some big
secret. You told me.

RANSOM
This about that neighbor? Cesar
looked into him. He's clean.

LAURA
I've gone target shooting a few
times. It's no big deal.

RANSOM
A gun doesn't make you safe. You
know that, right? But it's good
you're going to a range. You get a
permit?

LAURA
No, I bought it off some kid on a
street corner. Serial number
scratched off and everything. Of
course I have a permit.

Ransom wraps his arms around his daughter.

RANSOM
Be careful, little girl.

He doesn't want to let go.

LAURA

I will.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Laura waves from the back of a town car as it pulls away.
Ransom holds Jessica close as their youngest rides off.
Cesar appears at the door.

CESAR

Everything's ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAY

Ransom and Cesar walk towards a barn.

RANSOM

They're all there?

Cesar pulls a gleaming KNIFE from a belt sheath. Hands it to Ransom.

CESAR

Yep.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

THREE MEN IN POWER SUITS stand amongst the hay, animal stalls, and steaming piles of shit. Ransom acknowledges them with a nod.

RANSOM

Gentlemen.

TWO FARMHANDS lead a BULL into the barn. It SNORTS and STRUGGLES as it's forced into a metal contraption, just large enough for the animal to stand in. They close and lock a gate behind it.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

Hope you don't mind if I do a little work while we chat. Ever seen a bull castrated?

Ransom brandishes the knife for emphasis.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

A breeding thing for the most part.
Don't want inferior animals
polluting the gene pool. A little
snip and you get a docile steer.
More fat, better for butchering.

Ransom kneels beside the caged animal.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

Of course, there is the odd
occasion, like with this big fella
here, when a bull gets a bit too
feisty for his own good. Can still
screw like a champ. But his
temperament -- makes him dangerous.

Ransom reaches past a metal bar, grabs the bull by the
testicle, and pulls.

The bull, he's not happy about it.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

You have two options at that point.
Put it down with a pneumatic metal
rod to the brain. Or --

Ransom holds up the knife before reaching out and slicing.

The unanesthetized animal makes ungodly sounds. Trapped,
bleeding, helpless.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

You take its balls so it'll calm
the fuck down.

Ransom pulls out a severed testicle, hands it to Cesar.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

Good eating by the way.

Ransom removes the second testicle from the helpless animal.
He stands, walks towards the three men -- knife in one hand,
testicle in the other.

The bull makes horrific sounds behind him.

RANSOM (CONT'D)

I don't own your companies. Not
president. Not CEO. -- But I do
own a significant amount of stock.
And it's my determination that your
strategies are a bit -- feisty.

(re: the bull)

(MORE)

RANSOM (CONT'D)
 Go to your respective boards. Ask
 which they prefer. Rod to the
 brain or a little blade work.

Ransom hands the second testicle to Cesar before cleaning the
 knife against his pant leg. He extends his blood smeared
 hand to each of the men.

RANSOM (CONT'D)
 Thanks for coming out.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Ransom returns the knife to Cesar.

RANSOM
 Have you heard from your boys?

CESAR
 Not yet.

RANSOM
 You should be with them.

CESAR
 No. There's too much to do before
 tomorrow. You can trust Antonio.
 He'll get it done.

RANSOM
 Ione will be back tonight. She can
 handle the details here.

Ransom turns to Cesar, puts his hand on his shoulder.

RANSOM (CONT'D)
 Go. Take care of your family.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Norteño music blares from an old pick-up as it rattles down a
 lonely dirt road.

Inside, a MEXICAN MAN (early 40s) pulls a cigarette from his
 mouth and exhales a long stream of smoke out the window.

In the passenger seat, his WIFE (mid 30s) sits silently.

She looks down at the sleeping BOY (8) slumped against her.
 Brushes hair from his face.

Out of nowhere, TWO BLACK SUVs pull alongside the truck.

One SUV accelerates, pulling in front of the pickup. The other slows, pulls behind the truck, and boxes it in. The newly formed caravan slows to a halt.

The wife flashes a concerned look to her husband. We CUT TO --

INT. PRISON - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Titus stares blankly at a cell wall.

CLICK -- The heavy metal door swings open.

C.O.
Hop up, dipshit. Time for a ride.

EXT. PRISON - LATER

Titus is loaded into the back of a prison transport van.

TITUS
Where am I going?

C.O.
My guess'd be hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The passenger door of the first SUV swings open.

ANTONIO, Mexican (late 20s), steps out. He wears a tailored black suit, stylish tie, and a WHITE COWBOY HAT. He doesn't try to scare you, he just does.

A HALF DOZEN MEN clamber from the SUVs. Suits and bolo ties. UNIFORMS.

The driver of the pickup turns off the radio.

The little boy stirs, looks to his mother.

BOY
(Spanish)
[Are we there?]

WIFE
(Spanish)
[No.]