

"THE TRIANGLE"

FADE IN:

INT. BANK - DAY

FOUR MASKED MEN rob the bank.

TWENTY PEOPLE are on the floor. The robbers move swiftly and professionally. Two masked men bound over the tellers' counter with the bank's deposits.

FIRST MASKED MAN

Finish.

The other two masked men close in on the petrified customers and staff members.

SECOND MASKED MAN

You, you, and you. Get up!

The three people slowly get to their feet. They tremble because they know what's about to happen.

SECOND MASKED MAN

Eeine, meenie, miney, moe...

Impatient, the other masked man fires two shots into the chest of the man in the middle.

The victim flies backwards. Blood splatters on the people nearest him. Everyone screams.

The bank robbers run for the front doors.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER writes a ticket for the Ferrari parked at an expired meter. The CAR OWNER rushes out of the store.

CAR OWNER

But you ignore the car double
parked in front of the bank?

The police officer turns just as the four masked men exit the bank. He drops his ticket book, and reaches for his weapon.

The officer races across the street. The DRIVER, who is without a mask, turns away to hide his face.

POLICE OFFICER
Police! Drop your weapons!

The masked men open fire and then dive into the vehicle which speeds away with a squeal of tires on blacktop.

The fallen police officer lies in the middle of the street with only a single gun shot wound to his shoulder.

The Ferrari at the expired meter, however, is peppered with dozens of bullet holes.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

KATRINA DEGARMO, 27, finishes her beer and ignores the NEARLY NAKED MEN on the stage. Extremely attractive, she does her best to hide it by wearing drab, baggy clothes, no make-up, and her long hair in a messy ponytail.

WADE (O.S.)
Can I ask a question?

Katrina looks up at WADE RIVERS, 30, and handsome enough to be up on the stage, who delivers another beer.

WADE
You realize that this bar is for
gay men, right?

Katrina snickers and starts in on the new beer as she looks around at the room full of MALE PATRONS.

KATRINA
I come here because it's the one
place in Los Angeles where men are
treated like cheap sexual objects.

They are interrupted by the ring of Katrina's cell phone.

KATRINA
Back to work.

Katrina puts her finger to her lips like he should be quiet and keep her secret while she walks away to take the call.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Katrina catches a glimpse of her reflection in a mirror and tries to straighten out her outfit.

She quickly comes to the realization that nothing is going to help at this point, and proceeds to the front desk.

KATRINA

I'm Detective DeGarmo.

The SECRETARY gives her a quick glance and does not seem impressed by her appearance.

SECRETARY

The Mayor is waiting for you.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

With his deeply tanned skin and wide, toothy smile, MAYOR CARLTON LAWSON, 42, looks more like an actor than one of the most powerful men in Southern California politics.

MAYOR

Do you know why you're here?

KATRINA

No, sir. My lieutenant told me to drop what I was doing and report to City Hall.

The Mayor changes gears to his serious political face.

MAYOR

An officer was shot today during a bank robbery.

KATRINA

The same crew that's been killing people after its heists.

MAYOR

Any thoughts, Detective?

Katrina shrugs like the question annoys her.

KATRINA

Pulling a bank job is hard enough. Why kill someone, too?

The Mayor nods in agreement.

MAYOR

The election is in three weeks and my opponent claims I've allowed Los Angeles to become a war zone.

KATRINA

Where do I fit in?

MAYOR

I'm going to have a member of my staff explain.

LUCINDA BAPTISTE, 30, enters the room and strides to the desk on long, shapely legs that are impossible to miss.

MAYOR

Lucinda says you're old friends.

Katrina looks at Lucinda like she's a ghost. Lucinda ignores the strange look and kisses Katrina's cheek.

LUCINDA

Kat and I go way back.

Lucinda settles into the chair next to Katrina who looks at her with a bit of disdain.

LUCINDA

The wounded officer saw the driver. He was Mexican with a tear tattooed next to his eye.

KATRINA

A prison tat.

Lucinda nods in agreement.

LUCINDA

LAPD chased the car before losing it near Santa Rosa and Puente.

The Mayor pounds his fist on the desk in anger.

MAYOR

Lost it my ass! They were afraid
to go into that neighborhood.

KATRINA

The Triangle...With all due
respect, sir, your advisor has
misinformed you.

Katrina abruptly gets up out of her seat and storms out of
the room.

LUCINDA

It's under control, sir.

Lucinda takes off in pursuit of Katrina. The Mayor shakes
his head in obvious displeasure.

INT. CITY HALL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Propelled by rage and her long legs, Lucinda quickly
catches up to Katrina.

LUCINDA

Katrina!

Katrina halts and turns to face Lucinda. The look on
Katrina's face tells us she is not pleased.

KATRINA

Why are you doing this?

LUCINDA

I'm offering you the chance of a
lifetime.

Katrina has to laugh at that one.

KATRINA

Do you even remember him? Because
after his funeral, you pretty much
disappeared.

LUCINDA

Was I supposed to mourn him
forever, Kat?

KATRINA

Don't call me that.

LUCINDA

You used to like it.

KATRINA

I've changed a little over the
last seven years.

Lucinda bows her head in embarrassment.

LUCINDA

Being around you was going to
remind me of Dominic.

Katrina's face eases up on the angry glare, but she is
still visibly upset.

KATRINA

I lost a brother and a sister.

LUCINDA

I thought this could be a way for
us to reconnect.

Katrina's face quickly freezes over again.

KATRINA

Cut the shit, Lu. This is about
getting the Mayor re-elected.

LUCINDA

Can't it be that, too? If he's
re-elected, he'll be a front
runner for Governor.

KATRINA

Good seeing you again, Lu.

Katrina walks out the door and Lucinda makes no effort to
stop her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katrina writhes in ecstasy on top of an unseen partner.
She then releases a moan of pleasure that sounds like it's
been bottled up for years.

She enjoys it only for a moment and then moves over to her side of the bed.

Wade smiles and takes a deep breath. His face is covered in sweat and he looks like he has just had a deeply moving religious experience.

WADE

Were you trying to blow my cover?

Katrina smiles devilishly and looks up at the ceiling.

KATRINA

Maybe I just missed you.

Wade rolls on to his side so that he can look at her.

WADE

You're lucky no one recognized you.

Wade smiles. He cannot take his eyes off of her.

Katrina rolls over on top of him.

KATRINA

I think you need to be reminded that you're into the ladies.

Katrina kisses him hungrily and Wade has no problem remembering that he loves the ladies.

INT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

UCLA tennis banners hang from the ceiling. Only one tennis court is in use this early in the morning.

Katrina, dressed in a tiny workout outfit that reveals a perfect body, runs along the baseline with seemingly no effort, and fires back perfect volleys at the ball machine.

She stops only when the machine runs out of ammo.

LUCINDA (O.S.)

Picturing my face on those balls?

Anger on Katrina's face as she recognizes the voice. Instead of looking at her visitor, she begins to gather tennis balls.

KATRINA

How did you get in here?

Lucinda walks across the court so that she is right next to Katrina who still refuses to look at her.

LUCINDA

Working for the Mayor opens a lot of doors.

KATRINA

I don't see you for seven years, and now it's two days in a row. How did you find me?

LUCINDA

You always came here when you were angry.

Lucinda begins to pick up balls, too, and loads them into the back of the machine.

KATRINA

Did you really think I would just go into The Triangle and ask to talk to him?

LUCINDA

Yes.

KATRINA

Why would I do that?

Lucinda grabs Katrina so that she is forced to look her in the face. While Katrina isn't pleased with this, she does not look away.

LUCINDA

Because you know you're the only cop in this city who can.

Katrina breaks away from Lucinda's hold and begins to pace.

LUCINDA

He promised Dominic he would look
after you.

Katrina hits a ball against the wall with such force that
the impact sounds like a crack of thunder. She picks up
her gym bag and heads for the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lucinda catches up to Katrina at the trophy case. Katrina
stares at an NCAA National Championship trophy.

Behind the trophy is a photo of a younger Katrina, in her
UCLA sweats, raising the trophy over her head.

KATRINA

After his funeral, being on a
court reminded me of him too much.

LUCINDA

I'm sorry I disappeared, Kat.

Lucinda's eyes well up, but she holds back the tears.

KATRINA

I'll talk to Trujillo, but I'm
doing it for me, not for your
boss.

Lucinda puts her arm around Katrina, and they walk off
together down the hall.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A car pulls up to a street that is blocked off by a pair of
identical purple SUVs with chrome rims.

Katrina emerges from the car. TWO MEXICAN BAD ASSES get
out of the SUVs. They are both built like tanks and make
no effort to hide the guns in their shoulder holsters.

FIRST BAD ASS

What you want, sexy?

KATRINA

I'm here to see Trujillo.

They laugh, but still check her out like a piece of meat.

SECOND BAD ASS

Ain't no LAPD allowed in The Triangle, but I might make an exception if you wanna come home with me, mama.

The bad asses continue to laugh at Katrina who stares at them stone faced.

KATRINA

Tell him Kat is here.

The first bad ass steps forward, slides his sunglasses down his nose just a touch, and glares over them at Katrina.

SECOND BAD ASS

There's definitely some fine pussy here alright.

His partner howls with laughter, but Katrina lays out the joker with a vicious right hook.

Katrina draws her gun in the same motion, and levels it at the second man's face. She uses her free hand to relieve him of his gun.

KATRINA

Get your boss on the phone.

The man pulls out a cell phone and dials a number.

EXT. THE TRIANGLE - DAY

Katrina's car moves slowly down the street. HARD CORE, TOUGH ASS MEXICANS glare at her, but stay clear.

The streets are eerily quiet except for the occasional music that blasts from an open window. There are no women or children to be seen.

Katrina parks in front of a corner house. She gets out, and walks up the front path, but never acknowledges the dozens of angry eyes that watch her every move.

INT. TRUJILLO'S STUDY - DAY

Katrina is led into the room by ZUMA, 25, a wiry, shirtless Mexican whose arms and chest are covered with tattoos.

CARLOS TRUJILLO, 32, looks like an ordinary businessman, but the wicked scar that runs down his left cheek and disappears beneath his collar, hints that his business might not be so ordinary.

TRUJILLO

Sweet Jesus, I don't believe it.

Trujillo smiles broadly and devours Katrina in a hug, much to Zuma's disgust.

KATRINA

Been a long time, Boo.

ZUMA

That's "Mr. Trujillo".

Trujillo's face freezes over into a mask that could bring about a lifetime of nightmares.

TRUJILLO

Shut your mouth, Zuma.

ZUMA

But she's a cop...

Trujillo grabs Zuma viciously by the neck and turns the young man around faster than his body is prepared to move.

TRUJILLO

This is the sister of the best friend I've ever had. You treat her with respect.

Trujillo tosses Zuma aside like a discarded tissue.