

THE DiamonD

Pilot

Written by:

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Based on her book series

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SALACIOUS RAP CUE:

Mariahlynn's Once Upon A Time [I was a ho] plays in the background of a temporary black screen.

INT. ONE LONG BADASS CORRIDOR - DAY - 2017 OR PRESENT

The DiamonD opens to one of the last and final scenes of the series with DiamonD walking down an expansive white corridor surrounded by white marble pillars with gold trimming and matching floors. The room is bright. It's mid-afternoon. DiamonD (24), the lead character in the series, is wearing a skinny white double-breasted pantsuit and gold stilettos. Her make-up is flawless. Her jewelry screams Cartier. Her signature big-curled calico blond hair springs with every step she takes. Her confidence is high. Her aura commands respect. She is surrounded by a group of gorgeous, yet deadly men, and like DiamonD, they take no shit - this is her crew.

SPLICE TO:

INT. A GREECIAN LOOKING MANSION IN HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Music begins to fade out slowly and DiamonD begins to narrate just as she and her crew are walking into a luxurious private room in slow-motion where a distinct group of high-powered gentleman are seated around a conference table.

DiamonD (V.O.)

There are two types of criminals in this world: Those who are born into it and those who are bred. My name is DiamonD, and unfortunately, I was born to be a criminal. But once upon a time things hadn't always been as they are now. For once upon a crime I was a whore. A prostitute. A sex slave. I had pimps and worked for men of organized power. I had been raped more times than I could count. Beaten to the point of death. And subjected

to unspeakable horrors. I saw no end until the day I was given hope. Given a new life. Given freedom. Everything was good up until I was deceived and forced back into the Life. Enraged over the deception, I decided to take matters into my own hands and vowed revenge on the one who deceived me. But then I fell in love with a hustler, became partners with a couple of pimps, and befriended a few hos, and together we muscled our way from Hollywood Boulevard and into a family of crime where I eventually got my revenge and became the Boss. Now I have an empire called The DiamonD. And I am Hollywood's notorious Pimp. And this new Life has become my happily ever after. And if you think a bitch can't run her own empire, I say. . . 'Fuck you! Just watch me!'

Music cues back in with DiamonD taking her seat at the head of the conference table. She leans back in her blinged out leather chair and smiles straight into the camera as it pans in on her. And it's a smile cold enough to chill the bones of any Boss who dares to take her empire. For according to DiamonD: *Hell shall hath no fury like a whore scorned.*

CUT TO:

THE DiamonD THEME SONG, A HOT CAST AND MAD CREDITS.

THE DiamonD TITLE.

FADE IN:

EXT. AN SUV ON THE STREETS OF L.A.- NIGHT - 6 YRS. AGO

Pre-DiamonD, 18-year-old ANNA "JANE" PARKER is lying on the backseat of an SUV trembling beneath a ski mask; mouth duct taped; hands bounded. There's Spanish hip-hop playing off the radio in the background of her darkness with streetlights and building lights

flashing in and out of the vehicle. Jane straining to find a comfortable position accidentally kicks the back seat of her abductor who goes by the name of MEMO.

Memo turns off the radio and bitches in Spanish over his shoulder.

MEMO

Que quieres?!

Jane quickly stops squirming and lies silent. The camera slowly pans in on her ski mask and we hear her sniffing back tears.

JANE (V.O.)

It was a plan from the beginning, and I never saw it coming.

FADE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK 4 YEARS PRIOR:

The audience is visually led through a series of scenarios from the FIRST HALF of Jane's PAST with voice overs and a collage of trigger songs fitting her demise.

CUT TO:

INT. PARADISE VALLEY, AZ - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

My new life started in Tanya Ray's bedroom with the hottest guy in school.

We see Jane who is fourteen, high school pretty, naïve, and a virgin having sex for the very first time with TANYA'S (16) brother, DOMINIC RAY (17) who's a tall, athletically built, gorgeous Senior and the school's starting Quarterback.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SCHOOL - MALL - BEDROOM - DAY/NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

I was the luckiest girl in the world  
to have the hottest guy in school as  
my boyfriend.

In the next scene, we see Jane and Dominic doing a  
number of things like hanging out at school, at the  
mall, at the football games, talking, laughing,  
holding hands, kissing and having sex. Lots of sex.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPE, AZ - FRAT HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

Then I realized I wasn't so lucky when  
the hottest guy in school took me to  
a party.

In this scene, Dominic is showing Jane off at a frat  
party to cousins, JUSTIN McINTYRE (24) and JOSH  
McINTYRE (23).

Jane is wearing a hot pink mini-dress provoking the  
cousins' handsy aggressive behavior.

During the party, Jane is given a drink laced with a  
drug that leaves her passed out upstairs in a bedroom  
with a couple of frat guys having sex with her.

Jane eventually wakes up and tries to fight off one of  
the guys, but he knocks her unconscious. After Jane  
wakes up a second time, she is both dazed and confused  
especially when Dominic comes into the room and tells  
her to get dressed and after she witnesses him  
collecting money from another guy outside the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

Then I realized my life was doomed  
When the hottest guy in school became  
my pimp, and forced me to call him  
"Daddy".

Jane is standing on a driveway. Her hair and make-up are a mess. Her dress is ruined. She is sobbing and trembling and pleading in front of Dominic, Tanya, Justin and Josh after she learns of her fate with them and after they threaten her family if she didn't do as they said.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BATHROOM MIRROR - NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

And the worst was yet to come.

We see Jane in mini-dresses and high heels being pimped at parties, clubs, hotels, parlor fronts. We see Jane drinking, popping pills, snorting lines of coke. We see Jane taking beatings and covering up bruises. We see Jane distancing herself from her family and at a clinic having an abortion.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

JANE (V.O.)

But just when I thought my life couldn't get any worse, two things happened. One, I had been pawned off to the Boss of the hottest guy in school.

Jane is latched onto Dominic as he walks her up to her house. She is crying, begging, pleading to stay with him. Dominic grows frustrated, and to spare his conscience, he tells Jane to run away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JANE (V.O.)

And two, that "Boss" was none other than Andrew Parker - my father.

Jane is at the bus station with BREANNA "BREE" PARKER (8) waiting to get on a bus but Dominic, Justin and

Josh, who have all been roughed up for fucking up with Jane, intercept her getaway and take her back home.

Jane is confronted by her father, and to avoid slaving for him, attempts to escape but ends up slaving in a kiddie brothel as punishment. Jane eventually agrees to work for her father only to protect her sister from potentially suffering the same fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jane is looking up from the bottom of a tall ladder leaned against the wall in her backyard. She has a backpack strapped to her back and is holding Bree's hand tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN SUV ON THE STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT - CONTINUED

Memo continues to drive. Streetlights and building lights continue to flash in and out of the vehicle. Jane continues to remain silent. Memo makes a smooth left turn onto a parking lot lit with neon lights and quickly cuts the engine. Jane trembles when she feels Memo's hand pushing her head down hard into the seat.

MEMO

(in a threatening tone)

Stay down and keep quiet!

Memo opens the door and gets off. Again, the camera slowly pans in on Jane's ski mask and we hear nothing except for her heartbeat for the next thirty seconds when Memo has returned.

Memo gets back into the SUV and drives it about a hundred feet before cutting the engine again. He reaches over his seat and grabs Jane's arm and pulls her up and pulls the ski mask off her face and rips the duct tape from her mouth. Jane yelps but Memo ignores her distress but not the fact that her eyes had wandered from his to the front windshield. She notices it is dark and that they were parked at a motel.

MEMO

(again, in a threatening tone)  
Look at me!?

Jane's head snaps back to Memo.

MEMO (CONT'D)

We're going to step outside and into a Room. If you so much as try and scream or make a break, I swear on your little girl's life I'm going to -

JANE

(interjecting quickly)  
So you know where she is then?!  
(realizing she spoke out of line)  
I'm sorry.

MEMO

Good.

Memo opens his door and steps off. He opens Jane's door and helps her out, then after, tosses a jacket over her wrists to hide her bounds from prying eyes.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Vamanos!

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Memo leads Jane into one of the motel rooms. He closes the door and shuts the heavy drapes.

MEMO

(taking back his jacket)  
Sit down and be quiet.

Memo points to the bed. Jane takes a seat and glances around. She pegs the motel room as one step away from being a dingy, sleazy dive because it smelled sickly sweet like cigarette air freshener.

Jane looks back at Memo. He's at the dining table emptying his pockets. There's loose change, a

butterfly knife, a crinkled pack of MARLBORO'S, a lighter, a cellphone and a flask. Memo takes a seat at the opposite side of the table and looks at Jane who quickly looks at the wall separating the window from the door.

MEMO (CONT'D)

What's your name?

JANE

(looking at her wrist bounds)

Um. . .Jane.

MEMO

Is that your real name or -

JANE

(vehemently)

"Memo", is that yours?!

Jane hears Memo smiling ear-to-ear. She assumes he likes the challenge.

MEMO

No.

Jane finds the courage to look at Memo. She presumes him to be in his late-twenties, early-thirties, six-foot-something, Latino, brawn, too beautiful to be a man. But it is his brown eyes that she finds most intriguingly eerie. They were so light, any lighter, she swore she would be able to see clear into his soul if she stared long and hard enough.

MEMO (CONT'D)

"Memo" is just my street name. It's actually "Cristiano".

Memo lights a cigarette.

JANE

(repeating in English)

"Christian"?

MEMO

"Cristian" without the H.

JANE  
(curious)  
So why did you pick a street name like  
"Memo"?

MEMO  
I don't know?  
(drags on his cigarette)  
Maybe 'cause it sounds scary.

Jane smirks and looks away thinking that if she were to gawk any further, Memo would probably mistake her as someone wanting to trade sex for her freedom.

JANE  
(cautiously)  
Um. . .where are we?

MEMO  
The Olive on Sunset.

JANE  
Sunset. . .Boulevard, as in L.A.?

MEMO  
(shaking his head)  
Silver Lake. Why?

JANE  
No. Nothing.

Memo doesn't buy Jane's lie.

MEMO  
(looking at Jane questionably)  
You know L.A.?

JANE  
A little.

Memo cocks his head surprised.

MEMO  
Oh, yeah? Which part?

JANE  
El Monte.

MEMO

El Monte, huh?

(he echoes, slightly amused)

I grew up 'round these parts. Mostly West Hollywood, some Santa Monica, Fairfax. I have primos who live in Lynwood, Inglewood, East Los.

JANE

Are you close to them?

MEMO

No. Very distant. La familia. . . they don't approve of my profession.

JANE

Abduction?

MEMO

That. And extortion. Prostitution. Rape. Drugs.

JANE

(looking both uneasy and confused)

So, is that why you brought me to this motel to rape me?

Memo chuckled and flicked his butt over the ashtray.

MEMO

If I wanted to rape you, Chica, I would've simply pulled over.

Jane looks away and stirs in her seat uncomfortably.

MEMO

(speaking sincerely)

I don't care to hurt you, Jane. . . 'Jane', sounds like a dead girl's name. Jane.

JANE

It's actually "Janie".

MEMO

Okay. Now that's better. So tell me, Janie, how old are you? I mean, it was obvious to Sena that you weren't fifteen or else you wouldn't be sitting here, hmm?

JANE

(scrunching her forehead)

"Sena"?

MEMO

El Jefe.

JANE

(groaning)

Oh. The Boss.

Memo nods and flicks the cigarette butt over the ashtray again.

VIKTOR (O.S. PRE-LAP)

Look, sweetheart, I'm going to level with you. . .but I honestly do not care for Bree, nor do I trust her.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS - FLASHBACK - DAY - 72 HRS. EARLIER

Jane is in the middle of a family dispute with her biological father, VIKTOR KASA (45) who heads an organized crime business, and her brother, JONAH KASA (24) who's their father's right-hand-man. Viktor is coaxing Jane to help him run a jewelry boutique front with her sister-in-law, ANNA KASA (19) but she is adamant when Bree is not included. Viktor, having always felt indifferent towards Bree, refuses to include her.

JANE

Bree's twelve, Dad. What's there not to trust? I mean, she hasn't done anything to you to feel this way. I mean, you haven't even given yourself the chance to get to know her.

VIKTOR

True. But she's a scorned child.  
And she wants everyone to pay.

JANE

(protesting)

I don't believe that. And I don't  
think it's fair for you to make that  
kind of observation when you've only  
known her for less than a year.

VIKTOR

(adamant)

It still doesn't change the fact that  
she's a scorned child.

Bree having overheard the conversation.

BREE

(storming into Jane's bedroom)

I knew it! You all hate me!

Jane balks hearing the agony, the sentiment, the  
betrayal.

JANE

Oh, Bree.

BREE

(enraged)

I hate you, Jane!? I hate all of you!?  
(from the top of her lungs)  
I-HATE-ALL-OF-YOU!?

JANE

You don't mean that, Bree. You're  
just upset.

BREE

Fuck you!

Both Viktor and Jonah spring to their feet.

VIKTOR

(to BREE)

Watch your goddamn mouth!

BREE

No! Fuck you, too!

ANNA

(gasping)

Bree?!

VIKTOR

Why you goddamn little bitch!

Viktor takes a heated step forward. But his infamous short temper has Bree dashing out of Jane's bedroom, almost knocking Anna to the floor which enrages Viktor even more because of his unconditional love for her.

JONAH

(rushing to ANNA)

ANNA?!

Jane cock-blocks her father.

JANE

No, Dad, I'll deal with her.

(over her shoulder, brushing past)

Sorry, Anna. Jonah.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS - BREE'S BEDROOM DOOR - DAY

Jane barges into Bree's bedroom and she's nowhere to be found.

JANE

(mustering heatedly)

FUCK!

Jane makes a mad dash down the hall. Viktor, Johan and Anna are standing outside Jane's bedroom.

VIKTOR

Where in the fuck is she?!

Jane ignores her father and charges toward the stairs.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Janie, goddamn it!

Viktor charges after Jane who continues down the elaborate staircase in leaps and bounds. As she touches down on the last step, she runs into DEVON MARX (29) her ex and one of her father's bodyguards.

MARX

(seeing Jane frantic and breathless)  
What the hell's going on?

JANE

(fretting)  
Bree, Marx!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Jane spots Bree at the gates to their house talking to someone in a SILVER NAVIGATOR. Bree then kicks up her heels and runs through the gates when she sees Jane.

JANE

(in breathless fear)  
Bree! BREE!?

Jane also kicks up her heels and runs through the gates at full speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREET - DAY

JANE

(begging and demanding)  
Bree, please! Breanna, damn it, stop!

Jane begins to grow tired. The pounding of her heart and the sound of fatigued breathing start to deafen her ears.

JANE (CONT'D)

(in heavy and exhausted bouts of breath)  
Bree, stop. Stop! . . .Bree! . . .  
Please! Please stop. . .Bree!

From out of nowhere, a four-door METALLIC BRONZE SEDAN swerves around Bree and comes to a dead stop right in front her. Both front and back doors simultaneously open and two strange men in their twenties dressed in street clothes rush off the vehicle and grab Bree by her arms and legs.

JANE

(panicking)

Oh, God! Oh, my God. . .Bree! BREE!?

Jane runs faster, to the point where she swore she could feel the soles of her ballet flats burning rubber and stirring up smoke.

As Jane nears the car, she hears Latin hip-hop blaring off the radio and Bree fighting and screaming with one of her ABDUCTOR'S beneath it. The other abductor, who is acting more like a LOOKOUT MAN, has his back to Jane and so he doesn't see her coming.

Jane is in full attack mode the second she reaches the Sedan, punching and clawing at the Abductor as he tries to restrain Bree. The Lookout Man steps in and grabs Jane by the back of her hair and yanks her off the Abductor. After the Abductor bounds and gags Bree, he turns his attention to Jane and backhands her. She spins around and topples over Bree who's lying on the backseat sobbing and writhing in pain. Jane quickly reaches for Bree's restraints but instantly freezes the second she hears a gun cock against the back of head. But instead of looking at the men she fought with, she instead looks up at the driver who she assumes is the DEVIL.

JANE

(tearing up, voice cracking)

Oh, God. . .P - please. . .Please. . .  
just let us go.

The Devil, extremely well-mannered and controlled, doesn't say a word. He just smiles and touches an uncalloused finger to his lips and nods to the man holding Jane at gunpoint. And all Jane could remember at that point was her lights going out in New Orleans.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO, CA - HOUSE - DAY - 48 HRS. LATER

Jane is having a nightmare involving her PAST. She sees a flash of light. A cage. Bree's naked body with blood all around her. Jane tries to reach for her but can't. Instead she hears steel doors opening. Heavy footsteps approaching. Keys jangling. Bree's cage door opens. Her limp body falls back onto a cemented floor and is dragged down a dimly lit walkway. But just as those steel doors open up again, Andrew Parker quickly turns around forcing Jane to slam her back up against her cage, cowering in fear.

ANDREW PARKER

(laughing menacingly)

Brace yourself, Jane. Diamond is coming for you! Boo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO, CA - HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUES

Jane gasps and her body suddenly springs upright. Though she has abandoned one nightmare another nightmare was about to begin.

Jane is in a dingy room void of furniture with only a window and a chair and people she had never seen before as company.

There are five Latino men and three Latina women staring down at Jane. While some faces appeared curious about her, there are a couple that are not, particularly the MAN in the FLASHY METALLIC GRAY suit and gold chains dangling from his neck. He kneels down to Jane's level and carefully surveys her appearance, from her hair right down to her crotch where his gaze stops. Jane quickly pulls her legs to her chest.

JANE

(demanding brazenly)

Who the fuck are you?!

The Man in the flashy suit doesn't answer. He just looks at the other men and women affronted. It is in

that moment when Jane understands that the Man was the "BOSS". It's a look she knew all too well.

BOSS

¿Cuantos años tienes?

Jane's eyes shift between the men and women who stand like statues behind the Boss.

JANE

(staggering)

Wh - what?

Jane seeming not to understand Spanish prompts one of the women dressed in a skintight leopard print dress and sky-high gold stilettos, to step forward.

WOMAN

(speaking over the Boss's shoulder)

He wants to know how old -

Suddenly Jane's Spanish comes back to her.

JANE

(interjecting roughly)

Why does he want to know my age for?  
And where is the other girl that was  
with me?!

Suddenly Jane's heart gives a slight jolt. She sees a silhouette projecting off the wall from the corner of her eye. She tries to steal a peek, but it is blocked by one of the taller, Latino huskier men. There's a whimper. Jane desperate to see if it's Bree, leans further right only to find it isn't, just two pre-teen girls huddled closely together and trembling beneath blindfolds and bounded wrists. There's another whimper.

BOSS

(barking at the HUSKIER MAN)

Shut her up!

The Huskier Man quickly turns to the girl right behind him and callously belts her across the face.

HUSKIER MAN

¡Cállate!

JANE

(voice breaking)

Oh, God, where am I? Where's Bree?

Another husky Latino man reaches around the Boss and slaps Jane upside her head. Jane yelps.

HUSKY MAN

(through a snap of his fingers)

Oye, loca, pay attention!

BOSS

(surveying JANE)

So what are you. . .Fifteen? Sixteen?

JANE

(rebellious)

I'm not telling you a damn thing 'til you tell me where the other girl is?!

BOSS

She's been sold. Now, how old are you?

JANE

What?

BOSS

Sold! Now how fucking old are you?!

JANE

What do you mean she's been 'sold'?

BOSS

(swearing in Spanish)

Pinche puta! Hold her down!

The Boss motions his men to Jane.

JANE

(tossing up both hands, pleading)

No! Wait!? No. No. No. No. No.

The men wrestle Jane to the floor. The Boss hunches over her and yanks her jeans down to her thighs

exposing her to everyone. Jane, fearing a potential gang-rape, is instead overcome by confusion when she sees the Boss chuckling and shaking his head as if disgusted by what he sees.

BOSS

Your pussy deceives you, Chica.

The Boss grabs Jane's pubic hairs and jerks them around. Jane bites back the pain, the humiliation.

BOSS (CONT'D)

(complaining to his crew)

I can't sell this ball of hair as virgin!

HUSKY MAN

(optimistically)

She can always shave it off, Jefe?

The Boss shakes his head. The men lessen their hold on Jane.

BOSS

Nah. It's too risky.

(standing to his feet)

Get rid of her. See if any of the other cartels might be interested? Or better yet, send her to Cruzito. He might be able to use her seeing he prefers the older ones than the younger ones.

HUSKY MAN

(snapping his fingers again)

Okay, loca, pull your pants back up.

Another WOMAN with beautiful green eyes and a rough complexion as if to say she had partied too much and rested very little, bitches.

WOMAN #2

Pft! It's too bad Rafa's crew got the cream of the crop before we did.

WOMAN #2 (CONT'D)

(to Jane sizing her up)  
It's just too bad that you're way  
passed your prime, mujer, we could  
have had a lot of fun.

Woman #2 runs her tongue over her dark painted lips.  
Jane shudders and quickly pulls her jeans back up.

HUSKY MAN  
(snapping his fingers a third time)  
¡Ándale!

Husky Man grabs Jane's arm and begins escorting her to  
the door.

JANE  
(wincing and pleading desperately)  
No! Wait! Please?!

Jane writhes her way free and rushes back to the Boss  
who backhands her to the floor.

BOSS  
(seething)  
I said. . .GET-RID-OF-HER. . .NOW!

The Husky Man picks up Jane and rushes her out the  
door, down a semi-darkened hallway and into another  
room. There is an orange loveseat and off-white shag  
carpeting and Jane's heart racing fast. Then her  
belly drops, and her body goes numbs. The Devil  
reappeared with a rope in one hand and a thick piece  
of fabric in the other.

JANE (O.S. PRE-LAP)  
Um. . .what race was he?

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED

MEMO  
Cubano.

JANE  
(instinctively)  
And you're Cuban, too?

MEMO

(speaking in partial Spanish)  
No. Mi jefita era Mexicana; from  
Juarez. Mi jefito was España,  
Spaniard. You?

JANE

Canadian-Czech.

MEMO

Ah. Well at least you're not Russian  
or Lithuanian. A lot of prostitutas  
'round here are either Russian or  
Lithuanian.

JANE

So you know a lot of 'em?

MEMO

(smirking)

I know enough. I know you were. I  
can see it in your character.

Memo picks up his flask and takes a swig.

JANE

(regretted)

That was a long time ago.

MEMO

It's funny, huh?

JANE

What?

MEMO

How the past betrays you.

MEMO

You make it sound like I'm  
prostituting now?

Memo makes no argument. Instead, he takes another  
swig from the flask and lights another cigarette and  
drags.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO, CA - HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUES

JANE

(voice shuddering)

Oh, God! I. . .I know y - you.

The Devil ignores Jane and touches that same uncalloused finger back to his lip. Jane seizes this and vowing not to fall for that trick a second time, quickly glances over her shoulder. But instead of seeing a man with a gun, she instead sees the Boss making his way toward them. The Devil snaps Jane's face back to him.

DEVIL

(demanding)

Look at me!?

JANE

(straining)

My father is going to fucking kill you!

DEVIL

(chuckling)

Is that so?

(now toying)

And you're father is *who* again?

JANE

Viktor Kasa!

The Boss abruptly shoves past the Husky Man and grabs Jane rough by the arm.

BOSS

What was that?

JANE

Wh - what?

Jane staggers, fumbling over her clumsy feet.

BOSS

You said a name. . . 'Viktor Kasa'?

Jane gulps back spit and nods.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You said Viktor Kasa is your. . .  
father?

Jane nods.

BOSS (CONT'D)

(face dropping, mustering)  
Oh, fuck!

The Boss looks back at the Devil who appears unnerved.

BOSS

I was under the impression, Memo that  
Rafa sent you and your crew to pick up  
a young girl not a señorita Kasa?

MEMO

(nodding diligently)  
He did.

BOSS

(in Spanish)  
Y luego?

MEMO

This one sort of fell into us. I  
mean. . .  
(glances at Jane in amusement)  
. . .we weren't after her, we were  
after the younger girl.

BOSS

(in partial Spanish)  
Then why didn't you leave her behind  
knowing that we're not after anything  
over dieciseis años?

MEMO

Yes. But she fell in the car. On  
top of Neto. We didn't have enough  
time to toss her out. It was  
daylight. We feared a wrench. In the

end it was agreed that she was a threat so we took her not knowing who she was. It was never said that another chica could possibly be with the girl, and if so, we should stay clear. Intiendes?

The Boss nods in thought.

BOSS

(curious)

What was she doing on top of Neto?

MEMO

(smirking)

She was beating on him for the girl.

BOSS

And why was she doing that?

JANE

(interjecting)

'Cause the girl he was taking was my sister!

The Boss looks at Jane questionably.

BOSS

Your. . .sister?

JANE

(recanting)

She's not exactly my sister in the blood sense. We were. . .um. . . raised together then I adopted her.

BOSS

(in Spanish)

Eres la mama?

JANE

Sí. I mean, yes.

BOSS

You know Spanish?

JANE

(nodding)  
Yes. Somewhat.

BOSS  
Then you know the cartels have her?

JANE  
I don't understand 'cartels'. And I don't know why you'd sell her when she wasn't yours to sell to begin with!

BOSS  
I didn't sell your sis. . .daughter. She had already been bought up by another cartel by the time we got to the Trade-up.

JANE  
Which cartel?

The Boss shakes his head adamantly.

BOSS  
Lo siento, but I can't say, knowing your father.

JANE  
(fuming)  
My father is going to be very pissed!

Memo chuckles in the background. Jane is affronted.

MEMO  
I don't understand how when your father was the one who led Rafa to the girl.

The color from Jane's face instantly drains. Memo notices and roughs up both her cheeks.

MEMO (CONT'D)  
Hey.  
(snapping his fingers in Jane's face)  
Hey!

Memo taps Jane's cheeks again. In shock, Jane begins to fret.

JANE

Oh, God! Oh my, God!

MEMO

(mocking)

Sorry, Chica, but Dios is not going to save you here. You need to wake the hell up!

Memo's earlier comment comes back to Jane, and she tries to use it to her advantage.

JANE

You said that my father led you to Bree?

Memo nibbles on the bait.

MEMO

Well, not exactly your father.

Just as a hint of elation begins to filter through Jane, Memo confesses to something else; something that throws Jane's head for a spin.

MEMO (CONT'D)

The order was from a woman he works with. Your father just gave directions to where the girl would be.

JANE

What woman?

MEMO

Gente know her as "La Reyna". . .  
The Queen.

Jane balks because the name sounded more like fairytale bullshit than real life.

JANE

The. . ."The Queen"? Does she have a name other than "The Queen"?

BOSS  
(erupting in Spanish)  
Ya!

MEMO  
(pressuring the BOSS)  
You think she doesn't know?

BOSS  
No. She doesn't know. And it's not my job, nor yours, nor Rafa's to tell her! So, get her out of here! Get rid of her! She was never here, me intiendes, Memo?

The Boss looks at Memo threateningly before he takes two steps back and gestures to the rope and fabric still in Memo's hands. Jane's heart skips a massive beat.

JANE  
Please. . .

MEMO  
(winking)  
Sorry, Chica, but you gotta go.

Jane's heart begins to race faster than before. She starts to hyperventilate.

JANE  
(feet backpedaling)  
No! Please! No! NO!

The Boss grabs Jane's arm and shoves her toward Memo.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Please! Please! Just tell me where I can find Bree?

The Boss tosses Jane a bone.

BOSS  
She could be in Tijuana by now.  
Quién sabe?

MEMO

Si, verda?

Memo joked slipping the cloth over Jane's face which is a ski mask with both eyes and mouth sowed shut. The Husky Man holds out both of Jane's wrists with Memo carefully binding them. Jane flinches when she hears a loud zipping sound followed by a quick tear. She then whimpers when her mask is lifted, and a piece of duct tape is slapped over her mouth. Jane's breathing intensifies. But it's when the mask is pulled back down is she sent into a pre-cardiac arrest - Jane feels like a ticking time bomb has literally been punched through her chest.

JANE (O.S. PRE-LAP)

So, how are you going to kill me?

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUED

MEMO

(undecided)

Don't know.

(switching subject)

You smoke, Janie?

Jane shakes her head obvious to Memo that she had virgin lungs.

MEMO

Come here.

Memo motions Jane to sit at the table with him. Jane takes the opposite chair.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Here.

Memo hands Jane his cigarette. She is reluctant to take it.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(urging)

Go on, Chica. Have a toke. It'll calm your nerves.

Jane takes the cigarette and places it between her lips. She inhales then slowly exhales effortlessly.

Memo takes notice and chuckles.

MEMO (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Not bad for a chica who's never smoked before.

Jane attempts to hand Memo back his cigarette but waves the good gesture off.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Keep it.

(lighting another cigarette)

People tend to choke their first toke.

While Jane continues to smoke Memo motions to his flask.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You drink, Janie?

JANE

(mumbling)

Used to.

MEMO

Hold on.

(picking up his knife)

I can trust you, right?

(looks at JANE seriously)

JANE

(motioning to his build)

You're built like a brick wall. It would be suicide if I tried.

MEMO

(smirking, he urges)

Take a swig, it'll relax you.

Jane picks up the flask and takes a quick sip. Her face instantly sours. She had forgotten how alcohol tended to burn throats.

JANE  
(grunting)  
Ugh!

MEMO  
(chuckling)  
Nothing like a little whiskey to get  
you going.

Memo takes the flask from Jane and takes another swig.

MEMO (CONT'D)  
Want more?

Jane takes back the flask and takes an even bigger  
sip. Her face sours but it isn't as intense.

MEMO (CONT'D)  
(reminding)  
You never did answer my question.

JANE  
Hmm?

MEMO  
About your age.

JANE  
Oh.

Jane settles the flask down onto the table gently.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Um. . .eighteen.

MEMO  
(intrigued)  
Really?

JANE  
You?

MEMO  
Thirty-two.

JANE  
You don't look thirty-two.

Jane then lowers her gaze to her cigarette as she didn't want to leave Memo under a false perception that she was flirting so he could gain a conscience.

JANE (CONT'D)

So. . .how do you know of my father?

MEMO

(matter-of-factly)

Lots of people know of your father.

JANE

I'm beginning to understand that. I just want to know how you know him?

MEMO

I was about thirteen when I heard that a big-time boss's daughter had been kidnapped by one of his partners. The boss put up a hefty reward. The news caused quite a stir around L.A. No one could ever find you though. So your abduction just kind of went cold case.

JANE

(mustering)

Until now.

MEMO

(repeating)

'Until now'.

(changing the subject)

So, how were you found?

JANE

I ran away.

MEMO

From whom?

JANE

From the one who kidnapped me.

MEMO

Why? Did he beat you? Abuse you?

JANE

He forced me into prostitution.  
Turned out that the guy who was  
supposed to be my boyfriend worked for  
him, and was given orders by who I  
thought was my real father, to  
prostitute me. It's complicated.

MEMO

Oh, damn! How long did that go on  
for?

Jane stubs her cigarette butt in Memo's ashtray and  
clears her throat uneasily.

JANE

I had just turned fourteen.

MEMO

So you know the trade then?

Memo pulls another cancer stick from his crinkled pack  
of cigarettes, lights it and hands it to Jane.

JANE

Yeah. Somewhat.

MEMO

What do you mean by 'somewhat'?

JANE

(semi-admitting)

I know the dirty end of it, but not  
the financial. . .the connections.

MEMO

(seeming surprised)

So, you've never seen the money part  
of it?

JANE

Not physically.

MEMO

Can you remember how much. . .say  
through a slip of a conversation. . .

you were making?

JANE

(sifting ashes into the ashtray)  
The last I heard. . .a grand.

MEMO

(flabbergasted)  
A trick?

JANE

Yeah.

MEMO

So you were making a grand a trick on  
the street?

JANE

No.

Memo cocks his head confused.

JANE (CONT'D)

I was escorted to the Johns. Usually  
to upscale hotels. Resorts. High-end  
parties. Charitable events. Clubs.  
Parlors. Vegas. Reno. Atlantic  
City.

Memo looked at Jane baffled.

MEMO

Damn! So, you come from money?

JANE

Something like that.  
(changing the subject)  
Um. . .what's the going rate here for  
a fourteen-year-old?

MEMO

Depends on the trick. . .or their  
"Daddy". But the norm 'round is about  
\$100.

JANE

An hour?

MEMO

(laughing)

Try half-hour or less.

JANE

Why just a half-hour? I mean, why not the full hour?

MEMO

Can you actually see yourself banging a twelve- or thirteen-year-old girl or boy for an hour? Pft!

(chuckling harder)

Fucking higo-de-putos get so fuckin' excited that by the time they even start bangin' that tight little snatch or ass, they've already finished. And besides. . .

(pausing for another swig)

and in my opinion, they don't fuck like older girls, women. . .men. They don't have the experience to keep the hombre interested long enough.

I mean, fuck if they got tits, a nice ass. . .I mean, seriously, what is a man supposed to grab onto or play with, hmm?

Jane reaches for Memo's flask to take another long sip, but it was empty. She puts it back down.

MEMO

You don't like talking about it, do you?

JANE

No. But your analogy does explain a lot.

Memo sweeps a glance over Jane's breasts.

MEMO

Did you have those tits when you were fourteen?

JANE

No. They were. . .a lot smaller.  
(changing the subject)  
Do you screw young girls?

MEMO

I won't touch anything younger than  
seventeen.  
(returning the favor)  
Do you bang older men?

JANE

When I was in, I did.

MEMO

And now that you're out?

JANE

Depends.

MEMO

On what?

Jane sighs out in frustration.

JANE

Can we talk about something else. . .  
something that doesn't deal with sex  
or prostitution or my past?

Memo obliges Jane and tosses up a hand.

MEMO

Okay. I decided not to kill you.

JANE

Should I feel honored?

MEMO

Feel however you want, Janie. But the  
issue is still at hand.

JANE

But you just said that -

MEMO

I know what I said. So it will be my  
choice to decide what method to set

you free in, and without risking a contract on my head.

JANE

(volunteering)

If you're looking for asylum, my father can give you that.

MEMO

I don't intend on turning you over to your father. That's something you'll have to do on your own.

JANE

(suggesting)

Why can't you do it, I mean, call my father and have him send someone to get me?

MEMO

Because you have unfinished business to tend to.

JANE

Meaning Bree?

Memo admits nothing. He just nods.

JANE (CONT'D)

So you are aware of her whereabouts?

MEMO

She'll be working the boulevards, that's if she's not working them already. And she'll be closely watched, maybe by her pimp's Bottom Bitch.

JANE

"Bottom Bitch"?

Memo shakes his head and chuckles and drags on his cigarette. Jane feels a tinge of embarrassment for her naiveness which has her assuming that he could probably see the green behind her ears glowing.

Memo, sparing Jane further embarrassment educates her.

MEMO

It's a pimp term. Pimp's usually take one girl - which is usually the girl who makes the most money - from their stable; now meaning, from the girls he has under his control, and appoints her to supervise all his girls.

Jane shakes her head. Only she doesn't chuckle, she wallows.

MEMO

(scoffing)

What? You don't think it's possible?

JANE

It's not that. It just sounds. . . complicated.

MEMO

They're just words, Chica.

JANE

I'm not talking about the lingo or what it represents, I'm talking about finding my sister and the hassle I'll probably go through just to try and get her back. I mean, I've heard that these streets can get pretty brutal, and I'm not a fighter.

MEMO

Well, unfortunately in this business, Chica, you have to fight to survive especially out here. Now, and just so you know, this little bit of info I'm giving you doesn't come cheap, it comes at a price. And that price could be a bullet through my head, my body dropped into a vat of acid, both my hands chopped off -

JANE

(arguing)

Then why are you even disclosing such information that could get you hurt or

even killed? I mean, it's not like I turned to you for information on my sister.

MEMO

True. But I like you.

JANE

(scoffing)

Why, 'cause I'm cute?

MEMO

(speaking in partial Spanish)

No. And for the record you're beyond Cute. Cute is like a perrita or una muñeca - you're a Kasa. You got that fuego en tu sangre. I mean, I've never seen a chica so determined on rescuing her sister like I had seen back in New Orleans. So I'm sure you can do it here.

JANE

While that sounds very moving, I just don't have the strength and the means to do it. I think now I just want to go home and have my father deal with it.

Memo shook his head adamantly and stabbed his half-smoked cigarette into the ashtray which was starting to spillover with ashes.

MEMO

He doesn't care for your sister. That he made perfectly clear. I can guarantee you if you go home now, and knowing the man Kasa is, he'll have you locked down; round-the-clock bodyguards tracking your every move, trailing your every footstep. And with all that, it will only discourage you from ever finding your sister. If it was up to me I'd stay, find your sister, then return home and negotiate a peace between your father and your sister. It is my understanding that

Kasa's only weakness is his family.  
And risking losing you over his pride  
is something I guarantee you he won't  
risk.

JANE

I hear what you're saying, Memo, but I  
still don't understand what my father  
has against Bree personally other than  
she being a bit rebellious lately and  
very disobedient, particularly with  
me. I know that ever since we left  
L.A. for New Orleans her attitude  
has changed but it was faint; so faint  
you could barely notice. I know that  
when I took full custody of Bree. . .

Jane's voice suddenly trails off and instead replaces  
her silence with a cigarette. She was disclosing too  
much and the last thing she needed was Memo holding  
something against her.

MEMO

Why do you feel such guilt toward  
this chica when she's not even your  
blood?

JANE

'Cause for sixteen years I'd been led  
to believe that Bree was my blood.  
And in those years, bonds and trusts  
were formed, and those are things you  
simply do not throw away.

Memo leans back in his seat and ponders silently for a  
moment.

MEMO

(looking at Jane agreeably)  
So, you've made up your mind?

Jane nods decisively.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Good. So, how much would you charge  
me for a Half and Half?

JANE

A. . .what?

MEMO

(repeating)

'Half and half'.

(stealing Jane's cigarette)

How much will you charge to suck my  
dick and fuck your pussy. . .I mean,  
it's quite simple.

Memo drags and blows smoke in Jane's direction.

Jane sits back, folds her arms in protest.

JANE

I don't plan on whoring, Memo, for  
what I'm about to do.

MEMO

Oh, no? Well, if that is your plan  
then you're going to fail big.

JANE

How do you figure?

MEMO

You can't catch a ho without becoming  
a ho or have your hand in the Game.

JANE

Oh, please!

MEMO

Think what you want, Chica. But make  
no mistake that when you do see your  
sister don't think that you can just  
walk right up to her and take her.  
You still have to go through the  
pimp's bitch then your sister's pimp.  
And make no mistake that by the time  
you demand this pimp to hand your  
sister over, you'll either be dead or  
on your way whoring for someone else.

Jane's self-confidence suddenly drops.

JANE

Jesus.

MEMO

So, again I ask you, how much will you charge for a Half and Half?

JANE

(staggering)

I. . .uh. . .I don't. . .I don't know?

(countering)

Why don't I just stick my hand in the Game? You know, become a pimp myself or some shit like that? I mean, why do I have to be the ho?!

(cringing)

Fuck!

MEMO

'Cause you're more believable as a ho, Chica. If you choose the other way no one will take you seriously unless you have your own stable and you can prove your own girls.

JANE

(arguing)

No one has to know, Memo. . .I mean, I can pretend?

Memo shakes his head unconvinced.

JANE

(begging like fuck)

Oh, c'mon! Give me something. . . anything other than becoming *that*!

Like the Boss, Memo throws Jane a bone.

MEMO

The best I can give is that you pretend that you are. That might work. But you need to keep in mind that you still need -

JANE

(lashing out)  
How is that even-fucking-possible that  
they can just fucking do that?!  
Bree is an American citizen. She has  
the right to walk away. I mean, no  
one has the right to suppress her -

MEMO

(interjecting)  
Is that why you ran away from your  
pimp 'cause you had that right?

JANE

Something like that. Yeah.

MEMO

Well, I can assure you that with your  
sister it won't be the same.

JANE

And why the fuck not?!

MEMO

'Cause with street pimps there's Rules  
And Regulations and Fines.

JANE

(in disbelief)  
'Rules and Regulations and Fines'  
amongst pimps. . .Are you fucking  
serious?

(indirectly)  
Where were we on that one?

MEMO

(skeptically)  
What was that?

Jane shoves her hidden skeleton aside. Straight face.

JANE (CONT'D)

(ignoring Memo)  
Okay. Hypothetically speaking: What  
if I can convince Bree to go to the  
cops?

MEMO

Bad idea.

JANE

Why?

MEMO

If she goes to the cops and rats her pimp out, she'll be a target because she involuntarily "caught a case". If she caught a case however, she'll be prosecuted.

JANE

What?!

MEMO

(matter-of-factly)

There's no asylum, no protection for girl prostitutes.

JANE

'Girl prostitutes' isn't that the same as girls who are trafficked?

MEMO

No. Trafficked girls are constantly guarded and held against their will, put to work as sex slaves with almost no chance of freedom. Prostitutes are looked upon as criminals because they work the streets to survive now meaning "survival sex" and are not held against their will with the freedom to leave the Life at any given moment. But since the majority of prostitutes have pimps because they're either runaways or hooked on drugs they tend to stay with their pimps who provide them with shelter and fixes. Sometimes girls just like the Life and stay. There's no shame in it.

JANE

Bree doesn't do drugs.

MEMO

Give her time.

JANE

(respectively)

I have to try. And it isn't fair to her if I don't.

MEMO

So let's talk business, and make sure you ask if "The Date" is a cop before you negotiate any price. If you don't, you'll "catch a case". Meaning, you'll get arrested for solicitation of sex. If he isn't, then you can start negotiating a price. Now I'm a John. I'm looking for a "date". I want oral and vaginal sex. How much are you going to charge me?

JANE

Like I stated before, Memo, I don't know about this whoring thing. But like I said, I can pretend and earn an income on an 8 to 5.

MEMO

(discouraging)

Bree will be long gone between 8 to 5.

Again, Jane's confidence drops with the most obvious stepping in.

MEMO (CONT'D)

You need to think, Chica. Throw me a number. Any number. The first number that comes to mind!

JANE

(gritting her teeth)

One-fifty!

MEMO

Fair enough considering the ballpark figure is around a hundred to two an hour which is also the same for a Straight Lay, Around The World. What about a BJ or a French?

JANE

You mean. . .Blow Jobs? Um. . .a  
hundred and fifty?

MEMO

(chuckling)

You're gonna starve out there.

JANE

Fifty bucks!

MEMO

Can your mouth handle that much dick  
in one night?

JANE

(gritting her teeth again)

Eighty to a hundred.

MEMO

Is it eighty or a hundred?

JANE

I'll base it on the John.

MEMO

Fair enough. So where is my "date"  
with you going to take place?

JANE

Maybe in your car. A couple of blocks  
down the street, in an alley, a park,  
behind a building.

MEMO

And what if I want to fuck at a motel,  
hmm?

JANE

Well if you can afford that too.

MEMO

That's not my job it's yours.

JANE

And what if I'm fucking broke?

MEMO

You can always sweet talk me into paying for a room, but it will have to come off your Fee.

JANE

Jesus! Are there no fucking breaks!?

(indirectly)

I can't believe I'm actually going to do this? Becoming a ho to save another ho. . .it's like fucking Demolition Man crap!

MEMO

(ignoring Jane)

What are you going to wear?

JANE

(glances down at herself)

It's obvious. . .these clothes, I guess, or unless you can give me some money to buy a dress and some heels.

MEMO

If I do that then I might as well become your pimp.

JANE

Are you fucking serious?

MEMO

Look, Chica, you're better off running "renegade" or "outlawed" - you know someone working without a pimp - especially for what you're trying to do. You don't need complications. But I do advise you grow eyes all around your head to avoid being "turned out", meaning, forced into choosing a pimp. If you don't, then you could be harassed, stalked, threatened or even raped. So you must try to avoid that.

JANE

Aren't you going to be around. . .I

mean, this is kind of your idea. . .  
me whoring.

MEMO

Can't, Chica. I still got jobs to do.

JANE

(scoffing)

Okay. Fine. Whatever! But if you're  
not going to stick around, how am I  
going to explain being alive to that  
Boss who hired you to get rid of me if  
we just so happen to bump into each  
other? I mean, what do I tell him?

MEMO

Nada. El Jefe's in San Diego. He  
doesn't do business here in L.A. Too  
much heat. . .competition. So you're  
safe.

JANE

(unconvinced)

Yeah, but what if he finds out that  
I'm here?

MEMO

You let me worry about that. Right  
now you need to worry about making  
some money.

JANE

(glancing down at herself again)

Well, I can't go out like this. And I  
sure don't have anything of value  
worth pawning -

Memo shelling Jane a devious grin.

MEMO

Like I said, Chica. . .I'm a John and  
I'm looking for a "date". How much  
for a blow job and a straight fuck?

Jane returns Memo's grin.

JANE

(playing along)  
Are you a cop?

MEMO

No.

JANE

\$150.

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUES

Memo and Jane don't fuck right away. Instead, Memo picks up his things and walks out of the motel room.

Meanwhile, Jane remains seated at the table too scared to move, fearful of what prowled outside the motel room. She steals a glance at the clock hanging on the wall near the bed. It's just after midnight. She picks up Memo's crinkled pack of cigarettes and smokes the last one, sobbing all the while.

Half-hour later. Memo walks back into the motel room with a brown paper bag. Inside, he pulls out a bottle of JOHNNIE WALKER, two packs of MARLBORO'S, and a box of condoms. Jane looks at the box then at Memo.

JANE

(amused)

Are you serious?

MEMO

(seriously)

I don't fuck without them. And neither should you. The streets are dirty no matter how clean the city looks.

(changing the subject)

You've been crying.

Memo opens the bottle and swigs from it.

JANE

(ignoring Memo)

You drink a lot.

MEMO

Nah. I think I drink too little.

Memo hands Jane the bottle. She takes a generous sip.

MEMO (CONT'D)

Go get washed up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane washes away the last 48 hours from her body. Fifteen minutes later she walks out with only a towel wrapped around her body.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL - BED - NIGHT

Memo is lying on the bed and watching TV when Jane steps out of the bathroom. He glances her way, taking on a cigarette and swigging from the bottle.

Memo holds the bottle out to Jane again.

MEMO

Toma, before I drink it all and pass out.

JANE

(complaining)

Then why did you buy it then?

MEMO

(in partial Spanish)

'Cause I'm a pinche idiota! Now take your towel off and come sit on me!

Jane sets the bottle down nervously on the nightstand and unwraps the towel from her body and touches a knee to the bed. Memo impatiently grabs Jane by the arm and drags her body to him and positions her on top of him.

JANE

(nursing her arm, looking at Memo)

Ow.

Memo wraps his arms around Jane's body. Jane feels Memo's erection probing dangerously between her legs.

MEMO

(admiring Jane in Spanish)

Eres bella. You sure you don't want me to be your pimp, Janie?

Jane reaches around the back of Memo's thick, plush hair and gently tugs it back.

JANE

It's "Diamond" not "Janie".

MEMO

(repeating aroused)

'Diamond'.

(panting)

Fuck! I like the sound of that!

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - BED - DAWN/DAY

Faint sunrays sweep through the curtained window as Memo sits dressed at the edge of the bed with his back to Jane, smoking a cigarette and going through his cell. Jane wakes and shifts to her knees to crawl to Memo but halts when he turns around.

JANE

Hey.

MEMO

(stealing a glance at Jane's breasts)

I have to run a quick errand, and I'd like for you to wait here 'til I get back.

JANE

(reminding dryly)

This is not what I agreed to, Memo.

MEMO

Well, this isn't what I agreed to

either. I mean, I could have easily -

JANE

I understand. I just wanted to get some clean clothes and some personal things.

Memo gets up from the bed, pulls a money clip gripped with Benjamins from his front pocket, peels one and hands it to Jane.

MEMO

I'll give you the other fifty when I get back. And if you're nice and haven't ran away from me by the time I get back, I might consider giving you fifty more.

Jane's expression sours before she has a thought.

JANE

(looking up at Memo)

You know, if you want to fuck again?

MEMO

There're a few stores in walking distance just west of here. If I get back before you do, I will assume you're shopping. If you're not here by one o'clock, I will assume you've ran away. If that should be the case, know this, Janie, I will hunt you down. And when I find you I'm not going to be nice. So it's important that you be here when I expect you. Do I make myself clear?

Jane reaches for the bedspread and quickly covers her body.

JANE

You make it sound like you own me Already?!

MEMO

(coldly)

For the time being, I do. Don't

forget that I had a choice with you, and I decided against it. And that's only because one, I know you shouldn't have been anywhere near your sister's abduction. Secondly, I feel responsible for having been part of that fucking mess. Third, I'm a dead man if I turn you over to your father. And lastly, I'd rather you find your own way home with no ties to me. I mean, I don't know about you, Chica, but I don't exactly feel like dying anytime soon. I still got plans, and seeing myself face up in a casket isn't one of them. Mi intienes?

JANE

My father can still offer you asylum.

MEMO

Yes, you've already mentioned that. However, I refuse to feel obligated. I'd rather stay a free-agent for what I do, and not under some cartel control. True, some of the jobs I get paid to do may seem risky and tedious but they're mine to choose and not ordered. That is why I suggest you being your own pimp when you're out there hustlin'. You can't have distractions especially a pimp taking your money. Because when you do find your sister, Chica, be prepared to pay. That's how it works on those Tracks.

JANE

Pay how?

MEMO

Money. Pimps don't accept credit cards or cashier's checks, know what I mean?

(changing the subject)

No one from housekeeping should be bothering you. Room is paid up 'til Sunday.

JANE

So. . .what's today?

MEMO

Thursday.

JANE

So, I've been missing for four days  
now?

Memo turns around and casually walks out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Jane walked out of the motel room looking homeless as opposed to JULIA ROBERT'S PRETTY WOMAN the morning after her dinner date with her ultra-rich John in a man's classy white dress shirt, big wavy curls and flawless make-up. But after a bit of thrift shopping for a whole new "whoredrobe" and toiletries to make her smell good, had Jane began to feel like 'a pretty woman'.

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY

It was roughly after one o'clock when Jane walked into the motel room expecting to see Memo, but the room is empty. Jane drops her shopping bags onto the bed and takes a seat at the table and smokes a cigarette. Then another.

Jane is working on her third cigarette when Memo finally walks in. He notices the various shopping bags.

MEMO

(commenting)

Looks like you did some shopping?

JANE

(exhaling cigarette smoke)

Stores have a tendency of

under-bagging. If you ask me,  
it's subliminal.

MEMO

(repeating, chuckling)  
'Subliminal'?

JANE

(sifting ashes into the ashtray)  
Yeah. It's to get shoppers to think  
that they've bought a lot by packing  
less in each bag.

Memo leaves the bed and walks up to the table.

MEMO

That's pretty-fuckin'-smart if they  
actually do that. Here.

Memo takes Jane's cigarette and hands her a piece of  
plastic in its place.

JANE

(dumbstruck)  
This is a state ID?

Jane stares at the ID, at the photo of a white girl in  
curly calico blond hair with the name 'Tina Knight'  
and a birth age screaming "21!"

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't understand why you're handing  
me this?

MEMO

(matter-of-factly)  
It's your new identity.

JANE

My. . .what?

MEMO

(bitching)  
Damn, Chica! Stop playing that  
Babe-in-The-Woods-crap, eh? It's an  
ID. . .to get you places.

JANE

(arguing)

I don't think I need an ID to get me  
to where I'm going!

MEMO

Trust me, Chica, you're going to need  
it.

Jane holds up the ID next to her face.

JANE

Do I look like a "Tina Knight"? I  
mean, if I get caught the cops are not  
going to believe I'm this person.

MEMO

So you dye your hair.

JANE

So, is that your solution?

MEMO

Yes.

(giving Jane his back for a moment)

Here.

Jane gasps, then after, freezes in her seat. Memo has  
a gun in his hand.

Memo flips the barrel and holds the butt end out for  
Jane to take. It is compact, concealable.

JANE

(calming her fear)

Um. . .uh. . .what's this for?

MEMO

Protection. You have handled a gun  
before, right, Chica?

JANE

(mumbling)

Something like that.

Jane had fired a gun three times in her life. They  
were all warning shots. One thing she does agree to

is how the gun is tailored to her hand, particularly as she pointed the gun one way, then the other 'til it eventually settled directly on Memo.

JANE

(suspiciously)

Why are you helping me so much, hmm?  
Like giving me this ID and this gun  
and all this info? I mean, it sounds  
suspicious. . .like you've been  
planning this for some time now.

Memo takes no offense. He just lowers Jane's aim to the floor and continues to smoke her cigarette.

JANE

I don't ever plan on shooting you,  
Memo.

MEMO

That's generous of you. But there's  
always a possibility you might feel  
otherwise later. I'm just trying to  
help you get your sister. Es todo.

JANE

Yeah. And while I appreciate that,  
all this just sounds very technical  
to me.

MEMO

I understand your concern, Chica,  
pero, and the truth is, that not only  
is there a possibility of the cops  
giving you a hard time but you'll also  
be taking heat from the other girls  
working the Tracks which might include  
some bottom bitches and a few pimps.  
Keep in mind, Janie that the second  
you set foot on those Tracks everyone  
who works it will notice. So I  
strongly advise you keep your chin up.  
Grow some bolas de confianza  
- confidence - and keep your gaze  
neutral. Pretend like you know what  
you're doing. Smoke a cigarette.  
Move around. Walk a block or two.

Anything to look like you're busy and not just standing there waiting for a pick-up. If a girl or a few girls talk to you keep the conversation neutral, casual, short. Don't give 'em reason to get too personal with you 'cause they may be trying to extort info to report back to their pimp marking you a target of interest.

JANE

(through a sigh of frustration)  
That's my point exactly, Memo! And it's not like I don't have confidence but it's hard, you know, to have confidence in something that is totally foreign to you. I mean, back when I was being prostituted, I didn't have to worry about Johns picking-up on me 'cause they were all picked-out for me. I didn't have to worry about protection 'cause the protection was standing right outside the door. I didn't have to worry about the money 'cause the money was never directly handed to me. And lastly, I didn't have to worry about other pimps trying to sweat me 'cause I was never in the vicinity of them. I mean, in that sense I was spoiled. But now that I'm out here doing this business on my own. . .it just fucking scares me.

Memo tossing a bone of confidence to Jane.

MEMO

I don't know about you, Chica. . .Pero the girl I saw back in New Orleans beating on a guy three times bigger than her was nowhere near scared. What I saw was a strong determined girl fighting to take back what was hers. The point I'm trying to make, Janie, is that if you take that same fire to the streets there's no telling what you're capable of doing, or better yet, becoming. You'll do good,

Chica, trust me.

Memo finishes off Jane's cigarette and puts out the butt on the palm of his hand then tosses it into the ashtray. He reaches into his front pocket and strips two fifty's off his money clip.

MEMO

Here.

JANE

It's alright, Memo, you keep the money. You've already done enough for me.

MEMO

Stop being modest, Chica. It's only money. And besides, you still need some hair dye which I strongly recommend that you buy first before hitting the Tracks.

Jane nods and takes the money.

MEMO

I gotta go. You can keep the cigarettes and whiskey. But like I said before, the room is paid up 'til Sunday. After that, you can either re-rent the room or move to another motel. I strongly suggest moving. . . something closer to West Hollywood.

JANE

Why West Hollywood?

MEMO

'Cause that's where the Tracks are: On Hollywood Boulevard.

JANE

(concerned)

Hollywood Boulevard? I mean, isn't that like a big touristy attraction place?

Memo nods and Jane gulps back spit.

JANE (CONT'D)

You mean there's hos out there?

MEMO

(relating)

There's also Santa Monica Boulevard just south of West Hollywood, and Sunset Boulevard just out front. But in my honest opinion, I'd stick to the Hollywood Tracks.

JANE

And where exactly is the Tracks?

MEMO

Take Sunset Boulevard to Sunset Drive. Cross Sunset and now you're on Hollywood Boulevard. They'll be a theatre to your right - the Vista Theatre - pass that and you'll know you're headed in the right direction.

JANE

And how will I know where the Track starts?

MEMO

The Stars on the sidewalks will point the way. But and again, once you start working the Track, I strongly suggest you move from here.

JANE

(snapping)

Yeah! Okay! Fine!

Memo drops his gaze to the carpet. He inhales, exhales and heads for the door. Jane has gotten attached to him.

JANE (CONT'D)

What did you mean by lots of people Know of my father?

The question stops Memo dead in his tracks.

MEMO

(chuckling nervously)  
I slipped on that one didn't I?  
(dropping his gaze back to the carpet)  
Fuck!

JANE  
You don't want to say, do you?

MEMO  
It's not that I don't care to.

JANE  
Who are the men working for my father?

MEMO  
Damn, Janie.

JANE  
C'mon, Cristian. At least give me  
that much before you abandon me out  
here. I mean, at least leave me with  
something to go on. Not like a blind  
bitch walking the streets in heat?!

MEMO  
(frustrated)  
And what makes you think your father  
has business here in L.A., eh?

JANE  
Why shouldn't he not have business  
here in L.A.? I mean, you said it  
yourself: 'Lots of people know of your  
father'.

MEMO  
Why are you being difficult?

JANE  
Why are you dancing around the  
question?

A weighty silence settles between Memo and Jane with Jane convincing herself that Memo wasn't going to talk no matter how much she verbally interrogated him and viewed it as a fucking code of silence, that honor amongst thieves shit!

JANE (CONT'D)

Never mind. I'll figure it out myself.

Jane picks up one of the packs of MARLBORO'S, tears it open and lights one.

MEMO

Good.

Memo walks to the door. His hand curls around the doorknob. He looks back at Jane.

MEMO

(lulling)

So it's "Diamond", huh?

JANE

(mumbling)

Yeah.

MEMO

Damn! I like that!

Memo opens the door and walks out.

Meanwhile, Jane continued to sit at the table with a lump forming rapidly in her throat. Seconds later, she leaps out of her chair and rushes to the door. She swings it open and stares into nothing pertaining to her. She is all alone, and scared shitless.

Jane steps back into the motel room, locks the door and steps to the phone and stares down at it in contemplation. But instead of reaching for the receiver, she instead reaches for the bottle of whiskey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MID-DAY

Jane wakes up to a headache and an empty bottle of whiskey. She steals a glance at the clock. It was creeping up on five pm. She wipes a couple of glories from her eyes and reaches for the shopping bags and

takes inventory of what she bought: black mini-dress with a plunging neckline, a red mini-skirt, one sheer black blouse, one black lace halter top, two black push-up bras, one white bra, three panties, two snug hugging tees, a pair of 3" black stilettos and a small black and white checkered handbag plus stuff she had bought from the ninety-nine-cent store.

Jane picks up the purse and walks it to the table and shoves the motel key, a pack of cigarettes, Memo's lighter and the two fifties. As for the gun, she shoves that into the back waistband of her jeans.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - LATE AFTERNOON/DAY

Jane buys medium blond hair dye that guarantees a shiny, healthy look, then after, picks up an offbeat gourmet sandwich from a local grill.

There is some light activity around the motel. As Jane nears her room she spots a guy in a classy black shirt and black jeans with a silver chain dangling from his neck. He was lingering near her door trying to look pre-occupied and smoking a cigarette. The guy glances Jane's way and tosses his cigarette to the ground and stands at Jane's attention.

GUY

You Diamond?

JANE

(guardedly)

Who wants to know?

GUY

Um. . .Memo sent me.

JANE

(suspiciously)

'Memo'?

GUY

(introducing himself)

I'm Cesar. Memo said you're pretty cool. And that you're reasonably

fair.

Jane steals a self-conscious glance over her shoulder because the last thing she needed was heat. . .from the office.

CESAR (CONT'D)

(edgy)

Look, I got a girl to pick up in about an hour. So I won't be taking up a lot of time here.

JANE

What do you want?

CESAR

Just a blow job. . .you swallowing.

Cesar looks at the good-looking couple walking out of a motel room across the way; they were laughing.

CESAR (CONT'D)

(looking back at Jane)

I just need something to take the edge of.

JANE

(proposing a joke)

I'm not a dealer.

CESAR

(over his head)

I already have one of those.

Jane rolls her eyes. Sexy, but stupid.

JANE

Whatever!

(straightforwardly)

It's gonna cost you a hundred.

(Cesar nods)

Give me a few minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Jane walks into the room and clears the bed of her "whoredrobe" into the closet. Stashes her purse in a dresser drawer, and the gun in the nightstand. She opens the door and lets Cesar in.

JANE

(matter-of-factly)

I don't do business without getting paid first.

CESAR

That's cool.

Cesar pulls his wallet from his back pocket and hands Jane five twenties.

Jane notices Cesar's rough hands and the slight presence of grime beneath his fingernails.

JANE

(shoving the money in her pocket)

You a mechanic?

CESAR

(smirking)

Is it obvious?

Jane smirks and reaches for Cesar's belt.

CESAR

(whispering nervously)

You're very pretty.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane pushes Cesar's jeans down to his thighs and pushes him down onto the bed, at the same time, dropping a pillow in front of his Jordan's.

Jane drops to her knees and goes to work on Cesar's cock.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING - CONTINUES

Cesar is fastening the belt around his jeans when Jane's curiosity gets the best of her regarding Memo.

JANE

How do you know Memo?

CESAR

We go back a couple of years.

JANE

So, he just sent you my way?

CESAR

No. He recommended you when I hinted I was looking for a girl.

JANE

So. . .you just bumped into him?

CESAR

No.

JANE

Then. . .how did you get to talking to him?

CESAR

I called.

JANE

So. . .he's still in town?

CESAR

No. He was heading out when I called.  
(stepping to the door)  
You gonna be around?

JANE

(shrugging her shoulders)  
Not sure. Why do you ask? We're you wanting to see me again?

CESAR

I'd like to.  
(winking deviously)  
But it wouldn't be for no blow job.

JANE

Well, that's gonna cost you.

CESAR

I'll drop by Saturday say. . . 'round  
seven, seven-thirty?

Jane nods. Cesar runs a finger across Jane's lips  
before he walks out the door.

Meanwhile, Jane steps to the mirror and stares hard at  
her reflection for a moment or long enough to wipe the  
invisible filth from her mouth and stand heatedly.

JANE

(to the mirror, cold)  
So long, bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's after 10 pm. Back at the mirror, Jane holds the  
picture of Tina Knight up to her face. There's a  
startling resemblance, one that makes her feel secure.

JANE

Hello. . .DiamondD.

DiamondD takes a seat on the bed, lights a cigarette  
and drags in silence. There is laughter outside the  
room. The slamming of a car door. A baby crying.  
Cars on Sunset speeding passed the motel. All the  
noise makes DiamondD anxious to get out there.

DiamondD walks to the closet and slips into the red  
mini-skirt and the black laced halter top. She  
bypasses the heels for her black ballet flats as her  
goal was to look "casual sexy" and not "working sexy".

DiamondD sits back down on the bed and finishes off her  
cigarette. She reaches into the drawer of the  
nightstand and takes out the gun and sits there for a  
minute, curling and uncurling her fingers around the  
butt end to get a feel for its trust in case she  
needed to use it. Once satisfied, she gets up, grabs

her purse, shoves the gun inside and walks out the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT EPISODE