

1229 CONTINUED:

PEREZ 39.
1229

GUS (CONT'D)

No. We got work to do first.

The strigoi's head sinks back onto his nest and Gus slowly extricates himself. That was close! Gus leads them on.

1230 INT. RIKERS ISLAND - CELL BLOCK - GATE - DAY

1230

Their lights play on the CHAIN LINK GATE to the residential block. Angel tries it. Locked. Then tries the door into the glass enclosed "bubble," the command center for the wing.

ANGEL

This block's locked up tight.

GUS

That's a good sign.

Gus swipes Pisaro's ID through the bubble's electronic lock and leads Angel inside.

START

1231 INT. RIKERS ISLAND - CELL BLOCK COMMON AREA - DAY

1231

BRAAAPPPP! All the cell doors CLANG OPEN. Gus steps through the CHAIN LINK GATE with Angel and calls out.

GUS

Yo, Perez! You still alive?

TWENTY-FIVE LATINOS appear at the rail. One of them is HECTOR PEREZ (30s), the leader of this prison gang.

PEREZ

Elizalde...? What the hell you doing here?

GUS

Come to get you out.

PEREZ

Best idea I heard all day.

1232 INT. RIKERS ISLAND/CELL BLOCK COMMON AREA - DAY (TIME CUT) 1232

PISTOLS AND MACHETES spill from the backpacks onto the table in front of the INMATES. Perez picks up a shiny BERETTA 92.

PEREZ

Nice. We sure could have used these three days ago.

(CONTINUE)

THE STRAIN
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GUS

From what I saw coming in, it's a good thing the C.O. locked you up. You're the only ones didn't get sucked dry.

Perez pulls the MAGAZINE from the pistol. Stares at the SILVER HOLLOW-POINT BULLETS in it and whistles softly.

PEREZ

Silver? Classy. So if we fight for this guy of yours, this Quinlan, he'll supply us with more of this shit?

GUS

(nods)
All we need.

PEREZ

But why do we gotta take orders from him?

Perez is used to being boss and a deferent Gus tries to take the sting out of it. Angel notes this dynamic.

GUS

'Cause he knows how to win against these things. He's offering us a sweet deal. Working with him, we can own this city.

PEREZ

(nods)
You saying he can be reasonable?

GUS

Guy doesn't give a shit about stuff -- so whatever we grab on the way is ours.

Perez grins and puts his arm around Gus.

PEREZ

Then what are we waiting for?
(to his homies)
Pick up those weapons. We got a city to take.

GUS

Let's go, Angel.



Chivo's blade bites into the strigoi guard's head. The strigoi SQUEALS. Chivo finishes him -- waking the others.

A STINGER shoots up from another GUARD VAMP on the floor, hitting Chivo in the femoral and dragging him into the uncoiling nest to be consumed by the waking horde. OTHER STRIGOI RISE, encircling Gus's crew, blocking the exit.

Gus BLASTS TWO aside with his pistol and yanks the door open. INCOMING SUNLIGHT SCORCHES A HOLE in the strigoi circle.

GUS

Run for it!

The gangbangers do, but an INMATE VAMP drags one down. The crew OPENS FIRE. One drills a strigoi, but the bullet goes through and kills the CONVICT behind it.

GUS (CONT'D)

Go for the head! ¡Disparar a la cabeza! Make your shots count!

IN THE BACK, AN INMATE STRIGOI cuts Diego off from the group. He connects with his machete, sending it reeling, dripping and pissed. Angel blows it apart with his shotgun.

ANGEL

¡No toque esa mierda blanca!

Angel stumbles on his crappy knee. Diego yanks him to his feet and they head for the doorway, where Gus and Perez shoot past the escaping cons, keeping the strigoi at bay. Gus sees an ADMINISTRATIVE VAMP coming up behind the old wrestler. He doesn't have a clear shot, so he plunges inside, angling for one.

The ADMINISTRATIVE VAMP's stinger emerges, so Gus takes the only shot he has -- into its kneecap -- and his pistol's slide locks back, empty. The parasite crumples, STINGER WHIPPING.

Gus releases the spent mag and reaches for a new one, just as THE LAST TWO INMATES hack the vamp down and gleefully STOMP ITS HEAD. These guys are appallingly adept at ultraviolence. Gus backs out behind Angel and Diego.

They emerge onto the parking lot to find Perez and the survivors waiting. Gus waves at the bus, its door open.

GUS

There's our ride. Let's get out of here.

PEREZ

So we can go work for this Quinlan like braceros? Don't think so. I make these calls. Not you.
(points his gun at Gus)
Thanks for the weapons, but --

WHAM! Perez collapses, a huge hole ripped through a lung.
RACK TO ANGEL'S SMOKING SHOTGUN.

ANGEL

Anyone else?

No takers. Gus looks at Perez, whose surprised eyes GLAZE over. Then at the inmates. They stare back.

END

GUS

You can stay or you can go. Choice is yours.

Gus and Diego help Angel toward the bus. The others hesitate for a moment. Then follow. The dying Perez reaches a bloody hand toward them, gesturing for them to help him. But they coldly file past without even glancing at him.

THE BUS pulls out of the lot, leaving Perez behind.

END OF ACT FOUR

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