

DISTRICT X

Fantasy | Thriller | Sci-Fi | Horror | Crime | Drama

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EXT. MANHATTAN/HELL'S KITCHEN -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: The busy hustle and bustle of Hell's Kitchen -- pedestrian traffic, ALL TYPES, crossing camera. A parked car with steamed windows rocks back and forth deep in the distance. A passing man takes notice as --

CAMERA: SLOW ZOOM, stopping at a Medium Close Up of the rear passenger side window. The sweaty palm of a woman's hand suddenly HITS the glass, SLIDING down -- its streaks giving view of SASHA and Bo, having sex inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAR -- CONTINUOUS

We see SASHA, an intensely sensual thrill seeker with an open blouse and panties around her ankle. She's straddling BO, a handsome criminal type with his pants down and Sasha's breast against his face as he keeps an eye out. The few passing faces of shock isn't the concern. They could care less about that. They're on alert for something else.

"CHIRP-CHIRP!"

They freeze.

TIGHT ON PHONE beside Bo's bare thigh.

Bo grabs the phone -- replies with the same chirps. He then reaches for his pants. SLAM! Sasha SHOVED him back into position -- smiles with an adrenaline pumped gaze -- now GRINDING until she climaxes. A beat. And then --

She moves quickly -- RIPPING her panties, tossing them -- fixing her blouse -- grabbing a 952 9mm from under the seat.

After getting himself together, Bo grabs a Ruger Sr9 9mm from the same place.

They LOCK, LOAD and conceal their weapons -- Bo's in his pants, Sasha's in her designer bag. They share a look -- a glance through the fogged window at a double-parked ARMORED TRUCK where guards are loading cash. A kiss -- and then they exit...

EXT. STREET/ARMORED TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

TRACKING SHOT: Sasha and Bo exiting the car, MOVING aggressively through the thick of pedestrian and street traffic -- a bullseye path to the armored truck, where --

The unsuspecting GUARDS are posted with sharp eyes in the opposite direction as another loads cash in an exterior ATM.

The guard nearest to the building entrance is suddenly struck from behind, knocked unconscious.

REVEAL: JAY, a comical but deadly robber, standing over him with a shotgun.

Before the other guards can react, they find themselves surrounded by 7 more ROBBERS with superior firepower. Two more suddenly go down, unconscious.

REVEAL: Bo and Sasha struck them from being. Sasha takes one of the guard's weapon -- tossing it to Jay.

Bo, wearing a proud smile, takes the other's weapon, tossing it to Jay as well.

The other robbers move like a well oiled machine, stripping the truck of its money bags, TOSSING one to each crew member. --

Sasha catches the last bag, its weight nearly knocking her down. She quickly heads toward a waiting getaway car. --

Just then a MAN, seemingly oblivious to everything, walks through the center of it all while texting.

ANGLE ON BO: Empty handed, heading toward the corner when -- "BUNG!" Gunfire! He turns to find one of his men down and a plain clothes cop standing over him with a badge and gun.

WIDE SHOT: Patrol and unmarked cars come in from all directions, screeching to a halt -- an onslaught of officers CONVERGING. The team of robbers SCATTER as a gunfight ensues.

ANGLE ON BO: He's now distant, blending into a cluster of panicked spectators -- his eyes SEARCHING for Sasha.

ON THE TEXTING MAN: The Man continues walking through the mayhem, unarmed and unnoticed -- sits on the hood of a patrol car where he finishes his text message -- briefly observing everything while seemingly invisible to everyone.

ANGLE ON SASHA: Police RUSHING her from both sides, as her frighten eyes SEARCH desperately for Bo. Her and Bo's eyes meet as the police tackle her.

Suddenly TIME FREEZES. Everything goes STILL and SILENT!

- Various stills of officers in mid-action, wrestling robbers to the ground.

- Weapons firing. The ripple of sound waves behind bullets.

- Jason making his escape.

- Onlookers running for cover.

ON THE TEXTING MAN: He's our HOST, still in motion -- pocketing his phone -- now looking into camera.

HOST
Somebody fucked up.
(MORE)

HOST (CONT'D)

Maybe one of those guys talked too much in the hood. Maybe one of them was under pressure and set his boys up to save his family... his seed ...his own ass. I couldn't tell you because that's not what this story is about. This story is about love in the worse way. Some may call it lust. It's about how opposites attract, but not in a way you'd expect. Today we profile Sasha Binghamton...

MEDIUM SHOT: Sasha, in mid-fall from officers tackle -- her gun and money bag in midair.

On screen reads, '*SASHA BINGHAMTON. Good girl.*'

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...a girl raised by a good family who fell on the bad side of the tracks where she developed a thing for William Bradford, a charismatic Brooklyn criminal with the alias Bo...

MEDIUM SHOT: Bo's regretful gaze to Sasha.

Screen reads, '*WILLIAM BRADFORD. Currently serving 2 to 3 years in prison. Robbery.*'

HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Take a good look at Sasha. Is she really a criminal, or a woman ruled by her love for a bad boy? Is she capable of worse? ...Is she capable of murder?...

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Sasha. A closer look shows her eyes tearing while locked on Bo.

Screen reads, '*currently serving life in prison without the possibility of parole. Double homicide. 3rd degree.*'

BACK TO HOST: He leaves the patrol car, stepping over living and dead bodies, walking toward camera -- passing still bullets and their trails of rippled sound waves...

HOST (CONT'D)

Hard to believe isn't it? Many of the most fascinating things in life are often hard to believe, and Sasha Binghamton is truly fascinating. ...I'm "-----", and I welcome you to a very interesting episode of District X.

CUT TO:

THE SHOW'S INTRO:

Credits and an intense theme song play over a sequence of graphic and bizarre stills of secret government files, gory crime scenes, images of the occult and extraterrestrial findings, mugshots and historical political events -- ending at an old rusty sign, erect from a desolate dirt road that separates the faraway ruins of a nonexistent city and a suburban ghost town. The sign reads, *Welcome to District X.*

FADE IN:

INT. JEWELS' APT, BEDROOM -- DAY

Screen reads: *Episode 1 "Cat Fight"*

Screen reads: *8 and a half years later.*

The morning raise touching expensive linen that's covering the face of someone who's sound asleep.

ANGLE ON: The nightstand. A glock and mobile phone comes into focus just behind the sleeping person's his head.

VARIOUS SHOTS: The well decorated space is upscale with framed photos everywhere of a beautiful Latina woman hugging family members. She and nearly everyone in the photos are uniformed officers of various law enforcement agencies -- NYPD, FBI, CORRECTIONS, HOMELAND SECURITY, etc.

The shadow of a woman brushing her hair is on the open bathroom door. She enters -- to the dresser. It's JEWELS, the woman in the photos. She's tough and boyishly beautiful with short hair and dreamy eyes, wearing a bra and uniform pants. She sprays perfume and glances over her shoulder, knowing the aroma will wake her man.

JEWELS

(into mirror)

You know it's Tuesday, right? Your day to make breakfast and your butt overslept.

REVEAL: Bo turns, wiping sleep from his eyes.

BO

What time is it?

JEWELS

Too late to make breakfast.

Bo crosses over to her, holding her from behind -- pulls back to the bed. She faces him -- lays on top of him, nose to nose. Both smiling.

BO

My bad, baby. I'll make it up to you with dinner tonight, cool?

JEWELS
Girls night out tonight, remember?

He rubs her ass and kisses her neck.

BO
I could make it up to you right now
if you got a few minutes.

Bo's phone vibrates against the glock.

JEWELS
A few minutes isn't very tempting,
sweetie.

She kisses him before walking off screen.

TIGHT ON BO: Reading his text message. He doesn't reply.

BO
I see quick ain't your thing. You
want a brother to put in real work.

JEWELS (O.S.)
Yeah, and I have to get to work so
...you're gonna have to make it up
to me both ways tomorrow.

BO
Both ways? Wow. I'm feeling taken
advantage of.

Jewels reenters frame wearing an NYPD shirt -- fastening her
gun belt --

JEWELS
You have excellent intuition. What
are you doing today?

-- Kisses him while grabbing the glock from the nightstand.

BO
I thought we had an understanding.

INSERT BO'S MOBILE PHONE: Buzzing again. An unknown number.

Bo ignores the call while wearing a look that says it all.

The unanswered call confirms Jewels' suspicions. Clearly she
knows he's a criminal. Clearly she disapproves. But a
promise is a promise. So she says nothing more, grabs her
keys, and --

JEWELS
I'll see you around.

-- She exits.

CUT TO: