

The Church of Mike
(Pilot)

Written by

Charles Andrew Gash

Charles Andrew Gash
charlesandrewgash@gmail.com

WGAE Registered

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

It's mid-morning. Summer sunlight glints off the skyline.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Little Village, South Lawndale - a Mexican neighborhood run by the Orellana Cartel.

EDUARDO 'LALO' HERNANDEZ, 40s, cartel underboss, sips coffee across the table from LUIS RAMOS, late 30s, his lieutenant. Hernandez's two CARTEL SOLDIERS stare silently at Ramos while Ramos begs for his life.

RAMOS

Lalo, I swear! I would never steal from you!

HERNANDEZ

And yet, my shipment was light... like last time.

He places a gut-hook knife on the table, and his henchmen stand.

RAMOS

Dios, Lalo, please!

HERNANDEZ

*You didn't think I'd notice? Few kilos here, few there. But I see everything, *mano*.*

...Except for the wavering red dot that's just appeared on his forehead.

RAMOS

Lalo, I...

Ramos sees the laser sight and dives to the side as Hernandez's head snaps back, sporting a bloody hole. Hernandez crashes to the ground, already dead, as patrons scream...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

In the derelict third floor of the building, MIKE MACAULEY, 30s, handsome, smiles with grim satisfaction as he disassembles his silenced sniper rifle, while chaos erupts at the cafe two blocks away.

His shirt sleeves rolled up, there's a TATTOO visible on his right forearm: a large JESUS-FISH, with the name 'JULIE' inside.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Mike sits at a table in a dark corner across from TOMASZ MARTINEK, late 30s, Polish mobster and eldest son of the Polish mob boss, and ALEC MARTINEK, late 20s, his younger brother.

Alec wears a stupid smirk and smokes cigarettes like they're candy, clearly stilled thrilled about being a mobster. He bounces his leg ceaselessly while Tomasz slides a thick envelope across the table.

Mike picks up the envelope, notices the extra weight. He peeks in—of course it's stuffed with cash. He hefts it in his palm and shoots a questioning look at Tomasz.

TOMASZ

Bonus. Dad's very pleased. Cartel is running scared. They keep losing underbosses, they'll agree to a meeting.

ALEC

They line 'em up, you knock 'em down!

Mike and Tomasz stare at Alec until he tones down the enthusiasm and turns surly. Tomasz slides Mike two PHOTOS—one of Luis Ramos, the other a hard-looking, Hispanic woman in her 40s. Mike scoops up Ramos, but pauses at the woman.

TOMASZ

Runs girls for the cartel.

ALEC

Pop hates that shit.

Mike looks skeptical, but keeps his silence. Slips the photos into his jacket, and knocks back his drink.

In a MONTAGE, Mike's daily life unfolds:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A seedy neighborhood, outside a two-story house; a brothel run by the cartel.

INT. BROTHEL/LIVING ROOM

Thin, haggard girls of various ages and states of undress slink through the room, leading business-suited men by the hand.

FREDA VARGAS, the madame, the woman in Mike's photo earlier, takes Mike by the hand and proudly displays a line-up of dreary, obviously trafficked girls.

But Mike's not looking at the girls. He lets his eyes roam over Freda's fit body. She gives him a sly smile.

INT. BROTHEL/BEDROOM

Freda kisses Mike and sinks to her knees in front of him.

As she's unzipping him, he caresses her head. He closes his eyes and mouths some words, and with a swift, smooth motion - snaps her neck. No more Freda.

He zips up and pulls out a cellphone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mike watches from across the street as cops storm the house. They re-emerge, bringing out the girls.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A few days later. Ramos - the new Orellana underboss - and a HIGH-PRICED HOOKER cavort on a king-sized bed. Ramos snorts a line of coke off her stomach.

INT. CLOSET

Mike lurks in the darkness, peering through the crack in the door at the couple. Again, he closes his eyes, whispers something inaudible, then pulls a SKI MASK down over his face, raises a SILENCED GLOCK, and steps out of the closet.

O.S., the hooker shrieks, there's the SNAP of the suppressed gunshot, and a THUMP as a large body hits the floor.

INT. BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Mike's listening to headphones and looking through a gun scope into the second story of a parking garage across the street where the next Orellana cartel underboss, VICTOR POLANCO, 40s, along with his soldiers, step out of an SUV.

A sleek Lincoln pulls up next to the SUV. Out steps Tomasz and Alec, followed by the POLISH CREW.

Mike, peering through the scope at Polanco, takes out his headphones.

MIKE

Lord God Almighty, guide my hand.
Help me wipe these motherfuckers
out, in Christ's name --

He starts to squeeze the trigger...

A gruff male voice speaks. Right in his ear.

THE VOICE

Hey, MacAuley.

Mike jumps, startled - BLAM! - his shot goes wide and hits a cartel soldier in the arm. Pandemonium ensues over there --

Mike's on his feet with his Glock drawn, turning a wild circle, scanning the room for the owner of the voice.

MIKE

Who's there?

THE VOICE

Haven't you had about enough of
this revenge shit?

MIKE

Where the fuck are you?

THE VOICE

And your little prayer? Cute. That
supposed to make this all 'okay'?

The room is deserted. Mike's rattled, but his attention is pulled back by the sounds of GUNSHOTS from the parking garage...

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The meet has devolved into a full-scale shoot-out. Tomasz is hit in the shoulder, cartel and Polish on both sides are lying dead. Polanco is hustled back into the SUV and, amidst a hail of gunfire, it speeds off down the garage ramp.

MIKE

Oh, shit.

THE VOICE

(as Ricky Ricardo)
Lu-cy! You gotta lotta 'splainin'
to do!

MIKE

What the --

He flails around with his Glock again. Nobody there.

EXT. LAKEFRONT - NIGHT

An empty lot next to the lake on the far South Side. Mikes's Audi - is parked next to a black BMW.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

The driver is Tomasz, and he is beyond pissed. His right shoulder is wrapped in bandages, and he's glaring holes through Mike. Mike sits in the passenger seat, distracted - he's still shaken up. Tomasz seethes.

TOMASZ

(in Polish)

I begged my father to let me kill you...

MIKE

What?

TOMASZ

I begged my father to let me kill you.

MIKE

Lovely. So why haven't you?

Tomasz, disgusted, hands Mike a manila envelope. Mike looks at it, perplexed.

TOMASZ

(in Polish)

If it were up to me...

MIKE

Goddammit, Tomasz. There was somebody up there. I don't fuckin' know how --

TOMASZ

(interrupting)

Only because you've been so valuable in the past, Mike...

Mike takes the envelope, opens it, withdraws a photo of an attractive young Caucasian woman. There's Post-It stuck to the photo—a name, address.

TOMASZ (cont'd)
Dad is giving you one chance to
make this right.

MIKE
(looking at photo)
Kawalec? This isn't cartel.

TOMASZ
This is how you pay your debt.

MIKE
Tomasz, I only do cartel. Been that
way from Day 1 --

Tomasz shrugs, painfully, and draws his gun, points it at
Mike - BLAM BLAM BLAM! - fires point blank, millimeters from
Mike's head, out the open window.

MIKE (cont'd)
All right! All right! Hold up! Holy
shit, man!

Tomasz, waiting, holds the gun on Mike.

MIKE (cont'd)
Okay! I'll do it! Jesus!

TOMASZ
We'll be watching, to make sure.

MIKE
Fine! For the love of God!

Mike turns his attention back to the photo, and stares at it
for a long moment.

MIKE (cont'd)
After this one, I don't work for
you anymore.

TOMASZ
Good choice.

Mike starts to get out of the car, then pauses.

MIKE
What did she do?

TOMASZ
She failed us.

EXT. KAWALEC HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a modest home on a quiet street in the working-class Jefferson Park area. Lights are on in the back.

INT. KAWALEC HOUSE/BEDROOM

TERESA KAWALEC, late 20s, scrambles around, packing. A big suitcase lays open on the bed, filled with clothes. Next to it is a child's suitcase. She goes to the closet and drags out a heavy black duffel bag.

TERESA

Ada! Are you putting your shoes on?

ADA KAWALEC, 5, shambles through the bedroom door, in footie pajamas, rubbing her eyes.

ADA

It's nightttime, Mommy. Where are we going?

TERESA

We're going on a trip, baby! We're gonna have fun! Now go put on your shoes, and get Mandy-Bear. We're leaving in five minutes - do it now.

ADA

I gotta go potty!

TERESA

Fine. Just hurry up. Then go put on your shoes and get Mandy-Bear.

Ada grumbles and heads towards the bathroom off Teresa's room.

TERESA (cont'd)

Call me when you're done!

ADA

I know how to do it!

Teresa heaves the duffel bag onto the bed. It's open, revealing bundles of \$100 bills.

She continues her frantic packing, crossing in front of a full-length mirror. Mike is in the reflection, standing in her doorway, Glock held loosely at his side. Teresa registers this, slowly backs up, turns to face him.

TERESA

Oh God. I thought I'd have more
time.

Mike raises the gun.

MIKE

Sorry.