

Overtaken by Temptation

Season 1 / Episode 1: Shattered

written by

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CAMILA CARRINGTON

OVERTAKEN BY TEMPTATION

Taken Revenge



Overtaken by Temptation - Episode 1: Shattered

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

OIMUS MUSIC plays softly in the background, setting a haunting, suspenseful tone.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal MATEO CARRINGTON (late 20s, athletic build), sprinting down a dimly lit alley. His breath comes in ragged gasps, his eyes wide with fear. The sound of GUNSHOTS echoes behind him, ricocheting off the walls.

MATEO (V.O.)

(frantic whisper)

Run... just keep running...

Mateo's footfalls pound against the wet pavement as he pushes himself to the limit. His clothes are torn, blood staining his shirt. He glances over his shoulder, terror etched on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Mateo bursts out of the alley and stumbles into an open lot beside an abandoned warehouse. The moonlight casts long shadows across the scene. He looks around desperately, searching for an escape, but there's nowhere to hide.

CAMERA PANS UP to reveal a SHADOWY FIGURE standing on the rooftop of the warehouse, watching Mateo's every move. The figure's face is obscured, but there's an air of menace surrounding them.

MATEO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(desperate, pleading)

I'm sorry... I didn't mean for this to happen...

A low, mocking LAUGH echoes through the air, sending chills down Mateo's spine. He spins around, trying to locate the source, but the figure remains elusive.

MATEO

(yelling, panicked)

Who are you?! What do you want from me?!

Suddenly, a sleek, BLACK CAR screeches into the lot, its headlights blinding Mateo. The car stops abruptly, and the driver's door swings open.

(CONTINUED)

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A man steps out, his features shrouded in darkness. He walks toward Mateo with a calm, deliberate stride.

Mateo freezes, his eyes wide with recognition and disbelief.

MATEO (CONT'D)
(*shaking, barely audible*)
No... it can't be...

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the man's hand as he pulls out a GUN, the metal gleaming in the moonlight. Mateo takes a step back, fear flooding his senses. The man stops a few feet away from Mateo, raising the gun slowly, deliberately.

MATEO (V.O.)
(*trembling, whispering*)
Please... don't do this...

The man's finger tightens on the trigger. Mateo closes his eyes, bracing for the inevitable.

GUNSHOT.

Mateo's body jerks violently as the bullet hits him square in the chest. He crumples to the ground, his eyes still wide open, staring up at the night sky.

CAMERA PANS UP to the man's face, but it remains hidden in shadow. He stares down at Mateo's lifeless body for a moment, then turns and walks back to the car. The SHADOWY FIGURE on the rooftop disappears into the night as if vanishing into thin air.

The car drives away, leaving Mateo's body lying motionless in the lot, blood pooling around him.

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises, casting a warm glow over the quiet suburban neighborhood. A BIRD chirps softly in the distance.

INT. CAMILA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CAMERA FOCUSES on a smartphone buzzing on a nightstand. CAMILA CARRINGTON (mid-20s, Latina, with a determined but weary look) groans softly as she reaches out, grabbing the phone without opening her eyes. She squints at the screen, her brow furrowing slightly.

TEXT ON PHONE SCREEN:

Missed Calls: 5
New Voicemail

Camila tosses the phone aside and sits up slowly, stretching her stiff muscles. She glances at the clock on the nightstand -8:15 AM. Rubbing her eyes, she slides out of bed and heads toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Camila enters the bathroom, the bright light stinging her eyes. She moves to the toilet, her movements slow and mechanical, still groggy from sleep.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

Camila pauses, mid-motion, the sound catching her off guard. She quickly finishes up and flushes the toilet, hurrying to wash her hands.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN - MORE INSISTENT

Camila frowns, drying her hands hastily on a towel. She exits the bathroom and heads for the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

As Camila approaches the door, the doorbell rings a third time. She rolls her eyes in irritation and pulls the door open.

Standing outside are TWO DETECTIVES, both with serious expressions. DETECTIVE SAMUEL WRIGHT (early 40s, stern) holds a badge out for Camila to see. His partner, DETECTIVE LILA MORGAN (mid-30s, empathetic), offers a tight-lipped smile.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

Ms. Carrington?

(CONTINUED)

CAMILA

(nods, wary)

Yeah. Can I help you?

Detective Wright exchanges a brief glance with his partner before stepping forward slightly.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

Ma'am, I'm afraid we have some bad news.

Camila's stomach drops. Her heart begins to race, a sense of dread creeping in. She stares at the detectives, her mind racing.

CAMILA

(nervous)

What kind of bad news?

Detective Morgan steps forward, her expression softening.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

May we come in? It's better if we talk inside.

Camila hesitates, her hand still gripping the doorknob. Finally, she nods and steps aside, allowing them to enter.

INT. CAMILA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The detectives sit on the edge of the couch, their demeanor serious. Camila stands across from them, her arms crossed tightly over her chest. The room feels tense, the air thick with unspoken words.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

(gently)

Ms. Carrington... your brother, Mateo... he was found last night.

Camila's breath catches in her throat. Her legs go weak, and she collapses into a nearby armchair.

CAMILA

(barely a whisper)

Found? What do you mean, found?

Detective Morgan leans forward, her voice soft and kind.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

I'm so sorry, Ms. Carrington... but your brother is dead. He was shot.

(CONTINUED)

The words hit Camila like a freight train. Her vision blurs, her heart pounds in her chest. A strangled cry escapes her lips as she struggles to process the news.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(echoing, anguished)

No... not Mateo...

BLACK SCREEN: WITHIN CAMILA'S ECHOING SCREAM

OIMUS MUSIC plays again, low and ominous.

END OF TEASER

CREDITS ROLL:

OVERTAKEN BY TEMPTATION

ACT ONE**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

CAMILA stands alone by her brother's grave, her face a mask of sorrow and rage. She places a hand on the tombstone, her fingers tracing the engraved letters. The pain is almost unbearable, but beneath it, a fierce determination begins to burn.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(whispering)

I'll make them pay, Mateo... I swear it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMILA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMILA, now dressed in all black, sits on the couch, staring blankly at the floor. The doorbell rings, and she looks up, her expression blank. She moves to answer the door, revealing TONIO (late 20s, rugged, loyal), her best friend, standing outside. His face is a mix of concern and anger.

TONIO

(quietly)

I'm so sorry, Camila.

He pulls her into a tight hug. For a moment, she allows herself to lean into him, seeking comfort in his embrace.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(determined)

They're going to regret this... every last one of them.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMILA'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

CAMILA and TONIO sit at the kitchen table, deep in conversation. The tension is palpable. Camila's face is set in stone, her eyes cold and calculating.

CAMILA

(grimly)

They took Mateo from me... and now, I'm going to take everything from them.

TONIO nods, his expression equally fierce.

(CONTINUED)

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TONIO

Whatever you need, I'm with you.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE stand under a flickering streetlight, the cool night air swirling around them. The distant sounds of the city—cars honking, people shouting, sirens wailing—serve as a backdrop to their hushed conversation. Camila's expression is fierce, her eyes narrowing as she speaks.

CAMILA

(resolute)

We need to start by finding out who was responsible. We can't just barge in without knowing who our real enemies are.

Jasmine, still reeling from Mateo's death, nods with a mix of fear and determination.

JASMINE

I can ask around. Mateo had connections... people who might know something.

Tonio pulls out his phone, his fingers flying across the screen as he sends a message.

TONIO

I've got a guy—Gino. He's deep in the game, knows everyone who moves weight in this city. If anyone knows something, it's him.

Camila looks between the two, her mind racing with possibilities and the dangers that lie ahead.

CAMILA

(firmly)

Good. But be careful. We can't afford to make any mistakes. One wrong move, and it's over.

JASMINE

(nervous)

What about the cops? They'll be looking into this too.

(CONTINUED)

Camila's eyes harden at the mention of the police.

CAMILA

The cops can't be trusted. They're either bought off or too scared to act. We do this our way—quietly and efficiently.

Tonio and Jasmine exchange a glance, both realizing the gravity of the situation.

TONIO

We'll keep it low-key. No one knows what we're planning, not until we're ready to strike.

CAMILA

(coldly)

And when we do, they won't see it coming.

CUT TO:

INT. GINO'S BAR - NIGHT

The camera follows TONIO as he enters GINO'S BAR, a seedy dive tucked away in one of Atlanta's roughest neighborhoods. The dim lighting and thick haze of cigarette smoke give the place an ominous feel. Rough-looking patrons line the bar, nursing drinks and eyeing new arrivals with suspicion.

Tonio approaches the bar where GINO (early 30s, wiry, with sharp eyes) is wiping down the counter. Gino looks up, recognizing Tonio immediately.

GINO

(grinning)

Tonio! Haven't seen you in a while. What brings you to my humble establishment?

Tonio leans in, lowering his voice.

TONIO

Need some info, Gino. About Mateo Carrington.

Gino's expression darkens at the mention of Mateo's name. He sets the glass he was cleaning down and leans closer.

GINO

Word on the street is he got in over his head. But no one's talking. Whoever did it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINO (CONT'D)

they've got everyone too scared to
open their mouths.

TONIO

(pressing)

Come on, Gino. You know something.
Help me out here.

Gino hesitates, glancing around the bar nervously. Finally,
he nods.

GINO

All I know is... there's someone
new in town. A big player. No one
knows his name, but they call him
'El Jefe.' If anyone ordered the
hit, it was him.

Tonio's jaw tightens at the revelation.

TONIO

El Jefe? Where can I find him?

Gino shakes his head.

GINO

You don't find him. He finds you.
And by then, it's usually too late.

Tonio frowns, not satisfied with the answer, but knows he
won't get anything more from Gino tonight.

TONIO

Thanks, Gino. If you hear anything
else...

GINO

I'll let you know. But watch your
back, Tonio. This isn't something
you want to get mixed up in.

Tonio nods grimly and turns to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The camera shows CAMILA pacing in her living room, her mind
racing with the events of the day. The room is dimly lit,
shadows stretching across the walls, adding to the tension in
the air. She stops as she hears a soft knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

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Camila walks over cautiously and peers through the peephole. Recognizing TONIO, she quickly opens the door and lets him in.

CAMILA

(impatiently)

What did you find out?

Tonio steps inside, his face serious.

TONIO

There's a new player in town. Goes by 'El Jefe.' Gino says he's the one who might've ordered the hit on Mateo.

Camila's expression darkens, her fists clenching at her sides.

CAMILA

Then we start with him. We need to find out everything we can about this El Jefe. He's going to pay for what he did.

Tonio nods in agreement.

TONIO

I'll keep digging, but we've got to be careful. This guy's dangerous, Camila. More dangerous than anyone we've dealt with before.

Camila's eyes blaze with determination.

CAMILA

(coldly)

I don't care how dangerous he is. He took Mateo from me, and I won't stop until he's six feet under.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS through the dark, empty corridors of an old, abandoned building. The atmosphere is eerie, with flickering lights casting long shadows on the walls. We hear the faint sound of footsteps echoing through the halls.

The camera slowly moves to reveal a door slightly ajar at the end of the hallway. The SHADOWY FIGURE from the rooftop earlier is seen slipping inside. The door creaks as it closes behind them.

(CONTINUED)

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INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera pans to reveal a dimly lit room filled with old, dusty furniture. The SHADOWY FIGURE walks over to a desk, where a map of Atlanta is spread out, with several locations marked in red.

They lean over the map, studying it intently. A gloved hand reaches out, picking up a photograph lying on the desk. The camera zooms in on the photo—it's a picture of CAMILA, taken from a distance.

SHADOWY FIGURE (V.O.)

(whispering, ominous)

Soon...

The figure turns and walks toward the window, staring out into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTA CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The camera shows a wide shot of the Atlanta skyline, the city lights twinkling against the dark sky.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO**EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT**

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FADE OUT.

ACT THREE**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the entrance of the Atlanta Police Department. Officers bustle in and out, their faces stern with the seriousness of the day's duties. The scene is alive with energy, a sharp contrast to the tension brewing within.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

The camera tracks DETECTIVE SAMUEL WRIGHT as he walks purposefully down a busy hallway, dodging officers and clerks. His expression is focused, his mind clearly set on a pressing matter. He arrives at an office door labeled "Detective Daniel Carrington," and without hesitation, he knocks once and enters.

INT. DANIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, DANIEL CARRINGTON (early 30s, athletic, Camila and Mateo's cousin) is seated at his desk, surrounded by a mountain of paperwork. His brow is furrowed in concentration, but as Wright steps in, Daniel looks up, his weariness evident.

DANIEL

(raising an eyebrow)

Samuel. What's on your mind?

Detective Wright closes the door behind him, the tension in the room thickening as he takes a seat opposite Daniel. The two men exchange a knowing look before Wright speaks, his voice tinged with concern.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

Daniel, it's about your cousin, Camila. We need to have a serious talk.

Daniel's expression shifts from tired to alert, concern flashing across his face.

DANIEL

What's going on? Camila's been through hell with Mateo's death. If this is about the case—

Detective Wright interrupts, his tone more urgent now.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

It's not just about Mateo's case, Daniel. I'm worried about what Camila might be planning. She's not just grieving. I think she's getting ready to do something... something that could land her in a world of trouble.

Daniel's eyes narrow, his protective instincts kicking in as he leans forward, his voice low and defensive.

DANIEL

Camila wouldn't do anything reckless. She's smarter than that. Sure, she's in pain, but she's not about to do something that'll get her hurt.

Detective Wright sighs, rubbing his temples as he chooses his next words carefully.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

Grief can push people to the edge, make them do things they'd never consider otherwise. If she's thinking about going after the people who killed Mateo, she's walking into a dangerous game—one she might not be able to win.

Daniel falls silent, the weight of Wright's words sinking in. His mind races with images of Camila, her face etched with the pain of losing Mateo. The thought of her taking matters into her own hands sends a chill down his spine.

DANIEL

(firmly)

I'll talk to her. I'll make sure she understands what she's up against. But you know Camila, Samuel. She's stubborn. If she's made up her mind...

Detective Wright stands, his expression softening slightly as he looks at Daniel with a mixture of empathy and concern.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT

Just... make sure she doesn't do anything she can't come back from, Daniel. You're family. She'll listen to you.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel nods, though his mind is already racing with how he's going to approach Camila. Wright heads to the door, pausing for a moment before leaving.

DETECTIVE WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Before it's too late.

With that, Wright exits the office, leaving Daniel alone with his thoughts. The room is quiet now, but the silence is heavy, filled with the unspoken fears both men share.

INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The scene shifts back to Camila's house. The living room is dimly lit, casting long shadows across the floor. Camila sits on the couch, her eyes red from crying, but her expression has hardened into one of determination. She's no longer the grieving sister; she's a woman on a mission.

Her phone vibrates on the coffee table, breaking the silence. Camila glances at it and sees that it's a message from Tonio: "I'm outside."

Camila takes a deep breath, her resolve strengthening as she stands up. She wipes her eyes, straightens her posture, and heads to the front door.

EXT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tonio is standing by his car, waiting for her. When Camila steps out onto the porch, there's a moment of silence as they lock eyes. Tonio can see the change in her—she's no longer just mourning; she's ready to act.

TONIO

(softly)

Camila... are you sure about this?

Camila nods, her voice steady, though her eyes betray the storm of emotions swirling within her.

CAMILA

I'm sure. They took Mateo from me, Tonio. And I'm going to make them pay.

Tonio nods, understanding the depth of her pain and determination. He steps closer, his voice firm but supportive.

TONIO

Then let's do this. But we do it smart. No rushing in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONIO (CONT'D)

We gather information, we plan, and
then we strike.

Camila's expression softens slightly at Tonio's words. She
nods in agreement, grateful for his support.

CAMILA

Thank you, Tonio. I don't know what
I'd do without you.

Tonio gives her a small, reassuring smile.

TONIO

You're not alone in this, Camila.
We'll get through it together.

The camera pulls back as they stand together, united in their
resolve. The night air is thick with tension, but also with a
sense of purpose. They both know that the road ahead will be
dangerous, but they're ready to face it head-on.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - DAY**

CAMILA is sitting at her kitchen table, staring at a photo of her and Mateo from happier times. The doorbell rings, pulling her out of her thoughts. She walks over to the door and opens it to find her cousin, DANIEL, standing there.

CAMILA

(surprised)

Daniel? What are you doing here?

Daniel steps inside, his expression serious.

DANIEL

I wanted to check on you. Make sure you're holding up.

Camila closes the door behind him, trying to mask the turmoil inside her.

CAMILA

I'm fine. As fine as I can be.

Daniel doesn't buy it. He looks her in the eyes, searching for the truth.

DANIEL

"Camila, I know you're hurting. Mateo's death... it's tearing all of us apart. But I need to know you're not going to do anything reckless."

Camila's jaw tightens, the resolve in her eyes growing stronger.

CAMILA

What are you trying to say, Daniel?

Daniel hesitates, choosing his words carefully.

DANIEL

Detective Wright... he's concerned. He thinks you might be planning something—going after the people who did this.

Camila looks away, her hands trembling slightly as she grips the back of a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILA

And what if I am? Should I just sit here and do nothing while Mateo's killer walks free?

Daniel steps closer, his voice softening.

DANIEL

I understand, Camila. But this isn't the way. If you go down this path, you might not come back. Let the police handle it. Let me handle it.

Camila's eyes flash with anger.

CAMILA

Handle it? Like how they've 'handled' everything else? No, Daniel. I'm not going to sit on the sidelines this time. Mateo deserves justice, and I'm going to get it for him.

Daniel reaches out, placing a hand on her shoulder.

DANIEL

Just... promise me you'll be careful. Don't let your grief blind you. You're not alone in this.

Camila softens slightly, her anger giving way to the pain beneath.

CAMILA

I know, Daniel. But I have to do this. For Mateo... and for me.

Daniel pulls her into a tight embrace, his voice thick with emotion.

DANIEL

Just be careful, Camila. Please.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - NIGHT

The camera shows a wide shot of downtown Atlanta, the city alive with lights and activity. We see CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE walking down a crowded street, blending in with the late-night crowd. Their faces are tense, their minds focused on the task ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILA (V.O.)

(determined)

We need to find El Jefe. Gino said he's the one behind Mateo's death. If we find him, we find the answers.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The camera cuts to the interior of an upscale nightclub, the bass of the music thumping as a crowd of people dance and drink. The lights flash in various colors, casting a surreal glow over the scene. CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE move through the crowd, their eyes scanning the room.

They approach a VIP section, where a group of men sits, surrounded by beautiful women and expensive bottles of liquor. TONIO nods toward the men.

TONIO

That's Carlos. He's one of El Jefe's top guys. If anyone knows where to find him, it's Carlos.

Camila takes a deep breath, her heart racing with anticipation.

CAMILA

Let's do this.

They make their way to the VIP section, where they are immediately stopped by two large bouncers. TONIO flashes a smile, slipping a few bills into one of the bouncer's hands.

TONIO

We're here to see Carlos. Tell him it's important.

The bouncer looks at the money, then at Tonio, before nodding and stepping aside.

They step into the VIP section, where CARLOS (mid-30s, slick, with a dangerous edge) is holding court. He looks up as they approach, a smirk playing on his lips.

CARLOS

"Tonio! Long time no see. What brings you to my neck of the woods?"

Tonio exchanges a quick glance with Camila before responding.

(CONTINUED)

TONIO

We need to talk, Carlos. It's about Mateo Carrington.

Carlos's smirk fades, his eyes narrowing with suspicion.

CARLOS

And why would I want to talk about a dead man?

Camila steps forward, her voice cold and unyielding.

CAMILA

Because I want to know who killed him. And I'm willing to do whatever it takes to get that information.

Carlos leans back in his seat, studying Camila carefully.

CARLOS

"Whatever it takes, huh? That's a dangerous game you're playing, sweetheart."

Camila doesn't flinch, her resolve unwavering.

CAMILA

"I'm not afraid of danger. I'm afraid of not knowing the truth."

Carlos chuckles, shaking his head.

CARLOS

"You've got guts, I'll give you that. But El Jefe... he's not someone you want to mess with."

CAMILA

"Tell me where to find him."

Carlos's expression darkens, a hint of fear flickering in his eyes.

CARLOS

I can't do that. Even if I wanted to, it would be a death sentence for me.

Camila's patience wears thin, her anger bubbling to the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILA

"If you don't tell me, I'll make sure El Jefe knows you're the one who sent us after him. Either way, you're screwed."

Carlos stares at her, weighing his options. Finally, he sighs, relenting.

CARLOS

"Alright, alright. There's a warehouse on the south side, near the old rail yard. That's where El Jefe does business. But I'm warning you—don't go in there unprepared. You're playing with fire."

Camila nods, her eyes hard as steel.

CAMILA

Thanks for the tip. I'll take my chances.

She turns to leave, with Tonio and Jasmine following close behind. As they walk away, Carlos watches them go, a troubled expression on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The camera shows a wide shot of the abandoned warehouse district, the area eerily quiet and bathed in shadows. The camera pans to reveal CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE standing outside a large, decrepit warehouse, its windows dark and foreboding.

Camila looks up at the warehouse, her heart pounding in her chest.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(steely)

This is it. No turning back now.

They move toward the entrance, their footsteps echoing on the cold concrete. As they reach the door, Tonio pulls out a gun, checking the chamber before nodding to Camila.

TONIO

"Ready?"

Camila nods, her jaw set in determination.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILA

"Let's do this."

They push open the door, stepping into the darkness beyond.

ACT FIVE**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The camera follows CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE as they move through the dark, empty warehouse. The only light comes from the moon shining through the broken windows, casting eerie shadows on the walls.

As they move deeper into the building, they hear faint voices coming from a nearby room. Camila signals for them to stop, her hand tightening around the gun in her pocket.

They creep closer, peeking around a corner to see a group of men gathered in a small room. In the center of the group is a man with a commanding presence—EL JEFE. He's mid-40s, with a sharp, calculating look in his eyes.

Camila's breath catches in her throat as she recognizes the man from Mateo's description. This is the man responsible for her brother's death.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(fierce)

That's him. That's the man who
killed Mateo.

She feels a surge of anger and grief, but she forces herself to stay calm, to think clearly.

CAMILA

(whispering)

We need to get closer, hear what
they're saying.

They inch forward, staying hidden in the shadows as they try to catch snippets of the conversation.

EL JEFE

(smirking)

Mateo was a fool. Thought he could
steal from me and get away with it.
But now... now he's just a memory.

Camila's heart pounds with rage, her fingers itching to pull the trigger and end this man's life right here and now. But she knows that would be suicide. They're outnumbered and outgunned.

TONIO

(whispering)

What's the plan, Camila?

Camila takes a deep breath, forcing herself to stay focused.

(CONTINUED)

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CAMILA*(whispering)*

We fall back. We've got what we came for.

Tonio and Jasmine nod, and they start to retreat, moving back toward the entrance as quietly

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE continue to retreat, their movements cautious and deliberate as they try not to draw any attention. The tension in the air is palpable, each step they take bringing them closer to safety—or disaster.

Suddenly, the sound of a loud crash echoes through the warehouse. Camila freezes, her heart skipping a beat. They all turn to see a metal pipe that Tonio accidentally knocked over clattering to the ground. The noise is deafening in the silence of the warehouse.

The voices from the room they were spying on go silent. Camila's breath catches in her throat as she hears footsteps approaching.

CAMILA (CONT'D)*(whispering urgently)*

"Go! Now!"

They break into a sprint, racing toward the exit as the footsteps behind them grow louder. The door they entered through looms ahead, but before they can reach it, the door swings open, and two of El Jefe's men step into view, blocking their escape.

JASMINE*(panicked)*

"Camila, what do we do?"

CAMILA, realizing they're cornered, quickly scans the room for another way out. Her eyes land on a staircase leading to the upper level.

CAMILA

"Upstairs! Go!"

They pivot and rush toward the stairs, the men hot on their heels. Gunshots ring out, the bullets narrowly missing them as they scramble up the steps.

INT. WAREHOUSE - UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

The upper level is a labyrinth of old, rusting machinery and storage crates.

(CONTINUED)

Overtaken by Temptation :

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Camila, Tonio, and Jasmine dart between the obstacles, trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and their pursuers.

They reach the far end of the upper level, where they find a small window, barely big enough for a person to squeeze through. Camila motions to the window.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

"Jasmine, you first! Go!"

Jasmine, her face pale with fear, doesn't hesitate. She climbs up and starts to squeeze through the window. Tonio helps push her out as Camila keeps watch.

As soon as Jasmine is out, Tonio climbs up and begins to follow her. Camila turns back, her gun drawn, ready to defend them if necessary.

Suddenly, one of El Jefe's men appears, charging toward them with a knife. Camila doesn't flinch—she aims and fires, the shot echoing through the warehouse. The man crumples to the ground, but the sound draws more attention. More footsteps can be heard pounding up the stairs.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

(urgently)

"Tonio, hurry!"

Tonio manages to squeeze through the window, leaving Camila as the last one inside. She takes a deep breath, knowing this is her last chance to escape.

As she climbs onto the ledge, she hears a familiar voice calling out from the shadows below.

EL JEFE

(mocking)

"You can run, little girl, but you can't hide forever!"

CAMILA freezes, her heart racing. She looks down to see El Jefe standing at the base of the stairs, his cold eyes locked on hers.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(resolute)

"This isn't over."

Without another word, she pushes herself through the window, tumbling out into the night.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Overtaken by Temptation :

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Camila lands on the pavement outside, rolling to absorb the impact. She looks up to see Jasmine and Tonio already running toward a nearby alley. She scrambles to her feet and takes off after them.

They disappear into the darkness, the sounds of the city swallowing them up. The warehouse looms behind them, a silent reminder of the danger they've just escaped.

ACT SIX**INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

CAMILA, TONIO, and JASMINE burst through the front door, slamming it shut behind them with a loud bang. Their breaths come in ragged gasps, the adrenaline still coursing through their veins. The three of them stand in silence for a moment, their eyes wide with the realization of how close they came to disaster.

TONIO

(still catching his breath)

"That was way too close, Camila."

Camila leans against the wall, trying to steady her racing heart. Her mind is still spinning from the events that just transpired, but one thing is clear—they now have a crucial piece of information that could bring them closer to their goal.

CAMILA

"We've got what we need. Now we know where to find him."

Jasmine, her face still pale from the encounter, looks at Camila with a mixture of fear and determination.

JASMINE

"But Camila, what now? We barely got out of there alive. We can't just charge in and take him down on our own."

Camila nods, acknowledging the danger they're in. She knows Jasmine is right; they're outmatched and outgunned. But the thought of backing down doesn't even cross her mind.

CAMILA

"No, we can't. But we're not going to just walk away either. We need to gather more information, build a solid plan. When the time is right... we'll make our move."

Tonio steps forward, his voice steady and filled with resolve.

TONIO

"We're with you, Camila. Whatever it takes, we're in this together."

Camila looks at her two friends, their faces etched with determination.

(CONTINUED)

She draws strength from their loyalty and support, knowing they're willing to risk everything for her cause.

CAMILA

"Then let's get to work. We need to be smart about this. We can't afford any mistakes."

They move to the kitchen table, which now becomes their makeshift war room. Camila pulls out a laptop, while Tonio and Jasmine gather phones, notebooks, and anything else they can use to start strategizing. The atmosphere is tense but focused, each of them aware of the gravity of the situation.

As they begin to piece together a plan, the camera slowly pulls back, revealing the trio deep in discussion. Maps, photos, and notes spread out across the table, creating a chaotic but organized blueprint of their intentions.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The camera pans over the city skyline, the lights of Atlanta glowing against the inky black sky. The city appears peaceful, almost serene, but the undercurrent of danger is palpable. Somewhere in the vast maze of streets and buildings, El Jefe—the man who ordered Mateo's death—is out there, oblivious to the fact that his enemies are plotting their revenge.

CAMILA (V.O.)

(voice steady, filled with cold resolve)

"He took Mateo from me. Now I'm going to take everything from him."

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The scene shifts to a dimly lit room, where EL JEFE, the notorious drug lord, sits at a large, ornate desk. His back is turned to the camera as he speaks in low tones to an unseen associate. The room is filled with shadows, adding to the sense of foreboding.

The camera slowly moves closer, capturing the tension in the room. El Jefe is a man of power, his presence commanding even in silence. The conversation is inaudible, but the weight of it is felt deeply.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

INT. CAMILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at Camila's house, the group continues to work tirelessly, their eyes flickering with determination. The camera lingers on Camila's face, her expression hardened with purpose. She's no longer the grieving sister; she's a woman on a mission, ready to take down the man who destroyed her family.

JASMINE

(softly, almost to herself)

"How do we know we're not walking into a trap?"

Camila looks up from her laptop, her eyes locking with Jasmine's.

CAMILA

"We don't. But we can't afford to wait for the perfect moment. Every second we waste gives him more time to cover his tracks. We need to be ready to act, no matter the risk."

Tonio nods in agreement, his face set with determination.

TONIO

"Camila's right. We've got the upper hand now. We know where he is. We just need to figure out the best way to hit him."

They continue to plan, their conversation growing more intense as they debate the best course of action. The camera pulls back again, leaving them deep in strategy as the clock on the wall ticks away, each second bringing them closer to the inevitable confrontation.

FADE OUT:

TO BE CONTINUED