

AFTER MORE THAN A YEAR OF GANG WARFARE AT AN ALL TIME LOW, VIOLENCE HAS ERUPTED ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES. BUT THIS TIME IT IS DIFFERENT. DESTINY AJAYE, A 17-YEAR-OLD RESIDENT OF A SIX-BLOCK RADIUS OF SOUTH CENTRAL KNOWN AS "CROSSROADS" HAS EMERGED FROM THE SHADOWS AS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RECENTLY UNIFIED GANG POPULACE. THIS PETITE, POWERFUL, AND BRILLIANT YOUNG WOMAN HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO UNITE ALL OF THE CITY'S DISPARATE FACTIONS INTO ONE ARMY FOCUSED ON ONE COMMON ENEMY: THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT.

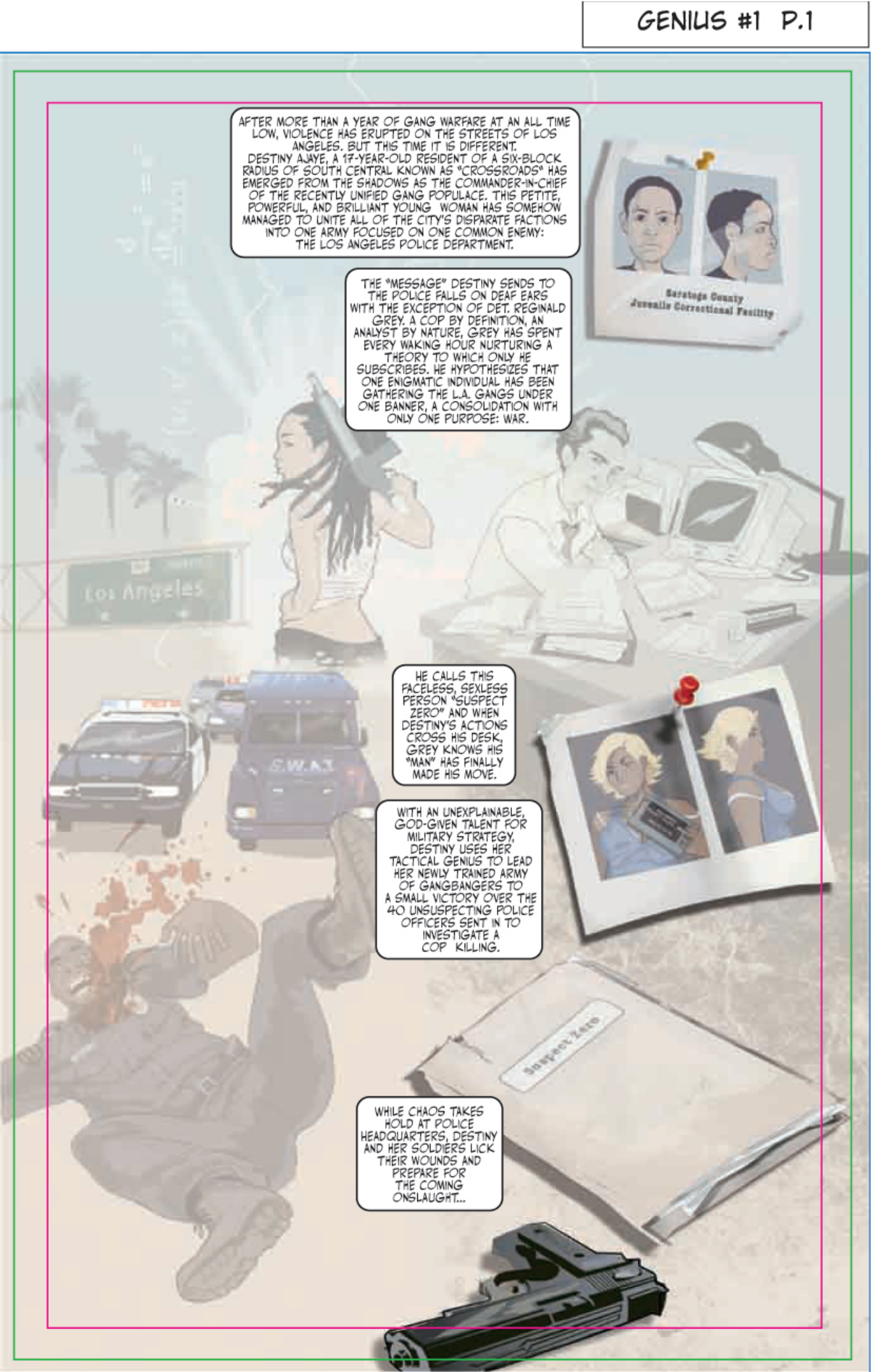


THE "MESSAGE" DESTINY SENDS TO THE POLICE FALLS ON DEAF EARS WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DET. REGINALD GREY. A COP BY DEFINITION, AN ANALYST BY NATURE, GREY HAS SPENT EVERY WAKING HOUR NURTURING A THEORY TO WHICH ONLY HE SUBSCRIBES. HE HYPOTHESIZES THAT ONE ENIGMATIC INDIVIDUAL HAS BEEN GATHERING THE L.A. GANGS UNDER ONE BANNER, A CONSOLIDATION WITH ONLY ONE PURPOSE: WAR.

HE CALLS THIS FACELESS, SEXLESS PERSON "SUSPECT ZERO" AND WHEN DESTINY'S ACTIONS CROSS HIS DESK, GREY KNOWS HIS "MAN" HAS FINALLY MADE HIS MOVE.

WITH AN UNEXPLAINABLE, GOD-GIVEN TALENT FOR MILITARY STRATEGY, DESTINY USES HER TACTICAL GENIUS TO LEAD HER NEWLY TRAINED ARMY OF GANGBANGERS TO A SMALL VICTORY OVER THE 40 UNSUSPECTING POLICE OFFICERS SENT IN TO INVESTIGATE A COP KILLING.

WHILE CHAOS TAKES HOLD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DESTINY AND HER SOLDIERS LICK THEIR WOUNDS AND PREPARE FOR THE COMING ONSLAUGHT...



I JACKED THIS BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY ONCE BY THIS DUDE, SUN TZU.

OL' MAN SAID IF YOU KNOW YOURSELF AND YOU KNOW YOUR ENEMY YOU NEED NOT FEAR BATTLE.

IN OTHER WORDS, THROUGH PREPARATION LOSSES CAN BE REDUCED TO ACCEPTABLE LEVELS.

THE TRICK AIN'T DECIDING WHAT'S ACCEPTABLE...IT'S NOT GIVING A FUCK WHAT YOU LOSE.

NO...NO...  
**NO!**



RESPECT YOUR WEAPON. LAST THING YOU NEED IS SOME DIRTY SHIT BLOWIN' UP IN YOUR FACE, JAMAL.

DESTINY, WHAT'S THE PLAN? WHAT WE DOIN' JUST SITTIN' 'ROUND?



WHILE WE SITTIN' HERE ON OUR ASSES THE COPS ARE GETTIN' THEIR SHIT TOGETHER.

NO ONE IS JUST 'SITTIN' 'ROUND.' THIS IS A MARATHON, NOT A SPRINT. I NEED EVERYONE FRESH AND FROSTY. THIS MIGHT BE THE ONLY BREATH THEY HAVE FOR A WHILE.

THEY GONNA COME BACK HARD. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FO FO GOT PLANNED.

I DO.





GREY!  
GODDAMN IT--  
GREY!



WHETHER THIS "SUSPECT ZERO"  
THEORY OF YOURS IS LEGIT OR NOT,  
YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME DOWN  
THERE. YOU BARELY EVEN QUALIFIED  
ON YOUR WEAPON.

I NEED YOU TO USE THAT  
BIG BRAIN WHERE IT CAN  
DO SOME GOOD.



WHAT DO  
YOU THINK I'M DOING?  
YOU'RE NOT GONNA WIN  
THIS--NO ONE'S GONNA WIN  
THIS--UNLESS WE KNOW  
EXACTLY WHAT AND WHO  
WE'RE DEALING  
WITH.



I HAVE SPENT THE SHITTIER  
PART OF THE LAST 10 YEARS  
BUILDING A CASE FILE ON  
THIS GUY.

WE NEED  
INFORMATION.  
WHO'S GONNA  
GET IT FOR US?  
THESE GUYS?



LET ME DO  
WHAT I DO,  
LOU.  
PLEASE.