

HARSH TIMES

By

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Scene Numbered

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1 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 1

An ARMY RANGER slithers on his belly across sand. Night Vision goggles glow like an owl's eyes. Above the skull bandanna he wears. Skeleton hands printed on his gloves pull him forward, an inch at a time. Stalking prey.

1A EXT. DESERT - OBSERVATION POST - NIGHT 1A

Two SOLDIERS on a hill use nightvision equipment to watch a dirt road below. A distant machinegun CHATTERS.

1B EXT. DESERT - IRAQI TRENCH - NIGHTVISION POV - NIGHT 1B

Just a slit in the earth, forty feet long, three feet deep. A dozen IRAQI SOLDIERS and a dozen FEDAYEEN wait in the dark. They have AKs and grenade launchers. Citizen soldiers, feeling bored and forgotten. Several sleep.

ANGEL ON

The Soldier has slithered to within a few feet of the trench.

1C EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 1C

The Soldier checks his watch -- The secondhand sweeps toward midnite...

At Midnite: The Soldier hits play on his mp3 player...

BLASTING HIS MUSIC. And the assault begins...

A RANGER SQUAD opens fire from a hundred meters away.

1D EXT. DESERT - IRAQI TRENCH - NIGHTVISION POV - NIGHT 1D

Tracers from the squad arc over the trench. Iraqis duck. The Soldier pulls a knife and jumps into the trench. Clubs a sleeping man with his M4. He smashes into the trench. Clubbing, kicking, smashing people aside.

Breaking arms and legs, smashed heads. Surprise. Shock, mayhem.

He works through the militiamen, begins firing his M4, faces and hands flash past. Empties the clip. Draws his pistol.

POP-POP-POP-POP! Kills the last man at the far end of the trench.

2 EXT. MARTA'S HOUSE - INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT 2

JIM DAVIS startles awake, gulping air like a fish. 26, hard, all American looks, he's the soldier we just saw. A beat as he gets his bearings. Lights a smoke, exits the car.

3 EXT. MARTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

3

Jim's car is parked outside raw cinderblock house on a dirt road between the sea and the mountains. Shocking poverty for the uninitiated. An outhouse made of crates. Jim crosses to the door, enters.

4 INT. MARTA'S HOUSE - MORNING

4

A dirt floor. Raw concrete walls. No furniture, just a cardtable and a couple metal folding chairs. MARTA, 21, Jim's beautiful Mexican Indian girlfriend makes tortillas over a wood fired stove. They speak in Spanish.

JIM

I was gonna wake you and say goodbye.

MARTA

You should eat before you go.

Jim sits, checks his watch. Marta pours coffee. Jim stares blankly.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Bad dream?

Jim rubs his eyes, nods: yes. Sips coffee.

JIM

Yeah. Real trippy shit. Gonna quit sleeping. Bad habit laying around with your eyes closed. That's when they get you.

Marta hugs him.

MARTA

I'll protect you. If I could dream your bad dreams for you, I would.

JIM

No you wouldn't.

MARTA

I would. You don't know what I'd do for you.

Jim sees her undying fidelity, REACTS. Marta serves him eggs and tortillas. Jim devours the food.

MARTA (CONT'D)

When are you coming back?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JIM

Mmmm. Don't know. Depends when training starts. Then I won't be back for a while.

Marta REACTS. Done eating, Jim stands.

JIM (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

MARTA

Don't go. Please. Time freezes when you're gone.

Marta hugs him, clinging.

JIM

They pay me when I start the academy. I'll have the money we need. The first weekend off, I'll come down and we'll see the judge and sign papers and get your visa get you over the border and be together forever.

MARTA

This lifetime is enough for me.

They kiss. She's already crying...

5 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING

5

Sunlight explodes against glass and steel. Another hot summer day.

6 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - MORNING

6

In the lush hills of Echo Park. Jim's sedan parks along the curb. He steps out in a smart suit and tie.

7 INT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

7

A great view of the railyards and L.A. River. Mexican knick-knacks give it a Chicano hipster feel. SYLVIA, 26, a luscious Latina in an Anne Klein business suit files papers into her briefcase.

Jim KNOCKS at the kitchen door. She answers the door. Jim enters. Sylvia frowns, coldly returns to her papers.

JIM

Wassup, Sylvia? Cute little outfit. You look nice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SYLVIA

Mike's in the bedroom.

JIM

I said you look nice.

SYLVIA

I have a court appearance, Jim.

JIM

Well, you just give 'em hell.

(thumbs his lapels)

Spiffy duds, huh?

SYLVIA

You look like a gift wrapped-turd.

Please leave me alone. I have to
concentrate. I have two filings and
a deposition today.

MIKE, 25, Jim's best friend, a charming confident Chicano,
exits the bedroom. Easygoing and good at heart, Mike looks
like a million in a new dark wool suit.

JIM

You gotta keep your woman in check.
She hurt my feelings.

MIKE

Play nice, kids.

Mike shakes with Jim.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wassup, dog?

JIM

Nothing, dude. Just got back.

MIKE

How was Mexico?

JIM

It was a dream. Loving my woman.

Jim caresses Marta's ghost.

SYLVIA

That's it. I'm outta here.

She grabs her briefcase, she gives Mike a stack of papers.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Those're copies of your resume.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Pass them out like candy. I can
print up more. Anything happens,
let me know.

(hugs Mike)

No drinking.

MIKE

Don't sweat it, baby.

SYLVIA

I'm serious. No drinking. Love
you. Good luck.

(to Jim)

Your suit's fine. Okay?

Sylvia exits in a rush. Jim gives Mike a hurt look.

JIM

Dude. She called me a gift-wrapped
turd.

MIKE

Don't be fuckin' with her. She's
pissed.

JIM

I wasn't fuckin' with her. Just
complimenting her fashion sense.
Why's she on the warpath?

MIKE

I didn't look for work yesterday. I
sold some of her CD's. Bought a
couple forties and a pack of GPC's.
Caught a buzz and watched my Chicago
versus the Lakers tapes.

JIM

Hah! That's on you, homie. We didn't
even hang yesterday. I was out of
the country.

MIKE

So. My old lady still thinks it's
your fault. Let's get the fuck outta
here. Find my ass some employment.
It's cool driving me around?

JIM

Yeah, dude. It's coolness. Don't
trip. Lemme hit the academy first
and take care of my business.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MIKE

You gotta see the man.

JIM

Yep. Cause I'm gonna be the man.

8 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - MORNING 8

They look like detectives in Jim's conservative sedan, their suits. Cruising down Sunset. OLDIES on the radio.

- JIM

Slick threads, jobseeker. Whose coffin you jack?

MIKE

Your mom's.

Jim grabs a bag from the back.

JIM

Here, asshole.

MIKE

What's this?

Jim pulls out a sixer of beer.

JIM

Breakfast.

MIKE

No pisto for me. You heard the woman.
Today's a no-pounding day.

JIM

Good... More for me.

Jim cracks a beer. Mike hesitates. Gives in. Cracks one too. They CLINK cans.

JIM/MIKE

Salud.

JIM

Hope they put me in the next class,
or I'm fucked. Can't pay my rent.
My landlady's about to pull a gauge
on my ass.

MIKE

What the fuck happened to all the
money you saved in the Army? That
tax free shit.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Damn, bro. This fuckin' ride cleaned me out and I guess we drank up the rest.

MIKE

Dumbass. Cops better start paying you. You spend enough time with 'em.

JIM

No shit. They better start kicking me down some paychecks. Got me hopping through hoops. Take a test. Come back in two weeks. Another test. Another two weeks. Fuck.

MIKE

If shit gets real, you'll be hatin' life. Partytime will be over.

JIM

Dude, you don't know how much I'm looking forward to this shit. I'll be super recruit. The classwork: fuckin' easy. I'll jog through Elysian Park all day with a smile. Pistol range: I can put 'em in the ten ring with my eyes closed. I was jumping out of choppers in the mountains taking down hard motherfuckers. I'll be laughin' my way through LAPD's reindeer games. They're gonna love me.

MIKE

And you're gonna love them.

JIM

Fuck you. I'm gonna love my old lady. Gonna marry homegirl and import her ass.

MIKE

What about all the honies you were gonna pimp with your badge?

JIM

I've been thinkin'. Love's about sacrifice. The only true measure of it. What would you do for Sylvia?

MIKE

Shit. Get a job. Nine to fuckin' five.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

JIM

Yeah, that's love. But, dude,
homegirl makes bank. What's this
job shit? Now she's all corporate.
- She used to be down for your ass.

MIKE

She is down for my ass. I'm twenty
fuckin' six. She just wants me to
get my shit together before I hit
the third floor. I can't be hanging
out all the time. -

JIM

No shit. Gimme another beer.

9 EXT. LAPD ACADEMY - MORNING

9

A sprawl of comfortable old buildings in Elysian Park. Jim's
Ford is parked on the street outside, blends with the unmarked
cars. Mike, in front, sips beer, circles want ads.

Jim exits the main gate with an envelope in hand. He runs
to his car, hops in, startling Mike.

10 EXT. LAPD ACADEMY - INT. JIM'S FORD - MORNING

10

Mike looks up from his newspaper.

MIKE

That was quick.

JIM

Just had to pick up my acceptance
letter so City Services can get me
on payroll. How's your loser's game
going? There's no fuckin' jobs out
there.

MIKE

(re: his want ads)

Fuck you. There's a bunch'a cool
shit in here.

JIM

Be a cop. I'm telling you, they'll
take anyone right now. Even a shitbag
like you. Ready to be a man and
stand tall in LAPD blue?

MIKE

No thanks. When I need taxpayer
money I'll get foodstamps.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JIM

Fuck you... Lemme get a pisto, sir.

Mike gives Jim a beer. Jim starts the car, pulls out.

11 EXT. LAPD ACADEMY - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - MORNING 11

Jim opens the envelope. Reads the letter inside as he drives.

MIKE

Well? When do you officially hand
your ass to the man?

From Jim's reaction, we know everything has just gone wrong.

JIM

Shit...

MIKE

Dude, what's up?

JIM

I've only had two beers, right?

MIKE

Yeah...

Jim pulls the car over. Sits re-reading the letter.

JIM

Must be going blind or something.

This letter says, okay quoting: "no longer eligible as a
police officer candidate." What the fuck does that mean?

MIKE

C'mon dude, "No longer eligible."
What's that sound like?

JIM

Oh, no.

MIKE

They pulled the plug.

JIM

I'm fucked. I bet it's 'cause I'm
white.

MIKE

I bet it's cause you're a dick.

JIM

I'm fucked. I gotta get married.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

INS won't let me bring Marta across
unless I got employment.

Jim stops at a light, tosses the letter out the window--
starts punching the hell out of the dash.

JIM (CONT'D)

Motherfuckin' bullshit! Assholes!
What the fuck's their problem! I
was fuckin' in there. Typical cop
headgame bullshit!

MIKE

Yo, fucking chill Magilla Gorilla.

A BUSINESSMAN in an adjacent car stares. Jim glowers.

JIM

The fuck you looking at, asshole?

The Businessman still stares. Jim throws a beer can against
his windshield, opens his door and gets out.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll kick your teeth down your fuckin'
puke-hole, jerkoff!

Mike grabs Jim's arm, pulls him back inside.

MIKE

Hey kick back, fuckhead. Light's
green.

The Businessman speeds off. Jim drives away. Mike hands
him a beer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're gonna catch a case doing that
shit. Fuckin' chill, dude. Fuck
the LAPD. What's up with Pomona and
Santa Ana and Pasadena and all that?

JIM

Fuck the stix. L.A. City's the shit.

MIKE

Sheriff's Department, dude. Hey,
it's still basically L.A.

JIM

Yeah, huh? First two years they
make you work the jails. I could be
cracking heads up at the Honor Ranch.
I'm gonna call 'em. Start testing.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

MIKE

Don't sweat this shit. A minor setback. Quit tripping.

JIM

No shit.

(beat, sighs)

Know what I wanna do?

MIKE

What?

JIM

I wanna get fucked up.

MIKE

Me too. But I gotta find a job and placate my baby. You know?

JIM

Everything's E-mail. Just E-mail that shit later.

MIKE

Let's just handle the resumes and have a beer later.

JIM

What? Sylvia's gonna kick your ass?

A beat.

MIKE

Fuck it. Let's get shitfaced.

12 INT. ECHO PARK LIQUOR STORE - DAY

12

Jim sets two forties in front of the Korean CLERK. Mike checks out a porno.

MIKE

Lemme get some singles too, please.

CLERK

No sell single cigarette.

MIKE

C'mon, dude. You've sold 'em to me before. Quarter each.

Mike puts two quarters on the counter.

CLERK

Sorry. You buy whole pack.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MIKE

Be cool, dude. If I buy a whole pack I'm gonna smoke it. I just wanna couple smokes with my beer.

CLERK

No sell single cigarette. City give me fifteen hundred dollar ticket. No more.

Jim grabs a pack off a display. Opens it and grabs four cigarettes. He tosses two quarters and the rest of the pack on the counter.

JIM

Thanks, asshole -- Let's go, dude.

Jim grabs the forties and exits. Mike follows.

13 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

13

Mike cracks a forty, fills two styrofoam cups. Jim hands Mike a smoke. Mike hands him a cup beer.

JIM/MIKE

Thank you, sir.

MIKE

That chino looked pissed.

JIM

I hate that shit. Fuckin' chino lookin' at us like we're gonna bust him.

MIKE

Dude, c'mon. We're wearing suits, we totally look like cops. He's just being cautious. Said he got fined for that shit.

JIM

No shit, huh?

MIKE

Dumbass. Here, have some more nerve tonic.

Mike pours beer for Jim.

JIM

(re: the beer and smokes)

Well, we got pisto, we got frajos. Only one thing missing...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MIKE

Some bitches?

JIM

Oh, yeah. But besides bitches.

MIKE

Yesca.

JIM

Bingo. I need to feel some reefer madness.

MIKE

Sure you wanna score bud? You haven't smoked out since forever.

JIM

I said I wanna get fucked up. Fuck this purity bullshit.

MIKE

Yeah, fuck purity.

Mike takes a final drag off his cigarette--

MIKE (CONT'D)

That was good. Like a chicken dinner.

--and flicks it out the window.

14 EXT. PICO BOULEVARD SIDESTREET - DAY

14

Jim's car rolls through the Salvadoran neighborhood. Turns on a sidestreet. Parks. So they watch...

A CHOLO down the block grab a baggie from his stash and cross to a BMW.

15 EXT. PICO BOULEVARD SIDESTREET - INT. JIM'S FORD - DAY

15

The BMW departs. A Navigator takes its place. The Cholo flirts with the blonde female DRIVER.

MIKE

That fool's slangin'. Wanna get a dime?

Jim pulls out. He stops in front of the alley.

JIM

Naw, I want it all. Do up his stash, homie.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MIKE darts out of the car. Finds the Cholo's selling-stash wrapped in newspaper. Mike grabs it, returns to the car and hops in. The Cholo realizes what happened...

16 EXT. PICO BOULEVARD - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

16

Mike SLAMS his door as Jim PEELS out of there. The Cholo pulls a screwdriver and chases Jim's car.

CHOLO

Pinchi putos!

Jim leaves him in the dust. They laugh, slap hands, tap fists.

JIM

Outstanding. That shit was slick!

MIKE

That motherfucker just got schooled.

Mike opens the newspaper -- a dozen baggies of pot inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lookit that. A nice haul.

Mike sniffs a baggie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Not laced, either.

JIM

Good. 'Cause we just burned my car.
We go back there, we're gonna get shot.

MIKE

No shit. Bust that light. The homies
might block the street with a G-Ride
and peel our caps.

Jim runs a yellow. They make it to the safety of a wide boulevard.

JIM

Roll that shit up.

Mike waves his stack of resumes.

MIKE

Let's drop some off then smoke-out.

Jim grabs the resumes -- tosses them out the window.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JIM

They're dropped off. Mission accomplished.

Mike watches his resumes flutter in the boulevard traffic.

MIKE

You fuckin' asshole! I gotta get a job!

JIM

Mike. It's your first day looking. No one ever gets a job the first day they look. Don't sweat it.

Mike thinks about it, realizes Jim is right.

MIKE

Then I can't fuck around tomorrow. Gotta get a job for sure.

Jim waves a baggie in his face.

JIM

This is your job. Now act like a fuckin' professional and spark up the goods. We gotta lot of work to put in.

17 EXT. DOWNTOWN OVERPASS - INT. JIM'S FORD - DAY

17

Parked under a downtown overpass. Jim and Mike smoke from a beer can pipe. Jim takes a final hit, tosses the can out the window. Exhales.

JIM

There it is. That magic feeling.

MIKE

I'm fuckin' buzzed.

Jim starts the car.

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

18

They cruise along, enjoying their heads and the tough world sliding past their windows.

Mike sees a beautiful WOMAN drinking on the corner.

MIKE

Goddamn! You see that bitch!

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Fuck yeah. She is fuckin' good.
What's a fine broad like that doin'
on the corner drinking malt liquor?

MIKE

She's sellin' ass. Tired of gettin'
raped. Might as well get paid.

JIM

No shit. Bet she's got skills... I
wanna get laid.

MIKE

You just saw your woman.

JIM

Only hit it once. We can't go nowhere
alone. They got me sleeping in the
car.

MIKE

Family's got that ass under guard,
huh?

JIM

Lock and key. I gotta get laid.
Pay a visit to my harem.

MIKE

Online, pornmeister.

JIM

Uh-huh. Let's go to Letty's pad.
How much you wanna bet I hit it?

MIKE

You won't.

JIM

How much you wanna bet?

MIKE

I don't wanna go to her pad.

JIM

C'mon dude. You can get fucked up
in her living room while I take care
of business.

MIKE

She won't give you shit. You big-
time fucked her over.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

JIM

What? I popped that pooda-hey. I got that mind control. How much you wanna bet I get back up in it? Twenty bucks?

MIKE

You don't have twenty bucks.

JIM

So? Neither do you. C'mon, shake on that shit.

They shake.

MIKE

Fuck it. Let's go. Might as well pay me right now.

19 EXT. LETTY'S HOUSE / INT. JIM'S FORD - DAY

19

In SOUTH CENTRAL, Downtown visible in B.G. Jim parks along the curb, grabs rubbers from the glovebox.

MIKE

I'll wait here. This'll be quick.

JIM

How's it feel payin' me to get laid?

MIKE

We'll see. What if Patty's home?

JIM

I'll fuck her too.

MIKE

Uh-huh. Just hurry the fuck up.

Jim exits the car.

20 EXT. LETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

20

Jim crosses to a house, KNOCKS. A beat. PATTY, 21, a pretty Latina with severe make-up answers. She REACTS, not happy to see Jim.

JIM

Wassup, Patty? Y tu hermana?

PATTY

She ain't here. Hey, sabes que?
You're not welcome in this house.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Patty closes the door. Jim blocks it with his foot, squeezes inside.

21 INT. LETTY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

A traditional Mexican vibe, modest and clean. Patty glares at Jim. He just smiles.

JIM

Sure, Patty. I'd love to come in.
Thank you.

LETTY(O.S.)

Are they here?

LETTY, 19, even prettier than Patty enters the living room. She REACTS, stunned, when she SEES Jim.

JIM

(ice)
Is who here?

LETTY

Oh, dang. You better get outta here.

JIM

Wussup, morenita? You're looking
bien buena.

Letty crosses to the door to show him out. Jim grabs her shoulders, she twists away.

LETTY

Don't touch me. Please.

Jim plunks down on the couch.

JIM

Why you trippin'? Just came by to
see you.

(to Patty)

Go grab me a pisto.

PATTY

I ain't grabbing you shit.

JIM

Still got a mouth, huh? Maybe someday
you'll learn to keep it shut.

PATTY

Later. I'm going to my room.

(to Letty)

You know you have to run his ass
outta here.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Patty huffs into an adjacent bedroom, SLAMS the door.

JIM

(sotto)
... bitch...

Letty stands there, arms crossed.

LETTY

You a cop yet?

JIM

Working on it. Y tu, que andas
haciendo?

LETTY

Going to L.A. Trade Tech. Taking
business administration.

JIM

It's good you're doing positive shit.
I think a lot about you and I'm glad
you're doing well.

Letty motions for him to stand. Jim does, puts his arms
around her. He tries to kiss her, she turns away.

JIM (CONT'D)

After everything, I can't get a kiss?

LETTY

It's because of everything you can't
get a kiss.

Again Jim tries to kiss her.

LETTY (CONT'D)

Don't. I gotta boyfriend.

He lets go.

JIM

Who?

LETTY

Flaco.

JIM

What? You're back with that piece
of shit? Are you fuckin' stupid?

LETTY

He's changed. He quit gang banging.
He's working. He wants to get
married.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

JIM
You ain't fuckin' him, are you?

LETTY
Yep. So go 'cause there's nothing
here for you, Jim. See?

She lifts the hair to reveal FLACO tattooed on the back of
her neck. Jim REACTS.

JIM
I can't believe this shit.

22 EXT. LETTY'S STREET - DAY

22

Mike reading the sportspage in Jim's car, REACTS.

WHAT MIKE SEES

A gangsterized Olds Cutlass parks in front of Letty's house.
Three CHOLOS and a CHOLA get out. Shaved heads. Tats.

SCENE

MIKE
Aw, shit.

Mike reaches for the tire iron under his seat.

23 INT. LETTY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

23

Through the window, Letty SEES the Cholos are crossing to
her house.

LETTY
You gotta go, Flaco's here!

Jim SEES FLACO, a skinny, wiry gangster with a 12-pack under
his arm.

JIM
Hah! He's still a zero-head piece'a
shit.

Letty grabs Jim's arm and pulls.

LETTY
Go! Go! Go out the back.

JIM
Lemme talk to that fool.

LETTY
Jim. Don't be stupid. Largate.
Go. Please?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Jim grabs her face and kisses her.

JIM

Guess it's later days.

24 INT. LETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DAY

24

Jim runs back into the kitchen. Letty follows. Opens the back door for him.

LETTY

Apurate! Through the neighbor's yard.

25 INT. LETTY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

25

Patty exits her room with a devilish grin...

26 EXT. LETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

26

Patty flings open the front door and points.

PATTY

Flaco! The pinchi güero's here!
Alli va through the back! Andale,
go fuck him up!

27 EXT. LETTY'S STREET - DAY

27

The three Cholos trade looks and run to the neighbor's yard.

28 EXT. LETTY'S STREET - SIDE OF NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Jim runs alongside Letty's Neighbor's house. He vaults a fence into the neighbor's front yard.

29 EXT. LETTY'S STREET / EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

29

Jim finds himself surrounded by pissed off homeboys. Flaco gets in his face, Cholos 1 & 2 move to his sides. The Chola hangs back, a boxcutter in her hand.

FLACO

I know who you are, fool. It's you
got taxed, whiteboy.

JIM

Fuck you, puto. I'm gonna bust you
out like I did your bitch--

CRACK! Cholo 1's fist slams into Jim's ear.

Patty and Letty watching from their porch. Patty smiles.
Letty doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

LETTY

Leave him alone!

Jim hits Flaco's jaw, knocking him back.

Mike leaps from the car with the bumperjack as the three Cholos kick and punch at Jim.

Jim skillfully blocking their kicks and blows.

MIKE

Get the fuck off him!

JIM

Pop the trunk so I can handle this shit!

The Chola joins the fight. Swipes at Jim. He kicks the boxcutter from her hand.

Mike runs to the car's trunk...

Flaco's a boxer, Jim focuses on his fists...

The Chola smashes her palm into Jim's nose, draws blood.

JIM (CONT'D)

Bitch, I'll kick your ass like a man.

CRACK! He slugs her jaw. She goes down.

Mike pops the trunk, pulls a Colt .45 from under the spare.

Somehow Jim is still on his feet. He breaks free and runs. The Cholos on his heels.

MIKE

Jim!

Mike throws the gun...

Into Jim's hands, who spins, falls on his back...

POP-POP-POP! Jim puts three over his pursuers' heads.

The Cholos stop dead in their tracks. Not wanting to test Jim and his handcannon.

JIM

Turn around and get on your fuckin' knees right now! Do it now unless you want your brains hanging out. Interlock your fingers behind your heads.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

The Cholos have no choice but to assume the position.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yo, Mike! Do up their ride!

Jim swings his gun on the Chola, who is about to stand...

JIM (CONT'D)

Freeze, bitch. Or I might take that fat ass of yours home and hit it for a minute.

Jim steps up to Flaco, gets him in a thumblock. He moves like he's handled many prisoners. Searches him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Relax, homie. Just gonna get your pockets.

Mike SMASHES one of the Cutlass' windows with the tire iron and opens the door.

Jim turning out Flaco's pockets with his free hand, dropping whatever he finds down his shirt.

JIM (CONT'D)

Eh, Flaco. This ain't personal. If it was, I would'a smoked you and your dogs. My shit gets sick. Hear me, Buster Brown?

FLACO

You're fuckin' dead, whiteboy. Gonna hang you by your balls.

CRACK! Jim splits Flaco's shaved scalp with the gunbutt. Blood drips on his wifebeater.

JIM

(as a surfer)

Uh, like sorry, dude.

Patty and Letty watch in shock from their porch.

LETTY

Leave him alone!

Jim finds Flaco's wallet, PICTURES of his family inside.

JIM

Now I know your address and your family's faces, fool.

Jim drops the wallet down his shirt. Moves on, thumblocks Cholo 1, dumps his pockets.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

ON MIKE

Searching the Cutlass.

ON JIM

Dumps Cholo 2's pockets. Admires his shoes.

JIM (CONT'D)

Those are bad-ass kicks, dog. Lucky
you got little bitch feet or I'd be
stomping around in them motherfuckers.

Jim kicks Flaco to the ground, backs up to his car, gun still
on the homeboys. Jim SLAMS his trunk.

JIM (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Yo, let's bail.

Mike exits the Cutlass with a heavy fast food bag. Jim and
Mike jump in the Crown Vic. Jim waves.

JIM (CONT'D)

Later, Patty! Hope you're not
pregnant. You wanted me to blow in
you.

MIKE

(waves)

Hi, Letty!

Tires SCREECH and they are gone. Patty fumes. Letty runs
inside, crying.

Flaco and his homies run to the Cutlass. Only to find a
hopelessly smashed ignition.

30 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY 30

Mike holds the newspaper like he's reading. Jim watches the
rearview mirror.

MIKE

Slow up. Their ride ain't goin'
nowhere.

JIM

How do you know?

MIKE

I smashed the ignition.

Jim smiles, they look at each other, SLAP hands.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MIKE/JIM

Yeah! We fucked them up!

They catch themselves. Try to look innocent.

MIKE

(into his paper)

Be cool 'til we're outta the hood.

JIM

Pray the Man don't sniff our ass.

WHOOOP! A police siren. Jim REACTS to a POLICE CAR behind them. From out of nowhere. Closing fast...

Mike and Jim REACT.

The Cop Car sails right past. SCREECHES a stop by an alley. Where two more Cops have guns drawn on some GANGSTERS that were hanging out in an alley:

Jim pulls onto Slauson. They are free and clear, Jim and Mike trade grins.

31 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

31

Jim's car parked on the side of the road. Downtown LA looms in the background.

32 EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - INT. JIM'S FORD - DAY

32

Mike fills their cups. They toast.

JIM/MIKE

Salud.

They down the beer. Light cigarettes.

MIKE

You okay dude? They were fucking you up pretty bad.

JIM

Yeah. I'm gonna be hurting tomorrow. Got an uppercut in the breadbasket. Almost lost my ham and eggs.

MIKE

Homegirl tagged you. How's your sniffer?

Jim wipes his nose with his wrist, SEES blood.

JIM

Aw, man.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

You were scared, huh?

JIM

I wasn't scared, dude. They could fight but they couldn't hit hard. I kept pounding their chests to fuck their wind up.

MIKE

You were flailing.

JIM

No, I wasn't. I had timing and grace.

MIKE

Bullshit. You looked like a pinwheel in a hurricane. All scared.

JIM

Nuh-uh. I was scared of popping Flaco's big fat head.

MIKE

Kick back, killer. I'm talking about when all you had was your fists.

JIM

What? I was fuckin' them up with Ali's feet, Holyfield's hands and Tyson's power rolled in one.

MIKE

All in one fantasy. Divvy up the bounty. I know you got some cash.

Jim untucks his shirt, dumps his loot on the seat.

There's Flaco's wallet, two wadded twenties, some keys. A magic marker. A lot of change.

JIM

I know I got more than that. Wait. There we go.

He fishes out two more bills. Measly singles.

JIM (CONT'D)

Shit.

Mike opens Flaco's wallet -- Condoms fall out.

JIM (CONT'D)

That's my pussy she's giving away.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

No wonder. Homeboy uses Magnums.

Mike counts the money. Hands Jim his share of the bills and coins. Jim counts.

JIM

Man. That's it?

MIKE

Next time, jack someone with a job.

JIM

Fuck you. What'd you get? Their lunch?

MIKE

No, sir. Check it out.

Mike hands the fast food bag to Jim, whose face lights up when he feels its heft.

JIM

Holy fuckin' shit. You're kidding.

Jim looks around, dumps two handguns into his lap, he grabs one, checks the chamber -- it's loaded.

JIM (CONT'D)

Sig Sauer P-two-twenty nine millimeter. Fourteen plus one in the chamber. Good fuckin' gun. Durable. Looks brand new.

Jim inspects the other pistol, frowns, tosses it to Mike.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's a fuckin' B.B. gun.

MIKE

Cool.

Jim offers Mike the Sig.

JIM

There you go, dog. 'Bout time you got a cohete.

MIKE

No, thanks. I don't want it.

JIM

Why the fuck not?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I'll use it.

JIM

Good reason. Sell it.

MIKE

How much can I get for it?

JIM

Two bills. Maybe three. Costs six new.

MIKE

We'll sell it and split the greenery.

JIM

You sure?

MIKE

Fifty-fifty, dude. It's cool.

They shake. Jim tucks the Sig under his seat. Mike waves around the B.B. gun.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm keeping this. Shoot some birds.

JIM

Put that shit away. Looks real as hell.

Mike tucks it under his seat.

MIKE

Not a bad day's work.

JIM

No shit.

(suddenly serious)

Hey, dude, that shit back there wasn't cool. Got way out of hand.

MIKE

Shut up. If you hadn't boned Patty, none of this would'a happened.

JIM

(grins)

No shit, huh? And I'd still be all up in Letty. Fuck it, Patty's tasty. She was mami-licious.

They LAUGH. SLAP hands.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

MIKE

That's what it's all about, sir.

Mike holds out his palm.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Getting down to business: I know you didn't get any. Pay up motherfucker.

Jim reaches in his pocket. Tosses a twenty in Mike's face.

JIM

Dick...

MIKE

I'll get the beer, dude.

JIM

I know you will.

33 INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

33

Empty beers everywhere. A weight bench in the corner. Punching bag. Jim and Mike drink beer on the couch, pass a joint. Jim is on the phone, want ads on his knees.

JIM

(fake voice)

This message is for Miguel Alvarez. This is Bob Luell at The Med-Legal Group. We've had a chance to review your resume and would like to schedule an interview for later this week. Please call me back at your earliest convenience. Thank you.

Jim hangs up. Looks over the ads.

JIM (CONT'D)

One more. This is fun.

MIKE

She's gonna get suspicious if I get too many callbacks.

JIM

Sylvia's gonna be kissin' your ass.

MIKE

Not if she recognizes your voice.

JIM

She won't.

(cracks Mike a beer)

Here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I'm cool. Gotta get home before the little woman and sober up.

JIM

Aw, c'mon. One more brew, homie. You had a productive day in the ruthless job market. With three callbacks, your chick will take you out to dinner and buy you a sixpack.

MIKE

Alright.

(takes the beer)

But I gotta look for a job tomorrow for sure. I can't be gettin' fucked up behind Sylvia's back when I'm supposed to be findin' work. That's not cool.

JIM

No. Tomorrow for sure. I need a job too.

The phone RINGS. Jim answers.

JIM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

Speaking.

Jim REACTS, stands quickly and turns off the T.V.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yessir. I've also applied to several local departments.

(beat)

Yessir, that's correct. Six years, honorably discharged.

(beat)

Yessir, I'd love too. Believe me, I'd welcome the opportunity, sir.

(beat)

The Federal Building downtown?

Yessir. I know where it is.

(beat)

Tomorrow's no problem, sir. Ten O'clock in the morning? I'll be there, sir.

(beat)

Thank you, sir. You have a good day too. Goodbye.

Jim hangs up. Stands there a stunned beat.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

That was the Man, huh? You were all
sir, sir, sir.

Jim drops to his knees in relief.

JIM

Yes! Yes! Yes! Thank you, God!

MIKE

Who the fuck was it!

JIM

It was the Man, bro. The Federal
Man. I'm going Federal! Department
of Homeland Security wants me to
come in tomorrow and start testing.

MIKE

Fuckin-A, my brother. That is
righteous.

Mike jumps up. They SLAP hands, hug.

JIM

I'm feddin' out! A federal law
enforcement officer.

MIKE

My best friend a fed.

JIM

Protecting the homeland. I can't
believe they called. It's on, homie.
Tomorrow.

MIKE

What'cha gotta do?

JIM

Get piss-tested. If I'm cool, I'm
in the house. I got the callback.
The rest is easy. Me, a fuckin'
fed.

Mike points at the joint in Jim's hand. Jim deflates.

JIM (CONT'D)

Aw, shit...

MIKE

Dude, you fucked up.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Yeah, I fucked up. They don't fuck around. They find one dope molecule, I'm done. Plus they'll fuckin' burn me with every law enforcement outfit in the country. Shit.

Jim growing increasingly distressed.

MIKE

Yo. Relax. Tripping out won't solve shit. There's a way outta every situation.

JIM

Yeah, I'm gonna do what I gotta do. I'll be cool. I'll pass that shit.

MIKE

I know you will, man. Yo, I gotta jam, homie. The woman. I wanna beat her home and get the dishes done.

JIM

Yeah, cool. Wanna borrow my ride tomorrow and find work?

MIKE

Sure.

JIM

Alright, later homie. I'll cruise through at nine.

They SLAP hands.

MIKE

Later, loco.

Mike exits. Jim looks at the joint in the ashtray in disgust. Jim is all alone. And that bothers him.

34 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - MORNING

34

A bright new L.A. day. Jim's car pulls up to Mike's house. He gets out looking sharp in his best suit. He crosses to the front door. Hesitantly KNOCKS. The door swings open by itself. Jim enters, on eggshells.

35 INT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

35

Jim finds Sylvia, looking good for work, shoveling scrambled eggs onto Mike's plate.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Hey, Jim. Want some coffee?

To Jim's relief, she's in a great mood.

JIM

Sure.

SYLVIA

Want some eggs? There's extra.

JIM

Yes, ma'am. Please.

Jim takes a seat by Mike. They tap fists.

MIKE

'Sup, dog?

Sylvia sets a plate before Jim.

SYLVIA

I heard about the LAPD. I'm really sorry. I thought they guaranteed you a job.

JIM

Me too.

SYLVIA

Maybe it wasn't meant to be. That you should be a cop.

Jim gives her a look. She reaches over and feels his lapel.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Wow. Never seen you in this. You gonna look for work with Mike?

JIM

No. It's for special occasions.

SYLVIA

Today's special?

MIKE

Tell her what's up already.

JIM

I applied to all the federal law enforcement agencies. ATF, Border Patrol; ICE, Homeland security, all of them.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Right.

JIM

DEA's interested in me. They want me to come in today and start testing.

SYLVIA

That's great, how sure is this?

JIM

Gotta urinalysis today.- If I pass I'll be a Special Agent Candidate. I could be outta here and training in Glynco Georgia next month.

SYLVIA

Don't believe anything until it's in writing. But that's great. See, everything happens for a reason. You haven't been smoking-out, have you?

JIM

No. I chilled on that shit a while back.

She pours him coffee.

SYLVIA

Good. Thanks for driving Mike around yesterday.

MIKE

Yeah, bro. Three callbacks.

JIM

Good. We dropped off enough resumes.

Mike holds up a fresh stack, grins.

MIKE

Got more.

SYLVIA

You have to keep trying until something's for sure. Finding a job is a job. I gotta go, guys.

She hugs and kisses Mike. Hands him a ten from her purse.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Here's some lunch money. Good luck, hon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

And good luck with your pee test,
Jim. Hope you studied.

JIM

I'm gonna cram for it.

Sylvia grabs her briefcase, rushes out the door. Mike displays the ten spot like a trophy. Jim is floored.

JIM (CONT'D)

Man, that's freaky. She is in a
good mood. Breakfast and beer money.

Mike stands, crosses to the fridge. Pulls out four beers.

MIKE

You were right. She heard the
messages and got me a sixer. I
slammed two last night.

JIM

Out-fucking-standing. Now we know
beer is just a phone call away.

MIKE

We talked shit out last night. All
she wants is for me to get a job. I
shouldn't be playing her like that.

JIM

You had a good job with that web
design shit.

MIKE

Had. Had, dude. All that shit's in
India now.

(offers Jim a beer)

Cold one?

JIM

Later. Got any vinegar?

MIKE

Vinegar? What for?

Mike pulls a bottle from the cupboard. Tosses it to Jim.
Who uncaps it and takes a long pull.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ughh. Sick. Why'd you do that?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

JIM

Shuts down the 'ol kidneys. C'mon
let's roll. I'm gonna be late.

Jim and Mike head out the door.

36 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - INT. JIM'S FORD - MORNING

36

Jim's Crown Vic idles by the curb outside the Federal Building
in Downtown L.A.

JIM

Grab me that bag, dude.

Mike hands Jim a plastic bag. Jim takes out a turkey baster
and a bottle of Clear Eyes saline solution. Jim loads the
baster with saline.

JIM (CONT'D)

Little trick I learned in the service.

Mike buries his nose in the morning paper...

MIKE

You're sick, dude. I can't believe
you're gonna stick a turkey baster
in your dick.

JIM

Me neither.

Jim looks around -- all clear -- unzips his fly, and forces
the saline into his bladder. Agony.

JIM (CONT'D)

... quit looking, faggot...

MIKE

You wish.

JIM

Ow, fuck! Fucking son-of-a-bitch!
Motherfucker...! Shit fucking burns.

Jim zips up. Lays his head on the steering wheel. Then
composes himself, wipes tears from his eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)

That was... unpleasant.

Jim exits the car. Mike slides into the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll hit you on the cellie when I'm done. Guns're under the seat so watch out for the pigs. Go find a job, bro.

MIKE

Later dude, good luck.

They tap fists. Mike pulls into traffic.

37 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING

37

Jim crosses, looking every bit the Fed he wants to be.

38 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

38

Jim sits with five clean-cut WANNABES, waiting quietly. Jim is antsy. He turns to the GEEK next to him.

JIM

I wanna get this shit over with. My teeth are floating.

The GEEK is a statue. Jim notes his shiny black shoes.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get those in the military? I was a Ranger.

No response.

JIM (CONT'D)

Your mom still suck a mean dick?

The Geek shoots him an outraged look. About to sock Jim. Who just grins.

JIM (CONT'D)

Got'cha. Shouldn't ignore people.

The door opens. AGENT RICHARDS, a heavysset, likeable career veteran. He enters with a stack of forms and a box of specimen bottles.

RICHARDS

I have everyone's consent to urinalysis form signed and dated. Am I right?

Ad lib "yes, sirs".

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Time for the easiest test the Homeland Security will ever give you; the wizz quiz. Everyone stand up. Roll up both shirt-sleeves past the elbow. Remove all gloves, rings, watches, bracelets, jewelry, band aids and bandages. All I wanna see is bare hands and forearms. Wiggle your fingers. Lemme see the backs of your hands.

He quickly inspects everyone.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Looks good. Follow me in a single file line. Again, people. No talking.

39 INT. DOWNTOWN LAW OFFICES - DAY

39

An upscale law firm. The RECEPTIONIST looks up from her romance novel. Mike stands there with an application he has just completed. She reaches for the form.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you. You know the position has been filled.

MIKE

Why didn't you tell me that first?

Mike pockets the application.

RECEPTIONIST

Keep it. Human Resources just wants some applications with Mexican names for the files. Equal opportunity or something.

The Receptionist returns to her novel. Mike stares at her angrily. He realizes it's not worth it and walks away.

40 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

40

Richards inside a restroom watching a Wannabe urinate into a bottle. The Geek is next in line. Jim fidgets behind him.

RICHARDS

Move your hand, son. Gotta see the piss stream go from your dickhead into the bottle. When it's full, set it on the urinal, step up, and finish your business.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Now cap the bottle tightly. Wipe
off any droplets with the papertowl
and place the bottle in the box.

A relieved Wannabe exits.

RICHARDS (CONT'D)

Next!

Jim shoves the Geek aside.

41 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - RESTROOM - DAY

41

Jim enters. Richards sits at a cardtable with forms and
bottles.

RICHARDS

Name?

JIM

Davis, Jim.

RICHARDS

Ah, the Ranger.

JIM

Yessir. We lead the way.

Richards hands Jim a bottle.

RICHARDS

Think you can fill that, son?

JIM

I can fill the goddamn trashcan,
sir.

Richards smiles.

RICHARDS

Full of piss and vinegar, aren't
you, Jim?

Jim grins.

42 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

42

Mike, driving, hands Jim a beer. Jim swigs... ambrosia.

MIKE

When do you know?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Mañana.

MIKE

That's quick.

JIM

They don't fuck around. How'd the job hunt go?

MIKE

Dropped off three resumes but it was bullshit. I could tell they didn't like me. Vibing me and shit. They won't call. Player hatin' me.

JIM

Next time slap 'em around and get some fuckin' respect.

MIKE

I'll pack the nine. Pistol whip the receptionist. Yo, can you cruise me over to Beverly Hills? There's some office shit I wanna apply for.

JIM

What? It's a beautiful day. Let's get a half-rack of bottles and cruise for bitches.

MIKE

I need work.

JIM

I need pussy. I'll do you up with some fake callbacks and keep your old lady smilin'. C'mon, homie. Don't be a buster.

MIKE

Think we can sell the gun today?

JIM

We'll sell the peashooter and get paid. Go home with money. Buy her a shitload of flowers.

Mike looks at his resumes. Sighs. Tosses them in back.

MIKE

Fuck it. Where's a liquor store?

43 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY 43

They drive aimlessly through South Central. Empty beercans rattle around the backseat.

JIM

I wanna go back to Mexico. I miss my lady.

MIKE

That why you were trying to fuck Letty yesterday?

JIM

Wasn't meant for me to fuck Letty again. It was a sign. My chick was workin' her magic. I miss my little Indian girl.

MIKE

What tribe is she? Arapa-ho? Nava-ho?

JIM

Shut the fuck up, asshole. She's no kind'a ho. She's a badass bitch. Don't talk shit about her.

MIKE

Jeez, didn't mean to cap on your one true love. If you don't respect your chick, why should I?

JIM

Fuck you. I don't talk shit about Sylvia.

MIKE

Yes you do.

JIM

Whatever.

Mike pulls the nine from under the seat.

JIM (CONT'D)

Unload that shit if you're gonna clown. Don't want my head blown off just when I'm gettin' it straight.

Mike clumsily removes the magazine. Racks the slide to clear it. Aims it around the car, keeping it low.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

What's it like to just straight up
whack a motherfucker?

Jim makes a gun with his hand and holds it to Mike's temple.

JIM

Bam. Dead. It's like that.

MIKE

C'mon, dude. Doesn't that shit ever
trip you out? What's it like?

JIM

What's it like? Fuck, I dunno.
It's like nothing. Why? What the
fuck's it supposed to be like?

MIKE

You tell me. You were the one busting
heads for the military.

JIM

I can't talk about that shit. But I
will tell you this; you point and
shoot. Pop-pop. And move on. Fuck
'em. They shouldn't have been there.
And you move the fuck on. You don't
stop and think about it. It's not
that big of a deal.

MIKE

So if it's nothing, how come you're
getting all mad?

JIM

I'm not all mad. I just hate stupid
questions like that.

(in a wimpy voice)

What's it like to kill someone?

MIKE

Think you killed a lot of commies?

JIM

They weren't commies. Dumbass.

MIKE

What were they?

JIM

They were fuckin' Hajjis. Terrorists.
The fuckin' bad guys.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

MIKE

Did you dig it? You dig killing them?

JIM

(rubs his temples)
You're killing my buzz, dude.

MIKE

Kick back, stress-case.

JIM

Fuck you. Are we on a mission to sell this fuckin' strap or what?

MIKE

Yeah, dude. I need some scratch.

44 EXT. DARREL'S HOUSE - DAY

44

A modest stucco box in Compton. Jim's Ford parks out front. Mike and Jim cross to the door with a 12 pack and KNOCK. A beat. No response. They POUND.

JIM/MIKE

Darrel! Yo, Darrel!

MIKE

Wake the fuck up! Darrel!

JIM

Get up! Get up! Get up! Rise and fuckin' shine!

Finally the door opens. It's DARREL, tall, black. And deathly hungover.

DARREL

Ya'll need to knock that shit off right now. Get shot doing stupid shit like that.

JIM/MIKE

Wassup, dude?

They SLAP hands, shake.

DARREL

C'mon in, motherfuckers.

45 INT. DARREL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

45

Mike and Jim enter. They cross to his couch and sit. Mike hands Darrel a joint. He lights it, happy to see them.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL

Scared the fuck outta me.
Motherfuckers got ties on. Saw that
city lookin' car out front. Thought
-y'all was rollers.

(to Mike)

Where's your bad ass Eclipse with
the twenty twos?

JIM

That's his chick's ride. She took
away his keys.

MIKE

She won't let me drive it. Use denied
'cause I got a DUI.

DARREL

No shit? When?

MIKE

Happened a while ago. I'm straight
now. Had to do weekends at Glenhelen.
Caltrans. Picking trash off the
freeways. I got stung by a bunch of
wasps cutting brush.

DARREL

I feel you, dude. I just got outta
County.

JIM

No shit? When?

DARREL

Yesterday.

MIKE

Damn. What'd they put on you?

DARREL

Some bullshit. Listen to this; I
was on my way to this fine-ass bitch's
house. Met her selling perfume at
the mall. You know?

MIKE

Yeah. You know she's fine as fuck.

DARREL

Dude, homegirl had shapes. She told
me straight up she just wanted to
drop X and kick it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DARREL (CONT'D)

I'm rollin' over to her crib to hit it, just sippin' on a tallcan and like ten cops and a helicopter pull me over for expired tags. Got me on open container and some old-ass traffic warrants. Towed my ride and gave me ten days up in Twin Towers. O.R.'ed yesterday. That bitch won't talk to me and I still ain't got my ride back and they're hitting me with court fees. Judge don't want time served no more. Judge wants money.

MIKE

That fuckin' sucks.

DARREL

I got faded and bought some pussy last night. Wanna forget that shit. Saw some wrong-ass shit in there. I ain't ever goin' back to that motherfucker.

JIM

They scared you straight, huh? You get bootyplayed?

DARREL

Hell no. I kept my ass to the wall and my mouth shut. Almost lost my job too. My supervisor's cool people. We get high on breaks. He's letting me take it outta my vacation time, at least I got paid up in there.

MIKE

Some vacation.

Mike hands him a beer. Darrel cracks it. Holds his beer with shaky hands.

DARREL

Damn, y'all tripped me out right now. You a cop?

MIKE

Nope. They rejected his ass.

JIM

Fuck you. I'm getting in the fed's car.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL

Damnnnn.

Jim and Darrel SLAP hands.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Hear that? This motherfucker gonna be a fed. I know you been wantin' that shit too.

JIM

S'my dream, dude.

DARREL

You gonna do it right or you gonna run a little shit on the side?

JIM

I wanna get my own thing goin'. I'll be flippin' shit. Make a little money.

DARREL

I hear you. That's how you do it.

JIM

You should see these lame ass dudes there applying with me. One day they're gonna be like:

(pathetic voice)

It's all crooked.

(as himself)

Darrel, I'm gonna be playing shit from day one.

DARREL

Motherfucker's gonna have shit wired.

MIKE

Scary, huh?

DARREL

You still with your girl Sylvia?

MIKE

You know it, dog.

DARREL

If she's your lady you should marry her.

MIKE

She wants to give it another year.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

I'm marrying my chick in Mexico.

DARREL

That's down. I ought'a get married.
Chill my shit out.

JIM

Check this shit out.

Jim hands Flaco's pistol to Darrel.

DARREL

Oh, hello. This is sweet.

MIKE

We jacked some eses. Gotta B.B. gun
too.

DARREL

A B.B. gun..? Damn. This is a nice
little machine.

JIM

Three bills and it's yours.

DARREL

Ain't got three bills. My lawyer
cleaned me out.

MIKE

Two bills.

DARREL

I got no ways or means. I need that
shit too. Bring some heat to these
motherfuckers tripping 'round here.

Darrel hands Jim the pistol.

JIM

We need ends, dog. Who'll give us
three bills for it?

DARREL

Yeah, I know a cat. Hangs out at El
Chubasco on Sunset.

JIM

I know that place. He cool?

MIKE

Won't do crazy shit with it?

(CONTINUED)

DARREL

Nah, man. He's old school, real cool. Veterano named Eddy.

JIM

He there today?

DARREL

Yeah, that shit's like his living room. I'll let him know you're coming.

MIKE

Cool... I need to come up. Can you do me a favor, homie?

DARREL

Sure.

MIKE

You mind calling my pad and leaving a fake message? So my old lady thinks I'm out lookin' for a job.

DARREL

Instead you out gettin' fucked up.

Mike grins sheepishly, tosses Darrel the want ads.

MIKE

Can you hook me up? Call and say you're from that company there and you wanna schedule an interview.

DARREL

Ya'll some devious motherfuckers. Make sure she can't star sixty-nine my shit.

Jim dials the phone. Hands it to Darrel.

JIM

Here, dude. Sound serious.

DARREL

(into phone)

Mr. Alvarez, I'm calling from Sunhouse Properties to schedule an interview. Please call me back at two one three, nine two seven, fifteen fifteen.

Jim takes back his cell phone.

MIKE

That sounded good, dude.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (6)

45

DARREL

That shit's cold. Playin' your woman like that.

JIM

I did three yesterday. She bought him a sixpack.

DARREL

What's one call get you? A forty'a Saint Ides?

MIKE

Shit, I hope so.

JIM

Yo, bro. We gotta bounce.

MIKE

Yeah, call that Eddy dude. Tell him we'll cruise through there later.

DARREL

Cool. Wish I had the money. That's a sweet piece. Keep the porch clean.

JIM

Sorry, dog. Wish I could do you up.

Jim and Mike stand, shake with Darrel.

MIKE

Peace, brother.

DARREL

Alright. Ya'll be cool.

Mike and Jim exit.

46 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LIQUOR MART - DAY

46

Jim inside buying beer. Mike waits in the car.

WHAT MIKE SEES

A new Mustang parks in the lot. A hot Asian WOMAN sits inside. Her white BOYFRIEND gets out, enters the store.

Mike checks her out. She notices him, grins. He smiles, waves her over. She shakes her head: no.

Mike makes the "let me call you" sign. She nods: yes. Mike exits Jim's car, crosses to her. She hands him her number. Mike returns to the car.

(CONTINUED)

Jim exits the store with a sixer. Hops in his car.

MIKE

See the cheena in the Mustang?

JIM

Yeah, she's fuckin' good.

MIKE

Her name's Julie.

JIM

How do you know?

MIKE

I got her number.

JIM

Bullshit.

Mike shows him. Jim is duly impressed.

JIM (CONT'D)

Damnnn. Kick back, stealth bomber.

MIKE

Goes to UCLA. Dude, her real name's like Han Job or some shit like that.

Jim starts the car as the Boyfriend exits the store.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's her boyfriend.

JIM

He's lame. She wants you to hit it. Call her. Take her to the hotel-motel.

MIKE

C'mon, dude. You know I won't do Sylvia like that.

JIM

You're stupid. Look at her.

MIKE

Pull up. Pull up to this fool.

Jim pulls alongside the Boyfriend as he walks.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir.

Mike hands him the phone number.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MIKE (CONT'D)

Julie gave me that.

The Boyfriend REACTS. JULIE watching in horror. Jim drives away. Mike waves as they exit the lot.

47 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY 47

Fresh brews are cracked amidst LAUGHTER.

JIM

See her face?

MIKE

See his face? Gonna be kicking the dogshit outta her.

JIM

That was too funny. You're ruthless.

MIKE

Fuck her. Stupid bitch.

JIM

Right. Stupid bitch.

They crack up like silly first graders.

JIM (CONT'D)

What would Sylvia do if she heard you talking like that?

MIKE

Dude, she'd kick my ass.

They giggle. Mike checks his watch.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I should get home.

JIM

I thought we were selling the piece.

MIKE

Why don't you go ahead and meet that Eddy dude? I left some wet clothes in the washer at my pad. They start to smell mildewy.

JIM

Don't bitch out. You have to get my back. El Chubasco's on the way. I need the money. And so do you.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MIKE

Fuck, dude.

JIM

There's bitches there. Bad little
thick mamis shaking their asses.

MIKE

How do you know?

JIM

It's a hooker bar.

MIKE

Really?

JIM

Straight up ho's.

MIKE

I love ho's.

JIM

Me too. If one likes you, work out
a deal and tear it up, tomcat.

MIKE

I won't fuck none but I'll feel on
some booties. Let's go.

48 EXT. EL CHUBASCO - EVENING

48

Sunset Boulevard near downtown. The sky orange, the shadows
long. Jim pulls to a stop in front of El Chubasco.

MIKE

We should lose the monkeysuits.

Both remove their ties and shirts. Jim wears a wife beater
that reveals extensive tattoos. Mike too.

49 INT. EL CHUBASCO - EVENING

49

Small, shabby. A jukebox plays narcocorridos. A dozen
Mexican RANCHEROS play pool. Salvadoran and Guatemalan
HOSTESSES work them for drinks.

Jim and Mike enter. The RANCHEROS fall silent, wary stares.
Undaunted. Jim and Mike sit at a table. A cute WAITRESS
comes over.

WAITRESS

Yes..?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Traenos dos pistos, por favor, mi
reina.

She returns to the bar. Mike whispers:

MIKE

... they don't like us here...

JIM

Fuck them. I got my shit. If they
make a move, I'm blasting.

Mike gives him a look to chill out. The Waitress returns
with their beers.

WAITRESS

Cinco.

She takes Jim's money and leaves.

MIKE

Which one of these fools is Eddy?

JIM

I dunno. These dudes are all paisas.
Ask homegirl over there.

Mike points out a fine HOSTESS smiling at Jim. Jim waves
her over. She crosses to the table.

JIM (CONT'D)

Seintate, guapa.

She sits.

HOSTESS

Hablas español?

JIM

(subtitled Spanish)

Know where Eddy's at? He said he
was going to meet us here.

She points out EDDY, a wiry old gangster, in the corner.

JIM (CONT'D)

(subtitled Spanish)

Ah. Didn't see him. Can you call
him over?

The Hostess waves Eddy over. Eddy stands, crosses to the
table. Stands there and eyes Jim and Mike suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

EDDY

Wassup? Do I know you?

JIM

Our homeboy Darrel said we should
talk to you.

Eddy sits. Jim holds out his hand. Everyone shakes.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm Jim, homie.

MIKE

Mike, dog.

EDDY

Alright. So what's up?

JIM

Need a cohete?

EDDY

Maybe. What kind?

JIM

Sig Sauer nine stainless. Brand
new.

EDDY

A Sig? How many magazines?

JIM

One hi-cap. I'll throw in the
hollowpoints.

EDDY

Strictly Black Talons. Homies wear
vests these days. It's new?

JIM

Yeah, it's brand new.

EDDY

Where's it at?

JIM

I can get it.

EDDY

How much?

JIM

Three bills.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

EDDY

It's all stainless?

JIM

Just the slide.

EDDY

Right, Sigs got aluminum receivers.
Give you two fifty if it's new. If
not: two.

Jim looks at Mike. He's okay with the deal.

JIM

Cool. Got the feria, homie?

EDDY

I can get it.

JIM

Orale. Let's kick back and have a
couple pistos before we handle
business.

Eddy warms to Jim, they CLINK beers. Regarding the Hostess:

EDDY

Like her, homie? Her name's Gracie.
Gimme the cohete for one fifty and
you can take her home and shit.

Gracie slides closer to Jim.

MIKE

Uh-oh. Sounds like you be controllin'
shit around here.

EDDY

You know it. If you're diggin' one
of these mommies, lemme know. I can
do you up.

(aside, to Jim)

Wanna get a head on? I got bud,
rails, P-dog, piedra.

JIM

I do need to get laid...

A RANCHERO taps Eddy on the shoulder. Eddy looks up...

The Ranchero SMASHES a beer bottle on his head...

RANCHERO

Hijo de tu chingada madre!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

SPLICK-SPLICK! The Ranchero stabs Eddy's throat with the bottleneck.

Jim and Mike jump to their feet.

MIKE

Get the fuck outta here!

The Ranchero stabbing. Eddy grabbing at the bottle. Glass shreds his fingers.

The Ranchero pulls back Eddy's head. Still stabbing. Women SCREAMING.

Eddy falls on his knees, claws at the broken glass in his ruined windpipe.

Jim and Mike are already out the door...

50 EXT. EL CHUBASCO - NIGHT

50

Mike and Jim jump in the car. VROOM! SCREECH! And are gone.

51 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

51

A beat. Then Mike and Jim trade haunted looks.

MIKE

Holy shit!

JIM

Killed his ass right in front of us!

MIKE

Holy shit. Think he's gonna die?

JIM

For sure. Got his carotid. Fucker was gardenhosing. He'll bleed out.

MIKE

Holy shit... I've seen dudes get shot but not any shit like that.

JIM

Fucked his shit up. Quick as shit too. Crack-crack. Turned the vato into a fountain of blood.

MIKE

Dude, that shit traumatized me. Omigod.

Mike checks himself for blood.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Death ain't pretty.

MIKE

Why the fuck did he do that? That was crazy. Right in front of my face. Right in front of everyone.

JIM

That cowboy didn't give a fuck. Shit could'a been over money, drugs, bitches, respect. Homie there was a straight pimp. Maybe he turned out the dude's daughter.

MIKE

Glass all stuck in his neck. Fuckin' loony tunes. You see all that blood?

JIM

Human body's got a gallon.
(slaps the wheel)
Damn, I could'a boned Gracie. She had that proper thickness.

MIKE

Lookit me. I'm all freaked out.

He realizes Jim is... smiling.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yo, homie. That shit don't faze you?

JIM

I've seen way worse. When I was in Trashcanistan my battle buddy got his arms and legs blown off by a boobytrapped motorcycle. Medics saved his ass and he lived. Didn't want to. But he did.

MIKE

Dude, that shit was right here right now and way too real. I'm done, Jim. Take me home. Think the cops are looking for us?

JIM

Over a dead pimp? They don't need us. There's a bar full of witnesses. If they bother catching that cowboy, they'll just give him a one way bus ticket to Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

MIKE

Scandalous. I gotta face my woman.
How am I gonna play this shit off?

JIM

You can do it, player.

MIKE

Man. L.A. is getting scandalous.

JIM

Always been scandalous.

MIKE

Take me home, homie. I gotta hug up
on my woman. Make sure I'm still
alive.

52 INT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

52

Sylvia puts away groceries. Mike enters, smiling, cool.

MIKE

Wassup, baby? You go to the store?

SYLVIA

Yep. Makin' enchiladas verdes
tonight.

They hug and kiss.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

(smells beer, frowns)

Where have you been?

MIKE

Jim's pad.

SYLVIA

You've been drinking, huh?

MIKE

Had a couple brews.

SYLVIA

A couple? You're wasted.

He hugs her tightly.

MIKE

Don't trip, baby girl. I was looking
for work all day.

He kisses her neck and she relaxes, he knows her body well.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Mmmmm. I wish I could hang out and get fucked up like the old days.

MIKE

When I'm working; you can lounge. We'll fix this place up. I'll get you clothes and stuff.

SYLVIA

It's not even that. It's not money. It's not stuff. It's you, Mike. I want you to be an equal partner. Yeah, you hooked me up and got me through school, and I'll always owe you that, but now everything is flipped and I'm tired of feeling like I do everything alone. I feel like you're my kid. You sneak around like one.

MIKE

Dude, I'm sorry. Be cool, baby. I'm on a mission to get my shit together. I'm getting a job and I feel good about it. It was cool today. I applied at this commercial realty company in Studio City. This black guy's the office manager, he's hell'a cool. We were talking shit. Pays eleven fifty an hour.

SYLVIA

Oooh, that money's goin' right in my pocket. How'd you leave things off?

Mike hands her a bag of dried chiles.

MIKE

Said he was gonna call me. You check the machine?

SYLVIA

Oh, shit. There's messages.

She hits play on the machine. Chops chiles.

DARREL

(filtered)

Mr. Alvarez, I'm calling from Sunhouse Properties to schedule an interview. Please call me back at two one three, nine two seven, fifteen fifteen.

Sylvia grins. Hugs Mike.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Call first thing in the morning.

The message continues -- There's LAUGHTER. Then:

MIKE

(filtered)

That sounded good, dude.

DARREL

(filtered)

That shit's cold. Playin' your woman like that.

Busted. Sylvia backs away from Mike, her face twisted in disbelief.

JIM

(filtered)

I did three yesterday. She bought him a sixpack.

Mike smacks the machine off. Sylvia's displeasure is clear.

SYLVIA

You are the biggest lying piece of crap. You just stood there and fed me a line of bullshit like nothing. You should be the attorney. You must think I am so stupid. How can you look me in the eyes and just lie like that? How? I'd rather you hit me. I'm your clown. I'm your fuckin' clown, huh? And you guys laugh at me?

She tries not to cry. Mike is ashen.

MIKE

Omigod. It's not like that at all--

SYLVIA

--Don't. Even. Try. You are so utterly, irrevocably busted. I have ears. I heard what I heard. You and Jim were laughing at me, behind my back. I feel nauseous.

(begins to cry)

Go run off with your little butt-buddy. Go party and cook up more lies for me. I bet you're doing lines again.

MIKE

Dude, I'm not doing lines.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

SYLVIA

Sure, Mike. Right now your word is worth considerably less than shit. Maybe you should go.

MIKE

I'll go.

SYLVIA

Please go.

MIKE

Fuck it. I'll go.

SYLVIA

Fine. Go.

MIKE

I'm serious. I'll really go.

SYLVIA

Then go.

MIKE

I'm going.

SYLVIA

So get the fuck outta here!

Mike sighs, exits. SLAMS the door behind him. Sylvia drops her head in her hands.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Girl, you gotta wake up.

53 INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53

Jim is benchpressing. Watching a karate video. A KNOCK. Jim crosses to the door, SEES it's Mike. Opens it. They slap hands.

JIM

What's wrong, bro?

MIKE

Sylvia gave me the boot.

JIM

Are you serious? Why? Shit was going great.

MIKE

Darrel didn't hang up. She heard us talking shit about the fake calls.

(CONTINUED)

Jim tries not to laugh.

JIM

Oh, man... I bet she was pissed.

MIKE

It was ugly. I got the waterworks.
She cried, dude.

JIM

Ouch. You got the big guns.

MIKE

I feel this fuckin' big. Gotta get
a job now. No more fuckin' around.

JIM

No shit. Crashin' here?

MIKE

Is it cool? I gotta kick down with
proof of employment before I can go
back.

JIM

She said that?

MIKE

She didn't have to.

JIM

She'll chill. You'll give her some
lovin' and your ass will be back on
the couch with a beer in your hand
and the Lakers on the tube.

MIKE

I dunno. She went to school and got
a degree. She's a fuckin' lawyer.
And I ain't done shit, dude.

JIM

Bullshit. You made a grip doing
that computer shit.

MIKE

That's over. You got your fed action.
You know where you're going. No one
wants my skills. Sylvia's all I got
and all I ever had and... I'm fuckin'
it all up.

JIM

Yo dude, do not sweat it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

JIM (CONT'D)

Tomorrow you find your ass a job.
You can still put shit right. Couples
fight all the time. Okay, homie?

MIKE

Got no choice. Time to grow up.
I'm getting a job. I don't care.
I'm just gonna do it and get it over
with.

JIM

That's it. That's the attitude.
Just go and do it.

MIKE

And if it sucks, I'll take it anyway
while I find a better one. Fuck it.
I'll get a job shoveling shit in
hell if I got to.

JIM

Do what you gotta do.

They tap fists.

MIKE

Yeah. I'm gonna do it. Rather be
on my woman than on your couch.

54 INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

54

Mike asleep on the couch. Jim is dressed, cleaning up. The
phone RINGS.

JIM

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

Speaking...

(beat)

Of course, sir. Absolutely.

(beat)

Thank you very much, Agent Richards.
Goodbye sir.

Jim hangs up. Mike stirs.

MIKE

Who the fuck was that?

JIM

That was Homeland Security, my friend.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

I have been informed that I passed my urinalysis and they would like me to come in this morning and begin formal testing.

Mike grins. They SLAP hands. Jim begins starching, ironing his shirt.

MIKE

Fuck, yeah!

JIM

I'll be there all day so take my ride and get a job, shitbag. Let's go. Get your parasitic ass in gear.

MIKE

Dude, shut up. Had some twisted-ass dreams about that dude being killed.

JIM

Slept like a baby.

MIKE

Freak. What kind of tests?

JIM

Psychological tests.

MIKE

Jesus, you're a fuckin' psycho. Don't answer that shit honestly.

JIM

Aw, hell no. They use the Minnesota Multiphasic Inventory. There's six hundred questions cross-referenced to detect deception. Asks the same shit six different ways. It's lame. The law enforcement version has questions about kicking people's asses and stealing.

MIKE

You'll ace it.

JIM

Dude, I'm gonna pull this off. All I needed was a shot.

MIKE

You gotta play the system.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

JIM

Like a piano.

MIKE

Or it plays you.

55 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

55

Mike and twenty other JOBSEEKERS sit on folding chairs. A perky Asian SALESWOMAN stands before a table of cosmetic spread products before her.

SALESWOMAN

To be considered a sales associate, you have to sell at least one hundred units of product a week. When you recruit seven sales associates to work under you, you move up to the next level which is sales manager.

Mike studies a brochure, dismayed, raises his hand.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

I'll take questions in a second.

MIKE

This isn't a job. This is a multilevel marketing scam.

SALESWOMAN

Please. Sir. This sales job is an opportunity for you to succeed.

MIKE

It's a scam. Were supposed buy all this make-up for a hundred bucks. If I had a hundred bucks I wouldn't be answering want ads and I wouldn't be buying make-up. Thanks for wasting my time, lady.

SALESWOMAN

If the Clean Beauty System was a waste of time I wouldn't be driving a Mercedes five hundred. Thank you.

MIKE

That crap causes skin infections, I saw it on sixty minutes.

Mike crosses to the door and exits. Several Jobseekers follow. The Saleswoman fumes.

56 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

56

Down to four candidates, Jim, the Geek, two WANNABES. They take a test, filling in bubbles with #2 pencils. Jim finishes, leans back smugly. Agent Richards enters.

RICHARDS

Done with that crap, son?

JIM

Yessir.

RICHARDS

Let's grab some coffee while they finish up.

Richards exits. Jim swaggers out behind him. The Geek, the Wannabes trade looks.

57 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

57

Agent Richards walks Jim through the main offices. Busy AGENTS working phones.

RICHARDS

I talked to LAPD. They're sending us your package. Since they completed your background, physical and psych, we'll use their reports to save some time. They wanted you real bad. We're lucky they're being good sports. They don't like us poaching from their applicant pool.

JIM

Is that why they dropped me? Someone here make a call?

Richards grins, pats Jim's back. They stop at the coffee pot. Richard pours them coffee.

RICHARDS

You'd rather be with us, wouldn't you, Jim?

JIM

Of course.

RICHARDS

You have some extra time now? You said you were bilingual in your ap. They wanna test your Spanish.

JIM

Sure. Who's they?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Richards jerks his thumb ominously skyward.

RICHARDS
Your fans upstairs.

JIM
Fans upstairs? Who?

RICHARDS
This is some shit above my paygrade,
but important people have their eye
on you.

Jim smiles.

58 INT. WESTSIDE OFFICE - DAY

58

A property management company. A discouraged Mike shares a couch with two JOBSEEKERS. JOE, the Chicano Manager, a reformed troublemaker crosses to Mike.

JOE
Mike Alvarez?

Mike stands. Reacts. Joe reacts. They shake, hug like old buddies.

MIKE
Joe, holy shit. Wassup, dog? What
are you doing here.

JOE
I work here. Yeah, c'mon back, dude.
Check out my office. You're gonna
trip. I can see the ocean.

They walk down a hallway. The Jobseekers trade looks, get up and leave.

59 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

59

Jim paces out front. Mike pulls up in his car. Jim gets in.

60 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

60

Mike greets him with a beer.

JIM
Thank you, sir. Sure need this.
Takin' tests all day.

Mike is imploratively happy.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Dude.

JIM

What?

MIKE

Dude.

JIM

What?

MIKE

You're not gonna believe this.

JIM

What?

MIKE

Had an interview today.

JIM

And..?

MIKE

Remember Joe Lopez?

JIM

Yeah, that guy who stomped a dude's
face in at King Taco for grabbing
his chick's ass.

MIKE

Homeboy got his shit together and
went to UCLA. He's supervising this
office in Century City. I got the
hook up. At twelve an hour.

JIM

That's a lotta lettuce.

MIKE

In three months I get benefits.

They SLAP hands.

JIM

Damnnnn. Benefits.

MIKE

It's not for sure. I still got to
meet the owner. But he says I'm
straight. It's all good.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

JIM

Dude, you're in. Dude, I'm in.

MIKE

What happened?

JIM

They want my ass. Goin' back tomorrow for the polygraph. If I pass that. They send me to Georgia next week.

- MIKE

Dang! Like that? Wassup, lawman?

They SLAP hands again.

MIKE (CONT'D)

How are you gonna pass a lie detector test, lyin' motherfucker?

JIM

Easy. After every question, you squeeze like you're taking a dump. Throws the machine off.

MIKE

Don't shit your pants.

61 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING- INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

61

Jim is wired to a polygraph, smug. A grizzled, silver haired EXPERT with seen-it-all-eyes watches lines on scrolling paper, makes notations, adjustments. He makes a notation. Turns a knob.

EXPERT

Nervous, Jim?

JIM

A little.

EXPERT

Everyone is their first time. Once I get a baseline, we'll get started. Gimme a deep breath.

Jim does.

EXPERT (CONT'D)

Okay, Jim. I'm going to ask you some control questions before we get to the good stuff. All the questions are yes and no. Just relax and respond naturally... pretend you're talking with a good friend. Ready?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Yessir.

EXPERT

Is your name Jim Luther Davis?

JIM

Yessir.

Expert makes notations. Jim appears to strain.

EXPERT

A plain old "yes" or "no" is fine,
Jim... Do you live in Los Angeles?

JIM

Yes.

EXPERT

Are you twenty-six years old?

JIM

Yes.

EXPERT

Are you married?

JIM

No.

EXPERT

Are you wearing shoes?

JIM

Yes.

EXPERT

Do you smoke cigarettes?

JIM

Yes.

EXPERT

Have you ever smoked marijuana?

JIM

Yes.

EXPERT

Have you ever smoked marijuana aside
from the time you mentioned in your
application?

JIM

No.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

The Expert sighs, nails Jim with a look.

EXPERT

Knock it off.

JIM

What, sir?

EXPERT

I was pulling charts when you were swimming in your dad's balls. I know all the tricks. You got a thumbtack in your shoe or you're clenching your butt. I got spikes everywhere. Do it again and I'll void the interview and declare you uncooperative. Understand?

JIM

Yessir.

EXPERT

Good. Gimme a deep breath.

Jim sighs.

62 INT. WESTSIDE OFFICE - DAY

62

Mike waits, reading sports page. Joe enters.

MIKE

See that fucking game last night?
Portland got their ass wiped.

JOE

I was there. The boss has a box.

Mike reacts. Follows him back.

63 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

63

Jim and Richards crossing.

RICHARDS

There's a problem, Jim.

JIM

With what?

RICHARDS

Your candor. My supervisor wants to talk to you.

Richards opens a door. Motions for Jim to enter.

64 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HOLLENBECK'S OFFICE - DAY

64

Cop stuff on the walls. AGENT HOLLENBECK is at his desk, a sharp dresser, still tough at 50.

RICHARDS

This is Agent Hollenbeck, Deputy
Special Agent in Charge of the L.A.
office. And this is Mr. Gillespie.

GILLESPIE, big and scary, is casually draped over a chair in the corner.

JIM

Pleased to meet you, sir -- Pleased
to meet you, sir.

They shake. Everyone sits. Hollenbeck signals for Richards to begin.

RICHARDS

Jim, you're an exemplary candidate
with valuable operational experience.
You have a perfect psych profile.
Your credit's clean. You've kept
your nose clean. You're bilingual.
Everyone I talked to at LAPD had
only great things to say about you.
And then you score a negative five
on the polygraph. That's indicative
of deception. I was wondering why,
until I saw the results of your
urinalysis. Jim, you tested positive
for THC metabolites. The level was
negligible, below the threshold.
But it is still, technically, a
positive result.

All eyes on Jim as he tries to remain poker-faced.

HOLLENBECK

Do you have a drug problem, Mr. Davis?

JIM

Nossir.

RICHARDS

Jim, work with us on this. We can
get you cleaned up and get you on
track. If you have a problem, we
can put you in a VA outpatient
program.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

I don't have a problem, sir. I made a very stupid mistake.

HOLLENBECK

Could you tell us the circumstances of your "stupid mistake"?

JIM

I was at a party and someone offered me a joint. I was pretty angry about not getting into the LAPD so I was feeling a little rebellious and... I inhaled.

Looks are traded.

HOLLENBECK

Someone planning a career in law enforcement would be well advised to exercise more discipline.

JIM

Yessir.

Hollenbeck turns to Gillespie.

HOLLENBECK

I'm on the fence, Doug. It's your program. It's your call.

Gillespie measures Jim with icy eyes.

GILLESPIE

His file indicates his stupid mistake was just that. Mr. Davis, I'm a State Department liaison officer.

JIM

Yessir.

GILLESPIE

I read your military records and spoke with your old commanding officer. I'm cognizant of the ops you pulled during Operation Enduring Freedom.

Gillespie hands Jim photos from an envelope. Jim REACTS, disturbed. Jim hands them back, stiffens. Wary. Gillespie passes the photos to Richards. Who is horrified.

RICHARDS

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE

Mr. Davis's unit cleared a battalion of irregulars from their mountain stronghold.

JIM

I took my objective and did what was necessary to obtain information vital to national security that saved American lives.

Richards looks at Jim in awe and disgust, returns the photos to Gillespie.

GILLESPIE

Whacked them all. Huh, Jim?

JIM

My C.O. told me not to leave anything breathing.

Gillespie smiles, friendly. Pats Jim's shoulder.

GILLESPIE

Relax, son. You were getting paid to fuck people up. We're not here to rehash the past. This is about your future. Did you know we're running all sorts of anti-terror and counter narcotics programs in Latin America?

JIM

Yessir.

GILLESPIE

We want you on the team. With your language skills and hands on experience we feel you would be perfect for my task force in Columbia.

Jim REACTS.

JIM

Sir, I listed Los Angeles and San Diego on my dream sheet. No slots in Southern California, sir?

GILLESPIE

Nope. I got Columbia. That's what I have for you. It's the place to be right now. Everyone's there. DEA, FBI, Customs, Department of Defense. And others I can't mention.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

Jim. If it's not what you want,
thank you for your time, you can hit
the door.

Jim thinks a beat.

GILLESPIE (CONT'D)

I want you in Glynco, Georgia next
week. After you graduate from FLETC,
you're going to Fort Benning for a
jumpschool refresher. Then it's off
to Bragg to sharpen you combat skills
and get you briefed on Columbia.
Make it through in one piece, and
we'll post you in Columbia where
you'll be working alongside their
best troops.

Jim is stunned. A beat.

JIM

What exactly would I be doing?
Runnin' and gunnin' in the jungle?

GILLESPIE

Mr. Davis, this is the deal; you'll
be riding shotgun with the locals as
an interpreter-advisor on sharp-end
operations. You'll be in some very
hot areas.

Jim REACTS.

JIM

How hot, are we talking triggertime?

GILLESPIE

Sure. If you want. But your job
will be counseling and coordinating
client forces.

JIM

It's just that I'm supposed to get
married, sir.

GILLESPIE

To the female on your SF-eighty-six?

JIM

Yessir.

Looks are traded.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLENBECK

Mr. Davis, maybe now is not the time to start a family.

GILLESPIE

Jim, don't shack up with some Mexican. Columbian broads are smoking hot and knee deep. You get per diem and a driver. You'll live like a king.

JIM

We've been together a long time. I'm serious about marrying her.

HOLLENBECK

A foreign bride could jeopardize your security clearance.

Jim clenches his jaw, measures his options. Then...

JIM

Yessir. I understand.

GILLESPIE

Take your time and think about what you want to do. This is a serious commitment. I don't want a call tomorrow telling me you pushed out.

JIM

No, sir. I understand. Please, I want the opportunity. I want onboard, sir.

Gillespie smiles, shakes Jim's hand.

GILLESPIE

Welcome to federal law enforcement. We're taking a big chance on you.

JIM

I know sir, thank you. This is the career I've dreamed of. I'll do my best to affirm your judgment.

Richards tentatively shakes Jim's hand.

RICHARDS

Congratulations, Davis. Good luck.

Jim doesn't look him in the eye.

JIM

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (5)

64

HOLLENBECK

These are your orders, orientation materials and some travel money. Report to FLETC before the end of working hours, Wednesday.

Hollenbeck hands Jim a thick envelope.

JIM

Thank you, sir.

65 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - SUNSET

65

The day ending. The night beginning. Jim waits outside, smoking a cigarette, anxiously pacing. Mike HONKS, pulls up. Jim doesn't notice. Mike HONKS again. Gets Jim's attention.

66 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - SUNSET

66

Jim gets in and is greeted with a beer. Mike drives off.

MIKE

What's up, zoner?

Jim downs half the beer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I got the job.

JIM

Me too. I'm in.

They tap fists. Jim drains his beer. Mike hands him another.

JIM (CONT'D)

When do you start?

MIKE

Monday. When do you start?

JIM

Wednesday. I have to get to Georgia. They gave me travel money.

Jim tears open the envelope.

JIM (CONT'D)

Forty seven dollars.

MIKE

(laughs)

Roller blade there. Big Jim is back on The Man's payroll.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MIKE (CONT'D)
(holds up a folder)
I got the employee handbook and W-2
as proof of employment. Gonna be
back in the arms of my woman tonight.

A beat.

JIM
We gotta celebrate this shit.
They CLINK beers. Take a sip. Mike looks in the rearview.
WHAT MIKE SEES -- A POLICE CAR right behind him.

MIKE
Shit.

JIM
What?

MIKE
The fuzz. On my ass. My license is
suspended.

JIM
Maybe he's after someone else.
ROO-ROO-ROO! The Cop hits the siren and strobes.

MIKE
Fuck! He pointed right at me. And
we got open beers.

JIM
Fuck the beers. The guns.

MIKE
Shoot the fucker.

JIM
Car's in my name. We're fucked.

MIKE
I'm going to jail. Right when shit
was going good.

Mike pulls over. The mood is grim.

67 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - JIM'S FORD - SUNSET

67

The Latino Cop approaches. His PARTNER moves to the sidewalk.
Nearing Mike's window, the Cop pulls his gun.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

COP

Grab the sky or I blow your fuckin'
heads off! Blink and die, scumbags!

- Jim and Mike shitting bricks. Until they recognize the Cop;
he's an old friend.

MIKE

You asshole!

JIM

You're such a prick. Scared the
fuck outta me.

The Cop LAUGHS, holsters his pistol. Shakes Mike and Jim.

COP

Wassup, homie.

(to Jim)

Wassup, fool.

JIM

I almost shot your ass, jerk.

MIKE

That shit wasn't funny.

COP

It was hilarious. You guys gettin'
fucked up?

The Cop grabs Mike's beer, takes a quick sip.

MIKE

Of course. It's Friday.

COP

Well, boot. You in the academy yet?

JIM

Fuck no. Fuck the LAPD. Small time
local bullshit. I'm in the DEA.

COP

Really, you got in the DEA? How'd
you get that hookup, dog?

JIM

You know me. Got my connects. Going
to FLETC Wednesday.

The Cop shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

COP

That is some down-ass shit. See if
you can get me in there.

JIM

I'll look into it.

COP

How's Sylvia?

MIKE

None of your concern, asswipe.

COP

Say "hi" to her, no?

MIKE

No.

COP

This vato's all protective of his
female. Gotta job, fool?

MIKE

Yep.

COP

'Bout time.

JIM

Check this out.

Jim shows him the gun Mike found. The Cop REACTS.

JIM (CONT'D)

Nice, huh? Wanna buy it?

COP

It's a nine?

JIM

Yep.

COP

Sorry, dog. Gotta lotta nines.

JIM

Dude, it's a Sig.

COP

Fuck Sigs. Talk to Toussant. He'll
buy that shit.

MIKE

He's in Florida.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

COP
He's back. Called me today.

The Cop hands Mike a business card.

COP (CONT'D)
Page me tonight, bro. Let's hit the clubs and tear up some hinas.

JIM
Sure, dude.

COP
Later. I'm on the city's time.

They shake. As he walks to his bike, Mike yells:

MIKE
Hey, thanks for the blowjob!

And punches it. SCREECH! They take off.

68 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - SUNSET 68
They crack fresh beers. Relieved.

JIM
Jerk-off put a scare in me.

MIKE
Me too. He's a dick. You wanna party with him?

Jim tosses the card out the window.

JIM
Fuck no. Let's unload the piece on Toussant. He's got money.

69 INT. TOUSSANT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 69

No furniture. Just a mattress and a big amp. But the view of downtown is staggering. POUNDING at the door. TOUSSANT, a wiry black guy who can't sit still, crosses in a shower cap and towel.

TOUSSANT
Dammit! I'm comin'! Chill out!

He opens it. It's Mike and Jim.

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)
Damnnnn! Come on in!

They shake.

(CONTINUED)

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)

C'mon. Group love. Group love.

Mike and Jim enter. The three hug.

MIKE

Welcome back, hometown.

JIM

Welcome home, bro.

TOUSSANT

I missed you crazy fuckers.

MIKE

Leo told us you were back. Thanks for calling, asshole.

TOUSSANT

Fuck you. I called. Check your pager, fool.

JIM

How was South Beach?

TOUSSANT

Damnnn... pussy everywhere. I wanna move there. Sick'a shit here. Too many ho's and pimps, gangsters and scammers. Out there it's just pussy. Yo are you a cop?

JIM

Uh-uh. I'm going into the DEA.

Toussant gives him a firm handshake.

TOUSSANT

Man... The craziest head I know is gonna be a fed.

(to Mike)

Still spongin' off your woman?

MIKE

Fuck you. I gotta job.

JIM

Look, dude...

He pulls the Sig Sauer. Hands it to Toussant.

TOUSSANT

This is bad!

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

MIKE

It's yours for three big ones.

TOUSSANT

Fuck, yeah! I want it.

Toussant runs around the room waving it, playing tough.

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)

What's up? Want some? Huh? The fuck you say, bitch? Bam! Bam! Bam! That's it! Want more fool? Kneecap and shit. Step up and get blasted. The fuck is up now?

JIM

Kick back, gunslinger. Shit goes through walls. Gonna pop the neighbor's little kids.

TOUSSANT

I'm straight. Yo, we gotta party tonight. Go clubbin'.

JIM

I got a better idea. Let's go to Mexico.

Toussant and Mike trade looks...

TOUSSANT/MIKE

Mexico!

They SLAP hands.

70 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

70

Parked in front of Mike's bungalow. Toussant in back.

JIM

Motherfucker's gotta ask permission.

MIKE

Fuck you. I'm a grown man. Gonna tell her the good news, make up and get some clothes and I'm out. Hand me those papers, please.

Toussant hands Mike his job stuff.

TOUSSANT

What if she won't let you go?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

JIM

Some pimp slaps and she'll see the light.

TOUSSANT

Fuckin' starlight.

MIKE

Respect my woman, assholes.

JIM

Fine. Hurry up.

Mike exits the car. Runs to his bungalow.

71 INT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

71

Sylvia intently watches TV with a pint of ice cream. Mike enters, blocks her view.

SYLVIA

Excuse me. You're not made out of glass.

MIKE

I'm made out of me.

SYLVIA

You're drunk.

MIKE

I'm celebrating.

SYLVIA

What? Another wasted day?

MIKE

Here.

He hands her the job stuff. Sylvia thumbs through, dubious. She realizes it's real.

SYLVIA

This is a good company. They manage all the new condos downtown. How much?

MIKE

Fourteen an hour. Starting. Plus their MIS guy is leaving in three months. I'm gonna update my certifications and take his job over. Then I'll make bank.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SYLVIA
You're an asshole.

She hands back the papers.

MIKE
Baby this is super legit. I swear
to God.

SYLVIA
You're such a jerk.

MIKE
What! Why? It's a great job. The
pay is outstanding. There's a chance
to do what I want to do.

SYLVIA
I know. It's so... So you. You
can't just get some shitty job. You
gotta get a...

MIKE
Dream job?

SYLVIA
Yes.

MIKE
Shouldn't your dream guy have a dream
job?

Sylvia smiles and shakes her head at his overwhelming charm.

SYLVIA
Come here. There's a job I want you
to do for me. Ven aqui mi chaparito.

Mike dives on her.

72 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

72

Jim and Toussant drinking beer, anxious.

TOUSSANT
The fuck's taking so long?

JIM
Knew this shit would happen. She
hates my ass. She's not gonna let
him go.

TOUSSANT
Go knock.

73 EXT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

73

Jim POUNDS the door.

JIM

Mike! Yo! Miguel!

(beat)

Mike, hurry up!

Mike opens the door.

JIM (CONT'D)

C'mon, dude. Let's go.

Mike steps outside, hesitant.

MIKE

Look, dude. I'm hitting it. I'm
tearing it up. Been a few days.
You guys go ahead. I'm cool.

Jim could strangle him.

JIM

What?

MIKE

I'm just gonna kick it here with the
woman.

JIM

You said you'd go. Your woman's in
your head. That's wrong. Touch
your nuts, bro.

MIKE

Sylvia's all happy I got a job. She
wants us to chill together.

JIM

Man, homegirl put the zap on your
head. This is our last chance to
hang. You're like my brother. You're
all I got and you're gonna dog me
out like that?

The door opens wider, revealing Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Hurry up, baby.

JIM

He's going to Mexico, Sylvia.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

No he isn't, Jim.

JIM

I'm joining the feds. I'm gone.
I'm outta here next week. The least
you can do is let my best friend see
me off.

SYLVIA

It's not safe. All you're going to
do is drink.

JIM

Mike. Let's go. You promised.

Mike turns to Sylvia.

MIKE

I promised.

SYLVIA

You are not going.

Mike REACTS, stiffens, indignant. Now he has to go.

MIKE

I'm not your puppet, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Do what you want, but I won't be
here when you get back.

JIM

That's fucked up. Why you gotta lay
that bullshit on him?

SYLVIA

Because I don't want him going with
you. You're a nut, Jim. You're
scary and dangerous. My biggest
nightmare is you with a badge. You're
the last person that should ever
have one. That's not bullshit.
That the truth.

Jim and Sylvia swap angry stares for a beat. Jim walks away.

JIM

Fuck this. Whatever. Thank's homie.
Later's.

Mike is torn, he looks at Sylvia.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

MIKE

I'm going.

Mike tries to kiss Sylvia. She turns away.

SYLVIA

Bye.

Jim turns, smiles at Sylvia.

JIM

Goodnight, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Kiss my ass, Jim.

JIM

Anytime, sellout.

SYLVIA

Will you be happy when he's dead?

She retreats inside, SLAMS the door.

74 EXT. MIKE'S STREET - NIGHT

74

Jim and Mike cross to Toussant, leaning climbing the stairs.
Toussant hands them beers.

TOUSSANT

I heard the battle. Your lady didn't
want you goin', huh?

MIKE

Nope.

(cracks his beer)

But I'm goin'. I'm a man. I walk
the earth at will. I can do what
the fuck I want. We're men. This
is how we are.

They CLINK beers.

JIM

Amen. Don't worry. Homegirl'll be
right there waiting when you get
back.

MIKE

Yeah, you're right. She wouldn't
play it like that. I got a job for
real. You know? And you're my homie
and you're gonna go do your thing.
This is it.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

TOUSSANT

No shit. We're all dogs. Yo, I got your guys' backs.

MIKE

No doubt. This is gonna be cool. I gotta job. You gotta job. We got beer. Smokes. Bud. Money.

Jim motivates them like a drill sergeant.

JIM

We're on a mission. Let's get our heads together so we can achieve our objective in a timely manner. Let's get deployed, people.

They pile in the car. Jim drives off.

75 EXT. HIGHWAY - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

75

Zooming down the freeway. Already in Orange County. Mike, Jim and Toussant share a joint.

TOUSSANT

Someday they gotta legalize it. Can't lock up everyone.

JIM

Bullshit. Never.

TOUSSANT

They got to. It's turning into a fuckin' gangster world.

JIM

Been a gangster world. Shit is under control. The U.S. can cut the flow anytime it wants. We know who grows it. Satellites can see the coca fields. We know who refines it. Shit, we sell 'em the chemicals. We know who smuggles it. We know everything. You don't wanna know what we know. Cartels make paper by the billions. Add cop payrolls and prisons. Shit. Ain't nobody shutting down all that business. Fuck no. It's all good. 'Cause it's all green, homeslice.

TOUSSANT

Damn. That's some deep shit. And you're gonna go be a gangster with a badge. I hope it makes you happy.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

Jim just smiles.

76 EXT. BAJA HIGHWAY - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT 76

They made it to Mexico. Toussant and Mike snooze soundly. Jim drives between the stars and rolling mountains. Trouble is in his eyes.

77 EXT. MARTA'S HOUSE - MORNING 77

Chickens run across the yard. The door opens. It's Jim, looking unusually refreshed, holding a coffee mug. He crosses to his car, KNOCKS on the windshield.

JIM

Wake up, wake up, wake up! Rise and fuckin' shine!

Mike and Toussant stir.

JIM (CONT'D)

Move it, ladies! Chow's gettin' cold.

MIKE

Where are we?

JIM

We're here. C'mon.

Toussant and Mike blearily exit the car. Toussant gawks at the cinderblock house.

TOUSSANT

Damn. It's a shizzack.

JIM

It's a home.

78 INT. MARTA'S HOUSE - DAY 78

Marta makes tortillas at the stove. Her MOM, small and sprightly, heats beans and soup. Jim, Mike and Toussant sit in folding chairs around the table. Marta's little BROTHER and SISTER watch the doorway. Mike waves at them.

TOUSSANT

Tell them this is like the best food I've had. Mmmmm. Seriously. Omigod.

Jim, Marta and her Mom talk in SPANISH.

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)

Whoa, what all are they saying?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

JIM

They think you're cool.

Marta adds tortillas to a pile on the table. Toussant holds one up.

TOUSSANT

She made this?

JIM

Yep. Busts 'em out by the pound.

TOUSSANT

Marry her. If you don't, you're a fool.

Jim REACTS.

79 EXT. MARTA'S RIVER - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - DAY

79

Fording a shallow river in the boonies. Jim chats in Spanish with Marta. Toussant and her pretty cousin VICKI converse in sign language and broken Spanish.

TOUSSANT

Yo, how do you say beautiful in Spanish?

JIM

Bonita.

TOUSSANT

(to Vicki)

Tu bonita -- Was that right?

JIM

She got the point.

80 EXT. URUAPAN HOT SPRINGS - DAY

80

In a scenic valley where horses prance and graze. There's a place to wash clothes, a small building with baths. Jim parks. Everyone piles out.

MIKE

(grinning)

Cool laundromat.

JIM

There's a surprise in the trunk.

Jim pops the trunk -- inside are two buckets of beer and ice. Jim grabs a brew.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

MIKE

Mmmm. Nerve tonic. When'd the hell
did you get the pistos?

JIM

It's Mexico. It's magic.

Toussant SEES Marta and Vicki handwashing clothes.

TOUSSANT

Uh, should we be helping them?

JIM

Know how to handwash?

TOUSSANT

No.

JIM

Then don't sweat it.

MIKE

Yeah, we're men. They know we don't
do that shit.

They tap fists.

JIM

That's right. We're men.

He grabs the buckets. SLAMS the trunk.

81 EXT. ADOBE RUINS - DAY

81

Jim, Mike and Toussant drink inside a crumbling mud brick
farmhouse, enjoying the hot summer day. Mike has the B.B.
gun. POP! He shoots an empty beer can. Toussant examines
Jim's .45.

TOUSSANT

You hit him with this part? That's
a sharp edge. He bleed?

JIM

Like a stuck pig.

TOUSSANT

How'd she know you were tearin' up
her sister?

JIM

That fuckin' bitch... Patty, right?
I took her to dinner. Took her for
a drive in Malibu.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

And pounded that fish in the back of my ride. I figure the crazy broad pulled out some hair and pubes and stashed it in the seat.

TOUSSANT

Gotta watch that shit. Chicks get treacherous.

MIKE

No shit. Sibling rivalry.

JIM

Next day I'm driving around with Letty, all kick back and shit. Then she radars in on this rat's nest. Pulls out these long ass hairs.

(as Letty)

Whose're these?

(as himself)

Then she saw all the pubes... busted.

MIKE/TOUSSANT

Busted!

TOUSSANT

How'd she know they were her sister's?

JIM

C'mon, dude. Mexican chick voodoo. Live and learn.

MIKE

Yep. Next time you'll be all up in your ride with a supervac.

TOUSSANT

Treachery.

JIM

Treachery.

They watch three MEN ON HORSEBACK guide cattle across the river.

TOUSSANT

This is paradise, huh?

Jim and Mike agree. It's a great day. Then:

JIM

They're sending me to Columbia.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Columbia? Who? The Man?

JIM

Yep. They're tearing shit up down there and need my help.

MIKE

Doing what attacking drug lords and drug labs and all that?

JIM

You got it. I'm gonna be an adviser.

(authoritative voice)

Shoot him, him and him.

(as himself)

Then it's back to the barracks for bitches and beer.

MIKE

You don't really want to do that.
What about Marta?

A beat. Stoic.

JIM

Ain't gonna happen.

MIKE

You need to tell the feds to fuck off and move in with Marta. Get a good-ass job workin' with tourists or something.

JIM

Fuck that. Takin' bucket baths with cold-ass water. Walkin' around in ankle-deep mud. Outhouses. Winter's a motherfucker.

TOUSSANT

The feds won't let you hook up with your old lady? Yo, you need to tell them to fuck off.

POP! Mike shoots the can again.

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)

That's messed. They really told you that?

JIM

Not straight up. But I heard them.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

MIKE

You told Marta yet?

Jim shakes his head: no.

TOUSSANT

You love this place. It's in your eyes. This is what it's all about. You got a woman that loves you and a place to stay. You'd be happy here and you know it.

JIM

Shacking up with Marta and squeezin' out puppies has its appeal. But this is my life. I got one shot.

TOUSSANT

You're making a mistake. You should stay here with your lady. What the fuck are you gonna do in Columbia.

JIM

Program shit. You ain't down. Fuck you. Bring in my gunships and smoke your little jungle hideaway. Feds know what I'm about. They know what I did. Why the fuck you think they want me on the team? I'm a soldier of the apocalypse. I'll be in a chopper doorgunnin' villagers and shit. Fuck them. Kill their chickens and dogs too. I don't give a fuck.

A beat.

TOUSSANT

Dude, your soul ain't right.

Mike agrees. Jim grins, relishing his madness.

JIM

I'm just livin' and lovin' in the real world, my brother.

82 INT. MARTA'S HOUSE - SUNSET

82

Toussant and Mike eat at the table. Marta watches them. She realizes something is going on and excuses herself.

83 INT. MARTA'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

83

Jim sleeps. Marta enters, sneaks into bed with him.

(CONTINUED)

Watches him sleep a beat. Jim jerks awake. Marta SHUSHES him like a baby, holds him tight. In subtitled Spanish:

MARTA

You scared me. What'd you dream?

JIM

A skeleton kissed me on the lips.

MARTA

That's good. Means you're going to live a long time.

JIM

Shit. Got the chills. I feel like someone dipped me in ice.

MARTA

The Devil sat on you. Thanks for coming. Everyone misses you. When you're gone, the nourishment that sustains me is your image in my mind.

JIM

Try eating.

MARTA

Ay, you're so romantic.

They kiss. Marta recites something heartbreakingly beautiful in INDIAN DIALECT.

JIM

I liked that, what was it?

MARTA

A poem about a deer and a rainbow and a river in the mountains.

JIM

It's beautiful. What's it mean?

MARTA

I told you.

JIM

No. What's it really mean? The trippy deep meaning.

MARTA

I'm not telling you.

JIM

I'll ask your mom.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

MARTA

She won't tell you.

JIM

I'll ask someone at the party.

MARTA

You'll know by then.

JIM

Know what?

MARTA

Nothing.

MOM(O.S.)

Marta! What the hell are you doing?

MARTA

Shit. Get dressed.

84 EXT. BAJA MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

84

Jim's Ford barrels through twisting turns over broken asphalt.
Stuffed with people.

85 EXT. BAJA VILLAGE - NIGHT

85

A rural village of shotgun shacks. A party is underway.
Ranchero music. Dancing. Food. Beer. Kids running wild.
Marta, in a flowing black dress, dances with Vicki.

Mike, Toussant and Jim sit in chairs, plates on their knees.
MEN butcher a hog in B.G. Toussant watches, eyes wide.

TOUSSANT

You see that? Holy shit!

JIM

What'cha think you're eating?

Toussant sets aside his plate.

TOUSSANT

I'm gonna dance with Vicki.

He hits the dance floor.

JIM

Yo, Mike. Look. That chick digs you.

MIKE

What chick?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Jim points out LINA, a real beauty, making eyes at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's good.

JIM

Her name's Lina. She's a freak.
She'll fuck you, dude.

MIKE

How do you know? You fuck her?

JIM

No. Outta respect for Marta. Not
that I don't wanna. Ask her to dance.

MIKE

No, dude. I'm not cheatin' on Sylvia.

JIM

There's a big gap between dancing
and fucking. Go explore it.

MIKE

No shit.

Mike stands, crosses to Lina and they hit the dance floor.
Jim sitting alone, Marta waves for Jim to join her. A rousing
banda tune comes on. Jim takes Marta in his arms. They
spin together madly.

86 EXT. BAJA VILLAGE - DIRT LOT - INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

86

Jim holds Marta, smokes a cigarette. In subtitled Spanish:

JIM

What were you going to tell me?

MARTA

When you tell me what you have to
tell me.

JIM

I told you what's going on.

MARTA

Something's wrong. Something's
different. Jim, tell me what the
fuck is going on.

Jim sighs, looks at her.

JIM

They're sending me far away.

(CONTINUED)

MARTA

For what? What are you going to be doing?

Jim looks away. Marta grabs his chin. Locks eyes.

MARTA (CONT'D)

What do they want you to do? Don't do it. Please. Don't let them exploit you. Don't be an idiot.

JIM

No one's exploiting me. I'm not a kid. I know what I'm doing.

MARTA

When are we getting married?

JIM

Soon.

MARTA

Promise?

JIM

I promise.

He's lying. She knows it and smiles anyway. He gives her a drag of his smoke. Flicks it away. They start making out. She won't let him lift her dress.

JIM (CONT'D)

C'mon, woman. I'm going crazy.

MARTA

I can't.

JIM

Little blood never scared me.

MARTA

It's not that.

JIM

What then?

She opens her blouse, exposes a breast. Offers it to Jim. He tastes:

JIM (CONT'D)

...milk?

Marta nods, puts his hand on her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

Didn't you take your fuckin' injections?

MARTA

Don't shit your pants. You did your part. I can do the rest myself.

JIM

You're going to the doctor and getting it taken care of.

MARTA

No. I love you and want to have your child. If you want to run away, go. I don't need your help.

JIM

What if I punch you in the belly--?

CRACK! Marta socks him, glares angrily.

MARTA

No one may speak to me like that. Not you. Not my father.

Jim gives her a bonechilling look.

JIM

Maybe I should just shoot you.

MARTA

Go ahead. I'm going to lose my life someday. Why not at the hands of the man I love?

He grabs her throat, presses his .45 to her forehead. Her eyes are more angry than scared.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Do it. Go kill everyone. Do what makes you happy. If killing makes you happy, then by all means, please, kill.

JIM

Think I'm playing? You don't know what I can do.

MARTA

I know what you can do. But I still love you. Because I see you, not your deeds. If you have to kill me because I love you, kill me. What better reason to die?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

Something evil washes over Jim. He cocks the gun, covers her eyes with his hand. A beat.

JIM

It's easy. It's so easy--

MIKE (O.S.)

--Jim!

Mike stands near the car. Aghast. HE SEES...

Jim with feral gleam in his eyes. Jim de-cocks the pistol and exits the car.

Marta takes a deep breath, covers her mouth with shaky hands. Trades worried looks with Mike.

87 EXT. BAJA VILLAGE - NIGHT

87

JIM

Let's go. We're leaving. Where's Toussant?

MIKE

Dancing.

Jim barrels wildly onto the dance floor. Toussant dances with Vicki. Jim grabs his arm.

JIM

We're going. C'mon.

TOUSSANT

Fuck you. I'm having a great time.

JIM

Then walk back to L.A., motherfucker.

Jim stalks off. Vicki is perplexed. Marta's Mom watches, concerned. Toussant follows, runs into Mike.

TOUSSANT

The fuck's his deal? He is tripping.

Mike and Toussant watch Jim stalk to his car.

MIKE

Homeboy's losin' it.

88 EXT. BAJA VILLAGE - DIRT LOT - INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

88

Jim starts his car. Toussant in front. Mike in back. Toussant SEES Vicki and her Mom comforting Marta.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

TOUSSANT

We're leaving them here? What the fuck happened? You guys fight?

Jim catches Mike looking at him in the rear view. SCREECH!
They're gone in a roostertail of dust.

89 EXT. BAJA HIGHWAY - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT 89

Racing North. Jim kills a tequila bottle. Chucks it out the window.

MIKE

Dude, slow down.

Jim sets the .45 in his lap.

JIM

I want a cop to pull me over.

Mike and Toussant trade concerned looks.

TOUSSANT

Hey homie, be cool. What happened?

JIM

Treachery.

(beat)

Fuckin' treachery.

MIKE

Slow down some. Crazy motherfucker.

JIM

Shut up! Watch me open this baby up.

VROOM! Jim stomps the gas, pats the dash.

JIM (CONT'D)

Only female I trust.

He gives the stars the middle finger.

JIM (CONT'D)

Fuck you, God! You don't have the balls to take my ass!

Toussant and Mike trade looks.

90 EXT. MEXICAN/U.S. INTERNATIONAL BORDER - NIGHT 90

Lines of cars filled with COLLEGE KIDS and SERVICEMEN wait to enter the land of the free.

91 EXT. MEXICAN/U.S. INT'L BORDER - JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

91

ANGLE ON the booths.

A U.S. IMMIGRATION OFFICER leaning in Jim's window.

OFFICER

When's your class start?

JIM

Next week.

OFFICER

If you got through Benning, you'll breeze through this. Study, study, study, that's the main thing. And do good on inspections.

RE: Toussant and Mike, asleep.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

They going too?

JIM

Nossir. They're A-rab terrorists.

OFFICER

(chuckles)

A-rab terrorists. You guys bringing anything back?

JIM

Besides gonorrhea? A trunk full of babies for black market organ donations.

OFFICER

Good enough. Careful on the freeway, lotta kids out tonight.

JIM

Thank you, sir. Be safe.

OFFICER

You too. Best'a luck.

They shake hands and Jim drives into the U.S.

92 EXT. SANTA ANA FREEWAY - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

92

On the freeway. The lights of downtown L.A. scroll across the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

TOUSSANT

I wanna go home. Jim. Take me home.
Jim.

JIM

I heard you.

93 EXT. TOUSSANT'S APARTMENT - JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

93

Jim's car pulls up. Toussant gets out.

TOUSSANT

You are gettin' outta control. You
need psychiatric help. You're
seriously fucked up. You need to
sue the military or something. You
used to be mellow.

He shakes with Mike.

TOUSSANT (CONT'D)

Take it easy, dog.

MIKE

Later. Peace, homes.

Toussant tries to shake with Jim, who refuses.

TOUSSANT

Later. I ain't hangin' around you
until you get some fuckin' help.

JIM

You can twelve-step-off, bitch.
You're dismissed.

Toussant shakes his head and walks away. Jim drives off.

94 EXT. L.A. STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

94

Tension.

MIKE

He's right, dude.

JIM

Georgia'll get me squared away.

MIKE

Hope so. What was that shit with
Marta?

JIM

I was fuckin' around.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

I didn't want her feeling bad about me feddin' out and doing my own thing. Figured if I pulled something trippy like that, it wouldn't hurt her as much. To break up.

MIKE

That's bullshit. You snapped.

A beat.

JIM

Yeah, dude. That wasn't cool. I snapped.

MIKE

Why? Think she was Viet Cong?

JIM

I dunno why it happened. I'm cool now.

Mike is dubious. What he saw in Mexico will never sit well.

JIM (CONT'D)

Look, dude. I found out she's pregnant. I had a panic attack and pulled my gun. I wanted her to be scared of me.

MIKE

I'm sure she is. Now what are you gonna do, dad?

JIM

Like I said, my own thing. I'll send her some ducats.

MIKE

I thought you really loved her.

JIM

I do.

(beat)

Let's drop off the bud.

MIKE

What bud?

JIM

The twenty kilos in the trunk.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Say that again.

JIM

The twenty kilos in the trunk.

MIKE

Of weed..? Fuck you.

JIM

Serious, dude. I got it at the party.
I'm dropping it with Casper.

MIKE

Casper? He's still alive?

JIM

I get three G's. We get three G's.

Mike rubs his temples. He can't believe this.

MIKE

You drove it across the border?
What if they'd caught us?

JIM

Couldn't happen. My shit's on fire
right now. I got shit wired.

MIKE

You risked my ass without telling
me. That's not cool. For three
G's?

JIM

That's a good rate. Just for
transporting it. If I'd a told you,
you would'a acted hinky at the border
and gotten us nabbed.

MIKE

I wouldn't have been in the car. My
ass would'a been on Greyhound. That's
a serious breach of the homie code,
not tellin' me.

JIM

You're right. Sorry, dude. Should'a
had you guys walk across and meet me
somewhere. I got bills. And I gotta
put my shit in storage. And buy gas
out to Georgia.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Fuck your money woes. I'm not catching a case for you. Let me out of the car.

JIM

Let's drop this shit off so we can get paid. You'll feel better with a fistful of twenties.

MIKE

Lemme out. Right here. Right now.

JIM

Don't bitch-out on me.

MIKE

We're drunk and you got a trunk full of weed. I'm still on probation, dickhead. Stop. Now.

JIM

Lemme get paid.

MIKE

Go for it. Let me out first.

Jim pulls his gun. Holds it to Mike's temple.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Dude, fuck you. What the fuck are you doing?

A beat. There's no way he could shoot Mike. Jim lowers the gun. Mike glares angrily. Jim grins sheepish.

JIM

Shit. Sorry, dude.

MIKE

Why the fuck would you point a gun at me? You gonna shoot me?

JIM

Dude, I'm sorry. I'm tripping.

MIKE

I'd never point a gun at you.

JIM

I'm sorry, dude.

MIKE

I'd never do that. Dude, first your chick, then me. What's up?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (4)

94

JIM

I'm not thinkin'. Too much shit is going on. And I'm faded. I'll cruise you by your pad right now.

(a beat)

Sorry, homie.

A beat.

MIKE

You're a fuck up. I'm going with you so you don't fuck this up too. We'll see Casper. And get the money. Then drop me home. And you can go Fed out in Georgia and be the man.

A beat.

JIM

I can drop you off. The exit's right there.

MIKE

No, man. Keep going.

Mike is serious. Jim looks at his buddy, smiles wanly.

95 EXT. CASPER'S STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT 95

Jim's car cruises past railyards and warehouses. Turns on a sidestreet. Where a little lonely house sits amidst the rusting industry.

96 EXT. CASPER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 96

Jim pulls up to its big steel fence.

MIKE

This is sketchy.

JIM

I know.

Jim gets out. Shoves his .45 in his waistband.

MIKE

I'm getting behind the wheel.

Mike grabs the B.B. gun from the glovebox.

JIM

Gonna shoot their pigeons?

MIKE

Yeah. Hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

Jim KNOCKS on the fence. The porchlight comes on. The door opens. A bent little OLD MAN steps out.

OLD MAN

Quien?

JIM

Buenas noches, señor. Soy Jim.

OLD MAN

Tiene los costales?

Jim pops the trunk. Grabs a duffle bag.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

En la casa. Con permiso.

He crosses to his house. Jim, one hand on his .45, leans against his car. Watches the street.

CASPER exits the house, jailhouse scary. Followed by two YOUNG CHOLOS, skinny guys around 12. Jim gives Casper the dufflebag.

CASPER

Wassup, Jim? That you, Mike?

MIKE

Hey, Casper. Wassup?

CASPER

Nothin', homie. How you been? You still with Sylvia?

MIKE

I hope so. Gonna find out when I get home. How's your brother?

CASPER

Fernie? He got blasted by the cops a long-ass time ago.

MIKE

Sorry to hear that, dude.

CASPER

You play you pay. He knew what was up.

JIM

We gotta bounce, dude. You got the money?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

CASPER
(into a Nextel)
Bring the rolls, homie.

ON THE HOUSE

Flaco exits with rubber banded money rolls in a ziploc bag. Stitches on his bald head. He sees Jim and REACTS. Mike REACTS.

FLACO
Aw, hell no.

Flaco pulls a gun. As does Jim. A Mexican standoff. This is bad.

CASPER
Don't trip, I know these fools.
They're with me.

FLACO
Those are the fools that jacked me.
I'm shooting these motherfuckers.

Jim coolly aims, he's not worried. Casper points at Mike.

CASPER
At least give homeboy a pass.

FLACO
Let him bounce, I don't give a fuck.
I want this motherfuckin' güero in a
box.
(to Mike)
I ever see you again, you best be
gettin' your last supper 'cause you're
a dead man.

CASPER
Get the fuck out of here, Mike. Say
hey to Sylvia, que no.

Mike looks at Jim. Who whispers:

JIM
I'm gonna shoot him.

Mike has no idea what to do. He can't just abandon Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
Take off homie. I'll be cool.

Mike grabs the B.B. gun and aims at Flaco...

It's the distraction Jim needs.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

POP-POP! He nails Flaco with two shots.

Jim stares at Casper. His face utterly expressionless.

JIM (CONT'D)

Later days, fucker.

CASPER

Don't trip. I'm cool.

POP-POP! Jim drops him with two to the head.

Jim aims at the mortified Young Cholos. They raise their hands.

YOUNG CHOLO 1

Aw, no. No, homie. No.

POP-POP! Jim drops him. Jim aims at other one.

YOUNG CHOLO 2

Please no, sir.

MIKE

Jim! No!

BAM! Jim blows the kid away. Mike is horrified. Jim grabs the duffelbag of weed and the baggie of money rolls and hops in his car.

97 EXT. CASPER'S STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

97

SCREECH! Mike punches the gas.

MIKE

They were just kids!

JIM

Play you pay. Go-go!

98 EXT. CASPER'S STREET - NIGHT

98

The OLD MAN charges outside with a giant automatic shotgun, a real goose canon...

BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOM!

99 EXT. CASPER'S STREET - INT. JIM'S FORD (MOVING) - NIGHT

99

Time freezes as windows of the sedan dissolve into glistening cubes of glass. Slowly shining and spinning like a galaxy of stars. BUCKSHOT WHINES through the interior...

JIM IS HIT BAD...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

More BUCKSHOT PELLETS rip through Jim's seat, into his back.

JIM
Arrrgggh! I'm hit.

Mike turns the corner. Now out of the line of fire. The car races away.

Jim slumps, severely mangled. Bloody. The side of his face is gone. His eyes roll in pain.

MIKE
Omigod! Jim!

Jim sees his arm has been blown off...

JIM
I'm hit bad.

Mike is nauseous. He GAGS. But holds his chow. Jim looks at his good arm and the .45 still in his hand.

JIM (CONT'D)
Can't move my arm. Can't move my legs. Can't move shit. I'm fuckin' paralyzed.

MIKE
Don't trip. County hospital's right there.

JIM
No. Don't you dare take me there. I'm not going out like that.

MIKE
We're going.

JIM
No medical treatment... Kill me.

MIKE
What?

JIM
I fucked up. Everything's shitty. Mercy kill me.

MIKE
Aw, shit... No, dude. No. You're gonna be fine.

JIM
Take a look dumbfuck.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be fine? Take my piece,
put it to my head and pull the
trigger. Step up and do it because
I can't.

Mike looking Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

You fuckin' pussy. Pull over and do
it. Do it.

MIKE

Just kill you and bail?

JIM

Yeah. Take the fuck off and don't
look back or you'll turn into a pillar
of salt. Want to know what it's
like to kill someone? What's up?
No one's gonna know. Only you me
and God.

MIKE

No fuckin' way. You're crazy. I'm
not shooting you.

JIM

It's mercy, dog. I deserve it. You
know I'd do it for you.

Mike turns on a side street and pulls to the curb.

100 INT. JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

100

Mike places his hand over Jim's holding the gun. Mike holds
the gun to Jim's head. They lock eyes.

MIKE

You did this to yourself you stupid
fuck. You're always doing stupid
shit and then I gotta fix it. Want
me to fix your head once and for
all? Crazy motherfucker. Is this
what you want?

JIM

Yeah. C'mon, it's easy.

MIKE

Bullshit. Not for me.

Mike wipes tears. Tightens his finger on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

10

MIKE (CONT'D)

I love you, you fuckin' shitbag.

JIM

I love you too. Gonna miss you, brother.

MIKE

Everything's gonna be okay.

JIM

I know. -

BAM! Mike pulls the trigger. It's over. He gently sets Jim's hand and the gun back down.

Mike crosses himself. And gets out of car.

101 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - JIM'S FORD - NIGHT

10

Mike runs away from Jim's Ford.

102 EXT. MIKE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

10

Sunrise. Mike walks up his hill. To Sylvia's car. It's loaded with luggage, books. She's moving out. Mike REACTS.

Sylvia exits with a couple houseplants. She sees Mike standing there, chest heaving. Mike crosses to her. They stand there looking at each other. Sylvia is crying. Mike too.

Seeing him there, Sylvia knows she could never leave him. And she knows something is very different.

Mike takes the two houseplants from her and sets them down. And kisses her. They embrace...

THE END