

SCARFACE

by

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Based on the screenplay by

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August 26, 2015

EXT. POPPY FIELDS - SINALOA, MEXICO - DAY

LABORERS work the fields, backs bent, as the SUN beats down and the Sierras tower in the background. With a razor, a LABORER slices into a POD, and a white RESIN weeps out.

Follow a second LABORER as she scrapes the "MUD"-- the raw opium gum-- that has oozed out and dried brown. Her HANDS are calloused and nicked by the razor. She is ALICIA ZAVALA, 32.

She stands upright, shields her eyes, scans the poppy field--

ALICIA

Antonio!

Fifty yards away, obscured beneath a sea of poppy, gently undulating in the breeze, TWO BOYS lie on their backs. Both skinny, shaggy-haired. ANTONIO, 12 and TOMAS, 14. They pass a PLASTIC BAG between them, huffing glue.

TOMAS

(Spanish)

Your mama's calling you.

ANTONIO

(Spanish)

Gimme that.

They keep on HUFFING, until their eyes roll back, and the blissful grins spread across their dirt-smudged faces--

ON-SCREEN TITLE: **SINALOA, MEXICO. 2003.**

EXT. CULIACAN - SUNSET

Antonio and Tomas walk barefoot down a dirt street, past rough DWELLINGS, cinder-block walls, corrugated plastic roofs. Behind them, distant, the POPPY FIELDS stretch.

TONY (V.O.)

The Chinese came to Mexico a hundred years ago to build the railroads. They were the Mexicans' very own Spics. They broke their backs and ate shit for low wages. Those Chinamen brought the poppy with them. A flower with a dream inside. Kept them high all day long. Made it easier to be a fucking slave.

Up ahead, a PICKUP TRUCK with jacked-up suspension idles by the side of the road, with SICARIOS inside. In SPANISH--

TOMAS

*You should come to the camp. Don't
you wanna make real money?*

ANTONIO

*Fuck that. I heard El Sapo killed
some kid and ate his legs.*

Tomas laughs, shrugs.

TOMAS

Pussy. Keep collecting bottles.

Tomas jogs over to the pickup, hops in the back. Antonio
WATCHES as the pickup peels away, kicking up dust--

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

A MEXICAN WRESTLING MATCH is underway. Voluptuous RING GIRLS
in bikinis and fishnets. MIDGETS in shiny costumes and MASKS,
riling up the eager, inebriated CROWD--

ANGLE -- BENEATH THE STANDS:

Antonio crawls along, scavenging MONEY fallen from the
spectators' pockets, stuffing empty BOTTLES into a trash bag.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Antonio exchanges the BOTTLES for a few meager COINS--

INT. ALICIA'S HOUSE - CULIACAN - NIGHT

A grim, primitive, bare-bones home. Antonio and his FOUR
SISTERS eat a meager meal of rice and beans, while ALICIA
watches a Telenovela-- a different kind of Mexico on display:
Big house, fancy clothes, money--

Alicia gets up off her chair, lights a cigarette, walks to
the window. REVEAL that she's PREGNANT.

TONY (V.O.)

*The Chinese were long gone. Now it
was my Mamacita. Generations of
mamacitas breaking their backs for
those fucking flowers.*

Antonio notices one of his sisters watching him hungrily, her
plate already empty. He smiles at her, scrapes his food onto
her plate. He sees that ALICIA just saw this happen, her face
full of shame, regret.

He stands up, grabs his coat, walks over to Alicia, kisses her on the cheek tenderly. They speak in SPANISH--

ANTONIO
We are too many.

She nods, because she knows.

ALICIA
Don't forget about your mother.

ANTONIO
Gonna make you a Queen someday.

She hugs him ferociously, eyes wet, kisses him. He goes to his sisters, kisses each of them goodbye. Takes one last look around the sad little room. Then walks out the door--

EXT. CULIACAN - NIGHT

SICARIOS hang out on the corner, slinging junk and flirting with local girls. They're teenagers, not much older than Antonio, but with dead-eyed, thousand-yard stares. A WHITE VAN is parked nearby.

They look up when they see Antonio approaching, with a confident stride and posture that belies his young stature.

SICARIO
(Spanish)
Check out this little faggot.

Antonio doesn't even blink.

ANTONIO
(Spanish)
You got something for me or what?

EXT. CORNER - LATER

AN INITIATION RITE-- Sicarios, including TOMAS, are assembled in a circle, throwing Antonio one to the next, beating and kicking him. Antonio lands against TOMAS, who grins at him, then throws a hard PUNCH to his face--

EXT. DESERT - TRAINING CAMP - DAY

The same white cargo van pulls up, the doors open, and the Sicarios hustle out a group of boys, who are all BLINDFOLDED.

REVEAL a RANCH set up for military training: a firing range, an obstacle course. The blindfolds are removed, and we find ANTONIO, bruised, squinting in the bright desert sunshine--

EXT. DAY. TRAINING CAMP

A MAN, 30s, paces beneath a scaffold, eyes blazing like a mystic. Short in stature, with a butcher's thick arms and shoulders. This is EL SAPO ("The Toad"). He speaks ENGLISH:

EL SAPO

You think you know Jesus Christ
because of what your *mamacitas* told
you about Him? That he was kind and
gentle, and merciful? Pale and
blond, with his slender lady-
fingers wafting through the air?

El Sapo waves his fingers in an exaggerated, feminine manner.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

No! That is not Christ. He was a
warrior, with veins full of hot
blood, even when they nailed him to
the cross. You think a gentle man
could take such pain?

REVERSE ANGLE: A hundred BOYS-- skinny, dirt-stained, torn clothing-- sit cross-legged, a lost generation--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

We are warriors, too. Hundreds of
years ago, the Spaniards came,
tried to take the land from us. But
our ancestors, the great warriors
of Sinaloa, they destroyed them.
They drank their blood and ate
their souls. That blood is power.

El Sapo WHOOPS-- the high-spirited *grito mexicano*-- CLOSE ON ANTONIO, watching him with his burning black eyes...

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - DAY

Antonio sits at a bench opposite EL COMODÍN, 16, in the glory of his youth, movie-star smile, a large TATTOO of a playing-card JOKER across his muscled chest. More INK of pinup girls on his arms, and a row of CROSSES on his forearm.

ANTONIO

(Spanish)

What's the joker for?

El Comodin loads BULLETS into the curved clip of an AK-47.

EL COMODÍN
 Speak English. El Sapo says Spanish
 is for peasants.
 (gestures to tattoo)
El Comodín-- that's my name. In
 English you say The Joker. (beat)
 That's what I think about Death.

Antonio points to the pin-up girls. El Comodin grins.

EL COMODÍN (CONT'D)
 Because I love girls. You probably
 haven't learned to fuck yet. One
 day you'll figure it out.

ANTONIO
 (broken English)
 What these mean?

Antonio touches the TWELVE CROSSES on El Comodin's forearm.
 El Comodin cocks his head, looks hard at Antonio.

EL COMODÍN
 You already know what they mean.
 (in Spanish)
Are you soft?

ANTONIO
 (Spanish)
*Fuck no. I'm hard everywhere. My
 dick is a monster.*

El Comodin laughs, gives Antonio an affectionate-- *but still*
hard-- slap to the back of the head. in ENGLISH:

EL COMODÍN
 You can kill for the cartel and get
 out of jail when you're 18. Clean.
 That's the law. (beat) Let's see
 how hard you are, Monster--

El Comodín snaps the clip into an AK-47, hands it to Antonio.
 Off Antonio, a boy with a man's gun--

EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

The BOYS fire AK-47s on the range. The POP-POP-POP of
 gunfire. El Comodín and Tomas tutor the boys as they shoot at
 a metal TARGET across the yard. For most of them, the
 carbines are too big, difficult to control.

Find EL SAPO watching from the side. He's WATCHING ANTONIO, who fires a shot-- PING-- it HITS the target. But his next three shots MISS. Antonio, suddenly awash with frustration, STALKS toward the target, fearless of the lead-filled air--

El Comodin notices, signals for the OTHER BOYS to stop firing, as Antonio walks RIGHT UP to the target, and starts BLASTING on automatic, emptying the magazine--

A barrage so intense the metal target itself burns white-hot, bursts into flames and MELTS like its in a forge--

Antonio looks up, sees that everyone-- the Boys, El Comodin, and El Sapo-- are all STARING at him. Antonio spits on the ground, walks back to the others. El Sapo bursts into hearty laughter, and pretty soon everyone joins in--

EXT./INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

El Sapo and his men smoke after dinner as EL TALIBÁN, one of the *sicarios*, plays his accordion-- "*Camelia la Tejana*". Inside, ANTONIO clears the dinner dishes. El Sapo slaps him on the back as he passes. Antonio has been invited INSIDE.

FOLLOW Antonio into the kitchen, he brings the dishes to the sink and ravenously eats scraps from the plates. He notices a GIRL watching him from the hall nearby. This is XIMENA, 13, silky hair, white dress, in the first bloom of her beauty.

Antonio moves toward her. She looks away, withdraws down the hall toward her bedroom. Antonio follows her. As she reaches her room, she looks up again, shares a long, lingering look with Antonio, before disappearing into her bedroom--

EXT./INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - LATER

Antonio empties the trash in a back enclosure. He hears an ENGINE, so he PEEKS through the fence and SEES some of El Sapo's men dragging a YOUNG MAN from the back of a VAN.

It's DARK, so we can't see his face, only that the Captive's hands and feet are bound. The MEN drag him to a wall and HANG him upside-down from his ankles. The Captive's SCREAMS are muffled by a rag, duct-taped to his mouth.

Antonio JUMPS as a hand touches his shoulder-- It's El Comodin, looking at him gravely.

EL COMODÍN
That's what happens to weakness.

Through the fence, the men pull the Captive's pants down. EL TALIBAN hones a machete.

ANTONIO

Who is that? What did he do--?

EL COMODÍN

Doesn't matter. Shut the fuck up.
No one gets old in the Cartel.

El Comodin shoves Antonio back toward the house, and we can still hear the Captive's muffled SCREAMS--

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - DAY

The boys play soccer. The ball goes flying into the brush, far away. El Sapo appears on his porch, throws a new ball to Antonio. As it BOUNCES toward him, Antonio traps it with his foot, and then FREEZES--

Because TOMAS' FACE has been SKINNED OFF and SEWN ONTO THE SOCCER BALL. Lips, cheeks, eyebrows-- it's all there.

HOLD ON: Antonio's FACE. He's gut-punched, because it was his friend. But also, he knows he's being watched. *Tested*. He steels himself as he stares at the ghastly Tomas-ball: A virtuosic display of evil, sadism and meticulous handcraft.

El Sapo gestures, urges Antonio to kick the ball. Antonio looks at El Sapo, then turns and gives the BALL a good, hard KICK. El Sapo lets out a deep belly-laugh, lights a cigar--

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Antonio fills his tray, moves to join MANUELITO, gangly and boyishly handsome, who sits with CHI CHI, chubby and wry, and ANGEL, cocky, a year older. In SPANISH:

CHI CHI

So, Manuelito, two nuns are walking down a street, and two guys jump out and start raping them. One of the nuns looks to heaven and says, "Forgive them father, they know not what they do!" The other nun says, "But this one does!"

Chi Chi and Manuelito laugh their asses off. Antonio smiles, but doesn't laugh. Angel frowns. Continuing in SPANISH:

ANGEL

That's not funny, Chi Chi. If you rape a nun you go straight to hell.

CHI CHI

You're missing the point, Angel.

MANUELITO

Impossible to fuck a nun anyway. Their pussies are too tight.

The boys switch to ENGLISH:

CHI CHI

Antonio, you tell a joke.

Antonio stares at Chi Chi a beat, then shakes his head.

MANUELITO

Antonio never laughs.

CHI CHI

Okay. A Mexican and a Nigger are riding in a car. Who drives?

Everyone looks at Chi Chi, waiting for it.

CHI CHI (CONT'D)

A cop.

Angel and Manuelito laugh. This time, even Antonio smiles.

ANTONIO

That was a good one.

Antonio's gaze shifts over to XIMENA, who has sat down to eat at the other side of the room. Manuelito clocks Antonio watching her. He leans close--

MANUELITO

You know who that is, right?

Antonio just keeps staring at her.

MANUELITO (CONT'D)

She's El Sapo's little *hermana*.

ANTONIO

So what?

Manuelito grins, whistles low, can't help being impressed.

MANUELITO

Damn. You got balls. (beat) Nice knowing you.

They keep eating, as Antonio steals another glance at Ximena--

EXT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late at night, the camp is quiet and deserted. The sound of BIRDSONG. REVEAL Antonio is WHISTLING-- mimicking a bird.

A window opens and XIMENA appears, looking down. Antonio emerges from the darkness, they share a gaze, and Ximena climbs from her window--

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NEAR TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Antonio and Ximena walk alongside a mountain creek. She grins up at the stars, at ease in the wilderness. Antonio seems shy around her.

XIMENA

...I think if I could go anyplace in the world, I'd go to Tokyo.

ANTONIO

What's wrong with Culiacán?

XIMENA

There's so many colors there. Everything, the buildings, the clothes, even the people.

ANTONIO

I don't need that many colors.

XIMENA

I have dreams about Tokyo sometimes. Sometimes I even speak the language. (beat) You wouldn't go to Tokyo with me?

Antonio sits by the creek, and she sits next to him.

ANTONIO

I'd definitely go with you.

XIMENA

Where would you want to go? If you could go anywhere?

Antonio shrugs, doesn't answer, puts his hand on her knee.

XIMENA (CONT'D)
New York. Or Miami. Or Chicago.
(beat) Or L.A...

ANTONIO
You can't just go to L.A. You need
five thousand dollars just to get
across the border.

She smiles. Now she knows where he wants to go.

XIMENA
Then you find a way.

They look at each other. She reaches in her pocket, pulls out
a POLAROID of herself, smiling. She gives it to Tony.

XIMENA (CONT'D)
El mundo es tuyo. (beat) The world
is yours.

Tony looks at the Polaroid. Puts it carefully in his pocket.
She pulls his face toward hers, and they softly kiss--

INT. BOTÁNICA - NIGHT

A candlelit storefront crowded with wares-- amulets, herbal
folk remedies, and a large icon of SANTA MUERTE, a SKELETON
in a red-lace mantilla, with a gilt sword and a crucifix.

White pigeons coo nearby while EL SAPO sits with LA BRUJA,
40s, the *Santera*, as she prepares her COWRIE SHELLS. She sets
two shells aside, closes her eyes, and CASTS the rest--

She reads the *oddun*-- the pattern they make on the table.
After a moment, she grimaces, brushes them into a pile--

EL SAPO
What did you see?

LA BRUJA
I see nothing. Just haze. I always
tell you not to drink before you
come here, but you waste my time--

EL SAPO
Come on. I'm your best customer.

La Bruja looks away, frowns. El Sapo places a rubber-band-
bound wad of CASH on the table.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
Read the shells.

La Bruja slides the cash into her brassiere, closes her eyes, and CASTS the shells once again.

LA BRUJA
In just a few short years, you will
become Boss of Bosses.

EL SAPO
Then I have nothing to fear?

LA BRUJA
You will live a life of abundance,
until your hair is white as snow.

But there's something *off* in her tone, and body language that El Sapo intuitively senses.

EL SAPO
You saw something else.

She gathers her shells, won't look at him--

LA BRUJA
Told you what I saw--

He suddenly GRABS her by the wrist, hard, his face red--

EL SAPO
Tell me what it is, fucking cow.

La Bruja looks at him. Her eyes wide, fearful.

LA BRUJA
I saw a man. He has a scar, on his
face, like this.

With her finger, she draws the shape of a CROSS on her cheek.

LA BRUJA (CONT'D)
One day he will come for you.
(beat) And he will kill you.

Hold on El Sapo's face, as this sinks in--

INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

El Sapo, El Comodín, El Taliban, and other SICARIOS watch soccer on TV. El Sapo seems preoccupied, grouchy. ANTONIO enters with snacks and begins to serve the men.

EL TALIBAN
That fucking teacher, Obregon.

EL COMODIN

Yeah, him. Trying to organize the kids, the students, the parents. Stay away from *El Narco*--

EL SAPO

He needs to mind his business.

EL COMODÍN

Gonna have some kind of rally in Culiacan this weekend. Asshole.

El Sapo thinks a beat. He looks over, notices Antonio, who has obviously been listening, albeit discreetly. He takes the gold-plated PISTOL out of his belt, holds it out--

EL SAPO

Hey, Antonio. What do you think about this Obregon?

Antonio takes the gun.

ANTONIO

He's not my fucking teacher.

El Sapo laughs heartily. As all the men join in, we HOLD on Antonio, staring at the gun--

EXT. CULIACAN - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Establish the front of the run-down SCHOOL building. A MAN emerges, carrying a worn leather bag. This is OBREGON, 45, glasses, beard, tired eyes.

As he descends the stairs to the sidewalk, he's rushed by BEGGAR CHILDREN, swarming him, selling cheap candies--

STREET KIDS

Chiclets! Chiclets!

Obregon smiles, digs out a few pesos, hands them to the kids, takes a pack of chiclets--

OBREGON

Okay, okay. You got me.

REVEAL, hidden amongst the crowd of kids-- ANTONIO, CHI CHI, ANGEL, and MANUELITO. They FOLLOW Obregon as he walks away--

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Obregon climbs into his car, a dented, decade-old beater, and turns the key in the ignition. It won't start. He tries again. Still won't start.

He looks to his left, out the window, and sees ANTONIO walking toward him, carrying a Beretta machine pistol--

Obregon's eyes bug out, he looks in the REAR VIEW, sees ANGEL approaching, carrying El Sapo's GOLD PISTOL--

OBREGON

Jesus--

Obregon FLATTENS himself across the seat, just as Antonio starts BLASTING into the car, the WINDOWS SHATTERING--

The OTHER BOYS, having surrounded the car, also start SHOOTING, emptying their magazines, a hail of bullets tearing up the car-- POP POP POP POP POP POP--

The BLASTING finally stops, the boys are out of ammo, and the CAR is fucking swiss cheese-- but then, amazingly, the passenger door flies open and OBREGON SCUTTLES OUT--

He miraculously survived the gunfire, but he's BLEEDING from various CUTS on his face from the flying glass, and he TAKES OFF RUNNING, and the BOYS give chase--

INTO AN OPEN-AIR MARKET

Tracking him through the stalls, crowded with vendors and women shopping for groceries. Obregon staggers through the market, terrified, constantly checking for his pursuers--

ANTONIO and the other BOYS follow, spreading out through the market, all of them RELOADING their weapons as they go, checking every possible hiding spot--

Obregon finds an opportunity and BREAKS away-- but MANUELITO spots him, and CHASES him, alone, through a warren of alleys--

BACK ON-- ANTONIO as he catches up to Chi Chi and Angel--

ANTONIO

Where's Manuelito?

They stare back at him, no fucking clue--

BACK ON - OBREGON, running for his life, putting distance between himself and Manuelito, who runs hard, gasping for breath, he's just a skinny little kid, the gun is heavy--

Obregon scrambles up a fence, drops HARD to the other side, dashes down the ALLEY and comes up on a much taller FENCE. He turns, sees that MANUELITO has caught up, his gun raised--

Obregon raises his hands in surrender, and starts to cry--

OBREGON

Please. You don't have to. You're a child. This doesn't have to be your life, I can help you--

MANUELITO

Shut up! You're gonna die today--

But Manuelito looks scared, pale, his gun trembles--

OBREGON

I have four boys of my own. Please. One is just your age...

Manuelito cocks the pistol. A long look between them. Obregon weeps, his whole body shuddering, nose running. Manuelito steadies himself, refines his aim, the moment lasts forever--

BUT HE CAN'T DO IT. Obregon sees it in Manuelito's eyes. He quickly backs away, scrambles up and over the fence, drops, and soon DISAPPEARS entirely from sight.

Moments later, ANTONIO arrives, sees Manuelito standing there, holding the gun. And Antonio instantly knows exactly what happened.

ANTONIO

Manuelito...

Off Manuelito's stricken face--

INT. SUBURBAN - DUSK

El Talibán drives, El Sapo brooding beside him. Manuelito, Antonio and El Comodin ride in the passenger seat, while Angel and Chi Chi ride in the back. Manuelito is crying, blubbing, a scared little boy--

TONY (V.O.)

No one gets old in the cartel. And no one stays young. El Sapo fed Manuelito, gave him a bed and a future. He trained him to kill and when his time came, he failed. Manuelito wanted to still be a boy. But we were men now.

Suddenly El Sapo pulls a gun. He aims it right at Antonio's FACE. A long look between them. Antonio doesn't flinch. Then El Sapo turns the gun, holds it by the BARREL for Antonio--

EL SAPO

*This is how we become family. How
we stay family. By blood.*

Antonio takes the gun. SLOW PUSH IN on Antonio, the gun in his hand, as the SOUND MUFFLES, and he is alone with his choice, unaware of the chaos around him-- Manuelito SOBBING, El Sapo and the Sicarios SHOUTING, egging him on--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

(grinning, confident)

*You'll do it. That's my boy. You
see everything through my eyes now--*

PUSH IN ON Antonio as he AIMS at Manuelito, knowing that the decision he is about to make will define his life forever. He suddenly SWINGS THE GUN toward EL SAPO'S FACE--

El Sapo's EYES BUG, and in a moment of pure gut-reflex, he SHOVES Antonio's hand to the side, just as the PISTOL FIRES, RIGHT AT EL TALIBAN, BEHIND THE WHEEL--

El Taliban's HEAD EXPLODES, brains and blood splattering the spiderwebbed windshield-- his headless body sags, and the SUBURBAN IMMEDIATELY SPINS OUT OF CONTROL--

The big vehicle CARTWHEELS down the highway, everyone FLUNG like ragdolls inside, until the WRECK finally settles on the pavement, smoking and clicking--

An eerie moment of quiet. Then Manuelito crawls out from beneath the wreck. Then Angel and Chi Chi. But Antonio can't escape-- he STRUGGLES, gets a HAND free, and the other boys grab his arm, and start PULLING him to freedom--

Suddenly a HAND grabs Antonio's leg from inside the wreck. It's EL SAPO. Antonio tries to wriggle free. Suddenly El Sapo SLASHES at him with a SWITCHBLADE. Antonio tries to kick free, but El Sapo keeps SLASHING, and BLOOD FLIES--

Desperate, Antonio SCREAMS and KICKS El Sapo hard in the face, struggles free, and the boys pull him out of the wreck--

They DISAPPEAR into the night, panting, lungs burning, as if they would sprint all the way to El Norte--

El Comodin emerges, struggles to pull El Sapo out of the wreck, El Sapo dusts himself off, grabs El Comodin's GUN and FIRES WILDLY into the night at the vanishing kids--

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK--

El Sapo lets out a BELLOW of pure, black rage--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. DESERT -- NEAR SIERRAS

The BLAST of a TRAIN WHISTLE, as the colossal locomotive mass hurtles across the valley on giant steel wheels--

MIGRANTS surge toward the train. A MOTHER passes her BABY, grabs for the ladder-- SLIPS-- and ROLLS down the gravel bank. She scrambles up, WAILING, as the train barrels past heartlessly, her baby lost in the arms of strangers--

Among the onrushing mob, the BOYS RUN to catch up with the train. Antonio LEAPS, grabs onto a ladder, nearly falls, swings himself up. He reaches to help Manuelito, who leaps, MISSES, But Antonio grabs his wrist and pulls him aboard--

Just as another Migrant reaches for the ladder, slips, and DISAPPEARS screaming under the crushing wheels of the train--

The train going FAST now, Angel runs with Chi Chi, out of breath, the boys cheer him on, Angel jumps aboard. Just Chi Chi now, the train escaping, the ladder just out of reach--

Suddenly a SALVADORAN MAN grabs Chi Chi, literally THROWS him into the boxcar. The boys pull him to safety. The Salvadoran Man LEAPS, climbs aboard easily, fuffles Chi Chi's hair as he moves past him to the top of the boxcar--

SALVADORAN MAN

Bienvenidos al norte.

Antonio watches the benevolent man. He joins his friends, who now regard him with a grave-- almost reverent-- new level of respect. Manny takes off his shirt, presses it to the bloody WOUND on Antonio's face. Antonio nods in thanks.

TONY (V.O.)

El Sapo thought he was a Man of God, and we were his flock. But he was a liar. Didn't care if we lived or died. (beat) Fuck that. No way I was gonna die down there. Ximena was right. The world was mine.

Antonio climbs the ladder to ride atop the boxcar, to enjoy the warm desert breeze, as the SUN RISES over the distant mountains. He removes the shirt from his face, REVEALING the raw, cross-shaped WOUND slashed across his cheek--

He pulls out the POLAROID of Ximena, stares at it while the rugged beauty of the landscape passes--

CUT TO BLACK.

SMASH TITLE OVER BLACK-- **SCARFACE**

INT. EAST L.A. - HANCOCK MEAT COMPANY - DAY

A bloody, grinding tableau of death: CATTLE move down a chute toward the "squeeze box". The "KNOCKER" presses an AIR GUN between a steer's eyes-- *PFFFT!* A BOLT shoots into its brain--

A CHAIN hooked around the hind leg pulls the steer upside down, attached to a moving line in the ceiling. A large SIGN on the wall says *HANCOCK MEAT CO. INC--*

ON SCREEN TITLE: **LOS ANGELES, 2016**

The steer moves on to the "STICKER" -- this is TONY, now in his mid-20s, wearing all rubber-- apron, boots, and gloves, to fend off the constant stream of GORE.

Tony has filled out, he's lean but powerfully built, sinewy like a street fighter. The WOUND from El Sapo has hardened into a lurid, cross-shaped SCAR on his cheek.

With a sharp KNIFE, Tony moves inside the first cut and SLASHES the jugular. Blood SPLASHES onto the kill floor--

The air is filled with a mist of blood, and the violent sounds of death and dismemberment. This is clearly the worst job in Los Angeles.

The steer moves to three "BACKERS"-- men who work with AIR KNIVES in dance-like synchrony. REVEAL MANNY, mid-20s, now strikingly handsome with black, wavy hair. With a HOOK, Manny pulls the draping hide into THE DOWN PULLER--

Huge ROLLERS clamp down and RIP the hide off. It slides down a chute and a MONSTER emerges, pearly-white, with broken teeth, bulging eyeballs, and a hole in its head--

INT. HANCOCK MEAT CO. - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Tony stands at the sink, stripped to the waist. He SCRUBS and SCRUBS at his face, chest, and hands. Like he's desperate to get the stench off. A VALET UNIFORM hangs on the hand-dryer.

Manny washes up beside Tony. Two SUPERVISORS in red helmets enter, shoot them a look as they move to the urinals--

SUPERVISOR 1

What do you call a Mexican
basketball game? Juan on Juan.

The Supervisors laugh their asses off. Tony grits his teeth.
He's clearly heard this bullshit plenty of times before.

SUPERVISOR 2

What do you call a Mexican without
a lawnmower?

Tony turns around, looks at the pissing Supervisors.

TONY

Unemployed, right?

They don't acknowledge him, keep pissing. Tony GRINS at them,
but only with his mouth: *his eyes are dark, eager, glinting
with potential violence.*

TONY (CONT'D)

I got a job though. Here I am.

SUPERVISOR 1

(without looking at him)

Watch your mouth.

TONY

I watch it all the time.

Manny pulls Tony by the arm, speaks low--

MANNY

Forget it. He's a prick. Just leave
it alone.

Tony keeps smiling his scary-smile at the Supervisors.

MANNY (CONT'D)

We don't wanna be late, man.

Finally Tony turns back to the sink, rinses off--

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The nightclub's edifice on Ivar is matte-black, no sign, no
numbers-- only a small black door. But it's clearly the
hottest joint in town. A celebrity hangout. A massive QUEUE
of WANNABEES who might never get in. PAPARAZZI hover.

A long line of HOT CARS wait for the uniformed VALETS, and we
recognize OUR FRIENDS-- TONY, MANNY, and grown up ANGEL and
CHI CHI (*still chubby, but with more muscle*)-- amongst them.

A RED FERRARI 458 SPYDER pulls up, and BRET SANDERS, 28 gets out. He OWNS Box 29. Handsome, handmade suit, \$300 haircut.

TONY WATCHES as Bret is greeted by the DOORMAN (OMAR, 20s, shaved head, power-lifter body) who opens the velvet rope for him. The two men lean close, CONFERRING over something, and PASS something between them-- Tony keeps WATCHING--

As OMAR lets a few more PATRONS in, some of them pass Omar some BILLS, and he in turn passes back mini-zips of BLOW. It's all very subtle, but TONY clocks it all--

Then a black-series MERCEDES SLS AMG screeches up. The gull-wing doors open, and there's A WHITEOUT OF FLASHBULBS--

And a GIRL emerges from the Mercedes-- like Venus from the sea foam. Young, gorgeous, has no fucks to give. She makes the night go, makes the city go, she is that girl--

Her name is JEISA. Effortlessly put together, even in jeans, flip flops, and a perfectly distressed T-shirt. She drops the keys in Manny's hand as she moves past, doesn't look at him. Manny STARES at her, left speechless by her beauty.

CLOSE ON TONY as he WATCHES her. The most beautiful creature he's ever seen. Desire in his eyes. And something else-- *determination*. Omar immediately parts the rope for her--

JEISA

How's the gate tonight, Omar?

OMAR

Crazy, Boss. Crazy.

Jeisa approaches BRET, they kiss on both cheeks, familiar--

BRET

Didn't think you'd show tonight.

JEISA

I'm full of surprises. (beat) He here yet?

BRET

Who, Michael--?

JEISA

No, your gay Dad.

Bret laughs, ushers her inside, while TMZ PAPS scramble to get a good shot of her--

BRET

Nice.

JEISA

You love it when I'm a bitch--

CLOSE ON-- TONY. Still watching her. Still watching everything. Until Chi Chi WHISTLES him out of his reverie and he runs to park the next car--

INT. DINER - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Tony, Manny, Angel, and Chi Chi gather in a booth at a Boyle Heights all-night joint. Angel divides the tips--

MANNY

Met a girl tonight, she said that if she was a guy she could suck her own cock.

TONY

What's that mean? That's bullshit-talk, man.

MANNY

That's how flexible she is.

CHI CHI

White girls will suck anything.

TONY

Do you wanna suck your own cock, Manny? You like cock now?

Manny shakes his head, snorts. He's used to Tony's shit.

MANNY

I don't know, man. She's a yoga teacher. She got pretzel legs.

Angel finishes counting, hands them each a stack of bills.

ANGEL

Seventy-five bucks each.

Tony drops the bills on the table, face full of disdain.

MANNY

What's the problem? It's better money than El Paso or Phoenix--

TONY

We didn't come to L.A. for this. We're still in the shit. (beat) You smell what I smell like?

ANGEL
You smell fine, Tony.

TONY
I smell like a cow. I smell like a
fucking cow a fucking cow wouldn't
fuck. I can't get it out.

Chi Chi finishes counting his share, pockets it.

TONY (CONT'D)
You know the guy at the door?

MANNY
Dude's on human growth hormone or
something. Got a fat Rolex.

TONY
Everyone came in, it was zips of
coca and a hundred bucks. Everyone.
He must've cleared five grand.

The Waitress brings their food and everyone digs in. Except
Tony, who ignores his food, preoccupied.

TONY (CONT'D)
Who was that girl? With the
Mercedes, and the flip-flops?

MANNY
(mouth full)
She's out of our league, man.

CHI CHI
She owns the club with Bret.

ANGEL
Heard she used to be a model.

TONY
What's her name?

MANNY
(swallows)
Jeisa.

TONY
Jeisa? What kind of name is Jeisa?

MANNY
She's A-list hot. All those girls
have names like that.
(beat)
(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)

You ever put your tongue all the way up a pussy, then stick your finger all the way up her ass? They go crazy. So now it's my specialty.

Everyone laughs, except Tony, who's still lost in thought--

INT. BODEGA - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Cradling a 40oz and a pack of Taquis, Tony browses through *In Touch* magazine. He comes upon a PHOTO of JEISA, dolled up at a red carpet event.

He heads to the CASHIER, moving past some hard-looking Latino BANGERS. He's not one of them, but they exchange nods of respect. The Cashier rings him up--

CASHIER

(Spanish)

See you next time--

Tony nods silently, exits the Bodega, passing a homeless Latino man sitting against the building. Tony gives his CHANGE to the guy, who smiles at Tony through rotted teeth--

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Tony SLEEPS in his shit-hole APARTMENT, which is basically ONE ROOM, along with Manny, Chi Chi and Angel, mattresses on the floor. The DIN of TRAFFIC from the 5 FREEWAY, seemingly right outside the window, rattling the dishes.

His ALARM goes off, and he rolls out of bed, starts doing push-ups on the floor. We see the POLAROID of XIMENA-- faded, aged by time-- taped to the wall beside his bed--

INT. HANCOCK MEAT CO. - DAY

Rubber-clad Tony holds his KNIFE as a STEER moves toward him on the chain. Tony moves in, deftly slices the jugular. The asshole SUPERVISOR passes, BUMPING into him, on purpose.

Tony turns, holding his blood-drenched knife, and watches the Supervisor walk away, no acknowledgement, no apology--

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Two MODELS pull up in an Aston Martin Vanquish. Tony takes the keys and climbs in. Breathes in the luxe interior smell.

The car roars off, Tony steers skillfully into a tight spot, jogs back to the club--

When he arrives, he discovers Omar squaring off with a muscular Salvadoran GANGBANGER with TATTOOS on his face and shaved skull, *MS-13* inked on his forehead.

OMAR

Said you're not on the list. Maybe
come back tomorrow--

GANGBANGER

Think I'm not good enough for your
club? Think you're better than me?

OMAR

It's a private party, bro--

GANGBANGER

Ain't your bro, motherfucker--

Omar reaches for his Walkie, calling for backup, and suddenly the Banger COLD-COCKS HIM, and Omar goes down hard--

Find TONY, he just saw it all happen, Omar unconscious on the sidewalk, everyone around FROZEN in shock, while the BANGER puffs his chest out, amped on adrenaline and glass--

GANGBANGER (CONT'D)

The fuck y'all looking at? Gonna
call the cops, chicken-shit
faggots? Who else wants some--

The Banger sees that TONY has walked right up in his face.
That familiar Tony-look: Smile on the bottom, Death on top.

TONY

You should walk away from here.

The Banger's eyes flash with outrage.

GANGBANGER

The fuck are you? Nobody tells me
where to go. I'm *Mara Salvatrucha*,
son, I'll fuck--

Tony CHOPS the Banger hard in the THROAT. The Banger GAGS, doubles over, eyes popped-- Tony calmly UNHOOKS a section of VELVET ROPE and THROTTLES the Banger with it, SQUEEZING--

TONY

Cockroach--

Tony TRIPS the Banger to the ground, gets behind and on top of him, still GARROTING him with the rope. Some girls SCREAM. Tony proceeds to SMASH the Banger's FACE into the sidewalk. Again. And Again. And AGAIN. Even though the Banger is now out cold, face pulped, Tony SMASHES him down one more time.

Suddenly someone GRABS him from behind, and Tony WHIRLS to lash out, but holds back when he realizes it's BRET, who looks both shocked, and impressed as fuck. JEISA stands behind him, eying Tony curiously.

BRET
Holy fucking Jesus.

TONY
He laid out Omar--

JEISA
Get him out of here, now--

Bret pulls Tony away, down the street, as the Banger's friends pull his limp, bloody-faced body away, and the SOUND of SIRENS rises in the distance--

INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - NIGHT

Open all night. Tony sits in a plush booth with Bret, who watches Tony eat, voraciously, like he hasn't in a week.

BRET
Where in Mexico you from?

Tony swallows, looks at Bret.

TONY
You know a lot of beautiful girls.
Maybe you can introduce me.

BRET
Are you serious?

TONY
I'm always fucking serious.

Tony returns to his steak. Bret watches him, curious.

BRET
I think maybe, you went a little
overboard with that situation.

TONY

That Salvadoran piece of shit? You think I should've been nicer? Give him a cookie?

BRET

I'm just saying we have different ideas about conflict resolution.

Tony squints at him, like he just spoke Latin.

BRET (CONT'D)

I went to a progressive school.

TONY

Progressive school. Okay.

BRET

Are you making fun of me?

TONY

I'm just eating steak, man.

Bret cocks his head, smiles. Never met someone like Tony.

BRET

Where'd you learn to fight like that? Didn't even break a sweat.

Tony chews, swallows, puts down his fork. Then he reaches over, takes Bret's hands, inspects them.

TONY

Who does your nails for you?

Bret gently extracts his hands from Tony's grip.

BRET

I played the piano. I could play anything by ear. Since I was three. Like a prodigy. (beat) I got a scholarship to Julliard.

Tony nods, cuts into his steak, chews the word like meat--

TONY

Julliard.

BRET

I could use a guy like you.

TONY

What's a guy like me?

BRET
Wanna make a thousand bucks?

TONY
Okay.

BRET
I move coke for a very big guy who you don't need to know about. Omar usually makes the drops, but he's kind of fucking unavailable right now. Think you could handle that?

TONY
I could handle that.

Bret writes out a name and address on a napkin--

BRET
His name is Stokes. Runs a street operation. There's been a few stutters in the network, but you shouldn't have any issues--

TONY
Stutters...?

BRET
Don't worry about it. You drop off the package, you pick up sixty thousand, cash. That's it.

TONY
That's it. Okay.

Tony pockets the napkin.

BRET
You do this right, maybe we can do something else. You got the crazy eyes. Love that.

TONY
I'm not crazy.

BRET
And don't kill anybody.

Tony wipes his mouth with a napkin, looks at Bret.

TONY
There's four of us. Me and my friends. A thousand each.

BRET

Look at this guy! What did you make tonight, eighty bucks?

TONY

Maybe do it yourself then.

BRET

Do what? Park my own fucking car?

Tony fixes Bret with a dark, extended look.

TONY

Is that what you meant to say?

Bret shakes his head, grins, pulls out a wad of cash, starts peeling off bills--

BRET

Jesus. Settle down. We're just talking shit.

Tony says nothing, just WATCHES as Bret counts out the CASH: more money than he's ever made at one time. An opportunity he created himself. His eyes glint with possibility--

EXT. BEACHWOOD CANYON - NIGHT

Angel drives his Toyota beater up a steep, winding, tree-canopied street. Tony rides shotgun, Manny & Chi Chi in back. Angel checks the address on Bret's napkin, pulls to the curb.

They're parked in front of a green 60's box-framed house, up on stilts. The LIGHTS of the city twinkle beyond.

TONY

This is it?

ANGEL

That's what the napkin says.

Angel passes out GUNS from a grocery bag. Cheap Hi-Points, injection-molded plastic. Tony reaches in the grocery bag, pulls out a BOX OF AMMO.

TONY

They're the wrong bullets.

ANGEL

He said it's the same.

TONY

Who said that?

ANGEL
Guy who sold them to me?

Tony stares at Angel.

TONY
He said .38-caliber is the same as
nine millimeter?

CHI CHI
It's all the same to the dead
motherfucker. Ha-ha!

Chi Chi takes two plastic-wrapped KILOS of cocaine from under the seat, shoves them in the grocery bag--

EXT. STOKES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys are all gathered by the front door. Angel knocks, they wait. No answer. He knocks again. Nada. A DOG BARKS in the neighbor's yard.

MANNY
This is the place, Tony?

CHI CHI
I think I see the Hollywood sign.

Tony POUNDS on the door, so hard the house seems to shake. A few moments later, the door opens, revealing a thin, dazed-looking BLOND GUY, 20s, shirtless, wearing jean-shorts.

He sways in the doorway, staring at the four guys.

TONY
We're here for Stokes.

He stares at them a bit longer, then turns and walks back into the house, leaving the door open.

The guys look at each other, then follow him into the house--

INT. STOKES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tony carries the grocery bag, FOLLOWING the Blond Guy into the LIVING ROOM--

Where STOKES (Black, 30s, 300 lbs of prison muscle) sits in a leather armchair, smoking a cigar, watching "MAD MONEY" on a 78-inch, pants down, getting head from an ASIAN GIRL.

Manny, Angel and Chi-Chi file in behind Tony, and stand there, absorbing the strange tableau before them.

Stokes finally looks up, sees Tony and the guys, but doesn't seem remotely self conscious about the situation.

STOKES

The fuck are you people?

TONY

How's she suck your cock, good?

STOKES

Pretty good.

TONY

Yeah? (beat) Bret sent us.

The ASIAN GIRL looks up at Tony.

STOKES

(to Girl)

I didn't say stop.

TONY

She can stop.

Tony looks around the room. Sees the Blond Guy sitting in a chair, staring at the TV, now with a PISTOL in his lap. We see that Tony's friends ALSO see the gun.

TONY (CONT'D)

Let's do our business. Okay?

Stokes eyes Tony, doesn't even blink.

STOKES

Fucking Bret.

TONY

Fucking Bret.

(to Girl)

Go get some fresh air.

The Girl gets up quickly, exits. Blond Guy keeps watching TV.

STOKES

Man come in my house, take the mouth off my joint.

Tony just stares at Stokes.

STOKES (CONT'D)

How'd you get that scar?

TONY
Eating a pineapple.

STOKES
That's some bold shit. (beat) I'll
get your paper.

TONY
I'll wait here with your friend.

Stokes slowly gets up, takes his time pulling up his pants as he EXITS the living room. Tony remains with his crew, all standing silently as the TV blares.

Suddenly there's a LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR. Everyone fucking startles. Tony addresses the Blond Guy--

TONY (CONT'D)
You expecting somebody?

Blond Guy just STARES at Tony, dazed, eyes half-lidded.

TONY (CONT'D)
(to Chi Chi & Angel)
Take the shit into the kitchen.

Chi Chi and Angel, looking freaked, follow Tony's instructions, and quickly exit, with the grocery bag--

More BANGING on the door. Blond Guy gets up, hides his pistol in the book shelf, walks to the door--

VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled through door)
LAPD. Open the door, please.

Tony quickly takes Manny's GUN and SHOVES it-- along with his own gun-- under the cushions of the COUCH--

INT. STOKES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stokes is crouched by his WALL SAFE, pulling out stacks of BILLS, tossing them on the bed. He hears a NOISE outside, moves toward the WINDOW, peeks through the drapes--

From his POV, he sees the FRONT DOOR, where FOUR UNIFORMED COPS are standing outside. He immediately pulls a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN from under the bed--

INT. STOKES' HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Blond Guy unlocks the door, pulls it open. The FOUR COPS outside look him over.

LAPD 1
Who else is inside?

Blond Guy just stands there, doesn't say anything. So the COPS just walk past him, into the house, into the LIVING ROOM, where Tony and Manny are now SITTING on the couch--

TONY
Is there a problem, officers?

LAPD 2
We had a complaint. Possible domestic situation.

TONY
What's that mean? What kind of *situation*?

The Cops look at each other, and fan out across the room, looking around, poking through Stokes' stuff. Tony stands up--

TONY (CONT'D)
Are you looking for something?

LAPD 1
How about you shut your mouth?

Now the GIRL wanders in from the kitchen. She sees all the COPS in the room, and lets out a little SHRIEK.

One of the Cops GRABS her, and pushes her against the wall.

LAPD 3
Who else is here?

TONY
We're just hanging out--

LAPD 1 THROWS TONY up against the wall, FRISKS him, while Manny WATCHES, sweating, freaked--

LAPD 1
Told you to shut the fuck up--

LAPD 3 approaches Manny--

LAPD 3
Where's the shit?

MANNY

Man, I don't know what the fuck
you're talking about--

All the COPS unholster their guns, dangle them--

LAPD 1

You think we don't know about this
house? Don't fuck with us. I'll ask
one more time. *Where's the shit?*

Tony and the Cop keep staring at each other, hard. Everyone
in the room is sweating, amped, muscles tensed.

TONY

What precinct are you, *cabron?*

The Cop's eyes flash. He pushes the gun against Tony's HEAD.

LAPD 1

The fuck you say?

Tony LEANS INTO the gun pressed against his head. At the same
time, he glances over and SEES ANGEL and CHI CHI-- their GUNS
are also drawn, and they're getting into POSITION--

TONY

I said where you from, officer?

BLOND GUY

Oh, shit--

Everyone turns to BLOND GUY, who is gaping into the HALLWAY--

And suddenly STOKES ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM, carrying his
SHOTGUN, nostrils flared and caked with white powder--

STOKES

Niggas in my house...?

LAPD 2

DROP YOUR WEAP--

BLAM! Stokes BLASTS COP #2 right in the FACE, and he DROPS--

And then everything happens VERY FUCKING FAST--

The remaining THREE COPS immediately FIRE UPON STOKES, as he
DIVES out of the way--

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM--

The AIR fills with BULLETS, and TWO of them hit BLOND GUY in
the LEGS, and he FALLS, and starts SCREAMING--

Tony DIVES for the COUCH, grabs the GUNS, tosses one to MANNY, who FUMBLES it, and it DROPS to the floor, and as Manny grabs for it, COP #3 aims his PISTOL at Manny--

LAPD 3
DON'T FUCKING DO IT--

Manny PICKS UP THE GUN, and COP 3 FIRES at MANNY, hitting him in the SHOULDER, and Manny goes down--

ANGEL suddenly pops out of the KITCHEN, raises his GUN at COP 3, and FIRES--

And the cheap gun EXPLODES in Angel's hand. Angel SCREAMS, staring at the STUMP where his hand used to be--

COPS 1 and 3 immediately FIRE AT ANGEL POINT BLANK, and Angel falls, DEAD before he hits the floor--

Tony SEES this, but there's no time to react, he immediately GRABS MANNY and DRAGS him behind the couch, away from the insane GUNFIRE that just won't stop--

Then STOKES emerges and BLASTS with his shotgun, hitting COP 1, who FALLS beside Tony, his GUN landing on the floor--

Find CHI CHI in the KITCHEN, looking completely FREAKED--

Tony scuttles from behind the couch, grabs Cop 1's gun, and FIRES AT STOKES, using COP 1 as a HUMAN SHIELD, and several rounds HIT STOKES, who stumbles backward into the FOYER, still managing to BLAST another round--

HITTING COP 4 in the NECK, and he FALLS too--

There's a moment of ear-ringing SILENCE as Tony climbs out from underneath COP 1, who's shredded, riddled with bullets--

And that's when TONY SEES the INK TATTOOED ON THE COP'S NECK. He pulls open the Cop's shirt, sees that the INK CONTINUES down his CHEST, beneath the KEVLAR VEST he's wearing--

Tony LOCKS EYES with the COP, who is rapidly BLEEDING OUT from his wounds--

TONY
Look at me, vato--

The Cop DIES right there, his eyes still locked on Tony's--

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Find STOKES, bleeding, RELOADING his shotgun, and he takes out a bag of coke, dumps it on his hand, and SNORTS the whole thing, before LURCHING back toward the LIVING ROOM--

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where THREE COPS and ANGEL are dead on the floor, TONY and MANNY are still taking cover behind the couch, CHI CHI is taking cover across the room, in the KITCHEN DOORWAY--

And the LAST COP (#3) is RELOADING his gun, he sees Stokes coming, pops up and FIRES at STOKES-- BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM--

Stokes ABSORBS several ROUNDS but still manages to BLAST back at Cop #3 with the shotgun, and the Cop goes FLYING backwards, SMASHING into the TV, which EXPLODES--

The ASIAN GIRL runs across the room, SCREAMING, in such a panic she doesn't see the BODY on the ground in front of her, which she TRIPS OVER and CRASHES face-first into the WALL, and she crumples, unconscious--

There's a sudden WAR CRY and CHI CHI comes barreling from the KITCHEN, holding a huge BUTCHER KNIFE, and he keeps HOLLERING as he BURIES the blade in Stokes' BACK--

Stokes GRUNTS, turns and SMASHES Chi Chi in the head with his shotgun, and Chi Chi CRASHES through a glass coffee table--

Stokes staggers, the KNIFE HANDLE protruding from his back. He tries to reach around to grab it, but he can't reach, so he aims his shotgun down at Chi Chi--

TONY APPEARS, holding a POKER from the FIREPLACE, and starts BEATING STOKES with it, all over his body, WHAP WHAP WHAP--

But Stokes is so huge, and so gacked, he will not go down. He DECKS Tony in the face with his fist, Tony falls, and Stokes JUMPS on top of him-- the Knife STILL DANGLING from his back-- and starts CHOKING Tony with his huge hands--

Tony locks eyes with Stokes, his feet kicking, and Stokes bears down, Tony's face starts turning purple, his hands scrabble wildly around, until they find a large, jagged chunk of BROKEN GLASS from the shattered coffee table--

Tony PUNCHES the shard right into Stokes' NECK, pulls it out, and SLAMS it back in. Stokes' eyes go dim, and he collapses on top of Tony. Since he weighs about 300 pounds, it takes a moment for Tony to wriggle himself free.

It's finally DEAD QUIET. GUN SMOKE hangs thick in the air. BLOOD is everywhere. The BLOND GUY, bleeding from his legs, stumbles to the front door, his eyes vacant-- he opens the door, steps outside, and vanishes into the night--

Tony helps Manny to his feet, both covered in blood. Chi Chi groans, also picks himself up. They all look upon Angel, dead on the floor, eyes wide open.

Tony rolls his neck, grits his teeth. Wipes a splatter of blood off his face, puts his hand on Chi Chi's shoulder--

TONY
Chi Chi, get the yayo.

EXT. BRET'S HOUSE - SILVER LAKE - MORNING

BRET sprawls in his robe, eyes closed, on a chaise on his deck, overlooking the Silver Lake Reservoir, smoking a joint and listening to down-tempo electronica on his Sonos.

A HAND reaches in, SNATCHES the joint from his lips. Bret jerks upright, sees CHI CHI, bloodied and bruised, taking a deep hit off the joint. Behind Chi Chi stands MANNY, also bloody, and TONY, the bloodiest of all.

BRET
What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the f--

TONY
Yeah, what the fuck what the fuck.

Bret stands up, wobbly, backs up until he's at the railing.

BRET
How'd you know where I live--

TONY
That's the wrong question.

BRET
What happened? Whose blood is that?

Tony walks right up to Bret, stands inches away.

TONY
It's yours, Bret.

The way Tony says this... makes Bret's bowels liquefy.

BRET
You gotta tell me what happ--

TONY
Did you set us up?

BRET
No, I swear, fuck no. Listen.

Tony puts his hand gently on Bret's chest.

TONY
Where does the money go, Bret?
Who's the *big guy* you work for?

BRET
Can't tell you that.

Tony presses his hand more firmly against Bret's chest. He starts to tip over the railing, where behind him, the HILLSIDE falls away steeply, hundreds of feet down.

BRET (CONT'D)
Hey--

Tony smiles his death-smile at Bret.

TONY
Come on, Bret. *Bret-Bret-Bret*.
Where does the money go? I don't
think I wanna ask again--

EXT. MARTILLO HOUSE - MALIBU COLONY - DAY

A spectacular beachfront estate. A hundred well-heeled GUESTS assembled on the expansive lawn for a FUND RAISER. We recognize some: Cameron Diaz, Jann Wenner, Eric Garcetti...

A SECURITY DETAIL, 4 men strong, patrols the edges of the party, dressed in black suits. They are all EX-MOSSAD. One Mossad man approaches the others, shorter and older than the rest, clearly the one in charge. This is RAZI, 45.

RAZI
I need him.

Mossad #2 points up at the HILLSIDE above the house--

EXT. MARTILLO HOUSE - HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL MARTILLO, 40, in a Tom Ford suit, sits alone, gazing at the Pacific, the party in the background below. Self-made, self-taught. An American-born *mestizo* known as EL GÜERO, "The Blond", for his flaxen hair and blue eyes.

RAZI approaches, stops when he's in Michael's sightline.

MICHAEL
Help you with something, Razi?

RAZI
Mr. Martillo. (beat) Bret Sanders
is here to see you.

Michael sighs, takes his time getting up--

INT. MARTILLO HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY - MINUTES LATER

Follow MICHAEL into the entry, escorted by Razi and the 3 Mossad, to find Bret, Tony, Manny and Chi Chi waiting there: Bret still in his robe, and the others bloody as fuck.

Michael takes a beat to study the men before him. To Bret:

MICHAEL
You brought this into my house.

Michael POINTS at the extremely-bloody TONY--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Into my party with the Mayor. I'm
gonna sever your spinal cord, Bret.

BRET
I'm sorry, Michael. These guys
don't get how it works--

MICHAEL
Tell me how it works. I'm dying to
hear it. Seriously, tell me.

BRET
You know about Omar. These are the
guys I brought in for the Stokes
thing, but it went bad--

MICHAEL
It went bad, did it? That sounds
like a really interesting story.

Michael stares at Bret with an steely, menacing intensity that sucks the air out of the room.

BRET
Well, there were some *issues*, but
fortunately these guys were able to
recover the merchandise--

TONY
The cash, too.

Michael's head snaps over to Tony.

MICHAEL
And who the fuck are you?

TONY
I'm the guy who got your shit and
your money.

MICHAEL
Then how did it... *go bad*?

TONY
My friend Angel. He got killed.

MICHAEL
Is that why you came here? Because
you think I might give a fuck about
your dead friend?

Tony clenches his jaw, stares back at Michael, doesn't blink.

TONY
No.

BRET
Look, Michael--

MICHAEL
(to Bret, but still
looking at Tony)
SHUT THE FUCK UP.
(to Tony)
Tell me why then.

TONY
I got something else for you. Come
take a look. If I wasted your time,
kill me. I don't give a fuck.

Michael lasers in on Tony's eyes.

MICHAEL
Deal.

EXT. MARTILLO HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MINUTES LATER

Tony leads Michael up the driveway to where the Toyota is
parked, while Bret, Chi Chi, Manny, and the Mossad detail
wait by the house, in the background.

They get to the car, and Tony goes to the trunk, pops it open, and Michael sees the FOUR DEAD COPS crammed inside.

Michael's non-reactive gaze is both impressive and alarming.

MICHAEL
You drove four dead cops to my
house. You actually did that.

Tony pulls up the sleeve of Cop #1-- TATTOOS on his forearm, a series of CROSSES, and SPIDERWEB INK on the HAND.

TONY
You know this ink?

Michael looks at the corpses, back at Tony. He doesn't. Tony rips open the shirt. More INK, down the neck, onto the chest.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's a long trip from Sinaloa.

Michael puts his hands in his pockets, ponders this.

MICHAEL
Sinaloa. (beat) Fuck.

TONY
Legit LAPD uniforms. These fucking
guys are organized. Poking holes in
your game. Won't be the last time
either. That's how they do.

MICHAEL
Fuck them. This is my city. They
can't touch me up here--

TONY
Why? Because you're white?

Michael stares hard at Tony. People don't usually talk to him like that. Tony stares right back. Finally, Michael laughs.

MICHAEL
Fuck you, you fucking spic. I'm as
Mexican as you are.
(beat)
What's your name?

TONY
Tony Zavala. (beat) Fuck it. This
is my shot. I'm taking my shot.

Michael looks him over. Smiles.

MICHAEL

What are you gonna do with these guys?

TONY

I know exactly what to do with these guys.

Tony reaches between the corpses, pulls out a garbage bag, shows Michael what's INSIDE: both KILOS of BLOW, and bundles of CASH-- the entire contents of Stokes' safe.

TONY (CONT'D)

This is yours.

MICHAEL

Tell you what. Keep it all. Buy some new clothes. Get a decent haircut. Trim your fucking fingernails. And take a shower because you smell like a toilet.

Tony's nostrils flare. But he nods, shoves the garbage bag back in the trunk, slams the lid shut.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come see me Monday morning. I'll give you a job.

TONY

I got a strong back. You won't regret it.

Michael nods, returns to the house, followed by the Mossad Men. Bret and the others approach the car.

BRET

What did he say?

TONY

He said tell Bret to go fuck himself.

Tony gestures with a nod, and his guys follow him into the Toyota, drive off. Leaving Bret alone in the road, in his bathrobe, eating dust--

EXT. HANCOCK MEAT COMPANY - SOME UNGODLY HOUR

The TOYOTA pulls into an alley adjacent to the huge building. Tony climbs out, followed by Manny and Chi Chi.

TILT UP toward the L.A. SKY, perpetually aglow, no stars, even in the middle of the night, as a CHOPPER buzzes past--

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - NIGHT

Tony stands under the spray, eyes closed, as the grime and BLOOD washes from his body, and spirals down the drain--

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SINALOA - DAY

A DHL TRUCK winds up a remote narrow road in the middle of nowhere. It stops at a heavy iron GATE at the bottom of a long DRIVEWAY, where a huge, gaudy MANSION sits at the top--

INT. EL SAPO'S COMPOUND - DAY

A large PACKING BOX is being carried through a sprawling ENTRY ROOM, stamped with the words "THIS SIDE UP", "PERISHABLE" and "HANCOCK MEAT CO."

A YOUNG MAN, late 20s, is carrying the box. He's wearing a tank top, so we can see his INK-- CROSSES and a JOKER: It's EL COMODIN, with the same confident glint in his eye--

INT. EL SAPO'S COMPOUND - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

El Comodin sets the BOX on a counter, pulls out a knife, starts opening it--

EL SAPO (O.S.)
What is it?

Reveal EL SAPO on a nearby sofa, watching Soccer on a wall-sized flat screen. The years have not been kind to him.

EL COMODÍN
Package for you. (beat) *Carne.*

El Sapo frowns, grunts and groans himself off the sofa, makes his way over to the counter, starts pulling small, vacuum-packed PARCELS out of the box: various cuts of MEAT-- steaks, shanks, ribs, sausages. He smiles, it's high-quality stuff.

Until he pulls out another vacuum-sealed PARCEL, and the smile melts off his face: it's a SEVERED HUMAN HAND, with SPIDERWEB INK across the back. El Comodin SEES it too--

EL SAPO
What--

El Sapo DROPS the HAND on the counter, turns red, starts digging through the box, finds a LARGER PARCEL at the bottom, pulls it out, and it's A FUCKING HEAD--

Bulging eyeballs, pearly-white fascia, the skin peeled off, just like a slaughtered steer, it's one of the fake cops--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
No. No. NO. NO NO NO NO--

El Sapo goes NUTS and starts SMASHING everything in sight, dishes, plates, glasses, he throws a 20-pound Le Creuset right through a WINDOW--

XIMENA (O.S.)
What is it...?

Reveal XIMENA has entered, looking alarmed. She has grown into a classic Mexican beauty, all curves and raven hair.

EL COMODIN
Get her out of here--

El Sapo's MEN rush in, one quickly escorts a confused Ximena from the room, while the other RESTRAIN El Sapo, while he continues to ERUPT, flailing and bellowing--

El Comodin, wide-eyed, but still cool as a cucumber, takes the head, NOTICES something, carefully slices open the plastic, and pulls a NOTE out of the broken-toothed MOUTH--

He unfolds it, and sees the MESSAGE, handwritten in careful block letters: **KEEP COMING. WE NEED MORE MEAT.**

As El Sapo keeps HOWLING with outrage--

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

TONY stands by the window, naked, staring out as the CITY slowly wakes up, the sky slowly brightening. It's a new day, a new life. Tony watches the city, and just barely smiles--

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE--

EXT. SINALOA - CEMETERY - DAY

Reveal crowds of MOURNERS at an ostentatious FUNERAL. Flowers for days. Townhouse-sized MAUSOLEUMS. And the IMAGES of El Sapo's FOUR FALLEN MEN-- the fake cops-- big as BILLBOARDS--

One particular MOURNER-- huge silicone tits, mascara running-- hefts a gold-plated AK-47 and BLASTS at the sky, letting loose a *Grito Mexicano*, gold teeth flashing in the sun--

Find a pimped-out SILVER SUBURBAN with blacked-out windows idling outside the Cemetery gates--

INT. EL SAPO'S SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

El Comodin is behind the wheel, and EL SAPO sits shotgun, his eyes somewhat dazed and half-lidded, as if medicated.

EL SAPO
My cousin was in that box. Packed
in plastic, like an animal.

EL COMODIN
I know, Jefe.

REVEAL that El Sapo is flipping through PHOTOS of THREE MEXICAN-AMERICAN MEN. All of them middle aged, expensive suits and haircuts, they all look like bankers or CEO's.

EL SAPO
So which one.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
I am deciding. (beat) Do you know
how much this will cost me? The
funerals? The mausoleum? And now
all those fucking widows will come
crying for their *dinero*...

El Sapo groans, shakes his head. Keeps flipping through the PHOTOS. In addition to the portraits, there are grainier SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS-- houses, cars, license plates--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
Now they have my full complete
attention. Which is something I
will make them regret.

EL COMODÍN
Michael doesn't get dirty like
this. He's all about his white
business in his white world.

EL SAPO
No. It wasn't *El Guero*.

EL COMODÍN
Who else then?

El Sapo turns, sets his reptilian eyes on El Comodin.

EL SAPO
That is my question. *Who else.*

El Comodin nods, he gets it.

EL COMODÍN
I'll add it to my list.

El Sapo resumes riffling through the photos. He finally
SELECTS one, and sets it on the armrest. BUT WE DON'T SEE IT.

EL SAPO
Make it spectacular. Like a movie.

El Comodin glances at the UNSEEN PHOTO, nods. Grins.

EL COMODÍN
I can't wait.

El Sapo pops the door open, gets out, puts on his sunglasses,
walks toward the Cemetery, as the SOUNDS of GUNFIRE continue
POPPING into the sky--

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

The sold-out CROWD leaps to their feet, ROARING as the LAKERS
SCORE on Miami. The squeak of sneakers, the thump of music--

Find MICHAEL cheering from his courtside seats. The WHISTLE
blows, the Laker Girls come out--

His phone vibrates, it's a TEXT from TONY: ***They're here.***
Michael gets up, smooths his pants, buttons his coat,
exchanges a smile with Nicholson, makes his way out--

INT./EXT. LUXURY HIGH RISE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

Michael strides into the glass-walled, high-security LOBBY of
a HIGH RISE LUXURY TOWER across from the Staples Center.

TONY is waiting for him by a PRIVATE ELEVATOR, sporting a new
haircut and a NEW SUIT, which doesn't fit nearly as well as
Michael's, but it's a marked improvement. Tony CALLS the
ELEVATOR using a special-access KEY CARD.

MICHAEL
How long they been waiting?

TONY
Twenty minutes. Like you said.

The Elevator opens, DING, Michael slaps Tony on the shoulder, heads inside, followed by Tony--

INT. LUXURY HIGH RISE - SECURE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Tony follows Michael into a gorgeous, immaculate SECURE SUITE, all mahogany, leather, and floor-to-ceiling glass overlooking Downtown L.A.

A FLATSCREEN continues to show the LAKER GAME.

Tony hangs back with RAZI and some MOSSAD while Michael continues through another door into a MEETING ROOM--

INT. MICHAEL'S SECURE SUITE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael holds court in the opulent MEETING ROOM, with a long table and Herman-Miller chairs, with the same massive WINDOWS overlooking the city.

There are THREE other MEN present, and we realize these are the very same MEXICAN-AMERICAN CEO-TYPES we just saw on the photographs in El Sapo's Suburban.

This are Michael's inner circle of CAPTAINS: SPIRO "El Feo" MORENO, portly and laconic; EMILANO "La Calaca" VARGAS, tall, balding, jovially pompous; and BAUTISTA "El Negrito" GARZA, dark-skinned, logical, fastidious.

GARZA

It was too much, Michael. We aren't savages. We live in a civilization.

Michael is finishing cutting up some pure-flake cocaine on a silver tray. The lines are perfect-- uniform and gleaming white. Michael pulls out a gold straw, leans over--

MICHAEL

Civilization. That's a fun word.

Michael snorts two of the lines-- quickly, expertly-- and passes the tray to Moreno.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ancient Rome. That was a civilization. Fed each other to lions, and fucked little boys in the ass. It's all relative. Why are we so different from Sinaloa? We're all playing the same game.

Moreno shakes his head, leans in for a line--

VARGAS

Michael. It was El Sapo's cousin.

MICHAEL

And he was stealing from us.
Besides, that piece of shit has
like 80 fucking cousins--

Michael pulls out his iPhone, pulls up some pics, shows them
to Moreno, nearly giggling--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Look. Tony even put a USDA sticker,
Grade A Prime Choice--

We don't see the PHOTOS, but from Moreno's expression,
they're clearly... *unpleasant*.

MORENO

Jesus. Put those away--

Michael laughs, kisses Moreno on the top of the head--

MICHAEL

I love you, Spiro, but you're a
fucking pussy.

Moreno turns red, and Garza laughs, but Vargas remains grim.
He takes the tray from Moreno, pulls out a "wishbone"-- two
nostrils at once-- and snorts a line.

VARGAS

We need to explore some...
diplomatic options. Or else there
will only be further escalation.

Michael stares hard at Vargas a beat.

MICHAEL

Diplomatic. Which one are you,
Vargas? Boutros-Boutros Ghali or
Ban Ki-fucking Moon?

Vargas looks away, rubs some coke on his gums.

VARGAS

I'm only saying, It's not too late
to take this kettle off the flame.
They hit some of our dealers, okay.
And we hit back-- maybe too
enthusiastically, but still. A
semblance of parity. If we're ever
going to sit down, now is the time.

GARZA

I must say that I agree.

Michael stands, lasers his eyes at each of the men, walks to the GLASS, watches the city, his back to them. The men look at each other. Michael's silence clearly makes them nervous.

MICHAEL

(back turned)

Tony! Get your ass in here!

The door opens, and Tony walks in. The men each have different silent reactions: Garza, *confusion*; Moreno, *curiosity*; and Vargas, *contempt*.

TONY

Here I am.

Michael finally turns, grins at Tony.

MICHAEL

Should we sit down with Sinaloa?
I'd like your opinion.

TONY

My opinion.

VARGAS

Michael--

MICHAEL

You said your piece, Vargas. Tony
has the floor now.
(to Tony)
What would you do?

TONY

If I was you, or I was him?

MICHAEL

Either. Both.

TONY

If I was him I'd keep coming. You
all look soft to a guy like him. He
wants your Plaza, and he's like a
dog that won't stop fucking until
you cut the balls off. That's what
I'd do. Choke him with his own
fucking balls until he's dead.

Michael claps his hands with excitement--

MICHAEL

Exactly. Exactly. They hit you, you hit back ten times harder--

GARZA

Michael. In the end, this is a business. We depend on the Cartel for supply. That's why we can't start a war--

TONY

Start a war? His crew's already up here, in your kitchen. Breaking your eggs. This war's already fucking started, man. (beat) I'll be outside, Boss.

Tony straightens his suit, nods respectfully to everyone present, and exits. Michael is the only one smiling.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - NIGHT

After the game, Tony is driving Michael's ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM TUNGSTEN. Michael rides up front, scrolling on his iPhone, drinking Cristal right from the bottle.

MICHAEL

These guys around me, they have houses and cars and mistresses and money stashed in the islands. Any time I want to do something, they have ten reasons why I can't. (beat) Get off at Robertson.

Michael swigs the Cristal. Tony takes the Robertson exit.

TONY

Why did Garza say the Sinaloans control the supply?

MICHAEL

El Negrito's a fastidious little fuck but he's right about that. It all comes up through Mexico--

TONY

But that's not the supply. The supply is the supply. The coca gets made down below, right? Colombia?

MICHAEL

Ours is from Bolivia. Here.

Michael offers his Bullet to Tony, but he shakes his head.

TONY

No thanks. Dulls my edge.

MICHAEL

And that's a bad thing?

Tony keeps his eyes on the road.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You think El Sapo will keep coming.

TONY

He doesn't like to sit still. His head isn't right. (beat) One day he'll have to be put down.

Michael studies Tony a beat.

MICHAEL

How old were you when you got out?

TONY

Like twelve. (beat) He trained us. Fed us. Made us think he really gave a fuck. Like he was our Papi. But he was a liar. Didn't give a fuck at all. We were just too young to know any better.

MICHAEL

He taught you how to kill. That's something, right?

Tony shrugs.

TONY

Maybe I didn't need to be taught.

Michael DRAINS the rest of the bottle down his throat.

MICHAEL

Whatever you want in this world, you have to take it. And once you stop taking, someone else comes to take it away from you. That's capitalism.

TONY

Capitalism. Yeah.

Michael unzips, pulls his dick out, starts pissing into the Cristal bottle.

TONY (CONT'D)
I could pull over.

MICHAEL
Can't stop the flow now.

Tony squints, keeps driving--

EXT. BIRD STREETS - UPPER DOHENY - NIGHT

The Phantom winds along canyon streets, finally pulling up to a LAUTNER with airplane views. He pulls into the driveway, tufts of grass poking through a paving grid, PARKS--

MICHAEL
Be back in a little while.

Michael gets out, walks to the front door of the house, lets himself in with his own key.

Tony gets out of the Phantom, stretches his legs, rolls his neck. He looks up, sees a WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE in a second-floor window: so that's why we're here.

Tony pops the trunk, reaches inside for a RAG, walks around to the passenger window, reaches inside--

EXT. LAUTNER HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Using the RAG, Tony carries the piss-filled Cristal bottle to the edge of the driveway, CHUCKS it deep into the brush.

He walks back to the car, wiping his hands with the rag, and sees a WOMAN leaning up against the Phantom, smoking a joint. As he gets closer, the light illuminates her face--

It's JEISA, from the Club, wearing a tiny, perfect little nightie, seemingly made of nothing at all.

JEISA
Litterbug.

TONY
Hello.

Tony steps closer. She's even more beautiful than he remembered. Softer in the moonlight.

TONY (CONT'D)
Is this your house?

JEISA

Is it *mine*? That's a funny question. (beat) You're the guy from the club. I didn't think you'd last this long.

TONY

I'm not that easy to get rid of.

She smiles, takes a deep pull off her joint. Holds it out--

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm okay.

JEISA

Usually I vape. But Michael likes how the smoke tastes in my mouth.

Tony nods, moves past her, opens the door, gets back behind the wheel, watches her while she smokes.

JEISA (CONT'D)

Is that your car?

TONY

Why, you want a ride somewhere?

JEISA

I'm just making fun of you.

She smiles dreamily, tosses the joint into the brush.

TONY

Careful. Might start a fire.

She walks back to the house, calls back without looking--

JEISA

Move the car to the street, okay?
That's where my dog likes to pee.

Tony watches her enter the house. He starts the car, backs up out of the driveway, parks it on the street. Up above, he can SEE the gently illuminated BALCONY outside of the BEDROOM.

Tony fiddles with the car stereo, finding a Latino station. When he looks up again, he sees JEISA leading MICHAEL onto the balcony. She playfully pushes him into a chaise, so Michael's back is to us.

She slowly pulls her dress over her head. Tony WATCHES as Jeisa straddles Michael, grinds down onto him. She looks right at Tony while she does it--

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - SOME UNGODLY HOUR

SOMEONE, dressed in black-- wearing a SKI MASK-- stands at the edge of an OVERLOOK, with the city lights spread out.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small bottle of Purell. Squeezes some into his palm. We see that his HANDS are caked in dried blood.

VOICE (O.S.)

You ready?

The Man TURNS, sees another ski-masked DUDE standing in the dark path nearby, and behind him, a BLACK WINDOWLESS VAN.

PURELL MAN

Give me another minute.

The DUDE heads back toward the Van. Purell Man pulls up his ski mask: it's EL COMODIN. His calm, handsome face is flecked with blood-spatters. He squeezes out some more Purell.

Rubs it over his face, cleaning away the blood, as he gazes out at the city. It's so beautiful, he can't help sighing.

EL COMODIN

Hermosa ciudad.

He turns, and we FOLLOW him toward the VAN, and as we get closer, we can just barely HEAR something coming from inside--

The muffled SOUNDS of a MAN IN PAIN. Helpless, despairing MOANS, the voice cracked, ruined-- the result of so many screams, now there's almost no voice left--

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS - DAWN

The SOUNDS of PAIN slowly MORPH into the sounds of COYOTES-- high-pitched, chaotic, like a bloodthirsty war party--

As dawn breaks to the east, over the snow-capped San Gabriel Mountains, we FOLLOW a COYOTE, scavenging for food, and we soon realize we're beneath the fabled HOLLYWOOD SIGN.

The Coyote finds a pool of still-coagulating BLOOD beneath one of the massive LETTERS of the SIGN-- and the Coyote eagerly LAPS it up from the dirt--

CRANE UP to the "O" of the sign, where a DEAD BODY-- *naked, slashed-up, bloody*-- is HANGING FROM A NOOSE. Move in on the bloated, purple FACE-- it's SPIRO "El Feo" MORENO.

INT. MICHAEL'S MALIBU HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON: A BIG FAT STEAK-- Perfectly marbled. Sizzling in a slick of butter in a \$700 *Mauviel* copper skillet--

Find TONY standing over the stove, cooking the steak. He slices into it-- juices flow, it's bloody as hell. *Bueno*. A 40-ish HOUSEKEEPER (YOLANDA) appears, hands him a plate and some utensils. Tony slides the steak onto the plate--

TONY
Gracias, Yolanda.

She smiles, watches him exit. A sense that she appreciates Tony for seeing her, in a way that Michael never has--

INT. MICHAEL'S MALIBU HOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Tony enters the ultra-plush DEN, where a grim-looking MICHAEL sits on a deep leather sofa, watching a wall-sized TV SCREEN--

It's set to CNN-- with the SOUND OFF-- showing FOOTAGE of the HOLLYWOOD SIGN-- the area barricaded by POLICE TAPE-- as EMERGENCY WORKERS attempt to remove Moreno's HANGING CORPSE. The gruesome bits are PIXELATED to protect the viewers--

A TITLE CRAWL at the bottom of the screen reads: **CARTEL VIOLENCE IN TINSELTOWN--**

MICHAEL
He had four kids. I knew him for 30
years. Loved him like a brother.

Tony places the STEAK on the coffee table in front of Michael, along with a napkin, fork, and knife.

TONY
You should eat.

Michael ignores him, pulls out his bullet, snorts a big bump.

TONY (CONT'D)
Garza and Vargas keep calling.
Gonna have to say hello sometime.

Michael squints at Tony, appraising, ice-cold.

MICHAEL
There's something wrong with you.
My friend is butchered, and you
give me fucking steak?

Michael KICKS the plate off the table. The steak goes flying. Tony watches where it lands in a bloody heap on the floor.

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - CALABASAS - AFTERNOON

The Phantom pulls into a circular driveway in front of a beautiful, sprawling Spanish-style HACIENDA set amongst trees, orchards, and gently rolling hills.

Michael hops out, heads for the door-- where two GUARDS are posted outside, their FIREARMS discreetly hidden in their clothing-- and is greeted by his wife BEATRIZ, 45, well-bred, steely-eyed-- and his eldest daughter INEZ, 24, who holds a swaddled BABY, and minds her own daughter ANALISA, 5.

BEATRIZ

You're actually not late. I must be in a parallel universe.

MICHAEL

Tony keeps me on schedule. (beat)
How's my grandson?

INEZ

Kept me up all night again.

Michael KISSES everyone-- Inez, the Baby, Analisa, and finally Beatriz. Then a shy, plump, teenaged GIRL emerges from the house, wearing pink ear buds. MARISOL, 15, is Michael's youngest daughter, and clearly his favorite.

MICHAEL

Mi Princessa.

She smiles, embarrassed, when he kisses her, and sneaks a look at TONY waiting in the car.

BEATRIZ

(also notices him)

Come inside, Tony. We have too much food. It's obscene.

Tony nods politely, smiles.

TONY

Thanks. I'm okay.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about him, my love.
He'd live in that car if he could.

Michael, Beatriz, and the others head inside. But Marisol lingers, wanders over to Tony's window, removes her ear buds.

MARISOL
Are you coming to my party? It's
next week.

TONY
I don't know. Am I invited?

MARISOL
Everybody is.

TONY
Then I'll be there.

She smiles a sweet smile, full of braces.

MARISOL
How'd you get that scar?

TONY
A cat fell on me.

MARISOL
Ha ha. Bullshit.

Tony winks at her. Someone inside CALLS for Marisol, and she
puts her pink ear buds back in, heads inside--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - CALABASAS - MAGIC HOUR

A couple hours have passed. The sky is just starting to bleed
gorgeous colors. Tony gets out of the Phantom, stretches,
rolls his neck, enjoys each pop and click.

He walks to the edge of the driveway, finds a narrow TRAIL
worn into the landscape, and he sets off walking--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - BACK ACREAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tony stares out at the view: Sixteen hundred hilly acres
overlooking vast ORCHARDS of Citrus and Avocados. The SUNSET
paints the PACIFIC beyond. Majestic, idyllic, serene.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's like back home, isn't it?

Tony turns, sees MICHAEL walking toward him, holding a bottle
of tequila. He's weaving a bit, but not overtly drunk.

TONY
It's a nice view.

Michael offers Tony the bottle. Tony politely takes a swig.

MICHAEL

All of this, everything you see, it was once Mexico. The army came and built missions. The soldiers married the Indian girls, and settled down. That was a long time ago. But here we are, still Mexican. Kings of this land. It's the *Reconquista*, you know?

Tony, for once, actually looks impressed. Even *humbled*.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just past that ridge I own a mile of coastline. Totally undeveloped. Can't even see it from the road.

TONY

What's past that?

MICHAEL

What's past the coastline? The Ocean. That's where it ends.

TONY

Then buy the fucking ocean.

MICHAEL

You can't buy the ocean, Tony.

TONY

You can buy anything in America.

Michael leans closer to Tony.

MICHAEL

I'm not just a gangster anymore, Tony. That's how it all started, but I'm building something else. Clean enterprises. Foundations. Charity. For my kids, you know? Something that lasts. Everything can't be about blood, and bodies cut up like meat...

Tony considers this. They walk, and Tony gazes out at the expanse. The specter of El Sapo hangs heavily--

TONY

I get you. You wanna keep building. But he's still there. *Coveting*, like in the Bible. You don't wanna take his blood? Fine.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Then you find another way to cripple that mother-fucker. Take his money.

MICHAEL

Tony. You're not listening. The Cartel controls the supply. That means they've got my balls. If they turn off the tap, it's over.

TONY

Fuck the cartel. Fuck the middle man. They don't grow the coke. Or process it, or sell it, or take the risk. Mexico is just a fucking dot on a map between us and Bolivia.

Michael chews on this, snorts a hit from his bullet.

MICHAEL

A dot on a map.

TONY

Don't buy the Cartel's milk. Suck it right from the *teta*. Ship it up like Amazon-dot-com. Buy some submarines and land them right on your fucking beach. You can buy the ocean.

Amongst the groves now, Michael picks a ripe ORANGE from a tree. Smells it, almost smiles.

MICHAEL

That's some real shit, Tony. But you know I can't go down there.

TONY

Then send me down to fucking Bolivia. I'll sniff it out for you.

Michael takes a beat to catch up to the idea--

MICHAEL

You'd represent me. Like my proxy.

TONY

(doesn't know that word)
Yeah. Like that.

MICHAEL

I still have my distance. I don't know you. You're nobody. Just some fucking guy.

TONY

A cholo wetback with big balls who
doesn't know any better.

Michael ponders, rolling the orange in his palm--

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE - LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

Michael's GULFSTREAM G650 floats to a landing on a wide and
empty runway. Supered below: **LA PAZ, BOLIVIA**

The Gulfstream taxis to a stop, the jetway comes down, and
TONY and MANNY emerge. Tony is on his PHONE:

TONY

(into phone)

We're here now. (beat) Yeah.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (O.S.)

200 is the limit. Don't forget.

TONY

I got it, Boss. I know.

Tony ends the call, reaches the bottom of the stairs, where
THREE MEN in identical black suits are waiting beside a black
SEDAN with heavily tinted windows.

One of the MEN approaches and FRISKS Tony, takes his PHONE,
then moves on to Manny. They're clean, so he leads them over
to the Sedan. Manny and Tony exchange a look--

EXT. ANOTHER RUNWAY - BOLIVIA - 10 MINUTES LATER

The Sedan stops near a small double-engine PROPELLER PLANE.
The doors open, the SUITED MEN exit, followed by Tony and
Manny. They walk toward the Prop Plane, but before they get
inside, one of the MEN pulls out BLINDFOLDS.

Manny's sweating, licking his lips, as the blindfold is TIED
onto his head. Tony remains stoic as his gets tied on. The
men usher them onto the plane--

MANNY

Tony...

TONY

It's cool. We're cool--

EXT. REMOTE AIRSTRIP - BOLIVIA - DAY

The Prop plane LANDS on a small AIRSTRIP surrounded on all sides by a canopy of JUNGLE.

The MEN emerge, escorting a still-blindfolded Tony and Manny toward an idling SUBURBAN with jacked-up suspension--

INT. SUBURBAN - BOLIVIA - DAY

Tony and Manny sit in the back, blindfolded, with two of the suited MEN. One of them pulls out an iPad-sized SCANNING DEVICE and takes Tony's hand--

TONY

Hey--

SUITED MAN

Calmate.

He places Tony's HAND on the device, SCANS his fingerprints--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tony sits ALONE in the room, blindfold removed. The room is clean, spare, with a long glass conference table. A large MIRROR takes up most of the opposite wall. The muffled SOUND of MACHINERY hums through the walls.

Tony glances up, sees a tiny CAMERA mounted to the ceiling by the door, aimed in his direction. Tony stares at the camera. A moment later, the DOOR opens, and a MAN enters, carrying a file of papers. He sits at the table across from Tony.

He's about 50, dressed immaculately, all in white, with tortoise shell glasses, his salt & pepper hair pulled into a small, neat ponytail. When he speaks, his voice is buttery, elegant, and his English is perfect. This is RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ

I trust your travels went smoothly.
The precautions were necessary.

TONY

No problem.

RAMIREZ

So here we are, Tony Zavala.
Sitting at my table.

TONY

Where's my partner?

Ramirez looks at Tony, then glances down at his file, which he slowly opens, and fans out some pages on the table.

RAMIREZ
You work for Michael Martillo.

TONY
That's right.

RAMIREZ
In Los Angeles.

TONY
That's where he lives, yeah.
Where's my partner?

RAMIREZ
I heard your question the first
time. We will return to that.

Tony clenches his jaw.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
You aren't from Los Angeles,
though. Not originally.

TONY
Nope.

Ramirez nods, glances at his papers, takes his time.

RAMIREZ
Culiacan. Sinaloa.

TONY
You ask me questions but you
already know the answers.

Ramirez looks at Tony evenly.

RAMIREZ
Some, yes. But not all. (beat) Are
you a spy, Tony? A mole?

Tony leans forward, squints at Ramirez--

TONY
You fucking kidding me?

RAMIREZ
Do you work for El Sapo? It's
important you tell me the truth.

TONY

Of course I don't work for that piece of shit.

RAMIREZ

But you know him, yes?

TONY

Long time ago. Another life--

RAMIREZ

But there is only one life, Tony.

Ramirez pulls out a small remote control, pushes a button, and the MIRROR behind him suddenly becomes TRANSPARENT-- offering a VIEW into the adjacent ROOM--

Where MANNY is HANDCUFFED TO A CHAIR, still blindfolded, his face sweaty, shoulders trembling. One of the SUITED MEN stands behind him, holding a huge KNIFE with a jagged blade.

Tony's eyes flash, but he keeps his composure, even while beads of sweat gather on his lip.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

This is a delicate business. It can only function properly with full transparency.

TONY

I'm not hiding anything from you, man. This is me. Right here. What you see is what you fucking get.

RAMIREZ

Maybe you're here, maybe you're not. Maybe you were never here at all. Maybe Michael's plane flies back empty.

Tony looks at Manny through the glass, slumped in his chair, scared out of his mind--

TONY

You kill him, you kill me, who cares? Go back to your *delicate business* with El Sapo. He's just waiting to fuck you in the ass. Like everybody else.

RAMIREZ

Your heart is Sinaloa. Where you come from is who you are--

Tony stands up, suddenly erupting with pure rage--

TONY

Fuck where I come from. My heart
and my balls are *Tony Zavala*,
motherfucker.

RAMIREZ

Sit down, son--

TONY

You see this?

Tony drags his finger down the SCAR on his cheek--

TONY (CONT'D)

That's what El Sapo did to me when
I tried to send him a bullet. I was
12. Next time I won't miss.

Ramirez smiles gently.

RAMIREZ

In three seconds they'll come in
here, and there will be no more
questions. No more Tony Zavala. So
please, have a seat.

Tony closes his eyes, breathes, regains his composure, sits.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

So. (beat) Now we can proceed.

INT. COCAINE PROCESSING PLANT - LATER

Ramirez walks with Tony and a (visibly shaken) Manny through
the gleaming, pristine PROCESSING PLANT. Machinery hums, and
WORKERS in clean white uniforms work at various STATIONS.

RAMIREZ

While the Colombians are very
pleased with their patented fish-
scale product, which hovers around
85% purity, we have taken matters
several steps higher.

Tony and Manny take in the surroundings, the tranquility of
the space, the clockwork-organization of the operation.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Because we are fully endorsed by our government, we avoid the majority of additional hidden costs, or what I would call *breakage*. We can deliver a higher quality product, organically farmed and sustainable, without the use of kerosene or other toxic chemicals, all for a cost-out-the-door of roughly one thousand per kilo.

They walk past the PACKAGING station, where KILOS of cocaine are vacuum-sealed into tightly-packed tubes.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Of course, talking is no substitute for *tasting*.

A uniformed female ASSISTANT appears, carrying a medical tray striated with perfectly-cut LINES of product. She hands Tony a sterling-silver STRAW, which he passes to Manny--

TONY

Go ahead, Manny.

Manny bends to the tray, snorts one of the lines. He coughs, straightens, and *sighs* as the rush overtakes him--

MANNY

Fuuuuuuck...

RAMIREZ

99.6% pure. We call it *El Sueño*.

TONY

The dream.

RAMIREZ

One that always comes true.

INT. RAMIREZ'S OFFICE - PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Tony and Ramirez stand in the glassed-in OFFICE overlooking the sprawling Plant floor below. Behind them, windows overlook an infinite expanse of lovely Bolivian countryside.

RAMIREZ

The Sinaloa Cartel has been a reliable partner for many years. Bypassing them in favor of the L.A. Family would present many problems--

TONY

Reliable. That's why you're giving me a tour of your kitchen, right?

RAMIREZ

My eyes are always open.

TONY

Mine are too. You know where I come from, but you don't know what I've seen. El Sapo is careless. Doesn't give a fuck about anything. You're cooking gourmet and feeding it to a pig, just so he can shit it out.

Ramirez chuckles, shakes his head.

RAMIREZ

I like how you talk, Tony.

TONY

I tell the truth. You really want Sinaloa stepping all over your brand? That purity is your legacy, man. We need that real Rolex shit up in the States. The Gold Fucking Standard. Make everything else look like dog shit. (beat) We could take 100 kilos a week.

Ramirez shakes his head, walks to his desk--

RAMIREZ

It's not worth the risk.

TONY

200 then.

Ramirez picks up his phone, dials a number--

RAMIREZ

I am happy you visited. I'll call for your transport to the airfield--

Tony realizes the deal is slipping away. He presses on--

TONY

How much can you produce?

RAMIREZ

Tony...

TONY
If you ran double shifts. Triple.
Day and night, all week long.

Ramirez thinks a beat. Shrugs.

RAMIREZ
Five hundred kilos.

TONY
Let's say we took it all. Do we
have a deal?

Ramirez looks at Tony, phone to his ear.

RAMIREZ
You can guarantee that?

We see the twinge of what the fuck am I doing? in Tony's
eyes. But he blinks it away.

TONY
As long as every fucking flake
comes to us, and not Sinaloa.

Ramirez gently hangs up the phone.

RAMIREZ
El Sapo's feelings will be hurt.

TONY
He won't feel anything once he's in
the ground.

RAMIREZ
Is that so?

Tony just stares at Ramirez, doesn't answer. Ramirez smiles.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)
Tell me, why didn't Michael come
down to see me? Why send you?

Tony shrugs.

TONY
He's there, and I'm here.

Ramirez nods, realizing Tony's not gonna say anything else.

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRPORT - DAY

The Gulfstream taxis to a stop, the stairs descend, and TONY emerges, followed by Manny. Tony PAUSES on the stairs--

Because MICHAEL is standing near the foot of the stairs, with the Phantom parked behind him. RAZI and THREE MOSSAD flank Michael, holding their vicious Kriss Vectors. Nobody smiles.

MANNY

Was he supposed to be here?

TONY

He does what he wants.

Tony descends the stairs, stops a few feet away from Michael, who stands there, arms crossed, expression unreadable.

MICHAEL

Before you left, I told you something. Tell me what it was.

TONY

The limit is 200 kilos.

MICHAEL

Say it for me one more time.

Tony looks at Manny, who looks at the ground. Tony faces Michael again.

TONY

200 kilos.

MICHAEL

You didn't listen.

TONY

It wasn't enough. You wanted a deal. I made a deal.

MICHAEL

You made a deal.

TONY

200 wasn't enough.

MICHAEL

With my money you made a deal.

TONY

It's the best shit on the planet.
And it's all yours. Nobody else can touch it without your stamp.

MICHAEL
(like Tony said nothing)
 You think my money is your money.

TONY
 It's yours, Michael. All of it. The
world is yours--

MICHAEL
 The world is mine? Okay.

Michael walks to Manny, pries two large RINGS off his fingers, hands them to Manny--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Hold these--

Manny takes the rings, confused, and Michael turns, walks up to Tony and PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE. Tony stumbles, doesn't fall, and Michael PUNCHES him two more times--

Tony, stunned, falls to his knees--

MANNY
 Wait, hey--

RAZI walks over and jams his KRISS in Manny's face, and Manny shuts his eyes, shuts his mouth--

Michael KICKS Tony in the chest, and he sprawls on his back. Michael crouches over him and PUNCHES him THREE MORE TIMES in the face. Tony lies there, face bloody, absorbing the blows.

Michael gets up, breathing hard, eyes flaming, walks over to Manny, who flinches, and uses Manny's shirt to wipe the blood off his hands. He takes the RINGS from Manny, slides them back onto his fingers.

Tony props himself up on his elbows and WATCHES Michael walk to the Phantom, open the door, reach inside--

MANNY (CONT'D)
 Tony--

TONY
 Shut the fuck up, Manny.

Michael pulls a bulging TRASH BAG from the car, walks over to Tony, drops the bag, and crouches beside him, his face close.

MICHAEL
 This is your money. You earned it.
 But it's different from my money.
 Do you understand?

Tony looks at Michael. Tony's blood drips down his face, onto his clothes, onto the ground.

TONY
Yes, Boss.

MICHAEL
I hope I won't need to explain the difference again.

Tony slowly shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You're a good boy, Tony.

Michael leans forward, and kisses Tony on the forehead.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Don't fuck it up. (beat) Let's make some money.

Michael gets up, returns to the Phantom, climbs in the back. The Mossad Men pile in after him. The Phantom speeds away.

Tony sits up, groaning softly, and opens the trash bag. It's fucking FILLED with banded bundles of cash. All HUNDREDS--

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Tony-- cleaned up, but his FACE still SWOLLEN and BRUISED-- sits at the small dinette table, arranging his CASH into a neat, organized, block-shaped PILE.

INT. BARNEYS - DAY

From ABOVE, we PAN OVER series of neighboring DRESSING ROOMS: In the first, TONY tries on a new Prada suit; in the next, CHI CHI admires some tight jeans, his belly hanging over; in the next, MANNY is fucking a long-legged SALESGIRL--

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Tony drives off the lot in a 2016 Dodge Ram 3500 Mega-Cab-- *the truck is a monster*-- with Manny and Chi-Chi piled in with him, their arms dangling out the window, so we can see the new WATCHES they're all wearing--

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Bright lights make day out of night. The CHINESE FLAG flies over a CONTAINER SHIP. A CRANE lifts a CONTAINER off the ship, into the black sky and the blinding lights. Lowers it to join literally THOUSANDS of containers there. As an INSPECTOR passes, reveal TONY, signing for the load--

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EAST L.A.

The container, attached to a TRUCK, sits in the huge space. Tony emerges from the cab, climbs inside the container with a flashlight. Moves past huge CARTONS stamped with country names: Costa Rica, Guyana, Chile.

He moves deeper into the container, finds a hidden COMPARTMENT welded into the wall, pulls it open, revealing more CARTONS. He RAZORS one open, finds the vacuum-wrapped tubes of EL SUENO FLAKE, four tons worth, and Tony SMILES--

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - PENTHOUSE LOFT - EVENING

Tony emerges onto the expansive DECK outside a high-end LOFT with 360-degree views of L.A. His facial BRUISES have faded, but are still visible. He takes in the view, which is sick.

A female Armenian REALTOR follows him outside. Tony pulls out an envelope, starts counting out HUNDOS. The Realtor's eyes go wide, and she smiles--

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - VARIOUS - EVENING

Tony DRIVES around the CITY in his new truck. Getting a feel for the power of the vehicle. The STEREO is loud, fantastic, deep BASS rumbling through the cab--

He pulls up to the crowded exterior of BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB, to the VALET STAND, and a young VALET takes his keys, Tony slips him a HUNDO, and the Valet smiles--

VALET

Gracias, Tony--

Tony nods, heads for the DOOR, greets OMAR, who just slipped some MINI-ZIPS to some CLUBGOERS--

TONY

How's it flowing?

OMAR

Fast as fuck. Already need a re-up--

TONY
Talk to Chi Chi--

And Tony cruises inside--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The Club is PACKED, and music POUNDS. As Tony moves through the room we see his CREW spread out inside:

MANNY, CHI CHI, and a new friend: CRUZ, 24, a white-haired ALBINO with freckles. All of them WORKING-- leaning into Customers' ears, pitching, taking CASH and sliding mini-zips into their hands and pockets--

AROUND THE CLUB and in the BATHROOMS, we see people SAMPLING the goods, and from their dazed expressions, *it's clearly the best they've had in years--*

Tony passes by the VIP AREA where MICHAEL is sitting with BRET, holding court with a group of beautiful, fucked-up people, champagne, pills, mini-zips--

MICHAEL
Tony, come have tequila with us.

TONY
I'll be back in a minute. Just gotta check in with Manny--

MICHAEL
Just one drink. A toast to my baby girl's Quinceanera.

Tony comes over, grabs one of the SHOTS on the table--

TONY
To Marisol.

Michael grins, raises his own shot--

MICHAEL
To Marisol!

They both throw back their drinks. Tony notices BRET is staring at him, wearing a bit of a sneer.

BRET
That's a nice watch, Tony. You're a baller. You buy it yourself?

Tony stares back at Bret, slowly nods.

TONY

I would've asked your rich Daddy to
buy it for me, Bret. But I think
you already tapped his ass out.

Michael LAUGHS his ass off, slaps the table.

MICHAEL

Oh, shit--

The others at the table join in laughing. Tony WINKS at Bret,
who quietly seethes, and leaves the table, making his way
through the club, toward the back, where he opens a DOOR--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There's a PRIVATE OFFICE back here, with plush COUCHES, and
an array of SECURITY MONITORS showing a variety of ANGLES of
the club's interior.

JEISA is sitting on one of the couches, with some paperwork
on the low table in front of her, holding a tiny, fluffy
Pomeranian in her lap. She smiles at Tony.

JEISA

Look who's here. Captain Cocaine.

TONY

You ever gonna be nice to me?

JEISA

Oh relax. I'm *always* nice.

Tony closes the door, looks at the monitors.

TONY

What's your dog's name?

JEISA

Jean-Claude.

TONY

Come on. No it isn't.

JEISA

Be careful. He'll fuck you up.

Tony awkwardly pets the tiny, fluffy dog.

JEISA (CONT'D)

Heard the new stuff is moving like
lightning.

TONY

People love an upgrade. Higher quality brings a higher price-point. It'll pay off nice.

Jeisa cocks her head, smiles at Tony.

JEISA

Guess who you sound like right now.

TONY

Captain Cocaine?

She snorts, reaches for a bottled water, sips it.

JEISA

Ha-ha. (beat) You should enjoy the sunshine while it lasts. The weather tends to change around here.

TONY

Dunno what you're talking about.

Jeisa studies Tony for a moment.

JEISA

Really? I'm talking about Michael. Sometimes it's hard to know how he really sees you. (beat) It's because we're not family. We never will be. It's like a locked room. Sure, he'll bring you inside, show you the furniture... but he'll never give you the key.

Tony considers this. Gazes at her openly.

TONY

If I had a room like that. I'd give you the key. No problem.

Jeisa laughs, shakes her head. Returns to her paperwork.

TONY (CONT'D)

What.

JEISA

I don't think you're really listening to me.

TONY

I always listen.

He tries to make eye contact with her, but she's busy with her paperwork again. As he goes out the door--

JEISA

Say goodnight to Tony, Jean-Claude.
He thinks he's a bad, bad man.

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - CALABASAS - DAY

A LINE OF EXPENSIVE CARS and MOTORCYCLES twist upward toward the Ranch. There's a SECURITY CHECKPOINT up ahead, manned by two of Michael's MOSSAD MEN. Everyone is getting pat-downs, and they use MIRRORS to check for BOMBS beneath the vehicles--

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - CHAPEL - DAY

A beautiful CHAPEL-- vaulted ceilings, stained glass, marble and mahogany. Filled to bursting with 500 GUESTS-- we see MICHAEL and BEATRIZ at the dais with a PRIEST. Nearby INEZ holds her BABY and stands beside ANALISA. The front rows are filled with Michael's CAPTAINS and their families.

In the rows behind, we see the NEWER MEMBERS of Michael's extended "Mexican Family", including TONY and his friends, plus many other hard-looking types, and their WOMEN-- members of Michael's syndicate-- all dressed to the nines.

MARISOL comes up the aisle, in a billowy white dress, carrying a bouquet of roses. Michael and Beatriz beam at her, their eyes glistening with pride.

Marisol looks at Tony as she passes, and he gives her a sly wink. She blushes, smiles, and keeps walking, up to the dais, where she is greeted by her parents, as the CEREMONY continues, steeped in beauty, tradition, and love--

PRIEST

(from Ecclesiastes)

*You who are young, be happy while
you are young, and let your heart
give you joy in the days of your
youth...*

Marisol is presented with the traditional *Quinceanera* gifts: custom beaded high-heels shoes, and the *ultima muneca*-- a DOLL that has been designed to look almost identical to how Marisol looks right at this moment.

In TONY'S PEW, Manny leans over to him, whispers, grinning--

MANNY

When Marisol grows out of that baby
fat, I can see the potential.

Tony turns gives Manny a look so cold, so withering, Manny
immediately shrinks back into his seat--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - NIGHT

The festivities have stretched into the evening. Find TONY
staring up at a forty-foot STATUE of the Virgin of Guadalupe
looming over the outdoor reception, ROTATING on a huge
turntable to REVEAL-- on the obverse-- SANTA MUERTE.

Tony walks through the crowded party, past whole HOGS and
rows of CHICKENS roasting over open pits, WAITERS
circulating, BOOZE flowing freely from ubiquitous BARS--

CRUZ, the Albino, approaches Tony, leads him over to a TABLE
where a group of dark-skinned GUATEMALANS are sitting--

CRUZ

Tony, this is Yimi, the one I told
you about--

Tony nods and shakes hands with YIMI, 35, short and barrel-
chested, with hungry eyes.

TONY

The Guatemalan crew. Heard you have
a lot of extra hands.

YIMI

Si, si. Hands. Fingers. Fists.
Anything you need.

TONY

Bueno. We'll talk soon.

Tony moves away from the table, but we LINGER there a beat,
as Yimi turns to his friends, speaks IN SPANISH--

YIMI

(Spanish)
*He's the first to come to our
table. Everyone looks at us like
we're niggers.*

GUATEMALAN

(Spanish)
That motherfucker's real--

Back to TONY, as he passes the DANCE FLOOR, where Manny is carving it up with a Latina beauty, and Chi-Chi boogies down awkwardly with Analisa, and MICHAEL is dancing with Marisol, his eyes full of love and pride--

BEATRIZ (O.S.)
You remind him of the old days.

Tony turns, sees BEATRIZ standing beside him, also watching Michael and Marisol. She looks tired, tipsy, happy.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
He seems younger somehow. Like he has a purpose again. I think he owes that to you.

TONY
I don't know. I just wake up and come to work. Like anybody else.

Beatriz pats Tony on the arm, affectionately.

BEATRIZ
Always so humble. But I can see the Lion behind your eyes.

TONY
No, Ma'am. That's just Mexico.

She gazes out on the dance floor, where Michael and Marisol are now cutting a rug with Inez and various cousins.

BEATRIZ
Marisol is my *bambina*. And soon she will be in college, and it will be just me and Michael. (beat) And the dogs. And the horses...

Her eyes well up, and just as quickly she recovers.

BEATRIZ (CONT'D)
What about your family, Tony? Where are they?

TONY
Sinaloa. (beat) I haven't seen my family since I was twelve.

Beatriz frowns, troubled by this.

BEATRIZ
Families belong together. Why don't you bring them to Los Angeles? We can help find them a place to live--

TONY
I'll be okay. Thank you, though.

BEATRIZ
Tony, look at me.
(he does)
Your family should be with you.

Suddenly an EXPLOSION. But it's just FIREWORKS, orchestrated at great cost, blistering the sky over the vast estate, as everyone gathered OOHS and AAAHS--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - YARD - NIGHT

Tony stands outside, alone, with the SOUNDS of the party bleeding through in the distance. He's got his PHONE to his ear, and it RINGS and RINGS on the other line, until finally--

ALICIA'S VOICE
(sleep-clogged)
Bueno?

TONY
Mamacita. It's me. It's Antonio.

ALICIA'S VOICE
It's so late. Who is this?

TONY
It's Antonio. Your son. (beat) Ma?

It takes a moment to realize that Alicia is CRYING.

TONY (CONT'D)
Ma, it's okay. I'm okay--

ALICIA'S VOICE
Oh my God--

TONY
Ma, I want you to come here. To Los Angeles. You and the girls. I have a good job. I'm making lots of money. I want you to--

ALICIA'S VOICE
Are you married?

TONY
No, Ma, I'm not married--

Alicia cries again, harder this time--

ALICIA'S VOICE

*I thought you were dead. I thought
you were dead. Oh, Antonio--*

TONY

Listen. I want you to come here.
I'm going to arrange everything.
It's beautiful here. It's just like
the movies.(beat) *Ma?*

But she's not on the line anymore. Tony frowns, puts the
phone into his pocket--

EXT. SOUTH OF SAN DIEGO - BEACH - NIGHT

Tony stands on a remote BEACH with Manny, Chi-Chi, Cruz,
Yimi, and some other GUYS-- this is Tony's rapidly-expanding
CREW. Tony holds a pair of BINOCULARS, scans the water. He
SEES a LIGHT BLINKING about fifty yards from shore--

TONY

There.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Tony oversees his crew as they UNLOAD a massive shipment of
KILOS from a 40-foot handmade NARCO SUBMARINE that has landed
on the beach. The CREW carries the shit off the beach to a
STOLEN UPS TRUCK parked on a dirt road nearby--

INT. WAREHOUSE - EAST LOS ANGELES - DAY

The UPS TRUCK is parked inside the WAREHOUSE. While some of
Tony's CREW keeps watch, holding automatic weapons, others
oversee various WORKSTATIONS where the COKE is being CUT and
REPACKAGED into smaller receptacles.

We see the LATINO BANGERS (*whom we first saw in the BODEGA
awhile back*) are also now part of Tony's expanding CREW,
working in the various STATIONS around the warehouse.

The operation is smooth, clean, orderly. Tony has clearly
picked up a few things from Ramirez. As Tony walks through,
MANNY and CRUZ appear beside him--

MANNY

Yo, something came up.

TONY

You gonna tell me what it is?

CRUZ
Gotta go see Omar.

INT./EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - EVENING

Tony's TRUCK is parked by a remote overlook in Elysian Park.

INSIDE the truck, TONY sits up front, with OMAR beside him, and CRUZ and MANNY leaning in from the back. Omar has a BACKPACK in his lap, filled with EIGHT BALLS of COKE.

TONY
Tell me what's going on.

OMAR
Just some of the regulars. Said
they're getting it cheaper
somewhere else--

TONY
But is it ours, or someone else's?

Omar shrugs, he really has no idea. CRUZ pipes up--

CRUZ
I tried some. If it's ours, it's
definitely been stepped on.

Tony clenches his jaw, shakes his head. He's pissed.

TONY
Well what the fuck changed this
week? Who made the fucking delivery
from the warehouse?

Omar, Cruz and Manny exchange a reluctant look.

CRUZ
Tell him.

Tony fixes Manny with a look. Manny sighs.

MANNY
Bret. He said he was gonna handle
Cruz's inventory, and Omar's.

TONY
So Bret's scheduling pickups now?
Isn't that your job, *Manuelito*?

Manny looks away, embarrassed, guilty.

MANNY

He said you were cool with it.

Tony grips the steering wheel hard. *Fuck--*

EXT. BRET'S HOUSE - SILVER LAKE - DAY

Bret eases his red Ferrari down the driveway, onto the street, and he SPEEDS off around a corner. REVEAL TONY'S TRUCK parked nearby, HIDDEN, with Tony and Manny inside.

They FOLLOW Bret's car, keeping a discreet distance--

EXT. SOUTH LOS ANGELES - DAY

Bret's Ferrari pulls up to the GARAGE of a BUILDING in a shitty part of Bell Gardens. The Garage OPENS, and two TATTOOED MEXICAN GUYS emerge, both STRAPPED, scanning the area. The Ferrari pulls into the Garage--

Find TONY'S TRUCK parked up the street. Inside, TONY and MANNY have been watching the whole time, with BINOCULARS.

MANNY

You see that ink? Those aren't our guys. Who the fuck are those guys?

TONY

Not our guys.

EXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY

Bret leaves his car with a VALET, and walks to the entrance of CREDIT SUISSE BANK, carrying a metal BRIEFCASE.

Once again, TONY & MANNY are observing from Tony's truck.

TONY

Get Michael on the phone.

EXT. SINALOA - MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON

From a distance, we see FIVE MEN riding on HORSEBACK through the countryside. The HORSES are all WHITE, beautiful thoroughbreds-- expensive and rare.

The RIDERS arrive in a clearing, and we see that they are EL SAPO, followed by EL COMODIN, and THREE OTHER CAPTAINS-- EL GONZO, EL EROTICO, and EL BARBILLA-- all in formal clothes.

EXT. SINALOA - CLEARING - SUNSET

The horses are tied up, and El Sapo and his Captains stand together, pouring tequila, toasting the sunset. El Sapo drains his glass, regards his men.

EL SAPO

Family is a funny thing. Our souls are connected. Our brains, our nerve-endings. We feel each other's joy in success, and we feel each other's pain. We share everything.

El Sapo walks among them, filling each of their glasses.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

El Erotico, you are my eyes. And yet you did not see Los Angeles marching right past you, to Bolivia. And now, we are injured.

EL EROTICO

My street snitches failed me. They have already been dealt with. But we know it wasn't Michael, he sent his *new guy* to handle Bolivia. Plus we have made some in-roads into Los Angeles--

EL SAPO

I hope there is progress soon. Or neither of us will be happy.

El Erotico frowns, starts to respond, but El Sapo has moved on to El Comodin--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

El Comodin. You are my fists. You did such beautiful work with El Feo. But why did our message fail to inspire the proper reaction?

EL COMODIN

I'll go to Bolivia myself. Bring back that fucker's head--

EL SAPO

Ramirez has his country's army at his back. If we touch him, we invite war from the South, *as well* as the North. We will be stretched too thin. We need something better.

El Sapo moves to El Gonzo and El Barbilla. All the Captains have now begun to sweat.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
El Gonzo, El Barbilla. You are my *caravana*. My kings of transport. But now you have nothing for the mules to carry.

EL BARBILLA
We can still carry *cristal* through the Plaza--

EL SAPO
Fuck *cristal*. The Americans already know how to make it themselves.
(sadly)
Our family shares everything, even humiliations.

El Sapo walks to his horse, runs his hands over its majestic, muscled flank. He opens a leather SACHEL attached to the saddle, and pulls out THREE MACHETES.

El Sapo carefully lays the Machetes on the ground. Then he faces his Captains, whose faces are now drained of color.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
Our family must heal itself, from within.

EL COMODIN
Jefe, wait--

El Sapo suddenly ERUPTS AT EL COMODIN, SLAPPING HIS FACE--

EL SAPO
SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHEN I TALK.

The Captains all react to the SLAP, each one feeling it. El Comodin turns lobster-red, but remains silent. El Sapo gestures to EL GONZO, and gestures to the machetes.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
One for you.

El Gonzo, hands shaking, picks up a machete. El Sapo takes his time before gesturing to someone else. Then he nods to EL EROTICO, who lets out a held breath, retrieves a blade.

Now, Erotico and Gonzo hold machetes. Comodin and Barbilla do not. One machete remains on the ground. El Sapo flicks his eyes between Comodin and Barbilla.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
 Nobody can teach us a lesson that
 we can't teach *ourselves*.

El Sapo stares at the two men, who have stopped breathing.
 Finally he walks to El Comodin, kisses him on the mouth.

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
 (low, to El Comodin)
Don't disappoint me again.

El Comodin picks up the last machete, joins the other
 Captains as they face an ashen, trembling BARBILLA.

EL BARBILLA
 Please. I'll do anything. I'll try
 harder. Please. Jefe. Jesus. God--

El Sapo leans against a nearby tree. Sips his tequila.

EL SAPO
 Make it slow.

The three Captains-- their eyes filled with a combination of
 horror, relief, and resolve-- advance on El Barbilla, who
 immediately pisses himself.

EL BARBILLA
 Please. Just shoot me. Just end it
 quick. Mercy. HAVE MERCY ON ME--

EL SAPO
 This lesson is not for you, my
 friend.
 (gestures to the Captains)
 It is for them.

And now El Barbilla begins to SCREAM. The first screams are
 filled with terror. But soon enough, it's shock, and agony.

And we HOLD on EL SAPO, watching, sipping his tequila--

EXT. EL SAPO'S COMPOUND - SINALOA - DUSK

Find XIMENA standing on a balcony, watching as the RIDERS on
 HORSEBACK return from the countryside. El Sapo in front,
 followed by El Comodin, El Gonzo, and El Erotico. The final
 horse-- tethered to Erotico's saddle-- is RIDERLESS.

Even though it's dark, Ximena can still see the BLOOD
 splattered across the three Captains' clothes--

INT. EL SAPO'S COMPOUND - BEDROOM - NIGHT

El Sapo sits on a plush leather chair. He's drunk, and his face is stained with tears. XIMENA enters, wearing an expensive negligee, seemingly made of nothing but air.

XIMENA

Why are you crying?

EL SAPO

My friend is dead. (beat) I feel a darkness. Like a shadow from long ago is falling across me. *La Bruja*--

XIMENA

She didn't know anything. She just took your money--

EL SAPO

He's out there. I can feel him--

XIMENA

You're stronger than you think.

El Sapo gazes at Ximena with dazed, watery eyes. He runs his hand down her face, with a sweet yet alarming tenderness--

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DOWNTOWN

Beautiful girls dance on a stage. Bass-heavy, sexy music plays loud. Find TONY sitting in the front row, along with MICHAEL and BRET, the latter two are laughing, drinking, watching the girls, having a blast.

Tony is comparatively sober, and he keeps an eye on them. Bret stands up, somewhat wobbly, puts a hundred in his mouth, and leans toward one of the girls, who approaches--

INT. PHANTOM - NIGHT

Tony is up front, driving, while Bret and Michael sit in the back, Michael mixing up Margaritas in a Tiffany shaker, Bret cutting up yayo--

MICHAEL

Box 29, brother. You should rename it Box Of Cash. We are killing it up in there. Margaritas for everybody, all day, all night--

BRET

I'm telling you, I know the secret.
The ultimate margarita is a rare
commodity. Like a unicorn...

MICHAEL

You think I don't know how to make
a good margarita? Fuck you, man--

BRET

Fuck your sweet and sour mix
bullshit. I'm talking purity.
Nothing but Don Julio and limes.
The crux is the limes.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

The *crux*?

BRET

It's a word, Michael. Swear to God.
Aren't you glad someone in this car
went to fucking college?

Michael cocks his head at Bret. Then makes eye contact with
TONY in the rear-view mirror. Bret doesn't notice.

MICHAEL

I'm glad you went to college, Bret.

BRET

I'm smart as fuck.

TONY

Michael has the best limes.

Michael looks at Tony in the rear-view again. Bret rolls his
eyes, gives a bump to Michael--

BRET

Did he say something?

MICHAEL

It's true. My limes are
extraordinary. Totally organic, non-
GMO, imported seeds. All that.

TONY

Rolls-Royce limes.

MICHAEL

Shall we take you to the limes,
Bret? You can show us your magic.

Bret laughs, shrugs, drinks, snorts--

BRET
Take me to the limes!

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - CALABASAS - NIGHT

The Phantom bounces off-road across the vastness of Michael's property, through the ORCHARDS, the vehicle's large headlights diffused in the ocean fog--

INT. PHANTOM - NIGHT

Find BRET in the back seat of the car, which is now EMPTY and PARKED in the middle of the pitch-dark nowhere. He rubs his eyes, groggy, still drunk, opens the car door--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - ORCHARD - CONTINUOUS

Bret climbs out, sees the figures of TONY and MICHAEL standing nearby. Michael is smoking a cigar.

Bret looks around-- confused, buzzed-- at the darkened shapes of the surrounding hills and orchards.

BRET
The fuck are we? Your house?

MICHAEL
The limes. Don't you remember?

Bret clearly doesn't quite remember. He rubs his face, trying to get rid of the cobwebs in his brain.

BRET
Oh yeah. Yeah.

Michael steps closer to Bret, and Tony hangs back.

MICHAEL
I also wanted to show you where I put the bodies. See all these trees, Bret? Under each one, there's a skeleton.

Bret frowns at Michael, sways on his feet. Then he smiles.

BRET
That is such bullshit.

Michael smiles too.

MICHAEL

It's a good story though, right?

BRET

I believed you for a second--

TONY

We know you're stepping on the
junk. What else are you doing?

Bret laughs, then stops when he sees that Michael and Tony
are both staring at him with a cold intensity.

BRET

Michael. Your model is all wrong.
Nobody needs anything that pure.
I've tried to tell you that--

TONY

So you're doing us a favor.

BRET

(to Tony)

I wasn't talking to you. I was
talking to him--

MICHAEL

So you think our product is too
good, that's what you're saying?

BRET

I'm saying you used to trust me.
And I don't need sales advice from
the *dishwasher* over here--

TONY

You trying to make your own nut on
the side? Or just trying to fuck
with my nut? Who's paying you--

BRET

Fuck you, Tony.

MICHAEL

This isn't about Tony. It's about
you, Bret. Don't make it harder
than it has to be. Tell me who
you've been talking to--

BRET

This is crazy, Michael--

Michael walks closer to Bret, head cocked.

MICHAEL

Bret. The thing is I don't trust you. The other thing is that I wasn't kidding about these trees.

Bret now sees that Tony is holding a KA-BAR KNIFE. And Michael is holding a GLOCK.

BRET

What the fuck...

TONY

Maybe you should tell Michael what he wants to know.

BRET

I don't know shit.

Tony stares at Bret, while fingering the knife.

TONY

Right. Yeah. You don't know shit.

BRET

Michael--

MICHAEL

It's out of my hands now, Bret. You'd better start talking.

TONY

Come on, Bret. You got this.

Bret's eyes flash with defiance. He knows what's coming. And, surprisingly, he doesn't beg for his life.

BRET

You've got no vision, Michael. No *class*. Even though you've got millions, you're still a fucking *pool digger*. Just like him--

Bret SPITS in Tony's direction. Michael's eyes flash--

BRET (CONT'D)

That's your legacy: gold coke straws, whores, and your family of ugly, inbred immigrant Mexican *pigs* dressed up in *Versace*--

TONY

Michael, wait--

BLAM! Michael SHOTS Bret right in the forehead. The GUNSHOT echoes across the hills. Bret drops to the ground, like a puppet with its strings cut.

MICHAEL
Fuck. (beat) Sorry.

They both stare down at the body, as fog rolls past.

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - NIGHT

Lit by the Phantom's HEADLIGHTS, Tony sweats through his clothes while digging a HOLE in the ground with a shovel.

Nearby, Michael is crouched over Bret's sprawled CORPSE, using PLIERS to yank a MOLAR out of his skull.

MICHAEL
Think you can go behind *my* back?
Smug piece of shit.

He places the TOOTH in a ziploc filled with other TEETH.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Not one cavity on this guy. Must've
been a dedicated brusher.

Michael zip-locks the baggie, sets it aside, pulls out a fresh baggie. Then pulls out some PRUNING SHEARS-

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This little piggy went to market--

SNIP. Michael cuts off Bret's THUMB, drops it in the baggie. Tony finishes up digging, crouches beside Michael--

TONY
Why don't you let me take over?

MICHAEL
I'm good. Working with your hands,
it's therapeutic, you know?

SNIP. He takes another finger.

TONY
Come on, Boss. Take a break.

Tony takes the shears as Michael watches, reminisces--

MICHAEL

(over a series of SNIPS)

This old Mexican from Laredo, he taught me. *Como deshuesa un pollo*. Just like boning a chicken. Pack it all in bleach. Fingerprints and dental records. That's how you get caught. He gave me a hundred bucks a body, but I had to buy my own bleach. I bought a lot of bleach. The ladies at the Piggly-Wiggly used to compliment me on my clean white shirts. (beat) I was all-state linebacker that year.

SNIP. Tony drops the last of the fingers into the baggie, then drags the body into the grave. As Tony piles the dirt on top, Michael inspects the baggie of Fingers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He had nice fingers.

TONY

He played the piano. Almost went to Julliard.

MICHAEL

Bret did? No shit?

Tony nods, sweat pouring down his face, as Michael watches him filling in the grave--

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tony washes his hands in the sink, dirt and blood running into the drain. He hears tiny FOOTSTEPS, turns to see ANALISA, in her pj's, pulling open the fridge.

TONY

Tell me what you need, *Chica*.

ANALISA

I just want milk.

Tony goes to the fridge, retrieves the milk, finds a kid-sized plastic cup, pours the milk, hands it over. He sits on a counter stool beside her.

TONY

You might need a cookie with that.

ANALISA

Mami says sugar is poison.

TONY

That's crazy. Why can't you sleep?

ANALISA

The alarm went off before but
Abuela said it was nothing. False
alarm. Then it went off again.

Tony frowns. Hops off the stool, eyes alert.

TONY

What room did the alarm go off in?

ANALISA

The baby's room.

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

Michael stands beside the CRIB, gazing contentedly at his infant GRANDSON, sound asleep. He looks up when TONY enters and goes straight to the WINDOWS, checking each lock. Then he moves to the CLOSET, opens the door, checks the shelves--

MICHAEL

(whispers)

The hell are you doing?

TONY

Alarm went off an hour ago. Maybe
it's nothing. Just need to check--

Tony moves to the BATHROOM, turns on light, peeks around.
Disturbed by the light, the baby fusses--

MICHAEL

Tony. You're gonna wake him up.

Tony looks at the baby in his crib. Clenches his jaw, goes over, crouches down to check beneath it, and--

There's a fucking BOMB under there. 2 pounds of C-4, with a DETONATOR wired to a PRESSURE PLATE beneath the baby. Michael sees Tony's silent, wide-eyed REACTION, and crouches too--

TONY

Some kind of pressure plate.

MICHAEL

Fuck. Fuck. Jesus--

The baby starts to CRY. Tony sees that Michael has gone rigid with terror. Tony grabs him firmly by the arm.

TONY

Keep your head screwed on. See if
you can calm the baby down--

Michael is sweating, freaked-- *what do I do?* Finally he
starts SINGING a sweet Mexican folk song to his grandson--

But the baby keeps crying. Michael's eyes plead with Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)

Gonna be okay, Boss. Keep singing.

Michael sings in a shaky voice, eyes glued to TONY as he
slowly slips his hands underneath the still-crying baby--

It's so TENSE, it's like time has stopped. The Bomb could go
off at any moment. Tony gauges the baby's weight with one
hand while he maintains pressure on the PLATE with the other--

TONY (CONT'D)

Now lift him up slowly.

Michael reaches forward, slowly LIFTS the Baby-- his tiny
face so innocent-- Michael's face drips sweat-- Tony's HANDS
are rock-steady as he gently presses on the plate--

Michael is now HOLDING the Baby above the crib-- gaping at
Tony-- so they DON'T SEE: a FILAMENT running from the BLANKET
to the Bomb underneath-- glinting in the moonlight, so thin
its like a hair-- a SECONDARY TRIGGER--

By sheer luck, the blanket DROPS into the crib as Michael
lifts the baby to his chest--

TONY (CONT'D)

Grab me some of those books.

Michael moves to a shelf of BABY BOOKS and grabs a stack of
them, while still holding the baby in his other arm--

TONY (CONT'D)

Slow, real slow--

Michael slowly hands the BOOKS to Tony--

TONY (CONT'D)

Now get him out of here. Get
everyone out. Don't tell them why.

Michael locks eyes with Tony. Then nods, and quickly exits
with the baby, holding him close--

Tony returns to the task at hand. Slowly slides the BOOKS
onto the PLATE, replacing the weight--

He slowly stands up, staring at the books, and though his hands are steady, in his eyes, *he can't fucking believe he's still in one piece--*

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - NIGHT

Tony is guiding Beatriz, Marisol, Inez (holding her baby) and Analisa toward the Foyer--

INEZ

Wait, why are we doing this--?

TONY

It's like a fire drill. It's important. For safety. Just hurry. Everybody outside--

To speed the process, Tony picks up Analisa, carries her quickly outside, followed by Beatriz. Behind them, Inez pauses with the baby, frowns--

INEZ

It's cold out there, where's Rudolfo's blanket...?

Marisol rolls her eyes, tired and over it--

MARISOL

Ugh, I'll get it--

Marisol turns and heads back into the house, putting in her pink ear buds, and it happens so fast no one notices--

EXT. MARTILLO RANCH - MOMENTS LATER

Michael emerges from another exit, sweaty and amped, holding a PHONE to his ear, and meets up with TONY and his FAMILY outside in the driveway--

And it's TONY who instantly realizes someone's missing--

TONY

Where's Marisol?

The WOMEN look at each other, only vaguely concerned, because they don't know the context. But Tony and Michael share a look of pure PANIC--

And Tony SPRINTS back into the house, followed by Michael--

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Tony takes the stairs two at a time, eyes wild--

TONY
MARISOL! MARISOL COME BACK--

While MICHAEL brings up the rear, not as fast as Tony, similarly SCREAMING Marisol's name--

INT. MARTILLO RANCH - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Marisol moves toward the CRIB, smiling dreamily, bobbing her head to the music in her earbuds. She looks inside, sees the BLANKET in there, and reaches down--

Just as TONY rounds the corner and appears in the DOORWAY--

TONY
WAIT--

Marisol sees Tony, his expression crazed, and she looks momentarily confused as she LIFTS THE BLANKET--

RACK FOCUS to the FILAMENT as it PULLS TIGHT--

KA-BLAM! The BOMB EXPLODES, instantly VAPORIZING the ROOM and PROPELLING TONY out of the bedroom, onto the STAIRS--

Where Tony CRUMPLES, unconscious and BLOODY, a few feet away from MICHAEL, along with Marisol's PINK EAR BUDS-- charred, half-disintegrated, tangled around a few strands of HAIR--

It takes Michael a moment to comprehend what just happened, and we see his FACE as it changes from shock... to pure horror and despair, and he opens his mouth to SCREAM--

EXT. EL SAPO'S COMPOUND - SINALOA - DAY

El Sapo sits smoking a cigar, tapping his foot, while a young SINGER with a guitar improvises a *narcocorrido*--

SINGER
(in Spanish, subtitled)
*...When the package came from the
gringos, with our cousin cut up in
pieces, El Sapo vowed to revenge
him. The plan was a work of genius.
A bomb tucked in with the baby...*

The Singer waits while El Sapo ponders the song, puffing on his cigar. Finally he takes a wad of cash from his pocket, peels off a couple thousand dollars, holds it out--

EL SAPO

Good. Get it out on the radio.

The Singer grins, takes the money--

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - DAY

A fully-produced VERSION (drums, bass, several guitars) of the cruel *Narcocorrido* PLAYS OVER:

MOURNERS at MARISOL'S FUNERAL, including a barely-upright Beatriz, a heavily-sedated Michael, a devastated Inez with her kids, and the very same Priest from the *Quinceanera*--

We can't hear the Priest speaking, or anything else, only--

NARCOCORRIDO (O.S.)

*The baby was saved, but the angels
brought justice, and the young
daughter was blown to bits! Never
forget, When you mess with El Sapo,
it will end bloody for you...*

Find Vargas and Garza seated further back, wearing sunglasses, and behind them, TONY sits amongst his friends, bruised, bandaged, arm in a sling, his face a potent mixture of heartbreak, regret, and ice-cold murderous intention.

INT. LOBBY - HIGH RISE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

Tony sits in the Lobby of the HIGH RISE that houses Michael's penthouse secure suite, still wearing his funeral suit. Seated nearby are Manny and Chi Chi. Nobody speaks.

The door opens, and VARGAS enters, followed by some of his MEN. Tony rises to greet him--

TONY

Is Michael with you?

Vargas appraises Tony for a beat before replying.

VARGAS

He'll be along shortly. (beat) You look rough, Tony. You should be recuperating in bed.

TONY

I don't care. It's nothing. I'm ready to work. We gotta find the motherfucker who got in--

VARGAS

Don't worry. He will be found. With or without your assistance.

Tony squints at Vargas.

TONY

The fuck you mean without?

VARGAS

You've been throwing rocks at El Sapo's hornets nest for so long, you don't even see all the people getting stung.

TONY

There's nothing I don't see.

VARGAS

Haven't you caused enough problems, Tony? Hasn't Michael suffered enough by following your whims?

Tony's face gets hot, and his hands curl into fists--

TONY

You keep talking, maybe I'll cause a problem right here.

Vargas' MEN draw closer, flanking their Boss. Tony's friends similarly stand up, and draw closer to Tony. *Tension*.

The Lobby doors open, and MICHAEL walks in, wearing sunglasses, carrying Marisol's QUINCEANERA DOLL, followed by GARZA and flanked by RAZI and the MOSSAD.

Vargas and Tony ease back from each other, allowing Michael to pass. Razi calls the elevator with the Key Card. When the door opens, Michael enters, followed by Garza and Vargas.

Tony steps forward to enter the elevator, but Razi STOPS him.

TONY (CONT'D)

What, I can't go in?

RAZI

Sorry, Tony.

Tony frowns, totally thrown by this. He tries to make eye contact with Michael, but can't because of the sunglasses.

The elevator doors CLOSE. Tony stands there, staring at the elevator, stunned.

INT. HIGH RISE - MICHAEL'S SECURE OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael sits in the suite, still wearing his sunglasses, still clutching the Marisol-Doll. Garza and Vargas sit near him, leaning close.

MICHAEL

I'm going away for a little while.
Taking the family. Don't ask where.
I don't even want to know. Only the
pilot knows. Only him.

GARZA

Do what you have to do, Michael.

VARGAS

We will handle things.

Michael hugs the Doll close.

MICHAEL

All I can think about is killing.

VARGAS

Marisol was my goddaughter. I held
her in the hospital, the day she
was born. But a war is *not going to
bring her back*. (beat) You still
have your family, and now life is
for the living.

GARZA

More war will only bring more
heartbreak.

Michael takes off the Ray Bans. Rubs his red eyes. Squeezes Vargas's hand as tears well up in his eyes--

MICHAEL

Help me, old friend.

VARGAS

Why did I tell you to make this a
small meeting? With only those of
us who grew up with you? Because
we're not safe-- that's a fact.

(MORE)

VARGAS (CONT'D)
Ask yourself, Michael. Who let
them inside your house?

MICHAEL
Who was it? Who betrayed me?

A look between Vargas and Garza.

GARZA
All of these troubles began with
the package sent to Sinaloa...

Off Michael, his eyes faraway, filled with bottomless sorrow--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tony comes inside, still working, still focused on business.
He hands off a PACKAGE to CRUZ, who takes it away, and
disappears deeper into the club--

He spots JEISA across the room, sitting at the VIP bar,
nursing a martini. He makes his way over, sits beside her.

TONY
Where's Jean-Claude?

Jeisa finally looks at Tony, with tired eyes, devoid of their
usual fiery spark.

JEISA
You should get out while you can.

TONY
I'm not going anywhere.

JEISA
You know what happens if you stay?
You'll get nice and dead. That's
what happens. Nobody lasts.

TONY
Except I'm not nobody. I'm the only
one keeping this shit upright.
Michael knows I'm the man, even if
he doesn't say it.

JEISA
Tony. *He doesn't care about you.*

TONY
But he cares about you, right?

JEISA

I'm sick of trying to help you.
Just go away.

TONY

You want me to go? Where should I
go? You tell me.

Suddenly enraged, she **SHOVES** him backward--

JEISA

Is that all you know how to do?
Take orders? You act like you're
such a *gangster*, but you might as
well still be parking his car.

TONY

I park the car, you suck the dick,
what's the difference, right?

She closes her eyes, lets out a sound that's somewhere
between a laugh, and a sob.

JEISA

Right, Tony. You got me.

Tony really wishes he hadn't said that. But he can't move.

TONY

Jeisa.

JEISA

Please just go. Just leave me alone
and don't say anything else.

Tony stands there, frozen.

JEISA (CONT'D)

You're a little boy, Tony. Waiting
by the window for Daddy to come
home. (beat) Grow the fuck up.

She pushes past him, walks away, and Tony watches her--

INT. TONY'S LOFT - DAY

Tony sits at the dining table in front of a LAPTOP, in the
midst of a SKYPE session with the Bolivian, RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ (VIA SKYPE)

*It has been a week. We need to know
when he will return--*

TONY

Soon. I swear it'll be soon--

RAMIREZ (VIA SKYPE)

This is not the news I hoped for.

TONY

We're still in business. That hasn't stopped. I haven't stopped--

RAMIREZ

Tell me honestly. Is Michael's head right? Can we depend on him?

TONY

Man, his kid just got fucking blown up. You're asking about his head--

RAMIREZ

Tony. I need to know if he is planning something. Because I've been hearing things. About Sinaloa. They might be making a move--

TONY

Fuck the Cartel. I'm here. I'm on top of the situation.

Ramirez looks off screen, troubled. Then back at Tony.

RAMIREZ

I hope this is true. Because if I have to handle it myself, you might not like it.

Ramirez ENDS the Skype. Tony is left staring at the blank screen, rubbing his hands over his face, worried--

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Michael, dazed, haggard, descends from his JET, still carrying the Marisol-doll. He sees TONY waiting for him, standing by the Phantom.

MICHAEL

You're not a *driver* anymore, Tony.

TONY

I know. But tonight I'm driving you. Okay?

Michael shrugs, shuffles slowly toward the car--

INT. PHANTOM - NIGHT

Tony drives, while Michael sits in the back, drinking cognac.

TONY

He's willing to come to you. He's making a special trip up here.

Michael drains his cognac, pours another, glares at Tony.

MICHAEL

Why's he calling you instead of me?

TONY

He couldn't reach you. Nobody could. You disappeared--

Michael rummages through the drawers in the back, searching for blow, and Tony notices--

TONY (CONT'D)

The coke's in the center console.

Michael finds the stash, chops the powder on the Phantom's walnut picnic table, hoovers a massive line--

TONY (CONT'D)

Ramirez just wants to know if everything is the same. Status Quo.

MICHAEL

Don't use words you don't know.

Tony grits his teeth, keeps coming--

TONY

Is our business still our business? Or is something else going on? You gotta tell me. You don't tell me, I can't help, I can't protect you--

MICHAEL

Protect me! Oh fuck that's funny--

But instead of laughing, Michael just snorts another line--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I used to think you were special. But I could find ten guys just like you, standing outside Home Depot.

Tony eyes flash. He pulls over to the side of the road, turns around and stares Michael right in the eyes.

TONY

Shit on me all you want. But I'm still here. Say the word and I'll wipe Sinaloa off the fucking map. I'll find every uncle, cousin and nephew up in the hills and put them all in the ground. Are you listening, Papi? I'll do it now.

Michael stares back at Tony, unreadable.

MICHAEL

Heard all that shit before. You're a broken record. That's all you know how to do. (beat) And look where it got us.

TONY

What do you mean by that?

MICHAEL

Just drive the car, Tony.

Tony finally turns back to the road, pulls into traffic.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know where to take me.

And for the very first time, Tony lies to Michael.

TONY

Jay's not around.

MICHAEL

She's not?

TONY

Haven't seen her anywhere. She disappeared right after Bret did.

Michael absorbs this. Smiles as he chops more lines--

MICHAEL

Then take me to the other place.
(beat) Jay's a good kid. Beauty and brains. How often does a man find that gold vein?

Michael snorts another line. As Tony WATCHES Michael in the rear-view, there's something different in his eyes now. Like he sees Michael as somehow... less than before--

EXT. TRACT HOUSE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Tony WATCHES from the car as Michael gets buzzed past a wrought-iron GATE. He's greeted by a trio of mid-rage HOOKERS, who escort him into their den of sin--

EXT. JEISA'S HOUSE - UPPER DOHENY - NIGHT

Jeisa opens the door to find TONY standing there. And even though his stare is always intense, his current gaze is several notches higher in voltage.

TONY

First time I saw you I wanted to
kiss you. I wanted to taste every
fucking molecule of you. But I
didn't. Because I was stupid enough
to believe you belonged to somebody
else. That's how I fucked up.

Jeisa stares back at him. Confused, stunned, turned on.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna fuck up again.

And he kisses her. After a moment of surprise, she wraps her hands around his head. They stumble back into the house--

INT. JEISA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

So yeah, they don't make it to the bedroom. They're already going at it, fantastically, right there on the living room carpet, while only halfway out of their clothes--

EXT. JEISA'S HOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Tony and Jeisa lie cuddled together on a chaise, sharing a blanket and a joint. Yeah, it's that same chaise.

JEISA

If I ask you something, will you
tell me the truth?

TONY

I'll never lie to you.

JEISA

Do you know where Bret is?

Tony plays with her hair, kisses her ear, sniffs her neck--

JEISA (CONT'D)
You said you'd tell me.

TONY
Said I wouldn't lie. That's not the
same thing.

JEISA
Tony...

Tony adjusts himself so he's looking right at her.

TONY
Look at me and tell me you really
want me to answer that question.

She looks back at him. She hesitates, and he sees it.

TONY (CONT'D)
I can think of better questions.

JEISA
Like what.

TONY
Like, Tony, will you be good to me?
Will you give me the key?

She runs her fingers tenderly over his scar.

JEISA
Will you?

TONY
You really don't know?

He kisses his way down her body, down between her legs, and
her eyes roll back--

INT. MALIBU HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

A strange tableau: MICHAEL is sitting cross-legged in front
of a huge pile of COCAINE, which he has SPREAD in an
intricate, strangely beautiful MANDALA across the floor--

The COCAINE MANDALA is about 8 feet in diameter, and Michael
sits in the center of it, like a shaman. The Marisol-DOLL
sits propped on a sofa nearby.

He bends forward and SNORTS a foot-long LINE that comprises
part of the Mandala. Doesn't even bother wiping his nose. His
eyes are feral, like he hasn't slept in months.

He takes out his PHONE, tries to call JEISA, but it goes straight to Voicemail. On the SCREEN, can see that he has attempted this particular call about 20 times.

He sees YOLANDA-- the Housekeeper-- has appeared in the kitchen. He GRINS, demonic, terrifying, and beckons her over--

MICHAEL

Come over here. See how beautiful
it is. Come here--

Yolanda turns and exits. Michael starts laughing. VARGAS enters, sees Michael on the floor, stares.

VARGAS

El Sapo is ready to meet. It's
time, Michael. We both know it.

Michael SNORTS another line of the Mandala, his eyes dead.

MICHAEL

Fine. Fuck you. Set it up.

Vargas nods, satisfied, but eyeing Michael warily.

VARGAS

Good.

MICHAEL

Get the fuck out of my house.

EXT. MARTILLO HOUSE - MALIBU - DAY

MICHAEL sits up on the bluff, at the cafe table, in nearly the same position as when we first met him, gazing out at the Pacific. He's still holding the Marisol-Doll. Boats and yachts cruise languidly in the distance.

He hears the sound of approaching vehicles, and turns to see TWO RANGE ROVERS coming up the access road. He dumps a gram of coke onto his thumb, SNORTS it, gets up--

EXT. MARTILLO HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

A long table, set ornately with gourmet appetizers and gourmet cocaine. On one side, the L.A. FAMILY: Michael, his lawyer CANKER, Garza, and Vargas. On the other side, SINALOA: EL SAPO, his lawyer ZUKOFSKI, El Comodin, and El Erotico.

RAZI and his MOSSAD are flanked behind Michael's side of the table, while El Sapo has THREE of his own ENFORCERS lined up behind him. A nervous-looking YOLANDA serves food--

ZUKOFSKI

Our offer projects a valuation of four billion, in ten years. Your initial honorarium would be twenty per cent of your overall business--

CANKER

And our payout is four hundred million, effective at closing?

ZUKOFSKI

The main stipulation is that the transition is smooth. Ostensibly invisible to anyone who might be watching. Your people train our people-- strength and solidarity through mutual integration.

Michael's eyes flick between El Sapo and El Comodin, who both hold his gaze evenly.

MICHAEL

Why twenty per cent? Is that the price of having you at this table?

Garza leans over, gently puts his hand on Michael's arm.

GARZA

It is for *peace*.

Michael stares at Garza for an extended beat. Then, he nods.

EL COMODIN

There's too many dead already.

VARGAS

Yes. It is a new day.

MICHAEL

I want to hear him say it. No more blood. My family will be safe.

EL SAPO

You have my word. In Jesus' name.
We will be one Family now.

El Sapo leans across the table, his hand extended. After a moment, Michael reaches out, SHAKES El Sapo's hand.

After, Michael pulls his hand away, vaguely disgusted, and then SIGNS the paperwork. El Sapo and the Captains smile.

As Michael gets up to leave--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
There is something else.

MICHAEL
No. We have a deal. I'm done--

EL SAPO
I understand. (beat) But there is
just one more thing. The bodyguard.
Tony Zavala. You give him to me.

Michael stares at El Sapo, his expression unreadable.

Further away, up by the HOUSE, we see YOLANDA watching the meeting. She takes out a cell phone, nervously DIALS a number, and waits--

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

Tony walks through the crowded ZOO with RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ
Of course I came, Tony. I keep my
promises. Do you?

TONY
You don't gotta ask me that. You
made the deal with me. And I'm
making it work.

RAMIREZ
I did make the deal with you. Even
though you're not the Boss.

TONY
I'm keeping the product moving.
Nobody needs Michael. The money is
the Boss.

Ramirez chews on this for a moment.

RAMIREZ
I like that.

TONY
Without you, Michael and the Cartel
have nothing. They are nothing.

RAMIREZ
The money is the Boss.

They stop in front of an ENCLOSURE with a lonesome Orangutan.

TONY

El Sapo's already here. Making
roots.

RAMIREZ

Yes. I know. There is very little I
do not know, Tony. (beat) But the
roots are tender. The flower has
yet to bloom.

They look at each other, hard.

TONY

My people are ready to get dirty.
Ready to get wet. So I need to
know. Do you have my back?

RAMIREZ

Let me put it this way. I will go
home. I will sit in the sunshine,
read some Neruda. One way or
another, the table will be cleared.
And then I will make a call.
Someone will answer. It might be
you. It might be someone else.
(beat) I would prefer it was you.

Tony takes this in, finally nods. Ramirez smiles.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Now we will visit the elephants.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Tony strides into the warehouse, which is a HIVE of activity,
with DOZENS of men present, but it's a different scene from
the last time we were here--

Because we don't see any DRUGS being sifted, chopped, cut,
and packaged. Instead, all of the guys present are unloading
crates of WEAPONS-- PISTOLS, ASSAULT RIFLES and CARBINES--

Some are rigging C-4 EXPLOSIVES, GASOLINE and PRESSURE PLATES
into HANDMADE BOMBS and INCENDIARY DEVICES, overseen by YIMY.

Tony keeps walking, exchanging smiles and fist-bumps with his
CREW... who now resemble, more than ever, a PLATOON. He walks
past TWO STOLEN BRINKS TRUCK sitting off to the side, with
MEN swarming over them, with tools and blow-torches--

They're RETROFITTING the huge armored vehicles, with extra
SLITS carved into the sides, to accommodate weaponry.

Tony finally comes upon MANNY, CHI-CHI and CRUZ opening up a large CRATE, all of them grinning like little kids--

MANNY

Wait til you see this shit, Tony.

Tony reaches into the crate and pulls out a HUGE, NASTY, JET-BLACK WEAPON-- it looks like A REVOLVER ON STEROIDS-- a MILKOR MGL SIX-CHAMBER GRENADE LAUNCHER.

Tony hefts it to his chest, feels the weight, the pure, destructively awesome potential.

TONY

Hello, little friend.

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS - DAY

A massive, sprawling MANSION high in the Hills of Beverly. A line of DELIVERY TRUCKS twist up the driveway.

Out front, ARMED SECURITY MEN oversee the deliveries of FURNITURE and ELECTRONICS, which are steadily brought into the enormous domicile, in a series of large BOXES--

Find EL SAPO watching the process, grinning. He pulls out a cigar. El Comodin, standing beside him, LIGHTS it.

EL SAPO

"For all the land which you see, I will give it to you and to your descendants forever." That is Genesis. The Beginning.

A FERRARI pulls up into the driveway. SECURITY rushes over--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)

Let him through. He is my guest.

Security clears away, the doors open, and VARGAS steps out. El Sapo opens his arms in greeting, and Vargas grins--

INT. EL SAPO'S MANSION - LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

Vargas sits with El Sapo in the semi-furnished LIBRARY, while various MOVERS (*sweaty, brown-skinned, invisible*) come and go adding BOXES and CRATES to the maze of still-packed shit.

Across the room, EL COMODIN removes a small BLACK VELVET CASE from a large, newly-installed WALL SAFE.

VARGAS
You're settling in nicely.

EL SAPO
From the top floor, I can see the
Playboy Mansion.

El Comodin brings over the velvet box, opens it, and it is filled with an array of glittering, walnut-sized DIAMONDS. When Vargas sees them, his eyes go wide.

VARGAS
Goodness.

EL SAPO
You did me a good service.

El Comodin closes the box, latches it, and hands it to Vargas, who grins, giddy, as he holds it in his lap.

VARGAS
Admit I was right about Michael.

EL SAPO
You were right.

VARGAS
All we had to do was blow up his
fat little girl. Now look at him.

EL SAPO
Carrying that doll around. It's
obscene. But what's done is done.

The door opens, and XIMENA walks in. Vargas stands, polite--

EL SAPO (CONT'D)
My sister, Ximena.

She perches on the arm of El Sapo's chair.

XIMENA
Hello.

VARGAS
My pleasure.

Vargas sits again. Can't help himself, opens up his velvet box again, runs his fingers over the magnificent stones, and El Sapo clears his throat.

When Vargas looks up, El Sapo is glaring at him.

EL SAPO
Don't act like a child. Have you
forgotten what you promised?

Vargas blinks, embarrassed, closes the box. He pulls a
PHOTOGRAPH out of his coat pocket, hands it to El Sapo.

VARGAS
I apologize, *Jefe*.

El Sapo takes the photo, stares at it, eyes cold.

EL SAPO
This is him? From my camp? Tony?

VARGAS
Yes. Look at his cheek, the scar--

EL SAPO
Ximena. You look.

Ximena traces her finger delicately over the picture. We
watch her face-- she's unsure, confused, until finally... she
knows. Her face flushes, and her eyes flash--

XIMENA
Antonio...

El Sapo shifts his withering gaze toward his sister--

INT. LAX - ENCOUNTER RESTAURANT - EVENING

TONY, in his best suit, sits with MICHAEL by the window in
the retro-future restaurant. Michael looks pretty ragged, his
diet consisting almost entirely of booze, pills, and blow.

MICHAEL
When we first met. You stank of
meat and blood. Now you're Ryan
fucking Seacrest.

Tony has no idea who that is, and doesn't care. He glances
across the restaurant, sees RAZI and a MOSSAD in position.

TONY
You brought your friends.

MICHAEL
As did you.

Michael nods his head toward TWO of TONY'S GUYS, stone-faced,
similarly positioned for defense.

TONY

I don't travel alone. Learned that from you.

MICHAEL

Among other things.

TONY

Yeah. Lots of other things.

MICHAEL

Nobody else knows we're here, Tony. This is between you and me.

TONY

Nobody else meaning who? Garza? Vargas? El Sapo?

Michael looks out the window, then back at Tony.

MICHAEL

Nobody meaning nobody.

TONY

But you sat down with him, right? Brought him back into the business, so he can fuck it all up again.

MICHAEL

It's not what you think.

TONY

Tell me what I think.

MICHAEL

You think I sold you out. You think I'm gonna serve you up on a platter. That's why you came here thinking you might have to kill me.

Tony stares back at Michael. Eyes like granite. Unreadable.

TONY

That's a real sad story.

MICHAEL

It would be. But it's not true.

TONY

It would make sense. El Sapo doesn't like me very much.

Michael pulls out his bullet, snorts a bump. Then another.

MICHAEL

I always liked you, Tony. Even when I... I didn't treat you right.

TONY

Everything I have, it's from you.

Michael shakes his head. Unscrews his bullet, dumps the rest of the coke right on the table--

MICHAEL

I was stupid to ever think the Mexicans would stay on their side of the border. This is it. The *Reconquista*. Just not the way I thought. (beat) Nothing turned out how I thought.

TONY

If Sinaloa wants this city so bad, let them fucking take it. You'll be alright. El Sapo trusts you now. You made your deal--

MICHAEL

But you think I trust them? You're smarter than that. They're not done with me. They'll take me out as soon as they get the chance--

TONY

Maybe you'll take me out as soon as you get the chance.

Michael SLAMS his hand on the table, suddenly red-faced--

MICHAEL

God damnit, Tony! Don't you hear what I'm telling you?

Tony glances around at the surrounding CUSTOMERS, many of whom are now looking at them, concerned.

TONY

Tell me what you're telling me.

MICHAEL

I'm tired, Tony. I don't want this anymore. I'm out. I'm done. And I'm gonna give you what you've wanted since you were a little boy.

TONY

I'm listening.

Michael lowers his face to the table, snorts the pile of coke. Doesn't even use a bill-- just nose-to-table.

MICHAEL

Tonight he'll be at the club. He thinks I'm meeting him there. At midnight. But it won't be me who meets him. Because I'll be a thousand miles away.

Tony takes a long sip of his drink.

TONY

You're giving me El Sapo?

MICHAEL

It'll be easy. Vargas will help you. (beat) Erase that motherfucker and everything is yours. El Sueno. The City. The World. Everything. And you'll never see me again.

Tony looks down, folds his hands in front of him.

TONY

Okay, Boss.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

TIME-LAPSE-- the CITY ILLUMINATES as the SUN DIPS behind the HORIZON-- the SKY BLEEDS from orange, to red, to purple, and finally, to the ubiquitous not-quite-black of the NIGHT SKY.

VEHICLES on the FREEWAYS flow like fluorescent veins. PLANES DESCEND in a perpetual slant into LAX--

EXT. LUXURY HIGH RISE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

Michael's ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM cruises down the street, and pulls into the GARAGE below the HIGH RISE.

While ACROSS THE STREET, in the shadows-- A young Mexican TEEN pulls out a burner, DIALS a number--

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The GARAGE BAY DOORS OPEN, and the two retrofitted BRINKS TRUCKS emerges, CRUZ driving one, YIMI driving the other--

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

At the REAR of the CLUB, two ESCALADES pull up in the alley, the doors open, and 10 MEN CLIMB OUT, all wearing clubby clothing and sunglasses, half of them carrying DUFFELS--

They're let in the BACK DOOR by none other than VARGAS, who ushers them quickly inside--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

VARGAS' MEN fan out throughout the crowded club, mixing in amongst the throngs, as MUSIC POUNDS--

Follow TWO of them to an area of COUCHES behind the main bar, they take a seat, one of them UNZIPS his DUFFEL, revealing the ASSAULT RIFLES and SPARE MAGAZINES stacked inside--

One of them checks his WATCH, it's **11:46pm**--

INT./EXT. BRINKS TRUCKS - STREETS - NIGHT

The TWO BRINKS TRUCKS rumble through the STREETS, one behind the other. Like two TANKS hurtling toward the battlefield.

INSIDE one of the TRUCKS: TONY checks his WATCH. He sits in the back of one of the trucks, along with MANNY, CHI CHI, and SIX MORE of TONY'S CREW. There's also an ARSENAL of WEAPONS.

All the men are amped, primed, and you can see the adrenaline in their eyes--

INT. MICHAEL'S SECURE SUITE - NIGHT

MICHAEL checks his WATCH. He's sitting in the LOUNGE area, drinking tequila and snorting thick, foot-long RAILS off the coffee table.

Reveal that GARZA is seated a few chairs away, and RAZI and TWO MOSSAD are standing watch nearby.

GARZA

Isn't Vargas joining us...?

Michael finishes a line, and SMILES at Garza, his nostrils covered with crumbling white.

MICHAEL

He'll be here soon. Just taking care of something for me.

Garza eyes Michael warily--

INT. BRINKS TRUCK - STREETS - NIGHT

Nobody speaks in the back of the Truck. There's only the sound of BREATHING, and the TRAFFIC passing outside--

Tony NODS to the men, and on his cue, they all pull on MEXICAN WRESTLING MASKS--

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A line of CARS waits for the valets. See OMAR in the background, manning the door. Find ONE particular CAR-- a familiar-looking BLACK BENZ, pulling up--

A young Mexican VALET goes to the driver's window, taps on the glass. It rolls down, revealing JEISA behind the wheel.

The young VALET leans into her window, his face anxious.

VALET

*Miss Jeisa. He told me to tell you.
Don't go inside. Go to your Mom's
house in Palisades.*

Jeisa frowns, totally thrown, confused--

JEISA

Wait, what? Who told you--

VALET

*Tony tell me. Miss Jeisa. Please.
Don't go in there. Something will
happen. Something bad.*

Jeisa looks at the valet, looks at the club entrance, makes eye contact with OMAR. He gives her a hard look, and silently SHAKES HIS HEAD. As if he's saying, *don't come in.*

Jeisa gulps, turns back to the Valet, hands him a hundo.

JEISA

Thanks, kid. Maybe you go home too.

Jeisa rolls up her window, drives off--

EXT. MICHAEL'S SECURE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is now PACING across the suite, agitated, phone pressed to his ear--

MICHAEL

Are you sure he's not there?

VARGAS (O.S.)

*Not yet. I swear I'll let you know
as soon as it happens--*

INT. BRINKS TRUCK - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

In the TRUCK, the men in masks LOCK AND LOAD their weapons--

TONY, wearing a MASK, takes out his phone, DIALS--

VARGAS (O.S.)

Hello? Tony?

TONY

Yeah. It's me.

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Vargas is walking inside the club, on his phone, toward the VIP area, nodding to his GUNMEN as he passes--

VARGAS

Where are you?

TONY (O.S.)

*Almost there. I'm coming in the
back. You ready? Is it all teed up?*

VARGAS

Yes. El Sapo is here--

It's bullshit. El Sapo is nowhere near this place. Vargas directs two of his GUNMEN toward the BACK of the club--

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - STREETS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a BRINKS TRUCK hurtling down the densely-packed grids of HOLLYWOOD. PULL BACK to reveal:

BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE TRUCK. *Where's the other one...?*

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

VARGAS and his GUNMEN huddle by the BACK door, and VARGAS peeks out, waiting to see when Tony will arrive--

Vargas holds up a single finger to his men, as if to say,
hold tight, he's almost here--

EXT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

THE RETROFITTED BRINKS TRUCK SCREECHES TO A HALT OUTSIDE THE
FRONT of the CLUB. There's a moment of SILENCE as everyone--
the valets, the people waiting on line-- turns to see--

The rear doors POP OPEN, and EIGHT HEAVILY-ARMED WRESTLING-
MASKED MEN PILE OUT--

As they RUSH THE DOOR, people start to SCREAM and SCATTER--
and as they approach OMAR, he SEES them coming--

And he immediately OPENS THE DOOR FOR THEM, and the MASKED
GUNMEN SWARM INTO THE CLUB--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Find VARGAS at the Back Door, looking confused, because
Tony's nowhere to be seen-- and then he suddenly hears a
COMMOTION behind him--

The MASKED GUNMEN APPEAR in the CLUB-- and one of them SPRAYS
HIS MACHINE GUN into the CEILING-- POWPOWPOWPOWPOWPOWPOW--

And ALL FUCKING HELL BREAKS LOOSE inside the CLUB--

Vargas SCREAMS to his MEN--

VARGAS
TAKE THEM--

Vargas' Gunmen SWARM forward to CONFRONT the MASKED GUNMEN,
and as the CROWD SURGES in all directions, fleeing for the
exits, Vargas is knocked off his feet--

And then the REAL SHOOTING BEGINS, as the MASKED GUNMEN and
VARGAS' GUNMEN start BLASTING at each other--

The CROWD STAMPEDING and DIVING for safety, and with all the
LIGHTS and MUSIC it's hard to see what's going on--

But one thing is clear: since the MASKED GUNMEN have the
element of surprise, they quickly gain the upper hand, and
many of Vargas' men are SHREDDED, leaving smeared BLOODSTAINS
across the dance floor--

INT. MICHAEL'S SECURE SUITE - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Michael still paces the room, and his PHONE rings, he answers it, and immediately hears CHAOS on the other end: a combination of MUSIC, SCREAMS, and AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE--

VARGAS (O.S.)
*He knows, Michael! He knows. They
came in shooting--*

MICHAEL
Vargas, what the fuck--

VARGAS (O.S.)
It all went wrong--

INT. BOX 29 NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Find VARGAS FLEEING the rampage, toward the BACK DOOR, and as soon as he's outside--

CRUNCH-- he's SLAMMED in the face with the butt of a SHOTGUN. He falls to the ground-- his PHONE goes FLYING-- and when he looks up, he sees YIMI standing over him, grinning--

YIMI
You come with me now--

INT. LUXURY HIGH RISE - CONTINUOUS

Michael stands there, eyes wide, holding the phone to his ear. He can still HEAR the SOUNDS of SCREAMING and GUNFIRE--

GARZA
Michael, what have you done?

MICHAEL
(to Razi)
We gotta move. Now.

EXT. LUXURY HIGH RISE - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The GARAGE GATE opens, and the PHANTOM rolls out, speeds around the corner, starts cruising North on FIGUEROA STREET--

INT. PHANTOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael is in the BACK with GARZA and TWO MOSSAD while up front, another MOSSAD drives, and RAZI rides shotgun--

MICHAEL

Tell them to prep the jet--

Michael quickly does several rapid-fire BUMPS of blow--

GARZA

I need to call my wife--

Michael abruptly SCREAMS in Garza's face--

MICHAEL

*For Christ's sake be a fucking MAN
for once in your life--*

There's the sound of an ENGINE ROARING and suddenly the interior of the Phantom is flooded with LIGHT--

RAZI

Michael--

EXT. FIGUEROA - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As the Phantom crosses through an INTERSECTION--

THE SECOND BRINKS TRUCK COMES BARRELLING THROUGH, ENGINE PINNED, AND COLLIDES INTO THE DRIVER'S SIDE OF THE PHANTOM--

INT. PHANTOM - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE the PHANTOM, it is a CHAOS of SOUND and MOTION, as everything and everyone inside becomes AIRBORNE, and the MOSSAD DRIVER is CRUSHED, his BLOOD SPRAYING the INTERIOR--

EXT. FIGUEROA - CONTINUOUS

A tremendous CRASH as the Phantom is LAUNCHED SIDEWAYS, where it SOMERSAULTS several times before LANDING UPRIGHT in the middle of FIGUEROA, banged up but still intact--

The BRINKS TRUCK screeches to a halt nearby, and the REAR DOORS POP OPEN, and more ARMED, MASKED MEN PILE OUT--

Various PEDESTRIANS on the STREET are FROZEN in SHOCK as they watch this TABLEAU UNFOLD--

Moments later, the passenger door of the PHANTOM flies open, and RAZI jumps out, bloody but with eyes of pure focus, holding his KRISS VECTOR, and he FIRES upon the TRUCK--

BDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!

The random PEDESTRIANS start SCREAMING and SCATTERING--

STREET TRAFFIC comes to a HALT as people JUMP OUT of their VEHICLES and fucking FLEE--

The MASKED GUNMEN take cover behind the armored vehicle, which is PEPPERED by the gunfire--

The other MOSSAD climbs from the Phantom's wreckage, followed by MICHAEL and GARZA-- everyone bloody, and (except for Garza) carrying several WEAPONS--

The MASKED GUNMEN peek out from behind the Truck to RETURN FIRE at the PHANTOM, eventually DRIVING them back, to where Razi, Michael, Garza, and the Mossad take cover in an adjacent ALLEYWAY--

Over by the TRUCK, one of the MASKED MEN pulls up his Mask, revealing it's TONY-- he was never at Box 29 at all--

Tony signals to the others, and they FAN OUT from the truck, in a precise, military-style configuration--

And they begin FIRING toward the ALLEY where Michael is hiding, while simultaneously moving in that direction, taking positions so they're always covering each other--

BDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD! The MOSSAD pops out of the ALLEY and SPRAYS his KRISS at Tony's men, HITTING one of them, and he FALLS--

But Tony's men RETURN A BARRAGE OF FIRE that DESTROYS the Mossad, BLASTING him against the wall, and he's DEAD--

INT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

RAZI hurries MICHAEL and GARZA down the alley, constantly checking BEHIND him to the MOUTH of the Alley, where Tony's MEN have now arrived--

Razi FIRES BACK toward the Alley's mouth, DRIVING the gunmen back, but every few seconds, they KEEP COMING, taking cover behind DUMPSTERS and DOORWAYS--

Finally they EMERGE onto FLOWER STREET, encountering more PEDESTRIANS, who FREAK OUT and SCATTER when they see these bloody guys and their WEAPONS--

MICHAEL pulls out a big-ass .50 MAGNUM DESERT EAGLE, turns back to the ALLEY--

MICHAEL
FUCK YOU ALL TO HELL--

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!

Michael HITS one of Tony's MEN, the big rounds BLASTING him off his feet, and the deafening NOISE is enough to create a fresh PANIC in the streets--

Razi rushes into TRAFFIC and STOPS A CHEVY SUBURBAN, opens the door, and YANKS the DRIVER out, it's a full-on CARJACKING, MOSSAD-STYLE--

The Driver SCREAMS and RUNS AWAY, while several cars COLLIDE behind them, it's absolute MAYHEM in the streets of L.A.--

Razi grabs Michael and SHOVES him into the car, behind the wheel, and shoves GARZA into the BACK--

RAZI

Go. Go now. I'll keep them back--

BLAM BLAM BLAM-- The GUNMEN have EMERGED from the ALLEY and are FIRING-- Razi takes a ROUND in the SIDE, and he GRUNTS, but turns and FIRES BACK--

MICHAEL

Razi--

RAZI

FUCKING GO--

Michael slams the door, steps on the gas, ACCELERATES down Flower, immediately SMASHES into another car-- keeps going--

As Tony's men fan out, taking firing positions, Razi quickly reloads, pulls out YET ANOTHER GUN, and starts FIRING WITH BOTH GUNS SIMULTANEOUSLY-- the guy is fucking BAD ASS--

And Razi actually FINDS TARGETS, HITTING a couple of Tony's GUYS while firing two-fisted--

But there's TOO MANY of Tony's men, and they keep FIRING, and finally Razi is BLASTED off his feet--

He LANDS on the street nearby, on his back, still breathing, coughing, growling at the sky--

As the SUBURBAN makes its way up Flower, TONY is approached by MANNY-- mask also removed-- who hands Tony a heavy DUFFEL--

Tony unzips the DUFFEL and pulls out the huge, deadly MILKOR GRENADE LAUNCHER-- he HEFTS it upward, peers through the SIGHT-- SEES the SUBURBAN cruising away--

Tony spits on the ground, then FIRES the massive weapon, and the projectile HISSES through the air--

And HITS THE SUBURBAN'S REAR AXLE, which EXPLODES into a FIREBALL in the middle of Flower Street, the big car FLIPPING into the air and CRASHING to the ground--

As more PEDESTRIANS SCREAM and FLEE, running in every direction, Tony slowly makes his way toward the wreckage--

And, by some sort of insane miracle, MICHAEL CRAWLS OUT OF THE BURNING SUBURBAN, pulling GARZA out behind him--

And while Michael is scorched, bloody, completely fucked up, Garza is quite obviously DEAD, but still Michael drags him--

Michael turns, sees that TONY is standing above him, looking down upon him with a calm, Zen-like serenity.

MICHAEL

*Tony. I should've known. Better.
You're like my son. (beat) You're
my son. Please. You're me...*

Tony lets his PISTOL dangle at his side. He studies Michael.

TONY

I thought I wanted to be you. But
now I don't think so. Being Tony is
better.

MICHAEL

Tony...

TONY

I would've done anything for you.
But you're a liar, just like him.

Michael starts to cry. He cradles Garza's corpse against him.

TONY (CONT'D)

I won't touch your family. They're
better people than you.

MICHAEL

Thank you. Thank you. Tony--

TONY

Bye.

Tony SHOOTS Michael in the brain. Takes a moment to look down at his old friend. Then he walks away--

INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - HOLMBY HILLS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The LIBRARY is quiet and dark, filled with unpacked BOXES. Suddenly, one of the boxes SHAKES. And then A YOUNG MEXICAN MAN CLIMBS OUT OF IT. Holding a bottle of ACCELERANT.

He opens the bottle, starts POURING it out around the room--

INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

El Sapo paces, on his phone, looking frantic. XIMENA, EL COMODIN, and EL EROTICO look on, worried.

EL SAPO
I can't get Michael. Or Vargas. I
only get voice mails--

EL COMODIN
Fucking Vargas. Should've let me
handle it, Jefe--

El Sapo pulls out a GUN, aims it at El Comodin--

EL SAPO
YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP.

El Comodin rolls his eyes, he's had a gun in his face so many times it barely fazes him-- he walks out of the Living Room--

INT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

El Comodin walks down the hallway, HEARS something in the Library, he frowns, opens the door--

Once inside, he immediately SEES the YOUNG MEXICAN holding a LIGHTER. They lock eyes. El Comodin pulls out his gun--

YOUNG MEXICAN
Vete a la mierda!

El Comodin SHOOTS HIM, and the kid FALLS, but still manages to FLICK HIS LIGHTER--

El Comodin looks down, realizes he's STANDING IN SMALL POOL OF ACCELERANT, and his EYES GO WIDE--

EL COMODIN
Motherf--

WHOOOMPH! The ENTIRE ROOM BURSTS INTO FLAME, and EL COMODIN is instantly ENGULFED, his entire body like a TORCH--

He RUNS from the room, on fire, screaming, bouncing off walls and doorways, setting more FIRES with his own body--

He RUNS PAST EL SAPO, trailing flames-- Ximena SCREAMS-- El Sapo grabs her and RUNS OUTSIDE--

EXT. EL SAPO'S HOUSE - HOLMBY HILLS - NIGHT

Outside, El Sapo stands with Ximena and El Erotico, all of them gaping at his HOUSE as it GOES UP IN FLAMES--

Nearby, El Comodin's charred CORPSE lies twisted on the ground, still smoldering, smoke rising--

El Erotico's phone rings. He answers it, listens for a beat, then slowly, with trembling hands... offers it to El Sapo.

EL EROTICO
It's for you.

El Sapo takes the phone. And we hear TONY'S VOICE in his ear--

TONY (O.S.)
It's good you're in my city now, El Sapo. So easy to find you. The next head will be yours.

El Sapo looks confused. But then an ENGINE ROARS, and an SUV SPEEDS UP THE DRIVEWAY coming toward them--

Everyone SCATTERS, El Erotico pulls his gun, HUSTLES El Sapo behind a wall, out of harms way--

But the SUV doesn't stop. The window rolls down, and SOMETHING is THROWN out the window, landing on the LAWN, and the SUV quickly TURNS and SPEEDS away--

El Sapo emerges, moves toward the object on the ground, and RECOILS when he sees that it's VARGAS' CHOPPED-OFF HEAD.

He stands there, trembling with violation, his eyes going from red... to black. And he starts to SCREAM in PURE RAGE--

CUT TO BLACK.

Over BLACK, we hear a lovely, bittersweet Mexican folk song. Simple, pure, like a lullaby--

INT. LAX - TERMINAL - DAY

Tony and Manny stand waiting as ARRIVING PASSENGERS flow past. Tony holds a bouquet of roses.

In the CROWD, a familiar face-- ALICIA, Tony's MOTHER-- older, her hair grey-streaked, but her gaze still clear, powerful-- followed by FOUR YOUNG WOMEN-- Tony's SISTERS.

Alicia SEES Tony, and she pauses momentarily, puts her hand to her mouth, her eyes wet-- then she rushes forward, hugging him ferociously, tears falling--

Tony's SISTERS surround them. The youngest-- FLOR, also the prettiest-- finds herself staring at MANNY, who stares back at her, taken aback by her beauty. He WINKS at her--

INT./EXT. TONY'S MANSION - MULHOLLAND - SUNSET

A gorgeous, massive Contemporary with the best VIEWS of Los Angeles you've ever seen--

YIMY and CRUZ arrive at the house, they're greeted at the door by none other than RAZI, his arm in a SLING, now running Tony's SECURITY DETAIL, they pass by armed ENFORCERS-- guys we've seen before, who have now been PROMOTED--

Follow YIMI and CRUZ into the grand spaciousness of the HOUSE, past the KITCHEN where Tony's MOTHER and SISTERS congregate, all rocking expensive new CLOTHES and HAIRSTYLES--

Out to the POOL, with airplane-views of the CITY, where Tony jokes around with MANNY and CHI CHI--

Follow TONY over to a CHAISE where JEISA is sunning herself, smoking her vape, he leans down and kisses her softly, while she runs her hand over his neck--

TONY'S VOICE

*I am the United States of Tony. The
Reconquista starts with me.*

Tony walks to the edge of the HILLSIDE that drops away, dizzyingly, to the City below. He lights a cigar, gazing out at his domain--

TONY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

*My Constitution is cash and steel.
(beat) You wanna fuck with me?*

Tony looks RIGHT AT CAMERA, and SMILES--

SMASH TO BLACK.