

SNOWFALL

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FX
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EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

SUBTITLE: South Central Los Angeles - February 2, 1982

LOCAL RESIDENTS scattered on the lawns and porches in DARK SUITS AND DRESSES, even the KIDS, who throw a football around in the street. The mood is somber.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)
Y'all know who Henry Ford is?

Sammy Davis Jr.'s "Candyman" blares out the P.A. system of an ICE CREAM TRUCK, which stops by the kids, who rush it... but none of them have any CASH. Off the irritated DRIVER (20s) --

KEVIN (V.O.)
Yeah, he live over on Colden and
92nd.

LEON (V.O.)
No dumbass, he talkin' about the
dude invented the car. Right Loc?

Watching over all of this from his stoop is FRANKLIN SAINT, (20) handsome and unassuming, wearing a black suit and tie. With him are LEON SIMMONS (17) short with a hot temper and KEVIN HAMILTON (20) rail thin and tall. *We realize these are the voices we're hearing.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)
Tha's right. But Ford didn't
invent the car, he found a way to
mass produce that shit, make it so
everyone could get one.

Franklin approaches the truck, motions to the driver. But the driver ignores him, puts the truck in gear. Franklin PULLS OUT A HANDGUN... now has the driver's attention.

He turns to the kids, their wide eyes fixed on him:

FRANKLIN
Y'all get what you want.

The kids hesitate... then swarm the truck. They get ice creams, candies, chili Fritos. Leon and Kevin exchange a look, then push their way to the window. As this is happening, Franklin slips the gun into the back of his pants.

LEON
Lemme get a Strawberry Shortcake
and some chili Fritos.

FRANKLIN

Yeah, and give this fool a grab bag
with a toy inside while you're at
it.

Leon starts playfully slapboxing Franklin, causing Franklin's
GUN to fall out of his waist and onto the concrete.

A SILENT BEAT as everyone stares. A YOUNGER KID (7) casually
picks up the GUN, a 50/50 bar in his other hand. After a
nervous beat, the boy looks up at Franklin, who nods. The
boy hands him the gun and he tucks it away.

Franklin then turns back to the truck. Pulls out a roll of
cash, peels off two one-hundred dollar bills for the driver.

FRANKLIN

Never roll by my block without
stopping. If these kids want
somethin, anything, serve 'em up
and I'll take care of you after.
Cool?

The driver nods, pulls off. Franklin returns to his porch.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Thing about Ford though, he built
something, changed the game
forever.

He looks up and catches the eyes of the neighbors who have
just witnessed his deed, some disapproving, some
appreciative. He simply stares back.

LEON (V.O.)

What all this got to do with us?

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Everything.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES - SNOWFALL

INT. WRESTLING VENUE - DAY

SUBTITLE: Six Months Earlier

WE FOLLOW FRANKLIN, now nineteen, his hair in a brushed
natural with "waves" and shagtail. He hurries past all the
other wrestling fans and heads towards their tunnel entrance.

Not yet the "hood hero" we met in our opening, he's an average teenager, a wrestling fan, still with innocence in his eyes. He's flanked by Leon and Kevin. With them also is PANCHO, Mexican (16) huge for his age and BETO (18) Pancho's medium-sized brother.

LEON

Man, Andre the Giant ain't shit!
Killer Khan mopped that fool up!

KEVIN

He got lucky!

FRANKLIN

Man, it don't matter: El Oso will
beat both they asses...

Kevin eyes the CONCESSION STAND, but is pulled away by Franklin. We HEAR THE ANNOUNCER IN THE BACKGROUND.

FRANKLIN

Come on man, they starting!

INT. WRESTLING VENUE - DAY

In the crowd, FRANKLIN STARES as A BLONDE MAN'S HEAD is slammed to the mat. We HEAR a crowd react with LOUD BOOS. REVEAL A WELL-BUILT MEXICAN WRESTLER in a luchador mask made to look like a bear. This is GUSTAVO "EL OSO" ZAPATA (31).

He towers above his opponent, waiting for this Gorgeous George wannabee, LIGHTNING ROD JAMES, (20's) to get up.

The man gets up, faces him, they lock up, he POUNDS ON GUSTAVO'S LEFT SHOULDER, causing Gustavo to wince in pain, then become ENRAGED.

Gustavo throws the man violently off the ropes, then as the man's momentum brings him back, Gustavo grabs him by his neck, holds him in the air for the crowd to see, then CHOKE SLAMS him to the mat with a thunderous WHOOMP that echoes throughout the venue. The man withers in pain.

THROUGH HIS POV LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE MASK, Gustavo circles his opponent, who attempts to get up. He looks out at the crowd, ROARS. They love it.

He looks ringside, where a short chubby promoter, BOB TRIMBLE, 50's, shoots him some VERY SERIOUS, DISAPPROVING EYES. He's clearly supposed to lose the match. We see GUSTAVO'S EYES submit with a nod.

Gustavo pulls Rod up, they lock up, then Gustavo allows himself to be thrown off the ropes and clotheslined, he stays down, pretending to be hurt.

Rod plays it up to the crowd, who CHEER WILDLY. Everyone except Franklin. His friends laugh, tease him.

FRANKLIN

Man, this some bullshit!

Rod climbs up to the top rope, looks out at the crowd, then lets out a loud ROAR. Rod leaps off and drops a flying elbow on Gustavo, who takes the impact, then gets pinned. We SEE THE ANGER IN HIS EYES. The REFEREE throws himself down next to them and counts...

REFEREE

One...Two...Three. That's it!

Rod rolls off Gustavo, who stares out at the crowd, who explodes in cheers.

ANNOUNCER (OVER P.A.)

And our victor, Lightning Rod
James!

CLOSE ON GUSTAVO HOLDING HIS SHOULDER IN PAIN --

INT. WRESTLING VENUE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Gustavo, whose bearded face we see for the first time, PUNCHES Lightning Rob James straight in the motherfucking face and the locker room lights up. Men quickly separate them. Bob Trimble pulls Gustavo aside, who's in kill mode.

BOB

What the hell is wrong with you?!

GUSTAVO

I told him to stay off my shoulder.

BOB

It's a wrestling match, El Oso,
shit happens.

GUSTAVO

Shit like you always letting me get
my ass beat?

BOB

You got a problem with the way I
run my business, find another
promoter.

BOB (CONT'D)

But I can promise you: nobody wants to see a Mexican win. You're the bad guy, El Oso. Sooner you start accepting that, better off we're all gonna be.

GUSTAVO

(considers, then)

I need two weeks for this shoulder.

BOB

You've got two days, and you better not have messed up Rod's face.

Bob hands Gustavo twenty bucks then moves on, annoyed. A sizable CUT above Gustavo's eyebrow bleeds.

Coming down from the adrenaline high, Gustavo glances at the other wrestlers who look his way, notices a group of humongous Europeans, Greeks, Russians, surrounding a young Mexican man, PEDRO NAVA (26) short and flashy.

Gustavo sees that the man is selling bags of white powder. He watches as the men casually sniff the powder up their noses. No one seems to have any problem with this.

He looks over at one of the Lucha Libre wrestlers he knows, who does a quick toot, then reacts from the sting. All the other men laugh. Gustavo stares at the amount of money that's quickly changing hands as Pedro sells out of his product, leaving a handful of unserved customers upset.

Pedro throws his hands up, waves goodbye and walks off counting his money. He steps right into Gustavo, who towers over him, still bothered by his shoulder. Pedro is startled.

Gustavo notices the money roll Pedro stuffs in his pocket. He politely steps aside as the man makes his exit throwing a look over his shoulder to Gustavo.

INT. ISUZU PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Gustavo attempts to start it. It misses the first two tries, but clicks over on the third. He grabs a Santana tape from the passenger seat, puts it in the tape deck and SANTANA'S "SAMBA PA TI" serenades us as...

INT. ISUZU PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: East Los Angeles

Gustavo drives down Whittier Boulevard, taking in all that is East LA -- The MERCADO'S, the TACO STANDS, MARIACHI MUSIC blaring out of the CLOTHING SHOPS, the LOWRIDERS. Chicano pride at its finest.

AT A LIGHT, pulls up beside a PRETTY LATINA. She glances over -- sees his truck, his face -- quickly turns away.

He looks at himself in the rear-view mirror, for the first time notices the blood coming from his cut. He doesn't bother wiping it, just drives off.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Gustavo parks on the street, waits for Carlos' solo to end, then the MUSIC ENDS as he shuts off his car and gets out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SILENCE as Gustavo walks in to his small hotel room, drops his bag on the weathered bed. Nothing on the walls except a CRUCIFIX. He makes the sign of the cross to it, then walks into THE BATHROOM.

He talks to himself under his breath as he washes his face, his dialogue is in Spanish, and slightly eerie. We're not sure if he's crazy or just lonely.

He eventually looks up into the mirror. A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO of his mother ROSALINA (57) is stuck at the top right corner.

He kisses his hand, touches the photo, then walks out of the bathroom, puts his WRESTLING CASH in an envelope behind the cheap hotel painting on the wall.

He then sits down at the small table to eat his tacos, but bows his head and prays first.

GUSTAVO

Padre nuestro, que estás en los cielos...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gustavo finishes taking a shower, sees there are no towels. He walks into THE BEDROOM and calls the front office.

GUSTAVO

Can you bring some towels, please?

He stares at himself in the mirror. His body is fit, with many random scars. There's a knock at the door. He answers, completely naked.

LINDA (43) the odd-looking and slightly overweight hotel manager, looks in at him, grins. He reaches for the towel she holds in her hand, then goes to shut the door, but she stops it with her foot, pulls out a bottle of Tequila.

LINDA

Have a drink with me?

He nods. She enters and sits on the bed, watching him dry himself off, then wrap the towel around his waist. She takes a swig from the bottle, then hands it to him. He takes a big swig, then hands it back. She removes the towel from his waist, STRADDLES him. As she rides him, he leans back and closes his eyes.

TIMECUT. Post-sex, Gustavo attempts to cuddle up to Linda, but she instinctively nudges him away, gets up and leaves. A SILENT BEAT, then...

INT. MALIBU MANSION - DAY

JOHN LENNON'S "WOMAN" blares throughout the house.

A ROLEX laying next to a mound of COCAINE on a nightstand tells us it's 9am.

A BUMP IS SNORTED off the nightstand, then SEXUAL SOUNDS and a RACK FOCUS bring us to the bed, where standing atop of it is LOGAN MILLER (20's) handsome, coked out of his head.

A woman, JANIE, (20's) kneels between his legs, giving him oral. He sways to the music, one hand guiding her head, the other raised in the air.

Another woman, PAIGE (20's) sits behind him on the side of the bed, does another line, then begins to carefully fill a long straw with cocaine.

Once filled, she looks up at Miller, then moves behind him with the straw. Miller feels her behind him, looks back.

MILLER

Not yet!

As the music crescendos to the chorus, he guides the woman's head faster, he's about to climax. Just as he's about to cum, he looks back at Paige.

MILLER

Now! Do it!

She sticks the straw in Miller's ass and blows as hard as she can, and simultaneously he climaxes... hard. It's everything he hoped it would be, he convulses from the orgasm, as --

THE BEDROOM DOOR OPENS, revealing SENATOR JULIUS PATRICK and his lovely wife MRS. ELEANOR PATRICK, both fifty-something, very conservative, and currently IN SHOCK.

The girls turn and see them before Miller does, still reeling in his orgasm. Paige is horrified.

PAIGE

Oh, shit... daddy, I can explain...

Miller eventually turns and sees his parents' best friends staring at him. He can only crack a smile and offer a shrug.

MILLER

Senator, how are ya?

The Senator notices a man passed out naked on his CHAISE LOUNGE with a hat covering his privates, this is RICO SANTIAGO, 20's, oozing 80's cool with a hoop earring.

His wife can't take her eyes off the STRAW STICKING OUT OF MILLER'S ASS. And Miller can't stop convulsing from his orgasm.

SENATOR PATRICK

(to Miller)

Get the hell out of my house! Now!

Rico wakes up like "what the fuck" as the Senator goes after Miller, but Miller jumps off the bed, grabs his jeans as he and Rico head out of there --

EXT. PCH - DAY

Miller and Rico jump in his 1981 Camero Z-28, and drive off without clothes on. Flying down PCH. Rico still laughs, but not Miller,

A peep at himself in the rear-view mirror shows a DEFINITIVE SHIFT in his eyes, the recklessness replaced with unexpected clarity, aware of the seriousness of shit he just created for himself. He looks down at his watch.

EXT. MILLER'S DAD'S HOUSE - SUNSET PLAZA - DAY

Miller on a mustard yellow rotary phone with only ten feet of spiraled extendable cord, in the middle of an uncomfortable conversation with his mother, JEANETTE MILLER, sweet voice.

Behind him on the couch, Rico takes a MONSTER BONGHIT, then COUGHS LOUDLY. Miller motions for him to shut the fuck up.

JEANETTE (OVER PHONE)
He told your father there was a Mexican passed out on his chaise lounge while it all happened.

MILLER (INTO PHONE)
He's not Mexican -- look, can I just speak to dad for a minute?

As the DOOR OPENS and in WALKS DANNY WELT (30's) handlebar mustache with a well-kept white-guy afro.

JEANETTE (OVER PHONE)
He doesn't want to talk to you.

DANNY
(to Miller)
Wassup, mon frer?

Miller ignores this idiot. Danny goes to Rico, they greet each other warmly.

DANNY
(re: Miller)
What's his problem?

Rico shrugs, as Danny brings out a baggie of BLOW.

MILLER (INTO PHONE)
Mom, you still there?

A LONG SILENCE, eventually broken by the SOUND OF DANNY SNORTING A MASSIVE LINE OF BLOW. Miller looks over at him, disapprovingly, then motions for him to line up another one.

JEANETTE (OVER PHONE)
Logan. I don't know what happened and I don't want to get into it, just make sure you're there on time tonight. This is a big night for your father. Please just play the good son for one night, okay?

She hangs up. He looks at the RECEIVER, then hangs it up, moves back to Rico and Danny, who still think it's funny.

DANNY
Daddy upset?

MILLER
Eat a dick.
(to Rico)
You were saying?
(off Rico's confusion)
Before my Mom called, you were
saying you found a buyer?

RICO
Oh right. Si mon. But that shit
don't matter until you find us a
way to get it over the border.

MILLER
I said I'd take care of it.

RICO
That what you want me to tell our
friends down south?

MILLER
Tell them we're gonna fly it
straight into LA.

DANNY
(a beat, then)
Bullshit... how the hell you gonna
do that?

MILLER
(to Rico)
Just set a meeting with the buyer,
alright?

Miller glances at his watch, making note of the time.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Franklin stands on his lawn holding court with his friends. He is the center of attention, as he talks they listen. Suddenly, all the young men spot something coming, start dispersing.

LEON
Tell your Moms I said wassup.

FRANKLIN
Tell her yourself, fool.

But Leon wants no part of that, as SHARON "CISSY" SAINT (39), not to be messed with, pulls up in her old car.

CISSY

What I tell you about having them
little roaches on my lawn?

FRANKLIN

Leon says wassup.

CISSY

I don't have two words for that
jailbird. Police come by here they
will scoop you up with the rest of
those low lifes.

(hands him the car keys)

Groceries are in the trunk.

As Cissy heads towards the house, BRIEFCASE in hand --

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In THE KITCHEN, Franklin puts the groceries away. Cissy sits
at the kitchen table, takes off her shoes, relaxes her toes.

CISSY

You work today?

FRANKLIN

Tommorrow. I told Cho I wasn't
coming. Went up there this
morning.

CISSY

You hear yourself? How can you
have the nerve to tell the man to
his face when you want to work at
his business? Are you out of your
cowboy mind?

FRANKLIN

He was cool with it Momma. Not a
big deal. I got it like that with
Cho.

CISSY

You need a real job. Not standing
around in a Korean liquor store
moving boxes. Why don't you go
fill out some applications at
Thrifty's or Boys Market? Do the
same thing there and make more
money. Or take ya ass back to
college. Be different Franklin,
not the same as errbody else out
here.

The phone rings, she answers.

CISSY

(proper voice)

Yes, sir. I'm stopping by the Crenshaw property first, and if 108 doesn't have rent, I'm serving him with an eviction notice today.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'll have a new tenant in there within a week, one who pays on time. It's my pleasure, Mr. Tulfowitz.

She hangs up, looks at Franklin. He's smiling.

CISSY

You laughing at my white phone voice?

FRANKLIN

Yeah... how's Mr. Tow treating you?

CISSY

It's alright... he betta make good on his promise to let me manage some of those properties on the Westside. Then we can live close to the beach.

FRANKLIN

You sure he's gonna come through Momma?

CISSY

(not sure)

We'll see.

FRANKLIN

I want to see you happy, Momma.

CISSY

Watching you do better than me in life..that's what I want. Make that happen, Franklin.

WE FOLLOW Cissy into HER BEDROOM, where she pulls her REVOLVER from her briefcase and puts it in her bedside dresser, looks up in the mirror at herself, takes a breath, then walks into...

THE BATHROOM, where she clicks her radio on Bobby Womack's "That's the Way I Feel About Ya". She starts bath water, lights candles, four sticks of Jamaican incense. Time to relax.

IN FRANKLIN'S ROOM, he sits on the edge of his bed and begins playing ATARI 2600 ASTEROIDS. He glances up at his closet.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM, Cissy sits on the edge of the steaming tub in her robe, rolling a joint. She admires it when finished, then puts in her mouth, leans into a burning candle and lights it.

INT. FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Franklin pulls a SHOEBOX from the top of his closet, opens it, revealing a BAG OF WEED. He pulls out a handful and places it on a TRIPLE-BEAM SCALE, measures out 28 grams, then puts the weed in a baggie. He closes the SHOE BOX, places it back, then drops down. Knock at his door.

FRANKLIN

Yeah Momma?

Cissy pokes her head in.

CISSY

I'm headed out. What's wrong with you? Clean this room. Cold breakfast. Don't mess the kitchen up. I'm cooking tonight.

She leaves. Franklin sighs in relief.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Franklin exits his house, BOWL OF CEREAL in hand. Sits on the porch, starts eating. Across the street, one house to the right, he clocks --

MELODY WRIGHT, 16, face of an angel. She sits on her porch, painting her toes. She and Franklin lock eyes, she smiles, Franklin nods at her. Melody looks over her shoulder towards her screen door, then back to Franklin. Leon comes up the street. Clocks Franklin then Melody....

LEON

What's up Melody! Cutie pie ain't you?!

ANDRE WRIGHT, forty-five, built like a brick wall, steps out of his house.

ANDRE

Y'all trying to catch a beat down today? You want some blood-shed?!

FRANKLIN

No sir, Mr Wright.

LEON

We good, Andre.

(loud sotto, to Franklin)

A nigga can't say hi to nobody?

ANDRE

Say hello to a foot in your narrow ass!

(to Melody)

You stay away from those no nothing kids, ya hear?

MELODY

Yes, daddy.

She nods passively, continues to paint her nails, sneaks a grin. Andre turns on his lawn hose, watering. Andre takes a bottle of bleach and pours it into an open canister on his immaculate lawn, a secret remedy to keep the dogs from fouling on his grass. Leon gives Franklin a pound.

LEON

So what we got up today, Saint?

FRANKLIN

Field trip.

Off Leon --

EXT. 405 FREEWAY NORTH - DAY

The RTD BUS heads north over the hill as we follow in AERIAL and then TILT UP to reveal the SAN FERNANDO VALLEY ahead.

INT./EXT. CITY BUS - VENTURA BLVD - DAY

At the back of the bus Franklin (wearing a BACKPACK) and Leon holding a TRANSISTOR RADIO to his ear. 1580 KDAY plays and Leon dances. Poplocking, the POLO, the LACOSTE, ETC.

Franklin is enjoying himself with Leon until he looks up and sees the fearful suspicion and condemnation gaze of several BUS PASSENGERS. All of whom are WHITE. Franklin gently gestures to Leon.

FRANKLIN

Hey man, turn down the box, stop acting niggerish.

LEON

(unaware, dances more)
Huh? They teach you how to act different at that school out here?

FRANKLIN

I learned a lotta things. What they teach you in juvie?

LEON

How to squab harder, make a sharper shank and protect the booty and not be a fruity. See you what you know know, and I know what I know.

Leon stares out the window, notices NICE CARS, BIG HOUSES, A GROUP OF HASIDIC JEWS. Leon taps Franklin.

LEON

Is everybody rich out here?
Wassup with them cowboys?

FRANKLIN

(grins, shakes his head)
They just folks like us.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - DAY

Franklin and Leon walk over a massive landscaped front yard. Leon stares in awe at the MONSTROUS HOUSE.

LEON

God damn! Just like us, huh?

As the door opens, revealing ROBERT VOLPE (19) white boy with long hair and Franklin's former schoolmate. Rob is a Jeff Spicoli type right out of Fast Times at Ridgemont High. He smiles brightly when seeing Franklin.

ROB

My man, Frankie! Come on in.

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - DAY

Rob leads Franklin and Leon through his fancy house, which at the moment is peppered with 80's PORN ACTRESSES in bikinis, sipping champagne, all between 18 and 23. Franklin plays it cool, but Leon is stunned. Rob looks back at them.

ROB
We're casting today. Well, my Dad is.

They walk by a room that's being used as a casting office. A WOMAN stands naked in front of a white backdrop, flashing bulbs go off as Rob's father takes pictures off screen. Leon's eyes pop out of his head. Franklin pulls him along.

They're met by Rob's mother, MRS. VOLPE, mid 30's and pretty in a string bikini. She greets them with a smile.

MRS. VOLPE
Hey Frankie! We've missed seeing you around here.

FRANKLIN
Hi, Mrs. Volpe. This is my friend, Leon.

Leon nods with a smile.

MRS. VOLPE
Nice to meet you, Leon.

ROB
(embarrassed)
Mom, could you please wear a robe?

MRS. VOLPE
Oh, stop, Robert. Let me enjoy my last few years of looking this way, please.
(to the boys)
You boys hungry?

Leon looks Mrs. Volpe up and down, Rob doesn't notice.

LEON
I could eat something --

Franklin shoots Leon a look.

FRANKLIN
- No, we're alright, but thank you.

Rob keeps them moving.

ROB
Come on, let's go outside.

MRS. VOLPE
Frankie, you know your old room's still ready for you anytime you want, alright? Even just to get away.

Leon looks at Franklin like: "Is she serious?"

FRANKLIN

Thank you, mamm.

Leon looks back at Mrs. Volpe, Franklin pulls him along.

FRANKLIN

Don't check out my man's mom, dude.

LEON

Mom's checking for me! She get too close, I'll be living up in this piece!

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The backyard is huge. Actresses lay out around the kidney-shaped pool, smoking cigarettes, looking hot. A stereo plays "RAPTURE" by BLONDIE. The girls don't pay Franklin or Leon any attention as they walk by.

Leon tries to keep his eyes in his head. Franklin tries not to stare. Rob chuckles as they take a seat around a table and enjoy the view.

ROB

Frankie told you he was prom king at our school, right? And best friends with all the teachers.

LEON

No, he didn't hip me to that info, did you *Frankie*.

Franklin's guilty smile says it all.

LEON

Damn Saint, king of the white boys. I can't believe you didn't tell me.

Franklin chuckles, goes into his backpack.

FRANKLIN

It cool to do this in front of everyone?

ROB

You kidding me, right?

He points over to a group of girls doing lines of COCAINE off a glass table, for all to see.

ROB
There's not really any *rules* around
here.

Leon stares at the girls. Mrs. Volpe casually joins the girls and does a line herself. She affectionately kisses one on the cheek and waves to the younger boys.

ROB
The girls go nuts for that candy.

LEON
You ever get down with any of these chicks?

ROB
My mom would kill me if I fooled
around with any of these girls.

FRANKLIN
Like any of these girls would give
you the time of day.

They chuckle and look around, see the girls dancing, partying, drinking. It's a scene. Franklin shrugs, hands Rob the bag of weed.

FRANKLIN
This is the best in LA. At least
that I know of.

Rob inspects the goods, is pleased, hands over a hundred dollar bill.

ROB
Thanks for coming all the way out
here, man. You sure you guys don't
want a drink or something?

LEON
I'll take one. Y'all got any Henny?

FRANKLIN
Naw, man. We gotta get going.
Lemme know when you need some more,
man. Anything. If I don't got it,
I can get it.

ROB
Cool. Good seeing you, Frankie.
Miss you man. Like mom says, you
still got a room here when you want
it.

Leon chuckles, then him and Franklin stand up, leave through the side gate. Franklin pulls Leon from lingering.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside the house, Franklin and Leon walk away, both taken aback by what they just experienced. Franklin takes a look back at the impressive house, soaks it in.

LEON

Yo, so when I move in, you think Rob'll wanna call me dad, or just Leon?

FRANKLIN

You stupid.

LEON

Foreal though, why you be keeping shit from the homies? Living a whole other life with nobody knowing?

FRANKLIN

You was in Y.A. jail man. It was just easier to stay out here during the weekdays with school and all.

They walk off towards the bus stop, but Franklin takes a final look at the house, hinting at envy.

LEON

Why would you ever leave here Loc?

FRANKLIN

It's alright for a minute, but it ain't home.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

In his bedroom, Franklin adds the \$100 to a money-roll that totals close to \$300, and after the day he's had, he's clearly dissatisfied with his small stash. It's obvious in his eyes that HE WANTS MORE.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Franklin steps out, looks around at his neighborhood.

People are watering their lawns, kids play in the street.

He waves to them. Starts down the street walking, he sees --

The neighborhood crazy, BOOTSY (30's) a Vietnam vet, is walking the streets, talking to himself. Franklin laughs to himself. It's home but it ain't Encino.

EXT. FAMILY MARKET - DUSK

Franklin arrives at the front of the store. Gives a pound to Kevin who was on watch just before him. MR. CHO, late 30's gives him a broom. Franklin starts sweeping.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Gustavo stands in line. He looks tired, massages his shoulder unconsciously. He clutches the ENVELOPE full of cash we saw him deposit his money into earlier. A CUSTOMER LEAVES, and he is called to the window.

The CLERK, a small Hispanic lady, recognizes him, hands him an address form to fill out.

CLERK (IN SPANISH)
Same as last week? To Hermosillo?

He nods. She reaches for the envelope, he hands it to her, then he fills out the form but gets distracted by a MAN, his WIFE and two KIDS as they walk in. He looks up at them. The wife smiles at her husband lovingly, the kids seem happy.

Gustavo's lost in a stare, until the CLERK CLEARS HER THROAT to snap him out of it. He finishes filling out the form, then pays and leaves.

INT. WRESTLING VENUE - NIGHT

In the ring, Gustavo doesn't look sharp. The pain is obviously affecting his performance. His signature moves and theatrics are now slow, with less passion. While he's fighting, his mind is preoccupied.

He gets body slammed HARD, then pinned. As he lays in defeat, THROUGH HIS POV LOOKING OUT OF THE MASK, he sees Pedro selling coke in the audience.

EXT. WRESTLING VENUE - NIGHT

Gustavo quietly follows Pedro out to the parking lot. Pedro walks towards the Mercedes. Gustavo catches up to him, walks up behind him.

The man quickly turns and pulls a gun on him, but instinctively Gustavo takes it from him, EJECTS the live round and drops the clip onto the ground in one swift motion. Pedro looks at him, afraid.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Not going to hurt you.

Pedro recognizes El Oso from the locker room. His fear subsides, it's obvious Gustavo's not going to hurt him.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
You're the bear, right? El Oso?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Gustavo.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
Well Gustavo, you shouldn't sneak up on people. How you get hurt.

Gustavo looks at the gun in his hand, gives it back to Pedro, who puts it in his waistband, then picks up his clip.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
You want some toot?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
No.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
Then what do you want?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Work. I want a job.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
I don't know you.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
You need me.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
For what?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Protection.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
I've got a gun.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Because I gave it back to you.
(off Pedro's bruised ego)

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH) (CONT'D)
 I don't want trouble, just an
 honest job that pays.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 There's nothing honest about my
 line of work.
 (analyzes Gustavo's eyes)
 Are you crazy or something?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
 I just need money, and I'd rather
 earn it than take it.

Pedro thinks about it, has an idea, looks at Gustavo's size.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 Actually, there is something you
 can do for me. Call it an
 audition. You do well, we'll talk
 about bringing you on full-time.

He gives Gustavo a CARD.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 Call me tomorrow, and stop sneaking
 up on people.

Gustavo holds the card, nods, then leans down, grabs the
 stray bullet and tosses it to him.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
 Don't forget this.

Pedro catches it, watches Gustavo walk away --

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

A black tie affair, high-society. Senators, business
 tycoons, heavy-hitters, lots of old money mixed with west
 coast socialites and entertainment industry elite.

Miller sits at a table with his mother JEANETTE MILLER (who
 we heard over the phone earlier), fifties, classically
 pretty, his father GEORGE MILLER, fifties, sophisticated and
 well-groomed, and a few close friends, all UPPER-CLASS WASPS.

Miller wears a suit, but his cocaine eyes stick out like a
 sore thumb. His father glances over at him, looks him hard
 in the eyes while taking a deep breath, then looks away, puts
 on a fake smile. Miller sips his Scotch.

They all turn towards the front of the room, where Senator Patrick, much different disposition than when we last saw him, raises his cocktail, finishing his toast at the podium.

SENATOR PATRICK

All kidding aside, beyond being an incredibly successful businessman, offensively generous, and almost as good-looking as me...

(the room chuckles)

...George Miller is the type of guy you hope your favorite cousin ends up with.

ALL EYES ON JEANETTE, who smiles gracefully as George strokes her hair, then looks back at the Senator.

SENATOR PATRICK

He's a great husband, a great father, and a great American. On your birthday, it's my honor to celebrate you. Cheers, pal.

The room raises their glasses and toasts. George looks lovingly at his wife and son, then stands and heads to the podium to shake Senator Patrick's hand. Over George's shoulder, Senator Patrick eyeballs Miller.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The celebration continues. Miller stands at the bar with Paige (the Senator's daughter who blew coke up his ass).

PAIGE

I hate these things. Wanna go back to my room and fingerbang me like you used to?

MILLER

We're *cousins*, Paige.

PAIGE

So? I have *Quaaludes*, Logan. And what, I can give you a booty bump but you can't put your fingers inside me? Hardly seems fair.

He shakes his head, grins. She chuckles, these two are obviously tight. She looks him in his bloodshot eyes.

PAIGE

You alright? Because you've looked better.

MILLER

Yeah, fine.

Miller looks away, scans the room. He sees his mother chatting with Mrs. Patrick, they point over at him. Mrs. Patrick still looks horrified. Miller puts on his best fake smile and reluctantly waves back.

MILLER

(to Paige)

Kill me.

He then catches the eyes of a GROUP OF HIS FATHER'S CRONIES in mid-conversation who stare his way with smug looks on their faces, it's obvious they're talking about him. One of them snickers, then they all look away.

MILLER

(to Paige)

Don't you just wish all these people would just disappear?

PAIGE

Everyday, Logan. Every single day.

Paige touches his shoulder as she walks off. Miller stares over at his father ACROSS THE PARTY...

Where George and Senator Patrick speak privately, looking over at Miller. Senator Patrick shakes George's hand, then makes his way through the crowd and passes Miller, stops, shakes his head, struggles to find the words, then offers...

SENATOR PATRICK

(to Miller)

Kid... just... Don't die.

He places a hand on Miller's shoulder, then walks off. Miller STARES AT HIS FATHER, WHO STARES BACK AT HIM, then again looks away.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Miller is about to take a piss at a urinal, holding his glass of Scotch in his free hand. TWO EMPTY URINALS to his right. No one else in the BATHROOM.

ENTER HIS FATHER GEORGE, who pauses briefly upon seeing Miller, then continues and takes the far right urinal, begins his business and stares straight ahead. Miller stares straight ahead as well. They piss.

MILLER
It's a good party.

GEORGE
(calmly)
Too good to let you ruin it.

MILLER
There is an explanation for the
Senator's house--

GEORGE
(not interested)
After everything your mother and I
have done for you, you still find
new ways to make me look like an
asshole.

George zips up, goes to the sink. Miller continues pissing.

MILLER
You know I'm doing important work
out here. It's not like it used to
be.

As Miller finishes and heads to the sink, George dries his
hands, prepares to leave, looks Miller in the eyes.

GEORGE
I don't know what's going on with
you, don't want to know. But when
your circus starts to bleed into my
relationships...

MILLER
You mean Mom's relationships?

George glares at his son, barely suppressing his anger. He
takes a breath, fixes his tie in the mirror.

GEORGE
Good luck, Logan.

George walks out, leaving Miller alone.

EXT. FAMILY MARKET - NIGHT

Franklin drops a box and places cans from stock on the
shelves. We find MR. CHO (38) two CHILDREN (6, 8). A MAN
(30s) is on the next aisle looking at the shelves, upset.

MAN

Y'all ain't got no corn meal in here? What the hell is this?

MR. CHO

Delivery is late.

MAN

How you gonna run out of corn meal?! You always gotta have corn meal up here! How my woman gonna fry my fish?!

MR. CHO

Lard, flour, Louisiana hotsauce... I always have the shit you want! One day I run out of corn meal, you yell at me! Get out of my store!

The Man didn't expect this, isn't sure whether to keep pushing. Franklin walks up.

FRANKLIN

You heard the man: move on with all that dumbness playboy! We don't got what you want then kick rocks, go somewhere else with all that noise!

MAN

Man, I ain't messin' around with either'a you.

He drops HIS GOODS to the floor, leaves.

FRANKLIN

I don't know how you deal with these crazy people all day.

MR. CHO

I learn to eat shit.

Franklin eyes Cho's kids. Cho notices.

MR. CHO

They know. I work here, eat shit. You work here, you eat shit. Someday they will work here, and they will eat shit.

FRANKLIN

Damn Cho, that's the most depressing shit I ever heard.

MR. CHO
(re: the dropped items)
Pick that stuff up.

Off Franklin, shaking his head --

EXT. JEROME'S HOUSE - DAY

Franklin approaches the house, where a group of large, big-chested men are gathered out front, drinking beers, smoking joints laced with PCP and trading positions on a weight bench on the lawn.

The largest of the men, Franklin's Uncle JEROME SAINT (32) tattoo tear on his face and no shirt showing off his prison build, stands up from the porch to greet him, the only one who seems sober.

JEROME
What's up, nephews?

Franklin gives him a pound, then shows love to the crew.

FRANKLIN
Everyone getting wet on that sherm, huh?

JEROME
Sell it, don't smoke it, I tell
myself everyday.

Franklin follows Jerome inside --

INT. JEROME'S HOUSE - DAY

Sitting across from his uncle in the living room, Jerome hands over a large bag of weed. Franklin hands him the \$300, Jerome takes it and puts it in his pocket.

JEROME
Cissy still don't know about this,
right?

FRANKLIN
Course not.

JEROME
Good, cause your momma kill both of
us if she found out.
(beat)
You see your pops lately?

FRANKLIN

No. He come through here at all?

A long look tells us this is as uncomfortable subject.

JEROME

Nah. I'm sure he's good.

FRANKLIN

Yeah.

(re: the weed)

You mind if I bag this up here?

We partying tonight.

Jerome looks off, seemingly reminiscing, then hands Franklin a triple-beam scale and some baggies.

JEROME

A'ight, do your thing. I'll be on the porch.

FRANKLIN

(preoccupied)

Cool.

Jerome takes a last look at Franklin, then walks out. Out of the kitchen enters AUNT LOUISE SAINT (28) local drunk/party girl, eyes glazed, high on PCP.

LOUISE

Is that my nephew?

FRANKLIN

Oh, what's up, Aunt Louie?

We notice his way of talking has reverted back to the sweet boy we first met. She grabs him, hugs him.

LOUISE

Nephew! Look at you, a grown ass man.

FRANKLIN

I saw you two days ago, Auntie L.
You high as hell!

LOUISE

I know that. But I remember when you was just a baby, shittin' all over the place.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You know you used to shit so much that I'd take ya diaper off and put you in Mama Dear's backyard to run around her garden and spray you with the hose after you pooped. You loved it, thought it was fun.

JEROME (O.S.)

Louise, get your sherm-smoking ass back in the kitchen and leave that boy alone!

LOUISE

Kiss my ass, Jerome!

(to Franklin)

He think he tough.

(looks him in the eyes)

Don't you have no babies out here.

She heads back to the kitchen. Franklin bags the weed but looks at his aunt in the kitchen barely registering her surroundings due to her high state.

EXT. JEROME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Franklin leaves, gives Jerome a nod as he walks off. Jerome shakes his head, tells his right hand man SNEAKY, 35, bald head and mean eyes. Jerome curls a fifty-pound barbell.

JEROME

That little nigga gonna be somebody, watch.

EXT. EAST LA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ranchero music serenades us as Pedro and Gustavo sit in Pedro's parked Mercedes.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

I work for my uncle Manuel, and this piece of shit Javier owes him money. I've been trying to collect for three months. Nothing. You get the money, we take it to Manuel and get you a job.

Without hesitation, Gustavo exits the car, then walks up to a house with a group of men standing outside.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)

Javier?

Standing amongst the group of men, JAVIER, late twenties and well-dressed with a gold chain, stands up.

JAVIER (IN SPANISH)
Who's asking?

Without warning, Gustavo BEGINS BEATING Javier, at first with restraint.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Manuel wants his money.

JAVIER (IN SPANISH)
I don't have it. I swear!

Javier swings back, hits Gustavo in the shoulder, and Gustavo loses his temper. The beat down gets FUCKING BRUTAL. Neighbors come over and watch. The violence is uncomfortable, he's like an animal, his eyes reveal a new level of viciousness, lots of blood. Eventually, JAVIER'S WIFE throws herself in front of her husband, gives Gustavo the money and begs for mercy.

JAVIER'S WIFE (IN SPANISH)
Please, stop! Take the money!

Gustavo moves the woman aside and hits the man one more time for good measure, then takes the money. He walks back to Pedro's car and gets inside. Off Pedro, staring down at Gustavo's fists, covered in blood --

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
Tomorrow, I take you to meet the man.

Off Gustavo, pleased, as Pedro pulls away --

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Franklin (in NICER CLOTHES) stashes the weed in the closet and looks at his SHOE BOX, now empty of cash save a few dollars. Then, there's BANGING ON HIS DOOR.

LEON
Police nigga, get your ass out here!

Off Franklin, more irritated than scared --

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Franklin, Leon and Kevin walk down the street and up to a HOUSE PARTY.

LEON

I tell you one thing: I'm getting some trim! Tonight!

(he looks at Franklin)

Ain't trying to be like mark ass Franklin here! Ain't had no coochie since Tanosse over on Colden got her real man from the 'pen. Old ass lady got tired of messing with them young boys!

Franklin pushes Leon hard and he falls on the lawn. Leon is up in a flash and he and Franklin are boxing.

FRANKLIN

Nigga shut ya mouth up about my personal business! I'll knock ya teeth out!

Kevin jumps in quickly pushes both guys away.

KEVIN

What the hell y'all doing? We supposed to be going to party!

Leon looks down and around his pants.

LEON

You coulda messed up my khakis!

FRANKLIN

Man, bump yo khakis!

LEON

I got any spots on me Kevin?!

KEVIN

Naw, you straight Lee.

The moment passes. Franklin and Leon look at each other.

FRANKLIN

We good?

Leon nods. They grip fists and walk up to the party. TWO LOWRIDERS are parked on the lawn. TWO LARGE BBQ GRILLS billow SMOKE into the air.

LEON

Low key, maybe you just like old
bitches man. I know you don't
wanna hear it but that old lady
Tanosse musta put some bad mamma
jamma coochie on yo ass cause you
ain't talked about no other chick
since then. Taught you some new
tricks, huh?

Franklin playfully smacks Leon again and Leon hits him back.
They smile. Kevin hands Leon a lit joint as they walk, Leon
hits it hard.

LEON

Smoke don't choke!

Leon passes it to Franklin who declines.

LEON

You Mark!

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A FUNK-BASED EARLY 80's HIP HOP BEAT bumps inside a banging
house party. Everyone dances, drinks in hand.

Franklin sees Melody in the middle of the party. She doesn't
see him. He also sees BETO and PANCHO, both hammered drunk
and wrestling in the living room, spilling people's drinks.

Franklin makes his way through the crowd, serving weed to a
few customers, then vibes off to the side with Leon, who's a
natural ladies man, flirting with every girl passing.

LEON

Looka this fine Motherfookee right here.

Leon grabs the hand of a PRETTY GIRL who walks by him, she
smiles flirtatiously.

LEON

Girl, where you been? What you
doing with yourself besides being
my future lady?

Leon gives Franklin a look, then leads the girl outside.

MUSIC CUE: "CLEAR" BY CYBERTRON. Franklin scans the room
until his eyes meet up with Melody, who smiles at him. She
glows with innocence. Franklin moves through the party, then
approaches Melody.

FRANKLIN

What your square ass doing in here?
Andre let you out?

MELODY

What you think?

FRANKLIN

(SING-SONG)

Oooh, you gonna get a whippin!
Look at you! Snuck out huh?!

They look around at all the sexual grinding on the dance floor. Everybody is doing the FREAK. It's like sex with clothes on, but they're dancing.

FRANKLIN

You know how to freak?

MELODY

What, you think I'm scared?

She rubs up on him, and just like that, they're doing the freak, humping on each other alongside everyone else. MUSIC CHANGES: "Don't Say Goodnight" by The Isley Brothers. Franklin and Melody slow dance. He studies her face, smiles.

FRANKLIN

I always wanted me a girl with
bangs in her hair. When you
graduating from Washington?

MELODY

I'm a junior. Why? Too young for you?

FRANKLIN

What that supposed to mean? I
can't even say hi to you, your
daddy would kill me.

MELODY

Well, you better figure that out.
I'm not waiting around forever.

FRANKLIN

What you mean?

MELODY

Franklin, when I'm somewhere far
off in college, I ain't gonna be
thinking 'bout you. Better get me
while you can.

FRANKLIN
(smiles)
You too much.

Franklin looks up and through the window he can see ANDRE, Melody's father outside looking.

FRANKLIN
Awww damn! Why me?

MELODY
What?

Melody turns, sees her father moving towards the door.

FRANKLIN
Come on.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Franklin leads Melody out the back door. Then he pushes her into the alley points south.

FRANKLIN
Girl, you better get back home
before your father do.

MELODY
I ain't running down this alley alone.

FRANKLIN
You crazy? Your daddy sees me with
you, he'll break my neck!

MELODY
You afraid of my daddy?

FRANKLIN
Hell yeah! Ain't you?

MELODY
Please, come with me. I'm scared.
Franklin... be a gentleman.

FRANKLIN
I'll run you to the end of the block,
then you gotta run in your house.

She smiles, they take off running -- Halfway down the alley they see Leon in the bushes doing it DOGGY STYLE with the girl from the party. Franklin and Melody stop stunned, then Franklin pulls Melody along reluctantly. She wants to watch.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Franklin and Melody make it to his block.

MELODY

There's something about you,
Franklin. Not sure what it is, but
I see it. You do me.

She kisses him on the cheek before he can respond, then rushes across the street to her house. Cissy is just arriving home from work. She sees Franklin watching Melody sneak back in. Franklin sees his mother, walks to her car. Andre comes down the street. Angry.

ANDRE

Franklin, you seen Melody?

FRANKLIN

No sir, Andre.

Andre moves onto his house.

CISSY

That girl's gonna get you in
trouble, you know that right?
(off his shrug)
Don't be out too late, boy.

Franklin watches Cissy go inside, then heads back to the party, Melody staring at him through her window, Franklin staring right back: this is gonna be trouble.

INT. PEDRO'S MERCEDES - DAY

Pedro drives Gustavo through East LA, then through Pico Rivera, then into a nice area of Downey, eventually up to a large house with pillars.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Speak only when spoken to,
understand? Silence.

Gustavo shoots him a look. Pedro drops the tough routine.

EXT. MANUEL'S BACKYARD - DAY

Pedro and Gustavo walk into the backyard, where sitting behind a large marble table we meet cocaine distributor MANUEL VILLANUEVA, fifty-four, old school Mexican. Several MEN stand around in the background, all armed.

Sitting with him at the table are Miller and Rico, who look over and wait for Manuel's approval to continue talking.

PEDRO

Wait here.

Gustavo stands, watches Pedro cross the room and join Manuel. Then he turns his eyes to the POOL AREA -- Where a YOUNG WOMAN in a dress dangles her feet in the water, reading a magazine. Her back turned to Gustavo, her long hair picks up a slight breeze.

On Manuel, Miller and Rico, they continue.

MANUEL

I don't mean to pry--

MILLER

But you are--

MANUEL

Just like to know who I'm working with.

MILLER

You're working with a guy who's got a direct source of pure cocaine and a low risk way to bring it right into our backyard. Basically, I'm your fairy Godmother.

MANUEL

That's what worries me: too good to be true.

(to Rico)

You vouch that he's for real?

RICO

100 percent.

(off Manuel's hesitation)

You know who his father is? --

MILLER

--Doesn't matter--

MANUEL

I know who his father is.

(off Miller's surprise)

Yes, I did some checking up on you. I get nervous doing business with a man who's never had to wipe his own ass.

MILLER

If people judged you on who your father was?

MANUEL

(good point)

Probably no one would talk to me.

(then)

But I'm not the one who asked for this meeting.

MILLER

(considers, then)

It's not coming from Columbia or anywhere near Escobar's network, that make you feel any better?

MANUEL

A little.

MILLER

Look, you're nervous about sleeping with someone on the first date. I get it. And if I had time, I'd wine and dine you 'till the sun came up. But my source won't wait that long. You want in, we gotta move now.

MANUEL

(considers, then)

Eight a key is the lowest you can go?

Miller nods. A STALEMATE. Manuel gives...

MANUEL

Fine. A hundred to start, if it goes smoothly, we do more.

Miller stands, so does Rico. Miller shakes Manuel's hand.

MILLER

I appreciate your faith.

MANUEL

I'll appreciate it when you make good on it.

Back with Gustavo, who turns his attention from the MEETING back towards the WOMAN who stands up, revealing A STUNNING YOUNG MEXICAN WOMAN, LUCIA VILLANUEVA (21).

Lucia walks directly past Gustavo's eye-line. Their eyes lock for a fleeting moment. Lucia glances at him indifferently and moves INTO THE HOUSE.

Gustavo's glance goes back to Miller and Rico leaving.

MILLER
(under his breath to Rico)
Don't you ever mention my father's
name again. Ever.

Miller and Gustavo's eyes briefly meet as they walk by.
Pedro brings Gustavo over to Manuel.

MANUEL
And who is this?

PEDRO
This is the guy I was telling you
about, the wrestler.

MANUEL
Yes, El Oso. Any relation to the original El
Oso?

GUSTAVO
He was my teacher.

MANUEL
He was my favorite as a child.
(then)
Pedro says you're looking for extra
work.

GUSTAVO
Yes, sir.

Gustavo pulls out the MONEY he retrieved, places it on the
table. Manuel looks at Pedro.

MANUEL
Javier?

Pedro nods. Manuel counts the money.

MANUEL
I see. Well, this shows you can be
useful. But can you be loyal?

GUSTAVO
What would I need to do?

MANUEL
Bad things, but I'd pay you well.

Manuel grins, notices the blood on Gustavo's hands. Lucia emerges from the house with a cocktail in hand.

The ARMED MEN drop their heads as she brings the drink to Manuel, kisses his head. Lucia then walks back to the POOL and lays out in the sun, lights up a cigarette. At her exit the men raise their heads once more. Lucia looks over at Gustavo, who's engaged with Manuel.

MANUEL

This is a serious life decision,
and no going back, so think about
it. Let Pedro know if you're in,
you'll report to him. Though I'd
hate to be responsible for losing
El Oso in the ring.

GUSTAVO

I've got people to look after.

MANUEL

I understand. We will talk more
soon, I hope.

Gustavo shakes Manuel's hand, then him and Pedro leave.

WE MOVE WITH THEM ON THE WAY OUT --

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Whatever happens with the old man,
you remember I brought you into
this. You say I can trust you?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)

Yes. Of course. Thank you for this.

Pedro pulls out a business card, hands it to Gustavo.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Be at this address tomorrow night
at eight.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)

The girl... Manuel's wife?

Pedro smiling at first, then, laughing his ass off.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Let's go, El Oso.

Off Gustavo and Pedro leaving --

EXT. HAWTHORNE AIRPORT - NIGHT

THROUGH BINOCULARS, WE SEE A SMALL PLANE taxiing towards a RUNWAY.

Miller puts down the binoculars, hands them to Rico, who takes a look. Danny sits in the back.

RICO

So, what, you think we're just gonna land and unload without anyone seeing a thing?

MILLER

That's exactly what we're going to do.

(off Rico's skepticism)

You ever hear of NORCOM?

RICO

Aerospace company?

DANNY

How the hell you know that?

RICO

Amount of shit I know could sink a battleship, Danny boy.

MILLER

They account for seventy-three percent of traffic coming in and out of this airport. It's mostly testing.

RICO

And how does that help us?

Miller motions for Rico to point the binoculars to the left.

MILLER

The small building with the red light, that's the only security. Take a look.

Rico looks. THROUGH THE BINOCULARS WE SEE an OLD MAN and a LONG HAIR, both in uniform and smoking cigarettes out of boredom. Rico looks over at Miller.

MILLER

Still a skeptic?

Off Rico and Danny, buying into this --

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - DAY

A party in mid-swing. Franklin's right in the mix, hanging with his high-school friends. Lots of beer and weed, but Franklin sips on a can of Coke.

Rob, who's trying to get cozy with a free-spirited white girl, BRIDGETTE (20), looks up from a silver platter with just a few lines of coke on it.

ROB
Franklin! You want some?

FRANKLIN
Naw, I'm good.

Rob uses a rolled-up dollar bill to snort one of the lines, then hands it to Bridgette, who quickly sniffs up the last two. Rob stands and approaches Franklin with a hug, his eyes bloodshot red and glossy from the blow.

ROB
Just like old times, huh?

Franklin pulls out a bag of weed and hands it to Rob, who grins upon receiving it. Rob hands Franklin some money.

ROB
So, I got a favor to ask.

FRANKLIN
What you need?

All the kids look at Rob, knowing what he's about to ask Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Jesus, this better not be some cult shit.

ROB
Naw, nothing like that. It's just...

FRANKLIN
Spit it out, man.

ROB
Well, we're out of coke. And the girls really like it.

FRANKLIN
Where the hell did you get that anyway?

ROB

This was the last of what I stole from my folks' stash, but I checked and they're out. And we wanna keep this party going all night long.

FRANKLIN

You want blow it's gonna take a couple days... I ain't ever scored it before.

BRIDGETTE

You said we'd have enough to freebase, Rob.

Franklin eyeing them, wondering what "freebase" is...

ROB

I don't really have a couple days, bro. I know a guy out here. My parent's dealer. But...

FRANKLIN

But what?

ROB

It's just, apparently the guy's a bit of loose cannon, and...

FRANKLIN

You're afraid to go get it?

ROB

Something like that.

FRANKLIN

So, send the black guy, right?

Rob smiles. Franklin grins.

FRANKLIN

No problem. I'll be the black guy! I'm always the black guy, right? That's cool. Let's go.

ROB

Seriously, just like that?

FRANKLIN

Just like that. I ain't afraid of some valley coke dealer... but it's gonna cost you.

ROB
Charge me whatever you want, it's
my parent's money.

Bridgette and the rest of the girls are impressed.

BRIDGETTE
You're a boss, Franklin.

Off Franklin, the party's hero --

EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - DAY

Rob drives a red convertible with Franklin in the passenger seat and three blonde girls in the backseat.

They park in front of a large house. Rob pulls out a two hundred dollar bills and gives them to Franklin.

ROB
This guy is legitimately insane, so
just get in and get out.

FRANKLIN
I got it.

Franklin gets out of the car and walks up to the house.
Knocks on the door. Nothing.

Franklin looks back at Rob, shrugs, then knocks again.

Eventually the door opens, revealing an Israeli man, AVI DREXLER, forty-three, wearing a YARMULKE and a white t-shirt covered with red splatters. He's in the middle of argument with people we can't see, all yelling in Hebrew.

AVI (IN HEBREW)
You don't know anything about
anything, and your mother has only
nine fingers!
(to Franklin, in English)
What are you selling?

Franklin looks at what appears to be blood all over this guy's shirt, turns to Rob... Are you kidding me? Rob gives him the thumbs up.

FRANKLIN
Uh... I'm here to buy?

Surprised, Avi now clocks the convertible, notices Rob.
After quick consideration, Avi is amused.

AVI
 The Volpe kid, huh? He send you up
 here because he's afraid?
 (off Franklin's grin)
 What a pussy. In my country, we
 kill people like him.
 (yells inside in Hebrew)
 I'm coming.

Avi smiles, has a thought. Franklin grins back, nervously.

AVI
 Come with me!

Avi motions for him to come inside. Franklin looks back at Rob, then enters the house --

INT./EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franklin follows Avi through the house. There is AFRICAN ART all over the walls... Kenyan, to be specific.

AVI
 You like art, kid?

FRANKLIN
 Art?

AVI
 You know: Van Gogh, Pollock, Monet?

FRANKLIN
 Yeah, some of that stuff a'ight.

As they emerge into --

THE BACKYARD

And an art class. A MIDDLE-AGED MALE ART TEACHER teaches Avi and his two former-Mossad bodyguards, YUDA and MUIR(30's) how to paint a clipper ship. WE SEE THREE DIFFERENT PAINTINGS all on easels, while the bodyguards argue in Hebrew and point at them.

YUDA
 Who the hell is this?

AVI
 This is...
 (to Franklin)
 Who are you?

FRANKLIN

Franklin.

AVI

Franklin. He's completely
objective. He'll judge.

(then, to Franklin)

Which one shows the most artistic
talent? Be honest.

MUIR

This kid doesn't know shit--

AVI

Shut up!

(to Franklin)

I'm serious. Choose one.

Franklin looks at all three. They're all pretty bad. One
seems less shitty. Franklin points at it, and the bodyguards
break into laughter... but Avi explodes in anger.

AVI

This kid doesn't know shit!

Yuda and Muir quickly stop laughing, but the art Teacher
doesn't get the memo, continues chuckling. Avi grabs a
BRUSH, walks up to the teacher, who's now scared, realizing
he screwed up. Avi takes him by the collar, and PAINTS HIS
FACE. Now Yada and Muir crack up again, as Avi drops the
brush, turns back to Franklin:

AVI

You! Time to go.

Avi leads Franklin --

BACK INTO THE HOUSE

Avi ushering Franklin towards the front door.

FRANKLIN

Yo, but what about the coke--

AVI

I don't sell coke to kids.

FRANKLIN

I look like a kid to you? I'm a
grown ass man.

Franklin holds up the two one-hundred dollar bills.

AVI

And I definitely don't sell two hundred dollars worth of coke.

FRANKLIN

What do you sell?

AVI

I sell kilos, to people with money.

FRANKLIN

Well I got two hundred cash, and a car full of rich white kids whose parents you already do business with.

(takes a breath)

Front me a key, and I'll turn it around, quick.

Avi laughs. They reach the front door.

AVI

Why would I give fourteen thousand dollars worth of product to a kid -- sorry, "grown ass man" -- that I don't know?

FRANKLIN

Where you sell most of your coke?

(off Avi)

Local, right? Rich guys in the valley? Maybe some Hollywood assholes? Point is, I bet you ain't never been down to my neighborhood.

AVI

They have money in your neighborhood?

FRANKLIN

People I know do. Could mean a whole new client base for you, which means a whole new revenue stream.

AVI

If you're not full of shit.

FRANKLIN

Look in my eyes: I will turn that key around lickety split, be back here looking for more. I sound full of shit to you?

AVI
(considers, then)
No, you don't. But if I do this,
and have to come looking for you...
that's going to be a very bad day.

FRANKLIN
I got family in the game. I know
what happens to people don't pay
their debts.

Avi thinks about it... then walks to the couch, pulls a PRE-
WRAPPED BRICK from under the cushion, tosses it to Franklin.
He then scoops up a couple grams from the community coke on
the glass table, BAGS it, hands it to Franklin.

AVI
This is for the pussy boy. Keep
his money and spend it on a girl
you like.
(re: the backpack)
You've got twenty-four hours to
bring me my cash.

FRANKLIN
Fine, but make it twelve g's.

Avi can't believe this fucking kid. Admiring the coke:

AVI
You don't know what this is, do you?

Franklin's confused. Avi grins, shakes his head.

AVI
You've got chutzpah, kid, I'll give
you that.

FRANKLIN
I dunno what that means, but twelve
is fair.

AVI
(contemplating, then...)
Thirteen. And I'll see you
tomorrow... otherwise, I'll see you
after that.

Avi extends his hand, Franklin shakes it. Franklin puts the
baggie in his pocket, the kilo in his BACKPACK, heads out.

AVI

And kid...
(Franklin turns back)
You have shit taste in art.

Franklin grins, then walks out --

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Franklin, with the BACKPACK ON HIS BACK, watches curiously as the kids go nuts on the coke, especially the women. He's offered some, politely declines.

He notices that Rob and a friend take the coke to the kitchen and begin cooking up the cocaine into "Freebase" while Bridgette and the girls watch, waiting impatiently.

FRANKLIN

What're you doing?

Rob looks back at him and smiles.

ROB

Cookin'. Didn't you pay attention
in Chemistry class?

The girls giggle. Bridgette eyeballs Franklin, but he's paying close attention to the cooking process, like he's studying.

EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gustavo parks his truck, then gets out, looks at the business card with the address on it, then walks towards the front door. He knocks, the door opens, he enters, and the door closes behind him. WE HOLD ON A WIDE FRAME FOR A BEAT.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The only vehicle parked in the abandoned lot, we see a WHITE VAN WITH A LARGE TRAILER ATTACHED. A DECAL on the van reads:
ARMSTRONG AVIATION MECHANICS

Rico sits shotgun while Danny sits in the driver seat. On the radio, VIN SCULLY gives us play by play on Fernando Valenzuela pitching for the Dodgers.

DANNY

Ever since the baby, she's insecure
about it, thinks it's too loose.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And sure, I used to only be able to fit three fingers and now I can fit the whole hand, but it's a bigger deal to her than it is to me --

RICO

- Can we not talk about your wife's pussy? Fernando's pitching...

Miller's Camero comes roaring into the lot. Rico and Danny get out of the van and join him. Miller jumps out wearing a blue mechanics jumpsuit, tosses folded jumpsuits to Rico and Danny. Miller inspects the van, nods in approval.

MILLER

It's perfect. Let's do this.

Miller jumps in the van, waits for the guys to join him, they shrug, then get inside.

EXT. HAWTHORNE AIRPORT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The van pulls up to the security gate.

MILLER (O.S.)

Just be cool, and hand him this paperwork.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Danny, stone-faced, hands the SECURITY GUARD a piece of paper that looks like a WORK ORDER. The guard takes it and gives it a once-over. Our guys wait an anxious beat as the guard shows THE OTHER GUARD the form, and they look it over. Rico looks at Miller, nervous.

RICO

This isn't working...

The guard comes back to the van, he doesn't look happy. TENSION... then...

GUARD

Go ahead.

The guard opens the gate, and the guys drive through with a collective sigh of relief.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

THE AIRPORT IS ALMOST SILENT. NO ACTION. The guys sit in the van, waiting for the plane to arrive. Miller notices it first, coming in for landing.

MILLER

There.

WE SEE THE PLANE coming in. It lands, the taxis towards a HANGER. The van follows the plane.

EXT. HANGER - NIGHT

Miller, Rico and Danny quickly move the CARGO OF EIGHT LARGE WOODEN CRATES FULL OF COCAINE from the plane to the STORAGE TRAILER behind the van. No one notices a thing.

Once unloaded, the plane immediately taxis back out and takes off, just as our guys drive back out of the entrance without any problem. Danny waves to the security guard as they leave.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The van pulls up to Miller's Camero. Miller jumps out.

MILLER

Told you guys. Like clockwork.

Rico talks through the passenger window.

RICO

So, follow you to the spot?

MILLER

Indeed.

Miller jumps in the Camero and takes off, the van follows.

INT. CAMERO - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS as Miller leads the way through a mostly industrial neighborhood. He looks at the van in his REARVIEW MIRROR, grins, seemingly satisfied for the moment.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Danny drives while Rico smokes a cigarette, celebrating.

DANNY

Holy shit I can't believe we just pulled that off!

RICO

I know! Let's celebrate, go to your house and put *both* our hands in your wife's pussy?!

Danny howls laughing.

RICO

What'd I tell you, though. The guy's connected.

Rio grins, then out of nowhere...

A PICKUP TRUCK SLAMS DIRECTLY INTO THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR. THE IMPACT IS VIOLENT.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THE VAN IS THROWN ONTO ITS SIDE, THE STORAGE TRAILER DISCONNECTS AND GOES FLYING ACROSS THE ROAD. It's an intense crash, and suddenly, the SOUNDS ARE GONE, silence.

A MAN in a BLACK MASK jumps out of the crashed truck with a handgun, heads towards the van.

A SEPARATE TRUCK WITH TWO OTHER MASKED MEN IN IT pulls up next to the storage trailer. One man jumps out and works on attaching the trailer to their truck, the other man remains behind the wheel.

INT. CAMERO - NIGHT

Miller sees all of this in his rearview mirror, slams on his brakes and pulls a 180, speeds back towards the scene. WE PUSH IN ON HIS EYES. INTENSE. FOCUSED.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The first masked man is now standing in front of the van, still on its side. He raises his gun, FIRES TWO SHOTS INTO THE DRIVER'S SIDE. Danny is KILLED INSTANTLY.

The man looks for Rico, but doesn't see him. He looks around, sees that Rico has been thrown from the van, lays off to the side of the road. He walks towards Rico, who sees him coming.

RICO

No!

As the man raises his gun to shoot Rico, A SHOT IS FIRED and GOES DIRECTLY THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS SKULL AND EXPLODES OUT OF HIS FOREHEAD. The masked man DROPS, DEAD.

Rico looks up to see MILLER holding a handgun. The other masked men HEAR THE SHOTS, the one attaching the trailer pulls his gun and FIRES THEIR WAY. Miller LEADS RICO TO COVER, hides behind the van. The masked man attaches the trailer, FIRES A FEW MORE SHOTS. Miller remains calm and collected.

RICO

Just let it go, Logan.

MILLER

Naw.

Miller smirks at the idea, stands up and steps out from the van and UNLOADS HIS CLIP, hitting the masked man as he's getting into the passenger side of the truck, causing BLOOD TO SPRAY INSIDE THE TRUCK AND ON THE DRIVER.

Miller takes cover, the pops back out to look for the DRIVER, but he's disappeared. Miller ducks back behind the van.

MILLER

Change of plans. Can you drive?

RICO

Yeah.

MILLER

Good. Take the truck. Meet me at the spot.

He picks Rico up and they make a bee line for the truck. Rico gets in, drives off in the truck with the trailer attached, leaving Miller scanning for the third masked man.

THROUGH THE MAN'S POV LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE MASK, we're hiding behind a tree. The gun is aimed at Miller, but once he's in focus, there's a PAUSE. Miller can't see the man. WE REVERSE ON...

THE MASKED MAN, GUN DRAWN, AIMED AT MILLER. After a beat, HE LOWERS HIS GUN then takes off his mask, revealing Gustavo. He's confused, we see his brain working, trying to make sense of this. He looks down at his hands, once again with blood on them. He hears SIRENS, takes off running in the opposite direction.

ON MILLER, he continues to scan the scene, almost clinically. He checks his watch, makes a note of the time once again, then as we hear the SIRENS GET CLOSER, he gets in his Camero and drives off, leaving behind three dead bodies and a mess.

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP of a NEEDLE BEING PLACED ON A RECORD incites our MUSIC CUE: Kim Carnes' "BETTE DAVIS EYES"

The party continues. We see shots of naked body parts, close-ups of coke being snorted, feet dancing, a disco ball reflects light.

We PUSH IN on Franklin's eyes, staring into the cooking pot as the cocaine begins to transform into rocks.

THE SONG bridges us over the next couple scenes:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A FANCY RESTAURANT. Manuel holds court with a table of high-class Mexican drug dealers, beautiful women, a classy group, including Pedro and Lucia...

Miller walks in. Clearly not happy. Approaches Manuel, Pedro hovering nearby. Lucia looks up, notices.

MILLER
We need to talk.

Manuel, seeing he's serious, nods. Pedro starts to follow. Miller stops him.

PEDRO
Take your hand off of me--

MILLER
(to Manuel)
Alone.

Manuel nods to Pedro: hang back. Pedro does, anxiously watching Manuel and Miller walk off --

MOMENTS LATER

Miller and Manuel, well removed from the party.

MILLER
That's bullshit--

MANUEL

It's not. Wasn't me. I'm looking to make real money together. Why in the hell would I rob you? I need you.

MILLER

I don't know. But no one else knew this was happening. So if it wasn't you, it was someone in your crew. Means you have a problem Manuel, and I don't wanna be anywhere near it.

MANUEL

I am sorry about your man. Let's make it nine a key for this shipment, and trust that I will handle this.

MILLER

Ten. And you don't contact me until you've done some serious housecleaning.

Miller goes. Pedro waits in the background, nervous. Manuel looks back at Pedro, joins him.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

What's going on?

MANUEL (IN SPANISH)

We've got a rat.

Off Manuel, fucking furious --

EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gustavo waits on the steps of the same warehouse he showed up to earlier. His truck is parked to the side. He stares at the street ahead, sees HEADLIGHTS coming his way, but they continue past him. He continues staring ahead, waiting.

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: BETTE DAVIS EYES comes to an end and we're back at Rob's party, Franklin still watches the crystallization process of the FREEBASE.

He watches them smoke it, sees their eyes glow, notices the sexual effect it has with the women. He's fascinated.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Franklin sits by himself, clutching his backpack and staring out the window. No one else on the bus, entering his neighborhood, back to reality. Off the light flares that hit the window, floating over the reflection of his face --

INT. JEROME'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Franklin waits quietly for his uncle while sitting on the couch, backpack by his feet. Aunt Louise smokes a joint, watches TV: *WHAT'S HAPPENING*. ROGER AND RERUN argue.

FRANKLIN

Auntie Louie? You ever hear of something called freebase?

LOUISE

(brightening)

Why, you got some?

FRANKLIN

No.

LOUISE

(considers, then)

Don't fuck with that shit, boy.
Ain't nothing good ever come from
base, and that's me saying it.

Outside, HEAR a woman shouting:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Jerome! Get your black ass out
here and talk to me!

Louise ignores her, but the WOMAN, early twenties, comes up to the door and bangs on the screen.

LOUISE

Jerome! Come get your friend! She
out here getting loud and I'm
trying to watch my show.

Jerome enters the room.

JEROME

(to Franklin)

One second.

He goes to the door.

JEROME

Bitch, you out of your Goddamn
minds coming to my house acting a
fool? You gonna wake up the whole
damn neighborhood!

WE HEAR the laughs of his friends on the front lawn, who
still linger, lifting weights.

LOUISE

I told you not to bang that girl
without me! Now look at you!

WOMAN

Jerome, I think you forget about
how much I know about you. I'm the
wrong bitch to mess with.

JEROME

I know you better take your crazy
ass on somewhere before you get
dealt with! Have my neighbors
looking sideways over here.

The woman screams more at Jerome. He turns around.

JEROME

(to Louise)

Go whip this chick's ass! I ain't
got time for this!

LOUISE

Fine.

She gets up, then explodes out the front door.

THROUGH THE SCREEN, we see Louise PUSH the girl off the
porch, then beat the living shit out of her on the front lawn
while Jerome's boys laugh their asses off.

JEROME

(to Franklin)

Come peep this. Look at your
Auntie. She a wild cat, that's why
I love her! You need a womens like
that to watch your back.

Franklin joins his uncle at the door. They both shake their
heads. Louise throws a final punch that knocks the woman out
cold on the lawn, then hurries back into the house, annoyed.

LOUISE
That's the last time, Jerome. I
ain't gonna be fighting your fights
for you forever.

Jerome kisses her lovingly.

JEROME
Thanks, baby.

She sits down just in time for her show to start again.
Jerome looks at Franklin, motions towards the kitchen.

INT. JEROME'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jerome staring down at the KILO on the table.

JEROME
Boy, you know I'm in the weed and
water business. What you doing
with this much coke? You rob
somebody?

FRANKLIN
I got a new friend.

JEROME
You got a connect? You?! My
nephew? Damn! Well shit... lemme
meet your friend, tell 'em your
uncle wanna be down.

FRANKLIN
Let's just handle this, I got 'till
tomorrow to turn this around.

JEROME
Oh, nephew's growing up now, huh?
So, you got a connect, and you
ain't gonna tell me who it is, but
you need me to help you get rid of
it? That the score here?

FRANKLIN
If you don't wanna help, I'll
figure it out on my own. I'm
coming to you first, figure we
could split the profits.

JEROME
That's what you figure, huh? Big boy?

FRANKLIN

This is business. I ain't going to be working at the liquor store forever, and there sure as hell ain't no career in my future. I'm good at flipping shit, I saw an opportunity and took it. You know how I can move it or no?

Off Jerome, considering it --

INT./EXT. THE BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT

"I Wanna Do Something Freaky to You" by Leon Haywood plays.

Jerome leads Franklin into the BOOM BOOM ROOM, an underground night club owned by a man he used to do business with but had a falling out with, BJ, (50's) a mack-type hustler who uses his club as a way to launder his income from drugs and prostitution.

The place is littered with prostitutes, BJ holds court at a table full of WOMEN IN HEAVY MAKE-UP. We see he has a long coke pinky nail, and is clearly shocked to see Jerome.

BJ

If I didn't respect you for having the balls to walk in here like you ain't got a care in the world, I'd shoot you straight on principle, player. What makes you think you're welcome here, Jerome?

JEROME

Business BJ, pure and simple.

BJ

Ladies, go make some money.

The WOMEN disperse, and Jerome and Franklin take a seat. The dogs are done sniffin' each other out.

BJ

If you here about business, why you bring your kid with you.

JEROME

This ain't my kid, he's my nephew.

BJ

Yeah, well it look like he ain't even got hair on his balls yet and you bringing him into a grown man's club, you gonna mess up my permits.

JEROME

Same old BJ. Look, nigga, I'm 'bout to make you happy. Deal is, can you afford the smiles I'm about to put on your old ass face?

BJ

You like pussy, kid? Or you like ice cream?

Franklin looks at Jerome, then at BJ.

FRANKLIN

I like money.

BJ can't argue with that.

BJ

Spoken like a true G. But I asked you a question. Answer.

FRANKLIN

I like pussy.

BJ

If you had a choice which one would you lick first?

Franklin, tired of this, pull the KEY outta his backpack, tosses it on the table.

FRANKLIN

Probably that.

BJ

Damn son, that's a lotta candy for such a little boy.

FRANKLIN

Call me a boy one more time and see what happens.

JEROME

Relax, nephew.

(to BJ)

You interested or not?

BJ
Course I am. Bitches love that
snowflake. How much?

JEROME
Sixteen, and we ain't negotiating.

BJ
What's to stop me from making you
and your uncle disappear and just
taking the coke?

Franklin responds without thinking.

FRANKLIN
Six niggas with machine guns
waiting outside.

Jerome plays along well. BJ nods at Jerome, impressed.

BJ
He *is* your nephew.
(considers)
Alright, sixteen it is, provided
this ain't no bullshit product we
talking about.

Franklin pulls out the kilo and sets it in front of BJ. BJ
uses his pinky nail to scoop some out, beckons one of his
girls to come over.

BJ
Taste this, baby. What it feel
like?

The WOMAN sniffs it, then reacts strongly.

WOMAN
That some good shit.

BJ takes a toot as well, raises his eyebrows, grabs his nose.
BJ knows exactly what this is, is baffled.

BJ
This is pure. Pharmaceutical.

Franklin ingests this information, realizes now what Avi was
talking about earlier regarding what he's holding.

FRANKLIN
Telling me like I don't know.

BJ
Where the hell did you get it?

FRANKLIN
That's my business.

BJ
(to Franklin)
Alright, nephew. Product talks.
(to Jerome)
But me and you Jerome, we still got
shit to settle, but for history
sake we'll let that lie for now.
Garcon, bring this ashy
motherfucker sixteen.

GARCON, his number two man, brings over the cash.

BJ
You come and see me again young
buck, when you ready to bust your
cherry, I'll set you up with a
bitch you'll never forget. This
the thirty-one flavors of pussy. I
got it all here.

They take their money and leave.

EXT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT

Outside, Jerome looks at Franklin.

JEROME
Six niggas with machine guns? You
a cold piece, nephew!

Franklin shrugs. Jerome laughs.

JEROME
You realize this a heavy business
you 'bout to get into right?

Franklin just grins. Jerome pulls a 9mm from his waist and
hands it to Franklin.

JEROME
Well now that you in this game, you
gonna need a tool. Don't leave the
house without it.

Franklin nods, takes it, puts it in his waist. He grips the
ENVELOPE WITH THE CASH tightly, gets in his uncle's car, and
they drive off into the night.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gustavo stands in shower, letting the water hit his face. He shuts off the shower, and again there are no towels.

IN THE BEDROOM

He looks for a towel, but nothing. He instinctively picks up the phone, but stops himself, hangs it back up, grabs a t-shirt instead and begins drying himself off with it. He looks up at his CRUCIFIX, WE PUSH IN ON HIS EYES and we can see a mixture of Catholic guilt and tamed rage --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Miller's Camero pulls into a crowded office parking lot. He parks, gets out carrying a briefcase.

As he walks towards the office, we notice he's wearing a black suit, his hair is neatly combed, he's freshly shaven. He looks uncharacteristically put together. Before walking inside, he checks his ROLEX, it's 11:34PM.

We FOLLOW HIM INTO...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Miller exits the elevator, walks through a long hallway and eventually into the office of his boss MAX (50's) who sits behind his desk, looks up from reading some papers.

MILLER

You have a minute?

Max motions for Miller to shut his door, Miller shuts it on us, leaving us staring at a CIRCULAR SEAL on the door that reads: CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

EXT. WESTERN BLVD. - NIGHT

Jerome and Franklin roll down Western. Franklin is smiling, he keeps touching the money and looking at it.

JEROME

You never seen that much moneys
before, huh? It's just cash, boy.
Make it, don't let it make you,
remember that shit.

Franklin nods... then his eye catches something --

A HOMELESS MAN wandering across the street. Both Jerome and Franklin look at the man. We think it's Bootsy, but it's not, we've never seen this man before. Jerome has a slight reaction, looks to Franklin, then pulls forward.

FRANKLIN

Stop.

JEROME

Hell naw! Why you wanna see him
like that?

FRANKLIN

Stop the car, Jerome.

EXT. JIM DANDY FRIED CHICKEN - NIGHT

Jerome pulls his car into the parking lot as Franklin hops out and steps to the man. As he faces him WE SEE it is FRANKLIN SAINT SR., (38) the spitting image of his son.

Frank Sr, looks at Franklin, his eyes glazed, then a glimmer of recognition.

FRANK SR.

(half smile)

College Boy.

Franklin is heartbroken, but he sucks up his emotions. Franklin steps to the ORDER WINDOW.

FRANKLIN

Gimme a four piece, some biscuits
and a strawberry soda.

Franklin gets the chicken box, puts a straw in the soda and hands it to his father. Frank Sr. drinks the soda, smiling through the straw, tries to touch Franklin, who steps away. Franklin walks back to Jerome's Monte Carlo as his father eats the chicken.

INT. JEROME'S CAR - NIGHT

Franklin and Jerome drive onward in silence. Franklin looks at the MONEY, then out at the street, pain in his eyes.

THEY ZOOM NORTH ON WESTERN AVE, and we...

FADE OUT.