

SNOWFALL

Written by

John Singleton and Eric Amadio

FX  
Revision 6.9.15

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.)

Man, what the hell that 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 would  
whoop both they asses.

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

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, for our evening's main  
event...

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!

As a PROMOTER brings a CHAMPIONSHIP BELT into the ring, hands it to Rod, who lifts it high as the crowd CHEERS --

Off 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 letting me get my ass beat?

BOB

I let you win plenty.

GUSTAVO

But I can't get no belt, that it?

BOB

Nobody wants to see a Mexican hoist that belt. You're the bad guy, El Oso. Either you accept that, or find another promoter.

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 50 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. IZUZU 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. IZUZU 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?

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.

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.

SENATOR PATRICK

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 (30s) 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 career Franklin, not just some job. Why don't you go fill out some applications at Thrifty's or Boys Market? You'd make the same money, but have a chance to move up. Or take ya ass back to college.

FRANKLIN

Come on Mom, we talked about all that, why you ridin' me?

The phone rings.

CISSY

Because I want somethin' better for you than errbody else out here.

Cissy answers the phone, in a very proper voice:

CISSY

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

(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)  
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.

A long look tells us this is as uncomfortable subject.

JEROME  
I'm sure he's good.

FRANKLIN  
(changing the subject)  
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 (31) 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, 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. 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.  
And I'm nervous about doing  
business with a man who's never had  
to wipe his own ass.

MILLER  
Least you know my hands are clean.  
(off Manuel's smile)  
Look, if you want to judge me based  
on who my father is there's nothing  
I can do about that. But this  
product is real, and it's not  
coming from Columbia or anywhere  
near Escobar's network.

Manuel glances over at Rico:

MANUEL  
So it's coming from Nicaragua?

MILLER  
(then)  
You've heard our offer. Either say  
yes, or we'll find someone else who  
will.

A STALEMATE. Manuel gives...

MANUEL  
A hundred to start, at eight a  
key... 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  
This who you were telling me about?

PEDRO  
That's right. 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)  
My nephew 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)

Choose.

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 ain't a kid, and I ain't playin'.

Franklin holds up the two one-hundred dollar bills.

AVI

Well 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 considers it. Takes a leap.

FRANKLIN

Alright: front me a key, and I'll turn it around, quick.

AVI

(amused)

And how do you plan on doing that?

FRANKLIN

I know people.

AVI

Who? The Volpes?

FRANKLIN

People down in my neighborhood.

AVI

They don't even know what cocaine is in your neighborhood, let alone can afford it.

FRANKLIN

My people do. Could mean a new client base for you, whole new revenue stream.

AVI

Just 'cause you know some impressive words, doesn't mean 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.

AVI

Just so we're clear, you're asking me to front you 14 thousand dollars worth of product.

Franklin tries to hide it, but he reacts to that number.

AVI  
What, more than you expected?

FRANKLIN  
It's just a lot per key.

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

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

FRANKLIN  
I know 12 is fair.

AVI  
(then)  
Thirteen. And don't make me come  
looking for you.

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

Avi 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 key)  
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.

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.  
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  
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, 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

I need to talk to you.

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

PEDRO

Take your hand off of me.

MILLER

(to Manuel)

You want your product, we talk 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

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.

MILLER (CONT'D)  
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: GENERAL HOSPITAL. Luke and Laura swoon together.

FRANKLIN

Auntie Louie? You ever hear of something called freebase?

LOUISE

Why, you got some?

(off his look)

Yeah, I heard of it. Rich man's candy. Whatchu know about that base?

FRANKLIN

Nothing, just been hearin' a little bit about it.

LOUISE

(considers, then)

Don't mess with that stuff, 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 stories.

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 woman 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, they pull up to a light, stop.

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.

But Franklin isn't answering, as Jerome follows his gaze --

A HOMELESS MAN wandering across the street in front of them --

Franklin is stunned, speechless, pain all over his face.  
Jerome realizes who it is, looks to Franklin --

The MAN continues to the LEFT. They watch him.

JEROME

You wanna talk to him?

Franklin doesn't respond. Jerome hooks a U-TURN in the street, so they're slowly following the man.

JEROME

Go on man jump out, holla at yo daddy.

Franklin wants to, even reaches for the handle, but then the moment closes --

FRANKLIN

Nah.

JEROME

You sure?

Franklin now glares over at Jerome, and the coldness in his eyes and gaze is something we haven't seen from him yet.

FRANKLIN

Just drive the car.

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.