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FADE IN:

INT. "EL CHAMISOL NIGHT CLUB" - NIGHT

ANGEL PEREZ, an ambitious Chicano gangster/enforcer in his early 30's meets with RICARDO OLIVA, a classy, ruthless, and powerful older Mexican mobster. They sit in Ricardo's office in the back of their club/hang out. Angel sits across from him, Ricardo smokes a cigar.

RICARDO

You do a short run in the joint,  
and people start acting like you've  
been dead a hundred years... Angel  
nods and sits quietly listening to  
his boss.

RICARDO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I've been talking to the people  
upstairs, and they're putting us  
back on the books. We'll have the  
same blocks we had before, plus we  
can take whatever's around us that  
ain't theirs.

ANGEL

That's what's up.

RICARDO

I gotta keep a low profile for  
right now, so I'm gonna need you to  
handle some shit.

ANGEL

Just say the word Carnal.

RICARDO

Well first off we need to let them  
fucking Salvi's know that this  
ain't Macathur Park!

(beat)

Go down to the high school where  
they play ball.

RICARDO(cont'd)

That motherfucker Marco is probably still there trying to mack to them young ass little bitches. Creep on 'em. Let him know I'm back... Let him know they better move on or get moved on.

ANGEL

Cool. And smoke the other fools?

RICARDO

Smoke 'em all! Just leave one of them, so they know what's up.

ANGEL

Cool.

EXT. HANDBALL COURT - EVENING

(Angel and Mr. Oliva's previous conversation overlaps the actions of this scene)

Four El Salvadorian men play handball against large cement courts. They wear sweat pants and shorts without shirts and are heavily tattooed and have bald heads. There are a few onlookers smoking a joint and watching the game.

Angel, dressed in all black, watches in silence from the distance. He is accompanied by the OROZCO Brothers, who go by the names LUCKY, MUNDO, and TRIGGER.

MUNDO the middle brother, wears his head shaved bald, and has a stocky build as if he works out or has been in jail for a while. LUCKY, the eldest brother, is also stocky, yet has smaller build than MUNDO and a short haircut, usually covered by a baseball cap. TRIGGER, is the slimmest of the three.

Compared to his bigger brothers, Trigger almost appears scrawny, but he carries a look in his eye that lets you know that he may be the one to fear most. The ball rolls off of the court and the men stop as one player runs to retrieve it.

MARCO

(yelling)

Corre Cabron!

A thin, player with a shaved head covered in tattoos hurls the ball at the teammate. The four gunmen approach the handball court, Angel stealthily draws his gun from his jacket; the Orozco Brothers do the same.

A couple of players notice them on the court and stop playing. Angel lets off the first SHOT, directly into the player with the ball's left leg.

Everyone watching the game begins to run for cover. The Orozco Brothers OPEN FIRE on the other players and gangsters. Women SCREAM as everyone on the court begins to scatter.

A couple of the El Salvadorian gangsters SHOOT back, but get shot in the process.

The court empties in seconds, and the only ones left are the gunmen and the dead and wounded gangsters.

Angel calmly approaches the guy that he shot in the leg and stands over him.

ANGEL

Oliva is out, and he's running the show again. If we even see anybody around the hood with your cheap ass cut, you motherfuckers are done. Entiendes?

(Understand)

Out of fear, the player nods in accordance. Then suddenly, out of nowhere TRIGGER kicks the man in his head as the others walk away.

TRIGGER

Man, fuck this puto!

INT. "EL CHAMISOL" - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

RICARDO

But this other thing. It needs to be silent.

ANGEL

I can do silent.

RICARDO

Do this one solito.  
(alone)

Ricardo slides a matchbook over to Angel. Angel opens it and sees that there is an address written inside of it.

RICARDO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

This motherfucker is a square, but I need him done. It's a favor to someone inside the joint.

ANGEL

Whatever.

RICARDO

It should be a pretty easy one, but  
I need you to black it out. Clean.  
No witnesses.

ANGEL

All good. Consider it handled.

INT. GARCIA RESIDENCE - LATE EVENING

(Angel and Mr. Oliva's previous conversation overlaps the actions of this scene)

Angel enters the Garcia residence from the back door. He walks carefully and silently through the large house and down the long hallway while attaching a suppressor to his weapon. He reaches the master bedroom and pushes open the door with the tip of his gun.

INT. GARCIA RESIDENCE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A couple lay in bed asleep. A wedding picture of a man and a gorgeous woman is on one night stand; a picture of a little boy is on the other.

Angel aims at the man's head and FIRES a silent shot through the suppressor. The body jolts as blood escapes from the back of the man's head and splatters onto the woman's face. She jumps up.

Angel FIRES a shot striking her in the forehead. Her body falls back into the pillow. He exits the bedroom.

INT. GARCIA RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angel walks down the hall. He looks at the numerous pictures lining the wall. He stops at a partly-opened door, and pushes it open with the tip of his gun.

INT. GARCIA RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a child sleeping in the bed. Angel walks over to the bed and aims his gun at the child's forehead.

He stares at the sleeping child, and notices a picture of the boy smiling, and looking happy. The picture triggers something within him. His demeanor changes as he puts his gun inside his jacket pocket and quickly exits the room, closing the door behind him.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER/SUNRISE

Angel sits smoking a blunt and looking out over the city as the sun rises. He appears contemplative and somewhat sorrowful over what he has just done.

He takes his final hit of the blunt, flicks the roach away and exits the roof.

INT. SANCHEZ GROCERY STORE - LATE AFTERNOON.

ANTONIO PEREZ, a young Chicano/Cuban kid in his early 20's finishes up his shift. He takes off his apron and THROWS it in the corner as MR. SANCHEZ enters the room. He is an older Mexican man of about sixty-five years, who has a kind face that has been weathered by years of challenge, struggle and tragedy.

ANTONIO

All right Mr. Sanchez, everything on the list is done. I'll see you mañana.

MR. SANCHEZ

OK, joven. Te veo.  
(Ok, young man. I will see you.)

Antonio EXITS the store.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Antonio, en route to his apartment, runs into CARLITO a young Chicano Gangster wanna-be around 13 years old, who is frantic and has a small .38 caliber pistol in his hand.

ANTONIO

(pointing to his gun)  
Yo, Carlito. What's goin' on? What the fuck is this?

CARLITO

I'm about to smoke this fool, Man!  
He's holding out on my feria.

ANTONIO

Feria? How much?

CARLITO

Shit, like five bones!

ANTONIO

What?! Five bones?! Shit... Antonio pulls out five dollars out of his pocket and hands it to Carlito.

ANTONIO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Calm down. A five spot ain't worth goin' to jail for, man. Gimme' the quete.

Carlito looks at Antonio hesitantly. Then obliges and hands him over the weapon. Antonio quickly tucks the gun into his waistband.

CARLITO

OK, here.

ANTONIO

Alright. Now go back to ya crib.

CARLITO

Alright fool.

The two begin walking their separate ways. Carlito gets about half way down the block, then stops and yells to Antonio.

CARLITO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Antonio!

ANTONIO

Wussup?

CARLITO

Thanks Man!

Antonio nods and heads toward his apartment.

EXT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Angel waits for Antonio to come home. He hides when he sees Antonio coming up the street. Once Antonio approaches the front of his building, Angel sneaks up and puts his hand in Antonio's back as if he has a gun.

ANGEL

"Run yo shit, fool!"

Antonio jumps; he is surprised but realizes its Angel and gives him a big hug.

ANTONIO

Damn, you're crazy fool! You almost gave my ass a heart attack!

ANGEL  
You slippin'.

The two LAUGH as they both head up to Antonio's apartment.

ANTONIO  
Come on. You hungry?

INT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN/BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM -  
EVENING

Antonio takes his laptop out of his bag and plugs it into the wall. Angel inspects his kitchen for some grub. He spots a pot of tamales on the stove.

ANGEL  
Oh shit, you made tamales?

ANTONIO  
Nah, my girl made those. Angel enters the living room where Antonio has left his laptop. He has a half-eaten tamale in his hand and the other half in his mouth. He YELLS to Antonio who has now walked into his bedroom.

ANGEL  
What? I didn't know they knew how to make tamales in Beverly Hills!

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
Stupid. You know she's from right here fool.

ANGEL  
Ha ha! You know I'm just messing with you... Calmate mijo.

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
You stupid man...

Keys JINGLE outside the door; it opens.

ANGEL  
(jokingly)  
I still think she's bougie.

At this same time Angel's girlfriend CARMEN, an attractive young Mexican/Guatemalan girl in her early 20's enters the apartment.



CARMEN (O.S.)  
Papi, I'm home.

She enters the living room and notices Angel sitting alone on the couch.

CARMEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Oh, hey Angel.

ANGEL  
What's good girl?

CARMEN  
The usual, you know. Hey, where's Antonio?

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
Hey Mama, I'm in the room. I'll be right there.

INT. ANTONIO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonio puts Carlito's gun inside one of his dresser drawers then comes back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonio enters the living room, gives Carmen a quick kiss and starts checking his e-mail from his laptop.

CARMEN  
So, that creepy dude was at our office trying to leave his script for my boss again...

Antonio pretends to pay attention to her, but it's obvious that he is very concerned with his laptop. He suddenly cuts her off mid-sentence

ANTONIO  
Oh shit!

CARMEN  
What? What is it?

ANGEL  
Yeah, what's all the excitement about?

ANTONIO  
My script made it to the final round!

ANGEL

Of what?

ANTONIO

This screenwriting contest I entered. Now a panel of experts are gonna read it and take a vote on it.

CARMEN

That's what's up baby! I told you!

ANGEL

Shit, that's great news bro. Angel gives his younger brother a handshake and quick hug.

ANGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But whether it wins or not, you're still gonna blow up.

ANTONIO

Thanks bro.

ANGEL

No seriously. I've been talking to the boss man about you.

ANTONIO

About me? For what?

ANGEL

About putting up some dough to put one of your movies out.

CARMEN

Baby, I'm gonna get out of these work clothes.

ANTONIO

Cool, go get comfortable. Antonio waits until she gets to the bedroom and closes the door before he continues talking.

ANTONIO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't know Angel. Mr. Oliva is a straight up mobster. I don't know if I can hang. You feel me?

ANGEL  
 Man, don't worry about that shit  
 lil' bro. I know how to handle them  
 fools.

ANTONIO  
 Yeah?

ANGEL  
 Yeah, you're riding with a real  
 boss right here.

Angel chuckles as he messes up Antonio's hair and gets up  
 from the couch.

ANGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Anyways, that's what big brothers  
 are for. Estoy bien o mal?  
 (Am I right or wrong?)

ANTONIO  
 You out?

ANGEL  
 Yeah, I'm out.

Antonio also stands up and walks Angel to the door. They give  
 each other a quick pound and a hug.

ANGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Watch, mark my words though, you'll  
 make it big, even if my life  
 depends on it.

ANTONIO  
 Thanks, Bro.

ANGEL  
 Always.

Angel leaves the apartment.

ANGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Later Carmen!

CARMEN (O.S.)  
 Later Angel!

I/E. DELI/UNMARKED VEHICLE - DAY

Two Organized Crime Unit detectives walk side-by-side. LOUIS  
 MAISONETTE is a veteran, light-skinned, sharp-dressed Puerto  
 Rican man in his late 30's.

ANGELA SARADONTO is his partner, an Italian/Mexican woman in her late 20's who exudes a unique combination of sexual energy and hard core street smarts. Maisonette OPENS the door for his partner Saradonto.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
I see chivalry isn't dead.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
(jokingly)  
Yeah, yeah...Just get in.

She slides into her seat as he walks around the back of the car and sits in the driver's seat. Maisonette hands Saradonto a cup of coffee and a bagel from a brown paper bag.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Coffee light and sweet - just the way you like it; and a plain bagel with extra cream cheese.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Thanks.

Saradonto indulges in her coffee and bagel. Maisonette sips his very hot coffee.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Well, looks like we've got our work cut out for us.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
You mean these two things from last night?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
I'm afraid so. You think they're connected?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
I don't know. One's an obvious gang thing, but the other one looked professional.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah, I get the guys at the handball court; they were obviously active and were probably bound to get it at some point. But the Garcia couple? And with their child in the house?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Did you run Mr. Garcia's sheet?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
 Yeah, traffic stops...driving with  
 suspended license a few years  
 back...a few speeding  
 tickets...nothing to explain why he  
 was offed. Ran hers too...clean as  
 a whistle.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
 Yeah, but something about them just  
 doesn't ad up. Regular Joes don't  
 ever get whacked like that. I mean,  
 he did have some money, no? Doesn't  
 he own a restaurant in Pico Rivera?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
 Yeah, Emanuel's, named after his  
 son.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
 Any good?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
 Food sucks, but they'll serve you  
 two Margaritas at 1:59 in the  
 morning...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
 Really?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
 Or so I've heard...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
 (chuckling)  
 Then that's where we need to start.  
 Let's see how squeaky clean Mr.  
 Garcia really is.

Maisonette turns on the IGNITION. They drive away.

INT. LEFTY'S OFFICE - DAY

LEFTY HERNANDEZ, is an older Cuban gangster who wears large  
 Rothchild shades, and a white guayabera shirt, and beside him  
 is Lefty's right hand man a rough and tumble type named  
 ALVARO DURAN, who is a short, stocky, Cuban man in his early  
 50s.

Lefty is counting his money and smoking a cigar. There is a  
 gang member blindfolded in the office. He is in the corner  
 mumbling due to his mouth being gagged.

LEFTY

So, Alvaro. Are you sure this is the guy?

ALVARO

Yeah, why?

LEFTY

Because life for him. Will never be the same. As we know it.

ALVARO

(In Spanish)

He can stick his finger up his ass!  
(El se puede meter el dedo  
en el culo!)

LEFTY

Fair enough.

ALVARO

(in Spanish)

Take that muthafucka!  
(Toma cabron!)

Alvaro PISTOL SMACKS him in the head.

LEFTY

I guess business will increase.

ALVARO

Too bad for this pendejo! He won't see any of the fruits.

LEFTY'S VICTIM

(mumbling)

Please! Don't kill me! I got a baby girl! They made me do it! It was the six-tre's! They crazy as fuck!

ALVARO

Yeah! Really?! I'll show you crazy!

Then Alvaro PUNCHES him flush. This KNOCKS him down on his rear. He begins to ball.

LEFTY'S VICTIM

Please! Oh,...God! Forgive me.

LEFTY

Stop begging and pleading! It's very unbecoming of a man! God, will never hear you. What do they want?!

Then Alvaro stands over him. He PUNCHES the snitch again in the face.

ALVARO  
(re: Victim)  
Answer him pendejo!

LEFTY'S VICTIM  
They want some your gun action!

ALVARO  
Really? You got a lot of balls  
trying to run product behind our  
backs!  
(In Spanish re: Lefty)  
Quiere un pedazito?  
(You want a slice?)

LEFTY  
Yeah, why not. I haven't shot  
someone in a long time.

VICTIM  
Please! Don't kill me! I'll do  
anything you want! Please I wanna  
live! Have a heart!

LEFTY  
I loss that along time ago. It's  
been gone for quite some time. Get  
ready to die like a man.

LEFTY'S VICTIM  
Please don't kill me! I can be of  
value!

They both take out pistols. They pull the slides back. They take aim both standing over the gang member.

ALVARO  
(In Spanish)  
Go to hell muthafucka!  
(vete pa la mierda  
cabron!)

They both open FIRE riddling him with bullets. Then as they lower the weapons. Lefty grabs his cigar and takes a pull.

LEFTY  
Get rid of him. Before he stinks up  
the place.

ALVARO  
You got it.

Then Alvaro begins to dispose of the body.

ALVARO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(In Spanish re: gang  
member)  
See? That's what you get for being  
greedy.  
(Viste? Mira lo que te  
paso. Por ser afrentao.)

Then Alvaro begins to drag him away.

INT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carmen reads the e-mail from Antonio's laptop.

CARMEN  
Baby, I need to tell you somethin'.  
But you gotta promise not to trip.  
OK?

ANTONIO  
Yeah, what?

CARMEN  
Well, according to this e-mail, my  
boss is on that panel of experts  
that's gonna be reading your  
script...

ANTONIO  
Hell yeah! So we got the ins on it  
then, or what?

CARMEN  
Ins on what?

ANTONIO  
On the contest. What, you don't  
think your boss would lace up your  
boy?

CARMEN  
That's what I mean, I would be  
scared to even ask him. I just  
started my job there.

ANTONIO  
So what's that got to do with it?  
All you gotta do is slip him the...



CARMEN

...See. Now, stop right there. I already told you how these creeps be coming by trying to leave their scripts and shit... I don't want him to think I'm one of them.

ANTONIO

True, you did say that.

CARMEN

But don't worry Papa, I got ya back. I have another friend who's also on the panel.

ANTONIO

For reals? Who?

CARMEN

My friend Desmond...

ANTONIO

Oh Desmond? You mean your old flame?

CARMEN

Baby, that's ancient history. I only dated him a couple times. And, to keep it real, he ain't my type.

ANTONIO

Oh yeah? So who's your type?

CARMEN

You are Papi.

She gives him a big hug and kiss.

INT. "EL CHAMISOL"/ RICARDO'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Angel enters and greets the Orozcoc and a few other members of their gang. They're all hanging out, smoking blunts, and playing pool. One of the gang members named PAYASO is taking his turn at the pool table, he is the jokester of the crew.

ANGEL

What's good?

PAYASO

Same shit, different day. What's good with you fool?

LUCKY  
 (re: Angel)  
 Grindin'.

ANGEL  
 That's what's up.

TRIGGER  
 (re: Angel)  
 Shit, just taking this fool's  
 money, as usual.

MUNDO  
 (re: Angel)  
 Can't call it, Carnal.

Mundo slaps hands with Angel, just as Payaso STRIKES the cue ball with his pool cue.

PAYASO  
 Man your dumb ass can't call shit  
 anyways.  
 (to the rest of the room)  
 This fool is so dumb, he can't even  
 call his momma on speed dial! Or  
 better yet, this fool owns a smart  
 phone and is still dumb as a  
 muthafucka!

Everyone LAUGHS at Payaso's joke.

MUNDO  
 Man, Fuck you.

PAYASO  
 Calmate mijo.  
 (relax son)  
 Don't get your panties all twisted  
 up!

The crew keeps CRACKING UP. Angel continues to head towards the office.

TRIGGER  
 Man, quit trying to distract  
 yourself from this money you're  
 about to loose.

Trigger begins to take his shot on the pool table.

PAYASO  
 Pssh... Whatever. Do your thing  
 then, fuckin' Paul Newman and shit.

TRIGGER

Alright.

Trigger effortlessly sinks the balls that he had been lining up into their holes.

ANGEL

You crazy. I gotta head in to see the boss.

Angel walks pass the crew towards Ricardo's office. He notices the door is locked, so he KNOCKS on it.

RICARDO (O.S.)

Que paso?

ANGEL

Yo, it's me.

RICARDO (O.S.)

Hold up. Give me a second.

INT. RICARDO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Oliva is sitting with DETECTIVE HIGGINS a well-dressed African-American in his 30s. Detective Higgins is visibly upset, while Ricardo seems very cool and composed.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Man, I thought you were supposed to be laying low.

RICARDO

What do you mean? I've just been hanging out living the square life.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Don't give me that cynical shit Ricardo. You know what the fuck I'm talking about!

RICARDO

I do?

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

That shit that went down at the handball court with them Salvadorians? Then Garcia and his wife get popped in their bed? You don't know shit about any of that, right?

RICARDO

Sounds like a typical night in the neighborhood to me Officer.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

You act like this is a bunch of fun and games, but the O.C.U is gonna start sniffin' around... And if they come sniffing up MY ass, I don't want them smelling YOUR shit! Ya feel me?

RICARDO

If that's the case Detective Higgins, then I don't think it's my shit that you have to worry about.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Man, you know what the fuck I mean!

RICARDO

Just keep your little eyes and ears out there for me, like I pay you too. Everything's gonna be fine.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Well, I can only keep these muthafuckas off you for so long...

Detective Higgins storms out of Ricardo's office and exchanges glances with Angel on his way out. Angel walks in and approaches Ricardo, who is sitting at his desk, LIGHTING a cigar.

RICARDO

(re: Detective Higgins)

La policia son cabrones! I think his ass is so tight from all that coffee he drinks.

Angel and Ricardo chuckle at Ricardo's joke.

ANGEL

(re: Ricardo)

So, everything's done. What you got for me next?

RICARDO

Just lay low for a minute...The Orozcoc will handle the next thing.

ANGEL

What? Did I fuck up or somethin'?

RICARDO

I told you to black that shit out at the house. Why is that little boy still alive?

ANGEL

I didn't see no little boy.

RICARDO

Well he might have seen you. But don't worry about. It's being handled. You gotta refocus. You seem distracted lately.

ANGEL

Nah, I ain't distracted Mr. Oliva.

RICARDO

Mira, just go take a little break. Lay up with one of your little hynas for a couple days. Shit is about to start getting busy. I need you at the top of your game.

ANGEL

Man, I ain't never off my game.

Angel gets up and exits the office. He seems frustrated.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Carmen and Desmond sit at a table in the back of the bar. The room is dark, with low lighting in some areas. A mixture of R&B and Jazz PLAYS for the crowd. DESMOND SANDOVICH, is a handsome young Jewish guy in his late 20's, who is quite powerful and successful. He comes off pompous and arrogant.

DESMOND

So, how are things at the new job? Have you settled in yet?

CARMEN

Yeah, it's been really cool. I still get a little star struck from time to time... You know? With the type of clients my boss has.

DESMOND

Haha! Yeah, I guess that's to be expected. How is your boss anyway? Tell old Mr. Cintron I said "Que pasa" next time you see him. OK?

CARMEN

Um, yeah... I will for sure.

DESMOND

So, what's this little meeting about? Have you finally seen the light?

CARMEN

Stop it.

DESMOND

Have you finally gotten over eating ramen noodles in a loft with some starving artist?

CARMEN

Jesus, Desmond...

DESMOND

Are you finally ready to start shopping on Rodeo Drive instead of the Santee Alleys?

CARMEN

I knew I shouldn't have even bothered...

Carmen begins gathering her things as if she is about to leave.

DESMOND

No, no...you know I'm just kidding. Don't leave. Don't leave. She stops acting as if she is leaving and settles back down.

DESMOND (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. What are you drinking?

Desmond waves to a waitress nearby.

CARMEN

It's cool. I had a favor I was gonna ask you, but I'm feeling like it may be a stupid idea now...

DESMOND

No, seriously. What's up?

CARMEN

Well, it's about my boyfriend Antonio.

DESMOND

Uh oh. What? Does Mr. Antonio need a job? That's easy! I'll just call someone in Admin, and get him dialed in with the janitorial staff right away!

CARMEN

You really do enjoy being an asshole don't you?

DESMOND

I'm just kidding. Now, tell me. How can I help good old Antonio?

CARMEN

Well, there's this local screenwriting competition that your firm is part of.

DESMOND

Yeah, I know the one.

CARMEN

Well, Antonio entered it and moved on to the final round... so I was hoping that maybe you could put in a good word for him, or something.

DESMOND

Aw man... Well, if he's any good, then maybe I can say something. But I can't put my name behind some fucking hack, just because one of my old flames asks me to as a favor, Carmen...

CARMEN

Look, I know better than that. I wouldn't even be here if I didn't really believe in him. He's good. Trust me. Plus, you do sort of owe me... Don't you think?

DESMOND

Owe you? For what?

CARMEN

Umm, for being a douche bag while we dated. And do I have to mention the other stuff?

DESMOND

Oh yeah...would it have made a difference if she wasn't your room mate?

Carmen gives him a big smile as she begins to gather her things and stand up from the table.

CARMEN

Bye Desmond.

She stands over him getting ready to make her exit.

CARMEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Just do something nice for someone besides yourself for once in your life. OK?

DESMOND

Don't worry. Your boy is as good as gold. I'll make a call for him right now.

CARMEN

Thanks Des, I knew there was a real person somewhere deep down inside of you.

As she walks away from the table, Desmond reaches into his jacket, pulls out his cell phone, and makes a call. NIKKI, a Receptionist at his agency, ANSWERS.

NIKKI/RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Sandovich and Associates. This is Nikki, speaking. How may I help you?

DESMOND

(into phone)  
Nikki, how are you?

NIKKI/RECEPTIONIST

I'm good Desmond. What can I do for you?



DESMOND

Yeah, I need you to do me a favor. There's some clown named Antonio who's in that contest that we're sponsoring. I need to make sure he doesn't...

Desmond's voice becomes muffled behind the ambiance of the crowd.

INT ANTONIO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Antonio is reading his e-mails while Carmen gets ready for work. He JUMPS up from his computer visibly upset.

ANTONIO

God dammit!

CARMEN

What's wrong baby?

ANTONIO

I just got an e-mail from the panel. They sayin' my script has been plagiarized.

CARMEN

What do they mean?

ANTONIO

It means that they think I stole the content from somewhere else and now they're disqualifying me from the contest!

CARMEN

But you didn't steal any of that. Did you?

ANTONIO

Did I, what? Don't you see what's going on? This shit happened because of that bitch-ass Desmond! That muthafucka still got a thing for you! I'm telling you!

CARMEN

No, I don't think it could be Desmond. He said he was going to help.

ANTONIO

Are you serious Mama? You don't see this shit? One minute I'm in the contest and they're asking to interview me, then you go ask for this guys help, and now all of the sudden they want to throw me out? This is bullshit!

CARMEN

I'll talk to my boss. Maybe he can smooth it over with committee or something. I really doubt it was Desmond. I don't think he'd stoop that low.

ANTONIO

Don't even bother! You did enough damage with talkin' to that bitchass ex-man of yours!

CARMEN

Baby, I gotta get going to work, but please don't let me leave you this mad.

ANTONIO

Just go to work. I'll be fine.

She motions to give him a hug or a kiss, but he just stares off out the window of the apartment, which seems to hurt her feelings. She OPENS the door and exits the apartment. As the door CLOSES behind her, Antonio continues sitting and staring out of the window.

INT. LOBBY OF DESMOND'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Antonio approaches Desmond as he comes out of the elevator and heads toward the parking lot.

ANTONIO

Yo, are you Desmond? Desmond is on a call.

DESMOND

(into phone)

Hey, hold on real quick.

He takes his ear of the phone.

DESMOND (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Yes, I'm Desmond. Who wants to know?

ANTONIO  
Carmen's boyfriend, Antonio Perez.

DESMOND  
(into phone)  
Uh, let me call you back in just a  
sec. OK?

Desmond hangs up the phone.

DESMOND (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
So, how can I help you Carmen's  
boyfriend, Antonio Perez?

ANTONIO  
You know what I'm here about.  
Carmen asked you to help me the  
other day, and now all of the  
sudden I'm being kicked out of the  
contest. A funny coincidence, no?

DESMOND  
Coincidence? What, you think that I  
had something to do with you being  
kicked out of that contest?  
You think I'd actually waste a  
fucking nanosecond of my time on  
even talking to someone about you?  
Let alone risk my job and  
reputation to get you kicked out of  
some amateur contest? Get the hell  
out of my way.

ANTONIO  
Wow, you sure do an amazing job of  
playing it off, but I know when  
someone is bull shitting me, and  
it's written all over your face.

DESMOND  
Whatever.

ANTONIO  
If you'd just admit it, I wouldn't  
think you were such a bitch.

DESMOND  
Look, don't try come blame the guy  
in the suit because the kid from  
the hood couldn't cut the mustard,  
and got himself kicked out of his  
little contest...

ANTONIO

Man, fuck you! I didn't get myself kicked out of that damn contest!

DESMOND

You'd better calm down, or I'll have you thrown the fuck out of here and back to East LA or wherever you came from!

ANTONIO

Ha! It just eats you alive that she got away, doesn't it? That one little chick from the ghetto that you couldn't win over with your fancy car, and stuck up friends, huh?

DESMOND

Whatever Mr. Perez... Oh, by the way, does she still make those funny little faces and, curl her toes before getting off? Believe me, she was one of many... many.

ANTONIO

Man, I should slap the shit outta...

Then Antonio flexes like he's about to punch Desmond's lights out. Desmond cowers in fear.

ANTONIO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

See! Exactly like I said. You're a straight up pussy!

Desmond stays curled up in fear, as Antonio turns around and makes his way out of the lobby.

DESMOND

(re: Antonio through door)  
I'm not afraid of you. You lawn mowing piece of shit!

EXT. BUS STOP, STREET CORNER - LATE AFTERNOON

Antonio is waiting for a bus to ride back to his neighborhood, when gets a phone call from Angel.

POV - CELL PHONE SCREEN IT READS: INCOMING CALL ANGEL

Antonio answers the call.

ANTONIO  
(into phone)  
What's good bro?

ANGEL (V.O.)  
You know how it is. I'm on my  
grind. What's good wit'cha? You  
sound stressed out.

ANTONIO  
Nah, nuthin'.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
C'mon lil' man. You talkin' to me.  
What's goin' down?

ANTONIO  
Well, remember I told you that  
Carmen's ex-man hated on me on this  
contest?

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Yeah, and I told you he could eat a  
dick.

Antonio laughs.

ANTONIO  
Well, that shit kept eating me up,  
so I went to his office to  
straighten his ass out right now.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Oh, shit! Not my lil' bro playin'  
it like a straight gee!

ANTONIO  
I guess its in the blood. Hahaha...

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Man, fuck that fool. Don't even  
trip on that shit...Just come  
through the bar right now". I got a  
surprise for you.

ANTONIO  
A surprise? What kind of surprise?

ANGEL (V.O.)  
I've got three fine as hynas here  
that all want to suck yo dick!

ANTONIO

What?!?!?!!

ANGEL

Hahaha! Just get your ass over here!

Angel hangs up, and Antonio continues to wait for his bus.

INT. EL CHAMISOL/RICARDO'S OFFICE - LATE EVENING

Antonio arrives to the club and is greeted by an excited and happy Angel who introduces him to some of the crew, some of the guys he knows, some of them he doesn't. Then they begin walking towards Ricardo's office.

INT. EL CHAMISOL / RICARDO'S OFFICE / HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Ricardo is with a beautiful and voluptuous MIGDALIA RODRIGUEZ, a young Mexican woman in her 20s. Migdalia and Ricardo are in an embrace, and begin to kiss. Then suddenly, Ricardo stops. He pulls away from the kiss, and stares into Migdalia's eyes.

RICARDO

You are mine. And only mine.

MIGDALIA

All yours Papi. Every last inch of this.

Then she SMACKS her backside. This leaves Ricardo almost in a daze. Ricardo goes over to his desk, and OPENS the drawer pulling out a thick wad of cash.

RICARDO

There's at least four or five stacks right here. This should be enough for your little shopping spree. Es suficiente?  
(Is that enough?)

MIGDALIA

Yes, Papi. That's definitely good enough for now.

RICARDO

Give me some sugar. (**DAME UN POQUITO DE DULCE**)

MIGDALIA

Toma, Papi chulo.

She gives him a quick peck on the lips in a seductive fashion, then begins to exit the office. As she OPENS the door, she bumps into Angel and Antonio who are standing out front about to enter the room

INT. RICARDO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ricardo is in his office smoking a cigar and looks up to acknowledge Angel and Antonio.

ANGEL

Hey Mr. Oliva, here's that special guest you were asking to meet.

Angel walks Antonio over to Mr. Oliva as he rises from behind his desk and extends his hand to shake Antonio's.

RICARDO

Ah, so this is your little hermanito.

(**brother**)

The boy with the golden pen, huh?

ANTONIO

Mr. Oliva. Its an honor to meet you Sir.

RICARDO

Likewise Antonio. Angel, here has told me a lot of good things about you. Please. Have a seat.

ANTONIO

Thank you.

RICARDO

Now, let me cut to the chase.

ANTONIO

The floor is yours, literally.

RICARDO

I like that. A good sense of humor. So here it is. Angel, has been telling me that you're one step away from being a big famous movie writer right now.

ANTONIO

Well, I wouldn't go that far...

ANGEL

Don't listen to him Mr. Oliva . He still don't believe in himself, but I've been reading his stuff ever since he was a little kid, and he's the shit!

RICARDO

Haha! It's OK Antonio, you don't have to be so humble. I'm sure you're very talented.

ANTONIO

Thank you, sir.

RICARDO

The thing is Antonio, I've seen some crazy shit in my life. Shit that a kid as young as yourself could never imagine. Shit that will make you question the value of man.

ANTONIO

I understand.

RICARDO

Well, what I'm getting at is that I've always wanted to write these things down... maybe even make movies about them. But I'm no writer. I could barely write my hyna a letter from the pen.

ANTONIO

Uh huh.

RICARDO

But you! You can write this stuff for me!

ANTONIO

Oh, I see what you're getting at.

RICARDO

See Antonio, it's time we take our business out of the 'hood and into Hollywood!

The three all LAUGH in unison together.



RICARDO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Seriously though, I want to start making movies and you are going to write them for me.

ANTONIO  
Wow, Mr. Oliva I'm honored that you would even consider me for something like this... But you do know that producing movies is pretty expensive, right? I mean, it can cost hundred of thousands... even millions of dollars just to make one small film.

RICARDO  
You don't even worry about that part hermanito . We'll handle the money. Just make sure you can start being around here on the regular, so that we can write down these stories. You'll be under my wing. Everything will be taken care of for you and nobody can fuck with you.

ANTONIO  
Wow! Mr. Oliva, I don't even know what to say. I mean, can I get back to you on this? I'm still trying to straighten some things out with this contest that I was disqualified from.

ANGEL  
Man, I told you not to even bother with that bullshit.

RICARDO  
What contest?

ANTONIO  
Well, I had been moved to the final round of this writing contest, but this dude Desmond Sandovich, who owns at Sandovich & Associates hated on me, and got me disqualified.

RICARDO  
Why would this guy hate on you like that?

ANGEL

Because he used to go out with Antonio's girl and still has the hots for her.

ANTONIO

Yeah, something like that.

RICARDO

Pinche gavacho. Don't worry about that motherfucker. He won't be a problem to you anymore. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a few things I need to handle.

Antonio begins to rise from his seat, and extends his hand. Ricardo shakes it.

ANTONIO

No problem at all Mr. Oliva. Thank you, for believin' in me. Then they release the handshake.

RICARDO

OK, now. I have something for you.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Ricardo goes into his pocket and hands Antonio a stack of dollar bills.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

What's this? I can't accept that.

RICARDO

Yes, you can. And you will. Get some new clothes. If you're going to be a part of The Familia, then you got to look and dress the part. Sharp and to the nines. (IN SPANISH) Understand my friend. (Entiendes?)

ANTONIO

Yes, I understand. (**Si, lo entiendo Jefe**)

RICARDO

OK, Antonio. I will see you soon. Angel, take him out to get his clothes.

ANGEL  
C'mon bro. We gotta get you flossed  
up.

Angel and Antonio exit the office.

INT. EL CHAMISOL - BAR AREA - NIGHT

The Orozco Brothers play pool and hang with a couple other thugs smoking blunts and drinking beers. Mr. Oliva enters the room.

RICARDO  
I need you fools to do something  
for me.

LUCKY  
What's up Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO  
I need for you to send a little  
message.

LUCKY  
Sin problema.  
(**Without a problem**)  
To who?

RICARDO  
To a gentleman that goes by the  
name of Desmond Sandovich . He's  
some hotshot in the film industry.

LUCKY  
OK.

RICARDO  
Tell him make sure that Antonio  
Perez is back in that contest by  
tomorrow morning, and to back the  
fuck off of him from now on.

Then Mundo suddenly INTERJECTS.

MUNDO  
(re: Ricardo)  
And what if he doesn't want to  
cooperate?

Trigger quickly answers the misguided question.

TRIGGER

Then I assume we light his ass up!  
Right, Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO

Yeah, but assumption is the leading  
cause of a fuck up! So don't do  
anything stupid. Am I clear?

THE OROZCOS

Yes sir.

RICARDO

Handle it.

The guys begin exiting the bar, but Ricardo calls Lucky back  
in once the others have gone.

RICARDO (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Lucky!

LUCKY (O.S.)

What's up?

Lucky comes back inside the bar.

RICARDO

Have you set up the meeting with  
Hernandez?

LUCKY

Yeah, his people said to come by  
the spot tomorrow in the evening.

RICARDO

Cool.

Lucky exits his office. Ricardo pulls out a cigar and LIGHTS  
it up. Then he begins to ponder in deep thought.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF DESMOND'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Desmond and DARNEL, a very tall and muscular man, exit his  
office building and walk toward his car. He is on his cell  
while the body guard looks around the lot. He stays close to  
Desmond, while surveying the area. The Orozco Brothers walk  
towards the pair.

LUCKY

You Desmond Sandovich?

DESMOND

Who wants to know now?

LUCKY

We're here on behalf of Antonio Perez and Ricardo Oliva, and I'm here to send a message.

DESMOND

Such as?

LUCKY

You'd better make sure that Antonio is back in that context by tomorrow morning, and back the fuck up off of him from now on, or you're gonna have a serious problem.

DESMOND

Man! I'm not scared of you fucking wet backs! Darnel do what I pay you for!

DARNEL

Fuck this!

The bodyguard gets in a tussle with Mundo, the largest of the Orozco Brothers. They exchange PUNCHES, KICKS and everything in between. Then suddenly the fight HITS the ground. The two wrestle around and the bodyguard gets Mundo into some sort of headlock.

TRIGGER

Mundo! What the fuck you doin'! You supposed to be handlin' him!

MUNDO

Fuck you! I got this!

DESMOND (O.S.)

See! I told you! I have no need to fear you assholes!

TRIGGER

C'mon Fool! Put his ass out!

LUCKY

(re: Mundo)

Handle this muthafucka already!

Trigger, the smallest of the Orozco Brothers, begins to get impatient and embarrassed with his bigger brother's inability to subdue the bodyguard and reaches into his jacket.

TRIGGER

Man! Fuck all this shit!

He pulls out a gun and puts one shot into the bodyguard's head. Everyone jumps back in shock.

LUCKY

What the fuck did you do that for!?

TRIGGER

I was tired of seein' dumb-ass here gettin' his ass handed to em'!

DESMOND

Hey! Wait a minute Man! Let's talk this over! Come on man! Shit! Can't we work something out? I have money... let me give you some money.

LUCKY

Sorry, Holmes. You know how this goes from here.

Lucky reaches into his jacket and pulls out a black 9mm pistol.

DESMOND

Alright! Shit! It doesn't have to go down like this! I didn't see shit! I swear! I'll say it was a car-jack!

LUCKY

Nope. I watch enough "First 48" to know I can't be leavin' no witnesses behind!

Then Lucky puts one bullet in Desmond's head. Mundo finally catches his breath after being stuck in the bodyguard's chokehold.

MUNDO

Fuck this muthafucka too!

And then lets off one round into the bodyguard's lifeless body.

TRIGGER

(re: Mundo)

Stupid.

They all begin to walk away, get inside their vehicle and drive off.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Migdalia is basking in all of her glory. She is on top of someone, riding them like a stallion. She MOANS in sheer pleasure.

MIGDALIA

Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! That's good  
Papi! You hittin' my spot!

Migdalia continues to ride, and begins to gyrate. She is close to climaxing.

MIGDALIA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh, my God! I'm comin'. I'm comin'  
Papi! Don't stop! Don't stop!

She reaches her climax.

MIGDALIA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh, my God! That's was the best!

Then Angel sits up into frame and kisses her passionately. She has been riding him the entire time.

ANGEL

I aim to please Mama.

He pulls her in close as they kiss one last deep kiss, then she rolls off of him and they both lay in the bed, side-by-side staring at the ceiling. Then suddenly Angel STOPS and turns to her.

MIGDALIA

What's wrong Papi?

(MORE)

ANGEL

Look Migdalia we got a good thing  
here...

MIGDALIA

OK, and?...

ANGEL

... I'm tired of creepin' behind  
Ricardo's back. I'm tired of goin'  
to the club and, and seein' you  
walking out his office. Only God  
knows what's going on in there.

MIGDALIA

What's going on is me playin' the  
game.

MIGDALIA(cont'd)

If you can't handle the pressure  
then we need to ease up for awhile  
'cause if Ricardo finds this shit  
out, he'll kill us both for sure.

ANGEL

He ain't killing shit.

Then he begins to grab her ass.

MIGDALIA

You crazy as hell Angel!

ANGEL

That's why you into a cat like me.  
Like they say, 'All work and no  
play makes Jack a dull boy'.  
Ricardo's ass is Jack; and my name  
is 'Play' ma.

Angel leans back in the bed.

ANGEL (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I just gotta keep the game goin'.  
Then we out.

Then Migdalia lays next to him.

MIGDALIA

You're talking about a pretty big  
risk.

ANGEL

With no risk. - There's no reward.  
Look. I gotta plan to make us some  
extra feria. Then we can bounce.  
Disappear mamita. You feel me?

Migdalia puts her head on his chest. Then she begins to run  
her fingers across his chest.

MIGDALIA

I do. But why the sudden importance  
over money? I'm satisfied with what  
I got.

ANGEL

Yeah, with my verga.  
(dick)  
And Ricardo's money!

Migdalia is turned off by the comment.



MIGDALIA

What the fuck was that all about?!

Angel begins to prop himself upward, realizing how messed up that statement sounded.

ANGEL

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! It came out wrong. I didn't mean to say it like that.

MIGDALIA

That sure as hell did come out wrong!

ANGEL

Like I said. I'm sorry. You forgive me mama?

(Beat)

It's just the fact that he's puttin' his hands all over you, that keeps fuckin' me up!

MIGDALIA

Yeah, I understand Baby. But realistically, you stole my attention and love from him in the first place.

ANGEL

True that. But like I was sayin' before I gotta plan. I just gotta do it on the low. No pun intended.

She SMACKS him on the arm playfully.

MIGDALIA

Yeah, whateva!

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT

Carmen and Antonio exit an upscale restaurant, full from an amazing meal. The two walk hand in hand, buzzed by the night air and their loving company.

CARMEN

Wow, that was so amazing!

ANTONIO

Well, get used to it mama, cuz we're gonna be eating like that every night from now on!

CARMEN

Baby, can I ask you somethin'?

ANTONIO

Sure. What's on your mind?

CARMEN

Why the sudden change of heart?

ANTONIO

What do you mean?

CARMEN

Well, just yesterday you were crazy wound up and ready to kill Desmond, and now it's like as if nothing ever happened.

ANTONIO

What's wrong with that?

CARMEN

Well, nothing... but it almost seems like you don't even care about the contest anymore... and you have on these fly new clothes? Taking me out to fancy dinners?

I mean, I don't want to seem ungrateful, but this all just seems kind of weird.

ANTONIO

So what? You suspicious of where all this stuff is coming from?

(MORE)

CARMEN

Yeah, you can say that.

ANTONIO

Man, I don't even care about that contest shit anymore. I'm gonna be real with you. OK?

CARMEN

Yes, please do.

ANTONIO

Look mama, my brother just introduced me to his boss Mr. Oliva, and he wants to start payin' me to write his life stories out into screenplays and shit.

ANTONIO(cont'd)

And he's even gonna get money to start producing my movies! I'm gonna start making some serious dough!

CARMEN

Whoah Antonio! I know who the fuck Mr. Oliva is. Do you?

ANTONIO

I know how it sounds, but just hear me out.

CARMEN

No Baby, I know how it may sound to you, but you're not like those guys.

CARMEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Maybe your brother can hang around them, but you're not like that!

ANTONIO

Look, it's not like I'm trying to be some fuckin' gangster! This is strictly business. I'm just thinking of my career here.

CARMEN

Baby, if it's about your career, then let me just talk to my boss for you. I know he can get you back in the contest.

ANTONIO

Fuck that! And fuck that contest too! I don't need you trying to fix everything, like you did with Desmond! And I'm not some little weakling that can't take care of himself!

CARMEN

Antonio, please listen to me... I love you, and I don't give a shit if we live the rest of our life in that tiny ass apartment, broke as hell. But I will not live my life worrying every five seconds if you're gonna be killed or thrown in prison for associating with those low lives.

ANTONIO

My brother is one of those low  
lives... and that's the only family  
I even have left.

CARMEN

That's not what I meant...

ANTONIO

Whateva! I'm out. I thought you'd  
be happy for me, but you just think  
I'm weak.

Antonio turns around and begins walking in the opposite  
direction down the street, he is visibly upset, and Carmen  
begins tearing up. She pulls out her cell, and DIALS her  
friend Lynette.

LYNETTE JENKINS (V.O.)

What's good ma?

CARMEN

(into phone)

Lynette, I think I just fucked up!

LYNETTE JENKINS (V.O.)

What happened?

CARMEN

I think I might have just really  
set Antonio off. Can you just stop  
by the apartment in the morning  
after he leaves for work? I need  
one of your famous therapy  
sessions.

LYNETTE JENKINS (V.O.)

Don't worry, that's what friends  
are for. See you in the mornin'.

Carmen ends the call and begins to walk off.

INT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Carmen is in the kitchen. She is POURING some coffee into  
some cups, when suddenly there's a KNOCK on the door. She  
walks towards the door and OPENS it. It's LYNETTE JENKINS, a  
spunky and voluptuous African- American woman in her late  
20s. She is Carmen's closest friend. She has a brown paper  
bag in her hand.

LYNETTE JENKINS

What's good boo?

CARMEN  
The usual, tryin' to figure life  
out.

LYNETTE JENKINS  
I hear that.

Carmen helps her with the bag.

LYNETTE JENKINS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You made my favorite?

CARMEN  
Yeah, your cafe-con-leche.  
(coffee with steamed milk)  
I just finished pourin' the cups.

LYNETTE JENKINS  
That's good.

They walk over to the kitchen and get comfortable. They take  
a couple egg sandwiches out of the bag that Lynette brought.

LYNETTE JENKINS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
OK, ma. Give it to me. What  
happened?

Carmen takes a SIP of her coffee.

CARMEN  
I think I really fucked up.

LYNETTE JENKINS  
How?

CARMEN  
I passed Antonio's script to my ex-  
man Desmond.

LYNETTE JENKINS  
Girl!!!! You crazy as hell! How you  
gonna do that?!

CARMEN  
I just thought...

LYNETTE JENKINS  
...You thought what?

CARMEN  
That If I did that. It would help  
somehow.

LYNETTE JENKINS

I know your intentions were pure.  
But...

CARMEN

...But what?

LYNETTE JENKINS

Put ya self in his shoes. That's  
like him askin' his ex-girl, to put  
in a good word for you to help you  
get a gig.

CARMEN

All I wanted to do was help him. I  
didn't want this to drive us apart.

LYNETTE JENKINS

Sometimes ya gotta let a man be a  
man and feel like one. It's their  
pride; without that, he's stripped  
of his essence. Ya feel me?

CARMEN

Yeah, I do. I still feel like a  
fuck up!

LYNETTE JENKINS

Don't blame ya self. Things have a  
way of workin' themselves out.

Then Lynette puts her hand over Carmen's to reassure her.

LYNETTE JENKINS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Don't worry. Let's eat. We'll  
figure somethin' out.

Then they begin to indulge in their breakfast.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF DESMOND'S OFFICE. - DAY

Detective Higgins surveys the crime scene and speaks with his  
peers about it. This occurs in AD-LIB. Then suddenly  
Detectives Maisonette and Saradonto arrive to the scene and  
also begin surveying it.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

(re: Maisonette &  
Saradonto)

Hey, what are you two doin' here?  
Organized crime rarely comes out to  
play on a homicide. Me and my boys  
got this.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Haven't you heard the news?

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
What news?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Well, with the sudden rise in the death toll. Things look like they've gotten out of hand out here.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
Really? Looks to me like the usual. It's a rival and territorial dispute. Unfortunately. People get killed all the time. Isn't that a fact Detectives Maisonette and Saradonto?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
That is true. Detective Higgins. It does normally occur that way. But. - Looks can be deceiving. So as law enforcement. We can't leave any stone unturned.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
Understood Detective.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Has anybody asked to see the surveillance footage from the office building?

Saradonto looks on puzzled as too why nobody recovered it yet. She begins to shake her head. Maisonette also looks on in amazement.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
Guys! Has somebody recovered the tape yet?!

Then nobody answers.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Well, somebody get me the God damn tape! Now!

One of the officers on scene heads off to retrieve it.

INT. EL RINCON DE LA HABANA / LEFTY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Angel and Mr. Oliva enter the club and are greeted by the Orozco brothers who are already there.

LUCKY  
What's good my gee? What's poppin'?

ANGEL  
You know I can't call it.

LUCKY  
Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO  
OK, let's get to it. I'm gonna walk ahead.

LUCKY  
No, problem.

Ricardo begins to walk towards the office.

LUCKY (cont'd)  
Listen, Angel. Do me a solid?

ANGEL  
What's good?

LUCKY  
Stay here with these fools real quick. Me and Mr. Oliva gotta talk with Lefty for a minute. You know the drill my gee. First impressions or whatever.

ANGEL  
Fo' reals? That's that bullshit!

LUCKY  
Politics Ese. Politics. Nuthin' personal.

ANGEL  
Whatever Holmes.

Ricardo motions for Lucky to come over, then calls out to Angel.

RICARDO  
(Re: Angel)  
Stay there. This won't take long.



Angel nods in accordance. Ricardo and Lucky begin walking towards the office. Trigger and Mundo walk over and start talking to Angel.

TRIGGER

What's good witchu Angel?

ANGEL

Same ole' shit. Just anutha day.

TRIGGER

I feel you. Yo Angel, I need a favor?

ANGEL

What's good?

TRIGGER

I need you to show this fool, some of that kung fu shit you know.

ANGEL

What Kali?

FELIX

Yeah, cuz his ass got mopped up the other night!

MUNDO

(Re: Felix)

Man, fuck you!

Mundo playfully puts his brother Felix in a head lock.

INT. LEFTY HERNANDEZ'S BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lefty is sitting behind his desk while Ricardo is seated directly in front of him. Both men are smoking cigars with drinks in front of them.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

No, offense Mr. Oliva. I am a very busy man. So please tell me the purpose of your visit?

RICARDO

I appreciate you giving me some of your time Mr. Hernandez. Allow me to explain. See, it's well understood that you control the heroin flow over here on the south side.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

That's what they say. So, what's your point?

RICARDO

Now, I know that you stay out of downtown and the east side because you've had problems with the El Salvadoreans. And the truth is, I don't do much business over here on the south side, because of these Crips running their little crack game.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Well it's true, These Salvi's have been a pain in my ass for the last couple of years. They've really cut into my business, But I don't have the muscle to go against them, There's just too many of those motherfuckers.

RICARDO

Exactly.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

And these Crips. They stay out of my way as long as I kick up every so often...But I'm tired of getting taxed by theses fucking mayates!

RICARDO

Well, see senor Hernandez? We have common enemies. Which makes us...like family.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Haha! So what are you thinking Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO

Well, let's just say that i have a plan to take the thorns out of our sides. All I want from you is control of the yayo flow in your area, once these fucking Crips are out of the picture.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

That sounds fine to me. OK, but what's the catch?

Ricardo smirks at his question.

RICARDO  
There's always a catch, right?

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
You don't think I've lasted this long in the game, without knowing how to play it, do you Mr. Oliva?

Then suddenly there's a KNOCK on the door.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ (cont'd)  
(Re: Ricardo)  
Excuse, me.  
(Through door)  
Come in!

Then Alvaro and Lucky walk in. They have a snitch badly beaten to a pulp. He is in oblivion. He's walked into the office.

LUCKY  
Lefty, I found out!...

Then Lucky SMACKS him in the head hard.

LUCKY (cont'd)  
... Lefty, I found out. This son-of-a-bitch! Was working out a deal with ATF. One of my guys let me know about it today.

LEFTY  
Good job. I am pleased.

SNITCH  
Please! Oh,...God! Don't kill me!  
It ain't true! I didn't say anything! Not a word Mr. Hernandez!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
Really? That's yet to be seen. The true essence of a man... Is shown at the time of his demise.

RICARDO  
Yes, it's sad but true.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
(RE: ALVARO)  
When did you find out exactly?

LUCKY  
About an hour ago.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
(Re: Ricardo)  
There's nothing like fresh  
intelligence. It's real reliable.  
Don't you agree Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO  
That I do.

ALVARO  
What do you wanna do with him?

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
Stand him over there.

Alvaro stands him against the wall. The snitch is terrified.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ (cont'd)  
Gag him.

The victim tries to struggle but then Lucky PUMMELS on him.  
Then they gag him.

LUCKY  
Shut the fuck up! You bitch-ass  
muthafucka!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
Pull out the plastic.

Ricardo looks on. All he can do is shake his head.

ALVARO  
It's time for...  
(In Spanish)  
a cleaning motherfucker!  
(**Una limpieza cabron!**)

Alvaro pulls out a plastic tarpe. Then he backs away from  
it.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
(Re: Snitch)  
You have three seconds to tell me  
the truth. One...two...

SNITCH  
Please! No!!!!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Three!

Then Lefty SHOTS him dead! Then the snitch conveniently falls right into the plastic. The Lucky begins to wrap him up like meat at a butcher shop.

LUCKY

That's what you get for being a snitch cabron!

Then Lefty hands the gun to Alvaro. Then they begin to drag the snitch out.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Forgive me for the intrusion. So that's to let you know. I can still play the game. - When need be. Entiendes?(Understand)

RICARDO

Entendido caballero.  
(Understood sir)  
And I'd be a fool to think otherwise Mr. Hernandez.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Good. - I'm glad. We understand one another. So what type of compensation you want Mr. Oliva?

RICARDO

Well, as payment for exterminating your pests, I'd like you to cut me in on your gun trade, and also arm my men with ~~(MORE)~~ heavy fire power, so that we can start getting these motherfuckers out of your way.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Hell, if you can get theses pieces of shit out of my way, and I can get my business back to where it used to be, I'll give you just about anything you want!

RICARDO

So, these are conditions that we can both live with?

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Yes, Mr. Oliva. I will get you some fire power right away.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ(cont'd)

Just make sure those fucking  
Salvi's are out of my way for good,  
and you and I will be doing  
business for a long time.

They both shake hands, and grab the short tumblers of whiskey  
in front of them.

RICARDO

Salud!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Salud!

They both shoot down the last of their whiskey and slam the  
glasses down on the table.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - (SIX TRE CRIP TERRITORY) -  
HALLWAY - LATE EVENING

Angel, and the Orozco Brothers are all dressed in black.

Payaso stands at the door, and KNOCKS on it.

CRIP #1

Who dat?

PAYASO

Hey Cuz, it's me. Open the door.

CRIP #1

Me? Man, who the fuck is this?

PAYASO

It's Pookie, Cuz. Open the doe. I  
need some muthafuckin' smoke mayne.

Everyone in the hallway tries to contain their laughter at  
Payaso's horrible Crip imitation.

CRIP #1

Man, I don't know who the fuck this  
is, but you better...

Just then Angel KICKS in the door and sends the guy flying  
backwards. Payaso and The Orozcós follow him into the  
apartment, with their guns drawn.

The inhabitants quickly grab for their weapons; one guy runs  
into the kitchen.

Before any of the men inside could aim, Angel and the crew  
open FIRE, killing each of them. Then Angel runs into the  
kitchen, a shot is FIRED at him, it misses.

Angel Returns fire and the Crip falls to the floor. Payaso approaches him, as he lays vulnerably on the floor.

PAYASO

It's time for you motherfuckers to get out. Tell your boss this is all "Familia Salvatrucha" hood now. We're smoking every one of you Six Tre's on site, from now on!

The crew grabs whatever drugs or money they see laying around, and leave..

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENTS - (FAMILIA SALVATRUCHA HOOD)- LATER

A few soldiers from the Familia Salvatrucha (El Slavadorian gang) hang out smoking weed, while a few other members work on a broken down car and others lift weights.

A crack head buys a quick rock from one of the gangsters.

Just then two car loads of Six Tre Crips pulls up, and gun barrels pop out of the windows and OPEN FIRE on the unsuspecting FM Gangsters.

The back door of one of the cars opens, and a Crip jumps out with an AK-47 assault riffle and begins chasing down the few people who haven't been hit yet.

CRIP #2

This straight Six Tre hood muthafucka! Let all yo people know bitch!

Then the Crip points the gun up into the apartment windows and recklessly OPENS FIRE on the unsuspecting families inside.

CRIP #2 (cont'd)

Six Tre Mothafuckas!!!

The crip jumps back in the car, and they SCREECH off..

MONTAGE BEGINS

A) A CRIP IS IN A MINI-MART PAYING FOR A BEVERAGE. TWO FS GANGSTERS WALK IN AND START SHOOTING. GLASS AND BULLETS FLY. BOTH THE CRIP CREW MEMBER AND THE STORE OWNER ARE KILLED.

B) OLIVA'S CREW IS POPPING CHAMPAGNE AT "LA BODEGITA".

C) AN FS GANG MEMBER TALKS TO HIS GIRLFRIEND ON HER PORCH. TWO CRIPS IN A MONTE CARLO PULL UP TO THE CURB AND SHOOT BOTH OF THE COUPLE UP.

D) ANGEL AND ANTONIO POINTING AT SOME JEWELRY AT A STORE. THEN THEY BOTH SPOT WHAT THEY LIKE. THEN THEY WALK INSIDE.

E) THREE CRIPS PLAY BASKETBALL AT A PARK. A VERY PRETTY LATINA GIRL CATCHES THEIR ATTENTION. SHE WALKS TOWARDS THEM. THEY TALK. SHE SMILES. SHE PULLS A NINE FROM HER PURSE AND SHOOTS ALL THREE.

F) ANTONIO, ANGEL, AND THE CREW ARE AT A STRIP CLUB. THEY ARE STICKING DOLLAR BILLS ON THE STRIPPERS. THEN PAYASO SLAPS AND PALMS ONE IN THE ASS. SHE WALKS AWAY WITH A GRIN ON HER FACE. A BOUNCER LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA WALK OVER. THEN ANGEL GIVES HIM THE LOOK. HE BACKS OFF.

G) A CRIP WALKS DOWN THE STREET WITH HIS GIRL, WHO IS PUSHING A BABY CARRIAGE. THEY ALL ENTER AN APARTMENT BUILDING. A CAR LOAD OF FS GANGSTERS IS WATCHING THEM FROM A CAR ACROSS THE STREET. THE GANGSTERS ALL GET OUT OF THE CAR, HOLDING MACHETES IN THEIR HANDS, AND FOLLOW THE FAMILY INTO THE APARTMENT BUILDING.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. CARMEN'S WORKPLACE/MR. CINTRON'S OFFICE - DAY

Carmen is working late and looking a bit upset. She is trying to distract herself from Antonio by working late. Her boss Mr. Cintron notices her as he is leaving and strikes up a conversation with her.

LUIS CINTRON

Carmen, are you alright? You look a little stressed about something. What's up?

CARMEN

Oh, I'm OK, Mr. Cintron. To be honest, I've just been fighting with my boyfriend lately. It's nothing I can't handle.

LUIS CINTRON

Are you sure? If you don't mind me asking? Have I met this young man yet?

Carmen STOPS working momentarily.



CARMEN

No sir, his name is Antonio Perez... if it sounds familiar to you, it's probably because he recently got

CARMEN (cont'd)

kicked off that writing contest that you are judging.

LUIS CINTRON

Kicked out of the contest? Nobody got kicked off the contest. The only thing I recall...was a kid who dropped out of it, simply because he didn't send a response in time.

CARMEN

Really? That's crazy, I thought he got an official e-mail from them.

LUIS CINTRON

I don't know anything about it.

TAMEKA

Mr. Cintron, if it's not too much of a hassle, could you find out the name of the guy who didn't respond in time?

LUIS CINTRON

Yeah, I'm sure I still have the e-mail...

INT. MR. CINTRON'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Cintron sits at his desk, looking through his e-mails as Carmen stands behind him looking over his shoulders.

LUIS CINTRON

OK, I think it's here somewhere... yep, here it is... and yep, the kids name is Antonio Perez.

CARMEN

Oh my God! He was right!

LUIS CINTRON

Right about what? Why didn't he register in time?

CARMEN

Well, it's a pretty long story, but let's just say that someone on the inside is working against him, and made him think that he was disqualified, so he never followed through on it.

LUIS CINTRON

Well, that sucks. But, I'll tell you what I can do. If you can get me a copy of his script, sooner than later, I'll see about getting him reinstated in the contest.

CARMEN

Oh my God Mr. Cintron! You might be saving my life! I have a copy at my desk, let me get it for you.

Carmen exits the room, she returns seconds later with the script in her hands.

CARMEN (cont'd)

Here it is Mr. Cintron.

She HANDS the script to Mr. Cintron.

Mr. Cintron hold the script in his palm and motions as if he is weighing it.

LUIS CINTRON

Feels like a winner. I'll see what I can do.

CARMEN

Thank you Mr. Cintron. Thank you.

Mr. Cintron puts the script on his desk, and Carmen leaves in a rush.

INSERT - SHOT OF TITLE PAGE OF SCRIPT. IT READS:

"DEATH COMES IN THREE'S"

INT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carmen OPENS the door to Antonio's apartment. She's very happy and enthusiastic in wanting to share some good news with Antonio.

CARMEN

Antonio, I got some good news babe!

Suddenly, she is stunned to see Antonio handcuffed and surrounded by a homicide detectives.

CARMEN (cont'd)  
What's goin' on here?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
(re: Carmen)  
And, you are?

CARMEN  
I'm his girlfriend Carmen.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Well, Carmen. The only thing I can say, is that your boyfriend wanted for questioning in the murder of Desmond Sandovich and Darnel Washington.

CARMEN  
Murder of Desmond Sandovich?! What the fuck?!

ANTONIO  
Baby, I don't know what's going on. These guys are saying that someone killed Desmond, and they think I had something to do with it.

CARMEN  
What?! Desmond is dead? What the fuck is going on? When did this happen?

ANTONIO  
I guess a couple nights ago.

CARMEN  
Holy shit! Antonio!

ANTONIO  
Trust me mama, I don't know anything about this. You have to believe me.

CARMEN  
I do. I do. I just... this is all too much.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Look Ma'am. I know that this is a lot to take in, but we have to take your boyfriend down to the precinct for a little while.

CARMEN

Is he under arrest?!

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

As of yet no. But he can be held for up to 48 hours without being charged, so you'll know by then if he's going to be staying with us any longer.

CARMEN

This is crazy.

ANTONIO

Baby, I'm gonna be OK. They ain't gonna be able to hold me for shit. I didn't do anything. OK?

CARMEN

I know baby.

She gives him a quick kiss before he is lead out in handcuffs by the detectives.

Carmen PLOPS on the couch, still in shock.

INT. ORGANIZED CRIME DIVISION - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Saradonto and Maisonette sit in an office, in front of a large wall full of photos related to all of the recent murders. There is s section of dead Six Tre Crips and another of Dead FS gangsters. There is also a picture of Lefty Hernandez with some of his goons' pictures under his. Then there is a picture of Ricardo Oliva, but no photos under his.

She points to the photos of the Six Tre Crips.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

OK, so we've got all the players here. Some alive and some dead. You've got the Six Tre's here.

She points to the photos of the Crips.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO (cont'd)

Some FS's here.

She points to the photos of the FS's.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO (cont'd)  
And here's Lefty Hernandez, who we  
know has been getting shut down by  
the El Salvadorians, and also pays  
a tax to the Six Tre's.

Maisonette, enthralled and totally impressed with his young  
protoge, looks on like a proud parent as she breaks things  
down.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO (cont'd)  
But who the hell is our mystery  
man?

She points to the photo of Ricardo Oliva.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
He's no mystery man. His name is  
Ricardo Oliva.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
So what the hell his story?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Well as a matter of fact... way  
back when I was just getting  
started on the force.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Whoah, you mean like the "Dagnet"  
days?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Very funny.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
"Car 54 where are you?"

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
You really did miss your calling...

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Haha! Go on...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
He used to move a lot of heroin for  
the Mexican cartels. They were  
afraid to do business with the  
Chicano gangsters, so he was like a  
middle man. He was a pretty big  
shot caller.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
OK,... So, why have I never heard  
of him?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Because he got pinched on a petty  
possession charge about ten years  
back, he's been in the SHU up at  
Pelican Bay until just about three,  
four months ago when he got out.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
So, you think he's involved in this  
shit?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Well, both the El Salvadorians and  
Six Tre's moved pretty hard on his  
turf while he was locked up, so  
there's motive.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Do we have anything on him yet?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Not yet. But I'm sure it's more  
than a coincidence that all of his  
enemies have started offing each  
other right after he gets's out of  
prison.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
True. So, what do you want to do  
with him?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
We gotta gather some intelligence  
on him and his new crew. He used to  
hang out at this little bar on the  
East Side. I guess we should start  
there.

As Maisonette and Saradonto head on their way out. A  
Detective KNOCKS on the door.

DETECTIVE  
(through door)  
Hello, Detective Maisonette! It's  
Detective Simmons!

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
(through door)  
What's up Simmons?!

DETECTIVE

We just got a hold of one of your people of interest in the parking lot murders. I'd figure you'd want a crack at em'!

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

You figured right. We'll be right there.

Maisonette begins to grab his things.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

You want to talk to him now?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

I just want to take a look at em'. We'll go to the East Side right after.

They both exit the division and head on their way to interrogation.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A homicide detective interrogates Antonio. The OCU come in quickly and introduce themselves to Antonio.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

OK, Antonio. Let's take it from the top once more?

ANTONIO

(beat)

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

What's the matter? You're tongue tied?

Antonio looks frazzled. Then suddenly. There's a KNOCK at the door.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (cont'd)

(through door)

Come in!

Maisonette and Saradonto come inside the room.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

(re: homicide Detective)

How are you Detective? I'm Detective Maisonette, OCU, this is Detective Saradonto.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
I'm Detective Finnegan, from  
homicide. Pleasure to meet you  
guys.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Likewise. Can I ask your suspect's  
name?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Antonio Perez?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Any priors?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
None. Not even a speedin' ticket.  
This guy was clean as a whistle.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
(re: Antonio)  
Mr. Perez.

ANTONIO  
Yes, sir?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
You kill those two men in that  
parking lot?

ANTONIO  
Hell no!

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
You know who did?

ANTONIO  
I have no clue sir.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
(re; Homicide Detective)  
This guy doesn't really look like a  
stone cold killer. Be easy on em'.  
OK?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Sure thing.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
But we will be back to ask him some  
questions a little later.

He motions to Antonio.



DETECTIVE MAISONETTE (cont'd)  
 (Re: Antonio)  
 We'll, talk later. Take it easy  
 kid.

Antonio nods in accordance. But remains silent and steadfast  
 in his stance.

Maisonette and Saradonto exit the room.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
 Now, where were we?

Antonio remains quiet as kept.

INT. EL RINCON DE LA HABANA" - DAY

Lefty sits counting money while some of his goons carry boxes  
 of guns out to a van that they are loading.

ALVARO  
 Oyé Jefé, I hope I ain't out of  
 bounds... But I've been wantin' to  
 ask you somethin' for a minute now.

Lefty continues to count his money. Then he stops  
 momentarily.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
 Dimé.

ALVARO  
 OK, It's just... Why would you  
 start to work with these Mexicans  
 all of the ~~(MORE)~~ And cut them in  
 on the guns tambien?

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
 Hay Alvarito, life is like a game  
 of Chess.

ALVARO  
 I don't follow.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ  
 Mira, this gun running operation,  
 it makes me money. But it's nothing  
 compared to how drug distribution  
 was before those fucking Salvi's  
 started cutting in. If these  
 Mexicans can get my business back  
 to where it used to be. So be it.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ(cont'd)

I won't even give a shit about these guns anymore.

ALVARO

That's smart.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

A real boss never does has to do any work. A real boss knows how to delegate. If Ricardo wants to go out and put in work for a real boss like me, who am I to stop him? It just makes my job that much easier at the end of the day.

ALVARO

I guess that's why you're the boss!

They both laugh!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

C'mon. We've got work to do. Make sure these dummies load everything correctly. Don't make me look bad.

ALVARO

Ya lo sabes. (You already know it)

Alvaro leaves the club and heads outside. Lefty continues to count his money with a smile streaked across his face.

I/E. EL CHAMISOL/UNMARKED VEHICLE - DAY

The OCU sits outside looking at the front of the building from inside their car, which is parked across the street.

Maisonette mentions that this place used to be Ricardo's hang out, and just then they see Ricardo and Angel both exiting the bar together. Maisonette snaps a couple pictures of them and says "Bingo!"

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Bingo! I knew it.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

What?

The two gangsters begin to go their separate ways, and Maisonette tells Saradonto to follow Angel. She questions the requests and asks if they shouldn't be following Ricardo instead.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Do me a favor? Follow the other  
guy. Not Ricardo Oliva.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Why? That doesn't makes sense. We  
should be followin' Oliva. He's the  
real gangster. The other guy is one  
of his knock around guys.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Think about it. The boss never gets  
his hands dirty. Trust me. You'll  
dig up a lot of dirt on the goons.  
They do the real dirty work.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
OK, then. It's your call.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Trust me on this.

They pull out of the driving spot and drive off.

EXT. MIGDALIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ANGEL'S CAR - LATER

The OCU tails Angel while we waits near Migdalia's. Angel  
calls her on his cell, and she comes out and gets into his  
car. This occurs in AD-LIB.

Maisonette SNAPS a few photos of the two kissing when they  
greet each other.

They continue following the couple. They follow the two to a  
restaurant out of town.

Saradonto sarcastically mentions to Maisonette.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
"This looks big"! The plot  
thickens! Really?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Real funny. You're definitely the  
poster child of positive  
reinforcement.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah, yeah! "You can tag along on  
the date if you want too, but I'm  
heading back."

Maisonette takes a couple final FLICKS and the detectives' turn back, a bit disappointed that their lead hasn't gone anywhere.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Yeah, let's head back to the house.  
This lead is a bust. Hopefully  
we'll be able to connect the dots  
soon.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah, before someone else gets  
killed.

Saradonto begins to drive off.

EXT. RESTAURANT/ANGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Angel and Migdalia lean against Angel's car, kissing and talking. Then suddenly. Angel stops kissing her.

MIGDALIA  
What's wrong with you lately Papi?

You always stressed. It's like you're here. But at times you not.

ANGEL  
Look, I thought I could handle  
things the way they are. But I  
can't.

MIGDALIA  
I hope you not sayin'. What I think  
you about to say.

ANGEL  
Fuck it! It is what it is. I gotta  
a plan. I'm gonna take Ricardo the  
fuck out!

MIGDALIA  
You crazy Angel! He's got too much  
pull. He finds out. He'll kill you.

ANGEL  
What?! Fuck that pussy muthafucka!

He doesn't knuckle up! Or bust caps like I do! I enforce  
shit for his ass! You act like you gonna tell em' and shit!

MIGDALIA

I'm sick of you accusin' me of things! Fuck you! I put myself on the line for you! Ricardo, doesn't give a fuck about anyone or anything! He'll kill me too!

Angel looks the other way, as Migdalia puts her hand on his face. Then he turns to her.

ANGEL

I know. I know. I'm sorry. I'm just frustrated ma.

MIGDALIA

Understand this Angel. I love you.

If I didn't. Why would I risk my life for you?

ANGEL

I just gotta figure somethin' out.

Like this we can be together openly and freely. Then I can help bankroll my brother for his movie.

Who knows. Maybe I'll be a movie producer. And one day. I'll give up this life.

MIGDALIA

That would be a change of pace. Like that. We wouldn't have to look over our shoulders anymore. Just promise me. That you'll be careful?

ANGEL

I will ma. I will.

Then Angel begins to kiss Migdalia.

INT. LEFTY'S OFFICE - LATER

Lefty is counting money. Then he elaborates on the drop. Also in attendance is LUCAS CALDERON, a young criminal in his 30s. Alvaro is sort of a mentor to him. He is showing him the ropes.

LEFTY

Make sure. They get everything they need.

ALVARO

Lucas, is everything taken care of?

LUCAS  
Yes, sir. We got all the heat.

LEFTY  
(Re: Alvaro)  
Oh,...and one more thing?

ALVARO  
What's that Jefe?  
(Boss)

Then he puts the stack of money he's counting down.

LEFTY  
I know we have an arrangement with  
Oliva crew. But watch your back.  
They're not choir boys. Entiendes?  
(understand)

ALVARO  
(In Spanish)  
Understood Boss. We got our eyes  
open.  
(No, te preocupes jefe.  
Tenemos nuestros ojos  
abiertos.)

Then as he utters the final word. The sound of a SLIDE on a  
weapon is heard.

LUCAS  
Don't worry Mr. Hernandez. I got  
his back. I'm his insurance policy.  
Plus we got extra back up. Just in  
case.

LEFTY  
Go. Don't be late. Tardiness is not  
to be tolerated. Especially in our  
line of business.

Then they exit and Lefty continues to count his money.

INT. LA BODEGITA - NIGHT

Alvaro and Lucas arrive. Then some of Lefty's goons show up  
with a shipment of guns. Ricardo's crew begin unloading the  
boxes and excitedly taking out some very heavy artillery,  
Mack 10s. Uzi's, Tech nines.

LUCAS  
 (Re: Lucky, Mundo,  
 Trigger, Payaso)  
 What's good playas?

LUCKY  
 SAME SHIT DIFFERENT DAY. YOU GOT  
 WHAT WE NEED? Same shit different  
 day. You got what we need?

LUCAS  
 No, doubt. We gotchu. We got Macks,  
 Uzi's, Tech Nine's, Glocks. It's  
 all there. Where you want em'?

LUCKY  
 In the back. - Hold on. Can I check  
 the heat out?

ALVARO  
 Go Ahead.  
 (In Spanish)  
 It's fine. (Ta bien.)

All of the crew begin to pull out different weapons.

PAYASO  
 That's what's up!

MUNDO  
 Damn! We gonna be lightin' shit up!

TRIGGER  
 No, Doubt.

LUCKY  
 This is definitely my flavor.

ALVARO  
 (Re: Lucky, Mundo,  
 Trigger, Payaso)  
 So are we good gentlemen?

LUCKY  
 No, doubt. You came through with  
 the real. We definitely good.

LUCAS  
 (Re: His Goons)  
 Yo, put their stuff in the back!  
 'Aight! Nice doin' bizness witcha.  
 Lefty, sends his regards.

LUCKY  
Ricardo, said. He'll be in touch.

LUCAS  
No, doubt. One.

Lucas and Lucky give each other the palm.

LUCKY  
One.

ALVARO  
(IN SPANISH)  
Until next time.  
(Hasta la proxima.)

LUCKY  
No, doubt.

Then Alvaro, and Lucas make their exit as Lucky, Mundo, Trigger and Payaso look on.

I/E. APARTMENT/STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Angel walks towards an apartment building. He is in stealth mode. The consummate killer. He is on a mission.

STREET THUG  
Yo, Carnal. What's good?...

Angel nods. Then he continues his descent. After Angel enters the Thug comments.

STREET THUG (cont'd)  
(re: Angel)  
'Aight! Whateva muthafucka!

He continues toward the apartment. He reaches it, and puts his ear to the door. There is some music playing in the background. He goes into his pocket, pulls out his suppressor, and begins attaching it to his weapon.

Then suddenly Angel gives the door a ghetto style BANG.

DRUG DEALER  
(through door)  
Quien esta ahi? (Who's  
there?)

Then suddenly Angel KICKS the door, and SMASHES the dealer in the face, sending him flying back CRASHING into the wall.



Angel makes his way in. The dealers are Mexicans from across the border, not Chicano's like Angel and the crew.

Then suddenly two thugs appear out of nowhere.

THUG  
Que Paso?!  
(What happened?)

THUG #2  
(re: Angel)  
Mata ese puto! (Kill that  
fucker!)

Angel SHOOTs them both dead, as they try to reach for their weapons. Blood splatters everywhere.

The first dealer gets to his feet. Angel's all business. He is in kill mode.

DRUG DEALER  
Look we can work it out! You don't  
gotta kill me! What's good?! You  
mute or somethin'?!

Then out of nowhere, a big muscular thug blind-sides Angel.

His weapon DROPS to the ground, and they begin to tussle.

Angel uses his Kali techniques on the thug The THUG swings hard.

Angel BLOCKS, then YANKS his arm down and follows with a CHOP to the throat.

The Thug falls back.

The dealer goes for the gun. Big mistake.

Angel grabs it, and SHOOTs him dead.

The Thug gets back up.

MUSCULAR THUG  
(re: Angel)  
You ain't shit without that gun!

Angel obliges, and CHUCKS the gun to the side. They commence to fighting. The thug is strong, but Angel is relaxed dispensing his techniques. Then the thug luckily manages to drop Angel to the floor.

MUSCULAR THUG (cont'd)  
C'mon! I told you you wasn't shit!

Angel rises from the ground. The thug swings trying to knock his head off. Then Angel pulls out a retractable baton and strikes him in the shin.

MUSCULAR THUG (cont'd)  
Cabron! I'm gonna kill you!

Then in the kneecap.

MUSCULAR THUG (cont'd)  
Fuck!

Then one last time in the back of the head. This KNOCKS him senseless. As he lies there Angel grabs his guns and lets off two shots into him..

He rummages through the apartment, and finds a few kilos of cocaine and a duffle bag full of money.

He grabs everything, and heads to the door, then he looks to see if the coast is clear.

He leaves and CLOSES the door quietly behind himself. Then a second later, an unsuspecting survivor surfaces. The man was hidden in a closet during the carnage.

INT. "EL CHAMISOL"/ RICARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RICARDO GETS A PHONE CALL. IT'S THE WITNESS FROM THE APARTMENT. IT HAPPENS TO BE ALVARO.

~~RICARDO~~  
Que paso? Todo esta bien? (What's wrong? Is everything OK?)

ALVARO  
Mira jefe. There's a problem with your number one guy! Angel! He's gone crazy! He killed four of our guys. And he robbed us coke, dope, and money in the stash house!

RICARDO  
Que? No me digas eso! (What? Don't tell me that!)

ALVARO  
(In Spanish)  
Yeah, it was Angel.

ALVARO(cont'd)

He came in the house,  
killed four workers and  
took the money and the  
heroin. (Si, era Angel.  
Entro en la casa, mato  
quatro de los  
trabajadores y llevo el  
dinero y el chivo.)

Then Alvaro ends the call. Ricardo stares off, pale and in shock.

INT. OCU DIVISION - NIGHT

The OCU sits frustrated, looking at their wall of photos, when Det Higgins walks in to check on them.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

How's it hangin'?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Still high? And you?

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Real funny. So have you connected  
any dots?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Nuthin' as of yet. Just this.

They show him a picture of Angel picking up Migdalia.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE (cont'd)

Does he look familiar?

DETECTIVE HIGGINS

Kind of. Have any more?

Maisonette hands him a stack of pictures of Angel and Migdalia hanging out and kissing.

Higgins begins sifting through them.

BACK TO SCENE

DETECTIVE HIGGINS (cont'd)

Yeah, that's Angel Perez. I believe  
he works for Ricardo Oliva, and if  
I'm not mistaken that's Oliva's  
girlfriend.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
No wonder they went so far out of town.... It couldn't have been for the food.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Yep, I guess Angel didn't want to get caught creeping with the boss' daughter.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
(re: Maisonette, and Saradonto)  
It's been real. But duty calls.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Understood Detective. Take care.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
Likewise.

Then Detective Higgins leaves, another detective comes in.

DETECTIVE  
(re: Maisonette, Saradonto)  
You two the ones that have been asking around about Ricardo Oliva?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah. Why?

DETECTIVE  
Well, today must be your lucky day.

Come with me.

Maisonette and Saradonto follow the detective out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATING ROOMS - NIGHT

The detective walks the OCU over to the interrogating rooms, and opens a door to reveal a beat up and frustrated Mundo Orozco sitting in handcuffs.

DETECTIVE  
I guess Mr. Orozco thinks it's cool to drug and rape a 16 year old girl when she doesn't want to give it up, but I don't think the homies in the pen are gonna think it's too cool. What do ya think Mr. Orozco?"

Maisonette pulls up a chair, looks him in the eye.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Mr. Orozco, I think we have some  
catching up to do.

MUNDO  
Man, Fuck you! I didn't do shit!

That little bitch lied about her age!

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Well, it looks like you have two  
options. Either we send you to the  
County Jail with a big stamp on  
your card that says "Rapist", and  
let your own people take care of  
you... or we start getting to know  
each other a lot better.

MUNDO  
Yeah! Whateva muthafucka!

Maisonette slides him a pen and a pad across the desk.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Higgins sits in his car on his cell phone. He is  
visibly upset. We hear the end of his conversation.

DETECTIVE HIGGINS  
(into phone with Ricardo)  
Look man, your people are fucking  
up left and right. There's only so  
much I can do on my end! Oh, and  
you need to tighten the leash on  
your main dog... You'll never  
believe the photos that OCU just  
showed me...

INT. "EL CHAMISOL"/ RICARDO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ricardo in his office. He SLAMS the phone down after hearing  
about Angel and Migdalia. Lucky enters to see if he's OK.

LUCKY  
Mr. Oliva. Is everything good?

RICARDO  
No, it's not! "Get Angel's ass over  
here! NOW!"

LUCKY  
No, problem.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angel stashes the money and drugs in the opening to an attic in the bedroom closet of his apartment. He gets a phone call.

ANGEL'S POV - CELL PHONE SCREEN IT READS: INCOMING CALL LUCKY

ANGEL  
(into phone)  
What's good Lucky? Yeah, no doubt.  
I'm on my way. One.

Angel begins to go on his way to meet the crew.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Antonio waits as the Detectives Maisonette and Saradonto enter the room.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
OK, before we get started Antonio.  
Would you like somethin' to drink?

ANTONIO  
Nah, I'm good.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
I hope our guy wasn't too rough on  
you.

ANTONIO  
Nah, he wasn't too bad.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
So, Mr. Perez. How long have you  
been affiliated with Ricardo Oliva?

ANTONIO  
More questions? Don't you guys get  
tired of harassin' people and  
talkin'?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
C'mon. It'll be painless. So let me  
reiterate. "How long have you been  
affiliated with Ricardo Oliva?"

Antonio begins to lean back. He knows the drill. More questions.

INT. ANGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Angel is focused on the road. He receives a phone call.

ANGEL  
(into phone)  
Speak?

CARMEN  
Hello, Angel.

ANGEL  
Carmen? Are you alright? You sound  
upset.

CARMEN  
It's not me, it's Antonio.

He pulls his car to the side of the road.

ANGEL  
What the fuck are you talkin'  
about?

CARMEN  
Angel, I've been trying to get a  
hold of you all night... The cops  
too Antonio. They think he killed  
someone!

ANGEL  
What?! That's crazy! My lil brother  
couldn't hurt a fly. You at the  
crib?

CARMEN  
Yeah.

ANGEL  
OK, I gotta make a pit stop at my  
boss' spot for a sec. Then I'll  
come and scoop you up, so we can go  
get Antonio, OK?

TAMEKA  
OK, then. Hurry. I'm nervous.

ANGEL  
Don't be. He's gonna be all right.

Then Angel ends the call and continues driving. He BANGS the steering wheel, out of frustration.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

OK, let me get this straight. You mean to tell me that Mr. Oliva is trying to be the next Steven Spielberg?

ANTONIO

Well, I don't know about all that, but he did hire me to write screenplays about stuff that he's been through, or whatever...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

So why work for this guy though? Couldn't you have gotten an agent? I mean, I don't think this guy knows much about making movies.

ANTONIO

Well, I did enter this contest. But it just didn't work out for me.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Really? You care to elaborate a little further?

ANTONIO

That Desmond dude hated on me, and I got thrown out of it... that's why I was at his office when you guys saw me on the camera... but it was just that. I swear I didn't have anything ~~(MORE)~~ do with him getting killed, and I don't know anything about Mr. Oliva's business outside of the stuff he has me writing... and most of that's just crazy shit about being in jail.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Sounds like a pretty tall tale to me Antonio.

ANTONIO

I know this shit sounds crazy, but I'm telling you the truth.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Look, you seem like a pretty good kid.



DETECTIVE MAISONETTE(cont'd)

In my heart of hearts, I don't really think you shot any of these guys, but I do believe that you know more about our friend Mr. Oliva than you're letting on.

ANTONIO

I don't know what you guys want from me.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Just a little cooperation Mr. Perez.

ANTONIO

How have I not been cooperatin'? I've told you everything I know!

Antonio runs his hands through his hair.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Look, we just brought in your buddy Mundo.

ANTONIO

Mundo?! That ain't my buddy! He's one of Ricrado's fuckin' thugs! You need to be talkin' to him, not me!

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Oh we have been having a ton of interesting conversations with Mr. Orozco. Trust me.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

At this very moment, ballisitcs is testing the gun that we found on Mr. Orozco, and I'll bet my pension that it was used in Desmond's murder... and if so, then Mr. Perez, you are going to have a hell of a time explaining why your boss' goon killed a guy that you were seen threatening on video.

ANTONIO

Shit...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Now, if you cooperate. We'll put in a good word with the DA.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah, you're a good kid with no priors. If he has his guys, we can probably get him to keep from going after you too.

ANTONIO  
After me? For what?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Technically, that's enough to get you on an accessory to murder charge.

ANTONIO  
I'm not a dry snitch. If Ricardo, finds out. I'm as good as dead!

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
OK, well we have one last thing that may sway your outlook.

ANTONIO  
What?

She pulls out the pictures of Angel and Migdalia, and hands them to Antonio. He glances at them.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
(re: Antonio)  
This is your brother Angel, right? Do you know who this girl is?

ANTONIO  
Yes, that's my brother... and yes, I know who she is.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yep, It's the boss' girl. And by the looks of it, your brother isn't being half as loyal to him as you are right now.

ANTONIO  
Shit...

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
You know the second Ricardo, finds out, Your brother is dead as disco. Right?...

ANTONIO

...I don't want anything to happen to my brother.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Well, then. You'd better help us get to Ricardo before he gets to Angel.

ANTONIO

What can I do?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Look, you can start by gettin' me inside the club to plant a couple bugs. Nobody knows you've been here being questioned.... Bring me over. Then you can introduce me as an assistant, or your new writing partner. Take your pick?

ANTONIO

OK, I'll do whatever I gotta do. Can I get going?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Yeah, we're done. But...

ANTONIO

But what?

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

Don't screw me on this Antonio. Cuz, if you do, you'll be cellmates with Ricardo... and don't think you'll just be writing his little stories in there.

ANTONIO

I hear you. Can you take me home before we go to the club though?? I need to change.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Yeah, let me just get my things.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE

I'll be close behind.

They all leave the room.

INT. "EL CHAMISOL"/ RICARDO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Angel arrives to find Ricardo sitting alone in the dark at his desk. Ricardo sits with a 1,000 yard stare as Angel enters the room. Angel is puzzled.

ANGEL

What's good Mr. Oliva? Why you grillin' me?

RICARDO

See. That's what I'm talking about Angel. You still act and think with a ghetto mentality.

ANGEL

What are you talkin' about?

RICARDO

Don't patronize me motherfucker!  
Or should I say girlfriend fucker?!

ANGEL

What the hell is this all about?

RICARDO

After all these years. I thought I could fucking count on you. But instead... I should have been watching you the most!

ANGEL

I don't know what the fuck is up with you Ricardo! You trippin'! I ain't doin' you like that.

RICARDO

Now, we're on a first name basis!  
Huh?!

Then Angel backs up sensing the elevated danger. He goes for his gun.

ANGEL

Whateva! Fuck this!

Lucky appears from behind, and suddenly KNOCKS Angel over the head with a blunt object.

LUCKY

Good night Fool!

Angel falls down hard and fast after the blow.

RICARDO

Take this piece of shit downstairs.  
Tune em' up. Then find out where he  
stashed everything. Now!

Lucky begins to drag him out of the office.

I/E. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT/UNMARKED VEHICLE - NIGHT

Antonio jumps out of Saradonto's car and runs into his  
building.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Make it quick.

ANTONIO

OK, I'll be right back.

Antonio heads inside the building.

INT. ANTONIO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Antonio changes his clothes, and just before he leaves, he  
goes to one of his dressers and picks up a photo of Angel,  
Antonio and their mother, looks at it for a second, kisses it  
and puts it back, then reaches into the same drawer and pulls  
out the gun that he took from Carlito at the beginning of the  
movie, and tucks it into his waistband, and exits.

INT. STORAGE ROOM OF LA BODEGITA - NIGHT

Angel is sitting in a chair, Tied up as Lefty, Alvaro, and  
Lucas beat on him. They all take turns hitting him with sharp  
blows to the stomach and face, then they back off him.

LUCAS

You best start talkin' muthafucka!

ALVARO

I could do this shit all night  
pendejo!

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Listen, to me cabronsito! I didn't  
come all this way! To form an  
alliance! For you! To fuck it all  
up!

Then Lefty PUNCHES him flush in the face. Then he backs  
away.

RICARDO

Look, Angel. We can do it the easy way or the hard way. And by the looks of things, these guys are having fun doing this.

ANGEL

Suck my Dick!

RICARDO

I like that. You got balls... To be honest with you, I wasn't mad at the fact that you've been fucking Migdalia. That was inevitable. Somebody was bound to fuck her. She's a fucking puta! But when you mess with a man's money... It's a very emotional issue. Entiendes? (understand)

Then Lefty LIGHTS a cigar up. Then begins to take a few pulls.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

OK, Mr. Oliva. Do you have this unfortunate situation under control?

RICARDO

Yes, I do.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Good. Because we simply can't afford any more fuck-ups like this. This isn't a good way to start a partnership and alliance. Am I making myself clear?...

RICARDO

...As crystal.

LEFTY HERNANDEZ

Good. Alvaro, Lucas. It's time to go. Playtime is over. We got business to tend to.

Lucas and Alvaro exit the room with Lefty. Then as they close the door behind themselves. Angel is about to enter another threshold of pain.

LUCKY

(RE: ANGEL)

I've been dyin' to do this.

PAYASO

Batter up!

Then Lucky and Payaso continue beating Angel while other members of the crew look on.

EXT. "EL CHAMISOL" - NIGHT

Antonio and Saradonto arrive to El Chamisol. The sign in the window is turned to "closed" and the lights appear to be off.

ANTONIO

Don't worry, I'm gonna check it out.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Maybe, we should come back.

Antonio tries the door. It's unlocked, so they enter.

The main room is empty. They hear noises coming from the storage room so they go that way, sneaking towards the storage room doors.

As they peek through the windows in the doors, they see Angel tied up with everyone PUNCHING and beating on him.

They walk away quickly.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO (cont'd)

We need to go call for back up.

ANTONIO

(whispering)

OK, come on let's go.

Antonio acts like he's following her, but turns back once they get to the door. Saradonto, unaware that Antonio has gone back to the storage room, runs to her car, jumps on her CB and starts calling for back up.

I/E. EL CHAMISOL/UNMARKED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Saradonto runs to her car and grabs the CB.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

(into CB radio)

All units. I repeat all units. This Detective Saradonto, from organized crime. I am requesting back up at "El Chamisol Night Club" in Echo Park.

INT. STORAGE ROOM OF EL CHAMISOL/HALLWAY OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Antonio stands right outside the storage room doors, takes the gun from his waistband and takes one deep breath, then BUSTS into the storage room with his gun pointed at Ricardo.

ANTONIO

Don't you fuckin' touch him one more time!

RICARDO

Wow! Little brother comes to save the day.

ANTONIO

Fuck you! Back the fuck off my brother! Untie him. Now!

Antonio pulls the hammer back on the revolver. Ricardo nods to Trigger, and Trigger begins to untie Angel.

Everyone backs up. Angel stumbles over and grabs his guns, which are sitting nearby. He puts one gun in his waistband, and points the other at the crew.

ANGEL

Yo, lil bro. You crazy as shit comin' here.

ANTONIO

I had too.

RICARDO

Touching. You know you're both dead, right?

Just then Saradonto comes back into the bar with her gun drawn, and tells everyone to freeze. She has her badge exposed.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

Freeze! LAPD, Organized crime unit! Put your guns down!

RICARDO

LAPD? I guess you have some new friends, huh Antonio?

DETECTIVE SARADONTO

I said put your guns down and kick them over towards me, one at a time.



They all do as she requests.

RICARDO  
Cooperate with the fine lady  
Detective. We'll be out in a few  
hours.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Yeah, shut the hell up! Move single  
file! With fingers interlocked  
above your heads! You know the  
drill!

Everyone moves from the storage room out into the main room  
of the bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

She tells Antonio to put the gun down and that it's all over,  
that the Police are on their way.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
(re: Antonio)  
You could put the gun down Serpico.  
Back up is on the way.

LUCKY  
(re: Angel)  
Figures your little brothers a  
snitch, since you're such a fuckin'  
bitch ass.

ANGEL  
Man, don't get yourself knocked the  
fuck out Lucky.

LUCKY  
Fuck you puto!

Lucky takes a swing at Angel, but he traps Lucky's punch  
yanks him in, then KNEES him in the stomach.

Angel shoves him, then KICKS him in the chest. This KNOCKS  
him back into the bar counter.

Then follows with a quick CHOP to the throat, and ends it  
with a PUNCH to the face. Lucky drops like a sack of  
potatoes.

Detective Saradonto lets off one SHOT in the air.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Hold the fuck up! Everyone calm the  
fuck down and get on the floor!

TRIGGER  
Man, fuck this shit.

Trigger pulls a gun from behind his back and begins SHOOTING at Angel and detective Saradonto.

They return fire, and a shoot out between them and all of the goons ensues.

Antonio ducks behind the bar never letting off a shot, as Ricardo sneaks out the back of the club.

EXT. "EL CHAMISOL" - CONTINUOUS

Ricardo makes his escape with his gun drawn. He runs off into the night. GUN SHOTS are still heard in the background.

It sounds like the wild west.

INT. EL CHAMISOL - CONTINUOUS

One by one, the goons all get shot down, but as one falls he lets off a SHOT, hitting Detective Saradonto. She falls.

Then suddenly, the last goon POPS up. He SQUEEZES the trigger. To his dismay. He's out of rounds. Angel hears the CLICKING sound of an empty weapon. Angel takes a deep breath. He POPS up.

Angel shoots the last goon and walks over to get Antonio. He picks Antonio up and gives him a huge hug.

ANGEL  
You alright?

ANTONIO  
Yeah, I'm good.

ANGEL  
I can't believe you actually saved  
me lil Bro. I didn't think you had  
it in you?

ANTONIO  
You're all I have left Man.

Then Lucky who has been unconscious wakes up and sees his crew all dead, then looks over at Angel and Antonio standing together He raises his gun, mustering all his strength. Then he PUMPS four rounds into Angel.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
No! Angel! No!

Angel falls to the ground.

Ivan points his gun at Antonio next. But before he can pull the trigger, detective Saradonto who is wounded but not dead, opens FIRE from behind the bar.

Lucky lays there dead.

Antonio grabs Angel.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
Yo, bro! Come on! Stay awake!  
You're gonna be good bro! Please!

Angel is breathing very shallow. He motions for his brother to come close. Saradonto looks on misty eyed.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
Hold on Angel. Help is on the way.

Sirens are faintly heard outside.

Antonio continues to cradle his brother in his arms.

ANTONIO  
Stay with me bro. You're gonna be OK.

ANGEL  
Antonio, you need to go to my house.

ANTONIO  
What? What are you talking about?

ANGEL  
Go look in the attic, on top of the closet.

ANTONIO  
Watchu talkin' about? Just chill.  
You're gonna be fine.

ANGEL  
I feel cold Bro. I feel real cold.

ANTONIO  
Stay awake!

Antonio keeps TAPPING him in the face. Angel is going in and out. He's fighting to stay alive.

The back up arrives.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
He's over there! Get him a medic!

ANTONIO  
Angel!!!

Angel's eyes close for the last time.

Antonio continues to cradle his brother's lifeless body.

He's in tears and very overcome with emotion.

DETECTIVE SARADONTO  
I'm so sorry Antonio.

DETECTIVE MAISONETTE  
Yeah, me too kid. Sorry.

Maisonette puts his hand on his shoulder.

TITLE CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. "ANGEL'S"- DAY

The camera opens on a Film slate with the name "Death Comes in Threes" in the title area.

INSERT - MOVIE TITLE AREA: IT READS: "DEATH COMES IN THREES"

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR  
"Rolling!"...and..."Action!"

The camera to show a few actors entering the crew's old club which now has a sign reading "Angel's" on the front of it.

The camera continues to pull further back and we see that Antonio is sitting next to the director on set, and on the back of his chair are the words "Antonio Perez, Writer".

INSERT - CHAIR WITH THE WORDS: "ANTONIO PEREZ, WRITER"

BACK TO SCENE

Carmen stands next him and gives him a run on the shoulder, they look at each other and smile excitedly. Lynette is standing their next to them.

CARMEN

Your brother would have been proud of you.

ANTONIO

I know. I miss him.

Mr. Cintron approaches them and also gives Antonio a pat on the back.

LUIS CINTRON

Antonio, we're on schedule. I've seen the dailies. It's looks phenomenal. I can't wait to start talking about your next project.

ANTONIO

Thanks, Mr. Cintron. I really appreciate it.

Then Antonio looks up at the sky.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

(re: Angel)

Thanks, Big Bro. Thanks. I couldn't have done it without you.

The camera continues to pull back to a large wide shot of the entire scene.

FADE TO BLACK