

INSIDE JOB

Original Screenplay
by

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(C) Laszlo Papas
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FADE IN ON:

A .45 CAL. LACKLUSTER REVOLVER, EXTREME CLOSE-UP.

Held against a blue sky by a strong hand caked with blood.
"YOU DON'T KNOW ME," by Elvis, issues from a radio somewhere.

BOBBY (O.S.)
(through a pitiful sob, in
rapid-fire bursts)
This ain't right, Jack. Shit, it
ain't right! I beg you, man...!

SEVERAL BREATHTAKING VISTAS OF THE BAJA CALIFORNIA DESERT,
MEXICO. A HIGHWAY SHIMMERS IN THE HEAT WAVES. TITLES BEGIN.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You gotta believe me...I had
nothing to do with this...this
craziness, man!

The distant hills pulsate against a hazy, blue sky.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is bullshit! Maybe I fucked
up...a little...but I don't deserve
this...I don't, man...

THREE BURROS in the middle of the liquid road, stare at
CAMERA. Contradiction in the air: sun and blue skies to the
West, THUNDERHEADS looming over the Eastern horizon.

A BATTERED '59 THUNDERBIRD

Sits off the beaten track with doors open. The MUSIC comes
from here; it travels loud and clear over the desolate
landscape.

REVEAL BOBBY, a fast-talking, cagey Puerto Rican in his
thirties, beaten to a pulp. One of his front teeth missing.
He walks on the rugged terrain; stumbling, staggering ahead
in panicky disorder. It's a heart-wrenching, disgusting
performance. It would be funny if the man wasn't truly
pleading for his life.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Why would I do such a thing? Use
your head!

JACK, thirties, lean, intensely attractive in an abused sort
of way -also bruised and caked with blood- follows him with
the .45 in one hand, aimed at his back, and a spade in the
other, prodding him.

He seems distant but determined. He throws the spade at Bobby's feet; Bobby must jump out of the way to avoid getting stabbed. Jack's voice is cold and trenchant.

JACK

That's far enough. Start digging.

BOBBY

Jack, for the love of God, Joseph and Mary, listen to me! I speak the truth!

Jack cocks the revolver, Bobby grabs the spade.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I know I fucked up, but, but, but...

JACK

Dig, Bobby.

Bobby begins to dig and sob.

BOBBY

This is bullshit! You're not a killer, Jack! You're not this kinda guy...

Jack's thoughts drift.

JACK

What was the name of that dog Little Joe found in the L.A. river that time?

Bobby frowns, puzzled, steals a desperate glance toward the road. Elvis' tremulous VOICE echoes incongruently in the canyons.

BOBBY

This is sick. Oh sweet Jesus... I'm not an animal... Use your head... How can you think I'd do such a thing..?! I'm your brother, man!

JACK

Doberman, wasn't it..?

BOBBY

Jack, stop! You gotta believe me, man! You know, some...sometimes the most unbelievable shit happens to be fuckin' true!

JACK

'member when it got sick? Some kinda crippling disease...

Bobby senses a window of hope -conversation.

BOBBY
Fucked up by a motorcycle.

He slips into a knee-deep crack in the ground, has difficulty dislodging his foot.

JACK
Point is-- That's right, busted
leg, wasn't it?

Bobby nods, blows his tears on his sleeve, scans the wasteland.

THREE BURROS hoof it up a dusty hill.

JACK (CONT'D)
If it'd been some mutt, he might'a
fixed'im up, you know, let him
go...

BOBBY
Jack, listen...

Jack's eyes are like empty sockets. He looks at the motionless spade; Bobby resumes digging, sobs uncontrollably.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You're gonna hafta live with this,
Jack. I swear'a God I had nothing
to do with it!

JACK
He had high hopes for that dog.
Had all his faith invested in it.

BOBBY
(suddenly furious)
Know what your problem is?! No one
ever knows what the fuck you're
talking about, man! What are you
talking about?!

JACK
You know... Dig, Bobby, dig.

BOBBY
I ain't talking about dogs and
niggers! We're talking 'bout my--!
(the spade hits a rock)
Can't dig here, man, its--

Jack fires a round at the blade, BOOBY'S strength redoubles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Talking about my life, you
cocksucker!

The echo of the gunshot dies. Bobby weeps disconsolately.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Jack, I had nuttin' to do with it!
 I'm innocent! You're gonna burn in
 Hell!

LONG SHOT

The sun sinks into the Ocean; the hills are bathed with sunset gold -breathtaking beauty.

Jack hums along and gazes at all this with melancholy. THE SCREECH OF A HAWK calls his weary eyes to the sky.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Oh, Elvis...

JACK'S POV: THE HAWK.

Circling slowly, wings spread, motionless.

TITLES END. SOUND FADES. HOLD AND...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER HAWK, ANOTHER SKY

The bird soars, circles, SHRIEKS.

HAWK'S POV:

A battered, odd-looking vehicle -part pickup, part station wagon- snakes up a sandy access road, toward a small white-washed farmhouse on a gentle hill.

Jack is at the wheel. He pulls up under a broad mango tree. Dead silence except for the CRACKLING of the hot engine and the distant CACKLE of chickens that slowly FILLS THE TRACK. "CHILES 'EL GUERITO'" is written on the side of the pickup.

WE CLOSE IN ON Jack, sitting there, motionless in the sweltering heat. He looks burdened and depressed; if first we assume he just drove up from burying Bobby that's all right; but his bruises are not there, nor is the caked blood. If now we catch on to the fact that this is a FLASH-BACK so much the better.

Jack grabs a quart of tequila from the glove compartment, takes a swig, gazes at the sleepy farm with deep melancholy.

SEVERAL SHOTS, THE FARM

A fair-sized swath of land overlooking the Sea of Cortez. Several cultivated patches in varying states of drought. The surf pounds a nearby cliff.

JACK IN THE PICKUP

He grabs some official-looking papers from the seat, crumples them. We let his despondency get to us as SUSPIRO, a beautiful woman of pure Aztec blood, approaches from a chili field, leans on the window, lays a tender hand on Jack's arm.

JACK

Hey...

She runs her fingers through his hair.

NOTE: ALL SPANISH DIALOGUE SUBTITLED.

SUSPIRO

Qué le dijeron en el banco, Juan?

What'd they say at the bank, Juan?

Her voice is like honey. Jack holds her loving gaze for some beats, shrugs evasively, opens door, steps down.

ESTRELLITA, their six-year old daughter, a quiet child with a mysterious smile and large, liquid eyes chases a scrawny dog. She calls happily at Jack. Jack smiles, turns to Suspiro.

JACK

Every time you think things'll get better, they get worse.

He lets out a self-deprecating chuckle.

SUSPIRO

Ya nos arreglaremos...

We'll manage...

Jack holds her gaze for a beat, empties the quart, tosses it. ENGINE SOUND, they turn. A taxi lets off a passenger on the access road.

Jack starts off. Suspiro takes Estrellita's hand and heads for the house.

TRACKING BOBBY

Down the sandy path. He carries a small duffle bag, wears a red-patterned Hawaiian shirt. He halts, short of breath, fans himself with a raggedy imitation Panama as...

Jack strolls into the SHOT.

The two men lock eyes for some beats. Finally Bobby breaks into a roguish grin.

BOBBY

Fuckin' heat can give a rock diarrhea.

JACK
I'm supposed to be happy to see
you, Bobby?

Bobby grins, lets a glob of spit fall on...

A BEETLE

Crawling toward his dusty city shoe.

Jack looks past him, Bobby peels his stained grin.

BOBBY
I'm alone, Jack...

JACK
Hell'd you find me?

BOBBY
Oh, Hell, you know me...
(looks toward farmhouse)
Heard you got yourself a little
family...

Jack studies him. The dog barks from the house, breaking what
ice is left. Jack leads the way.

Bobby wipes off his beaded brow, puts on his hat, follows
and...

HIS SHOE

Crushes the beetle.

JACK
(glancing back)
Seen Maggie lately?

BOBBY
(pure innocence)
Lately? Thought your sis moved to
Oregon?

Jack cuts him a cold look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Uh-uh. No.
(offers gum, Jack ignores
it)
Jesus, what a dump! Got air-
conditioning here, man..?

A CLOTHING CATALOG, EXTREME CLOSE-UP.

The blunt end of a short pencil carefully circles a
"Raspberry" cashmere cardigan in a clothing catalog.

LITTLE JOE (O.S.)
U-hum! That's me...

Station identification for a Los Angeles' classical radio station issues from a transmitter. Barber's "Adagio for Strings," perhaps, follows. Little Joe's VOICE hums along. Page flip.

The languid eyes of the black man scan.

His pencil tip circles another garment ad -"Coral" silk socks-select "XXL" from the size choices.

LITTLE JOE grins.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah... De-fi-ni-tely...

He lies in his underwear, on a narrow bed, in a seedy hotel room. Delicate paper planes made from torn catalog pages litter the bed.

A folded Oregon map with an address jotted in red on the margin -"505 FOX STREET"- sits on the night table by a vintage black telephone, next to a gun. Little Joe hums on.

EXT. JACK'S FARMHOUSE - MAGIC HOUR (SEVERAL SHOTS)

Jack, Suspiro, Estrellita and Bobby finish dinner in the verandah. A near empty tequila bottle sits on the table. The sun is sinking into the sea. Jack pumps a kerosene lamp.

Suspiro sets down a modest fruit platter.

SUSPIRO
Sírvasse, Roberto, sírvase lo que
guste. Juan me ha hablado tanto de
usted... Todas las picardías que
hacían de niños...
**Serve yourself, Roberto. Juan has
told me so much about you... All
the pranks you pulled when you were
kids...**

Bobby smiles, glances at Jack.

BOBBY
Yeah...

Jack lights a cigarette and turns unsmiling to the sunset, pours himself another shot.

Estrellita has her eyes fixed on Bobby. She is drawing with crayons on a piece of paper. Suspiro gives her a gentle pull.

SUSPIRO
 No mire así, niña!
Don't stare like that, girl!

Bobby chuckles. Estrellita hands him the drawing, smiling coyly: it is a crude but charming rendition of the fierce snake's head Bobby has tattooed on his biceps.

BOBBY
 Wow! For me?
 (folds it into shirt
 pocket)
 I'll keep it right here forever.
 I have a present for you too.
 (the girl's eyes light up)
 Next time I'll bring it.

Suspiro reacts, looks at Jack who watches Bobby, smoking in silence. Then she moves to the kitchen.

Estrellita touches the snake.

ESTRELLITA
 Házla bailar otra vez.
Make her dance some more.

Bobby holds his arm under the light, contracts his biceps repeatedly, making the snake quiver.

Estrellita runs off giggling. Bobby turns to Jack, his eyes moist by held-back emotion.

BOBBY
 She has your eyes.
 (pours another drink)
 Such a nice family man. Don't
 something this sweet make you wanna
 puke sometimes?

Jack stares back, revealing nothing. He watches Bobby soak uncomfortably in his own, bitter juices. Then...

JACK
 Little Joe ever get out?

Bobby is happy to change the subject.

BOBBY
 Cocksucker got paroled last
 Christmas.
 (leans closer)
 Holds up a convenience store New
 Year's Eve. Makes off with nine
 fuckin' dollars, the retard!
 (cackles cruelly, downs
 his drink)
 Fuckin' serving life in Chino!

JACK
Life?

BOBBY
You know: Three strikes, you're out!

JACK
Oh, yeah?

BOBBY
New law. Sucks! Don't you get the papers down here, man?

JACK
I don't get a lotta things down here.
(beat)
What the hell you want, Bobby?

THE SURF POUNDS THE MOONLIT CLIFF.

A swarm of insects circles the kerosene lamp on the ground. The farmhouse can be seen in the b.g. Warm candlelight pours out its windows. Suspiro can be seen moving about inside.

Jack and Bobby stand on the edge of the cliff, talking intensely.

JACK
Not interested... I'm through with all that shit, Bobby.

BOBBY JACK BOBBY

BOBBY
Horseshit! You're going down the toilet here, man. And you're flushing your family down with you!

JACK
(glances toward house)
I get picked up in L.A., I do twenty years, man!

BOBBY
In and out. Forty-eight hours, Jack. Got my word--

JACK
I'm rotting down here for taking your fuckin' word!

BOBBY
This is different...

JACK

Yeah, it's always different. Only thing that never changes is you, Bobby. Why'd you lie to my daughter back there?

BOBBY

(sincerely at a loss)

Huh?

JACK

Yeah, why'd you tell her you had a present for her?

BOBBY

(beat)

So, I'll get her a fuckin' present! What she like, dolls, apps, what?

Jack begins to respond but gives up: we get the feeling they've been through this sort of thing a thousand times. He tosses his cigarette into the abyss, waves Bobby off, dismissive. Bobby resents the condescension.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm here to cut you in on the deal of your life and you crap all over me?! I can find ten assholes who can open that can of sardines faster than you!

JACK

Well, be my guest.

He starts toward the farmhouse.

BOBBY

Maybe I will! When was the last time you had your hands on a safe, anyway?! I don't even know why I'm here, wasting my fuckin' time!

JACK

(without turning)

'cause I'm the only asshole you can trust.

BOBBY

You're an arrogant fuck, you know that?!

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF WOMAN'S HANDS

Extravagantly long nails, painstakingly illustrated with outlandish tropical vistas. One hand buffs the nails of the other.

On magnifying mirrors, crowding the SHOT, we get glimpses of the artist: full, red lips; dark, sensual hair; bedroom eyes; well filled, kinky brassier.

She hums the music coming over a RADIO: a cha-cha version of "Cuando Salí de Cuba."

REVEAL CONCHITA, a petite but voluptuous, gum-chewing Cuban, wearing dominatrix underwear and not much more. She blows the dust off a collection of porcelain elephants on a credenza.

CONCHITA

(flatly)

How'ya doing in there, hon? Ready
for chi-chi?

She sets the nail buffer next to a fine PANAMA HAT on a chair. MUFFLED GRUNTS reach from the red-light bedroom. The walls are crowded with S&M paraphernalia.

Conchita checks the time, picks up a five-throng whip, takes a dreadful breath, looks at herself in a mirror.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Hang in there, kid. Just a few
more strokes...

She sticks her gum to the whip handle, matches into her...

BEDROOM

A heavy set man (EL COLOMBIANO) lies face down on a brass bed, naked and handcuffed to the headstand. He turns back: he is grotesquely made up, gagged with a nylon stocking, bristling with excitement.

Conchita's fingers flip a switch; ELECTRONIC DISCO MUSIC jams the TRACK, a strobe light goes on. She SNAPS the whip.

CAMERA APPROACHES THE WINDOW. The place is on high ground, through it can be seen the Downtown Los Angeles skyline by night. The flailing figure of Conchita can be seen reflected on the glass, whipping away.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S FARM - DAY

AN INCANDESCENT SUN FILLS THE FRAME. REVEAL Jack, hard at work on a dried up, hopeless chili patch, angrily tossing chilies into a wheelbarrow.

Estrellita plays with the dog a ways off.

INT. GARAGE/BARN - DAY

Bobby climbs down from a cot, shirtless and barefoot, lifts the end of a tarpaulin revealing the grill of the old T-Bird.

BOBBY

Well, shit, look'it'chu... Dragged
your ass down here too...

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS.

Bobby walks out.

BOBBY

Too-Chu, Choo-Too... Goddamned
poet, man...

He cackles strangely, almost has to hold back those emotional tears that come out of left field. Weird. Mexican RADIO MUSIC reaches from the farmhouse. Bobby glances at Jack in the field, shambles toward the deserted verandah.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

Suspiro clears a clothes line. The RADIO DIAL IS HEARD SEARCHING STATIONS THROUGH STATIC. She looks back, puzzled.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bobby runs the dial on the transistor radio on a chest of drawers. He scans the cool, little room; his morose gaze lingers on the small double bed, the cozy Mexican blanket, the baroque crucifix above it.

Finding nothing else on the dial, Bobby returns to the original station, opens the mirrored door of the small armoire, inspects the neatly arranged clothes, picks up a printed, cotton dress, sniffs it.

Suspiro appears at the door, a bundle of dry linen under her arm. Bobby glances at her matter-of-factly, holds up the dress.

BOBBY

You've a small waist for a mom.

He lets out a weird cackle. Suspiro drops her bundle on the bed, takes her dress from Bobby's hands, gently but resolutely.

SUSPIRO

En el fogón tiene café.

There's coffee on the stove.

She closes the armoire, waits for Bobby to leave the room.

EXT. VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby steps out, lights a cigarette on the hot plate, turns toward the field where Jack can be seen digging.

BOBBY

A thoroughbred doing donkey work...

(Suspiro looks at him)

Breaks one's heart, don't it?

Suspiro folds her dress on the table.

SUSPIRO

Qué negocio lo trae por Pescadores,
Roberto?

**What business brings you to
Pescadores, Roberto?**

Bobby looks at her, spits at some chickens pecking the ground.

BOBBY

It ain't chilies...

He starts toward the field.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Estrellita chases the dog, takes our view to Bobby, watching Jack sweat under the scorching sun.

BOBBY

I work for these mother-fuckers,
man. I can't do it alone.

(he senses hesitation)

I'm talking the kind of money that
turns a life around, Jack.

Jack kicks the wheelbarrow over in anger. Suspiro turns from the water well where she is washing clothes.

JACK
 You're a fuckin' curse, you know
 that?
 (Bobby grins)
 Who we talking about?!

INT. EL COLOMBIANO'S KITCHEN - DAY

EL COLOMBIANO, a chubby, balding, middle-aged man of doughy complexion, with a weak chin and delicate hands, scrambles eggs in a cluttered kitchen.

TWO BOYS, aged thirteen and twelve, sporting greasy pompadours, read comics across a breakfast table.

The YOUNGER BOY reads a Donald Duck comic, showing Donald's three nephews on the cover. The OLDER BOY reads Batman.

OLDER BOY
 Daisy's just a distant relative,
 you moron...

YOUNGER BOY
 Oh, yeah? Who's their mom, then?

OLDER BOY
 They don't have one! She passed
 away, I dunno. That's how come they
 live with uncle Donald, cabrón!

El Colombiano serves their breakfast, gives the foul-mouthed one an affectionate noogie.

COLOMBIANO
 Oye, esa boca!
Hey, that mouth!
 You guys watch the game last night?

OLDER BOY
 We don't like soccer.

El Colombiano rolls his eyes, goes into the bedroom. The Younger Boy stares at the cover of his comic, devastated.

YOUNGER BOY
 You mean Huey, Dewie and Louie are
 orphans?

El Colombiano comes back holding a bulging Ralph's grocery bag. He sets it on the table. It is filled with cash. The boys struggle over a Donald Duck key holder, El Colombiano snaps it up.

COLOMBIANO
 (going for his jacket)
 Ya, muchachos, van a llegar tarde a
 la escuela.
**Stop it, already, you'll be late
 for school.**

The Older Boy playfully fishes a fifty-dollar bill out of the paper bag, El Colombiano snaps the bill back.

OLDER BOY
 We need lunch money!

El Colombiano replaces the fifty in the bag, produces a ten from his wallet, sets it on the table.

YOUNGER BOY
 Ten?

The Older Boy snaps it up.

OLDER BOY
 He gave it to me!

El Colombiano takes a familiar-looking fine Panama from a hanger, sticks the key-holder in his jacket pocket, grabs grocery bag, lays the garment over it, covering the cash, moves to the bedroom door.

COLOMBIANO
 Lorena... Ya, levántese, mujer!
Get up, woman!

A heavy set woman with sleeping eye-pads rolls over, grumbling abuse. El Colombiano moves on, dejected.

EXT. JACK'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon shines in the night sky. All is quiet except for the distant BREAKING SURF and a SOFT DIGGING SOUND.

INT. GARAGE/BARN - NIGHT

Jack digs with a gardening spade, in a corner of the barn. A kerosene lamp on the ground cast gigantic shadows. He reaches into the hole and brings out a flannel bundle wrapped in a plastic bag.

He sets the lamp on the partially uncovered T-Bird, opens the bundle under its light.

Inside are the old, lackluster .45 revolver from the OPENING SCENE and a few loose bullets. Jack opens the cylinder: it is fully loaded. The light changes, Jack turns.

Suspiro stands at the door, hair down, wrapped in a blanket.

Jack holds her gaze for a moment, snaps the cylinder shut, replaces gun in the flannel, lifts a double bottom in the open T-Bird trunk, conceals the bundle inside, locks the trunk, peels the rest of the tarpaulin off the T-Bird.

SUSPIRO

Juan... Y la captura?
What about the warrant?

Jack sighs. She approaches.

SUSPIRO (CONT'D)

Ese hombre es un mentiroso.
That man is a liar.

Jack can't help a senseless titter.

JACK

I know... You don't understand.
 Bobby, he's...
 (caresses her temple)
 We're all dried up like this land,
 chata. I gotta do something...

He kisses her. She responds with passion. SOUND OF CASINO CHIPS BEING RAKED IN LEADS THE

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Conchita's hand dexterously shuffles casino chips. The nails bear jacks of hearts.

Her other hand tosses in a bet. The nails are illustrated with queens of spades.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS moves through a Vegas-style card-game casino, in suburban Los Angeles. It takes our view to Conchita, in a daring black décolleté, sitting at one of the crowded poker tables.

She is stoned or bored -or both- playing "2-4 Texas Hold'em" with little enthusiasm. Suddenly her eyes catch something OFF and she comes alive.

"EL MUÑECO" ("PRETTY FACE"), a carefully dressed man with a large ruby on his pinkie, and lavender-tinted, ostrich-leather boots, crosses the lobby.

Conchita throws in her hand, picks up her chips, EXITS FRAME.

INT. CASINO BAR - NIGHT

El Muñeco drinks scotch, Conchita a Margarita. He sticks a small glass vial between her breasts.

CONCHITA
When am I gonna see you?

MUÑECO
We gotta play this smart.

An impatient FLOOR BOSS taps the face of his watch behind El Muñeco's back, directs Conchita's attention toward a CHINESE CUSTOMER in his sixties, at one of the gaming tables.

The Chinaman looks at Conchita with a naughty smirk on his face. Conchita rolls her eyes, disgusted.

CONCHITA
(stroking Muñeco's crotch)
I get lonely, hon.

MUÑECO
(removing her hand)
Read a book.

He finishes his drink. Conchita pouts, he kisses her perfunctorily, pays to go. Conchita digs for the vial, shakes the powdered contents.

CONCHITA
What if he ain't thirsty?

MUÑECO
I thought you took acting lessons
in Cuba. Improvise.

He goes.

CONCHITA
Maricón!

INT. SOCCER PROMOTIONS OFFICE - DAY

Bobby comes into a tacky suite of offices, carrying a tray with steaming espressos.

The walls of the office are decorated with posters of soccer stars: Messi, Maradona, Pelé, etc. He sets the tray on a desk and spies through a door ajar.

BACK ROOM

El Muñeco brutally kicks a helpless MEXICAN on the floor.

DIONISIO, a mean-spirited Chicano with a tight pony-tail, two slits for eyes and a gleaming Glock in an underarm holster, holds back a frightened MEXICAN BOY.

FRONT OFFICE

Bobby steps away from the door, distributes the steaming coffee cups. THUG #1 and THUG #2 enter carrying cartons.

PEWEE, a bizarre, emaciated-looking vato in his twenties, with spotless white patent-leather shoes, comes out of the toilet, buttoning up his fly.

He breaks open one of the cartons and, during the following, staples one of the gaudy two-color posters inside to the wall: "ARGENTINA vs MEXICO, SATURDAY AT THE COLISEUM, ALL TICKETS \$20."

DON SARMIENTO, a massive, dangerous-looking Mexican, loaded with gold, sits on the edge of a table, small-talking on the phone and watching El Colombiano tally up a business check book, oblivious to the brutality in the back room.

El Colombiano mops his brow, flustered.

COLOMBIANO

I'm still missing \$318, patrón.
The Bank must'a made a mistake...

DON SARMIENTO

Pues aquí te me quedas hasta que encuentres mi feria, Culón!
Well, you stay here till you find my money, Fat Ass!

BACK ROOM

El Muñeco places the Mexican's head like a football for a penalty kick, strikes him and--

The Mexican's bloody DENTURES skitter off.

Satisfied, Muñeco pulls his shirt cuffs out of the sleeves of his jacket, pats down his hairdo, moves into the...

FRONT OFFICE

MUÑECO

Nice role-model for the kid,
goddamned thieving wet-back!

Sarmiento hands him the telephone. Muñeco speaks jovially into it, in Brazil-accented Portuguese.

A CELLPHONE in Bobby's belt plays a screechy REGGAETON. He answers, steps into the back room.

BOBBY

Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH JACK AT A STREET PUBLIC TELEPHONE.

MEXICAN MUSIC blasts from out-of-sight jukeboxes. REVEAL MEXICAN VENDORS, MEXICAN PASSERSBY crowding the sidewalk. We might be in Mexico City, but CAMERA CIRCLES THE BOOTH, REVEALING DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, near 6th and Alvarado.

JACK

It's me.

Bobby pumps a fist -Yes! Steps away to a corner.

BOBBY

You in town, bro?

Dionisio and Pewee drag the half-conscious Mexican out by his feet. The Boy trails, in tears. Pewee steps on his own shoe, quickly buffs it on the back of the leg of his pants, annoyed.

JACK

I ain't promising anything, Bobby.
I'm just here to check this thing
out. One false note, I'm outta
here.

BOBBY

Hey, I understand.

JACK

Callahan's still in business?

BOBBY

Yeah...
(his eyes to front office)
What time?

FRONT OFFICE

El Muñeco hangs up the phone, laughing.

MUÑECO

Ché, pileta quieren los Brasileños;
se quieren broncear, los macacos!
Hey, a pool want the Brazilians.
They want to get a tan, the jungle-
bunnies!

Bobby hangs up his phone, quickly dialing a number.

Muñeco notices.

BACK OFFICE

Bobby presses the phone to his ear, the ghost of a FEMALE VOICE answers.

BOBBY
Yeah... One-o-six.
(he waits)

LITTLE JOE (V.O.)
Wha...?

BOBBY
He swallowed the worm, man.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Little Joe's naked feet stick past the end of the bed. The words "JAIL" and "BIRD" are tattooed on his respective plants.

CAMERA RISES REVEALING LITTLE JOE, a towering, menacingly single-minded man, lying in faded underwear. He holds the telephone receiver cradled between neck and shoulder while he peruses a copy of "Town & Country." The knuckles in one of his hands are caked with blood. A pistol lies on the night stand. FEMALE MUFFLED MOANS AND GROANS.

LITTLE JOE
(calmly, into phone)
What color is mauve, man?

BOBBY (O.S.)
Fuck do I know. Did you hear what I just said?!

LITTLE JOE
Yeah... Big Jack's in town. See?
I knew you had it in'ya, Mouse...

BOBBY (O.S.)
(suddenly furious)
Hey! Don't call me that, man!
Fuck you!

Little Joe cackles cruelly.

LITTLE JOE
Be happy...

He drops the phone in its cradle.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
Get to live another couple'a days.

REVEAL A WHITE PROSTITUTE reflected in SOFT FOCUS in the closet mirror. She is gagged with a pair of heavy men's socks, beaten to a pulp and wearing only a motorcycle leather jacket. She drags herself toward the door with broken, disjointed limbs, just this side of consciousness.

Little Joe looks at her bored, sits in bed, pulls the jacket off the broken body, puts it on.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)
We're gonna hafta be saying good-
bye, hon.

He slips into a pair of old boots, chuckling grimly.

The PROSTITUTE makes a last, pathetic attempt to crawl out of reach, just paddles in place on the bloody linoleum, is suddenly jerked OUT OF FRAME.

INT. CALLAHAN'S BAR - NIGHT

A dive near skid-row. Two drunk DERELICTS play pool on a table full of rips.

Jack and Bobby drink at the bar. Bobby beer, Jack tequila. A pyramid of shot glasses stands before him.

Bobby is doing an impression which has Jack in stitches.

BOBBY
(dribbling lisp)
"I want y'all sons-of-bitches to understand that if it was up to me I'd chain your pricks to a brick and make you frog-leap round the yard till you learn to respect institutions! I don't believe in rehab! You're here because you're BAD..!"

JACK AND BOBBY
"You're SCUUUM! You're EEEE-VIL!
You're a MENACE-TO-SOCI-E-TY!"

They laugh with gusto. Bobby empties his beer.

BOBBY
God, I hated that cocksucker...
(beat)
Still -and I know this sounds sick, man- but reform school's the most fun I ever had.

Jack is nodding agreement.

JACK

Seems like three lifetimes ago...
 (looks at Bobby)
 Without your dumb-ass jokes I never
 woulda made it in there, Bobby.

He throws an affectionate arm round Bobby's neck, feigns a punch to his mug.

JACK (CONT'D)

If only you weren't such a...fuck
 up all the time...

He plants a kiss on his forehead instead. Bobby grins; almost overcome by emotion.

BOBBY

Jack-O, listen, there's something I
 gotta...

A badly weathered FEMALE BARTENDER with a bruised cheek and the clear signs of alcohol abuse, sets down another tequila in front of Jack, smiles at him, flirting.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What am I, fuckin' invisible?!
 How'bout another goddamned beer!

Jack frowns at him. The Bartender eyes Bobby, dismissive.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That's another thing is changed in
 this sewer, man: Cunt!

JACK

Whassamattawichu? You're a good-
 looking guy. Relax.

BOBBY

Nah, it's that...fucked up
 attitude. You noticed.

Jack's eyes go to:

The Bartender in the back room: she opens a beer, pours some into a sink and goes into the bathroom with the bottle.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This thing's over I'm checking
 outta this sewer. Italy, that's
 the ticket. My gramma came from
 back there. Calabria. Told me 85%
 of the guys over there keep some
 fresh pussy on the side. Wife's
 gotta eat it or take a hike.

JACK

Your gramma told you that?

BOBBY

Well, not like that, y'know. In so many words...

(Jack smiles, Bobby's thoughts drift)

Rip through Florence in a fuckin' Ferrari. Gonna do it, too.

Jack nods slowly, picks up two Polaroids from the counter. One is of an old wall safe, the other of El Colombiano at his office desk, smiling at the camera.

JACK

Well, first you'll hafta explain why this shit makes no sense to me... All they gotta do is call Brinks and never worry about a thing.

BOBBY

Stop wrecking your brain, forchrissakes. They're wet-backs, man. These Julios don't go by what makes fuckin' sense. 'Sides, they use any kind of legit security, they hafta start writing things down. That means taxes. They're not into that.

(Jack considers)

Jack, trust me... Fuckin' Sesame Street.

The FIRST DERELICT cues a ball out of the table. Jack catches it in mid-air reflexively, studies Bobby, tosses ball back.

JACK

Yeah, well... I guess that's what rubs me the wrong way, Bobby. That kinda talk stirs very bad fuckin' memories.

Bobby breaks eye contact. Jack downs his tequila.

The Bartender exits the toilet with the beer bottle, sets it down before Bobby, full again.

BARTENDER

Here you go, big boy. Private brew. Gimme two dollars.

Jack looks at Bobby's bottle, then at the grinning Bartender, says nothing.

Bobby peels two singles with excess flourish, slaps them on the counter, notices her bruises.

BOBBY
 (lip curled, Elvis-like)
 Happen to you, sweetheart? Bump
 into a rehab center?
 (chuckles, takes long swig
 of beer)
 Hey, Jack, y'know why there's five
 million abused women in America?

Jack shakes his head, resigned.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 (poking Jack's chest for
 punctuation)
 'cause-they-don't-fuckin'-listen!

Bobby cackles some more.

BARTENDER
 You're a riot. Women ever tell you
 that, cutie? Drink your beer.

She winks smugly as she goes to serve one of the derelicts
 down the counter. Bobby takes another big swallow, wipes the
 foam off his lips.

Jack climbs off his stool.

JACK
 I'll be at the Seven Seas.

Bobby smacks his lips.

BOBBY
 Fuckin' beer's sour.

JACK
 Gotta learn to be nicer to people,
 Mouse.

BOBBY
 Huh?

Jack goes smiling. LAUGHTER from the bar. Bobby turns,
 puzzled.

EXT. SARMIENTO'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

THROUGH BINOCULARS we see inside a squalid, three-story
 building. Don Sarmiento's office is on the second floor.
 Inside, El Muñeco paces with a cellphone to his ear. But what
 we hear is:

BOBBY (O.S.)
 (on a roll)
 Fuckin's out, man...
 (MORE)

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You look at a bitch twice now, you
 get sued for sexual harassment..!
 (snaps fingers)
 There, that's him!

BINOCULARS POV WIPES to a battered, sun-stained gold Cadillac
 "El Dorado" slowly making its way along the littered street
 below.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I ain't kidding... Used to be the
 bitches knew any respect you let'em
 have before they turned over that
 beaver was bullshit...
 (the Caddy pulls into the
 underground parking lot)
 But they played along, you know,
 they were -shit- realistic!

Moments later, El Colombiano, carrying a briefcase and
 wearing his Panama hat, appears panting up the ramp, enters
 the building by the front door. CAMERA PANS back to the
 second story window.

El Muñeco takes our view to Pewee, the emaciated-looking vato
 going through a desk's drawers.

BOBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Now they expect real conversation!
 Plus, they've got fuckin' opinions,
 all of a sudden... How can you
 argue and fuck at the same time,
 you know what I mean?

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Jack is in the T-Bird driver's seat, watching through the
 binoculars from across the street. Bobby in the passenger's
 seat of his jalopy parked beside it, inches away. This way
 they sit almost elbow to elbow. Bobby lights a cigarette.

BOBBY
 And the body building! They're
 like fuckin' Marines, man! May be
 growing pricks, for all we know.
 But try getting into their pants to
 find out. Moment you give'em an
 inkling you'd like a little dirty
 work at the crossroads, they go
 ballistic. Where are they coming
 from? What, I miss a chapter?
 Used to be fun to kid around, you
 know? Now, it's outright
 dangerous. Just the other day: I'm
 driving down Wilshire...

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Bobby drives his jalopy on the busy boulevard. The radio plays a loud "merengue." He comes to a stop at a red light, does a double-take.

BOBBY (V.O.)
And here comes this chick I used to
bang a few years back.

HIS POV: a woman in her thirties in a '93 Honda Civic pulls up next to him.

Bobby recognizes the woman, grins, lowers the radio, rolls down his window.

BOBBY (V.O.)
So I go: tcht, tcht! You know, for
a gag...

Bobby clicks his tongue at her.

BOBBY
Muñeca!
(no response)
Tcht, tcht! Doll!

The WOMAN turns glaring at him. It's not who Bobby thought.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, I...

WOMAN
(beside herself)
Fuck you! FUCK-YOU!

Bobby is stunned. He motions for her to lower her window further down.

BOBBY
(conciliatory)
No, excuse me, I thought you were--

The WOMAN produces a crow bar, opens her door, threatening to get out of her car.

WOMAN
(top of her lungs)
Stay away from me! Stay away from
me!

DRIVERS react. Bobby stares, too shocked to burst into laughter. The light turns green. Cars honk their HORNS.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Jack is laughing. Bobby loves to make him laugh.

BOBBY
 Fuckin' insane, man.
 (eyes Heavens)
 Oh, Elvis!
 (to Jack)
 I'm tellin'ya, man: Sex in America
 is dead. Buried. Can't remember
 the last time I flushed the piping.

Something catches Jack's attention. He adjusts the
 binoculars.

INT. SARMIENTO'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK'S VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS: El Muñeco hangs up the
 telephone, picks up a 2014 World Cup soccer ball from a
 shelf, keeps it bouncing expertly on his ostrich-leather
 boot, then passes it with a tap of a heel to Don Sarmiento,
 who comes in with THUG #3, then moves to preen himself in a
 mirror.

JACK (O.S.)
 Who's the peacock?

BOBBY (O.S.)
 EL Muñeco. Don Sarmiento can't
 leave the country. The big boss's
 an illegal alien, can you beat
 that? That prick does his
 traveling for him, deals with the
 foreign club owners and shit...
 He's bad news. Used to be a
 striker for a team in Uruguay or
 some fuckin' place down there.

El Muñeco carefully combs his hair, brushes lint off his
 jacket.

INTERCUT BETWEEN OFFICE, AND JACK AND BOBBY IN THEIR CARS.

JACK
 What's he now, a model?

Pewee finds a magazine in a desk drawer. El Muñeco looks over
 his shoulder. They laugh. The cover of the magazine shows S&M
 images: women in leather, whips, etc.

JACK'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: a hand comes into FRAME and
 snatches away the magazine. BINOCULARS PAN TO REVEAL El
 Colombiano, furious to everyone's derision.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why don't we just wait for this guy here at the office?

BOBBY

'Cause, sometimes El Culón takes the dough home for the night. It ain't likely -it's gonna be a big gate and it'd make the boss nervous- but we just wanna be on the safe side. Right?

El Colombiano pockets the magazine, pulls open the frame of the Maradona poster which opens like a door, revealing the old safe.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Jack, don't sweat it, he's a pencil pusher... Fat fuck don't even own a piece. You wait till he leaves the office, crack open that piece of shit, take the cash back to my place and sit tight till I get there.

JACK

Right...

(puts down binoculars)

Well, this show's getting too kinky for me.

BOBBY

Wha?! Ain't you gonna check out the safe?

JACK

Any asshole can open that can of sardines, right?

He starts the T-Bird's, throws in the reverse with cool abandon.

BOBBY

Jack-O...

(Jack pauses)

You won't regret this.

JACK

You make sure I don't, Bobby-O, 'cause if I do, this time you will too. Just remember that.

He peels off. Bobby looks after him for a moment, then slides behind the wheel of the jalopy and turns the ignition with the same attempted insouciance. It won't start. He curses, punches the dashboard, tries again...

THE SOUND OF THE ENGINE TURNING YIELDS TO THE CLAMOR OF THOUSANDS OF VOICES CHANTING, CHEERING, LEADING THE

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COLISEUM - DUSK

AERIAL. CAMERA CIRCLES AND CLOSES ON a panoramic window overlooking the field. Several figures move inside an office, Don Sarmiento can be recognized standing at the glass, looking out.

EXT. COLISEUM SOCCER FIELD - DUSK

SEVERAL STOCK SHOTS. A game is in progress. Argentine flags fly on one side of the stadium. ARGENTINE FANS blow horns, shout sing-alongs.

Mexico in evidence on the other flank; a MARIACHI BAND tries to drown the Argentines' hoopla.

INT. COLISEUM OFFICE - DUSK

A Spanish-speaking station transmits the game over a transistor radio sitting on the window sill. Several silent TV monitors show different angles of the ongoing game.

The office is buzzing with activity. El Muñeco is on an overseas call, arguing in Italian. He motions to Sarmiento who gets on a phone extension to listen to the heated conversation.

Bobby, wearing a different Hawaiian shirt, is distributing espressos from a tray. He brings his to Pewee who buffs his white shoes on the calf of his pants.

Dionisio adds ticket booklet stubs on a calculator. The Glock protrudes under his arm.

A MONEY-COUNTING MACHINE WHISTLES through piles of bills on a large table. El Colombiano makes even stacks, straps them with paper bands. He perspires profusely. A ROAR from the CROWD rises from the stadium, everyone rushes to the window.

Except El Colombiano; he goes on with his task, single-minded. He unfolds a Ralph's paper grocery bag, begins filling it with mints of strapped bills.

EXT. REFRESHMENTS AREA - DUSK

WE PULL Little Joe through the CROWD and food stands.

Bobby pays for a tray of hamburgers, fries and soft drinks as Little Joe slides his heavy arm around his neck.

LITTLE JOE
I'll take mine with low-cal mayo.

BOBBY
(nearly drops tray)
Fuck you doing here, man?!

Little Joe pinches some fries, pulls Bobby into a side corridor.

LITTLE JOE
Been thinking... I ain't gonna wait for Jack at your place, I'm catching up with his ass at the office. I'm telling you so you don't go doing nuttin stupid, right?

BOBBY
But...it's all arranged!

LITTLE JOE
Shit, I guess I'm de-ranging it.

BOBBY
(that sinking feeling)
No, man... You can trust Jack, you know that!

LITTLE JOE
Million dollar' I don't even trust my mamma, Mouse.

Bobby swallows drily, the ugly truth registering: Little Joe means to kill Jack. Then, mustering some bravado:

BOBBY
You said we were splitting it three ways!

LITTLE JOE
We are. One for you, two for me. A problem?

BOBBY
(feeling cornered)
I dunno, I...

Little Joe pins him against a wall with brutal violence.

LITTLE JOE

Seven fuckin' years I'm in the can
'cause of that cocksucker!

(Bobby looks away)

Jack don't show up at the office,
you're gonna have one bad-ass,
nigger looking for you. What he
ever do for you, anyway -'cept give
you that shitty nickname- Ra-tón!

(beat)

Now, we gotta problem here, Mouse?!

Bobby shakes his head.

LITTLE JOE (CONT'D)

(lets him go)

Thought so.

(sniffs food, grins)

Pale purple.

BOBBY

Wha...?

LITTLE JOE

(squeezes Bobby's cheek)

Mauve. Look it up, dick-head.

He grins, drifts into the crowd. Bobby's heart is BEATING HARD. His mind races, he hurries toward a bank of public phones.

INT. SEVEN SEAS HOTEL - NIGHT

Jack stands at the bathroom mirror with a receiver between his ear and his shoulder, filing the skin off his finger tips with a nail file. His face is covered with shaving cream. The TV in the room is on -the soccer match being broadcast in Spanish. A half empty pint of tequila sits on the hand basin.

JACK

(into phone)

Red Oak, Oregon. No, Kaiser, with
a "K". Margaret. 505, Fox Street.
Collect. Her brother, Jack.

INT. MAGGIE'S OREGON APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A burner on the gas stove is on; the pan on it has melted out of shape. A PHONE RINGS.

REVEAL a bathroom door open at the end of a dark corridor. The light in the bathroom is on.

Part of a formless mass can be seen in the bathtub. We make out a woman's shoe, and a horrified death mask through the tightly wrapped, transparent shower curtain. FLIES BUZZ.

A paper plane sits on an answering machine. It picks up.

WOMAN'S RECORDED VOICE
 Hi, this is Maggie. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now but, please, leave your message after the beep and I promise I'll get back to you. Have a wonderful day.

INT. SEVEN SEAS HOTEL - NIGHT

Jack leaves no message, hangs up, thoughtful. Immediately, it RINGS. He picks up.

JACK
 Yeah?

EXT. COLISEUM, REFRESHMENT AREA - DAY

Bobby on the phone. Frantic.

BOBBY
 Jack...

INTERCUT WITH JACK IN THE SEVEN SEAS

JACK
 What's up?

The impulse is there but Bobby stalls.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Everything the way we like it?
 (Bobby agonizes)
 Yo!

BOBBY
 Yeah... What's up?

JACK
 You called me. Whassamatta, Mouse, cold feet?

BOBBY
 (exploding)
 Don't call me that, man! Fuck you!

JACK
 (chuckles)
 Woah...! Hell's wrong with you?

Bobby's eyes shift anxiously, unable to settle on any one thing or person, flooding uncontrollably.

BOBBY
 I'm...I'm...

JACK
 Take it easy...

BOBBY
 Yeah...

Jack listens to Bobby's ANXIOUS BREATHING for some seconds.

JACK
 See you later, OK?

BOBBY
 Yeah...

JACK
 You know, I was thinking... This thing might just work out nicely for us, after all.

Bobby lets out a tearful laugh.

BOBBY
 Yeah!

JACK
 OK.

Jack hangs up.

BOBBY
 Jack!

BUSY TONE. He feels like Judas, puts phone down as if it was suddenly red hot.

Jack stares at his lathered face in the mirror, thoughtful. He tosses the pint of tequila in the waste-paper basket, turns to his reflection once more, feels his fingertips, caresses the faucet head like a safecracker would a combination lock, picks up the razor, begins to shave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

STOCK SHOTS. The crowd packing the stands, delirious. The game, a violent foul.

INT. COLISEUM OFFICE - NIGHT

Bobby stands at the panoramic window, smoking, looking out tensely.

Reflected on the glass can be seen Sarmiento and his CREW, watching the TV-monitors, eating their hamburgers on the littered table. Sarmiento calls out at Bobby.

DON SARMIENTO

Ven, come, Ratón! Qué, le echaste
veneno a las tortas?!
**Come'ere, Mouse, eat! What, you
poison the burgers?!**

All laugh riotously. DOOR BUZZ.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Dionisio carries in a cash box. El Colombiano takes it, empties its contents on the table: bills of all denominations. He feeds the MONEY MACHINE.

Thug #2 comes to the end of the ticket booklets, bangs out the total on the calculator, rips the paper strip.

THUG #2

Seventy-eight thousand bolas y
feria, patrón...

Don Sarmiento slaps Muñeco on the back, pleased.

DON SARMIENTO

Un record, carnal...!
A record, bro..!

Bobby turns. His eyes go to El Colombiano's hands, taking wads of bills from the money machine, stuffing them into the Ralph's grocery bag, then meets El Muñeco's eyes and smiles idiotically.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack drives along a deserted Downtown street. He opens a packet of gum, sticks a bar in his mouth, the rest in his shirt pocket.

INT. COLISEUM OFFICE - NIGHT

El Colombiano comes out of the toilet, Pewee hurries in. El Colombiano wipes his brow with a handkerchief, stops at the water cooler, eyes the clock above.

Dionisio elbows Thug #1.

DIONISIO
 Wáchalo! El Culón suda ni que
 fuera su propia feria, cabrón!
**Check out El Culón, man! Sweats
 like it was his own dough!**

They laugh. El Colombiano ignores them. Don Sarmiento watches his bookkeeper make his way back to the two Ralph's money bags on the table.

COLOMBIANO
 I'm leaving three fifty and change
 for the IRS disclosure.

Don Sarmiento nods. El Colombiano picks up a few large wads of money and sticks them in a modern wall-safe, locks it, tops the grocery bags with groceries from a box, heads out.

DON SARMIENTO
 Llamas de que llegas al office,
 entiendes?
**You call the moment you get to the
 office, you get it?**

El Colombiano nods over-energetically, mops his sweaty brow. He is not good at this game, mumbles something incomprehensible.

Don Sarmiento watches him densely. A LOUD ROAR FROM THE CROWD turns him toward the panoramic window.

CAMERA CLOSES ON TV MONITOR, WHAT SARMIENTO SEES: two contingents of fans fighting on the stands. Security guards rush to the scene, dispensing club-blows.

El Muñeco joins Don Sarmiento at the window.

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
 Esto no me gusta ni pinga, cabron!
 Estan más inquietos que puta en
 misa.
**I don't like this one bit, cabrón!
 Crowd's itchier than hookers in
 church...**
 (to Dionisio)
 Dioni, me sigues al Culón por si
 las moscas.
**Dioni, tail Fat Ass for me just in
 case.**

El Colombiano's hands stop working abruptly. He looks up, pale as chalk.

Don Sarmiento's line also throws El Muñeco off balance. He recovers quickly, though...

MUÑECO

You worry too much, Sarmiento.

Don Sarmiento glances at El Colombiano who has forced himself to go on with his work, takes out a few groceries from the bags, then realizes what he is doing and quickly puts them back in.

DON SARMIENTO

Hacen como yo digo, carajo!

Do as I say, goddamit!

El Muñeco sticks a menthol stick in his nostril, visibly shaken. PUSH.

EXT. STREET NEAR COLISEUM - NIGHT

The T-Bird pulls into a parking lot, across the street from the stadium.

INT. COLISEUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

El Colombiano, Dionisio and Thug #1 leave the office, move along a corridor. El Colombiano carries the two Ralphs bags topped with groceries. He glances anxiously at Dionisio.

EXT. COLISEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

THROUGH THE COMPRESSED SPACE OF BINOCULARS: A metal door opens. El Colombiano comes out carrying the bags. The BINOCULARS follow him, then, catching a glimpse of Dionisio and Thug #1 trailing him, PAN back and watch them walk in the opposite direction, then PAN back quickly and catch up with El Colombiano...

CLOSER

As he deposits the bags in the trunk of his Cadillac, shuts it, gets behind the wheel and drives off.

EXT. PARKING LOT ACROSS COLISEUM - NIGHT

Jack stands on the T-Bird's tail. He looks through the binoculars, turns the glasses to the upper stories of the Coliseum.

EXT. COLISEUM - NIGHT

POV THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: Bobby at the back office window. He signals at CAMERA.

EXT. PARKING LOT ACROSS COLISEUM - NIGHT

Jack jumps behind the wheel of the T-Bird, peels off.

EXT. COLISEUM GATE - NIGHT

The Colombiano drives the Cadillac out the stadium gates. The T-Bird appears from a side street and follows it.

INT. COLISEUM OFFICE - NIGHT

Bobby looks out the office window. He lights a cigarette, realizes he has one already going in the ashtray, puts it out.

El Muñeco watches him.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack follows the Cadillac. Suddenly, a low-riding Toyota driven by Dionisio, with Thug #1 in the passenger seat, appears beside the T-Bird with a SCREECH OF TIRES. Dionisio ignores who Jack is, but glares at him and cuts in front.

Jack falls behind, realizing with consternation that the Toyota is escorting the Cadillac.

JACK
Sesame Street...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The Cadillac and the Toyota drive past a sign marked "HARBOR FREEWAY, NORTH". A moment later, the T-Bird.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack follows the cars up the "Harbor Freeway" on-ramp. He punches the T-Bird's radio, angrily. It comes to life.

INT. SARMIENTO'S DOWNTOWN OFFICE - NIGHT

Little Joe sits in the shadows, waiting, tunefully humming gospel music, making a small paper plane. His pistol rests on his knee. He checks his watch, stops humming, tosses the plane -it makes a delicate loop.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Don Sarmiento holds court, hosting a large after-game reception for the PLAYERS, TRAINERS, BUSINESS TYPES, and a number of accommodating YOUNG WOMEN. Some of the guests are drunk. An EXOTIC DANCER/SINGER is on stage. Sarmiento loves it.

El Muñeco approaches with a CELEBRITY PLAYER, makes introductions.

Bobby is a nervous wreck, perspires profusely. He mumbles a greeting to the CELEBRITY PLAYER, unable to focus his attention on one person or thing. His REGGAETON blares. He answers the cell -nearly jumps out of his hands.

BOBBY

Yeah?!

JACK (O.S.)

(filtered, agitated)

Something went wrong.

Bobby darts a nervous glance at Don Sarmiento. El Muñeco takes note.

BOBBY

(pitiful leer)

Can't talk right now, sweetheart!

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack, CLOSE, holds a telephone receiver in a darkened room. His hands are covered with blood. His eyes reflect agonizing tension.

JACK

Listen, you cock-sucker, the fat fuck with no piece shot me!

INTERCUT WITH BOBBY AT THE RESTAURANT.

Bobby closes his eyes with guilty consternation, then puzzled:

BOBBY
Whaddaya mean? Where are you?

JACK
I'm where I'm supposed to be!
Where are you?!

BOBBY
I...I...I had to...I thought...

JACK
Jesus...! So help me God, this time
I fuckin' kill'ya!

He rips the phone off the wall.

Bobby holds the cellular to his ear, at a loss. BUSY TONE.

El Muñeco observes him from across the table. Bobby meets his gaze, snickers nervously, pockets cellular.

BOBBY
Fuckin' bitches...
(he gets up)
Gotta take a leak.

Bobby nearly falls over the next CELEBRITY PLAYER as he bulls past. El Muñeco watches him go.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby bursts in, locks himself in a stall, in a cold sweat. He puts his hands over his eyes to calm himself, then dials his cell, frantic.

INT. SARMIENTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A desk telephone RINGS. REVEAL the chair where Little Joe sat, empty. A delicate paper plane sits on it.

INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - NIGHT

Bobby punches another set of numbers. The call RINGS.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The ripped telephone lies on the floor, Jack rummages through a chest-of-drawers, mumbling to himself.

JACK
I'm a goddamned moron! What the
hell's wrong with me?!

He swipes the items on top to the floor.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the stall, Bobby listens to the line RING, puzzled.

A PAIR OF LAVENDER OSTRICH LEATHER BOOTS come into the men's room, move silently across the tiled floor.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Pick up the phone, Jack!

Bobby sees the boots under the door of the stall. He freezes, switches off the telephone, stares at the busted door lock. He knows he is dead.

An inebriated STRANGER opens the door.

STRANGER
Órale...!

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, STAGE - NIGHT

A STAND-UP COMEDIAN is on stage.

Bobby makes his way back to the table, mopping his face with a paper towel. Don Sarmiento is laughing convulsively. El Muñeco's cellular chirps, he answers. Bobby takes his seat, watching him in dread.

MUÑECO
Yeah...
(frowns)
What?!

He darts a glance at Don Sarmiento, gets hold of himself.

MUÑECO (CONT'D)
Who's this?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - NIGHT

DOWN SHOT, WIDE. The scene of a fatality collision. The demolished Toyota sits by the side of the road. A FIRST COP waves TRAFFIC through.

Dionisio sits on the curb, talking urgently on his cellphone: WE DO NOT HEAR WHAT HE SAYS. A PARAMEDIC bandages his bleeding head.

A COP hands Dionisio his jacket. He sees a SECOND PARAMEDIC pull a sheet over Thug #1's face.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT, SARMIENTO'S TABLE - NIGHT

El Muñeco forces a smile, nods, switches off the phone. Don Sarmiento looks at him inquiringly.

MUÑECO
(casually)
El Culón... Everything's okey-
dokey.

Bobby does a double-take, totally confused. PUSH.

Don Sarmiento turns back to the show, LAUGHS louder. El Muñeco puts away his cellular, stands to leave, checks the precious, small gold Rolex on his wrist.

MUÑECO (CONT'D)
Well...I've a plane to catch.

DON SARMIENTO
(throws arm around his
neck)
Aguántate un poco, cabrón. Al menos
echate unos tragos pa' celebrar!
**What's the big rush, man? Least
have a few drinks to celebrate!**

He pours him a tall one. Bobby's REGGAETON light up.

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
Hij'una chingada! Aquí suenan más
teléfonos que en AT&T, cabrón!
What is this, fuckin' AT&T, man?!

Bobby grins, speaks quietly into cell.

BOBBY
Hello?

LITTLE JOE (V.O.)
You fucked with the wrong nigger,
mother-fucker!

Bobby turns his back on the table, speaks in a frantic whisper.

BOBBY
I tried calling you, man!
Something went wrong...

LITTLE JOE (V.O.)
No shit!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Little Joe sits astride a beat-up, petering Harley Davidson.

LITTLE JOE
Where the fuck's Jack, you two-
faced, shit-eating spic!

INTERCUT WITH BOBBY AT THE MEXICAN RESTAURANT:

Bobby glances at Muñeco who shifts uncomfortable in Don Sarmiento's heavy embrace and again checks his watch.

BOBBY
Something happened...

LITTLE JOE
Yeah, you dead!

BOBBY
Wait...!
(agonizes)
Jack...I think...Jack's at...at
my place.

LITTLE JOE
You think?!

BOBBY
He's there.

LITTLE JOE
He got the money?

BOBBY
I dunno...

LITTLE JOE
You don't know?!

He slams phone down, PEALS OFF into traffic.

Bobby stares into nothingness, in a cold sweat. BUSY SIGNAL.

MUÑECO
 (finally able to cut loose
 of Sarmiento)
 I really hafta get going, chief.

He leans over a livid Bobby to reach for his jacket.

MUÑECO (CONT'D)
 Whassamatta, Mouse? Bean futures
 down?

He lets out a sardonic cackle and goes. Bobby starts to get up but Don Sarmiento throws his drunken arm around him now, pours him a stiff drink.

DON SARMIENTO
 Tómate algo, Ratón, a ver si te
 mete algo de color en la jeta!
**Have a drink, Mouse, see if you get
 a little color on your cheeks!**

Bobby leers. Sarmiento roars at his own joke.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack gazes out the second story window, drops on the couch, exhausted. His side is soaked with blood. He presses a towel to a nasty gun wound below the rib-cage. A bloody white Samsonite lies on the coffee table.

Conchita is in the kitchen going through shelves. She tries the light-switch; the bulb is burnt. Dirty dishes are piled ten high on the sink.

CONCHITA
 Coño, what pig lives here?!

JACK
 I need a drink...

CONCHITA
 I'm looking, sugar! What you need
 is a doctor.
 (kicks pans out of way)
 Actually, why do I even bother?
 The sooner you croak, the sooner I
 get to my money.

She heads for the door; Jack cocks his gun at her.

JACK
 Where'd'ya think you're going?

CONCHITA
 (fearless)
 Get you a drink, right?
 (MORE)

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, babe, I'll be back.
 (pats Samsonite on way
 out)
 Ain't no way I'm leaving this
 behind, hon.

JACK
 Leave the key.

Conchita gives him a scornful look, takes a small key from around her neck, drops it with two fingers on the table, slaps gun barrel aside.

CONCHITA
 And don't point that thing at me:
 you're no killer.

And she is gone.

After a moment Jack stuffs the key into his pants' pocket, moves painfully to the bathroom, turns on the light. The bulb blows, he curses.

EXT. BOBBY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Conchita stalks out, hurries into the liquor store, across the street.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Conchita moves to the public phone on the back wall.

CONCHITA
 (to CLERK, over action)
 Gimme a bottle of Dos Cruces.
 (dials)
 You have gauze?

The KOREAN CLERK goes for the bottle.

KOREAN CLERK
 (impossible accent)
 No gas! This look Arco station to
 you?!

Conchita rolls her eyes.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Don Sarmiento looks alarmingly flustered, in tears from too much laughing. Dionisio appears at the table, agitated, head bandaged, face full of cuts.

Don Sarmiento sees him, laughs even louder. Pewee and Thug #2 laugh with him.

DON SARMIENTO
Que te paso, carnal?!
What happened to you, carnal?!

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Don Sarmiento storms out the front double doors. Dionisio, Bobby and the rest of his crew trail. He ain't laughing now.

DON SARMIENTO
(stuffing hundreds in
Bobby's shirt pocket)
Tú aquí te me quedas. Arréglame
con la casa.
**You stay here. Square me out with
the house.**

Thug #3 drives up in the Cherokee. Don Sarmiento, Dionisio, Thug #2 and Pewee climb in. Dionisio takes the wheel from Thug #3 and skids off.

When they are out of sight, Bobby climbs into his jalopy and drives in a different direction.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door knob turns slowly.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack stands in the dim light coming from the bedroom, cleaning himself with the blood-soaked towel.

He sets a soap bar on the edge of the tub and pushes the two-ply shower curtain aside to be able to lean into the bathtub. The outer ply is transparent. FLOOR CREAKING. He calls back.

JACK
Anything look like bandages out
there?

He runs the water.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW. Conchita talks into the public phone, eats a hotdog, sings her last line. WE HEAR NOTHING.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUBJECTIVE. We move toward the bathroom. Jack comes into view, bent over the tub. His revolver sits on the sink.

Jack pulls off his T-shirt, pained. A ruffling SOUND OF PLASTIC and the shower curtain falls on him, Little Jo's black hands wrap it tightly around his head. Jack's desperate face can be made out through the transparent material.

He paws for his gun, knocks it to the floor. He struggles, throws his weight back, slams Little Joe against the wall.

But Little Joe has a grip of steel; he tightens the wrapper.

Jack twists and coils but he is suffocating. He flails his hands back in a last desperate attempt to get at his unseen attacker, puts a foot on the door frame, propels himself toward the tub with all his strength.

The outer curtain rings snap.

Little Joe's foot slips on the soap-bar and...

Little Joe goes down pulling Jack with him.

Little Joe's head strikes the edge of the tub. An ugly, CRACKING SOUND is heard. He moves no more.

Jack snatches the plastic off, panting, turns breathless to identify his attacker who lies contorted in the tub, face smashed against the faucet, staring glassily into space.

JACK

(beat)

Oh, Bobby, Bobby...

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING. Jack quickly dumps the rest of the body into the tub, pulls the remaining curtain shut, picks up his gun, stick it in the small of his back.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Conchita enters. Jack appears from the bathroom, shirtless, agitated. She gives him a cheeky once-over.

CONCHITA

Well, you look excited... What the hell where 'ya doing in there, hon?

She lets out a bright laugh. Jack nods at the paper bag in her hand.

JACK
What'd you get?

CONCHITA
(produces bottle)
I'm a tequila woman.

JACK
Well, that's good news...

CONCHITA
Something in common? Cool.

Jack takes the bottle and collapses on the tattered sofa. Conchita inspects the wound, produces a box of gauze bandages, applies it to Jack's wound. Every one of her moves sexual innuendo.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
Not that I give a hoot, but we better get you to a doc, pronto, I ain't kidding.

Jack downs a few gulps.

JACK
Don't you worry about me.

Conchita starts for the bathroom, pulling up her tight skirt as she goes.

CONCHITA
Oh, I ain't worried, sugar. Like I told'ya: the sooner you croak the better for yours truly. I'd just hate to see a hunk like you go to waste.

Jack sees where she's headed, begins to say something, then gives up.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bobby's jalopy pulls up.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Conchita sits on the toilet with the door open. Little Joe's body is nowhere in sight; the opaque shower curtain is drawn. SOUND OF PEEING.

She arranges the bottles on a shelf, compulsively, then studies the blood stains on the wall. Strange.

CONCHITA
Your friend definitely needs some
hygiene counseling!

Her eyes fall on the soap bar on the floor. She picks it up, scents it, disapproves, moves the opaque curtain aside to set it on the bathtub rim.

Little Joe'S contorted body appears behind it. She checks a gasp.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
Maybe not.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby comes in the door. Jack is in the darkened kitchen, ransacking the shelves, holding the gun in one hand.

Bobby moves in, apprehensively.

BOBBY
Everything OK?

Jack steps into the light: he is a bloody mess.

JACK
Well, that depends on what the fuck
you mean, Bobby!

Bobby's face falls.

BOBBY
Jesus, Jack!

He sits: an unconscious reflex of consternation.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Wha'happen'?

JACK
You don't know?

TOILET FLUSH. Bobby springs back to his feet with horror and confusion, looks at Jack.

Conchita appears on the doorway, begins to say something pointing back toward the bathroom but, seeing Bobby, decides to keep her mouth shut, wiggles her fingers at him instead.

CONCHITA
Hi!

Bobby looks aghast.

BOBBY
Who the fuck is this?!

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT (EARLIER)

El Colombiano drives on the freeway, in a cold, copious sweat, livid with fear.

COLOMBIANO
Ay, gordo mamahuevo, en qué te
metiste..?
**What'd you get yourself into, dumb
ass..?**

He checks his rear-view mirror.

A Toyota approaches, threading his way recklessly through traffic.

An overhead sign "SILVERLAKE BLVD., NEXT RIGHT," whips by.

El Colombiano's laced shoe SLAMS on the brake.

El Colombiano steers violently right.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Cadillac cuts across several lanes toward the "Silverlake" exit ramp. Vehicles blow HORNS, skid to avoid collisions.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Dionisio, caught off guard, tries to make the exit.

DIONISIO
Híjole, cabrón!
What the Hell!

ANGRY HORNS, SCREECHING TIRES. Vehicles get in the way, He overshoots the exit.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby stares at Jack, aghast.

BOBBY
What are you talking about?!

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack veers right.

The T-Bird swings across three freeway lanes. ANGRY HORNS, SCREECHING TIRES. LOUD AIR HORN.

Jack turns back.

HIS POV: an eighteen-wheeler thunders toward CAMERA.

Jack throws over-drive, floors T-Bird.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The T-Bird makes the EXIT in the nick of time, the THUNDERING eighteen-wheeler shaves past.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Dionisio reverses on the shoulder of the freeway, in a cloud of burning rubber. He hits the wall, tries to compensate, rears into traffic.

Thug #1 cries out in horror.

HIS POV: THE EIGHTEEN-WHEELER

Bearing down on CAMERA, wheels blocked, skidding down from 60 m.p.h. AIR HORN. (TRACK IN-ZOOM OUT)

Dionisio SCREAMS.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

SOUND OF CRASH AND CRUSHING METAL. Jack glances back, turns on Blvd. Barely in time to glimpse:

The Cadillac as it turns off a side street ahead.

Jack speeds up.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

El Colombiano turns at the light, unaware he is being followed.

INTERCUT WITH JACK IN THE T-BIRD

Jack steps on the gas to beat the yellow light.

Something in the rear-view mirror catches his attention.

HIS POV: An LAPD cruiser coming behind him.

Jack sees the red light before him, skids to a stop.

HIS POV: The Cadillac driving up-hill. Getting away!

Jack looks in the outside rear-view mirror.

The patrol car moves into the left lane, pulls up beside the T-Bird. Its radio CRACKLES with STATIC AND MESSAGES. Jack turns casually to the TWO COPS inside.

The FIRST COP looks at him -it feels like an x-ray. Four endless seconds. Then the officer's eyes smile darkly over the T-Bird.

FIRST COP

'59?

Jack's lips curl up into a mirthless grin.

FIRST COP (CONT'D)

Nice...

He says a few unheard words to his partner and their vehicle inches ahead until he can see:

EXT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

The T-Bird's Mexican license plate. The First Cop looks at Jack, picks up the radio hand-set.

Jack stares ahead. In a cold sweat. He eyes the traffic light.

A coded message (ACCIDENT ON FREEWAY) suddenly crackles over the POLICE RADIO. TIRES SCREECH. Jack turns to see the patrol car make a U-turn and speed away, SIREN BLAZING.

The light turns green.

Jack shoots across the intersection, reaches the corner and speeds up hill after the Cadillac.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack turns into a quiet street. No sign of the Cadillac. A pickup crosses the far intersection, then silence again.

He accelerates, turns into another dark street, finds himself in a cul-de-sac, chuckles self-depreciatingly, brings out the tequila, takes a hit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The T-Bird makes a U-turn.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack turns off its head-lights, searches.

HIS POV: THE PASSING DRIVEWAYS. A man walking a dog glances at CAMERA suspiciously.

Jack searches, drives up a winding road.

HIS POV: more driveways.

Jack sinks in his seat -this is too stupid! He takes another side street. Suddenly, something catches his attention, he hits the brakes.

Different brake lights go off at the end of a driveway, behind a small American Craftsman bungalow. The rest of the vehicle is out of sight but the fish-tail fender definitely says Cadillac.

Jack pulls over, gets out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

TRACK. JACK starts toward the house. In second thought returns, opens the trunk, removes the double bottom, extracts the .45, checks the loaded cylinder, pockets the loose bullets, closes the trunk.

PULL Jack up the bushy driveway, to the rear of the small house. The Cadillac comes into view. SOUND OF SCREEN DOOR CLOSING, a bright FEMALE VOICE. Jack ducks behind a bush, approaches the warmly-lit kitchen window. The curtains are drawn. He puts his eye to the crack of light. PUSH.

INT. CONCHITA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

JACK'S POV: Conchita, scantily dressed in dominatrix underwear, does a line of cocaine on the kitchen counter.

Her long nails are painted with straight flushes, hearts in one hand, spades in the other.

CONCHITA

You OK in there, honey?

Jack's eyes shift; they scan the collection of porcelain elephants; the S&M paraphernalia on the wall, then turn back to Conchita.

She pours two shots of tequila, steals a glance toward the bathroom door, takes the vial from her cleavage, drops the powdered contents in one of the glasses, quickly stirs it with her pinky's ace of spades, disposes of the vial.

TOILET FLUSH. She hurries to the white Samsonite suitcase, half way stuffed with the money from the bags and resumes filling it.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

You fall in?!

She lets out a brilliant cackle.

El Colombiano exits the bathroom looking sick, with large sweat stains under the sleeves of his double-knit jacket.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Qué te pasa, chico?

Conchita pinches his ashen cheek.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

My little butter-ball!

She picks up the drinks, offers the mickeyd one to Colombiano.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Here, sweetie, you look like you can use a drink.

El Colombiano waves her away impatiently, sits on the edge of a chair, bouncing his knee.

COLOMBIANO

This is not going to work...

CONCHITA

You're too nervous, hon. Here. To the future.

COLOMBIANO

It won't work, I tell you!

He waves her hand off, knocking down the glass.

CONCHITA

(snapping)

Qué te pasa at tí, muchacho?!

Hell's wrong with you boy?!

(MORE)

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 (checks herself)
 So, that's the way you want it.

There is an ugly edge in her voice. She downs her drink.

At the window, Jack peers further in through the gap.

WHAT HE SEES, CLOSE: two airline ticket envelopes on the kitchen table, advertising Puerto Rico.

Jack gets the picture -it ain't hard. He moves further up the driveway.

Conchita stuffs the last wads into the suitcase, straddles it to close it. It's enough money to scare a ghost.

El Colombiano stares at it.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 Well, gimme a hand, gordito!

COLOMBIANO
 You don't know these people.
 They'll track us down, they'll chop
 us up into little pieces!

CONCHITA
 Deja de hacerte el coco, chico!
Stop torturing yourself..!

El Colombiano also straddles the suitcase, facing her. Together they shut it. She locks it with the SMALL KEY hanging around her neck, then laces her arms around him.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 Come'ere, hon, give me a kiss.

El Colombiano touches the tickets as if they were red-hot.

COLOMBIANO
 This can't work, Conchita. The
 more I think about it...

CONCHITA
 No seas maricón, no joda!
Don't be a jerk-off, fuck!
 It already has!
 (checks her exasperation)
 Whassamatta, you don't love me
 anymore?

She kisses him.

COLOMBIANO
 You don't understand...!

CONCHITA

I don't..?

(unzips his fly, slides
her hand inside)

Come'ere, give your Chichi some of
this...

He resists, mildly. Conchita licks his ear.

COLOMBIANO

I have to get to the office...

She prods him toward the...

BEDROOM

Pushes him down on the bed, climbs herself, straddles him,
takes off her bra, wraps it around his neck -tightly.

El Colombiano grins, losing control. She undoes his belt,
pulls out his cellphone.

CONCHITA

(to put him at ease)

Call'em. Tell'em everything's okey-
dokey. By the time they catch on
we'll be in San Juan, sweetie-pie.
They'll never find us there.

She lets her breasts rub against his face.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, stuff yourself.

She lets out a raunchy burst of laughter. El Colombiano
pushes the phone aside, nuzzles into the flesh, lost. She
slaps him.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

If you're a good boy!

He kisses her breasts. Conchita moans, but her pleasure rings
hollow, reaches into the night stand drawer, takes out a pair
of handcuffs, jingles them over his head.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

I understand you...

COLOMBIANO

Not now...

She laughs playfully, fondles him with one hand, with the
other snaps the cuff on one wrist, kissing him.

COLOMBIANO (CONT'D)

Gotta take the money back.

CONCHITA

Over my dead bod, hon.

She snaps the other cuff shut on the bed stand, jumps off him. For a moment El Colombiano does not react; he watches her replace her bra, check her watch -suddenly, all business.

COLOMBIANO

What are you doing?

Conchita slips on a blouse. He jerks the cuffs.

COLOMBIANO (CONT'D)

Get these things off me! Cut the nonsense!

CONCHITA

(over action)

Gordo maricón! Creíste que iba a pasar el resto de mis días con una ñoña como tú?!

You thought I was gonna spend the rest of my days with a douche-bag like you?!

EL Colombiano lunges at her, dragging the bed half way across the room, knocking down the night stand.

COLOMBIANO

Open these fuckin' things, now!

She laughs mockingly. El Colombiano reaches into an ankle-holster, pulls out a .22 cal. pistol.

Jack's hand turns the back door doorknob. It opens.

Conchita points at the gun, laughs louder.

CONCHITA

Ay, mijo! Careful you don't shoot your dick off with that thing!

El Colombiano cocks the weapon, trains it on her.

COLOMBIANO

Gimme the key!

JACK'S BOOTS

Step into the kitchen.

Conchita goes about her business.

CONCHITA

Shoot me! It'll make a pretty picture!

She turns to go, starts at the sight of Jack, in the kitchen, reaching for the suitcase. Beat.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?!

El Colombiano gives another desperate pull, reaching the bedroom door, his pants at his ankles, brandishing the .22.

Jack trains the .45 on him.

JACK
Put it down!

Their guns trained on each other.

JACK (CONT'D)
Drop it, man, don't be an asshole!

CONCHITA
(to Colombiano)
Shoot'im!

JACK
Drop the fuckin' gun!

El Colombiano's eyes dart from one to the other, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to El Colombiano)
You wanna die?! I don't wanna shoot you.
(El Colombiano stares)
DO-YOU-WANT-TO-DIE?! Put it down!

He cocks his revolver, but El Colombiano is being guided by terror, nothing he does makes sense. He slowly cocks the .22, his hand shaking like a leaf.

JACK (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Don't do it, man!
(El Colombiano's hand shakes more violently)
Nobody has to get hurt here.
Just...

Conchita suddenly bellows.

CONCHITA
SHOOT HIM, YOU JERK!!!

El Colombiano starts, a SHOT rings out of his gun. Jack falls back, hit on the side. Conchita stifles a scream. El Colombiano fires again, misses, shakes the cuffed hand, livid.

COLOMBIANO

Get these fuckin' things off me!

Jack rolls on the floor. Another SHOT shatters the telephone beside his head, a fourth SHOT blows a hole in the wall. Jack fires the .45 back blindly, as a last resort. KA-BOOM!

His shot rips through El Colombiano's throat. The heavy man staggers back, drops his gun, paws his neck, looking in horror at the warm river of blood running down his chest. He looks at Jack strangely and suddenly collapses on the Samsonite.

Jack stares at him, stunned, then turns to Conchita.

A KNOCKING SOUND leads their eyes to El Colombiano's twitching foot, tapping grotesquely on the leg of the brass bed. He's dying -no question about it.

The DONALD DUCK KEY HOLDER falls from El Colombiano's jacket pocket, on the spreading pool of blood.

JACK

(with deep consternation)

Oh, Jesus...

Conchita's eyes go to the .22. Jack trains his gun on her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it.

He kicks the .22 away, reaches for the Samsonite, nearly fainting from the pain in his side.

Conchita watches him, ready to pounce on the suitcase. He can't do this alone: Jack points his gun at her.

JACK (CONT'D)

Pick it up.

Conchita thinks, first quickly picks up a pink plastic manicure bag from her chest-of-drawers, then obeys.

JACK (CONT'D)

Move it!

CONCHITA

Don't you yell at me!

Jack motions her out the back door, stuffs a kitchen towel under his shirt, staggers after her.

EXT. EAST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A sordid intersection, near Vermont and Pico. DISTANT SIRENS wail past in the night.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby's head slams against the wall. Jack's bloody hand is on his throat, the barrel of the .45 on his temple.

BOBBY
Jack, I swear...!

JACK
Don't, Bobby, you'll go to hell!

REVEAL the open bathroom door, Little Joe's body in the bathtub, in plain view, partially wrapped in the transparent curtain.

Jack cocks the trigger. Bobby cringes, sobbing in that same heart-wrenching way we've seen before, hard to stomach. The drone of a persistent TV CHATTER is heard OFF.

JACK (CONT'D)
I shoul'da killed you seven years ago!

BOBBY
It wasn't like that... He swore we'd split it three ways...

BIG CLOSE-UP OF Little Joe's face.

ON THE CHROMED FAUCET PRESSED AGAINST HIS NOSE, WE SEE THE RHYTHMIC CONDENSATION OF HIS BREATH.

Jack, unable to pull the trigger, chokes Bobby with the barrel.

JACK
You knew he was coming to kill me, you two-faced piece of shit!

REVEAL the TV set. The CHATTER we've been hearing is The Jerry Springer Show: a panel of three leather-clad ladies debate sadomasochism. RESEARCH.

Conchita stares at the TV with simian concentration, seemingly oblivious to the drama next to her.

BOBBY
No, no, Jack-O, he was looking for me, don't you see, man?

Conchita shushes them, jerks her chair closer to the TV, annoyed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
When you didn't show up at the office, nigger freaked! He thought I'd pulled a--!

Jack grabs his arm, searches for needle tracks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm clean, man, I swear!

JACK
Why didn't you say Little Joe
concocted this deal?

BOBBY
I tried calling you! You didn't
pick up...

JACK
Yesterday! The day before! From
the get go!

He buries the muzzle in Bobby's cheek wishing he could pull
the trigger.

BOBBY
He woulda killed me, Jack! He knew
you wouldn't come to LA if I told
you he was part of this deal.

JACK
(genuinely puzzled)
I wouldn't have? Why not?

BOBBY
Well, cause... That nigger was
crazy, man!

JACK
Crazy? Or maybe he bore a grudge
against me, maybe -somehow- he got
the idea I left him hanging last
time -not you!

BOBBY
You gotta believe me, Jack!

JACK
That's it, isn't it?! He thought I
double-crossed him!

BOBBY
No--

JACK
Fuck you... FUCK-YOU!

INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

The train station clock says 11:23. REVEAL El Muñeco looking at it, waiting impatiently, a Luis Vuitton travel bag by his side. He checks his Rolex, pulls out his cellphone, speed-dials. BUSY SIGNAL. He picks up his bag, seething, holds up a hand.

MUÑECO

Taxi!

INT. CONCHITA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The shattered porcelain elephants litter the living room floor. El Muñeco, using a key, lets himself in the front door.

MUÑECO

Gata...!

No response. He closes the door, carefully sets his precious luggage down, moves into the shadowy room, CRUSHING porcelain bits with his boots.

A cellphone suddenly CHIRPS; Muñeco starts, pulls out his phone, the chirping persists, he turns toward the archway leading to the bedroom.

El Colombiano's cellular rings in a glittering dark puddle. El Muñeco frowns, leans further in. His face falls.

El Colombiano lies handcuffed to the upset brass bed, very, very dead.

El Muñeco blows air in a queer, consternated way, takes a seat on the arm of a chair, visibly shaken.

MUÑECO (CONT'D)

Wow, what a drag...

The cellphone continues to CHIRP.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUÑECO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An autographed, framed photograph of El Muñeco with an arm on Ronaldo's shoulder hangs on the wall.

Don Sarmiento peers with interest PAST CAMERA at the many photos on the wall. He holds a cellphone to his ear, his call keeps RINGING. His eyes shift to:

Another photo: Muñeco in a Speedo, standing close -too close- to an athletic-looking young man, in a beach, in Hawaii.
CRASHING SOUND.

Don Sarmiento turns.

Dionisio and Thug #2 are tearing the place apart, venting their envy and frustration on the fastidiously appointed pad. Pewee peruses the book shelves with interest, buffs his shoes.

Don Sarmiento hangs up the phone, lifts a hand.

DON SARMIENTO

Ya, chavales... Perdemos el tiempo.
Enough, guys... We're wasting time.

He ponders the situation. His gaze falls on:

A BEEFY VIBRATOR ON A NIGHT-TABLE. He picks it up, inspects it, puzzled, exchanges looks with Dionisio, then turns a switch on its base and the bulky machine begins to vibrate vigorously with a loud BUZZ.

The surprise makes him drop it on a magazine concealing Muñeco's designer answering machine, activating it. The machine rewinds, beeps and plays:

CONCHITA'S VOICE

Hi, hon...I know you're probably wondering what happened to me but...

(slurp, swallow, giggle)

Sorry... I'm eating... Mmmh...

You're not gonna believe the shit - pardon my French- I've seen come down tonight. Had to put something in my stomach... Anyway, I've got the money -well, sort of... Mmmh...

(Don Sarmiento perks up)

Things didn't work out exactly as we planned...

Dionisio glances at Don Sarmiento who stares at the machine, building up steam.

CONCHITA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm in some dump near Vermont...

Can you believe the invasion of Koreans in this part of town..?

Pewee can be seen in the toilet peeing hands-free, opening facial cream jars, smelling them.

CONCHITA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Anyways... Hope you check your machine before heading for the station, I don't know how much longer I'll be here. 305 South Mariposa.

(singing)

"In the heart of Hollywood!"

BEEP! Dionisio looks at Don Sarmiento.

DIONISIO

(puzzled)

That's The Mouse's address.

Don Sarmiento tears out the cassette tape, turns to the men, incensed.

DON SARMIENTO

Alguno más me la quiere meter esta noche?!

Anybody else wanna hump me tonight?!

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby sulks in a sofa. Jack continues ransacking the shelves. He slams the cupboard door with violence.

JACK

Any fuckin' disinfectant in this dump, man?!

(kicks bottles, cans)

How can you live in this pigsty?!

Bobby's eyes fall on the Samsonite. ENGINE SOUND passing outside. He glances at the window, nervously.

BOBBY

Jack, we gotta get outta here.

(glances out the window)

Gotta get you to a doctor, man...

JACK

You worried about my health, all of a sudden, Bobby?

His movements are slow, deliberate, like someone moving through water.

A LOUD ROAR OF VULGAR LAUGHTER comes from the television audience: a scantily-dressed AMAZON is riding a MAN WITH A PORKY MASK. Conchita laughs.

TIRES SCREECH, Jack hurries to the window.

HIS POV OUTSIDE: the Cherokee skids to a stop by Bobby's jalopy. Don Sarmiento hurries down and into the building, followed by Dionisio and Thug #2. Thug #3 and Pewee stay with the car.

Jack turns back from the window, slaps the TV off, points the gun at the Samsonite.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to Conchita)
 Pick that up! MOVE!

Conchita rolls her eyes, quickly bags her manicure stuff.

Jack shoves Bobby's face against the window.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (with renewed violence)
 You don't know about that either?!

BOBBY
 (suddenly clear-headed)
 John, I've absolutely nothing to do with that, I swear! This whole thing's fucked. El Muñeco is dirty too, man!

Conchita glances at Bobby.

JACK
 (to Conchita)
 Move!

CONCHITA
 Coño, te dije que a mí no me grites?!
Shit, I told you not to yell at me?!

Conchita picks up the suitcase, winces in pain, changes hands, sucks her finger, glares at Jack.

Jack shoves her toward the rear of the apartment. Bobby grabs Jack's boot.

BOBBY
 Don't leave me here, Jack, please...

JACK
 (to Conchita)
 Move, move!

Conchita grabs her manicure bag.

BOBBY
(weeping disconsolately)
I beg you, man, they'll cut me to
pieces!

JACK
Go to Hell!

CONCHITA
(moving off)
You should know I don't drive.

BOBBY
(weeping wretchedly)
You can't let me die like this...I
made you rich, Jack!

Disgusted, Jack pulls him by the hair to his feet.

JACK
Get the car!

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

PULL Don Sarmiento, Dionisio, THUG#2 down a dimly lit
corridor.

EXT. BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

Jack, Bobby and Conchita hurry out. Jack grabs Bobby for
support. Conchita comes after them schlepping the suitcase.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sarmiento stands aside, Dionisio and Thug #2 pull out guns,
kick Bobby's door in.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Bobby helps Jack into the back of the T-Bird, parked behind
the building.

Conchita's high heel catches on the metal steps; she twists
her ankle, loses her grip on the Samsonite. It rolls
downstairs, lands in the alley.

Bobby picks it up, tosses it into the car, jumps behind the
wheel, skids off.

Conchita looks at the departing car, horrified. PUSH.

CONCHITA
HEY!!!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dionisio searches with gun cocked, sees the open back door.

DIONISIO
Don Sarmiento!

EXT. ALLEY, BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

Conchita runs after the T-Bird with the shoes in her hand.

CONCHITA
(enraged)
Stop, you...
(struggles for word)
Cock-suckers!!!

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack hears Conchita's desperate SCREAMS, sits up.

JACK
Fuck you think you're doing?!

Bobby looks at him at a loss: they've got the money, they're getting away with it! Jack cocks his gun at Bobby's temple.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get the hell back there!

Bobby is stunned and confused by his reaction. They reach the street, Bobby swerves left.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Conchita comes to a stop, screams at the top of her lungs, incensed. SHOUTS. She turns.

Dionisio, Don Sarmiento and Thug #2 burst into the landing at the top of the stairs.

Conchita runs on.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

The T-Bird turns the corner. Thug #3 and Pewee in the Cherokee turn to the SOUND OF SCREECHING TIRES.

Jack fires two SHOTS as they speed past the truck. Pewee and Thug #3 dive for cover. One of the shots blows out one of the Cherokee's tires.

Bobby turns left at the next side street corner, heading round the block back toward the alley.

It causes a ranchera-blasting, pumped up Chevy Nova to swerve off the road. It skids to a mild CRASH against the Cherokee.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Jack digs for bullets into his pants, replaces the three spent shells, slams the cylinder shut.

EXT. BACK OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Half way down the back stairs, Don Sarmiento sees the approaching T-Bird, grabs Dionisio's gun.

Dionisio pulls out a .38 silver-plated back-up revolver from an ankle holster.

ANGLE ON THE APPROACHING T-BIRD. Jack fires two more SHOTS.

THE BULLETS rip through the wooden staircase. Don Sarmiento, Dionisio and Thug #2 take cover.

EXT. FRONT OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Thug #3 draws his gun, pulls the stunned CHICANO DRIVER out of the Chevy Nova.

THUG #3
I'm borrowing this piece of shit,
cabron!

The CHICANO protests, Pewee shoves the heavysset man against the Cherokee with surprising force. Thug #3 turns the ignition, the Chevy roars to life.

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT

FAR END. Conchita turns. The T-Bird SCREECHES to a semi-stop beside her. Jack pulls her into the back seat. Bobby speeds away with Conchita's naked legs scissoring in the air.

Don Sarmiento and Dionisio open fire.

Several shots blast the walls of the alley, one perforates the T-Bird's left back fender before it disappears around a the corner. Don Sarmiento bristles.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Bobby floors the convertible along the side street, veers onto the front street. Conchita screams. The speeding Chevy narrowly misses them, swerves across the street.

Bobby climbs the far sidewalk, swerves back left to avoid running over a waking HOMELESS MAN.

The Chevy skids to a spinning halt downwind, stalls. Thug #3 turns the ignition, the engine roars back to life, the delayed Nova burns rubber after the T-Bird.

EXT. WIDER SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The T-Bird skids onto light traffic. A pickup swerves out of its way.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Bobby checks the rear-view mirror -clear, glances at Jack.

BOBBY

You OK?!

CONCHITA

I'm fine!

BOBBY

Not you, bitch!

SCREECHING TIRES, Bobby looks back.

The Chevy roars around the corner, after the T-Bird.

JACK

Get off this main road...

The T-Bird flies over a hump, lifting Jack and Conchita clear in the air. Conchita anchors him down. Jack lands on his side, gasps in pain.

Bobby veers into a narrow alley, past a "WRONG WAY" traffic sign, into the headlights of an approaching truck.

Bobby looks in the rear-view mirror. The Chevy engages the alley. A lighted driveway appears ahead, he turns into it...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Bobby speeds through the 24-7 construction site, toward a second exit gate onto the next street. Trucks move in and out of loading docks.

The T-Bird negotiates his way around an earth-mover and two rearing flatbeds, blasting its horn. The second truck breaks suddenly.

The Chevy speeds after the T-Bird...

As the steel bars fall from the breaking truck...

Impaling the moving Chevy and Thug #3 with it.

EXT. SECOND EXIT STREET - NIGHT

The T-Bird skids out of the site, speeds away.

EXT. FRONT OF BOBBY'S BUILDING - LATER

SHOOTING THROUGH BOBBY'S WINDOW. Thug #2 changes the Cherokee's flat tire. REVEAL Sarmiento inside Bobby's apartment, inspecting the blood stains on the coffee table.

DON SARMIENTO
 Uno cogió bala.
One of them took a bullet.

Dionisio wanders into the bedroom.

Pewee goes into the bathroom, unzips at the toilet bowl.

DIONISIO (O.S.)
 Patrón...!
Boss...!

DON SARMIENTO
 (to Pewee, as he moves to
 the bedroom)
 Tú meas demasiado, cabrón.
 (MORE)

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
 Por eso estás tan flaco...
**You pee too much, kid, that's why
 you're so skinny...**

BEDROOM

Dionisio holds up Bobby's duffle bag with boarding pass stub.

DIONISIO
 Mexico. Last week.

BATHROOM

Pewee relieves himself with his back to CAMERA, the SOUND OF HIS CASCADE loud and clear.

CAMERA RISES REVEALING Little Joe -on his feet- on the other side of the drawn shower curtain, looking like death warmed up, holding his breath for dear life. SOUND OF PEEING STOPS.

Pewee shakes it.

Little Joe's temple is bleeding.

A drop of blood slips between the curtain and the tub, lands on the floor, close to Pewee's foot.

Little Joe sees it, agonizes. His fingers stretch toward the pistol in his waist but any move will give him away. He holds still.

Pewee zips up his baggy pants, opens the faucet, searches for a soap bar in the empty soap bar dish.

A second drop of blood lands on Pewee's white, patent-leather shoe.

Little Joe. Horror.

But Pewee does not notice it. He reaches for the shower curtain looking for the soap. Before he touches it, Little Joe slaps the curtain open, goes for his gun.

Pewee screams in terror, steps back, pulls out two turtle-bone-handle .38 cal. revolvers from underarm holsters, empties the barrels blindly on the towering man, riddling him with bullet holes.

Don Sarmiento and Dionisio burst in, guns drawn. Pewee continues to pull the triggers on his empty guns.

DON SARMIENTO
 Ya, ya... Ya lo mataste, flaco.
**All right, all right, you got'm,
 bones.**
 (eyes the mess, puzzled)
 Chíngate, cabrón! Y éste, quién es?
And who the fuck's this?
 (MORE)

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
 (chuckles)
 Esto se pone cada vez más
 chabacano.
**This gets more interesting by the
 minute.**

Dionisio's eyes fall on Bobby's dirty laundry bag; he picks up his red Hawaiian shirt, pulls a folded piece of paper from its pocket: it is Estrellita's drawing of Bobby's tattoo.

Don Sarmiento snaps it up, flips over the sheet of paper: Bobby's snake is drawn on the back of a flyer advertising "CHILIES EL GUERITO, PESCADORES, BAJA CALIFORNIA."

Sarmiento grins.

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
 Órale...!

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Bobby cruises through a God-forsaken part of town, across railroad tracks.

Jack rides in back with his feet propped up on the suitcase, eyes closed, in agony. Conchita rides next to him, painting the nail on her right hand.

BOBBY
 (the acetone)
 That shit's killing my brain cells,
 man!

CONCHITA
 What brain?

Bobby glares at her. Jack half-opens his eyes.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 Honey...that damn suitcase broke
 one of my nails, OK? This is art.
 It's hard work, something you don't
 give the impression to know much
 about.

BOBBY
 I ain't talking to you! I don't
 even know who the fuck you are!

CONCHITA
 (offers left hand to be
 kissed)
 Conchita De La Peña Bacardi. Can't
 say it's a pleasure, I don't
 appreciate that kinda language,
 but...

(MORE)

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
(eyes Jack, flirting)
You gotta take the good with the
bad.

Bobby slaps her hand away.

BOBBY
Fuck off!

The T-Bird hits a bump in the road, Jack groans in pain, topples over. Conchita helps him back up, darts a glaring glance at Bobby.

CONCHITA
Why didn't you just shoot this
aberration back there?

Bobby squints at her.

BOBBY
What'd you called me?
(to Jack)
What'd she called me?

As the T-Bird drives out of town.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The T-Bird pulls into a suburban gas station.

Jack is out, Conchita watches over him. The car pulls up to pump "13". Jack opens his eyes.

JACK
What's up?

BOBBY
We're outta gas.

Conchita feels Jack's temperature, eyes the wound.

CONCHITA
Welcome back. Can I get you
something?

Jack does not reply. Conchita gives Bobby a dismissive glance, opens the door, flounces off toward the mini-mart. Bobby watches her for a moment, then turns to Jack.

BOBBY
Let's drop the bitch right here and
now, Jack. She'll be nothing but
trouble.

Jack looks at him, wearily.

JACK
Just you and me, huh, Bobby?

BOBBY
That's right. Like old times.

JACK
Somehow I feel safer with her
around. Weird, huh?

A tense pause. Bobby looks away. Jack's eyes fall on:

A stake-bed truck full of bundled papers pulling into the pumps. It blocks their view of Conchita.

A sign on the side panel advertises the Spanish-speaking daily, "LA OPINION."

BOBBY
(beat)
Listen, Jack, this whole thing with
Little Joe, I mean, when he got out
he was like crazy...

JACK
Get the gas, Bobby.

Bobby holds Jack's febrile gaze for a moment, then goes.

Jack watches him make his way toward the mini-market, fishes a bar of gum from his shirt pocket, tosses the wrapper out the window, then, painfully, begins to climb out of the car.

INT. MINI-MARKET - NIGHT

Bobby comes in, hands a youthful CLERK a \$20.

BOBBY
Twenty on thirteen.

He tries the men's room door. Occupied. He waits, in the fish-eye surveillance mirror catches sight of Conchita searching the shelves. She wiggles her fingers at him. He looks away with distaste, his gaze falls on:

BOBBY'S POV:

Jack pumping gas, moving behind the paper truck, OUT OF SIGHT.

Conchita emerges from the aisles, sets a box of juice and a tube of Magic Glue by the register, stands close to Bobby.

CONCHITA
 (keeping voice down)
 He's bleeding to death, you know
 that.

BOBBY
 (sarcastic)
 Hey, why don't we check him into
 General Hospital? We can say they
 got us in a drive-by shooting!
 Happens every day.

CONCHITA
 How did he ever hook up with
 someone like you? He saved my
 life! I ain't gonna let him die.
 We're gonna take care of him the
 moment we get to Tijuana.

BOBBY
 Well, I wasn't exactly planning on
 going to Mexico.

CONCHITA
 Really? What were you planning?
 Exactly?

She hands the CLERK a ten-dollar bill with a smile.

BOBBY
 Fuck you!

The CLERK reacts. Without missing a beat, Conchita picks a
 miniature ABC booklet from a mini-rack display.

CONCHITA
 I'll take this too.
 (flips it at Bobby)
 Here, hon, learn some new words,
 you're embarrassing.

Bobby glares at her. A MAN frees the rest-room, he storms in,
 slams the door behind himself.

The CLERK picks up the ABC.

CLERK
 Still want this?

Conchita smiles at him, shakes her head.

The TRUCK DRIVER comes in, drops a bundle of "La Opinion"
 newspapers on the floor. The front page features the results
 of the record-gate soccer match.

Conchita reads the headline. CAR HORN, she does a double-
 take:

CONCHITA'S POV:

UNDERNEATH THE STAKE-BED TRUCK SHE CAN SEE JACK'S FEET MOVING FROM THE BACK TO THE SIDE OF THE PARTIALLY HIDDEN T-BIRD, THEN BACK AGAIN.

THE PAPER TRUCK PULLS AWAY REVEALING THE REST OF THE T-BIRD AS JACK CLOSES THE TRUNK.

Jack's eyes fall on CAMERA, then he turns and pulls the gas hose from the tank, hangs it at the pump.

Conchita ponders, then gets her change, sticks the straw in the juice carton and starts toward the T-Bird.

Jack lowers himself painfully into the T-Bird's back seat. Conchita joins him in front, glances at the Samsonite behind the driver's seat. She offers Jack the juice carton, Jack shakes his head slowly, sits back in pain.

CONCHITA

You OK?

JACK

Put up the top.

CONCHITA

I'm trying to be nice, yuma maricón!

JACK

Forget it, you're not good at it.
(points)
There.

Conchita pushes a button and the car top begins to rise.

CONCHITA

I'm trying to say thank you for saving my tush, OK?

Her lips curl into a smile; she runs a hand over one hip, leans closer.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

I know it's worth it but, still...
Nobody's ever done a damn thing for me unless it was to...you know...

Jack does, looks at her now -a moment of contact.

JACK

I'm not the social type.

CONCHITA

(grins)
That's the thing about you that turns me deeply on.

Jack can't help a snort of laughter. It hurts. Conchita leans closer, runs her fingers through his damp hair.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Well, ain't this a pretty picture.

Conchita turns to find Bobby leaning into the car. She gives him a loaded look, snaps one of the top's pegs into place.

CONCHITA

Lock the top. It's getting chilly.

BOBBY

Really? Coulda fooled me.

He sits behind the wheel, turns the ignition, slams the other top peg into place and skids off.

EXT. SARMIENTO'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

El Muñeco steps off the taxi, pays the DRIVER, hurries down the ramp.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING - NIGHT

Dimly lit. El Muñeco hurries down the ramp to a black Mazda Miata, snatches off the nylon cover protecting it, bundles it up into the trunk.

CAR SOUNDS APPROACHING. He shuts the trunk, ducks. Headlights wipe across the garage. The Cherokee screeches in. El Muñeco squats, hiding behind the front of his car.

The Cherokee pulls up. Don Sarmiento and Thug #2 hurry down. Pewee moves around to the front, takes the passenger's seat. Don Sarmiento addresses Dionisio driving.

DON SARMIENTO

Me siguen a esos cabrones. Pa'
Baja no hay más que una ruta. Un
Tun-der-bir '59 lo guachan fácil.
**You follow those fuckers. To Baja
there is only one highway. A '59 T-
Bird gets spotted easy.**

El Muñeco listens from his hiding place.

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)

Métanle pata. No se van a parar
antes de la frontera.
**Step on it. They won't stop before
they cross the border.**

THUG #2
 (kicks Miata)
 Y este hijo'e mil putas?
What about this sonofabitch?

DON SARMIENTO
 Tiempo sobra pa culearse esa rata.
 Lo que importa ahorita es la feria.
Plenty of time to skin that rat.
What matters now is the money.
 (to Dionisio)
 Esto es culpa tuya. No regreses sin
 ella si quieres volver a ver a tu
 familia.
**This is your fault. Don't come back
 without it if you want to see your
 family again.**

DIONISIO
 Pero Don Sarmiento...

DON SARMIENTO
 Ya, desaparezcan, cabrónes!
Get out of my sight, already!

Dionisio skids off.

EXT. TIJUANA RED-LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. It is RAINING cats and dogs. The T-Bird is parked on the street. Bobby smokes under a leaking awning. He knocks angrily on a window.

INT. PET SHOP - NIGHT

Bobby pounds on the window.

BOBBY
 Hey, how much longer! I'm getting
 soaked out here!

Jack lies on a strangely shaped stretcher, in a poorly lit, ill-equipped back room. Conchita holds his hand. With the other one turns two coins absentmindedly.

The walls are adorned with tired, Spanish-language posters of dogs and cats of various breeds. An OLD VETERINARIAN dressed in pajamas works on Jack. There are blood-soaked compresses everywhere.

The man is sewing up Jack's side, straining to see through thick bifocals, shaking his head and talking to himself. He sews like one would a ripped pair of pants. Jack groans in pain, squeezes Conchita's hand. Bobby insists.

JACK
 (ignoring Bobby, to
 Conchita)
 Keep talking...

CONCHITA
 (winces at the crude
 surgery)
 So, anyway... The house starts you
 off with a couple hundred and what
 you make on top of it you get to
 keep... Once in a while you have to
 give the big losers a free lay but -
 hey- then you get a bonus.

JACK
 Lovely job...

CONCHITA
 It's good money, honey.

JACK
 That all you care about?

CONCHITA
 Oh, please! You didn't come down
 to L.A. for the weather, did you?

Jack can't say he did.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 OK, so spare me the sanctimony...
 'sides...nothing to be ashamed of.
 Know what my grandma back in Cuba
 used to say about money?: "Money
 don't make happiness, but girl, how
 it soothes those nerves!"

The VET echoes enthusiastically, causing Jack to groan
 loudly. Conchita laughs.

JACK
 Why'd you leave Cuba?

CONCHITA
 (beat, smiles)
 Ever hear Fidel speak?

Jack shakes his head, weary.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 He has this very high-pitched
 voice, you know... One day he's
 giving a speech to two-hundred
 thousand people in Plaza
 Revolución... He goes:
 (step back, imitates)
 (MORE)

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 "Compañeros, The Imperialist
 Yanquis say in Cuba nobody works!
 They say in Cuba all we do is dance
 the rumba...!"

Jack smiles, realizing he's in for a joke. The VET cuts the surgical thread, begins to clean up the mess.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 "Is that true, my people?!"
 (mimicking crowd)
 "No, Fidel, here nobody dances
 rumba!" "They say we are a bunch of
 lazy comunistas; that we let our
 sugar crop rot in the fields and
 all we do is dance the rumba!
 That true, my people?!"
 (waving her arms more
 adamantly)
 "No, Fidel, here nobody dances
 rumba!"
 (cups hand to her ear)
 "Let me hear it one more time!"
 (the reply:)
 "No, Fidel, here nobody dances
 rumba!"
 (Fidel begins to rock)
 "One more time!"
 (the crowd rocks with him)
 "No Fidel, que aquí no se baila
 rumba!"

Conchita mimics Fidel holding a mike, dances alternating its direction between herself and her imaginary audience.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
 "Que sí!" "Que nó!" "Que nó,
 Fidel!" "Here nobody dances rumba!"

Jack can't help laughing; it hurts like hell. The VET too laughs. Jack has closed his eyes. Bobby pounds on the window.

BOBBY
 Hey, having a fuckin' party in
 there?! Why can't I have the car
 keys?! Shit!

EXT. PET SHOP - LATER

It has stopped raining. Bobby sits with the next door NEIGHBORS on easy chairs outside their door steps.

The red-light neighborhood is coming back to life. Conchita comes out of the pet shop and joins him.

BOBBY

Had your fun? Where's Big Jack-O?

CONCHITA

Sleeping.

A neighbor offers Conchita her chair and goes inside. Conchita thanks her, pulls out a file, begins working on her damaged nail, suddenly stops, eyes Bobby.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

I won't burn any more of your brain cells or anything', will I, hon? God knows you need every one of them.

Bobby watches her work for some moments.

BOBBY

Where'd you learn to do that?

Conchita admires her nails.

CONCHITA

It's a natural talent.

BOBBY

Like pissing, you mean?

She looks at him, grins.

CONCHITA

That's pretty witty for a no-brain spic.

Bobby lights a cigarette, beams.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, there's a lotta things you don't know about me.

Conchita puts down the nail file, pinches his cigarette, takes a drag.

CONCHITA

Really... Well, let's see: I know you don't like me; I know you screw your friends; I know you think women are dumb; I know you probably haven't been laid since before color TV; and I know that's about all there is to know about you.

(hands cigarette back,
resumes filing)

I miss anything?

BOBBY

I can tell the shape of a woman's nose just by looking at the back of her legs.

Conchita burst out laughing.

CONCHITA

Now, that, I didn't know!

BOBBY

Don't believe me? Pick somebody. G'head.

Conchita gives him a once-over -Okay- scans the crowd.

CONCHITA

That lady in the pink skirt, over there.

Bobby follows her gaze to A WOMAN IN A PINK SKIRT, talking to a STREET VENDOR with her back to CAMERA.

Conchita watches amused as Bobby studies--

THE WOMAN'S CALVES

BOBBY (O.S.)

Long nose. Downward. Not like a hook, you know, banana type.

The Woman turns. Absolutely right.

If she's impressed, Conchita is not about to show it. She goes on filing her nails.

CONCHITA

Lucky guess.

Bobby springs to his feet, flicks his cigarette away.

BOBBY

See the fuckin' problem with women? Can't take nothing at face value. It's a natural talent I happen to have. I can also tell the shape of a woman's nipples just by looking at her ears. Whaddaya think of that?

Conchita clears the hair from her ears, leans provocatively toward him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(without a doubt)

Double-whoppers. Small nipple, sucker type.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 With the dark ring around it like
 this, you know, popping out.

Conchita blinks. From what we may have glimpsed in earlier scenes and the look on her face, Bobby must be some talent.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 (wolf's grin)
 I like you. You're just in the
 way.

CONCHITA
 Who's way?
 (reads him like an open
 book)
 Listen, you little rodent, you
 think that suitcase wound up at my
 place by divine intervention? I
 worked my butt off to make sure it
 got there! And that ain't no matter
 of speech either! I'm not getting
out of the way unless I take home a
 third of what's in it. And I think
 that's rather loose of me, being
 you guys crashed my party.

Bobby's eyes have shifted. She follows his gaze to Jack leaning on the frame of the shop door, buttoning his shirt over clean bandages.

JACK
 You're through splitting the pie?

Bobby looks away.

CONCHITA
 How'ya feeling, Jack?

Jack tosses Bobby the car keys.

JACK
 I could eat.

EXT. BAR OFF HIGHWAY 1 - NIGHT

Insects orbit a plain light bulb. Bobby smokes and plays table-soccer with a shoe-less RUNT. The child is beating him, Bobby suddenly points behind him.

BOBBY
 Mira, Elvis!

The kid glances over his shoulder, Bobby scores a goal, raises his arms in victory, sees Jack watching him from the door, eating a burrito.

JACK

You're a fuck-up through-and-through, you know that, don't you?

Someone calls the boy off. Bobby grins, looks after him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you?

BOBBY

(shrugs)

Yeah...

Jack searches Bobby's eyes for more commitment.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yeah!

(Jack nods)

Somebody's gotta volunteer, right? You don't!

JACK

Oh, I'm a fuck-up too, Bobby. We're both fuck-ups. Shit, else we wouldn't be here.

(tosses remains of food at stray dog)

Only you're the Olympic Champion of fuck-ups!

BOBBY

Oh, come one, Hughie holds that title.

Jack laughs.

JACK

Yeah, I forgot Hughie...

BOBBY

'Member when he tried to sell the stolen van to the cop who owned it?

JACK/BOBBY

"Sir, whaddaya think I can get for these wheels?" "I dunno, twenty to life?!"

They laugh some more.

JACK

Yeah, he was the king, alright. But you're the champ of the living ones, Bobby.

BOBBY

That's why you love me so much.

Jack holds his gaze for some beats. An outhouse door opens and Conchita struts out, cursing and slapping bugs out of her way.

CONCHITA

Can we go, please?! The flies are driving me crazy!

Bobby leads the way, exits FRAME NEAR CAMERA as...

BOBBY

Flies know their shit, don't they...?

Conchita glares after him.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Bobby drives. Conchita and Jack ride in back. Bobby runs the radio dial. Nothing but static. He switches it off.

BOBBY

How'd you survive all these years in this fuckin' place, man..?
(looks at the Heavens)
Oh, Elvis!

Conchita holds Jack's head on her lap. Her eyes are lost in the balmy night; her fingers turn over the two coins. It's a neat trick, Jack has his febrile gaze lost in it.

CONCHITA

Know what I'm gonna do with my share of the money...?

She darts Jack a glance to check for a reaction. His lips curl into a faint smile.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Gonna open a nail shop in Spanish Harlem.

Bobby rolls his eyes, yawns.

A FIRST MEXICAN GAS STATION is coming up the road. Jack glances at the gas gauge: HALF FULL.

Conchita stops turning the coins, studies them, thoughtful.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Yeah... I got the spot all picked out. I've family down there. I'm through with this life...

Her thoughts drift back out the window, resumes turning coins, PUSH.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

I've got a cousin who has a butcher shop on 114th street. He ain't doing so good. He wants out. It's a good spot. Lots of people on the streets...you know, foot traffic. That and a catchy name should keep me in business...

Bobby glances back.

BOBBY

How'bout: "Scratch-My-Nuts"?

He cackles, Ad-Libs more names. Conchita rolls her eyes, turns to Jack. His eyes are open, he has been listening to her.

CONCHITA

Why you keep this thing around?
He's -pardon my French- humped you every inch of the way.

Jack glances at Bobby, then looks off. Beat.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Ooooooh! Excuuuse-meee! It's a guy thing, huh?

He holds her gaze, smiles warmly, nods at the turning coins.

JACK

How'd you do that?

Conchita remembers the coins in her hand, smiles, hands them to Jack, positions them between his thumb and forefinger. He tries to turn them but drops them.

CONCHITA

You're not this clumsy with everything, are you?

Jack smiles. Bobby watches them gravely in the rear-view mirror.

A TOURISTIC ROAD SIGN glides past: Coyote chasing the Roadrunner -smashed against a passing trailer truck at a crossroads: "Bienvenido a Baja California: NO CORRA/DON'T SPEED."

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - NIGHT

El Muñeco's Miata shoots past CAMERA at over 100 m.p.h.

INT. MIATA - NIGHT

El Muñeco speeds past a gas station, does a double-take:

HIS PASSING POV: THE CHEROKEE gassing up

He pulls off the road.

EXT. FIRST MEXICAN GAS STATION - NIGHT

Dionisio pays the ATTENDANT, says something to him and the youth points toward a small building with a small lighted window behind the station.

Dionisio pockets the change and starts off. Pewee goes into a bar/store where Mexican JUKEBOX MUSIC blares.

THE MIATA

El Muñeco pulls into the back of the station, behind a truck.

INT. GAS STATION, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dionisio enters humming the jukebox song, checks his pumped bod in the cracked mirror, moves to the rust-streaked urinal under a window.

EXT/INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

El Muñeco steals a glance toward the station, enters.

Dionisio stands legs apart at the urinal. El Muñeco approaches quietly and, without a pause, connects a brutal kick, burying his ostrich boot deep in Dionisio's privates.

Dionisio drops to one knee, choking on his testicles. He turns, purple as a beet, fumbles for his breast weapon, receives a second kick on his face.

His 9 mm. Glock skids away. El Muñeco moves slowly to it, combing his upset hairdo, picks it up, ambles back, checks the loaded chamber.

Dionisio paws for his ankle .38 but before he can pull it out, El Muñeco sticks the Glock under his chin, shakes his head.

MUÑECO

Tcht, tcht, tcht. Where is
everybody?

Dionisio stalls, Muñeco cocks the weapon.

DIONISIO
Pes...ca...dores...

El Muñeco nods his thanks.

MUÑECO
Send me an e-mail when you get to
Hell...

EXT. MEN'S ROOM BUILDING, LONG - NIGHT

A single GUN SHOT is heard, muffled by the concrete structure. A red mass splatters the window pane.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Pewee comes out opening a mineral water. The Cherokee sits idling outside the door. Pewee stops to take a drink.

The tinted window glides half way down. El Muñeco aims the silver-plated .38 from inside the darkened cabin.

Pewee spots something at his feet, knits brow.

HIS POV: Little Joe's blood drop on his white shoe.

He bends down -just as...

El Muñeco pulls the trigger.

The SHOT misses Pewee, shatters the window behind him. He reacts, takes off toward the highway.

El Muñeco floors the truck, skids after him.

Pewee pulls out his guns, fires back blindly, crosses asphalt. LOUD AIR HORN.

El Muñeco slams the brakes. Just in time to miss...

A SILVER EIGHTEEN WHEELER thundering South. It WIPES THE FRAME.

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - NIGHT

The T-Bird's white-walled tires drone their lullaby on the asphalt. CAMERA RISES TO REVEAL Jack in the back seat, seemingly asleep, his feet propped on the suitcase. Conchita rides in front, her head at an odd angle against the passenger's door, dozing off.

Bobby is at the wheel, also dozing off. HOLD. His eyelids teeter and finally close AND WE

CUT TO:

A BLAUPUNKT CAR RADIO

The sleek dial gleaming in the sunshine. Soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC -Bach's Goldberg Variations, perhaps- issues from stereo speakers.

REVEAL the Ferrari symbol, then gloved hands steering the silently vibrating wheel with a delicate touch. The speedometer needle flirts with 300 km/h.

Bobby -locks flapping in the rushing wind, silk scarf sailing behind him- drives the open beast in ecstasy.

The Tuscany scenery swishes past. Only the MUSIC is heard.

CUT TO:

Bobby in the open T-Bird, under the soft glow of moonlight, asleep at the wheel.

CUT BACK TO:

THE NOSE OF THE FERRARI

ROARING FIERCELY now, swallowing Tuscany road at vertiginous speed.

Bobby grins behind designer shades. A road sign -FIRENZE 55 Km- whips by against blue sky.

Bobby's eyes blink in SLOW MOTION.

CUT BACK TO:

HIGHWAY #1. WIDE - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: The T-Bird slowly drifts off the straight, moonlit asphalt.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Bouncing erratically through bushes and cactus.

Conchita sits up startled, SCREAMS.

Bobby slams the brakes. The car skids, spins, comes to a stop in a fine shower of dust.

Conchita stares ahead, heart pumping. Bobby cackles, still near Florence.

BOBBY

Far out!

CONCHITA

Hell you laughing at?! You almost got us killed, you jerk!

Bobby grins at her, turns back. Jack is in a deep slumber, feverish. Blood has again started to seep through his shirt.

Bobby turns the ignition, the car won't start. Conchita puts her hand on his arm.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Wait.

(Bobby looks at her hand)

We don't want to wake him.

She runs her hand through Jack's hair, feels his temperature.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

He's burning up.

Bobby steps out of the car. Conchita quickly fishes the Samsonite key out of Jack's pocket and sticks it in her cleavage, then exits out the other door.

Bobby lights a cigarette. Conchita takes a few steps away, stretches cat-like, catching Bobby looking at her.

She ambles back, stands in the car's high beams, produces folded aluminum foil from between her breasts, scoops up a dose of cocaine with her pinky, approaches Bobby and places it under his nose.

They hold each other's gaze. Bobby blinks first. His eyes go to her swelling cleavage, then to the coke. He takes the hit. Conchita moves back to the open car door, watches Jack, plants her naked foot on the front seat, shows Bobby some thigh. She takes a hit herself, caresses the Samsonite with her naked foot.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

He's gonna slow us down, you know that.

Bobby looks at her, not sure she means what he thinks she means. She gives him the last hit.

BOBBY

He should be in a hospital anyway.

Conchita crushes the foil into a little ball.

CONCHITA
That's right.

She wiggles her toes. Bobby looks at her painted toe-nails, then at her. She looks at the suitcase.

BOBBY
You're not saying we dump him?

CONCHITA
'course not. We stick thirty, forty grand in his pocket... More if it'll make you feel any better.

Bobby grins.

BOBBY
We ain't greedy...

CONCHITA
Not completely.
(a throaty chuckle)
Actually I like you. A creep.
The genuine article.

Bobby studies her -a beat before taking the leap.

BOBBY
Why do I have this funny feeling?

She steps back, reaches behind, undoes her bra under her blouse.

CONCHITA
I can't imagine a single reason.
Can you?

Bobby shudders with excitement.

BOBBY
Don't fuck with me!

CONCHITA
Really mean that?

ANGLE BEHIND CONCHITA

She pulls off her blouse. Bobby rips off his jacket, rids himself of his cellular on his waist, leaves it on the front seat, crawls out of the car, as if pulled by a magnet.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
Come'ere, pussycat...
Ven a mirar las estrellas conmigo.
Come watch the stars with me.

This last as camera reveals a pair of gleaming handcuffs sticking out the back of Conchita's skirt.

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

NO SOUND. A circling VULTURE glides INTO FRAME.

VULTURE'S POV:

The T-Bird by the roadside. CAMERA DIVES AND

QUICK DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. T-BIRD - DAY

PUSH ON JACK asleep in the back seat. He starts awake AS SOUND FADES IN. He becomes aware of MUFFLED BANGING, peers out the rear window, puzzled.

EXT. T-BIRD - DAY

Jack steps out of the car. Conchita is handcuffed to the rear bumper, banging with a shoe on the trunk.

JACK
Well, well, well... Lemme take a
wild guess.

She turns and covers herself, uncharacteristically embarrassed. And furious.

CONCHITA
What are you looking at?!
(he laughs)
I've been banging for hours! I
thought you were dead!

Jack inspects his wound, makes a mock macho gesture, the crisis clearly over, can't get over seeing Conchita caught in her own web, laughs some more.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
(jerks cuffs angrily)
Get me my bag, you moron! He took
the suitcase, Jack!

JACK
(humoring her)
The prick!

He reaches into the T-Bird, finds Conchita's manicure bag and tosses it to her. Then notices--

THE GAS GAUGE ON EMPTY

Conchita rummages through her bag, finds key, opens cuffs.

CONCHITA

I don't get it, I'm telling you
that creep took the money and you
stand there, laughing!

JACK

Win some, lose some.

He opens the trunk, inspects it, bring out a gas can.
Conchita studies him.

CONCHITA

What the hell's going on, Jack?

Jack lies on the ground, fingers the bullet hole in the tank.
He reaches for a piece of gum in his shirt pocket. The pack
is empty. He crushes it.

JACK

Got some gum in that cute little
purse of yours?

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

Bobby schleps the suitcase, soaking wet under a blistering
sun. Suddenly he stops: SOUND OF AN ENGINE approaches. He
shields his eyes from the glaring light.

An orange (RESEARCH) utility van materializes out of a
shimmering mirage: "ELECTRICIDAD DE MEJICO".

Bobby comes alive, flags down the vehicle.

An ELECTRICAL WORKER brings the quaint van to a neighborly
stop, lowers the RADIO, flashes a big smile.

ELECTRICAL WORKER

Buenas!
Good day!

BOBBY

(training Jack's revolver
on the man)

No, malas!
Not really!

INT. VAN - LATER

Bobby speeds down Highway #1, ecstatic, getting away with it!
Loud MARIACHI MUSIC on the radio. He HOWLS, charro style.

He notices a tool box on the floor of the van. Keeping one hand on the wheel, reaches for it, drags it closer to him.

Glancing occasionally at the empty road ahead of him, he rummages through the box, finds a large screwdriver.

He wedges it under the latch of one of the Samsonite locks, tries to force it open. The latch breaks. He curses, wedges it under the other lock, presses.

The Samsonite explodes open: it is filled with copies of "LA OPINION." No money.

Bobby blinks, near heart attack, searches frantically through the newspapers. Suddenly he freezes -a vision:

FLASH (SLIGHTLY OVERCRANKED): BOBBY'S POV FROM THE GAS STATION MINI MARKET, BACK IN CALIFORNIA: JACK, MOVING BEHIND THE STAKE-BED TRUCK ADVERTISING "LA OPINION."

Bobby stares at the front page with the results of the record-breaking gate, lets out a crazy cackle.

BOBBY

Aaah! Oh, wow! What a beauty!
Oh, the cock-sucker!

Suddenly, he remembers he is driving.

BOBBY'S POV:

THE THREE BURROS lazily crossing the road -damn near on top of him!

Bobby SCREAMS, slams on the brakes, shifts gears, veers to avoid the lethargic beasts.

The van wobbles, skids off the road, down a small gully, overturns, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

The burros drag their hooves on across the shimmering asphalt.

EXT. RURAL GAS STATION - DAY

El Muñeco gasses up the Cherokee. He sticks the menthol stick in his nostrils, checks his hairdo in the glass of the pump. SHOUTS, he turns:

The ELECTRICAL WORKMAN runs up, blabbers the story of his car-jacking to the STATION ATTENDANTS.

El Muñeco listens with interest.

EXT. DESERT OFF HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

Bobby lies unconscious next to the overturned van. He is cut and bruised. Suddenly a jet of yellowish liquid splashes on his face. He sputters awake, in a panic.

REVEAL Muñeco, his back to CAMERA, calmly peeing on Bobby. He recoils against the van, choking and spitting disgusted.

BOBBY

Hey, HEY!

El Muñeco cackles while he calmly zips up.

MUÑECO

Told'y to behave...

BOBBY

You sick bastard!
(spits disgusted)
Hell you come from?!

Muñeco picks up Jack's .45 from the hood of the van and -KA-BOOM!- blows two nerve-wrecking holes on the door, one on each side of Bobby's head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(holding his ringing ears,
terror-stricken)

Jesus, you crazy fuck!

MUÑECO

(admiring gun)

Shit's some awesome piece of
artillery! Drill your fuckin'
heart right out.

(suddenly beside himself)

WHERE IS THAT BITCH?!

BOBBY

Huh? What?
(realizing the
implication)
Oh, Jesus..! You and... Oh,
Elvis! The cunt!

MUÑECO

(foaming at the mouth)

WHERE IS MY FUCKIN' MONEY?!

BOBBY

It's crazy... You're not gonna
believe--

KA-BOOM, KA-BOOM! Two more bullets rip through the door, closer to Bobby's head. He gasps, apoplectic.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Wait a minute, goddamit! Don't
 you get it?
 (grabs handful of papers)
 I don't have it! Jack! He's...
 Cocksucker switched it!

El Muñeco studies him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Probably counting it home in
 Pescadores by now!

El Muñeco's ostrich boot flashes into FRAME, connecting with Bobby's face, sending him sprawling. He struggles to his knees, scrambling over the scattered papers, bleeding profusely from the mouth.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 I'm telling you the truth, you
 fuckin' faggot!

MUÑECO
 Who the fuck is Jack! He drive a T-
 Bird?!

BOBBY
 It's a long story!
 (WHAM!)
 Yeah, the T-Bird! He's got a farm
 five miles South of the village, I
 swear!

He spits out a tooth. A droplet of blood stains Muñeco'S silk jacket. El Muñeco glares at it sacrilegiously.

Bobby has the sense to scramble ahead of the enraged barrage of kicks that follow. He makes it out of range.

El Muñeco chases him a few yards, then gives up and heads for the Cherokee.

Bobby suddenly stops, starts after him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Where'ya going?! You can't leave
 me here! You gotta take me with
 you, man, you gotta cut me in on
 this deal!

El Muñeco stops.

MUÑECO
 Sure, hell, why not?

He aims the revolver at him and pulls the trigger. Click!

Aghast, Bobby runs off. El Muñeco hurries to the Cherokee, picks up the Glock from the seat, loads the chamber, does a double-take on the road:

A TRUCK painted the familiar bright orange of ELECTRICIDAD DE MEJICO approaches.

El Muñeco glances after Bobby, gets in the Cherokee and peels off.

Bobby sees the approaching truck, runs down the gully. A front page of "La Opinion" lifts off on the whim of a gust of hot wind and he runs into it, rips it furiously from his face, continues into the bushes and out of sight.

INT. T-BIRD - DUSK

The sun is down, a deep purple lingers in the high clouds. Jack drives with his eyes fixed on the road. Conchita gazes bleakly at the endless wasteland gliding by. We let the SHOTS HOLD until we feel we have read the last of their thoughts.

Conchita turns to look at Jack. Her attention is drawn to his free hand: he is trying to turn the coins. He drops them on the seat, picks them up, tries again.

She looks at him -a moment to wonder what makes him tick. At length, she turns back to the sun drenched landscape in an inward mood. She strums her nails on the outside rear-view mirror: a sense of coming to terms with a decision.

CONCHITA
I need a rest, Jack.

Her words have a deeper meaning, Jack senses it. She smiles at him. Her eyes are flooded.

EXT. MOTEL OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN - NIGHT

A velvety sky thick with stars drapes over the landscape.

INT. CONCHITA'S MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Conchita's hands quickly empty several miniature liquor bottles into a toilet bowl.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack nurses his wound in front of a mirror. SOFT TROPICAL MUSIC comes over a vintage radio.

INT. CONCHITA'S MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Conchita's hands pour powder from the small glass vial into a still full bottle of "Kahlua", close it tightly, shake it vigorously.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack comes out of the bathroom into the quaint room. He opens a minibar stocked with myriad miniature liquor bottles and soft drinks.

He hears SOBBING, lowers the radio, puts his ear to the adjoining room door, KNOCKS softly.

JACK
Hey... You OK?

No reply. He knocks again, tries the door, it opens.

Conchita lies on the bed, buried in her pillow. A half-dozen empty liquor bottles strewn on her night stand.

Jack comes in, sits on her bed. Conchita turns startled.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I...I knocked. You...
(Conchita looks away,
checking her grief)
What's the matter...?

She shakes her head.

CONCHITA
I'm fine. I'm just...

She opens a fresh bottle breaking the seal, reads label.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
Kijafa... Whatever that is...
(offers it to Jack)
Have a drink.

JACK
(eyes the bottles on the
night stand)
I can just take a deep breath.

She giggles through her tears.

CONCHITA
Yeah... I spilled a little.

She holds the bottle out to his face. He moves his head slightly away. She slams it on the stand, opens another one.

JACK
Haven't you had enough?

CONCHITA
Shit, Jack, I never have enough!
If you can't even have a drink with
me, then just leave me alone!

Beat. Jack takes the little bottle, downs it.

JACK
Feel better?

She laughs.

CONCHITA
No.

JACK
Come on, lighten up.

CONCHITA
Oh, Jack, I'm a damn phony
socialist Cuban Marielita in six
inch busted heels and...another
goddamn broken nail!

She holds up her hand and indeed a new one is broken.

The music from Jack's room shifts. It's a rumba. They both
realize it. Jack does a few steps.

JACK
No, Fidel...!

Conchita's eyes flood again.

CONCHITA
Don't...

She pours the rest of the liquor down her throat, looks at
him, feels drawn. Jack averts her eyes.

JACK
I'm not good at this...I've never
known how to help anyone, you
know...sort out their life...

She touches her broken nail.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's your bag, in the car?
(starts to go fetch it)
I'll...

Conchita puts her hand on his arm, holding him back, touches
his temple.

CONCHITA

How come the gentle ones are always
taken, Jack?

Jack smiles at her. She turns to study herself in a small
mirror on the wall, feeling old and weathered.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

You have any kids?

JACK

Little girl. She's six.

CONCHITA

What's her name?

JACK

Estrellita.

CONCHITA

That's nice. Little Star. That's
really nice.

Her eyes fall on an empty "LAUNDRY" bag hanging on a hook.

She grabs a handful of the assorted liquor bottles.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

A woman needs love, handsome. She
can have all else in life, but
without love, a woman never...

(studies her nails)

Gets to be...a queen.

She opens one of the bottles.

Jack hears an ENGINE outside, draws the curtain back slightly
to peek out. The T-Bird still in the parking lot.

Conchita observes him in the mirror, turns, tosses the
mickyed bottle at him. He catches it instinctively.

Conchita reads the label on her bottle.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

Cachaca... Ever try this?

JACK

I thought you were just tequila.

CONCHITA

Guess days like these anything'll
do. What'd you get?

JACK

(reads)

Kahlúa.

They chuckle.

CONCHITA

Come on... If you won't sleep with
me at least help me get drunk.

She fights back tears, takes a swig to hide them.

Jack opens his mickyed bottle, looks at it, drinks it in one
go.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

LONG. The neon sign: "MOTEL BAJA CALIFORNIA," burns faint
against the morning sky.

INT. CONCHITA'S ROOM - DAY

Jack lies on the bed, asleep in his clothes, curled to a
knot. Myriad color reflections play on his face. RELIGIOUS
RADIO reaches from the next room. He stirs, his eyes focus
on:

A line of miniature bottles laid down on the carpet like a
train: Duzo, Veraña, Cajun, Metaxa, Picón... Golden shafts of
sunlight strike the multicolored bottles.

He stares at them, not quite remembering where he is. Then
pulls himself up on an elbow, realizing he has a monumental
headache. An eighteen-wheeler thunders past, RATTLING the
window panes. Suddenly, Jack exits FRAME.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack bolts out of Conchita's room. We PULL HIM to the T-Bird.
The car keys hang from the open trunk, the rear tire is flat,
the removed valve lies next to it.

Jack looks inside the trunk. The double bottom has been
removed, is empty except for Conchita's pink bag. A hand-
written note sits on it: "FOR YOUR LITTLE STAR."

Jack stares at it, lets out a self-deprecating cackle. He
kicks the flat tire, suddenly enraged.

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

The silver eighteen-wheeler we saw earlier bares down toward
CAMERA. It blasts its loud air-horn.

PULL BACK to reveal Conchita walking briskly on her high heels, carrying the bulging laundry bag under her arm.

She flashes a big smile, puts out her thumb.

The American DRIVER downshifts and brings the truck to a wheezing stop, throws open the passenger's door, calls out.

DRIVER
Where're you headed, Señorita?!

CONCHITA
How'bout you?

DRIVER
(motions ahead)
Only Cabo this way.

CONCHITA
They've an airport down there?

DRIVER
Where the hell you plan to do your
laundry?
(Conchita smiles, tightens
her grip on the bag)
Yeah, they've got an airport... Hop
in.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Jack changes the flat tire. He throws the pink bag into the back seat, the tools into the trunk, slams it shut, hurries into motel room. We follow him to the bathroom. He opens the water-faucet, begins washing up.

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

El Muñeco drives, smoking angrily. He does a double-take.

HIS PASSING POV:

The T-Bird parked outside the open room door.

EL Muñeco slams the brakes.

INT. JACK'S MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Jack comes out, drying his face with a towel.

El Muñeco's Glock connects with his face, knocking him down.

MUÑECO
Hope you're Jack!

He kicks him several times, driving him toward the back of the room. OVER ACTION:

MUÑECO (CONT'D)
Where is my bitch?!
Where is my money?!
Where is my bitch AND my money?!

JACK
(Jack staggers to his feet, spitting blood)
I've got some bad news and some more bad news.

MUÑECO
Don't even try to be funny.

He cocks the Glock. Jack hurls a handful of miniature bottles at him and leaps at him.

EXT. BACK OF THE MOTEL, CONTINUOUS.

Jack and Muñeco explode out through a shattering window.

The Glock sails through the air.

Chickens and other farm animals scatter about.

El Muñeco is on his feet first; he connects a brutal kick to Jack's rib cage, searches for his gun.

The weapon lies half way between them and a flimsy-looking barn.

Before El Muñeco can move, Jack gathers his strength and connects two powerful cross blows, sending Muñeco sprawling against a tool shack.

El Muñeco grabs a pitch fork and charges back.

Jack picks up a shovel in time to shield himself from a murderous stab. Their weapons lock. They struggle. El Muñeco strikes Jack with the handle and stabs again with the fork.

Jack moves aside and the fork sticks deeply in the barn's wooden wall. El Muñeco struggles to pull it out, lets go the tool, kicks Jack, making him crash through the flimsy door.

INT. BARN - DAY

Jack rolls on the ground. A MULE starts nervously. El Muñeco steps in after Jack, kicks him several more times.

Jack holds his wounded side and spits blood, in agonizing pain, just this side of unconsciousness.

El Muñeco stops, exhausted, puts one of the lavender boots on Jack's chest, then reaches down, places Jack's head like a football for a penalty kick.

EL MUÑECO

See you in hell, sometime.

In a daze, Jack sees:

El Muñeco's upside-down, sneering figure, backlit against the broken barn door as he takes a step back for the kill.

Jack's fingers feel the end of a chain lying under hay. He whips it on El Muñeco's face.

El Muñeco staggers back and falls, breaking the mule's make-shift box.

The panicky animal kicks up, striking El Muñeco on the throat, with an awful, CRUNCHING SOUND.

El Muñeco can't breathe, he staggers to his feet, grabs his crushed wind-pipe, falls against the back wall of the box, desperately gasping for air. Until he moves no more.

His dead eyes stares glassily at---the beast's privates.

Jack drops the chain, lies back, spent.

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

Bobby walks past a sign: "PESCADORES, 3 Km."

BOBBY

(Elvis-like)

"Love me tender, love me sweet..."

The Sun is behind his back. He pursues his long shadow with the disorganized strides of a banished soul. ENGINE SOUND, he turns, puts out his thumb.

NOTE: HE IS BRUISED AND CAKED WITH DRY BLOOD, LIKE WE REMEMBER HIM FROM THE OPENING SCENE.

A WHITE FAMILY in a station wagon with California plates slows down. When the WIFE sees the bloody hitchhiker and the vehicle speeds on.

Bobby curses after them, pushes on. Another ENGINE approaches. He turns, puts out thumb.

INT. T-BIRD. DAY

Jack cruises along Highway #1. His hand turns the radio dial, the odd Spanish-speaking station, finally Elvis, loud and clear: "You Don't Know Me."

He fishes the loose bullets out of his pocket, loads the .45. His eyes catch something ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY #1 - DAY

Bobby steps to the side of the road, squints at the setting sun, trying to make out the approaching vehicle. His expression changes from puzzlement to worry to alarm as he recognizes the T-Bird. He runs into the desert.

INT. T-BIRD - DAY

Jack steps on the accelerator.

EXT. DESERT, WIDE - DAY

CRANE SHOT. The T-Bird bounces after Bobby on the rugged terrain.

CAMERA PIVOTS TO THE SKY: A HAWK CIRCLES SLOWLY AGAINST DARK, HEAVY CLOUDS. HIDE DISSOLVE AND PAN DOWN TO REVEAL BOBBY SOAKING WET IN PERSPIRATION, DIGGING THE GRAVE, SOBBING WRETCHEDLY.

BOBBY

I don't wanna die like this, Jack,
shit...not like this. You're gonna
hafta live with this, man... It was
all Little Joe's! You gotta
believe me!

(eyes the Heavens,
frantic)

Please, God, don't let this
happen... You shoulda killed me in
the nineties -maybe- but not now...
This is the new millennium, Jack,
I'm innocent!

Jack has the gun trained on him grimly. A beat.

JACK
You're a fuckin' curse, Bobby.

BOBBY
(shrinking from the
impending bullet)
Don't, Jack! Wait, need to pray,
I... How'd it go...? Yeah...
"Padre nuestro que estás en los
cielos, Santificado sea...tu
nombre..." Shit, Jesus, Jack, this
is insane!

Jack motions with the gun.

JACK
That's deep enough.

BOBBY
You'll burn in hell, Jack!

Jack watches him: that wretched moaning: those many years. He turns away.

JACK
Only jokes you ever got where your
own, Bobby...

He reaches for the trunk of the T-Bird, opens it.

Seeing a window of opportunity, Bobby charges at him with the lethal shovel, in a murderous rage.

Jack turns, cocks the revolver.

Time is elastic, he could step aside - let the sick dog go. But not today. Not again. He pulls the trigger: KA-BOOM!

Bobby takes it in the chest. He drops the shovel, puts a trembling finger in the slowly-bleeding perforation, looks at Jack.

FLASH: the road sign in Tuscany - FIRENZE 1 Km - floats silently by, at an odd angle.

Bobby reaches for Jack in agony. Jack steps slowly aside and watches Bobby fall dead against the open trunk where - now we see with Bobby - lies El Muñeco's body.

Bobby stares at the fixed-eye cadaver, then turns to Jack with a very confused look on his face. He looks back at the awaiting hole in the ground. Time stretches with the absurd realization that this grave was meant for El Muñeco, not him.

He lets out an ugly cackle; it comes with sputters of blood. He begins to say something but death takes him away. Collapsing on the red soil like a puppet with the strings suddenly cut.

Jack stares at the slumped figure. Behind his mask of pain and sadness we also sense relief. A BURRO BAYS LOUDLY. Jack blinks back to reality.

THE THREE BURROS watch from a small hill, chewing the cud.

Jack weeps bitterly.

When the burros have seen enough, the first in line moves on and the other two drag their hooves after it.

NEW ANGLE, LATER

The sun is falling. Jack stumps the filled grave with his foot. THUNDER ROLLS.

NEW ANGLE, LATER

The T-Bird's trunk is open, the red gas can sits on the front fender.

Jack painfully lifts Bobby's body onto the front seat. He leans on the car to catch his breath, removes the pink bag from the back seat.

Then he moves quickly: tosses the revolver inside; removes his turquoise watch band from his wrist and puts it on Bobby's; removes his wedding ring and slips it on Bobby's finger; removes his wallet from his back pocket and locks it in the glove compartment.

NEW SHOT

Jack pours gasoline freely over Bobby's body, replaces the can in the trunk, shuts it, lights his Zippo lighter and tosses it inside the car. The vehicle is quickly engulfed in flames.

PANORAMIC

STORM ON ONE SIDE, A BREATHTAKING SUNSET OVER THE OCEAN ON THE OTHER. HERE LOOMS A PROCESS SHOT. BUT IT IS WORTH IT: BAJA NEVER LOOKED SO HANDSOME, SO CONTRADICTORY, SO PRIMEVAL. THE SMOKE RISES LIKE AN OFFERING FROM THE BURNING CAR.

EXT. JACK'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Estrellita is sitting in a pool of orange sunlight in the verandah, drawing with chalks on the brick floor.

Birds in a cage CHIRP melodiously. Suspiro can be seen in the b.g., working the chili field.

Suddenly the chirping stops. Estrellita looks up.

Jack approaches on foot through the heat-waves - reborn, purified.

Estrellita drops what she is doing.

ESTRELLITA

Papi!

She runs off.

Suspiro looks up from her work.

WIDE

Estrellita and Suspiro run into Jack's arms.

ESTRELLITA (CONT'D)

(notices blood)

What happened to you, Daddy?

CLOSER ANGLE

Jack caresses her, holds the pink bag out to her.

JACK

For you.

(her eyes light up)

Bobby's present.

Estrellita beams. Suspiro looks at Jack.

WIDE

They start toward the farmhouse.

Estrellita lags behind, opens the pink bag.

CLOSE

Estrellita's small hands lift a tray of files.

She tugs at something soft and cylindrical, stuck under it. A thick roll of \$100 bills. She frowns, puzzled.

ESTRELLITA

Papi...?

Jack turns.

Estrellita tilts the bag, shows the tightly packed rolls of bills. We guess it holds \$40-50 grand. More if it'll make us feel any better.

Suspiro looks at Jack. A beat. Jack turns thoughtful to the sunset.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY.

It is SNOWING. We are far away from the skyscrapers, Tropical music (the cha-cha version of "Cuando Salí de Cuba") issues from somewhere. CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO REVEAL a nails and beauty parlor. The neon sign, "JACKS AND QUEENS", scintillates with a logo of two hands matching the name.

WE CLOSE IN ON the large windows reflecting Spanish Harlem as a BLACK LIMOUSINE glides up to the store front.

INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY

A dozen efficient-looking BEAUTICIANS clad in immaculate uniforms dispense very professional-looking service.

The place is appointed with lots of mirrors, shiny metal and color television sets with earphones for each of the many CUSTOMERS.

The MUSIC is coming from a stereo console near an espresso bar/register behind which Conchita, clad in a spotless-white but sexy gown, makes change and hands out smiles. Heaven, what!

A diligent-looking FIRST BEAUTICIAN approaches her.

FIRST BEAUTICIAN

Miss Bacardi, a gentleman wants to know if you could give him a manicure -personally.

She makes the sign of money, rubbing her thumb and forefinger.

FIRST BEAUTICIAN (CONT'D)

Booth five.

CONCHITA

Thank you, hon.

She checks her hair, WE PULL HER smiling in a proprietary fashion across the busy parlor. She comes to a fully equipped manicurist's table, puts a towel with her logo on her knee

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

(her sexiest smile)

How'ya doing, stranger? Let's see what we've got.

She pats her knee. A familiar, massive hand, loaded with gold, comes to rest slowly on the towel.

Conchita's eyes come upon an odd-looking, skinny young man - Pewee- waiting by the limo, drinking Evian from a bottle. She goes to work.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
So, where you from, hon?

DON SARMIENTO (O.S.)
Baja California.

Conchita's heart skips a beat. She looks up. Don Sarmiento
grins at her darkly.

DON SARMIENTO (CONT'D)
Ever been there?

CONCHITA
(blood rushes to her
temples)
Uh-uh...

She recovers quickly, squeezes her shoulders - doing wonders
for her cleavage.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)
(smiles)
But I love to travel...

CUT TO BLACK

TITLES ROLL.