

COCAINE
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EXT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

FADE IN:

The sound of children playing, adults engaging in conversation.

White letters slide across the blackened screen:

SUPER: JULY 4TH, 1979

MIGUEL LORENZO, a man of 40 with shining black hair- stands at a BARBECUE GRILL. A screen of smoke covers his face.

An array of food motivates the senses: burgers, steaks, salads.

SEAN (O.S.)

Just squeeze together, how hard is it? Over here Nat, get in the picture!

To the side is SEAN LANG- an African American man with the style of a street pimp. He is holding a CAMERA, pulling together a GROUP for a picture.

Within the frame stands SILVIANO CASTRO and his wife, SANDRA, JOEY COCHRAN, and NATALIA RUIZ- a breathtakingly beautiful Colombian.

Each smiles as the CAMERA FLASHES.

NATALIA

I didn't even smile, lets do it again.

SILVIANO

I'm sure you look fine, Natalia, really.

SEAN

You smiled.

NATALIA

No, no- again.

The GROUP pushes together once more, posing for another photograph. SEAN positions the camera, taking one more.

NATALIA, frustrated, grabs the CAMERA.

NATALIA (cont'd)

Let me see this thing.

A group of CHILDREN run past. BOBBY CALAHAN- a man with golden curls- follows behind them, chasing them as if he himself is a child.

JOEY watches from a distance, observing BOBBY as he plays in the yard, making conversation with a young BLONDE FEMALE.

SILVIANO and SANDRA share a tender moment- feeding one another, exchanging gentle kisses.

MIGUEL, using a BARBECUE TOOL to aid his response, calls out to those in the yard.

MIGUEL

Burgers, hot dogs, steaks, I got em' over here, let's go, I ain't got all day!

SEAN approaches MIGUEL, holding out a plate. MIGUEL tosses a burger in his direction.

SEAN

You nag more than a woman.

MIGUEL

How is that nagging? How is announcing dinner being ready nagging? Explain that to me?

SILVIANO

(patting Miguel on the back)

It's the way you say it.

MIGUEL

How do I say it? Huh?

SEAN

Just leave it alone. Accept the fact that you're a nag.

In the distance, NATALIA disappears into the house, accompanied by three MEN.

SILVIANO watches her before excusing himself, joining those inside.

MIGUEL

You make no sense my friend, no sense.

MIGUEL flips one of the BURGERS.

INT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

NATALIA sits behind a large desk. Her fingernails break the silence as they tap against the hard surface. The three MEN are seated before her, each of them tense and nervous.

The door opens. SILVIANO enters, closing the door behind him. He moves into the room, sitting beside NATALIA.

NATALIA

(in Spanish)

What do you mean there were complications?

SERGIO

(in Spanish)

They were nowhere to be found.

RAUL

(in Spanish)

We searched everywhere.

NATALIA reaches underneath the desk and brings out a SMALL PACKAGE. The package itself is wrapped in foil, sealed tightly. She leans back, a look of anger on her face, and she continues, this time in ENGLISH.

NATALIA

Look boys, we're in a business full of risk. Occasionally, we have to take that risk, even if that means tracking someone down by any means necessary.

(pause, then
angrily continue)

Tear apart their lives, burn their houses, murder their children- I don't give a FUCK, you just need to do it!

All of the MEN stare at NATALIA, emotionless.

NATALIA (cont'd)

(in Spanish)

Do you understand?

The MEN nod. NATALIA reaches for a LETTER OPENER, using it to open the package as she continues to speak.

NATALIA (cont'd)
I'm not interested in hearing
excuses. I want results.

The last of the three men, ANTONIO, speaks up.

ANTONIO
But Natalia...

SILVIANO rolls his eyes. BIG MISTAKE.

NATALIA
First of all, it's Mrs. Ruiz. You
have yet to earn the right to call
me Natalia.

NATALIA lifts a flap of the package with her fingernail. She
is careful not to reveal its contents.

NATALIA (cont'd)
Two words do not exist in my
vocabulary. 'But' is one of them.
'But' implies that a person has no
intention of trying.
(pauses)
Do you intend on trying, Antonio?

ANTONIO
(nodding)
Yes ma'am.

NATALIA
Good.
(pauses)
I'm giving you fucks another
chance. Now don't fuck it up this
time, or it'll be your bodies
scattered on the turnpike.

Now get the fuck out of here.

The three MEN leave the room. NATALIA opens the package.

Inside is a kilo of COCAINE, tightly concealed to hide its
identity. Using a BUSINESS CARD, she lines up the drug on
the desk.

SILVIANO
I'm surprised.

NATALIA
At what?

SILVIANO

You're giving them a second chance.

NATALIA

What can I say, its a holiday. I guess I'm feeling a little festive.

NATALIA leans down and snorts the drug. She offers a line to SILVIANO, who rejects, standing.

SILVIANO

Not with my family outside.

NATALIA

Mmmm hmmm.

SILVIANO and NATALIA share an awkward moment- a connection obvious. SILVIANO rests his hand on her shoulder as he leaves the office.

EXT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME- NIGHT

The sun begins to set. The party slows down.

All of the GUESTS begin to pull together CHAIRS, anticipating the FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

NATALIA stands at the back of the GROUP, watching everyone closely as they share food and laughter, creating memories.

MIGUEL approaches.

MIGUEL

Is it done?

NATALIA

No. Soon.

MIGUEL

What did they do, fuck it up?

NATALIA

No. Just another day in paradise.

(pause)

I have something in mind. Don't worry. I'm going for extravagance.

A FIREWORK explodes in the air, creating a harmonious glow over the GROUP. NATALIA smiles as she turns her focus to the FIREWORKS DISPLAY, watching each one explode in harmony.

SILVIANO turns to NATALIA in time to see her walking into the house. She turns only once, smiling directly at him, before disappearing into the darkened living room.

A few moments later, a light turns on inside the HOUSE. Through the WINDOW, NATALIA sits on a couch, talking on the TELEPHONE.

SILVIANO sits back in place, just in time to see the GRAND FINALE.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

MUSIC IN: COCAINE BY ERIC CLAPTON

A NUDE WOMAN stands at a table, a package of COCAINE in her hands. She weighs it, puts it down, and wraps it in unmarked paper, applying tape to either side. She hands the package to JOEY, who puts it into the open trunk of a BLACK CAR.

The scene expands. More NUDE WORKERS perform the same routine, passing each package to JOEY, filling the trunk of the car.

JOEY directs the vehicle towards the edge of the warehouse. A MAN steps in, pulling the car forward.

In the background rests a SMALL AIRPLANE. BOBBY assists in unloading the plane- a cargo of COCAINE, packaged inside of suitcases and crates.

The chain continues, more and more trunks being filled, the plane being emptied.

CREDITS ROLL

SUPER: COCAINE

EXT. INTERSTATE 95- DAY

A brightly painted TOW TRUCK steadily drives down I95, staying within the flow of traffic, careful not to speed.

CARS of all kinds pass by- including a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR.

A WHITE CAR follows closely behind, silently protecting the precious cargo.

In tow- the BLACK CAR.

EXT. MIAMI HOME- NIGHT

The sun is nearly set. The TOW TRUCK pulls away, quickly turning on its HEADLIGHTS. The BLACK CAR sits in the driveway of a house.

The home is standard- brick exterior, a double garage.

The TOW TRUCK disappears down the street, followed by the WHITE CAR.

A MAN exits the home, approaching the CAR. He removes a KEY from underneath the CAR and steps inside, turning it on. The garage door opens.

The MAN pulls the car inside, the GARAGE DOOR closing behind it.

INT. MIAMI HOME- NIGHT

The MAN and his WIFE sit at the KITCHEN TABLE, undoing each package, using a scale to measure the COCAINE.

TINY BAGS filled with COCAINE sit to the side. More to be filled sit on the table.

LARGER BAGS sit in the kitchen, waiting to be measured.

Both the MAN and the WIFE are wearing gloves and masks, careful not to inhale.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS- DAY

THE NEXT DAY-

A pair of FEET stride down the sidewalk, the MIAMI HEAT obvious from the sunlight and the presence of bare skin.

The feet stop. Conversations are exchanged. The feet continue.

A street scene emerges- cars, businesses, people. The FEET have stopped on a corner.

Cars and people stop, exchanging money for the small bags of COCAINE, casually disappearing amongst the crowds.

The feet belong to a small time STREET DEALER in the heart of SOUTH BEACH.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB- NIGHT

A party is in full swing- drugs and alcohol throughout.

Almost every table has an empty packet of the drug sitting amongst its trash. Most of the PATRONS are high and disoriented, sinking into the drug's abyss.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM- NIGHT

A GIRL, passed out from consumption, sits half naked near the bathroom sinks. People are all around her, partying, using the facilities.

A MAN draws a line of cocaine on her exposed breast. He snorts the drug, and forms another line, pushing a GIRL'S face into it. She laughs, takes the drug, and sits on the floor, stunned from its illusion.

Powder flies in every direction. A CLUB EMPLOYEE says nothing, cleaning up behind the crowd.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SUPER: DECEMBER, 1984

A closeup of SILVIANO- older, just as handsome. He smokes a CIGARETTE, removing it briefly to release the smoke. He studies it for a moment before replacing it to his lips.

RYAN (O.S.)

We don't have all day Silviano.

SILVIANO'S eyes lift as he watches the MAN off screen. He pauses and puts out his CIGARETTE, leaning back into his chair.

The scene slowly expands. SILVIANO remains silent.

RYAN (O.S.)

Look, you called us, we didn't call you. I'm giving you one more chance and then...

SILVIANO

... and then what? You're going to shove me back into my prison cell? That's not much of a threat Agent Davis. I'm going back there regardless of what I do to make good.

REVEAL RYAN DAVIS- a tall, muscular man in his 30's- sitting on a large TABLE. SILVIANO is seated in a nearby chair, wearing PRISON ATTIRE.

The MEN are in a small interrogation room- nothing around them but a two-way mirror, a door, minimal furniture. A briefcase sits nearby.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Go ahead, put me back in. I have no problem with it. But you won't get what you want that way.

RYAN

Since you seem to know me so well, what is it that I want?

SILVIANO

Natalia Ruiz.

RYAN

So all of a sudden you're just willing to give up Natalia Ruiz. I don't buy it.

SILVIANO

Truthfully?

RYAN

Truthfully.

SILVIANO

I want to tell my side of the story.

RYAN

We already know your side of the story. Boy meets girl, falls in love with girl, lets girl walk on him, boy murders dozens of people, despite the fact that he is married with two beautiful daughters.

Does that sound right?

SILVIANO

You have no idea what I was up against.

RYAN

You were up against yourself Silvano.

SILVIANO

Worse. I was up against her.

RYAN

OK, suppose you tell me this beautiful love story. What then?

RYAN pauses, waiting for an answer. There is none, he continues.

RYAN (cont'd)

There's a catch. There's always a catch.

SILVIANO

Everything in life has one.

RYAN

So what is your's?

SILVIANO remains silent for a few moments. He sits back in his seat, observing RYAN as he stares at him, questioning his motives.

SILVIANO

I'm not stupid. I have to pay for the crimes I committed, the lives that I took.

RYAN

That's a no-brainer.

SILVIANO

But I want to be able to see my children. I want unsupervised visits with my wife. And I want priveleges.

RYAN

What kind of privileges are we talking about? I'm not going to let you conduct business in here if that's what you're thinking.

SILVIANO

You can't do the things I do behind bars. I wasn't your average dealer.

RYAN

Spit it out then. What are we talking here?

SILVIANO

More phone calls, the job program. I might as well make a life out of this place. It's not like I'm going anywhere anytime soon.

Look, the conditions of my term are strict. I can't do shit. Give me some freedom and you'll get what you want.

RYAN watches SILVIANO speak, showing some compassion for his situation.

Taking a moment, RYAN contemplates the request before responding.

RYAN

I can't guarantee anything until you give us the story. But, depending on what you give, I can work with you, get you the things you need, some of what you want.

SILVIANO

I'll give you everything that I know.

RYAN reaches into his briefcase, removing a small RECORDING DEVICE. He places it on the table, pressing the RECORD button.

RYAN

December 24th, 1984. The testimony and personal account of Silvano Castro.

SILVIANO

Where do you want me to start?

RYAN

I want to know everything. Start from the beginning if you have to.

SILVIANO

Ok.

There is a pause. SILVIANO gets his bearings, continues.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

It started six years ago. I had just moved to Miami...

INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

SUPER: 1978 MIAMI

The sound of LATIN MUSIC fills the confines of an AUTO SHOP, occasionally broken by STATIC. CARS are everywhere- all makes and models. TOOLS of all kinds line the walls.

MEN of all ages and backgrounds complete individual tasks. ONE argues with a CUSTOMER.

One car in particular sits idling. MARCO RAMIREZ- a man of about 19- sits in the driver's seat, listening to the radio, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. An UNIDENTIFIED MAN stands on the other side of the opened hood.

MARCO

(with a heavy
Latin accent)

I wish I could own a car like
this. I'd drive everywhere with
the windows down, the music up...

SILVIANO (O.S.)

I'm sure you would.

The hood shuts. SILVIANO stands in front of the car, covered in grease, wiping his hands with a towel.

SILVIANO

Shut the car off and start it
again. Maybe I finally got the
kinks out of this thing.

MARCO

A beauty like this has no kinks.

MARCO turns the car off. He turns the key in the ignition, nothing happens. SILVIANO smirks, grabbing a different tool.

SILVIANO

I repeat, kinks.

MARCO

(changing the
subject)

So, any plans this weekend?

SILVIANO

Not really. My wife has the girls
with her mother. I might put in
some overtime.

SILVIANO searches for a different tool. MARCO reopens the hood. SILVIANO raises it.

SILVIANO (cont'd)
What about you?

MARCO
Going to see a man about a job.

SILVIANO
What kind of job?

MARCO steps out of the car, shutting the door behind him. He walks over to SILVIANO and stands beside him.

MARCO
The best kind. The one that brings
in real money.

SILVIANO
Anything green cuts it for me
these days.

MARCO
My girl's cousin, you know, the
one that owns real estate here.
The developer.

SILVIANO
Yeah? What about him?

MARCO
He's worth millions.

SILVIANO
From real estate development?
There's no money in that right
now. The entire fucking country is
in a recession.

MARCO
No, he operates in some import and
export business too. He has his
hands in a lot of things.

SILVIANO
(in Spanish)
Are his hands dirty or clean?

MARCO
(in Spanish)
Who cares, as long as I can make
what he makes in a year.

SILVIANO, ignoring MARCO, reaches forward, adjusting something underneath the hood. He moves back and observes the car for a second time.

MARCO (cont'd)

Why don't you come with me tonight. Maybe I can introduce you to some people, you can make some connections...

SILVIANO

I don't need that shit anymore. I made a promise to Sandra.

MARCO

Just see what the man has to say. Anything has to pay better than here.

We both know that you could use the money. You have two little ones.

SILVIANO moves one more thing and walks over to the driver's side. He steps inside of the car, leaving the door open. He looks at MARCO.

SILVIANO

I'll see what the man has to say. No guarantees.

MARCO

(in Spanish)

That's the Silvano I know! So I'll see you tonight at Rojo?

SILVIANO

(in Spanish)

Yes, tonight.

SILVIANO turns the key in the ignition. The car starts. MARCO smiles, patting the car on the hood after he shuts it.

MARCO

I told you. A beauty.

SILVIANO turns the car off and sits in the driver's seat for a moment, thinking to himself.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I was 14 when I first went to work in Chicago. For years, I worked for the big timers- the weight dealers, the hustlers. Over time,
(MORE)

SILVIANO (cont'd)
most of them ended up in prison.

I wanted to see my children grow.
I wanted to be a grandfather. I
backed out for the girls, not for
myself. They're also the reason I
went back. It's not easy raising
kids, you know?

FADE OUT

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO' - NIGHT

A COLOMBIAN band plays on stage, moving to the beat of the
music, interacting with the crowd. The crowd is large, full
of energy.

The club is spacious- filled with tables and chairs, and a
dance floor fit for hundreds.

SILVIANO enters, dressed in a BLUE SUIT. He walks through
the club, searching for MARCO.

MARCO, BENITO CRUZ, and MIGUEL sit at a ROUND TABLE.

MARCO spots SILVIANO in the crowd, and calls for him to
join.

MARCO
(to the TABLE)
This is him, the one I was telling
you about.
(pause)
SILVY, over here!

SILVIANO arrives at the table. MARCO stands, offering him a
seat.

MARCO (cont'd)
Silviano, I want you to meet
Benito, a friend of mine from New
York, and this is Miguel Lorenzo.
Antonia's cousin from Columbia.

Benito, Miguel, this is Silviano
Castro.

SILVIANO, BENITO, and MIGUEL all shake hands. SILVIANO sits,
MARCO taking his place beside him.

SILVIANO
(to MIGUEL, in
Spanish)
Where in Columbia?

MIGUEL
Medellin.

SILVIANO
(in Spanish)
My family comes from Medellin.

MIGUEL
(in Spanish)
The purest of Colombians are born
there.

SILVIANO
(in Spanish)
Purity over sanity.

MIGUEL smiles. A WAITRESS arrives with a round of DRINKS.
MIGUEL hands her a large sum of MONEY- paying for the
drinks, tipping her well.

MIGUEL
(now in English)
Marco here tells me you're new to
Miami.

SILVIANO
Came down about six months ago.

MIGUEL
From where?

SILVIANO
Chicago.

MIGUEL
How do you like it so far?

SILVIANO
It's no different than any other
big city shit hole. The weather
makes up for it though.

MIGUEL
There's one thing you can't
complain about down here, and
that's the weather.

BENITO

Amen.

MIGUEL takes a long drink. He looks directly at SILVIANO.

MIGUEL

From what Marco tells me, you're a good man to have around.

SILVIANO

Depends on what your definition of 'good' is.

MIGUEL

I'm always looking for a man with a set of balls on him. These fake mother fuckers down here don't know their ass from their cock. I'm always searching for someone to have my back, carry his own weight. Someone who wants to make a fortune.

MARCO

He has balls. Big ones.

SILVIANO glares at MARCO. The conversation continues.

MIGUEL

Do you want to make a fortune?

SILVIANO

Depends.

MIGUEL

(through laughter)

On what? What could making a fortune possibly depend on?

SILVIANO

What goes into it, how much my time is worth...

MIGUEL

You'd be working for a top notch organization. Ask Marco here, he's been committed to me for a number of weeks now. I'm about to throw him a bone, if you know what I mean.

MARCO nods and nudges SILVIANO in the side, leaning towards him, dropping his voice to a whisper.

MARCO
(to SILVIANO)
He's giving me three large for
just one job. Think about that,
one fucking job. Imagine what
you'd make doing a year of this
shit.

SILVIANO listens to MARCO. He takes a drink, eventually
turning his attention back to MIGUEL.

SILVIANO
What kind of organization are we
talking about here?

MIGUEL laughs.

MIGUEL
You ask a lot of questions.

SILVIANO
It's the only way to find the
answers that you want.

MIGUEL
(laughing)
Big balls. BIG fucking balls.

MIGUEL turns serious. He stretches across the table,
lowering his voice. BENITO smiles and passes him something
under the table. Raising his hand, he puts a small BAG on
the table.

Inside the bag- COCAINE.

MIGUEL (cont'd)
(in Spanish)
Cocaine.

SILVIANO eyes the BAG. He looks back up at MIGUEL.

SILVIANO
I've been above street level
distribution since I was sixteen.
Get the fuck out of here.

MIGUEL stands, defensively. MARCO holds SILVIANO. BENITO
stands and shakes his head, laughing. Tension has grown.

BENITO
No one said anything about street
level.

MIGUEL straightens out, continuing to stand. He leans across the table.

MIGUEL

Like I said, I need mother fuckers to watch my back, make things run smooth. Natalia wants nothing but the best.

SILVIANO

(surprised)

Natalia- you work for a woman?

MIGUEL

Not just any woman. Natalia Ruiz.

SILVIANO

Name sounds familiar.

MARCO

(in Spanish)

Remember Armando?

Armando Ruiz.

SILVIANO thinks for a moment and nods.

SILVIANO

(in Spanish)

Yes, I remember.

MIGUEL

Natalia took over the family business. About three years ago.

SILVIANO sits back in his seat, consuming more of his drink. MIGUEL cautiously sits.

SILVIANO

So what are you offering me?

MIGUEL

Fifty large to start. We'll see how you do and go from there.

SILVIANO lets out a low whistle, sitting up, attentively.

SILVIANO

You're willing to take a chance on me and give me fifty large? What's the catch?

MIGUEL

No catch. But you know how it is.
Once you're in...

SILVIANO

(in Spanish)
It's your life.

MIGUEL nods. BENITO and MARCO watch, waiting for an answer.

In his head, SILVIANO ponders everything- his family, his way of life, the changes he had been making. The money is good- too good to pass up.

SILVIANO reaches forward with his hand, extending it across the table.

SILVIANO

Count me in.

MIGUEL shakes his hand with great joy. BENITO also shakes his hand. MARCO pats him on the back.

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)
Let's celebrate! Ladies...

Four beautiful WOMEN- all young, voluptuous- join the men at the table, seating themselves amongst them. SILVIANO laughs and puts his arm around one of the WOMEN, helping himself to a CIGAR being offered by MIGUEL.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

And that was it. They had sucked me in. I took the bait and went back to a life I had promised to leave. But it was too good to pass up- think about it, would you have passed up fifty grand?

INT. CORNER GROCERY STORE - DAY

SILVIANO enters. He smiles at the WOMAN behind the counter, walking through the store to a back room.

He reaches a door, enters.

Moments later, he leaves- a wad of cash in his hand.

EXT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

SILVIANO enters the WAREHOUSE, collecting a SMALL PACKAGE. He exits through the side door.

JOEY watches him, working in the same pattern as usual, shaking off SILVIANO'S sudden presence.

INT. STRIP CLUB- NIGHT

SILVIANO stands at the bar, observing the crowd. He spots a familiar face- a MAN in a yellow shirt. He puts down his DRINK, approaching the MAN.

The two exchange words. The MAN becomes confrontational. SILVIANO reacts, punching the MAN hard in the jaw.

The MAN stumbles, swinging at SILVIANO unsuccessfully. SILVIANO pushes him against a wall, screaming obscenities at him in Spanish.

The MAN cowers, reaches into his pocket, pulling out a small sum of MONEY.

SILVIANO counts the money before burying it inside his pocket. SILVIANO turns to leave. He pauses. For good measure he turns, punching the MAN in the face.

He immediately leaves.

INT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME- NIGHT

SILVIANO, MIGUEL, BENITO, MARCO, and BOBBY sit a TABLE, entangled in a game of POKER. Thousands of dollars in CHIPS and CASH surround them, along with BEER BOTTLES and FOOD.

The MEN are in the middle of a game- enjoying their prosperous lives with a simple round of cards.

INT. SILVIANO'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

SILVIANO'S DAUGHTERS sit in the center of the living room. One is watching television, the other dressing a doll.

SILVIANO walks into the house, shoving a large sum of MONEY into a VASE near the front door.

SANDRA greets him, kissing him on the cheek, unaware of the VASE.

The home is spacious and decorative, a standard FAMILY HOME.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

It took a lot to hide what I was doing from my family. I didn't want them to know anything about it. All I wanted them to see from it was the benefits- the money.

SILVIANO walks past SANDRA and into the kitchen, opening the refrigerator, searching.

SILVIANO

Are there any leftovers from last night?

SANDRA

There should be, down on the second shelf.

SILVIANO pulls out a plate and locates the LEFTOVERS. He makes himself a PLATE.

SANDRA (cont'd)

How was work?

SILVIANO

Same shit, different day.

SILVIANO puts the PLATE in the MICROWAVE.

SANDRA

My mother should be over here around five or so for dinner, so don't eat too much.

SILVIANO

I have to work tonight. I thought that I told you.

SANDRA

(agitated)

You didn't tell me! We've had these plans for over a month Silvy!

(pause)

What am I supposed to tell my mother?

SILVIANO

Tell her the truth. Tell her I gotta work. She should understand, you know how it is sometimes.

SANDRA

No, apparently I don't. Since when do auto body shops stay open twenty four seven?

SILVIANO

Don't hassle me Sandra, I'm bringing home money, right?

SANDRA moves further into the kitchen, lowering her voice.

SANDRA

Are you into that shit again? Didn't we move down here to get away from it?

SILVIANO hesitates before answering. He removes the PLATE from the MICROWAVE, savoring a few bites.

SILVIANO

It's not the same as it was in Chicago.

SANDRA

How is it different?

SILVIANO

Just don't worry about it.

SILVIANO turns to his wife, placing his hands on her arms. He rubs them gently, showing her affection.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

I'm doing this for you. For the girls. For us. Not because I love it, but because I love you.

SANDRA sighs.

SANDRA

(in Spanish)

You drive me crazy.

SILVIANO kisses her passionately, smiling.

SILVIANO

I have to go.

SILVIANO inhales a few more bites, disappearing into the bedroom afterwards. SANDRA turns to the GIRLS.

SANDRA
Girls, go clean up before your
grandmother gets here.

The GIRLS stand and run to their rooms.

SANDRA watches SILVIANO leave the bedroom. He leaves the house moments later, as she looks on, frightened and concerned.

SCENE FADES

EXT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO' - NIGHT

SUPER: CHRISTMAS 1978

The line outside stretches around the block. Eager CLUB-GOERS patiently await their chance to see what lies behind the shaded walls.

BOUNCERS stand guard at the doors, checking names off of a list as VIP guests arrive.

The MUSIC from inside can be heard on the streets. Some in line are dancing.

SILVIANO crosses the street, working his way through the crowd. He mingles with a few familiar faces, speaking mainly in SPANISH, ultimately reaching the front of the line. The BOUNCER greets him with familiarity.

Almost as quickly as he arrived, SILVIANO enters the club.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- NIGHT

The atmosphere inside is unrivaled- beautiful WOMEN line the floor, dancing with MEN of all ages. Most are drunk and high.

Lines of PEOPLE wait patiently at the bar, hoping for another drink. BARTENDERS, BOUNCERS, and BARMAIDS work endlessly, earning each one of their tips.

SILVIANO approaches the bar, ordering a DRINK. He turns, watching the crowd.

He feels someone behind him. A MAN taps his shoulder.

He jumps, turns, and sees MARCO, who is quickly startled. He backs away, laughing.

MARCO

On edge?

SILVIANO

A little bit. What the fuck are you doing here?

MARCO

Killing time with the ladies. What about you?

SILVIANO

Waiting on Miguel.

MARCO

Always waiting on Miguel. It's the story of your life Silvy.

SILVIANO

He puts food on my table. I'll wait for him as long as I need to.

MARCO

Point taken.

MARCO eyes a beautiful BLONDE. He disappears just as quickly as he appeared- approaching her. She graciously accepts his request for a dance. SILVIANO watches as they break out onto the dance floor.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I saw myself in Marco. He was a good kid caught up in the wrong crowd- just like I had been. Honestly, all that kid made me do was smile.

MARCO waves at SILVIANO in a child-like manner. SILVIANO smiles and turns his attention to the bar once more. He collects his drink, and walks into the crowd.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- VIP ROOM- NIGHT

A pair of RED HIGH HEELS impatiently tap against the foot of a table, their sound defined, even against the deafening music.

Other feet are seen, all feet belonging to MEN. A conversation is under way.

NATALIA (O.S.)

That's why we need to go straight to the source. I can't do this everytime, all they do is fuck and
(MORE)

NATALIA (cont'd)
fuck and fuck me, time and time
again.

SEAN (O.S.)
Half the fucking shipment was
there this time. Half! What the
fuck do they want me to do with
half, sell it to an undercover
crack whore? These niggers don't
know who they're fucking with.

The scene expands.

NATALIA RUIZ- beautiful as ever, wearing a red dress- sits
at a table with SEAN and MIGUEL. ESTEBAN LOPEZ sits in the
background- dressed in a black suit, protective of the
GROUP.

NATALIA lights a CIGARETTE, the smoke pouring between her
lips as she listens to MIGUEL speak.

MIGUEL
It has nothing to do with
Columbia. It's all New York.

NATALIA
I'm still sending someone to
Medellin.

SEAN
I got your back Natalia, send me
down there, let me tell them how
its done.

NATALIA shakes her head, placing her CIGARETTE into a nearby
ASH TRAY.

NATALIA
I have to send someone who knows
the land. I can't send you down
there baby, I'd be marking you for
death.

SEAN
Why? 'Cause they scared a nigger
knows how to lay it down, work the
game? That's bullshit Natalia.

NATALIA
If the truth is bullshit, than so
be it. I'm not discussing it
anymore.

(MORE)

NATALIA (cont'd)
I'm sending Miguel.

MIGUEL approves. SEAN, irritated, sits back, enjoying his DRINK, separating himself from the atmosphere.

MIGUEL
When?

NATALIA
Two days. Bobby is taking care of your transportation.

MIGUEL
My family?

NATALIA
Vidal will stay at the house while you're gone.

You should know me by now, Miguel. I've covered all of our angles.

SEAN
Why do we go through New York anyway? I mean, we're closer to fucking Columbia than those pricks, so what the fuck?

NATALIA
Cocaine is our version of prohibition. At the time, the cartel chose the best route possible, and now there's a reason for change. That's why Miguel is going down there- for change.

SEAN
Sure, ok.

NATALIA
I'm becoming impatient here, Sean. You can leave if you don't like where this is going.

The table goes silent. ESTEBAN watches. SEAN shakes his head, looking at NATALIA.

SEAN
No, no, I ain't got nothing more to say.

NATALIA

Good. Because I have every intention of finding a good fuck tonight, and I'm in no mood for business.

NATALIA stands, putting out her cigarette.

NATALIA (cont'd)

You boys should go and do the same. We'll continue this in the morning.

NATALIA walks away from the table. MIGUEL follows. SEAN stays seated. ESTEBAN mockingly stares at SEAN.

SEAN

You got somethin' to say Bon Bon?

ESTEBAN

Even if I did, I wouldn't waste the breath.

ESTEBAN walks away. SEAN, angry, throws his DRINK.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- NIGHT

SILVIANO observes a single FEMALE in a BLACK DRESS. She smiles flirtaciously and whispers something to a FRIEND. Both wave, taking in his GOOD LOOKS and CHARM.

MIGUEL approaches, smiling to himself once he sees where SILVIANO'S thoughts are.

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)

Women.

SILVIANO laughs and takes a drink.

SILVIANO

(in Spanish)

Can't live without them.

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)

I hear you.

SILVIANO places his drink on a nearby table, turning his attention to MIGUEL.

SILVIANO

So what's going on? You called me
down here...

MIGUEL

(dropping his
voice to a near
whisper)

Can I trust you?

SILVIANO

Have I given you a reason not to?

MIGUEL nods in agreement. He moves in closer to SILVIANO.

MIGUEL

I'm leaving in a few days for
Columbia. I'm not sure when I'll
be back, it could be the next day
or the next week, but I need
someone to run the day to day,
take care of things for me while
I'm gone.

SILVIANO

And you want me?

MIGUEL

You said that I can trust you,
right?

SILVIANO

Right.

MIGUEL

Let me introduce you to someone.
I'm sure she'd love to meet you...

SILVIANO

Sure.

MIGUEL drags SILVIANO to the bar. NATALIA stands nearby,
conversing with a young WOMAN.

In the eyes of SILVIANO- NATALIA appears angelic- her body,
every inch, is picturesque, serene, and near perfection.
SILVIANO holds a sexual attraction.

MIGUEL

Natalia...

NATALIA turns, locking eyes with SILVIANO for the first
time. MIGUEL continues his introduction.

MIGUEL (cont'd)
Natalia, this is Silvano, the man
I've been telling you about.

NATALIA greets SILVIANO curiously. The two exchange curious glances.

NATALIA
Charmed. Not what I expected.

SILVIANO
A big guy? Bald head? Maybe a
mustache?

MIGUEL eyes SILVIANO carefully- his reaction not pleasant.

NATALIA cannot help herself- she breaks into a laugh.

NATALIA
Funny man. I like that. A sense of
humor makes things a lot less,
well, sensitive.

SILVIANO
That it does.

NATALIA
Does the funny man want to dance?

SILVIANO shrugs, laughing nervously.

SILVIANO
I'm not much of a dancer.

NATALIA
Let me be the judge.

NATALIA forcefully grabs SILVIANO's hand and pulls him away.
MIGUEL watches in awe.

MARCO approaches MIGUEL shortly afterwards, just in time to
see SILVIANO and NATALIA taking the dance floor.

MARCO
Fucking gorgeous, who is she?

MIGUEL
(in Spanish)
Your boss.

MARCO
Oh... got 'ya.

MIGUEL walks away. MARCO stands and watches in admiration.

SILVIANO takes NATALIA into his arms, pulling her close as the song slows down. He smiles at her, admiring her beauty.

SILVIANO

You don't look like the devil.

NATALIA

Is that what they're calling me now?

SILVIANO

Amongst other things.

NATALIA

It amuses me. The things that I hear.

SILVIANO

Are you amused or annoyed?

NATALIA

Someone seems to be observant-honest.

SILVIANO

I'm always honest. I have nothing to hide.

NATALIA

Everyone has something to hide. Even you.

SILVIANO

Not right now. But I guess that time will tell.

NATALIA

(smirking)

Only time will tell.

SILVIANO

I have a lot of respect for you, Mrs. Ruiz.

NATALIA

No, please, its Natalia.

SILVIANO

Natalia.

NATALIA

What makes you say that Silvano?

SILVANO

You're running a man's world, and it doesn't seem to bother you. I can't help but respect a woman in your position.

NATALIA

That's nice to hear. Usually it's the opposite.

SILVANO

Don't think that the respect was always there.

The two remain silent as the song changes, becoming much faster. SILVANO and NATALIA share a dance together, their attraction at its peak.

The song ends. The band is applauded. SILVANO looks to NATALIA.

SILVANO (cont'd)

So what do you think? Am I a dancer?

NATALIA

Not quite, but we have time to work on it.

SILVANO

(kissing her hand)

It was a pleasure.

SILVANO walks away from NATALIA. NATALIA curiously follows.

SILVANO (V.O.)

I wasn't stupid. I'm still a man...

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - NIGHT

The bedroom is dark. The sound of the OCEAN can be heard through the open windows. A slight breeze forces the CURTAINS aside, drifting into the open room.

SILVANO lay on a bed, nude. NATALIA is pressed on top of him, SILVANO buried deep inside of her.

NATALIA's body moves up and down, pressing harder and harder

against SILVIANO. Her moans break the silence of the room, her sexual pleasure forcing sound to break beneath her lips.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

We danced... all night.

SILVIANO moves quickly, flipping NATALIA onto her back. He pushes deeper inside of her, causing her to scream. He begins moving in and out, back and forth.

With time, NATALIA and SILVIANO both climax, one collapsing on top of the other, breathless.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

SUPER: MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA

Two CARS, one black the other white, follow each other up a dirt road into the hidden gates of a DRUG COMPOUND. Sand, gravel and dust fly as they approach their destination.

Once inside, the GATE closes behind them.

FOUR MEN appear, all dressed in black, carrying an army's worth of WEAPONRY.

The house inside of the compound is enormous- a MANSION, with large pillars and an oversized FOUNTAIN. LUXURY CARS line the driveway.

In the background are large fields of green. WORKERS pluck the leaves from the plants, piling them into boxes and satchels.

A WAREHOUSE sits even further in the background, WORKERS entering and leaving.

More MEN stand around the exterior of the compound- each man holding a WEAPON, all dressed in black.

The CARS park. MEN begin stepping out, MIGUEL amongst them- dressed in a WHITE SUIT.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I wasn't there, but Miguel filled me in. I also had the pleasure of visiting later on. But at the time, he said the compound was like a small city. He said he really understood at that moment why cocaine was so important in Columbia- it could make even the

(MORE)

SILVIANO (cont'd)
poorest of men wealthy.

MIGUEL is greeted by TONY GARCIA, a powerful man in a green suit, standing atop a flight of stairs.

MIGUEL approaches. The two MEN shake hands.

TONY
(in Spanish)
Thanks for coming, Miguel is it?

MIGUEL
(in Spanish)
Miguel Lorenzo.

TONY
(in Spanish)
Charmed. Follow me.

MIGUEL follows TONY inside.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND- DAY

The interior proves to be more beautiful than the exterior-lavish furniture, decor from around the world. MAIDS walk through the rooms, CHILDREN play nearby.

TONY gestures for MIGUEL to follow.

TONY (cont'd)
(in Spanish)
Come, I will give you a tour.

MIGUEL graciously follows.

TONY leads MIGUEL through almost every room in the house, discussing details of his wealth.

The MEN reach an office, stepping inside. TONY shuts the door behind them.

THE OFFICE-

A GUARD stands just outside, armed and dangerous.

TONY (cont'd)
(in Spanish)
Please, sit.

MIGUEL sits in a nearby chair. TONY sits behind the desk, grabbing a box of CIGARS.

TONY (cont'd)
(now in English)
I already have an idea as to why
you are here. But I want to hear
it from you.

MIGUEL
Natalia isn't happy.

TONY
(laughing)
Women are never happy.

MIGUEL laughs. TONY offers him a CIGAR. He accepts.

Both MEN enjoy the taste and texture before continuing.

TONY (cont'd)
What is the problem?

MIGUEL
New York is withholding supply. It
keeps going down, we get less and
less with each shipment.

TONY
Has anyone spoken with Pablo?

MIGUEL
He refuses a meeting.

TONY
I understand where you're coming
from. I do. But I'm sure Pablo
sees what I do, and that's why the
shipments have changed.

MIGUEL
(curiously)
And what is that?

TONY
A female who has stepped over her
social boundaries.

MIGUEL
I understand your thoughts on it,
but she's a lot tougher than you
might think.

TONY
Here's the bottom line...

TONY puts out his CIGAR and stands. He begins to pace around the room.

TONY (cont'd)

I'm willing to step in and make sure the shipments are equally divided. However, our business will not change with New York. I refuse to deal with a woman. She has yet to prove to me that she is worth my time.

MIGUEL

We're going in circles here, what exactly are you saying?

TONY

Tell Natalia I'll speak with Pablo, but I can't control him. Word it the way that you know best.

MIGUEL

That's it?

TONY

That's the best I can do. Maybe a change in your organization would be best...

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

NATALIA and MIGUEL are seated together in the living room.

MIGUEL

.. more orderly, some sort of meeting he was going to have with Pablo. He never went into specifics.

NATALIA

The bastard thinks that I'm incapable of doing my job.

MIGUEL

Basically, yes.

NATALIA stands and throws her hand, sending a GLASS FIGURINE flying across the room. It shatters.

She puts her hand to her mouth, paces, and returns to where MIGUEL is seated.

NATALIA
Why do men think that women are
incapable of anything besides
babies and laundry?

NATALIA walks into the other room. MIGUEL watches her,
curiously.

NATALIA (cont'd)
(from the other
room)
Pablo isn't about to run this
organization into the ground. I'm
walking on a fucking gold mine...

NATALIA returns to the room, a SILVER PLATED GUN in her
hands. She loads it, handing it to MIGUEL.

NATALIA (cont'd)
Do we have anyone capable of
murder?

MIGUEL
Maybe. I'm not sure. Its not
exactly a conversation I've had
with my men.

MIGUEL takes the GUN into his hands, looking at it.

MIGUEL (cont'd)
She's a beauty.

NATALIA
Give her to one man. Make sure
Pablo dies before the next
shipment.

MIGUEL
Do you think that's best? I
mean...

NATALIA cuts MIGUEL short, slamming his body back into the
chair. She pulls his face close to her own.

NATALIA
What is my name?

MIGUEL
This is ridiculous...

NATALIA
SAY MY FUCKING NAME!

MIGUEL
 (hesitantly)
 Natalia. Natalia Ruiz.

NATALIA
 And who runs this bullshit we call
 an organization?

MIGUEL
 You do.

NATALIA
 Then I believe its time to listen
 to Natalia, not your conscience.

There is a long pause as NATALIA pulls away from MIGUEL.
 MIGUEL sits in his seat, puzzled from her reaction. He
 stands, grabbing his hat from the coffee table.

NATALIA walks to the bar, pouring herself a drink.

NATALIA (cont'd)
 The last time I checked, your
 conscience didn't hand you a dime.

MIGUEL
 Yes ma'am.

MIGUEL leaves hurriedly. NATALIA watches, finishing off her
 drink quickly and with ease.

INT. SILVIANO'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

SUPER: 1979

SILVIANO walks through the living room, holding a TELEPHONE
 to his ear. The cord drags behind him, becoming tangled in
 his path. His DAUGHTERS play on the floor. Two BOYS, the
 same age as the GIRLS, run through the living room. One
 grabs a DOLL and runs. The GIRLS both scream. SILVIANO
 nearly drops the phone.

SILVIANO
 ROBERTO! Give your cousin back her
 doll! ROBERTO!

SILVIANO pushes the phone back up to his lips. SANDRA leaves
 the kitchen, chasing after the CHILDREN.

SILVIANO (cont'd)
 Yes, yes, I can hold- SANDRA!
 Can't you put them in the yard or
 something? Why did we buy a house
 (MORE)

SILVIANO (cont'd)
with a yard if they're never in
it!?

SANDRA (O.S.)
(from the other
room)
Have you seen the weather outside
Silviano? Its miserable, they're
staying inside. How about you get
off the phone and help with
dinner?

SILVIANO
(to himself)
Fucking women...

SANDRA re-enters the room with the DOLL in her hand. She
returns it to her DAUGHTER.

SANDRA
What was that?

SILVIANO
Nothing... yes, yes, ok, well can
I call you back tomorrow? Family,
yeah, ok, sure.

SILVIANO hangs up the phone. He walks into the kitchen.

SILVIANO (cont'd)
Ok, so what needs to be done?

SANDRA removes a pan from the stove. She hands SILVIANO a
pile of PLATES from the counter.

SANDRA
Here, set the table, that would be
a big help.

SILVIANO begins to set the table. He sees a familiar car
park outside of the house.

MIGUEL steps out, followed by ESTEBAN.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
Miguel chose me for the job.

SILVIANO finishes and walks to the front door, opening it as
MIGUEL and ESTEBAN approach.

SILVIANO
These were the last two faces I
expected tonight...

MIGUEL
Do you have a minute?

SILVIANO
Yeah, sure.

MIGUEL and ESTEBAN enter the home.

SANDRA steps out of the kitchen, smiling at the them.

SANDRA
Should have told me your friends
were stopping by.

SILVIANO
I didn't know that they were
coming.

SILVIANO pulls SANDRA in for a kiss on the cheek.

SILVIANO (cont'd)
Miguel, Esteban, this is my wife
Sandra. Sandra, this is Miguel and
Esteban.
(pause)
From work.

SANDRA
It's a pleasure.

MIGUEL
Likewise. She's beautiful,
Silviano. No wonder you've been
hiding her.

MIGUEL stands, kissing SANDRA's hand. She smiles.

SANDRA
I'll set up two more plates.

SANDRA disappears into the kitchen. MIGUEL watches her walk
away, and looks at SILVIANO.

MIGUEL
Do you have somewhere private that
we can go?

SILVIANO
Yeah sure. The garage- ok?

ESTEBAN

Yeah.

The three MEN leave the house, walking to the GARAGE.

INT. SILVIANO'S GARAGE- DAY

SILVIANO, MIGUEL, and ESTEBAN step inside. SILVIANO turns on the light.

The GARAGE is filled, wall to wall. A single car, boxes, a lawnmower.

SILVIANO locks the door behind him, offering MIGUEL and ESTEBAN lawn chairs to sit in.

All three MEN sit.

MIGUEL

You're going to New York tomorrow.

SILVIANO

(surprised)

Woah, New York? Who said anything about New York? Why am I going there?

ESTEBAN

Natalia has a job for you.

SILVIANO

I understand that, but you can't just give me notice like that. I have a family, and shit to take care of here.

MIGUEL

It just came up. If I had a choice, you wouldn't be going at all.

SILVIANO

You can't send anyone else? What about Marco?

MIGUEL

He doesn't have the experience. He's just a kid, I can't trust him with something like this.

SILVIANO

I don't even know if I have the experience, I mean, what's the deal?

ESTEBAN

Look, we trust you. Just pack a bag and be ready by 9 tomorrow. I'll pick you up.

SILVIANO

Can I ask what the job is?

MIGUEL

(to ESTEBAN)

Give him the gun.

ESTEBAN reaches underneath his jacket, pulling out the GUN that NATALIA had given to MIGUEL. He carefully hands it to SILVIANO, who takes it with just as much care.

SILVIANO looks at both men, puzzled.

SILVIANO

That's nice and everything, but what do you want me to do with it?

MIGUEL

You're going to kill Pablo Hernandez.

SILVIANO

(in shock)

Woah, woah, wait a minute, I'm no killer.

ESTEBAN

You are now.

SILVIANO pauses, staring at the GUN.

SILVIANO

You better offer me a hell of a lot of money for this.

MIGUEL

Half a million, in your pocket, the day its done.

SILVIANO holds the gun in his hands, in awe of what is happening.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
Before that I hadn't killed
anyone. I had beaten the shit out
of people, stolen cars, sold
drugs- but killing people? I
couldn't bring myself to do it.
But I guess we grow, and things
change...

The GUN, in all of its glory, remains nestled between
SILVIANO'S HANDS.

EXT. HOTEL- NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The streets of NEW YORK- skyscrapers for miles, cars buzzing
along the streets. The big city atmosphere.

Nestled amongst the rows of CARS sits a DARK BLUE VAN,
unnoticed by the naked eye.

A DARK FIGURE sits inside, watching the HOTEL across the
street.

Outside of the hotel stands a BELLMAN, enjoying a cigarette,
awaiting the next arrival.

On a nearby corner are two street WHORES- both wearing mini
skirts and revealing shirts, their hair tangled, unwashed
for days.

A CAR finally arrives.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
I made it to New York on schedule.
For three days I sat in that car,
pissing in a can, waiting for
Pablo Hernandez to arrive at the
hotel. All I thought about the
entire time was the money- and the
fact that I would be making more
than ever once this fat fuck had a
bullet in his head.

A HEAVY MAN- broad in the shoulders, nearly obese- steps out
of the car. He is accompanied by a petite BLONDE, wearing a
black dress and high heels.

Inside the DARK BLUE VAN, watching every movement, is
SILVIANO. The HEAVY MAN is PABLO HERNANDEZ.

PABLO and the BLONDE enter the hotel. SILVIANO leaves the
van.

INT. HOTEL- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

PABLO and the BLONDE move quickly through the lobby. They step inside the elevator just as the door begins to close. Both are laughing- their touch on one another sexual and inviting.

SILVIANO sneaks in through the back entrance. He begins to climb the stairs.

PABLO and the BLONDE disappear into a hotel room.

SILVIANO continues to climb the stairs.

INT. HOTEL- PABLO'S ROOM- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

The hotel room is large and luxurious. On the table- a bottle of champagne, strawberries, and white roses.

The BLONDE is seated in a nearby chair, rubbing her feet after removing her high heels. She lets her hair down, allowing it to fall over her shoulders.

PABLO approaches her from behind. He kisses her neck, and drops a packet of COCAINE onto the table in front of her. She smiles.

BLONDE

How'd you know?

PABLO

I can read you like a book
sweetheart.

PABLO opens the bag, lining up three rows of COCAINE. He leans forward, taking in one line. He stands, wipes his nose, and gestures towards the remaining two lines.

The BLONDE smiles.

PABLO (cont'd)

Enjoy.

The BLONDE leans forward, taking in the two remaining lines.

INT. HOTEL- HALLWAY- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

The door to the stairwell opens. SILVIANO emerges. He begins to move through the hallway, observing each door as he passes.

The hallway is silent- not a soul is there.

He removes a small piece of PAPER from his pocket. On the paper is a single number- 302.

INT. HOTEL- PABLO'S ROOM- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

The BLONDE lays across the bed, her hair a mess, her dress partially removed. PABLO stands above her, removing his shirt and tie.

Leaning down, PABLO caresses the side of her face before kissing her passionately.

There is a knock at the door.

PABLO stands, glancing at the clock- 11:47pm. He walks to the door.

PABLO opens the door. SILVIANO stands before him.

His hands are hidden behind his back, a smile stretched across his face.

SILVIANO
(in Spanish)
Are you Pablo Hernandez?

PABLO looks out into the hallway- taking in everything around him.

Seeing nothing, he turns his attention back to SILVIANO.

PABLO
(in Spanish)
Who is asking?

SILVIANO
(in Spanish)
An angel of death.

SILVIANO reveals the SILVER PLATED GUN. He aims and fires once, striking PABLO in the head.

Blood begins to flow. PABLO drops to his knees.

Blood stains the carpet as PABLO'S body collapses,

motionless.

The BLONDE screams and rushes through the room, gathering her things, pulling together her clothing.

SILVIANO aims, firing a second shot. The BLONDE falls to the floor- half naked, covered in blood.

SILVIANO moves inside of the hotel room, shutting the door.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Natalia wanted to send a message to Columbia. That was the entire point of doing away with Pablo. So I took it upon myself to add a personal touch on her behalf... to spice things up.

The door opens moments later. SILVIANO holds a bag in his hand. The elevator doors open down the hall.

SILVIANO turns the corner, disappearing down the stairs. HOTEL SECURITY arrives moments later, discovering the BLONDE and PABLO dead.

PABLO'S body is missing it's hand.

EXT. HOTEL- NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

SILVIANO emerges out of the darkness, rushing to the van.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I have to admit, it was a rush- an amazing fucking rush.

SILVIANO climbs inside of the DARK BLUE VAN, pulling away quickly.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH - DAY

SILVIANO sits alone, in the center of an open beach, watching as the waves roll in. The sun is at its peak in the sky- the sand hot, the temperature humid.

He is contemplative. Something about him has changed.

MIGUEL, dressed all in white, smoking a cigar- walks across the beach, standing next to SILVIANO. He stares out at the ocean, eventually looking to SILVIANO.

MIGUEL

Amazing. Amazing work kid.

SILVIANO

I'm no kid.

MIGUEL

Compared to me you are.

MIGUEL sits down in the sand. He watches as CHILDREN play in the surf, their PARENTS chasing behind them.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

Natalia wants to see you.

SILVIANO

With time. I'm on vacation right now.

MIGUEL

(smirking)

You've always had a set of balls on you, Silvy.

SILVIANO

They're my best assets.

SILVIANO pats MIGUEL on the back as he stretches. MIGUEL stands.

MIGUEL reaches into his pocket, removing an ENVELOPE. Inside- a half million dollars in cash.

MIGUEL

As promised.

SILVIANO accepts the envelope, holding it high as he walks away. He says nothing, disappearing into the distance.

SILVIANO climbs into his CAR, pulling away.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

NATALIA sits in the comfort of her LIVING ROOM, dressed comfortably, reading a MAGAZINE.

In a chair next to her sits TERESA WEATHERS- her longtime companion and girlfriend. She is reading from a BOOK.

TERESA is Caucasian, blonde with glaring blue eyes. Her body is unrivaled by most- a true vision of beauty.

TERESA

That's not necessarily true. You know as well as I do that Maria and her husband have been having
(MORE)

TERESA (cont'd)
problems since day one. Look at
that affair he had, with the
waitress... what was her name?

NATALIA
Who gives a fuck. If Armando had
ever done that to me, I would have
sliced his nuts off with a butcher
knife.

TERESA
You cheated.

NATALIA
Yeah, but with you- that's
different.

TERESA
How is that different?

NATALIA
You're a woman. And its not like
he ever complained.

NATALIA'S MAID, an older woman in her 60's, approaches the
living room. She clears her throat.

MAID
(in Spanish)
Ma'am, you have a visitor at the
door. A young man.

NATALIA
(inquisitive)
Send him in.

NATALIA puts down her MAGAZINE and stands. TERESA watches.

SILVIANO enters the room. NATALIA greets him appropriately.

NATALIA (cont'd)
I've been expecting you.

SILVIANO
Yeah, Miguel said you needed to
see me.

TERESA clears her throat. Her eyes piercing, somewhat full
of anger and irritation.

NATALIA
I'm sorry, Silvano this is
Teresa, my companion.

SILVIANO smiles and reaches his hand towards her. She shakes it, reluctantly.

TERESA
Girlfriend, I'm her girlfriend.

SILVIANO
I get that.

NATALIA flashes a look at TERESA. The atmosphere is awkward.

NATALIA
Let's talk in private.

NATALIA escorts SILVIANO into a nearby sitting room.

SILVIANO laughs, looking into the other room briefly as NATALIA closes the door. TERESA continues to watch, even after the door has shut.

THE SITTING ROOM-

SILVIANO
You like women?

NATALIA
I swing both ways. Keeps life
interesting.

SILVIANO
You're my first.

NATALIA
Sometimes a woman's companionship
is more desirable than a man's.

SILVIANO
Hey, whatever floats your boat.

NATALIA
You should try it sometime. Two is
better than one.

SILVIANO
(curiously)
I might have to take you up on
that one day.
(pause)
So what's the special occasion? I
told Miguel I was on a much needed
(MORE)

SILVIANO (cont'd)
vacation.

NATALIA
I don't offer those type of
benefits.

SILVIANO
Maybe you'd benefit from it if you
did.

NATALIA
It doesn't affect me. I'll take a
vacation whenever the fuck I want
to. Plus, I already have enough
benefits.

NATALIA sits down in a chair, keeping her eyes on SILVIANO.

NATALIA (cont'd)
I wasn't sure if you'd make it out
of New York. Miguel was right, he
said you were strong, and capable.

SILVIANO
I'm more than capable.

NATALIA
One job doesn't make you
invincible, Silvano.

SILVIANO
I never said that it did.

NATALIA makes herself comfortable, crossing one leg over the
other.

NATALIA
I think its time for a promotion.

SILVIANO
A promotion?

NATALIA
I think its appropriate.

SILVIANO
What type of promotion are we
talking about here?

NATALIA
You'll be taking over Esteban's
duties.

SILVIANO

You're demoting Esteban?

NATALIA

He has a mouth on him, and too much pride. He's the last kind of person I need close to me. I need someone more, what is the term-level headed?

SILVIANO

This wasn't what I was expecting. Maybe a connection gig, but...

NATALIA

Look, with Pablo gone, a lot of business is going to open up. We're it- we're all that Columbia has in the states right now. They may not want to admit it, but I'm the most powerful person they know aside from the Cartel. I'm a king pen, the mother fucking goddess of the Cocaine industry. And with him gone, I'm in charge.

SILVIANO

And this has what to do with me?

NATALIA

Trust.

SILVIANO

Trust.

NATALIA

I trust you. You're loyal, do as you're told. I need men like you on my side. And everyone loves you, you have one of those personalities that draws people in. I like that. Its good for business, and good for life.

SILVIANO

I didn't realize I was that engaging.

NATALIA

Well you are darling, and that's why I have to keep you close to me.

SILVIANO

So what would I be doing exactly?
I'm not into the whole bringing
you water, giving you massages
sort of thing.

NATALIA stands, walking over to SILVIANO. She leans over him, putting her hands on the arms of the chair, supporting her weight. She kisses his cheek and pulls back, speaking closely to his face.

NATALIA

You have to be willing to sell
whatever I give you. You have to
be willing to kill people, women,
men, whatever.

If I ask you to remove someones
heart, I want it in my hand, blood
and all.

It's a dirty business Silviano,
but if you want the money, and the
power, and the passion...

NATALIA licks SILVIANO's cheek and pulls back, a smirk on her face.

NATALIA (cont'd)

... you have to do what is
necessary.

Now do you want it, or not?

SILVIANO

How can I say no?

NATALIA laughs, stands, and turns her back to SILVIANO.

NATALIA

I wouldn't have any second
thoughts about this if I were you.

SILVIANO

(suddenly agitated)
What if I did?

NATALIA

You know the rules. I have you in
this now, blood and all. If you
try anything stupid, tricky, fuck
anything up- I'll not only torture
the fuck out of you, but I'll rip
your wife's throat out, and bury

(MORE)

NATALIA (cont'd)
your kids with the family dog.

Do you understand?

SILVIANO stands and eyes NATALIA, for the first time realizing that she possesses nothing more than a cold heart, and little room for error. NATALIA stares at him with an emotionless glare.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
... and that, Agent Davis, is what I mean when I say I was up against her, up against the devil.

SILVIANO stands, watching NATALIA.

SILVIANO
Point taken.

NATALIA
You're going to Columbia tomorrow with Miguel. Have a safe trip...

NATALIA walks closer to SILVIANO, kissing his cheek as she opens the door, walking into the other room.

SILVIANO continues to stand there, emotionless, rigid.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

SILVIANO and MIGUEL, both dressed in fine fashion, approach the large doors of THE DRUG COMPOUND.

SILVIANO adorns a pair of SUNGLASSES- the mid-morning sun glaring off of them.

SILVIANO
This is one hell of a house...

MIGUEL
Its a mansion, not a house.

SILVIANO
Same thing.

MIGUEL
Not exactly.

Upon reaching the top step, the doors open, revealing TONY- his eyes tired, his face drained of emotion.

He invites SILVIANO and MIGUEL inside.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND- DAY

THE OFFICE-

All THREE MEN enter. TONY sits on his desk.

TONY

I hope the two of you aren't
planning anything funny. I plan on
living at least another 40 years.

SILVIANO

Why, are you on the list?

MIGUEL flashes SILVIANO a look of anger. TONY laughs, bringing the two MEN into his office.

TONY

Funny guy. Funny fucking guy.
(pause)
Take a seat. Make yourself
comfortable.

SILVIANO

No problem there.

SILVIANO sits in one of the chairs, propping his feet up onto TONY'S desk. MIGUEL lowers his head, laughing to himself, as he sits next to SILVIANO.

TONY eyes SILVIANO'S FOOT, saying nothing.

SILVIANO stands momentarily, placing a jar onto TONY'S desk. Inside the jar is PABLO'S severed hand.

TONY

I know why you're here, there's no
need to explain...

SILVIANO

I wouldn't call this an
explanation. I'd call it a
courtesy.

MIGUEL

All three of us are aware of the
situation now. The need for
change...

TONY

I underestimated Natalia. I really did.

SILVIANO

That's fucking obvious.

MIGUEL

Now that things have changed, we have a few suggestions.

TONY

I'm listening.

SILVIANO sits silently as MIGUEL speaks.

MIGUEL

You need us just as much as we need you. Both of us know Miami is a fucking gateway for coke heads and junkies. Our business is your money...

TONY

(in Spanish)

Yes, yes. I know.

MIGUEL

First thing is no more New York. You deal directly with Natalia and her organization.

TONY

(in Spanish)

Done.

MIGUEL

And our men do the transportation.

TONY

The Cartel will never agree.

MIGUEL

Its the only way you're going to get shipments into Miami. Otherwise, you're fucked.

TONY

So what is your suggestion? You two fucking idiots come down here in your high powered jet, once a week, and deliver the goods? Its a flawed plan.

SILVIANO

That's why we're not proposing that as a solution.

TONY

What exactly are you proposing?

MIGUEL

We have two clean cut White boys up in Florida. Both have clear records, and look innocent as fuck. But one is a trained killer, and the other is a master at piloting a plane, and driving anything with a set of fucking wheels.

SILVIANO

They're loyal. Trustworthy.

TONY

And you want to send these two down here, to pick up the goods?

MIGUEL

Exactly. And it helps both ends. They work for no one but themselves, no contracts involved.

TONY

I'll see what I can do, no promises. The Cartel has to make those kind of decisions.

TONY opens a box of CIGARS, offering them to SILVIANO and MIGUEL. Each takes one.

TONY (cont'd)

Anything else?

SILVIANO

Just one more thing.

TONY and MIGUEL eye SILVIANO curiously. MIGUEL is unaware of the condition at hand.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Natalia remains unharmed.

TONY

(laughing)

And why would we harm Natalia?

SILVIANO

I used to be a guinea pig for
Eddie Cochran in Chicago.

TONY stops laughing. The name is all too familiar- the name
of the famous Chicago gangster, related to the Colombian
cartels.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

I know everything that you fucks
do and how it starts. From this
moment on, she's protected.

TONY

OK, OK, I can promise her
protection. That I can do.

SILVIANO

And if you ever come for her,
you'll have to get through me
first.

TONY

(while lighting
the cigar)

Point taken.

MIGUEL and SILVIANO light their own cigars, enjoying the
taste of the smoke and fire. TONY, with lit cigar in hand,
walks to a nearby bar, pouring THREE DRINKS.

TONY (cont'd)

This calls for celebration...

TONY delivers the drinks to MIGUEL and SILVIANO. He raises
his glass, the others follow suit.

TONY (cont'd)

Here's to a prosperous future...

MIGUEL

Here's to the cartels, and to the
cocaine...

SILVIANO

... and here's to Miami.

The GLASSES clank together, creating a harmonious sound.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

NATALIA stands over her KITCHEN TABLE, a MONEY COUNTING MACHINE before her. STACKS OF MONEY sit nearby- some counted, others waiting for the chance.

MIGUEL and SEAN are close by, watching, helping. A number of OTHERS are in the room as well, admiring the scene, completing other tasks.

NATALIA is excited- the start of a new day.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

And that's where it all began. The money started to roll in...

NATALIA grabs a number of the MONEY STACKS and piles them into a suitcase. She pauses, flipping through one, before setting it beside the others.

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

JOEY and BOBBY unload an airplane full of COCAINE and MARIJUANA- piling everything inside of the warehouse. WORKERS gather around, helping.

The WORKERS are nude- squashing any chance for theft.

JOEY receives a phone call. He pulls BOBBY aside, handing him some CASH.

BOBBY reluctantly climbs into the airplane again, and, with assistance, pulls the plane out of the warehouse, preparing for another run.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND- DAY

WORKERS load dozens of packages of DRUGS onto the plane. BOBBY and TONY supervise.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

We were making between three and five runs to Columbia a week, and sometimes that wasn't even enough.

The WORKERS finish. BOBBY and TONY shake hands. BOBBY climbs into the plane, starting the engine.

INT. MIAMI NIGHTCLUB- NIGHT

A young COUPLE snorts lines of COCAINE off of their table. They offer a small package to a friend, who graciously accepts.

Everyone around them is HIGH, experimenting with some sort of DRUG.

In the background, a BOUNCER takes a line, offering the rest to a beautiful GIRL. She accepts, snorting the drug off of the bar.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

You know as well as I do everyone was using the shit. I'm sure you even took a dip.

I know I did...

INT. SILVIANO'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

SILVIANO stands in his bathroom. He is shirtless, wearing only a pair of boxer shorts.

On the bathroom sink is a line of COCAINE, ready to be taken. SILVIANO pulls himself together and leans down, taking the drug.

He stands, wiping his nose, bits of it falling into the sink. His eyes are red- tired and worn.

SANDRA'S voice chimes in from outside the door.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Papi! I need to get ready too, would you hurry up in there?

SILVIANO

Yeah, yeah, almost done.

SILVIANO cleans up and throws on a nearby shirt, rushing to leave the bathroom. SANDRA enters immediately after.

INT. COLUMBIAN NIGHT CLUB "ROJO"- NIGHT

MIGUEL rubs against a young BRUNETTE. MARCO is in the background, talking to a group of young WOMEN.

NATALIA and SEAN sit at the bar, SEAN'S hand occasionally wandering. SILVIANO watches closely as he shares a dance with TERESA, enjoying the best of both worlds.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
All of us were living like mother
fucking kings and queens. Even the
lowest street dealer was wearing
five hundred dollar suits. Life
was good...

EXT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB "ROJO"- NIGHT

SILVIANO drives off in a brand new MERCEDES BENZ.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
Life was real good.

And that's just how it was. For
everyone.

EXT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

SILVIANO pulls into the driveway. He leaves his car,
entering the home.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

SUPER: JUNE 1979

SILVIANO enters the home, shutting the door behind him.
Voices can be heard further inside.

SILVIANO follows them.

SILVIANO
Nat?

THE OFFICE-

NATALIA sits with three MEN- RAUL, SERGIO and ANTONIO. All
three are seated before NATALIA, who is seated behind her
desk.

SILVIANO appears at the door.

NATALIA
There he is! Come in here so that
I can introduce you...

SILVIANO enters. All attention is focused on him.

NATALIA (cont'd)
These three men are looking for
work. This is Raul, Sergio, and
this is Antonio.

(MORE)

NATALIA (cont'd)
This is Silvano Castro, head of
security and most of my
operations. He's the man to know
around here.

The MEN greet one another. SILVIANO sits in an open chair.

SILVIANO
So what's going on?

NATALIA
These men are going to take care
of that Cuban problem we have on
South Beach.

SILVIANO
I wasn't aware of a Cuban
problem...

NATALIA
There's a group of Cubans selling
to the tourists on over there.
They came over on a boat and
started selling cheap, bashing our
business.

I'm having it handled.

SILVIANO
(quietly)
You should have come to me.

NATALIA
You have more important things to
worry about.

SILVIANO stands, leaving the room. He shuts the door behind
him.

EXT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

TERESA sits behind the home on a large patio, overlooking
the ocean. She watches as a young COUPLE walk by- hand in
hand. A dog runs behind them.

TERESA's eyes are covered with a pair of SUNGLASSES. She is
relaxing, enjoying the sun.

SILVIANO steps out. He looks out to the ocean, then down on
her.

SILVIANO

There she is, how have you been?

TERESA

I'm alive.

SILVIANO

What, she piss you off too?

TERESA

She always pisses me off.

SILVIANO

Join the club.

SILVIANO sits on an empty lounge.

TERESA

The power is getting to her head.

SILVIANO

I don't think so. She's just in one of her moods.

TERESA

I've known her longer. Trust me Silvy, she's losing it.

(pause)

Before you know it, she'll start popping those around her. I might even end up in the gutter.

SILVIANO

I wouldn't go that far. Really.

TERESA

You seem like a smart man, Silvano.

SILVIANO

Maybe.

TERESA

Maybe you should get out now, before she sends you to hell or prison.

SILVIANO

(shocked)

Excuse me?

TERESA

You heard me. Get out well you
still can.

TERESA stands, walking back into the home. SILVIANO
continues to sit, speechless.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Natalia had always been ruthless,
but the greed was getting to her.
Everyone saw it. I had tried to
deny it and block it out, until
that day when Teresa told me to
get the fuck out. I guess now that
I look back on it, her advice was
the best that I had ever gotten. I
shouldn't have taken it so
lightly.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Three CUBAN MEN stand outside of a convenience store,
talking amongst themselves.

As PEOPLE show up, money is exchanged for small packages.

In a car, strategically parked across the street, sits
SILVIANO and ESTEBAN.

SILVIANO puffs on a cigarette, ESTEBAN eats a snack.

ESTEBAN

Here we are, out here chasing a
bunch of low lives when we should
be at home, enjoying our
families...

SILVIANO

Hey, if you want to go, by all
means. I know you have a new baby
at home.

ESTEBAN

What? And let you have the glory?

SILVIANO

What glory? Its just a fucking
stake out. We're keeping an eye on
these pricks, making sure we're in
the right.

Nothing more. Keep your cool.

ESTEBAN

I'll make a move on these fucks
right now.

ESTEBAN reaches beneath the seat, pulling out a small
HANDGUN. SILVIANO grabs it from him, putting it back into
hiding.

SILVIANO

Are you crazy? Don't be a fucking
idiot.

The three CUBAN MEN finish selling their supply, what seems
like hours later.

SILVIANO watches attentively. The CUBAN MEN get into a car,
pulling away.

SILVIANO follows.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- NIGHT

SILVIANO and ESTEBAN continue to follow the CUBAN MEN.

ESTEBAN

I'll tell you who an idiot is. The
idiot is you boy, that's who.

SILVIANO

Ok, alright, whatever you say
Esteban.

ESTEBAN

You've turned into a cocky mother
fucker since you were promoted.
Man, if this was Columbia...

The CUBAN MEN pull into a driveway. The home is in a
suburban area. They pull the car into a small garage,
shutting the door, disappearing.

SILVIANO stops the car up the street. He grabs ESTEBAN
pulling him close to him.

SILVIANO

I have a family to feed. This has
nothing to do with you or anyone
else. I'll fucking kill you if I
have to, anything to keep my
family afloat. Do you understand?

ESTEBAN

Yeah, yeah, ok.

SILVIANO drops ESTEBAN back into the passenger seat. He looks over at SILVIANO, angry, and sinks down, peering out the window.

SILVIANO pulls away, disappearing down the street.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE- NIGHT

SILVIANO, accompanied by RAUL, sits in a different car, parked in the same spot as before.

Both MEN watch as the three CUBAN MEN continue their same routine.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

We watched those fucks for a good three weeks before Natalia wanted to make a move. Even though she was a greedy bitch, she didn't want to fuck with the wrong person. When her intuitions were right, and they usually were, she would send someone to pull the trigger.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

RYAN, now seated in a chair, watches SILVIANO. The confession continues to be recorded.

RYAN, sitting up in his seat, puts his hand down on the table, easing himself up. He paces, only for a moment, before turning back to SILVIANO.

RYAN

Was there a deadline?

SILVIANO

Fourth of July, but it didn't work out that way... the fucks must have gotten a paid holiday.

SILVIANO takes a long drag on his cigarette.

RYAN

So when did this hit take place?

SILVIANO

July 11th, 1979.

RYAN

The Mall Massacre.

SILVIANO
The Mall Massacre.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large VAN sits just outside of a warehouse. The van is large, white, somewhat dirty. A pair of windows adorn either side- an uncommon sight for most commercial vans.

The side of the truck reads FIESTA PARTY RENTALS, with a phone number.

The motor is running.

SUPER: JULY 11TH, 1979

RAUL pulls himself up into the driver's seat. He appears to be alone.

The warehouse door closes. The van pulls away.

EXT. I95- DAY

RAUL drives the truck, his full attention on the road before him.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
That bitch planned the biggest hit
in the history of MIAMI.

EXT. DADELAND MALL- DAY

A WOMAN- dressed in business attire, sunglasses hiding her eyes- crosses through the parking lot. Behind her is a little GIRL, about nine years old, carrying a doll.

Both disappear inside of the MALL.

In the background are rows and rows of cars- their owners inside the mall and surrounding shops.

The area seems serene- palm trees, tourist attractions, modern elegance.

SHOPPERS, both MEN and WOMEN, wander in and out of the mall, their cars, and the nearby shops- for the most part, unaware of their surroundings.

The van pulls into the parking lot, finding an unoccupied space, coming to a stop.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

CUSTOMERS wander through the store- one purchasing a case of beer, others searching through rows and rows of coolers for their beverage of choice.

A CASHIER, about twenty years of age, stands behind the counter, observing each of the customers, assisting with purchases.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

Two of the CUBAN MEN from the convenience store approach the liquor store, carrying on a conversation.

DEALER ONE

(in Spanish)

Last time was strange. She was messed up or something.

DEALER TWO

(in Spanish)

Probably high.

DEALER ONE

(in Spanish)

She'll come around again. Just watch.

DEALER TWO

(in Spanish,
laughing)

I'll take your word for it.

The two CUBAN MEN enter the liquor store.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT- DAY

The FEET of THREE MEN pound across the parking lot, carrying a steady pace, obviously in a hurry.

REVEAL- ANTONIO, SERGIO AND RAUL- all concealing weapons, speeding towards the liquor store entrance.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

The two CUBAN MEN greet the cashier. One walks through the store, while the other orders a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA from behind the counter.

A WOMAN SCREAMS. Both men turn.

A round of bullets rings out inside the liquor store. The CUSTOMERS and CASHIER hit the floor, screaming.

One of the CUBAN MEN is struck a number of times, his body falling to the floor in a heap.

The other CUBAN MAN fires back, removing a small gun from his person.

RAUL, ANTONIO and SERGIO enter. One takes a bullet. They continue to fire, striking both CUBAN MEN continuously.

Both CUBAN MEN finally fall to the ground- covered in blood and bullet wounds. Blood is all over the floor, accompanied shattered glass and alcohol.

SERGIO stands over one of the bodies, firing an additional four shots, before leaving with the OTHERS.

All THREE exit into the parking lot.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT- DAY

RAUL opens fire into the parking lot, striking cars and a nearby PEDESTRIAN.

A WOMAN and her young SON hide behind a car, screaming hysterically as bullets fly into the windshield, releasing glass with every shot.

SERGIO and ANTONIO open fire as well. Three more PEOPLE are injured.

Shop windows and cars break and shatter. The parking lot is reminiscent of a battle scene.

The shooting suddenly stops. All three MEN disappear. The sound of SIRENS and SCREAMS fill the air.

SCENE FADES

EXT. THE MALL - DAY

An array of EMERGENCY VEHICLES, all with flashing lights, are parked near the scene of the crime.

A barricade now surrounds the MURDER SCENE. PEOPLE stand by and watch. JOURNALISTS seclude themselves in a single area, delivering information as it becomes available.

One REPORTER in particular, with her back turned to the liquor store, stands in front of a camera, delivering an account of what had happened.

REPORTER

... at approximately 2:15pm entered the liquor store seen behind me. Witnesses say that only moments after the men entered the store, they were followed by three Hispanic males, all in their early 30's, carrying automatic weapons. These men then opened fire inside of the liquor store, turning their weapons to the nearby mall parking lot shortly after. Four mall patrons were injured in the rampage, including a teenage girl. Police are estimating nearly a million dollars worth of damage to vehicles, store front shops, and more. But nothing can outweigh the damage done to those who witnessed the violence seen here today...

CUT TO:

RYAN, then a young man in his late 20's, steps past the barricade. He is followed by a MAN of the same age, the same rough appearance- RICKY BLAKEMORE.

RYAN

Just what we needed.

(pause)

Do we have any witnesses?

RICKY

Yeah, but everything they're telling us is worthless. Three Hispanic men in their late 20's to early 30's carrying a shitload of guns- that describes half of Dade County.

RYAN

Lets go take a look.

RYAN pushes his way through a crowd of OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS surrounding the entrance to the liquor store. He enters, followed by RICKY.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

REVEAL the dead bodies of the CUBAN MEN. Both riddled with gun shots, their blood splattered across the store, on the floor in particular.

RYAN reaches into his pocket, grabbing a pair of gloves. He puts them on, and kneels down, observing one of the bodies.

RYAN

Do we have an ID on these men yet?

RICKY

No, we're suspecting they're illegals. Fresh off the boat.

RYAN

Great.

RYAN stands, walking over to the other body, repeating the same steps as before.

RYAN (cont'd)

Tell everyone that's standing outside to start canvassing the parking lot. The assailants had to have gotten here somehow.

RYAN digs in the pockets of one of the MEN. He pulls out a wad of CASH. He stares at it.

RYAN (cont'd)

Hopefully they drove.

RYAN stands, removing his gloves. He looks at RICKY, who is still standing behind him.

RYAN (cont'd)

Now would be good Ricky. Not later.

RICKY

Ok, ok. You got it.

RICKY pushes his way out of the liquor store and into the parking lot. RYAN looks around one more time before leaving.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT- DAY

REPORTERS continue to speak. POLICE converse with WITNESSES, taking in any information possible.

The scene is pure chaos.

One WITNESS stands with an OFFICER, hysterically telling him what she had seen.

WITNESS

... and if that wasn't enough, they turned and came out of the store and started firing. I saw people falling, I, I wasn't sure if they were hurt or not. I just hit the ground. I could hear people screaming and running... but I didn't see much else. I only stood up once everything was silent...

RYAN walks by, hearing her account. An OFFICER interrupts RYAN's train of thought, pointing out something to him on a piece of paper.

The conversation is interrupted by a fellow DEA AGENT.

AGENT ONE

Ryan, you have to see this.

RYAN

See what?

AGENT ONE

I can't really explain it. You just gotta come and take a look.

RYAN follows AGENT ONE.

Nearby is the FIESTA PARTY RENTALS van. The motor is still running.

RYAN and AGENT ONE approach the truck. RYAN eyes it for a moment, before turning to AGENT ONE.

RYAN

So some shit got freaked out and left the motor running...

AGENT ONE

Do you notice anything unusual?

RYAN
No, not really.

AGENT ONE
Look carefully.

RYAN looks over the van. He notices the blacked out rear windows.

RYAN
The windows.

AGENT ONE
It gets even better.

AGENT ONE leads RYAN to the back of the van, opening the doors.

Inside are at least twenty automatic WEAPONS- all with appropriate ammunition. There are also three small packages of COCAINE.

RYAN lets out a low whistle. RICKY approaches from behind.

RICKY
Jesus Christ...

RYAN
Jesus isn't going to save us. This is armageddon.

RYAN continues to stand behind the van, observing its contents.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

RYAN shakes his head, laughs, and walks back to SILVIANO, lowering himself so that their eyes are level. They lock eyes.

RYAN (cont'd)
So you're telling me that Natalia Ruiz was behind the Mall Massacre?

Get the fuck out of here.

SILVIANO
She planned it, she planned everything.

RYAN
Why there, why like that?

SILVIANO

Natalia wanted to prove a point.
She wanted to prove that she
wasn't a woman to be fucked with.
I think that everyone got the
message.

MONTAGE

A series of quick cut scenes involving NATALIA.

... NATALIA stands behind a desk covered in cocaine. She lifts a small sum with her fingernail, snorting it. Disapproving, she pushes the remainder of the product off of the desk.

... NATALIA fights with TERESA, their rage embedded in their faces. TERESA leaves, NATALIA reacts violently, smashing many of her personal belongings.

... NATALIA shoots an innocent man.

... NATALIA interacts with a group of men at a dinner club- discussing drugs and life.

... NATALIA holds a knife to MIGUEL's throat. He retracts, leaving. NATALIA watches boldly as he leaves her home.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

She had changed into someone I barely knew. She always had been a cold hearted bitch, but she was different after that July afternoon... something triggered a change in her, something evil.

SCENE FADES TO BLACK

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: 1980

A close up of NATALIA, laughing, drinking a glass of wine.

The scene expands- ESTEBAN, MIGUEL, MARCO and SILVIANO are seated at a large table.

Next to NATALIA sits EDDIE BUCCO- an average man with a mustache and graying hair.

NATALIA sets her wine glass down onto the table, catching her breath.

NATALIA

And then what happened?

EDDIE

He came across the parking lot like a bat out of hell and BOOM, got hit by a fucking car! I couldn't believe this guy, I said, John, that's God's way of saying he should have given me the better deal!

The GROUP breaks into harmonious laughter. SILVIANO smiles, drinking his water. He watches EDDIE carefully and with curiosity.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Then came Eddie Bucco, the man that changed everything.

SILVIANO puts down his water glass and clears his throat.

SILVIANO

I'm sure you don't always get the upper hand.

NATALIA shoots a glare at SILVIANO. The table goes quiet.

EDDIE

No, son, but that's the way it is in any business. Not everything goes according to plan.

SILVIANO

I know that. I'm not as stupid as you may think.

NATALIA

(interrupting,
changing the
subject)

So tell us about Dallas.

EDDIE

You want to know about Dallas? I'll tell you something about Dallas. You see I moved there about six years ago for the first time...

EDDIE continues speaking. SILVIANO watches him, still curious.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

NATALIA sits in a chair, reading. EDDIE sits nearby, talking on a telephone, enjoying a cup of coffee.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Suddenly he was everywhere. He made himself right at home with us. I didn't like that...

INT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

NATALIA and EDDIE walk side by side through the warehouse- watching the WORKERS, observing BOBBY and JOEY in their environment.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Natalia even brought him to the warehouse to show him around.

INT. SHOPPING MALL- DAY

NATALIA and EDDIE, accompanied by ESTEBAN, walk through a shopping mall, carrying shopping bags, exchanging conversation.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

To say the least- I didn't trust him. But I knew we had bigger things to worry about...

(pause, speak over
MONTAGE)

The media knew that drugs had taken over the city. It was obvious- all of the new construction, people dying in the streets- cocaine had become a way of life in Miami. It was an industry all it's own.

MONTAGE

A series of quick cut scenes involving the COCAINE INDUSTRY.

... a construction site in Miami.

... a DEALER distributing the drug on the streets.

... BOBBY arriving at the warehouse with a plane full of drugs.

... SILVIANO and MARCO murdering a group of MEN at a distribution center.

INT. SILVIANO'S MIAMI HOME - NIGHT

SILVIANO sits in his living room, watching television. The nightly news is on.

In the background, SANDRA prepares a meal, and their DAUGHTERS work at the kitchen table, finishing homework, creating masterpieces.

The NEWS REPORTER speaks.

TV REPORTER

... are expected to rise into the mid 600's by the end of the year. With last year's rate exceeding nearly 400, officials say that the increase will accompany a steady course of drug usage and crime in the city.

This increase comes with a steady wave of illegal distribution centers across the state. Most are connected to the Colombian cartels. It is expected that these dealers, who also serve as assassins and bodyguards, murder at least three people in a given week, and sell nearly three million dollars in drugs. These men and women have become known as the Cocaine Warriors, and it is expected that we will see a rise in their profession in the coming year.

Also in local news today, the Governor issued a statement to the public concerning our roadways...

SANDRA, a dishtowel in her hand, approaches the living room, her focus on the news report.

As the news subject changes, SILVIANO stands, stretching. SANDRA stares at him, in disbelief.

SILVIANO

We should try and go out to dinner this week. Maybe get a babysitter.

SANDRA

Sure. Great.

SILVIANO
Something wrong?

SANDRA
Silvy- if I ask you something,
will you be honest with me?

SILVIANO
I'm always honest with you baby.
What is it?

SANDRA
Are you one of them?

SILVIANO
One of who?

SANDRA
One of them- the, the cocaine
people!

SILVIANO
What? The Cocaine Warriors?
Sandra, honestly, its a made up
name, there are no such people.

SANDRA
It's been all over the news for
weeks. I'm just worried about you,
about us...

SILVIANO
I know. Believe me, I know. But
there's nothing to be worried
about. Everything is being blown
out of proportion.

SANDRA
I just don't want to receive a
phone call one day that you died
protecting a drug.

SILVIANO
I'll never die that way.

SANDRA
Ok.

SILVIANO
So how about that date?

SANDRA laughs, nodding. SILVIANO leaves her side, dipping into the kitchen. SANDRA looks back to the television, and then looks to her husband- she knows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

SILVIANO drives through the streets of Miami- he listens to music, observes people, maintains focus on the road ahead of him.

He drives by a large federal building in time to see lines upon lines of people- all CUBAN, all new to the country. He stops at a light, watching.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
The Cubans came not long after
Eddie. A double whammy if you
will.

A WOMAN looks over at SILVIANO, tired and worn. He turns his head, pulling away.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

NATALIA, silently sitting in her living room, watches the news coverage of the CUBAN CRIME WAVE.

SILVIANO enters through the front door.

SILVIANO
Nat, you home?

NATALIA
(from the LIVING
ROOM)
Where the fuck else would I be?

THE LIVING ROOM-

SILVIANO enters.

SILVIANO
Good morning to you too...

NATALIA
Have you seen this shit?

SILVIANO
Yeah, what's going on exactly?

NATALIA

Castro just shipped us his scum of the Earth.

SILVIANO

English. Please.

NATALIA

He claimed he was sending a select group to be with their families. Instead he cleaned out his prisons, sending them along too.

SILVIANO

Interesting.

NATALIA

Its going to fuck with our business.

SILVIANO

They just got here. Don't get your panties in a bunch.

NATALIA

It will, I guarantee it. One of them is going to try their hand at it, once they figure out the money they'll bring in.

(pause)

And to think I thought our Cuban problem was over.

SILVIANO

Just wait it out. The last thing you need to do is stress over something that doesn't exist.

NATALIA

(affectionately)

You're probably right.

See, that's why I keep you around.

SILVIANO

And why is that?

NATALIA

Because you're level headed- and I'm not.

NATALIA stands, leaving the room.

SILVIANO watches the news coverage of the Cubans arriving in Florida.

INT. THE VARGAS HOME - DAY

CESAR and DOMINICA VARGAS- both in their 30's, genuinely attractive- sit together at a kitchen table, enjoying an evening meal.

Two CHILDREN play in the adjoining room.

The home itself is common, rather spacious.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
I hate to say it, but Natalia was
right. The Cubans tried to take
over...

The doorbell rings. CESAR excuses himself from the table. He answers the door.

A young MAN of about 20 stands at the door, a large package in his hand.

CESAR
(in Spanish)
Is this the package? From Cuba?

The MAN nods. CESAR exchanges MONEY for the package. The MAN disappears, CESAR shuts the door behind him.

CESAR moves back to the kitchen, opening the PACKAGE. Inside are blocks of COCAINE and a bag of MARIJUANA. He closes the package and sets it aside.

In the corner are similar boxes- all shapes, all sizes.

CESAR returns to the dinner table, exchanging a smile with DOMINICA.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A group of MEN, all young, handsome and well built, unload a truck outside of a warehouse. Boxes and packages of all shapes and sizes exchange hands, finding their place inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

Inside, another group of MEN distribute the packages into piles. Another group of MEN open the boxes.

DRUGS are everywhere- ready for packaging and distribution.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- NIGHT

The club is alive- MEN and WOMEN are dancing everywhere, some are sitting at tables, most are drinking and using drugs.

CESAR and DOMINICA- both dressed in haute' clothing- sit at a table, surrounded by FRIENDS.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Cesar and Dominica Vargas were behind most of it. They had been living in the states for about three years and had been selling bits and pieces. But when their relatives and friends came to join them in the states, they finally had the help they needed.

NATALIA arrives. SEAN and MIGUEL stand with her.

CESAR and DOMINICA whisper something to one another- NATALIA stares in their direction. She walks forward, SEAN puts an arm out- stopping her from moving quickly.

SEAN

They're nothing to worry about.

NATALIA

Competition is always something to worry about.

NATALIA shoots a glance at the CESAR and DOMINICA- who both stare in response.

NATALIA, SEAN, and MIGUEL disappear into the VIP section.

DOMINICA leans in closer to CESAR, whispering.

DOMINICA

Who is that?

CESAR

Natalia Ruiz.

DOMINICA

That's her?

CESAR

Flesh and blood.

DOMINICA

Huh. Not much to look at.

DOMINICA takes a drink from her glass, and resumes her conversation with another FRIEND.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- VIP ROOM- NIGHT

NATALIA sips on a drink, impatiently staring at SEAN. MIGUEL sits in silence beside her.

SEAN
... and then, pop!

NATALIA
Pop?

SEAN
Yeah, you know, pop.

NATALIA
Sean, do yourself a favor and shut the fuck up. We're not 'popping' anyone, do you understand?

SEAN
You're the one who said we need to be worried about them.

NATALIA
Just because I give you reason to worry about something doesn't give you the go-ahead to pull the trigger. Chill the fuck out.

MIGUEL
So what do you want us to do?

NATALIA
The last thing any of us need is a jail record. Miami PD barely knows we exist. Just keep a low key and figure out their operations. We'll do away with them soon... without all the 'popping.'

NATALIA takes a sip of her drink, leans back in her chair, and observes the crowd. The focus remains on her.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
So we kept an eye on things. That was the easy part.

EXT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

The backyard and the surrounding areas are filled with PEOPLE- laughing, drinking, eating.

In the crowd are SILVIANO, SANDRA, SEAN, MIGUEL, TERESA, and ESTEBAN.

NATALIA (O.S.)

I'd like for you to meet my son-
Diego, this is Silviano and his
wife Sandra, very good friends of
mine... if you need anything, he's
the man to see.

NATALIA stands before SILVIANO and SANDRA, DIEGO RUIZ on her arm- a young man of 16. He is similar to her, with a dark complexion and keen smile.

SILVIANO

(shaking DIEGO'S
hand)

Nat talks about you all the time,
kid.

NATALIA

(looking at her
son)

All good things, all good.

SANDRA

Welcome to Miami sweetheart,
you'll love it here.

DIEGO

I already do, living on the beach
isn't so bad.

SILVIANO

Better than Medellin I'm sure.

DIEGO

You know it?

SILVIANO

Born and raised.

NATALIA

You'll have to swap stories.

NATALIA leads DIEGO throughout the party, introducing him to everyone. SILVIANO watches from a distance, enjoying a cocktail.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

As if it wasn't stressful enough,
Natalia drug her kid up from
Columbia and threw him into the
mix. Diego seemed like a good kid,
but with her for a mother and
Armando as his father, something
had to be in his blood.

SANDRA (O.S.)

(fading in)

Silvy, Silvy, SILVIANO.

SILVIANO

Yeah, yeah, sorry, what is it?

SANDRA

I'll be inside with the girls, do
you need anything?

SILVIANO

No. Go on, enjoy yourself.

SANDRA kisses SILVIANO's cheek and disappears inside of the house. SILVIANO stands there for a moment before disappearing into the crowd.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

MIGUEL, SEAN and ESTEBAN stand together inside of the living room, each of them carrying a drink.

ESTEBAN

Nothing. Nada. They're careful,
you know.

SEAN

Too careful. They did their
research.

ESTEBAN

So what does she want us to do? We
all know they're in the middle of
it, they're killing us out there.

SILVIANO enters.

SILVIANO

Who's killing who?

SEAN

The fucking Cubans.

SILVIANO

What about them?

MIGUEL

Did you get anything this week?

SILVIANO

No, same shit as before. The warehouse, South Beach...

SEAN

See what I mean? We can't just sit on our thumbs and wait for them to launch their shit first. We have to do something.

MIGUEL

We can't just go out and start a war, Sean.

SILVIANO

Look, be reasonable. Their shit isn't better than ours. It's cheaper, but its just that- cheap.

SILVIANO takes a drink and sets down his glass on a nearby table.

ESTEBAN

He's right. It's real cheap.

SILVIANO

Just take it easy. We'll have our chance.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI - NIGHT

A BLACK CAR drives down a stretch of road in the center of the city. Its a late hour.

In the distance, a van is approaching. Slow at first, its speed quickening.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

The Cubans took their time, most of the year in fact, but they eventually fucked up.

As the van nears the BLACK CAR, a MAN stretches outside of the passenger window, an automatic WEAPON in hand.. The van

swerves, pulling alongside the BLACK CAR.

The MAN opens fire.

Losing control, the DRIVER of the BLACK CAR crashes into a nearby building. The DRIVER of the van speeds off into the distance, quickly turning a corner and disappearing into the night.

Smoke hurls out from underneath the hood of the BLACK CAR. Bullet holes are everywhere, along with shattered glass and fluids. Inside are two bodies- the driver, and BENITO CRUZ.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

The Vargas' made the mistake of putting a hit out on Benito Cruz. He was a wealthy man out of New York that funded a lot of Natalia's outside projects. I think he was Natalia's cousin too, or some shit like that.

After that, all bets were off. Natalia declared war.

INT. SMALL BAR - NIGHT

The doors open. SILVIANO and ESTEBAN enter, guns drawn. Both MEN open fire, sending bullets flying.

CUSTOMERS hit the floor, screaming. The BARTENDER falls to the floor, injured.

Two CUBAN MEN step out from the office. Both are riddled with gun shots.

SILVIANO departs after both MEN fall dead to the ground. ESTEBAN fires a single shot into the ceiling, following SILVIANO out of the bar.

CUSTOMERS stand and look around, shocked.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME- NIGHT

A MAN is dead, covered in blood. His body is laid out on the floor. One of his feet is missing.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- NIGHT

SEAN walks through the nightclub, a bag in his hand.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
I'm sure you know, but the war
between us and the Cubans wasn't
pretty. Natalia sent us after
everyone...

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- VIP ROOM- NIGHT

NATALIA sits at a table. She is accompanied by MIGUEL and SILVIANO.

SEAN approaches the table, handing her the bag.

Inside- the MAN's foot.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
... not to mention she also
decided to become a connoisseur of
mangled body parts. I started that
sick trend years before, but the
further she sunk in, the worse it
got.

NATALIA, nodding in approval, invites SEAN to sit at the table. SILVIANO stares at the BAG, knowing.

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

SILVIANO enters the warehouse. JOEY oversees a group of WORKERS inside. BOBBY is preparing the plane for another flight.

SILVIANO walks across the warehouse slowly. JOEY notices him approaching.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
But business went on as usual, and
was better than ever...

JOEY
(from a distance)
Well look at who it is. I never
see your fucking mug anymore.

JOEY and SILVIANO greet one another. SILVIANO looks at a nearby table- covered in cocaine and packaging supplies.

SILVIANO
You know how hard it is for me to
get out of the city.

JOEY

Yeah, I know.

So what's going on, how are your girls?

SILVIANO

They're great. Really good.

JOEY

You Ok?

SILVIANO

Yeah, yeah, you know, just everything lately. Its been rough.

JOEY

You know, I've got some years on you Silviano. I've been around awhile, and seen almost everything that there is...

SILVIANO

(joking)

You are an old fuck.

JOEY

All kidding aside... YOU chose this business.

SILVIANO

I know.

JOEY

Sometimes you have to say, what the fuck. Just suck it up, and go with it. That's what I do. I mean shit, look around, I'm covered in dirt and coke all day, and I never complain. Not once have I whined about this. Why? Because I chose to be here.

SILVIANO

Doesn't make it any easier.

JOEY

No, true, but the money does. Money makes everything easier. Remember that.

JOEY winks. He reaches under the table, pulling out an envelope, handing it to SILVIANO.

JOEY (cont'd)

I'm assuming that this is what you came for. Tell Nat its everything she asked for.

SILVIANO

You got it.

JOEY walks away. SILVIANO stands there for a moment, pondering, before turning and leaving the warehouse.

JOEY turns moments later, watching him walk away.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

SUPER: 1981

NATALIA sits on a sofa, drinking a cup of COFFEE. SILVIANO sits across from her, SEAN sits nearby. The room is silent, its atmosphere awkward.

NATALIA leans forward, pressing her coffee cup down into a coaster. She leans back, taking everything in before speaking, enjoying the taste of the coffee.

NATALIA

No matter what we do, they're catching up to us.

SEAN

About 15 bodies and lost weight later- you'd think they would get the hint.

NATALIA

Its time for more desperate measures.

SILVIANO

We should have done this from the beginning.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Done what?

EDDIE steps into the living room, taking a seat beside NATALIA. SEAN and SILVIANO exchange glances.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Should have done what from the beginning?

SILVIANO

This doesn't concern you.

NATALIA

He's been invited.

SILVIANO

What, by you? Are you out of your fucking mind?

NATALIA

(standing)

Excuse me?

SEAN

With all due respect Natalia, Silvano has a point.

EDDIE

Look, if I'm causing any trouble...

NATALIA

(angrily)

No. Stay.

SILVIANO

If he stays, count me out. I'm not incriminating myself in front of him.

NATALIA

Incriminating yourself? He's a part of this, whether you like it or not.

He can be trusted.

SILVIANO

I don't know that. I sure as hell don't fucking know him!

NATALIA

You know I have a low tolerance for disrespect...

SILVIANO

I don't trust him, no offense Eddie, Edward, whatever the fuck your name is... but I don't know you, and I'm not having this conversation in front of you.

NATALIA

Eddie, can you excuse us?

EDDIE

Yeah. of course.

EDDIE stands, leaving the room. NATALIA watches him, and then turns her attention to SILVIANO. She becomes enraged, throwing the coffee cup across the room. It shatters against a wall.

NATALIA

How DARE you go against what I have to say! Do you remember who I am?

SILVIANO

The Natalia I know wouldn't trust some white guy in a suit and tie with her business structure. That's who I know.

NATALIA

If I were you, I'd drop it. I'll have you killed just as quickly as anyone else.

SILVIANO stands from his seat, throwing his hands in the air.

SILVIANO

Then do it Natalia, fucking shoot me, fucking shoot me RIGHT HERE!

SILVIANO pounds his hands on his chest.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Come on, GET SOME FUCKING GUTS! Go ahead and FUCKING KILL ME!

The room remains silent. NATALIA stands close to SILVIANO, also silent.

After a few moments, NATALIA clears her throat.

NATALIA

(quietly)

Get out of my sight...

SILVIANO turns his back to NATALIA and SEAN, leaving the living room. He smashes his hand into a nearby plant, sending it to the floor.

He slams the door behind him.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I just didn't trust the guy and she never understood why.

Anyway, the job was done without me... Sean took care of it. He was a big boy, I didn't need to hold his hand.

INT. THE VARGAS HOME - DAY

CESAR and DOMINICA go about their daily routine- CESAR takes a shower, DOMINICA prepares breakfast. Two TEENAGERS sit in the LIVING ROOM- watching television, talking amongst themselves.

Shots ring out. DOMINICA falls to the ground, dead, the food still crackling in its oils. The two TEENAGERS stand in defense.

More shots are fired. The TEENAGERS also fall to the ground, dead.

SEAN and a MAN enter, guns in hand.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

That crazy fuck took a random guy and murdered the Vargas' in the middle of broad daylight. That one had some balls, let me tell you...

SEAN storms through the house, firing shots into random rooms, approaching the bathroom. CESAR exits the shower in nothing but a towel.

He quickly comes into the hallway. SEAN fires three shots, all of them exploding into CESAR, who immediately falls, dying.

SEAN and the MAN turn and leave the home. All of the home's occupants are dead.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Natalia thought that she was clean and clear after that. She had just eliminated the competition.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

RICKY sits boldly at a table, a plate of food in front of him, a glass of water to the side. He enjoys a bite of food, concentrating on the UNKNOWN PERSON seated before him.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

... and Natalia finally found a way to corrupt the entire Miami police department.

RICKY swallows.

RICKY

... in exchange for protection and other amenities, that I'm sure, we, as a force, could offer.

NATALIA (O.S.)

I'm flattered, really, but what does this have to do with me?

On the opposite side of the table sits NATALIA. She is alone. MIGUEL sits at a different table.

RICKY

You pay us, we repay you. In a sense.

RICKY drinks from his water glass before continuing.

RICKY (cont'd)

Let me rephrase this. You pay us in goods- money, coke- and we offer you protection. We won't bother you, some of the guys might even make you some extra money on the streets- but the key is payment. And lots of it.

NATALIA

The payment will forever remain negotiable. I'm not drawing up contracts- for anyone. Even my own people.

RICKY

Negotiable?

NATALIA

Negotiable. On my terms.

RICKY

You don't understand what I'm saying here sweetheart... we say what goes and when.

NATALIA

No, no, no.

Ricky, Mr. Blakemore is it?

RICKY

Please, Ricky is fine.

NATALIA

OK, Ricky. Here's how it works. I'm Natalia Ruiz. I work for the big guys down in Columbia, the ones that could make you disappear, in pieces, without a trace. I run this city, I am the queen of this business. No one orders me around- because, Ricky, despite the fact that you are an officer of the law, I'm more than willing to remove your penis and shove it down your throat, that is, before dropping your deceased body on your wife's doorstep.

RICKY stops moving, sitting silently.

NATALIA (cont'd)

Do I make myself clear?

RICKY

Yes, yes ma'am.

NATALIA

Good. My offer is this.

MIGUEL stands, passing NATALIA a piece of paper. She looks it over before folding it once, passing it to RICKY across the table.

RICKY looks over the piece of paper and nods, letting out a low whistle.

RICKY

This is going to be a beautiful partnership.

NATALIA

Yes it is.

NATALIA raises her wine glass, toasting with RICKY, a smirk stretched across her face.

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO'- VIP ROOM - DAY

NATALIA sits at a table, alone, staring blankly into the club. She watches everything and everyone around her. Her train of thought is elsewhere- she is obviously infected by a drug.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Your people left us alone after that. It was nice, being able to slice people to pieces and sell dope without worrying about a jail sentence.

But everything was starting to fall apart, and it started with Natalia and Teresa...

NATALIA is interrupted by a beautiful young waitress- JUANITA GOMEZ.

JUANITA

Mrs. Ruiz. Mrs. Ruiz.

NATALIA

Yeah, yes, I'm sorry.

JUANITA

Would you care for another drink?

NATALIA

Yes, that would be great.

JUANITA

What were you having?

NATALIA

Mojito. Bring me a water too.

JUANITA

Of course.

NATALIA watches JUANITA disappear into crowded club. She sits back, her thoughts wandering.

JUANITA returns a short time later, drinks in hand.

JUANITA

Anything else?

NATALIA
Yes, actually. Your phone number.

JUANITA
My phone number?

NATALIA
You're a beautiful girl. I'd love
to have your phone number.

JUANITA hesitates, but is obviously flattered. She reaches
for a pen and writes it down on a napkin, handing it to
NATALIA.

NATALIA eyes the number and puts the napkin between her
breasts. She winks at JUANITA.

NATALIA
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- NIGHT

JUANITA lays on NATALIA'S bed, completely naked, her body
drizzled in drops of sweat.

NATALIA leans over her, gently kissing her neck, breasts and
stomach, moving lower and lower.

JUANITA reacts accordingly, calling out in pleasure, her
body reacting to NATALIA'S touch.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
For the first time in their decade
long relationship, Natalia
betrayed Teresa with another
woman.

INT. TERESA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

Luxuriously furnished and comfortable, TERESA'S home sits in the heart of Miami- surrounded by sky scrapers and city life.

NATALIA stands in the center of her living room, rage seeping through her face. TERESA stands before her, heartbroken and angry. Both have obviously been fighting.

TERESA slaps NATALIA hard across the face and storms out of the room. NATALIA watches her, almost emotionless.

A gun shot can be heard in the background.

NATALIA, horrified, runs to the rear bedroom. She discovers TERESA surrounded by a pool of blood, a hand gun next to her lifeless body.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

She had enough. She ended it,
right then and there. Some thought
that Natalia did it, but I never
did. She loved her, that much was
true.

INT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

MIGUEL sits in his living room, a newspaper in his hand. He flips through the paper, page by page, his attention secluded from the activity in the house.

MIGUEL'S WIFE stands nearby, talking on the telephone. Two GIRLS sit quietly at the kitchen table- reading, coloring. A BOY of about two years sits silently in a high chair, eating.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Shit really hit the fan after
Teresa died. Natalia lost
everything, she didn't give a fuck
anymore. Everyone became distant-
it was like working for the
fucking CIA. No one was a friend.

The sound of screeching tires breaks the otherwise silent home. MIGUEL'S WIFE looks out the window, seeing a black Camero in the driveway. Part of the car is in the yard, the other part on the sidewalk.

MIGUEL stands, seeing the car. He becomes angry, throws down his reading glasses, and storms out of the house.

EXT. MIGUEL'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

DIEGO, laughing, somewhat drunk, emerges from the Camero, a heavy smirk on his face. He slams the door shut and opens his arms wide.

MIGUEL stands on the steps of his home, watching DIEGO approach.

MIGUEL

Diego, isn't it a little early to be drinking son? Go on, go home, sober up.

DIEGO

Man, what are you talking about, I am sober, see. I can walk a straight line.

Putting one foot in front of the other, DIEGO attempts to walk a straight line. He fails miserably.

MIGUEL

Yeah, yeah, I see that- look Diego, maybe I should give you a ride home.

DIEGO

Miguel, if mom knew, she'd kill me, you know? I can't just go home, I thought you'd be cool with it.

MIGUEL comes down off of the steps. He approaches DIEGO, who is now standing in the driveway.

MIGUEL

Back in the day, maybe, but not now. I have little kids in the house, and a wife. I can't deal with your drunken teenage ways. Now come on, I'll give you a ride.

DIEGO

You know what, Miguel, FUCK YOU.

MIGUEL

Ok, fuck me. If that's your attitude... find your own ride home.

DIEGO
I have a ride, right fucking
there!

DIEGO gestures to his car. MIGUEL shakes his head in
disbelief.

MIGUEL
Then go on, go home.

DIEGO
FUCK YOU.

DIEGO spits on MIGUEL. MIGUEL remains calm, removing the
spit from his face with the sleeve of his shirt. He shakes
his head and turns his back to DIEGO, approaching the house.

DIEGO (cont'd)
I'm going to tell my mother
EVERYTHING.

MIGUEL
You know what...

MIGUEL loses his temper and turns to DIEGO, pushing him off
of the yard, causing him to fall into the body of his car.
MIGUEL steps into him, their faces inches apart.

MIGUEL (cont'd)
Fuck you and fuck your mother.

MIGUEL turns, going inside. DIEGO stares in disbelief before
climbing back into the car, pulling away from the house.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

NATALIA and DIEGO sit together in the bedroom, DIEGO frantic
as he tells his version of the story.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
Diego ran to his mommy and made up
some story about Miguel abusing
him, making him look like a fool,
some shit like that. All of it was
bullshit- I would have done the
same thing as Miguel, I got news
for her. Regardless, she wanted
blood. She ordered a hit on
Miguel.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

A WHITE VAN drives through the streets of MIAMI.

The WHITE VAN comes to a stop at a stop sign. It sits, waiting.

SEAN sits in the driver's seat, SILVIANO beside him.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

He was my mentor, he protected my ass through a lot- but I had a family of my own to protect, and I had to follow orders.

SEAN

This is ridiculous...

SILVIANO

Amen.

SEAN

I wish this was one of those things we could blow off, you know, tell Natalia we missed or some shit.

SILVIANO

Me too.

SEAN

So do we got a plan for this mess?

SILVIANO

We just have to wait. He'll come around this corner eventually, he usually does when he leaves the house.

SEAN

He probably knows. He's not stupid.

SILVIANO

He knows. Why do you think he's disappeared... fuck, if I were him, I would have left the country.

SEAN

Natalia is one scary bitch.

SILVIANO

No shit.

SEAN

(pointing to an
approaching car)

Look, is that it? Looks like it.

SILVIANO

I'm not sure. Wait until they get
closer.

A BLUE CAR approaches in the distance. Slow at first, speeding up as it approaches the stop sign. The car comes to a stop.

In the driver's seat is MIGUEL.

SEAN puts the van into gear. MIGUEL turns the corner, SEAN follows.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Just stay with him and leave the
rest up to me.

SEAN nods and follows MIGUEL as he turns another corner. He speeds up- he is aware that he is being followed.

SEAN remains behind him- his speed changing with MIGUEL'S.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Pull up beside him.

SILVIANO rolls down the window and leans outside as SEAN pulls into the adjacent lane. MIGUEL continues to speed up. Both MIGUEL and SILVIANO catch glimpses of one another.

SILVIANO removes the safety from a nearby gun and puts it outside of the window, opening fire on the car.

Both cars continue to speed- now speeding past red lights, stop signs, and narrowly missing other cars and PEDESTRIANS. Their race continues through the streets of MIAMI.

SEAN begins to lose control after he is struck by an oncoming car. The van stops suddenly. SILVIANO fires two more shots and MIGUEL disappears around the corner.

SILVIANO throws the gun onto the floor and smashes his hands against the dashboard.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

What the FUCK Sean, learn how to drive, Jesus fucking Christ!

SEAN

You know I'm not the greatest driver, you should have done it, I would have at least hit the bastard!

SILVIANO

Just go, GO!

SEAN speeds off, moving into the flow of traffic.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A CATHOLIC CHURCH stands tall in the background, its overpowering height standing tall against the otherwise small neighborhood.

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN stand all around, watching, waiting.

POLICE OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS investigate the scene, discussing things amongst themselves.

The area itself is surrounded in yellow tape- a white sheet covers the body of a young CHILD.

RYAN approaches the scene. He is smoking a cigarette, a look of surprise and disgust across his face. He storms through the SPECTATORS and underneath the yellow tape, flashing his badge as he approaches RICKY and another POLICE OFFICER.

RYAN

What the fuck is going on here? I just got the call.

RICKY

PD got a phone call about an hour ago from a distraught man who said the body of his son would be at this church. He didn't say what happened, just that he didn't do it and because there is a warrant out for him, he didn't want to chance an arrest.

RYAN

And how old is the boy?

RICKY

Two years, tops.

RYAN grabs a pair of examination gloves and approaches the crime scene. He kneels down near the body, glancing at RICKY.

RYAN

Is there anything that I should know before removing this sheet?

RICKY

Its gruesome.

RYAN

Great.

RYAN pulls up the sheet, revealing MIGUEL'S youngest SON. He looks over the body, examining him carefully, using the sheet to hide the brutality.

RYAN stands and removes the gloves, tossing them aside. He walks back over to the sidelines and throws up- his vomit cascading across the sidewalk. RICKY cringes.

RICKY

I told you it was gruesome.

RYAN pulls himself together in time to see the BOY being put inside of an ambulance. The doors shut.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The sun has set. RYAN sits in his chair, dumbfounded. He wipes his hand across his face.

SILVIANO sits silently, the pain of that day fresh in his mind, etched across his face. His eyes drift to RYAN, tears now forming.

RYAN

(quietly)

So that's what happened.

SILVIANO

If I had known there was a child in that car, I never would have opened fire.

RYAN stands, pacing around the room. His heart breaks as he relives the child's death. He wipes his face again, sighing.

SILVIANO (cont'd)

Look, Mr. Davis, I'm going to hell for a lot of things. I've murdered more than 30 people. I've tortured about half of that- but I'm going to burn for eternity for killing that child.

RYAN

It was an accident.

SILVIANO

His face haunts me everyday.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Outside of the church is a VIGIL for the boy. MOURNERS stand nearby- some weeping, some holding candles, others silently praying.

AMAZING GRACE plays in the background.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Up until that point, it didn't matter what we did to one another. The people of Miami could care a less if another one of us died. It was when that innocent child died that everyone finally realized how out of hand shit had gotten. The world began to crack down on Miami...

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

A WOMAN, dressed in business attire, carries a copy of TIME MAGAZINE- across the front page is an article titled PARADISE LOST.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Time Magazine wrote an article on us that same year. It outlined everything that the city had become over the past four years. It was more truth than most could bare- but the truth hurts. Miami really was Paradise Lost.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

SUPER: 1982

NATALIA sits in the outdoor seating of a restaurant. She sits alone, a pair of SUNGLASSES hiding her eyes. The menu sits in front of her.

SILVIANO arrives. A WAITER leads him to the table. He greets NATALIA, taking a seat.

SILVIANO

Good Morning.

NATALIA

Morning.

SILVIANO

Is everything alright?

NATALIA

An old friend is causing us some problems.

(pause)

Its about Miguel.

SILVIANO

What about him?

NATALIA

The piece of shit made a run for it. He's back in Columbia. He's running his mouth.

SILVIANO

I don't know if I would act any different.

NATALIA

He knew what he was getting himself into.

SILVIANO

(agitated)

Come on Natalia, get real. His two year old was an innocent kid, he deserved a full life.

NATALIA

Don't try and guilt me. You're the one that pulled the trigger.

SILVIANO

And I regret it- I probably will for the rest of my life.

NATALIA

Regret is a part of life. Just move past it like the rest of us do.

SILVIANO

Speaking of regrets, how the fuck is Eddie doing? I thought you said he was going to grace us with his presence last night.

NATALIA

He's taking care of some arrangements for me.

SILVIANO

I see.

NATALIA

Don't start.

SILVIANO

What? There's no changing your mind. I'm sure he'll eventually burn you without my help.

NATALIA

This really isn't the reason I called you here sweetheart.

SILVIANO

Ok- spill.

NATALIA

There's a new group of cowboys up North pushing weight. Esteban did some surveillance and they have a pretty profitable business. They're selling our product for less- its just as good. Our own customers are making the switch.

The WAITER arrives with drinks. NATALIA waits for him to leave before continuing.

NATALIA (cont'd)

I want to squash it now. The last thing I need is another Cesar and Dominica Vargas.

SILVIANO

Give me an address and I'm there.

NATALIA reaches into her purse, pulling out a small piece of paper. She slides it across the table to SILVIANO.

NATALIA

Now I don't know about you, but
I'm starved...

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

SILVIANO and ESTEBAN walk together up a long, narrow sidewalk. The sound of rhythmic music can be heard in the street as they approach a small convenience store.

Both MEN have weapons hidden underneath their clothing.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

That would be the last job I would
ever take for Natalia Ruiz.

SILVIANO and ESTEBAN reach the convenience store. They step inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE- DAY

SILVIANO opens fire, striking the CASHIER a number of times. His body collapses.

A WOMAN and her CHILD cower together in the corner of the store. Both go unseen by SILVIANO and ESTEBAN.

Lead by ESTEBAN, both MEN burst through the back doors of the convenience store, opening fire on a table of MEN- all playing poker, surrounded by thousands of dollars in cash and drugs.

Money and drugs go flying, falling to the floor.

SILVIANO searches through the back room. He kicks in a door to a small office, revealing a WOMAN and two small CHILDREN hiding inside. He pauses, lowering his weapon.

ESTEBAN opens fire from behind, striking the WOMAN several times. She dies in a pool of blood.

SILVIANO grabs ESTEBAN and throws him against the door. Both of the CHILDREN are screaming, crying.

SILVIANO

What the fuck are you doing, man?

ESTEBAN

Natalia said everyone, including
the kids.

SILVIANO

I'm not shooting no kids.

ESTEBAN

I'm just following orders Silvy.

SILVIANO

Just leave the kids. Let me deal
with Natalia.

ESTEBAN

Hey, hey, its your fucking
funeral.

ESTEBAN leaves the back room. SILVIANO sighs, looking at the
two CHILDREN one final time before leaving.

EXT. STREETS OF MIAMI- DAY

SILVIANO and ESTEBAN drive through the streets of MIAMI.
SILVIANO gazes at the buildings, the neighborhoods, the
people.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I knew it was time to get out.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

SILVIANO and MARCO sit silently in a movie theatre. Both MEN
are eating popcorn, drinking sodas. They are surrounded by
MEN and WOMEN- their attentions on the MOVIE.

SCARFACE is being shown on the big screen.

FOCUS on an older, wiser SILVIANO, deep in both thought and
concentration.

SUPER: 1983

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I got a lot of shit for those kids. But in a way, Natalia understood. If she had been there though, the kids would have been laid to rest right with their parents.

I took the rest of the year off, but business didn't slow down. One kill after another, the drug business began to slow down- nothing was the same. Never would be.

The summer of '83 Marco and I went to see Scarface. It was amusing, watching these actors trying to do what we really did. None of it was true- but the shit was amusing. I actually laughed at a couple of parts when most people were cringing.

But that movie summed it all up. The minute it was released, I finally realized that the world was onto us. It wasn't a secret anymore.

As the credits rolled, I knew it was the end for us too. I knew everything was going to fall apart. And it did...

INT. SEAN'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

Leaning over a small coffee table, SEAN inhales a large amount of COCAINE. He laughs, leans back into the sofa, and lets the drug work its way through his system.

A beautiful WOMAN does the same- stroking SEAN's leg as she inhales the drug, enjoying the sensation it brings.

Moments later, the door opens. Three MASKED MEN open fire, shooting and killing both SEAN and the WOMAN.

They leave just as quickly as they enter.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

Sean's bad attitude pissed off one of the Cuban crews and they put a hit out on him that year. It wasn't too hard to find him- he had become such a coke head that he barely left his house...

INT. COLOMBIAN NIGHTCLUB 'ROJO' - NIGHT

MEN of all ages stand along a wall, their hands stretched behind them. Some are in handcuffs, others are being searched.

WOMEN stand by, some being searched, others observing.

POLICE OFFICERS search the entire club- collecting drugs, evidence, and weapons.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

About a month later, someone finally decided to crack down on Rojo. That night was the biggest drug bust in the history of Miami- you know, you were there.

RYAN speaks with a POLICE OFFICER, watching as RICKY collects evidence.

INT. CARTEL COMPOUND- DAY

TONY, riddled in gun shots, lies in a pool of blood in the center of his home. His eyes, even in death, remain open, full of fear.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

I also heard that the Cartel cleaned house down in Columbia that same night. With Miami falling apart, Tony proved to be useless... so they did what was necessary...

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY- DAY

RYAN sits at his desk, looking through paperwork, examining evidence. He sits back in his chair, reaching for the telephone, making a phone call.

SILVIANO (V.O.)

... and you guys finally caught onto the corruption in your own neck of the woods. If I remember right, it was the biggest scandal

(MORE)

SILVIANO (cont'd)
this department ever had.

INT. MIAMI POLICE DEPARTMENT- NIGHT

FEDERAL AGENTS search through desks, files, everything, pulling out paperwork, retrieving what they need. POLICE OFFICERS are escorted out of the building, some in handcuffs, some with pure force.

RYAN enters. He looks around, observing his surroundings. He is astounded as he watches RICKY being led away by FEDERAL AGENTS- they exchange a final glance of hatred.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS- DAY

A FEDERAL AGENT, accompanied by RYAN, sit together at a desk. EDDIE, clearly shaken, sits on the opposite side, drinking coffee, pleading his case.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
And what do you know, Eddie Bucco
turned out to be a rat.

EDDIE rests his elbows on the desk. He places his head into his hands.

SILVIANO (V.O.)
So was the end of an era...

MONTAGE

A series of quick cut shots involving the fate of the remaining members of the group.

... MARCO being arrested outside of a grocery store.
... the warehouse being searched, drugs being seized. JOEY and BOBBY are both arrested.
... MIGUEL and his FAMILY living the life in Columbia.
... ESTEBAN murdered on a sidewalk.
... SILVIANO being arrested in his home, in front of SANDRA and his DAUGHTERS.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

SILVIANO sits silently for a moment. He clears his head and takes a deep breath.

SILVIANO

But there was one person you never found...

RYAN

Natalia Ruiz.

INT. NATALIA'S MIAMI HOME- DAY

AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS search through the home- finding nothing but abandoned furniture.

RYAN stands in the middle of it all, puzzled.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

SILVIANO

... that is where my story ends.
We all know what happened next, I ended up here. Been here ever since.

RYAN stands and stares at SILVIANO. He nods and reaches over to the table, grabbing the recording device. He brings it up to his lips for a brief moment.

RYAN

... and this concludes the testimony of Silviano Castro.

RYAN turns off the recording device and holds it for a moment before putting it inside of his briefcase. He sighs, sitting in a chair one more time. He looks at SILVIANO.

RYAN (cont'd)

Off the record.

SILVIANO

Off the record.

RYAN

Do you know where she is?

SILVIANO

No.

RYAN

It was worth a shot.

SILVIANO stands. RYAN and SILVIANO shake hands.

RYAN (cont'd)

We'll be in touch.

SILVIANO nods. The door opens. A PRISON GUARD takes SILVIANO into custody, escorting him from the room. RYAN gathers his belongings.

SILVIANO turns as he leaves the room and glances at RYAN.

SILVIANO
Try California.

RYAN
California?

SILVIANO
You heard me. California. Try there.

SILVIANO and the PRISON GUARD leave. RYAN watches as SILVIANO is led down a hallway, disappearing around a corner.

EXT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME - DAY

SUPER: 1985 IRVINE, CALIFORNIA

Accompanied by AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS, RYAN approaches the California home of NATALIA RUIZ. He edges around the side of the house, keeping his distance from the front door.

RYAN peeks around the edge, observing. He slowly moves towards the front door, as do a number of the OTHERS.

INT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME- DAY

DIEGO sits inside, watching television, unaware of the outside activities. The house is otherwise silent.

EXT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME- DAY

RYAN approaches the front door. He checks the perimeter, drawing his weapon. Once clear, he steps up onto the staircase and boldly rings the doorbell.

INT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME- DAY

DIEGO turns off the television. He looks to the door and stands. Grabbing a twenty dollar bill from the table, he walks to the door.

DIEGO
(in Spanish)
Just a minute.

DIEGO reaches, turning the door knob.

As he opens the door, AGENTS and POLICE OFFICERS burst into the home. DIEGO is knocked to the ground and taken into custody.

AGENTS accompany RYAN as he searches the home. He moves from room to room, his weapon drawn, his guard up. He opens closed doors and peeks inside closets, making sure that he is aware of his surroundings.

The home is entirely empty. RYAN reaches the rear bedroom. The door is cracked open.

RYAN opens the door with his foot.

INT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME- BEDROOM- DAY

The bedroom is casual and simple- a bed, a dresser, an overstuffed closet.

Sitting on the bed, her reading glasses perched on her nose, is NATALIA. She is reading the BIBLE.

RYAN lowers his weapon as he enters the room.

RYAN

Natalia Ruiz...

NATALIA

You should have knocked. I could have been naked.

RYAN

It wouldn't have bothered me.

NATALIA

Of course it wouldn't have- you're a man.

RYAN

I'm sure I've seen better.

NATALIA

(reading from the Bible)

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

RYAN

Reading from John isn't going to save you now.

NATALIA

I'm not asking to be saved. I'm asking for devotion. All that I have ever asked for is devotion.

NATALIA closes her Bible. She places it at the edge of the bed and stands.

NATALIA (cont'd)

I'm guessing that this is the end.

RYAN

Good guess.

NATALIA

Let me grab some shoes. I won't fight you. I've never been the fighter.

RYAN

You're right. You've always had others do your dirty work.

NATALIA

The pleasure of being a woman.

NATALIA opens her closet, grabbing a pair of shoes from the floor. She sits down, putting them on, before standing with her back turned to RYAN.

RYAN handcuffs NATALIA.

RYAN

You have the right to remain silent, anything can and will be held against you in a court of law...

RYAN leads NATALIA out of the room, his voice fading as they disappear down the hallway.

EXT. NATALIA'S CALIFORNIA HOME- DAY

The scene is chaos- AGENCY vehicles, as well as POLICE cruisers, are everywhere. Sirens are blaring, lights are flashing. NEIGHBORS have come out of their homes and stand aside, viewing everything from a distance.

RYAN leads NATALIA out of the house in handcuffs. The scene slows down dramatically.

REPORTER (V.O.)

At approximately 9:00am this morning Natalia Ruiz, the suspected Queen of Cocaine, was arrested in her California home on charges of drug trafficking and manslaughter. Ruiz, 39, was taken into custody after nearly a year long manhunt, involving hundreds of man hours and federal officials. Ruiz is originally from Columbia and is the widow of Armando Ruiz, the well known drug lord from New York. It is rumored that, following his death in 1976, Ruiz moved the business to South Florida. Ruiz is suspected to be the mastermind behind the infamous Miami Mall Massacre, as well as the majority of drug related deaths in the city from 1978 to 1984...

RYAN lowers NATALIA'S head, sliding her inside of a FEDERAL AGENT'S car. She rests her body against the back seat. RYAN shuts the door.

The car pulls away. NATALIA looks out the window, locking eyes with RYAN as the car disappears in the distance.

The sun has begun to set.

INT. FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

RYAN enters, flashing his credentials to the SECURITY OFFICER. He is searched before stepping inside of a small office.

Placing his briefcase onto the desk, RYAN smiles at the SECURITY OFFICER.

RYAN

I need a moment with Silvano
Castro.

SECURITY

You didn't hear?

RYAN

No, hear what?

SECURITY

Silvano was murdered about three
weeks ago. Some thug managed to
get ahold of a piece of glass and
took his frustrations out on
Silvy.

Good man too, he deserved better.

RYAN

(in disbelief)

You're kidding me.

SECURITY

I wish I was.

RYAN

You know, he was the only man I
ever met who admitted his wrongs.

SECURITY

Like I said Agent Davis- he was a
good man. Here... his wife came
and picked up his belongings, but
she left a few things behind...

The SECURITY GUARD reaches behind the desk, pulling up a bag
with a BIBLE buried inside of it. She hands it to RYAN.

RYAN

Thanks. Appreciate it.

RYAN takes the BIBLE and leaves the office.

As he walks down the hallway, he opens the BIBLE. Inside are
notes, handwritten prayers, apologies. The BIBLE holds
inside of it everything that SILVIANO was, and that his
legacy would be.

RYAN smiles, tucking the BIBLE underneath his arm as he
leaves the prison.

MONTAGE

A series of quick cut scenes involving the city of Miami.

... construction sights, all new in production, busy in their progress, providing jobs and structure.
 ... the ocean, beautiful against the morning sun.
 ... South Beach, at night, alive and full of energy.
 ... a scan of the city itself, in all of its glory and its beauty.

RYAN (V.O.)

Silviano was right. Coke built this city. It broke and made lives everyday. The day I spent speaking with Silviano is one that I will never forget. He alone helped break the biggest case in the history of Miami... may he rest in peace.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: 2004

RYAN, now a man near the age of retirement, sits alone in a large office, surrounded by paperwork and common office furniture. Photographs of his family and achievements line the walls.

He hangs up the telephone and begins to write on a notepad. There is a knock at the door.

RYAN looks up, clearing his throat.

RYAN

Come in.

SECRETARY

(stepping inside)

Mr. Davis, you have a telephone call. The woman says its important.

RYAN

Who is it?

SECRETARY

She wouldn't tell me.

RYAN

Go ahead and transfer it.

SECRETARY

Ok.

The SECRETARY leaves the room, closing the door behind her. RYAN waits patiently. The phone rings. He answers.

RYAN

Ryan Davis.

NATALIA (O.S.)

(her voice peaking
through the
telephone)

Good morning Agent Davis. You're a
hard man to find these days.

RYAN pauses long and hard, in shock.

NATALIA (O.S.)

Are you there sunshine?

RYAN

I'm here Natalia.

NATALIA (O.S.)

Ah, so you do remember?

RYAN

How could I forget?

NATALIA (O.S.)

I'm sure you've had more colorful
characters darken your doorstep.
The years can take a toll on ones
memory.

RYAN

I spent almost ten years looking
for a ghost. I think I'd remember
when I found her.

NATALIA (O.S.)

Well I just wanted to call and
thank you, for everything.

RYAN

Thank me?

NATALIA (O.S.)

I only spent eighteen years in
prison. I still have my whole life
ahead of me.

RYAN

If I had something to say about
it, you'd still be behind bars.
Rotting.

NATALIA (O.S.)

I was well taken care of in
prison. People like me don't
suffer, even behind bars.

RYAN

Unfortunately I know that to be
true.

NATALIA (O.S.)

Goodbye Agent Davis. Maybe one day
we'll meet again.

RYAN

I'm sure we will.

NATALIA (O.S.)

Miami has grown, but its still a
small city after all...

The phone goes dead. RYAN stays on the line in disbelief. He hangs up moments later, his thoughts on her, the case, and all those years.

EXT. PUBLIC BEACH- DAY

A close up of NATALIA- aged, still beautiful. She flips her cell phone shut and relaxes in the sunlight. Her sunglasses hide her eyes, a large cover up cascades around her body.

A smirk stretches across her face as the scene stretches, revealing a beach, with the CITY OF MIAMI in the background.

NATALIA picks up her phone once more, dialing a different number. She waits.

NATALIA

I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

NATALIA approaches a MERCEDES BENZ. She opens the driver's side door. She climbs in, driving away.

INT. HOTEL- DAY

NATALIA enters a luxury HOTEL, still hiding behind her SUNGLASSES.

She enters an ELEVATOR.

CUT TO:

A KEY, opening the door of a HOTEL ROOM. REVEAL NATALIA turning the handle.

NATALIA comes face to face with a GUN as she opens the door. She smirks and steps all the way inside, the GUNMAN still unseen.

Placing her KEY on the nearby table, alongside her PURSE, NATALIA stands at attention.

NATALIA (cont'd)
Can I help you?

MIGUEL (O.S.)
Natalia Ruiz?

NATALIA
Miguel?

MIGUEL (O.S.)
Nah. I'm just an angel of death.

REVEAL MIGUEL, much older and wiser with graying hair and a mustache, pulling the trigger of the GUN.

He closes his eyes as the GUN goes off. Moments later, the sound of a BODY FALLING.

Satisfaction. Redemption.

The End