

SUGAR BABY

Treatment

ACT ONE

Sequence One

1. SOUP KITCHEN - There's a greying hulk at the head of the dingy, poorly lit rec room leading prayer service over a microphone. Big scar or burn on his neck. Half the transients look bored or stoned while a few others look annoyed that they're sitting through another one of these. Later, the man who led the service, ladles out soup to the homeless men and women, greeting them by name. He's got the big upper body build of a prisoner, long hair slicked back carefully to look clean-cut but it comes off looking slick and mean. He takes his time with his words and movements, engages in the moment with the warm eyes on each haggard face he speaks with. It looks like he was on the other end of that handshake not too long ago. He packs up some soup to go and writes his name on the Styrofoam: SILAS.

2. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - It's late and nobody pays attention to SILAS caught in a stupor staring at the bright red neon menu marquee. Every burger on the sign looks exactly the same. His cell rings and he ignores it. He starts ordering off the dollar menu, then checks himself. How much is that big burger? He reaches back trying to remember a particular preference. "No pickles. No. Wait. Extra pickles. No tomatoes. And ranch." He grabs his few dollars as change, replacing them in his billfold and we notice those few are all he's got.

3. TRAILER HOME - SILAS approaches his trailer when HANK, a strung-out young dude, storms out the front door and walks off into the night. SILAS stands and watches him go, clutching the food. Turns back to his trailer, then doubles back on HANK, ready to say something. But he doesn't. Inside, we meet the girlfriend, CARLY, making ugly faces at the soup and explaining that her brother just stopped by to say hello. SILAS takes off his jacket and moves to the closet, when CARLY tries to stop him. "What are you doing?" "Can I get comfortable in my own home?" SILAS hangs his jacket up and, in the same movement checks the attic-loft, pulling out a pillow-case full of prescription of cough medicine. "That's some hello." They argue. We learn CARLY'S the big sister playing at keeping the younger brother in line while really acting as an enabler/borderline accomplice. The jealousy factor comes up and CARLY complains that SILAS is no saint either: some girl LOLA'S been calling here all damn day. She gave the lady SILAS' cell number just so it'd stop. "It's work related, don't worry about it." SILAS grabs his jacket and says he's going for a walk. CARLY softens at the motion. "You could make a little with him. He gets lots and sells it good." "I've been a little

short. That's all. It won't be forever. I told you."

4. **PAYPHONE (INCITING INCIDENT)** - Outside the town's sole liquor store, run-down, kitschy '60s neon sign casting the only light for miles. SILAS checks the number of the missed call on his cell. Reaches in his pocket for a few coins to make a call, retrieving the brand new engagement ring jumbled in the mix. He considers it, needing a free hand to deposit the coins and dial the number, and puts the ring backwards on his pinkie finger. The line rings on the other end and there's a big suspicious figure lurching toward SILAS in the background. Dark big hoodie, stumbling to keep his balance. Ranchera music kicks in from inside the liquor store. "Lola. Sy. Good, good." Sense of urgency on the other end. "Not really. What kind of work? I'm not... okay. You're sure? Alright... you mind fronting me the first day or two? For the fare. Book it. Yeah. Hopefully not too much like old times." He laughs, about to hang up. "Hey, Lola? Sing one for me, yeah?" And we hear a sweet voice over the line, a calm in SILAS's face. But the lurching figure finally reaches SILAS as he hangs up. It's only BRUCE, though, the local boozehound. Spare any change? SILAS gives him what he's got left.

5. **BUS** - The last bit of that previous scene intercuts here. SILAS takes up his bag (a flash of the ring on his pinkie) and disembarks the old bus. We're at the San Ysidro/Tijuana border. Bright glaring sunlight. SILAS crosses the walkway over all the cars below and down into Tijuana. Hails a cab and he's off.

6. **THE CLUB** - Cab drops SILAS off at the CLUB ANGEL BABY in the heart of the red light district. SILAS peels a bill off his fresh banker's roll, pays the guy, and watches the club from across the street as the car pulls away. Beyond the suited BOUNCER at the door and local vendor sweeping the sidewalk, it looks deserted. We hang back on this side of the street as SILAS approaches and has a few words with the BOUNCER. We're trailing him now in through the front door as the bright sunlight cuts out over the threshold, overtaken by darkness. The loud house music is deafening. As SILAS walks down the hallway into the club, our eyes adjusting to the dark, he's greeted by a long line of prostitutes who double as strippers, scantily clad and lining the bar. It's fucking packed. Tables full with vaqueros, San Diego college kids, and shady-types, beer and cocktails at every table with waitresses rushing to bring more, cigarette smoke thick in the air. No one pays attention to SILAS. The club music gives way to the bombshell performance of the afternoon's main event: ILSA, performing *Vagelis*' 'One More Kiss, Dear.' She's dressed as a man, cabaret-style: extreme stilettos, tuxedo, bowler hat, heavy mascara on her right eye. She keeps an eye SILAS as he finds MATEO, the mop guy who's watching the show. Her smile slacks momentarily as MATEO escorts SILAS upstairs, the audience's frenzied cat calls bringing her back.

7. **MATEO** - He leads SILAS upstairs, an older and innocent looking man who's glasses on the tip of his nose look like he's just set down a copy of the funny pages somewhere. Down an open

hallway with studio suites on either side (the John's rooms), sounds of sex melding with the performance downstairs, to a locked door Mateo opens on a steep staircase up to LOLA'S office. Mateo talks Spanish, SILAS, English. "What's this?" "She told me to bring you here, before." We learn LOLA was killed two days ago, the details of which Mateo begins to indulge before choking up. He begs Silas to stay for the funeral and say goodbye. He gives SILAS the key and closes the door behind him.

Sequence Two

1. THE FUNERAL - It's a closed casket, given the nature of the death. A couple police cruisers down the way. A slew of characters mixed in with the mourners: a couple plainclothes Detectives given away by their haircuts; ILSA dropping flowers on the casket before it's lowered; SILAS joining the service; A portly, tall, ruddy blond German man dressed for a fishing trip; the priest reading away. After the service, the detective, GONZALO, offers SILAS a ride as they pass ILSA on the road out. We learn she's LOLA's girlfriend.

2. THE BAR - GONZALO's questions are completely without tact, signally SILAS (slow on the uptake) that he's in fact a cop. The partner, JAVIER, hangs back, saying only once, You look familiar homeboy. Questioning comes to SILAS's past and we get a glimpse of his former relationship with LOLA: hard time for manslaughter, grand theft, a range of others. GONZALO hints at the atrocities LOLA was involved in, SILAS doesn't want to hear it. Tries to order SILAS a drink to loosen him up, but he sticks to his club soda. SILAS stonewalls them.

3. THE HALFWAY HOUSE AND THE PRIEST - GONZALO books SILAS a room, if you're going to stick around we'd like to keep an eye on you. Meet FATHER PAULO, the priest from the funeral, who fills us in on why the cops dumped him here, as well as the reformed side of SILAS's past: the success of the street ministry, struggling personal life, LOLA's high regard for him. JAVIER's booking SILAS's return bus ticket while FATHER PAULO recruits SILAS for his ministry, ignoring GONZALO's protest as an option if he decides to stick around. Later, the front desk yells for SILAS as he's trying to get some sleep. He's got a phone call. It's THE CAJERO, heavy German accent, asking for a bit of his time tomorrow. FATHER PAULO, you see, made sure to contact me and ensure your safekeeping, he was quite fond of LOLA you see, and LOLA was quite fond of YOU, so now *we are ALL* quite fond of you. Will you come?

4. THE CAJERO - Meet the CAJERO at a street carnival, captain's hat, charming in his negative attention, zero proficiency with English or Spanish. Kids everywhere. He's got that curious way of asking questions like it's the part of a bigger story. He's LOLA's right-hand man at the club, and in other things. She was involved in things, deep, but we are all in some way or another. What kind of things? One thing at a time buoy (he says "buoy" like he means boy-o), besides it's

best if you keep out of it, LOLA would have wanted it that way. She did love the kiddies though. I can see now that's what she saw in you, SILAS. A way out, like when you were kids. So what does CAJERO have for SILAS? A gift she left you. Wanted you to do better for yourself, she really did. Take it and go back home, buoy. Where is it, then? Cajero has to yell over his shoulder now as he walks ahead, the sound of kids crying in ecstasy, the loud metal grinding of gears on the pleasure rides: It's in the safe, she said you'd know the combination!

5. LOLA'S MURDER - CAJERO and SILAS are out in the street in front of the CLUB ANGEL BABY. CAJERO gives him the rundown: LOLA's car pulled up to the corner there, two pickups blocked it on either side and opened fire with sub-machine guns. Where were you? I was up in the office with the LAWYER. We heard it. No one saw it, of course. CAJERO mimes the action now as he's going on: she was like this, her head was turned that way and there was blood everywhere. Me and the LAWYER, we dragged her out until the police came and took the body away. In broad daylight, in front of her own club and nobody saw nothing? It was a hit, buoy. A message from the Juarez or the Sinaloa. Nobody knows. Where's LOLA's car now? I'd like to take a look at it. La policia have it now, buoy. SILAS has his eyes fixed on the CLUB ANGEL BABY. The windows, to be specific. First floor, no windows; second floor, the John's rooms, no windows; third floor, big wide windows that open on the street but are shut now; above that what looks to be an attic or separate floor, there's a little porthole-sized window there. What did LOLA have to do with the Juarez or Sinaloa? Well, you know, the same thing we all have to do with the Juarez and the Sinaloa.

5. LOLA'S OFFICE AND THE WILL - SILAS marches into the empty club, the place is closed so its deserted. MATEO tries to pull him aside, Can we meet? It's something about THE THIRD MAN that's been bothering him. SILAS brushes past him, not now, MATEO. Upstairs in LOLA's office, SILAS paces the small room. Clean and nothing out of the ordinary. Plenty of files and paperwork, but no safe. Moves to the small bathroom attached to the room. Washes his face. Notices a drawstring taped to the ceiling. Climbs on the sink to reach it and slips off. JUMP CUT TO he's found LOLA's private space. Classy and cozy, a double bed, modest bureau, a few pictures here and there. Spots the dusty porthole he saw from the street. Most are of LOLA WITH ILSA, happy and in love. He finds one of him and LOLA, young, when they rode with their crew. SILAS has a big old english tattoo on his neck, some number or avenue, 213 or MS 13 or something. SILAS rubs the scar on his neck, where it's been removed. He finds the safe in the closet and opens it up, removing the deed to the ANGEL BABY. On his haunches there surrounded by LOLA's stuff, SILAS breaks down. CAJERO interrupts him, telling him that the LAWYER drafted up the will 6 months ago when things started to heat up with the cartels. LOLA wanted SILAS to sell the club and start a new life with the money.

6. MOP-UP - GONZALO and JAVIER walk into the ANGEL BABY like they own it. CAJERO, looking over a clipboard at the bar, pushes his reading glasses down the bridge of his nose as

they walk past. It's only a matter of time, kamerad. CAJERO spits. SILAS is on the bed, like a dog chastised or a petulant child sent to his room. It's all too much for him. Can't figure it out. JAVIER asks homeboy if he can take a look around. Be my guest. You won't find anything, I already checked. GONZALO asks what he can do for SILAS. I don't know what's going on, or what I've walked into the middle of, but I'm not like that anymore and I don't want to get involved. Their exchange offers a bit more clarification on SILAS's/LOLA's relationship, and how LOLA ended up running the club. GONZALO convinces SILAS the best thing for him is to get on the first bus back home. Sell the club from the States. Don't get mixed up in something that has nothing to do with you. Do you know the saying that money can't buy friends but can get you a better class of enemy. No, I don't. Neither did she.

ACT TWO

Sequence Three

(Note: This sequence is our Promise of the Premise. Silas, the badass turned good, is finally getting into some badassery again. William Goldman (Butch Cassidy and All the President's Men) talks about this section as FUN and Games. I want us to think up ways to really pay this off. Both in serious moments as we see here, where Silas is the kind of brute with street smarts that would think to use the grip of a toaster to turn the thing into huge brass knuckles, or whatever we can think of...to something more light-hearted, say, when "SILAS checks himself back into the halfway house, the front desk guy giving a weird look at that nasty cut above his eye."

Silas, at the end of his ropes: What are you looking at?

Clerk: You're bleeding pretty bad.

Silas: Oh. (Checking all the blood running down his cheek) Think the priest can change it back to wine? I could use a drink.

This is the exact kind of moment we see in CHINATOWN. Think Gittes famous line:

DR (bandaging Nicholson's nose): Does it hurt?

GITTES: Only when I breathe.

1. ROUGHED UP BY THE JUAREZ - SILAS, in the back of a cab, tells the driver to take him to the bus station. Cabbie speeds and makes a few quick turns, bringing him to a narrow alley where a pickup cuts them off. Cabbie flips the switch to unlock the doors and TWO BIG CARTEL GUYS pull SILAS out of the cab. They bring SILAS to the ground and wail on him.

Just as one is about to pull a gun, the tide turns. Wrestling with one guy for control of the gun, a stray bullet catches the other guy in the leg. Cabbie takes off. SILAS proceeds to beat the shit out of both of them. While one guy, the smaller one, screams bloody murder because of the bullet in his leg, SILAS grapples with the other. Taking his belt, SILAS wraps it around the guy's neck, bringing him just to the point of losing consciousness. SILAS slackens it a bit so the guy can breathe, then ties the dude's neck to a gas meter. "Stay there." Bruised and bloody, SILAS disappears in the streets.

2. NOW WE ARE ALL FOND OF YOU - SILAS checks himself back into the halfway house, the front desk guy giving a weird look at that nasty cut above his eye, "Yes, but I'm having to let GONZALO know, just so you know." Do what you have to do. The service for the street kids lets out in to the lobby as this is going on, all of them giving SILAS a hard look, and FATHER PAULO spots him. Are you okay? I could use a new belt. Understanding now that SILAS has gotten wrapped up in LOLA'S affairs, the FATHER PAULO tries to offer SILAS some guidance. We really need your help here. LOLA is gone. There are people here who need your help. Join us. It doesn't have to be the other way. SILAS says that he's in, but he has a few loose ends to tie up first. Where was it that the CAJERO said he could find ILSA? He can't remember. She's down at the American resort, along the coast. She's good that one, just trapped. Don't go getting her mixed up in this.

3. THE AMERICAN RESORT - The beautiful coastline, unfinished structures, waves wrapping around a dead seal on the beach. SILAS makes it to the resort bar, a few local beachcombers and old grey couples from Phoenix, as ILSA begins her rendition of *The Shadow of Your Smile*. She's done up as a 50's bombshell this time, making the old ladies uncomfortable and the men shift in their seats. She spots SILAS at the bar and focuses her performance on him. It's a game she's playing, tempting him, trying to get a rise out of him in order to get a read on him. He's not having it, he doesn't play games anymore. When the performance is done: "You must be the one everyone's been talking about." SILAS leaves a 50 in her tip jar. Keep your damn money. He shows her the banker's roll. It's LOLA's money. They want me to sell the club and someone's trying to kill me. I don't know why, but I wanted to see how you felt about that. She gives him her room number. I'm off at midnight. Go have a drink.

4. BREAKING IN - SILAS walks the hallways, spying the cleaning lady eating her lunch with a fellow resort worker, playfully flirting with each other. He moves to the cleaning cart crammed into a maintenance closet, finding her access key card tucked away there. He takes it and moves to LOLA's room. He looks around, carefully to replace things as he searches for anything related to LOLA. A loaded pistol in the nightstand, a few tiny comic books about Cowboys, letters from a mother in Guatemala, and calling cards. We intercut this with ILSA wrapping up her show, being pulled aside for a chat by the harmless drunken beachcomber at the bar. Back on SILAS as he searches inside the piano finding a box of letters. They're all from LOLA, most under aliases

and from different parts of Mexico, all posted within the last year. He makes himself a drink and begins going through them. There's one in particular that catches his eye, scribbled on letterhead: PESCADERIA MAOZ S.A. DE C.V.. He stuffs it in his pocket.

5. TIME WITH ILSA - It looks like ILSA's going to catch him in the act as she opens up the door to her place, but when she does it's dark and untouched. SILAS knocks and ILSA lets him in. She moves to the vanity in the bedroom and starts getting out of her costume. SILAS accidentally sits on tawdry photos of ILSA in both man and woman's dress, adverts for her show at the CLUB ANGEL BABY. LOLA made me get new ones, ILSA tells him, for the new show. You look good. Did you want another drink? SILAS is confused. She comes out of the bedroom, dressed down now, holding SILAS' forgotten drink. Old habit, he tells her. The conversation shifts as ILSA reveals her jealousy, you already got the club, now you come for what little money she gave me too? She shares a story about a cousin of hers who worked for the cartels as a cash mule, moving their earnings from the States down back into Mexico, and how there are few people you can trust in this world. SILAS doesn't care about the club. LOLA was gunned down in cold blood in the middle of the fucking street and all anyone seems to care about is who gets the ANGEL BABY. Why would LOLA trust the CAJERO with all this? ILSA is afraid to reveal exactly what LOLA was up to the cartels, besides she never really talked about it, it was all hearsay from other people. She agrees there's more going on and no one, least of all the CAJERO, wants to talk about. MATEO does, SILAS says. He mentioned something about a THIRD MAN pulling her body off the street. My Spanish isn't so good, I need your help with him. No one back home to practice with? Not a soul. What are you going to do when you find out, SILAS? When you find the people who did this to her? Are you going to kill them? SILAS looks her in the eye as we CUT AWAY.

6. THE THIRD MAN - Upstairs, in one of the john's rooms, we can hear the bumping house music and the loud bar noises of a packed house below. DIANA, one of the prostitutes puts her clothes back on and exits with her John. MATEO pushes his mop and waits for them to pass, asking the John for a tip. DIANA hooks her arm on the John's and they head back downstairs, MATEO calling after her: Have you heard anything about HORTENCIA? DIANA laughs at him. She's dead old man! Somebody fucked her and killed her! MATEO starts to clean the room. CUT TO: SILAS and ILSA pull up behind the club in ILSA's truck, the parking guys halting the cab traffic for her so she can pull up behind the office. We don't need CAJERO poking his nose around. Inside, CAJERO hangs behind the bar, watching the bartender and his girls work, when he spots ILSA lead SILAS upstairs. They find MATEO and get his version as ILSA translates. This all plays out in flashback as it's revealed to us: MATEO was cleaning the office when LOLA had come downstairs after changing, she must have been in a hurry because when MATEO called out to her she didn't turn to face him or respond, just hopped in her car and went up the street. He'd wanted to ask her what was going on with HORTENCIA. That's when he'd heard the shooting. SILAS cuts in, so it was the three of you up in the office, YOU,

CAJERO, and the LAWYER. MATEO shakes his head. CAJERO and the LAWYER must have been in the bar somewhere because when the gunmen took off they were already downstairs. That's when he saw CAJERO and the LAWYER come out onto the street to help her, and a THIRD MAN in a suit, rail-thin, drag her body out of the car and onto the street. When he came downstairs to help, the THIRD MAN was gone and it was just the three of them out there until the cops came. SILAS cuts in again to explain the discrepancies in the different versions to ILSA when she throws in a low-blow, something about SILAS now owning the club and how that doesn't mean he can throw his weight around. This is when MATEO learns SILAS is the new owner and draws his own conclusion. MATEO snaps. He pulls a box cutter from his pocket and accuses SILAS, first he killed HORTENCIA and then he made sure LOLA was out of the way so he could take over the ANGEL BABY. ILSA keeps them separate and translates at a delay that could be deadly. MATEO and ILSA freeze for a moment when SILAS shouts in fluent Spanish, he's not responsible for whatever MATEO's talking about, he's trying to get to the bottom of LOLA's murder and what this THIRD MAN could mean. He's sorry about HORTENCIA and he'll do everything he can to bring her back to him. MATEO lunges for him with the knife, SILAS and ILSA restraining him easily, as the man breaks down, his shouts of agony echoing through the hallway.

Sequence Four

1. OLD MAKE UP - SILAS sits at the edge of his cot, unable to sleep. The PESCADERIA MAOZ letterhead peeking out of his shirt. CUT TO: SILAS walking downstairs to the lobby where the front desk guy snoozes in front of a television. There's a phone there. SILAS hesitates then turns to head into the church next door. It's reminiscent of the poorly lit rec room he'd left back home. INTERCUT WITH: CAJERO walks through the cleaning floor of the PESCADERIA MAOZ. Dozens of workers in smocks use machines and machetes to clean piles and piles of dead tuna and seabass. The sound goes out of CAJERO's side of the scene and stays with SILAS. CAJERO waves good morning to a worker, yells at an operator to watch how he's swinging the boom crane. BACK ON SILAS, continuing inside to find a small rectory with a desk and a telephone. We hang back by the folding steel chairs as SILAS takes a seat and dials a number. ON CAJERO AGAIN as he takes the stairs down into the basement into a large walk-in refrigerator. There's an assembly line of Mexican workers manufacturing a chemical, sorting it as it comes down the line in pill form. He meets the LAWYER, a smock covering his suit, in the corner as he supervises. BACK TO SILAS' CONVERSATION: It's late. How you doing. Who's that. I told my brother you left. He's been staying here. You coming back? I don't know. We got a little cash coming in. Okay. That's all you have to say? Yeah. Well it ain't my brother. Okay. No, I'm playing. It is. It is. Okay. CUT BACK TO CAJERO: As he utters a few words to the LAWYER, who nods. The sound finally fades out of SILAS' end of the scene and rises into the CAJERO's end. After a moment, CAJERO'S heading back up the stairs and rounds the corner

back onto the cleaning floor, where SILAS is walking down the thoroughfare, waiting for him.

2. HEMINGWAY - Up in the office, SILAS gets it out of CAJERO that he and LOLA used this place, along with the club, to launder their earnings. Earnings from what? CAJERO doesn't budge. He hears from FATHER PAULO that he had a little run-in with thugs the other day. SILAS is sure it wasn't thugs, someone was looking for him specifically. It's clear SILAS' trust for CAJERO is hanging by a thread. What would CAJERO know about it? Look, buoy, LOLA had a lot of enemies. The JUAREZ AND SINOLOA. They see you're running the show now and they want you too. SILAS stonewalls. He doesn't care about the money. If CAJERO refuses to tell SILAS everything he knows about what LOLA was involved in, including what's cooking downstairs, he'll just have get down in the dirt and figure it out for himself. CAJERO relaxes, laughs. All in good time, companero. I know you don't care about the money, none of us care about the money, but there is good news in all of this. CAJERO has found a buyer for the club, and the offer just might be too good to pass up. Consider it and together, CAJERO and SILAS, will get to the bottom of LOLA's murder. But you got to be smart about it, buoy. SILAS relaxes too. Give me an hour, CAJERO says. I have some more business here. My boat's out back on the dock. I'll call the buyer, we'll go for a little pleasure cruise and get this all settled today, eh? You are a glass is half-empty kind of person, I can tell. I find whichever way you look at it, the glass is just too big.

3. MUCH GUSTO - SILAS helps CAJERO begin to cast off when a threadbare kid, can't be older than 19, comes aboard toting two coolers. We recognize him as one of the street thugs who was mad-dogging SILAS at half-way house. Relax, CAJERO tells him, that's just EMILIANO, the first mate. What's in the coolers? Silas asks. One's the booze. One's the bait. How do you tell which one's which? Silas asks. EMILIANO shows off the sloshing bloody meat, takes a deep whiff and smiles, saying: El perfume, then totes the coolers up the gangplank, followed by TWO BOMBSHELL BEAUTIES, DIANA (who we meet earlier) and her girlfriend LUCIA, overdressed for a boat ride but underdressed for a striptease. They greet the German and SILAS with besos on the cheek. CAJERO smiles as he notices SILAS loosen up. Behind them is THE LAWYER in a pretty blue suit, with clean cut hair, cuff links you can see as he removes his blazer and takes his sun glasses off to look Silas in the eyes. CAJERO makes the introduction, this is LOLA's LAWYER, he's been working with me and her for years, man. He figured who better than take over LOLA's interests than the man who's been doing it all along, am I right, buoy? Mucho gusto, the LAWYER tells SILAS. The entire scene has an awkward air of being arranged and convenient, an air SILAS is quickly becoming suspicious of, but he's ushered onto the boat so politely that he never has the chance to utter a complaint. The girls go about kissing everyone on the cheek, including Silas.

4. THE OFFER - SILAS lets out his first genuine laugh of the film as LUCIA tries the LAWYER's aviator glasses on him. The sun's beating down, they are all at least half a dozen

cocktails in. CAJERO reels in a big blue shark as DIANA flips on the old radio near the mast, blaring cumbia music. LUCIA gets off SILAS' lap and the girls begin to dance, playfully drunk at first, but then closer, as lovers do, and finally begin to kiss. CAJERO takes the hook out of the blue shark's mouth and totes it thrashing to EMILIANO, who begins to clean it. CAJERO and the LAWYER jump into the conversation that was interrupted by LUCIA's fascination with the glasses right before we CUT IN. A good offer don't you think? A quick one. Maybe I let my mouth run a bit. Celebrate. Things move slow in this country and I wanted you to be able to get back home. SILAS chimes in, I'm not sure I'm ready to go back home. Then get busy spending the money right away, not losing it every hour that club is hanging over your head. CAJERO presses, It's a good deal. SILAS' head is swimming, he's forgetting his audience and resuming a conversation he's had with ILSA. I'd like to talk to MATEO once more. I've been thinking maybe his girl and LOLA were involved in something together. The LAWYER dismisses the notion as EMILIANO cuts the shark's tail off. There's a hook to hang the shark from, and the blood pours from it into a bucket. The shark is still thrashing, and the bucket does a poor job. You've got to bleed it dry right away, LAWYER says, or the whole thing tastes like piss. Good to know, says SILAS as he excuses himself laughing down to the head, and LUCIA complains for the boys to join them dancing.

5. **MIDPOINT** - The waves kick up as SILAS heads through the cabin, opening up a closet door and revealing a slim woman's GREEN DRESS. He sees it, but doesn't pay much attention to it, he's so high and having so much fun. Back on the deck, the LAWYER nods to the girls who dance closer to SILAS, LUCIA reminding him que hace calor, and nodding lets her unbutton his shirt. His fading prison tattoos are finally visible as she pulls his shirt off, his hair free of grease is a little long and soft in the wind. LUCIA, on SILAS' lap again, takes DIANA's sunglasses and puts them on SILAS, laughing that she didn't know he was a veterano. SILAS finishes his drink and EMILIANO brings him another. LUCIA notices the ring on his pinky and tells him she likes it. The LAWYER offers to buy it off him because he believes in treating his girls right. What'd you spend on it? Nothing. Not even \$500 US. LAWYER hands him cash rolled up in a rubber band. Here's two grand. A show of good faith on the deal to come. SILAS puts the ring on her finger. A simple motion of him letting go. Money goes a long way here, doesn't it? CAJERO hollers as the line burns out of the reel and another tuna comes up out of the water.

Sequence Five

1. CABARET - Silas watches ILSA's performance from a private booth at the ANGEL BABY. He looks good in a suit, hair slicked back, deep in thought, considering the meeting a few minutes away, and entranced by ILSA's dance. The club is full, but even so ILSA focuses her performance entirely on SILAS, keeping her eyes steadily on him to the point where SILAS has to shift uncomfortably in his seat. It's another cabaret number, with ILSA done up in drag, but

slowly the clothes come off and SILAS, who was struggling to match her gaze filled with sex, finally holds his eyes up to hers. He wants her. The sexual tension here is intercut with the action going on upstairs.

2. JEFE - It's all quite on the western front, up on the second floor, and it looks like the john's haven't made their selections for the night yet. MATEO mops the floor down the far end of the hallway, near the entrance to LOLA's office, when a clitter-clatter of nice wingtips echo against the tile and compete with the reverberations of the music downstairs. MATEO offers CAJERO a weak smile as he approaches. CAJERO dons a pair of latex gloves and MATEO begins to protest, It's okay, Jefe, you don't have to help me. CAJERO pulls the gun from the small of his back, points it straight in his face, and says only, I'm sorry about Hortencia, before pulling the trigger. As ILSA's number winds down, she spots the LAWYER say something to SILAS in the booth. Fear and mistrust all over her face, she watches them head out the back exit. SILAS turns back and gives her a nod, it's okay, as the DJ calls ILSA off the stage.

3. JUAREZ - SILAS sits in the large banquet hall of a club, couples dressed to the nines for dinner and drinks, a live band playing ranchera for the dancers on the floor. It's deserted in the back where the LAWYER sits off to the side next to a few standing bodyguards. SILAS watches in silence as GUSTAVO, head of the Tijuana JUAREZ, finishes his shellfish. He tells the story of his father, who was a farmer in the tradition of the generations that came before him, who's entire life was destroyed by this -- Gustavo picks a seed out of his salad. A seed. It seems the yields were on the decline, so to save money the providers sold the inferior seeds they normally wouldn't. This trickled down to the farmers, which in turn worsened the yields and sent everything down the spiral. GUSTAVO leans in. I'm taking the club and I'll pay you handsomely. But I want the little girls, and I want the product, and most of all I want LOLA. SILAS is at a loss, doesn't know what he's talking about, but decides to play along. GUSTAVO isn't exactly clear here, but we learn that CAJERO and the LAWYER are working for him now, and they've both fingered SILAS as the guy with the answers as to where everything is. He's been LOLA's partner in the whole operation as far as they're concerned. The police are about an hour away from raiding a house run by his rival, the SINALOA, thanks to an anonymous tip, and with LOLA's operation in his pocket he'll run the whole town. SILAS has 48 hours, when GUSTAVO's horse races at the track, to hand her over.

4. REHASH - SILAS now sits in front of GONZALO and JAVIER in an interview room. It looks like they've been rehashing this for hours. MATEO's dead, what's your alibi, I was with GUSTAVO, bullshit, they're going to kill me, yeah they're going to kill you. SILAS stonewalls them about the product and the little girls. If you don't work with us, we can't protect. And these guys will not waste any time on you. A call comes through for GONZALO, one they have to take. SILAS is coming with them. They pass ILSA in the hallway on their way out, who's been waiting for SILAS. It's not safe, SILAS tells her. Wait for me. Where? The resort.

5. SUGAR - The place is already surrounded by local police when they get there, a small little bungalow with a guest house in the back in a bad part of a bad town. SILAS does the walk through with them, at least 30 girls, some as young as 10 but most between the ages of 13-16, cramped into a filthy space that can't be more than 400 square feet. They edge away from the flashlight as it rakes across them, their dark eyes peering out of their sockets for mercy. GONZALO meets with his Captain as they figure out how they're going to move these people, and JAVIER hangs back with SILAS. It's a SINALOA house, run by GUSTAVO's rival cartel. All these little girls, you see, they're coming from all over South and Central America trying to get to the States. They're kidnapped from the trains their families ride and brought here. Human trafficking. The ones who look 16, they ain't. They've been pumped full of this drug, ORADAXON. It gives them a little SUGAR, you see, on the tits and ass. SILAS realizes his role in this, and what it means about LOLA's operation. Hey, homeboy, JAVIER tells him as he lights a cigarette, I ever tell you you look familiar?

6. SILAS' BETRAYAL - ILSA sits on an embankment overlooking the beach. It's dark out, with no lights to speak of, but she can still recognize the silhouette approaching her as SILAS'. Something about the gait. GONZALO told me what happened. With you and the JUAREZ. Not such great advice sending me back here in case they come looking for me, was it. I guess not. My bartender's got a spare room down the ways, I should be fine there for tonight. SILAS is sorry. I'm still new at this and I don't know exactly what it is I'm doing. No shit, SILAS. And then we realize how furious and hurt ILSA really is. You don't even realize what you've done, do you? GONZALO told me about your conversation with CAJERO on the boat. You told him MATEO knew something about a third man the day LOLA was killed. Don't you see it, even now. SILAS is lost, confused, and doesn't understand why he's being attacked. SILAS, it's your fault MATEO is dead. You killed him. You just lead CAJERO right to him. You do me a favor, SILAS. You stay the fuck away from me before you get me killed too. Hopefully you just get yourself killed and all this will be done with. SILAS, ashamed, watches her walk away, alone.

Sequence Six

1. HUNTED DOWN - SILAS walks down the shore, heading for downtown with their bank of lights two miles away and their waiting taxis. A pair of headlights flicker on and suddenly an old Toyota truck is barreling down on him. Silas looks at the lights with a hand like a visor. He runs, the truck comes faster. This is nearly on him when he hears shouting. The headlights flash. He can't run anymore and stops. He tugs out the gun from his back, ILSA's gun. Clicks back the hammer. "Senor?," a voice says a few things in Spanish. Then in English: "Yogging! Good yogging." It's a familiar face, one of the priests from the church. "FATHER PAULO and the kids are waiting for you. You were supposed to speak tonight?" SILAS hides the gun away.

2. GOD AND THE DEVIL - The faces of the kids, street urchins, thugs and gangbangers. And then one kid in particular, EMILIANO, CAJERO's first mate. This scene is intercut with the images that follow later tonight, the images of SILAS getting knee deep in the streets, following EMILIANO to reach the LAWYER. EMILIANO gets a text message on his phone and leaves early. SILAS becomes instantly antsy and distracted, but when he looks at FATHER PAULO he can't help but keep on out of responsibility. Still, he's obviously making it quick. He's telling the kids how the right path and the wrong path aren't easy to distinguish. So we gotta take stock here and there, to make sure we haven't slipped up. IN THE STREETS - SILAS follows EMILIANO through the streets of Ensenada. People are out partying, it must be a weekend. He leads SILAS to a dark and deserted PESCADERIA MAOZ.

3. GOD AND THE DEVIL, CONT. - Back on SILAS' speech. And the number one way to cure yourself is to reach out to the right people, and eliminate the wrong ones from your life. FLASH ON - CARLY AND HANK getting caught right now holding up a pharmacy for a bunch of Sudafed. CUT BACK TO - SILAS following EMILIANO down the staircase to the large walk-in fridge. The door slightly ajar, SILAS spies the LAWYER in his white smock supervises the production of ORADEXON which never seems to stop. EMILIANO tells the LAWYER something, upsetting him. The LAWYER slaps the kid and tells him to do as he's told. LAWYER stuffs a package into a backpack and hands it to EMILIANO, sending his delivery boy on his way. FLASH ON - SILAS kneeling before his cot in a jail cell, praying the Rosary. Back on SILAS' speech. I'm sure the father will forgive me for saying this, but I've often doubted god or the devil existed. But think about what those words stand in for. Go-od. D-evil. It helps me to see it as a fight. The righteous and the wicked. CUT BACK TO - PESCADERIA MAOZ, on the cleaning floor as LAWYER rounds a corner, removing his smock for the night, and runs right into SILAS. Waiting for him. CUT TO: SILAS gives EMILIANO \$2,000 (still rolled up from when the LAWYER exchanged it for the ring) and gives him the keys to a delivery truck. You work for me now. You know the shortest way to San Felipe? Good. Take the other way. SILAS shuts the draw-down door of the truck just as LAWYER, who's bound in the back, tries to shout past the gag in his mouth.

4. ILSA's CAPTURE - Quick little scene. ILSA's BARTENDER from the American Resort carries her bags to his spare room. When he opens the door for her, ILSA is greet by GUSTAVO's MEN, specifically the guy SILAS tied to the gas meter. ILSA squirms when they take her, begins to shout, but the shouts fade out and are replaced by the soft and gentle sound of waves lapping against a dock...

5. HEMINGWAY, REVISITED - CAJERO, on the boat, is busy prepping to cast off. He notices a figure on the dock and sees SILAS staring back at him. Coming along? You knew I would. I'm sorry about all that. This is the business we are in, it's nothing to do with you. Why wouldn't a good man want a good, simple life. Sell a dump off for a clean well-lighted place. Hemingway,

no? There's a silence here between the two men, each sizing the other up, and knowing that two men are casting off, but only one will come back.

6. SHE PICKED YOU - The waves are choppy than on that beautiful day when the deal was offered to him. Into the water goes a bucket of bloody chum-meat. The bait lines are in place. SILAS is taking up the dock-rope CAJERO unwrapped earlier, and wrapping it tight around his forearm with slack at the end. CAJERO is recasting, and just as SILAS is about to swing the rope around CAJERO's neck he manages to duck out of the way. What *is* the fuck? You did it. You killed LOLA. Staging a coup right under our noses. CAJERO's grasping for any useless thing he can find and slipping along the unsteady deck. The waves kick up even further. You don't understand. A wave crashes against the hull, spraying them. You think you had a friend? You think you know what she is? His German accent grows more prominent as SILAS zeros in with the rope. You know her not at all. You're loyal. But, best of all, you're dumb. That is why she picked you! The largest wave yet crashes over the deck and the two men are separated, SILAS falling onto the steps and twisting his ankle and only missing cracking his neck as he falls into the cabin because of his powerful arm wrapped onto the ladder. And there's the closet in the cabin, the same one he noticed from his first visit aboard, the door having opened wide, the women's clothes, all one familiar style, one woman's clothes and it COMES AS A FLASH across the screen, LOLA dressed in the same threads from a picture in her office at the ANGEL BABY.

7. SHE PICKED YOU, CONT. - SILAS is back on the watery deck. Where is she? What's going on here? He can't find CAJERO for a moment until he spots an arm draped over the side of the boat. SILAS races to catch the arm just as it slips off the railing. SILAS is draped over the side of the boat now, inches from going overboard himself, holding CAJERO above certain death. But it quickly becomes obvious that it's not a move to rescue the man, but simply one to have the final word in a conversation that, up to this point, has been completely one-sided. CAJERO yells back at him, She's been using you, she's been using all of us. SILAS, buckled down with his sheer brute strength, hands CAJERO a bait-line and ties the other end to the railing. Hemingway, no?, SILAS tells him. CAJERO lights up. Hemingway, yes, yes! SILAS tells him how it's going to be. He wrote Old Man and the Sea, que no? YES! YES! Dumb guy like me, never been much of a reader. Bitte. Nein. Ich kann nicht schwimmen!

ACT THREE

Sequence Seven

1. CHERRY COLA - The boat is returning. CAJERO is at the wheel pilot, wearing that silly hat. And on the dock, waiting for him to arrive is **LOLA**. She looks just as beautiful as in the pictures. She waves. CAJERO waves. But that CAJERO has put on weight, no? And the hat is cocked at a different angle. It's not CAJERO at all. LOLA shifts uncomfortably, is about to bolt, but something keeps her glued to the dock. It's SILAS done up in CAJERO's clothes for the welcome he had an inkling was waiting for him. She smiles and now he's the one with CAJERO's overconfident grin as he crashes the boat into the dock, but just a little. Not bad for your first try, LOLA tells him. Thanks. And then she does run. And the hat flies off his head as he runs on that twisted ankle after her, leaves the hat to land floating in stagnant mucky water of the dock, floating in the direction of CAJERO. CAJERO's still grasping one of those bait-line's like a vise, and then we see he had the wherewithal to tie the line around his shoulder, and only then we see that the color has gone out of him, and a gentle little wave nudges us so that we sink underwater, where see all the bait unbitten on the baitlines, one by one, until we reach CAJERO's chewed up legs and torso. **BACK ON THE CHASE:** Through the wharf market, into the increasingly crowded streets of the city's center, everywhere SILAS turns he sees the face of people he knows in the faces of strangers. He's lost her. He looks for street signs. He doubles back toward the dock and can't seem to find it. And with so many people around, so many faces now the strangers themselves, so unfamiliar, it looks as if he's lost himself. Someone calls SILAS' name from behind, and as he turns to respond, he's clocked in the face. Brought to the ground and out cold.

2. **SELL OUT** - SILAS comes-to in the back of an unmarked police car, handcuffed, GONZALO and JAVIER in the front on the other side of the cage. SILAS is still kind of woozy. You don't know how happy I am to see you. GONZALO agrees, We were thinking the same thing. I think it's about time to get you off the streets, you've caused enough trouble. Gotten some good stuff out of following you the last couple of days, though. Gustavo's little club. The MAOZ, which we're sure LOLA was using to launder all that cash. CAJERO in the ocean and the LAWYER in San FELIPE. But where are the girls, SILAS? I'm working on it. Yeah, sure, we'll take it from here. SILAS makes a deal with them. I've only got a few more hours before GUSTAVO has me killed anyway. If I manage to make it out you can lock me up and throw away the key. GONZALO's not biting. That is until SILAS drops a bomb on them. LOLA is still alive. MATEO had said something about a third man the day LOLA was killed, you remember that? It wasn't the JUAREZ or the SINALOA who gunned LOLA down because she was never in the truck. We begin to see FLASHES as SILAS pieces this together for himself and shares it with the detectives. It was HORTENCIA who got in that truck, done up to look like LOLA. I guarantee you, you dig up that body in the cemetery and it's HORTENCIA. GONZALO's still skeptical. The autopsy said it was LOLA. SILAS laughs. Money goes a long way here, right? How hard would it have been to put someone in the coroner's office on LOLA's payroll? GONZALO and JAVIER look at each other. Wonder whose roll ISLA's taking then. Yeah,

actresses hate cold calls, but the morgue is freezing. What are you fuckers talking about? Silas wants to know. And now it's GONZALO's turn to drop a bomb. GUSTAVO's taken ILSA. SILAS snaps to attention. What? When? Last night, when you were taking care of the LAWYER. SILAS restrains himself, but we can tell he's burning up inside. So what are you selling here, SILAS? Let me go and I'll tell you where she's producing the oradexon, and I'll find you her girls. I want to shut her down as much as you do. And when he says this, you know he means it because of ILSA. GONZALO stares at him through the rearview mirror.

3. SILAS barges into the ministry as FATHER PAULO leads service. It looks like if FATHER PAULO doesn't excuse himself, SILAS will excuse him, and they both leave as another PRIEST continues the service. In the vestibule, SILAS pulls ILSA's gun on FATHER PAULO and tells him to get the keys to the truck. SILAS has a grip on the nape of FATHER PAULO's neck, the gun in his gut, and backed against the wall, when one of the boys walks in to tell FATHER PAULO something. To hide what's happening, the two men hug. FATHER PAULO tells the boy to get the keys to the truck. He tells SILAS There are other paths. SILAS lowers the pistol. Don't mean I won't keep this with the map in the glovebox. LATER: SILAS has FATHER PAULO drive so they can talk. LOLA has a house where she's stashing the girls, where is it? PAULO plays dumb. SILAS jerks the wheel so they almost crash, forcing PAULO to jerk the wheel back. His eyes go wide and he knows SILAS means business. You know more than you're telling me. PAULO gives in. He says that if you've spent your whole life here, like most of us, you hear the rumors. LOLA never told him much, but then she never had to because the streets had a way of doing that for her. When he did finally see the fruit of her work with his own eyes, it was all out of his hands. Too rotten to save. To go near. They pass by the house but PAULO explains that he can't stop, they'll be killed. And if SILAS barges in there he'll just be one more body. LOLA doesn't work alone, she has gunmen too, who doesn't anymore? SILAS demands to be taken to her. The best I can do is arrange a meeting. The boys, though I tell them not to, run errands for people like her. I'm sorry SILAS. I had my boys. And you can't save them all. Looking out at the tourists, the panhandlers, the prostitutes and cops walking by them in the streets at they come to a red light. Not from this.

4. LA BUFADORA - A dark chasm howls, before the water sucks inside, only to be shot twenty feet high shortly after. LOLA is eating melon covered in chile purchased from one of the many shacks on the cliffside, that look like they could hardly support a man's weight, let alone the throng of tourists and beggars. SILAS comes up behind her and starts talking about ILSA, how her voice reminded him of his old friend he used to have, named LOLA. LOLA, though she stiffens at his voice, does not run. SILAS tries desperately to trick her into coming along as an exchange for ILSA. His manipulation skills are rusty, though, to say the least. She laughs him off, and begins to walk away. He grabs her then, as if he's a lover, and moves her steadily toward the edge, looking down into the whirlpool of water gathering into the dark chasm far below. He tells her how easy it is to get sucked in to these things. How just like the water, your just one

little drop. You go where the water goes. You do what the water does. And he knows LOLA wouldn't think twice about letting someone fall, someone named HORTENCIA, say, or ILSA, or even someone named SILAS. The water bursts into the sky. And now, so close to her, with her heels off the edge, all her weight in his arms, guilt seems like a silly thing with the mist in your eyes and the sun on your face, doesn't it? LOLA is hugging him fiercely. I'll scream, she says as a threat, looking at the crowds. Never, he says. You worry too much about appearances. It wouldn't be classy. But, she says, if you tried to drop me, I'd have to. They back away, and it's clear that she's coming with him now. They're old friends again, for this last moment, playing this little what if as they walk off to what they seem to know can't end well. No. No, he says. I'd drop you but you'd dance over the rocks, wouldn't you? You'd shoot up on the water, maybe singing, and you'd never never come back down again.

Sequence Eight

1. Family day at poor old horse track. Leader of the Juarez sits watching the race with ILSA beside him. A hand, we see gently on her leg, is doing a lot to keep her there. The other hand rests like a gentleman's against his blazer's chest pocket. SILAS seat LOLA beside himself as they pretend to watch the race. The women trade glances, heartbreak in ILSA's eyes, sadness in LOLA's. People wave betting tickets. Kids play. A jockey wins and a new race gets ready. "Sure," GUSTAVO says, chuckling a little. SILAS's plan is going well, and his mood lightend a bit. Everyone's breathing easier for a moment. GUSTAVO goes on. "Fair trade. A little negotiation. Sounds *nice*, no?" Everyone is breathing easier, except LOLA. She sees what's about to happen, what was bound to happen, and tries to run. When the starting pistol goes off, two more shots ring out almost like an echo. Silas pulls his gun now but GUSTAVO has him in his sights too. Just drop it, he tells SILAS. Go back to America. Get yourself a new girlfriend, a sweet clean American girl, the kind who wears little cotton panties. SILAS lowers the gun, realizing something's done here, but not finished. GUSTAVO walks off. Then the crowd begins to mill, begins to move away from him, an empty space expanding around him. A horse drags ass across the finish, the voice over the bullhorn, rapid, tinny and excited.

2. Tinny voices speak quietly over a police radio on the other side of grate. We're in a cop car. SILAS sits in back, a husk of a man. GONZALO is tired, jaded. The car pulls up down the street of a house. "That's it," SILAS says. It's LOLA's DEN. Dark curtained windows. Gonzalo speaks Spanish into the radio. SILAS watches, energy growing in his eyes, as he's creeping toward the edge of his seat in the back of the cop car. As cops set up their stations creeping round the house. LOLA's DEN has such dark windows. These are nothing like SILAS's eyes, which are hopeful as they watch this series of shots:

- 1.) The cops burst in, shots fired.
- 2.) A gunman runs out through a back window, where he's taken down by the cops.
- 3.) A few cops exit. A few medics enter.

4.) Girls escorted out by medics, stepping gingerly, squinting at the bright light of day.