

FADE IN:

The backlit indigo screen of a beeper reads--

**213-633-5758 LOLA**

INT. KITCHEN - EL CHOLO - NIGHT

Coming down the hallway now -- line cooks jabbing in Spanish, bow-tied waiters scrolling by.

We find SILAS staring at the number.

Considering it.

Fading gang ink scrawls hard forearms, but he looks afraid of the kitchen telephone.

Yet, he dials.

And *she* picks up.

Sy?                      LOLA (V.O.)

Yeah.                      SILAS

Baby.                      LOLA (V.O.)

What's up.                      SILAS

I need you.                      LOLA (V.O.)

I figured that.                      SILAS

We need a ride.                      LOLA (V.O.)

I've been doing good. Thanks for asking.                      SILAS

LOLA (V.O.)

*Papa.*

(beat)

One for old times sake?

SILAS uses *banda* music blaring from the dish room to buy time to think.

SILAS

(aside)

*Oye, chapulin,* lower that shit down!

LOLA (V.O.)

I called you first. I wanted--

SILAS

Just got off work. See you in a bit.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' TRUCK - LENNOX - NIGHT

SILAS, at the wheel, watches a figure emerge from the dark apartment complex.

It's LOLA -- kinky hair flowing over a black hoodie, a smirk teasing her lips. The edges of a TATTOO peak out over her wife-beater, just above the breast.

Behind her comes PUPPET, a wiry guy hefting a large duffel bag. He dumps it in the truck bed with a steel-on-steel kathunk.

They get in.

SILAS stares at the street. Still considering.

LOLA watches him.

PUPPET

Yo, what up, Wabbit. Ain't seen you in since forever. Thought you was outta lives.

SILAS

Put it inside.

PUPPET

What?

SILAS

Put the fucking bag inside the truck.

PUPPET

Yo, I know you been away, Wabs, but--

LOLA

Are you fucking deaf, faggot?

We stay on PUPPET as he hops out in a fit. He reaches for the bag when the silhouettes moving inside catch his eye--

SILAS ducks his shaven head. LOLA caresses the temples with her palms.

She says something we can't hear. And she kisses SILAS on the forehead.

PUPPET grabs the bag and slams the door, breaking their reverie.

PUPPET

It's a party in Inglewood.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' TRUCK - INGLEWOOD - LATER

It's late. The truck glides along a corridor of street lights. SILAS reclines his seat. Settles in to watch the traffic.

He pops in a cassette tape and it's *that* song. LOLA smiles. Cruising.

SILAS makes a right past Randy's Donuts. A left passing the Inglewood sign on La Cienega.

The homeboys and paisas spilling out of the dives. The brothers exchanging hands on the corner for the rock.

*That* song keeps playing just like old times.

Rolling past an LAPD cruiser, lights flared up, some poor sucker walks the line. SILAS cuts the music.

In the new quiet, a sound comes from the back seat.

*Shunk.*

*Shunk.*

PUPPET's loading a shotgun.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' TRUCK - INGLEWOOD - LATER

SILAS watches through the rear-view. There's only one house lit-up on the residential block.

LOLA and PUPPET, armed, creep toward it.

EXT. HOUSE - INGLEWOOD - CONTINUOUS

We stay on LOLA now--

As she unlatches the gate and ducks into the backyard. The music gets louder. They reach a closed door leading to the kitchen.

PUPPET puts his back up against the house, waiting for her go.

LOLA lowers the shotgun to her side--

And casually strolls into the house.

INT. HOUSE - INGLEWOOD - CONTINUOUS

People drinking, dancing, having a good time. Tatted-up gangbangers and retired veteranos, but it's mostly a family affair.

No one notices her.

She grabs a beer out of the cooler and sips it, scanning the crowd for her man. She finds him on the dance floor.

TRAILING HER-- as she slinks through the crowd--

PUPPET taking position at the door--

LOLA  
*Oye, Miguel! Remember me?*

She raises the shotgun--

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' TRUCK - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SILAS, watching through the rear-view, sees the FLASH OF GUNFIRE through the bay windows.

SCREAMS from inside the house.

Then more shots.

LOLA and PUPPET bolt out of the backyard and into the truck.

SILAS hits it.

He runs the stop sign at the corner. Makes a quick turn, punches it.

PUPPET pants in the backseat. LOLA is calm.

SILAS puts the truck onto the 405. He eases up.

The volume's turned down, but we hear the cassette run out and flip over to side B.

LOLA turns it up.

It's another Art Laboe oldie. She softly hums along to the tune.

SILAS EJECTS the tape.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 - LENNOX - NIGHT

SILAS' truck sits alone in the parking lot. The hum of LAX and its orange light pollution the only thing for miles.

INT. 7-11 - LENNOX - SAME

SILAS pours himself a cup of coffee.

No LOLA, no PUPPET. Just SILAS.

His gaze is intense. Cream rippling into the black. Then the sugar.

EXT. 7-11 - LENNOX - MOMENTS LATER

He sees the red and blue flares first, SILAS exiting to the sight of--

THREE LAPD CRUISERS boxing his truck in.

The look on his face says it all. Not surprise.  
Disappointment.

He takes a sip of coffee just for the fuck of it.

LAPD CRUISER doors open--

And it's 6 men yelling, guns drawn...

DISSOLVE TO:

The gnawing sound of a flickering fluorescent light.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - NIGHT

A BORN AGAIN GANGSTER sermonizes with a fervor that's  
intimidating to a room of HOMELESS PEOPLE.

BORN AGAIN GANGSTER  
GOD. THE DEVIL. G-O-D. D-E-V-I-L.  
Think about it. What those words  
stand in for. *Have you?* Good and  
evil. It's a street fight, isn't  
it. This daily struggle we are  
locked in. And looking around this  
room I can already see the fight has  
gone out of you. Surrendered.  
FIGHT.

With the big build of a convict, long hair slicked back  
carefully to look clean-cut, he comes off looking mean.

We know this guy.

IT'S SILAS.

**TWELVE YEARS LATER**

BORN AGAIN GANGSTER/SILAS  
What did you settle for today? A  
hot dinner and a warm bed? That's  
not good enough. I've been there.  
Right there. Where you're sitting  
and not so long ago. We are all  
locked in this struggle as brothers  
and sisters! Work past the  
despair.

(MORE)

BORN AGAIN GANGSTER/SILAS (CONT'D)  
 The drugs, the sex, the alcohol.  
 It's not good enough. FIGHT.

Some of the HOMELESS PEOPLE shift in their seats, glancing at the beef stroganoff on the hot line just a few feet away.

SILAS  
 My brothers and sisters, the only  
 escape is to reach out to the right  
 people in your life and eliminate  
 the wrong ones!

SILAS wipes the sweat away. The crowd is unswayed.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
 Enjoy your dinner.  
 (beat)  
 We ask the Lord to bless this  
 bounty we are about to receive.

ALL  
 Amen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SOUP KITCHEN - LATER

The streetlight silhouettes SILAS and FATHER MIKE, who lights a cigarette.

SILAS  
 Tell me what the difference is!

FATHER MIKE  
 They've been chewed up and spit out--

SILAS  
 They need to be challenged--

FATHER MIKE  
 The last thing they want is to feel  
 bad for being hungry.

SILAS  
 What are we doing here, Mike?  
 We're helping them. I think it's  
 okay to call out complacency. The  
 greater good.

FATHER MIKE  
 You're making this about you.

SILAS

I'm making this about you making it about them.

FATHER MIKE

Look. I like you, Sy. You know I don't say that about many of these knuckleheads. You're a good egg. But we are here, at this moment, listen to me, to serve these people. To be of service.

SILAS

Yeah.

FATHER MIKE

You got it?

SILAS

Alright.

FATHER MIKE

Yeah?

SILAS

I got it.

A KNUCKLEHEAD pokes her head out the door.

KNUCKLEHEAD

Silas? You Silas? You got a call.

FATHER MIKE

Come on. Minny makes a mean stroganoff.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SOUP KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

SILAS picks up the uncradled receiver. A MAN'S heavy German accent on the other end.

SILAS

Yeah.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

You are the first I am calling. She made it very clear I express you were the first I am calling.

SILAS

Who is this?



GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

Lola.

SILAS

I don't know any Lola.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

They killed Lola, Silas.

SILAS

I told you I don't know any Lola.  
Not anymore.

(beat)

How did you find me?

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

You are not aware, I must imagine.  
Lola has kept watch on you since  
your release.

SILAS

Whatever you're selling I'm not  
interested.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

There is much to speak of her  
affairs, which you are now the sole  
executer. Have you something to  
write with?

SILAS

Sorry I couldn't be of more help.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)

You need to see the body. It's not  
right.

This hooks him.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Neon spills into the second-story window. SILAS, at the edge  
of the bed, fixes his gaze across the room...

He's staring at a tape deck on the dresser.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)  
 We've wired your travel expense, so  
 you will need to call on Western  
 Union. The address here is--

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SOUP KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SILAS  
 How bad?

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)  
 They gunned her down like a dog in  
 the street.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CLUB ANGEL BABY - DAY

Black heels lead up to sweats and a dark wig on LOLA. Like a hooker going for a jog. She pulls the jacket over the GLOCK tucked in her waistband, the steel gate slamming behind her as she replies to someone inside.

LOLA  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
*Go fuck yourself, asshole.*

LOLA finds an old baby blue Bronco in the parking lot and hops inside.

She struggles to turn the engine over. After a minute it starts and she begins scrolling through the radio dial, waiting for the Bronco to heat up.

It's hard to get an angle on her.

Up close gestures and out of focus movements. A face SILAS isn't ready to see yet with the details he's given.

She pulls the Bronco into the street and up to the corner.

A TRUCK SPEEDS INTO VIEW--

Blocking the Bronco at the stop sign--

TWO MEN, masks and cowboy boots, race out with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS--

UNLOADING THEIR MAGAZINES ON THE BRONCO

RAT-AT-TAT-TAT!

They're gone as quickly as they arrived--

The Bronco sits there, a smoldering mess.

We're right inside the cab, LOLA hunched over on the bench as the blood spills out of her--

CUT TO:

INT. WESTERN UNION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The CASHIER counts out a stack of \$100s. A thousand dollars. Begins counting another stack.

SILAS turns to the MEXICAN LADY at the next teller. She's sending money back home. MEXICAN LADY eyes SILAS' money. She pulls her daughter closer.

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)  
She left you her money.

SILAS (V.O.)  
How much?

GERMAN ACCENT (V.O.)  
A fare amount. She owned one of the bigger clubs here.

SILAS (V.O.)  
I'll think about it.

CUT TO:

INT. SILAS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A familiar tune plays on the tape deck. SILAS taps rewind. Plays a clip.

Hits rewind again. Plays it over.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN YSIDRO/TIJUANA BORDER - DAY

Glaring sunlight.

The traffic on one side of the border moves briskly while the other sits in the heat.

SILAS disembarks a Greyhound bus with a heavy duffle bag, passes through the steel turnstile gates into Mexico.

He reaches a bank of taxis.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZONA ROSA - TIJUANA - DAY

The heart of Tijuana's RED LIGHT DISTRICT is sketchy even in the daytime.

SILAS peels a fresh bill off his gangster roll and pays the TAXI DRIVER. The taxi pulls away, revealing--

THE CLUB ANGEL BABY.

A three-story affair, bar with a hotel upstairs, surrounded by billboards selling sex. A BOUNCER at the door.

A taco vendor sweeps the sidewalk. Beyond that, it's deserted.

SILAS crosses to meet the BOUNCER, who points at the bag.

BOUNCER  
(Spanish, subtitled)  
*Where you think you're going with that?*

SILAS  
I'm Lola's guy.

BOUNCER  
(reverts to broken English)  
I.D.

SILAS offers it. BOUNCER looks it over.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)  
You be good.

SILAS  
Brother, you have no idea.

INT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

TRAILING SILAS NOW--

As he's hit by a wall of deep, thumping house music.

It's dark. Takes a while for our eyes to adjust.

People everywhere. A STRIPPER onstage in the middle of her set. Tables of VAQUEROS, COLLEGE KIDS in SDSU gear, and SHADY-TYPES. COCKTAIL GIRLS rush to deliver drinks. Cigarette smoke.

SILAS walks down the hallway unfazed by the sudden transition. He reaches the bar and is greeted by a LONG LINE OF PROSTITUTES.

A few of them click their tongues at him, calling for their trick.

PROSTITUTES

*Oye, papi.*

The lights come up and the DJ takes the reigns.

DJ (OVER P.A.)

(Spanish, subtitled)

*Let's hear it for the delicious  
Candy, gentlemen. Now the moment  
you've all been waiting for, the  
girl who'll work you to the bone,  
give it up for Fräulein Ilsa!*

Delicate piano strokes take over the speakers.

A lone spotlight on the stilettoed leg of a BOMBSHELL as it peaks past the curtain.

The men quiet.

SILAS turns.

The fragile piano notes give way to *Vagelis'* "One More Kiss, Dear." Crestfallen and sensual.

FRÄULEIN ILSA slips past the curtain like she's stepping out of a cocktail dress.

She's done-up cabaret-style: extreme stilettos leading up to a sexy little tuxedo cut, bowler hat and heavy mascara on one eye.

FRÄULEIN ILSA

(singing)

One more kiss, dear/ One more sigh/  
Only this, dear/ It's goodbye/ For  
our love is such pain/ and such  
pleasure/ That I'll treasure till I  
die...

SILAS snaps out of it. The bar comes back to life.

He scans the room--

Spotting the OLD JANITOR behind the bar who is spellbound by the performance.

ON ILSA NOW--

As she sneaks a glance at SILAS.

SILAS moves to the OLD JANITOR, whispering something in his ear. He looks SILAS over, nods, then leads him through a back door.

ILSA's smile slackens.

It's the crux of her number, though, and the men erupt with frenzied calls.

In a blink, she's all smiles again. Bending low to show the tops of her tits before the bra comes off altogether.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FLOOR - CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

OLD JANITOR fires rapid Spanish as they walk down a hallway with rooms on either side-- the JOHN'S ROOMS.

Somewhere the sound of a porno movie echoes, mixing with the music and yells from downstairs.

OLD JANITOR

*What do you think of that one, good, no? My name is Mateo, anything you need I am at your service brother.*

SILAS

I need to talk to whoever is running things.

OLD JANITOR/MATEO unlocks the door at the end of the hallway. It leads to a steep staircase.

MATEO

*She asked me to show you the way, before, didn't she? And I'm doing it just like she asked, god bless her soul.*

SILAS

This isn't a social visit. I want to see her. Now.

MATEO

*Yes, yes, of course. It's this way. He's waiting for you now. Hortencia isn't back yet, so I'll have one of the other girls bring around a car.*

MATEO tears up.

MATEO (CONT'D)

*So many years with her all to end like this. She was a good girl. Too good to go like that. You will fix this, won't you? That's why you're here, isn't it. It must be.*

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - TIJUANA - DAY

Cold steel and green fluorescence. The CORONER unzips the body bag, pulling it down.

SILAS takes it in: the toe tag leading up to the turning flesh of her legs and thighs; hips and pubic hair; bullet marks in the gut and breast, the TATTOO there...

And LOLA'S FACE, completely caved-in with entry wounds, hair matted with dried and sticky blood.

CORONER

(Spanish, subtitled)

*Are we in agreement, then?*

SILAS nods.

VOICE (O.C.)

I never had the stones, did I, to ask what this was about.

That same VOICE belongs to the man who called SILAS down. For our purposes here, we'll refer to him as THE CAJERO.

SILAS turns to him-- a blond German fellow, perennially dressed for a fishing trip, crooked hat on his head.

He's pointing at the TATTOOED heart on LOLA's breast, reading "ANGEL."

SILAS

That's her son.

THE CAJERO

Son? Shits, really? All this time she never mentioned a kiddo.

SILAS

I want it all. Start from the beginning.

THE CAJERO drapes an arm over him and steers him to the door.

THE CAJERO

Eyes and ears are useful things, boy-o. But there are far too many of them here for my likings. Come. Tell me, do you like ice cream?

CUT TO:

EXT. EL CAMINO - PARKING LOT - LATER

SILAS and THE CAJERO hop out of the car. SILAS watches A GIRL, one of the HOOKERS GOING FOR A JOG, park her truck behind the El Camino.

Shades and heavy makeup, gun tucked into her waist-- not a chick you want to fuck with. She lights a cigarette and watches them.

SILAS

What's with the girl?

THE CAJERO

Singular line of defense, my friend. She trained them well. Anyway, I don't think they'll try again, this far north. You and me, we're just the scraps.

EXT. THE HOME DEPOT - TIJUANA - SAME

The parking lot has been converted into a carnival with rides, games, and a FERRIS WHEEL. Kids everywhere.

THE CAJERO

Willkommen to Mehico. I trust your journey was an enjoyable one.



SILAS

It's been a while. Not like I remember it.

THE CAJERO

All the big box boys are all moved in. Costco. Walmart. Applebees.

SILAS

All this supposed to make me feel safer?

THE CAJERO

Not at all. It don't matter to them. They're butchers in suits. One big abattoir.

THE CAJERO stops at one of the stands to order an ice cream cone. SILAS shakes his head "no."

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

When my brother died we threw a party. When my mother died I went fishing. I am in mourning, Silas, just as you are.

(beat)

I was taken by her beauty, that first year I met Lola. And the brains to be one step ahead, always on top. That's how I want to remember her.

SILAS

That's sweet.

THE CAJERO

I'd be sore too. I don't blame you. But there's a reason you're here, and I want to believe it's something deeper than money.

SILAS

Where do you fit in all this?

THE CAJERO

I am her right hand at the club, or was. She was embroiled in things, deep, things she even kept from me. But we are all in one manner or another.

SILAS

What kind of things?

THE CAJERO

It's best if you keep out of it.  
She would have wanted it that way.  
She did love the kiddos, though.

SILAS

I knew her well enough to figure  
she had something planned for me.

THE CAJERO

She did. I helped her with the  
numbers, the girls. I can see now  
that's why she kept her eye on you  
all that time. A way out, isn't  
it? Like when you were children.

SILAS

So cough it up.

THE CAJERO

A gift she left you. Wanted to  
right herself with you. A final  
goodbye, maybe. Take it and go  
back home, that's what I say, boy-  
o.

SILAS stops. The gears grind on the pleasure rides as the  
kids cry in ecstasy.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

It's in the safe!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - LATER

THE CAJERO hunches at the curb and SILAS follows his jutted  
finger.

THE CAJERO

The Bronco pulled up to the corner  
there, didn't it, just as she left  
the lot back there. A pickup  
blocking it on this side and opened  
fire. Automatic and loud.

THE CAJERO walks into the middle of the street and mimes the  
action.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

Me and the Lawyer, we dragged her  
out, but it was too late.

(MORE)

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

The policia came and took the body away. She was like this, what was left of the head turned that way. Blood everywhere. Are you satisfied?

SILAS

Where were you? Before, I mean.

THE CAJERO

With the Lawyer up in the office. We heard it. No one saw it, of course.

SILAS

Broad daylight, in front of her club and nobody saw nothing?

THE CAJERO

Allow me to rephrase: that is to say we knocked on a few doors and got the details we have, but nobody wants to go in and give a statement if that's what you mean.

(beat)

It was an execution. A message from the Juarez or Sinaloa.

SILAS fixes his eyes on the windows of the CLUB ANGEL BABY--

--The third floor, big windows that open on the street but are closed now. Above that, an attic or separate floor, a porthole window there.

SILAS

And what did Lola have to do with the Juarez and Sinaloa?

THE CAJERO

The same thing we all have to do with the Juarez and the Sinaloa.

(re: porthole)

You want to see it?

INT. HOTEL FLOOR - CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

MATEO mops the floor as SILAS and THE CAJERO march toward the staircase.

MATEO

*Brother, can we meet? Are you staying now, brother?*

SILAS

Not now.

MATEO

*It's something that's been  
bothering me about Hortencia.*

THE CAJERO

*Mop the floor, old man.*

INT. LOLA'S OFFICE - CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

A wide desk and some filing cabinets. A small bathroom.  
Another narrow staircase leading to another room.

SILAS mounts the staircase in a flash--

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM - CLUB ANGEL BABY - CONTINUOUS

Classy and cozy, setup for two, it's a nice getaway from the  
noise downstairs. SILAS is drawn to the photos on the  
shelves.

LOLA, beautiful and vibrant, in her 40's. That same smirk.  
Most of the photos are of LOLA WITH ILSA. Happy together.

SILAS picks one of HIM WITH LOLA. They're young and tough.

THE CAJERO

Long time, eh.

SILAS

Yeah.

THE CAJERO goes into the closet and peels off loose  
floorboards. There's a SAFE in there. He opens it, pulls  
out a MANILA FOLDER and hands it to SILAS.

SILAS looks it over--

It's the DEED to the club, signed over to one *SILAS ANGEL  
GUTIERREZ-RAMIREZ*.

THE CAJERO

The Lawyer drafted it up when  
things started to get hot. That's  
a second chance, no?

SILAS

Twelve years and she drags my ass  
to butt-fucked Mexico for a payoff.  
Fucking bitch.

THE CAJERO

She did owe you, didn't she. Lola didn't like to talk about it, but you not rolling over on her and doing your time, that allowed her to go on and build a small fortune. One that by all rights you are now entitled.

SILAS

And you just ran the numbers, yeah?

THE CAJERO shifts uneasily.

THE CAJERO

That's right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIJUANA CEMETERY - DAY

Crab grass and molding headstones. A funeral service is underway.

A couple plainclothes DETECTIVES given away by their cheap suits. THE CAJERO. A priest leading the service.

And ILSA, laying flowers on the closed casket.

SILAS watches from a distance as it's lowered into the ground. The gravediggers fill the hole.

ILSA breaks from the pack first. Dressed conservatively so we almost don't recognize her, she walks down the road toward the cemetery gates, head ducked low.

One of the detectives, GONZALO, a tall and dark guy, walks over to SILAS.

GONZALO

(Spanish, subtitled)

*I never know what to say at these things.*

SILAS

(fuck you)

I speak English.

GONZALO

Of course you do. I'm with the Policía Federal--

SILAS  
I know what you are.

GONZALO  
Gonzalo is my name. That's my  
partner, Viviana.

VIVIANA hangs back, watching the gravediggers.

GONZALO (CONT'D)  
You must be Silas.

SILAS  
I must be Silas.

GONZALO  
Listen. I know the club's a little  
out of the way. Why don't you let  
us give you a lift?

SILAS watches ILSA turn up the street. Sees THE CAJERO  
watching them. SILAS waves him off.

GONZALO (CONT'D)  
Silas?

SILAS  
Yeah. Yeah, alright.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

SILAS stares at ILSA as they drive past, her eyes never  
leaving the patch of sidewalk in front of her.

SILAS  
The fräulein. Who is she?

GONZALO  
You're not from around these parts,  
are you? That's Ilsa. Lola's  
plaything. Or was, anyway.

(beat)  
I could use a drink. How about it,  
Vivi?

VIVIANA  
It's happy hour somewhere, boss.

GONZALO  
Silas? A drink sound good?

SILAS

I don't drink.

GONZALO smirks through the rearview.

GONZALO

Well, how about a beer then?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

A shady little dump with old-timer boozehounds. SILAS and GONZALO at a table in the back. VIVIANA sits alone, taking a cocktail napkin and folding it this way and that.

GONZALO

Folsom. San Quentin. Twin Towers.  
Aggravated assault. Manslaughter.  
G-T-A. Accessory. All kinds of  
good stuff.

(beat)

Shall I hedge my bets?

SILAS

Are you asking me or her?

GONZALO

And here you are. Dropped right  
out of the big blue and into my  
lap. Nothing much going on to  
speak of lately, but "lately" is  
just another way of saying "yet,"  
in my book.

SILAS

I took a greyhound down to say  
goodbye to an old friend.

GONZALO

(over his shoulder)

Vivi, any of your friends left you  
in the pen and throw away the key?

VIVIANA

Not "yet," boss.

GONZALO

No. I'm asking you, Silas.

SILAS

You ever ask a dead woman about her  
past, detective?

GONZALO

I hate to ask any woman about her past, but it's my job.

SILAS slackens.

SILAS

I'm at the Midnight Mission now.

GONZALO

What do you do there?

SILAS

I make the soup.

GONZALO sips his vodka. Letting SILAS grab the open pause.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I prep. I help feed the people who come in. Hungry people. I help with the ministry, give a few words of encouragement. Then I do the dishes.

GONZALO

Vivi?

VIVIANA

Filing it, boss. The man makes soup.

GONZALO

When was the last time you talked to her?

SILAS

The early 90's when she asked me for a ride.

GONZALO

I really want to think that you have nothing to do with any of this, but... let's just say that I like soup. And that I respect what you're saying to me. But maybe you ought to know what your girl has been up to.

SILAS

It's nothing to do with me. What's more, I really don't give a shit.

GONZALO

What would you say if--



SILAS

I do know that my girl Lola, from the 90's, is half an hour in the ground. In, fucking, ME-HICO.

GONZALO takes it on the chin. He stands, laying a few pesos down.

GONZALO

My condolences.

SILAS sits there, steaming, in victory.

VIVIANA finishes her origami project -- a delicate paper COWBOY BOOT -- and sets it before SILAS.

VIVIANA

Mehico, homeboy.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - LATER

GONZALO and VIVIANA watch SILAS exit the bar and move down the block. He hails a cab, disappearing down the dusty street.

GONZALO

I don't know.

VIVIANA

Guy's a wet fish.

GONZALO

English or Spanish, Vivi, I never know what the fuck you're talking about.

VIVIANA

He was an enforcer. All brawn, no brains. His *vieja*, Lola or whatever, got what she needed out of him and let him take the heat. End of story, galactic fucking waste of time.

GONZALO

How hung up would you have to be to walk up and invite this shit into your life all over again? Ain't no pussy sweet enough in the world, not even yours.

VIVIANA

Money is money, Gonzo. Look at you. How many hand jobs you say you had to give to pay your way through the academy?

GONZALO

Bitch.

VIVIANA

Come on, we got real shit to take care of.

GONZALO pulls the car into traffic when A KID, can't be more than 17, jumps in front of the SUV--

It jerks with the slamming of the brakes, GONZALO punching the horn--

THE KID, dark and dirty with a red bandana around his neck, slaps the hood before taking off-- WEAVING THROUGH THE TRAFFIC.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - MOVING - DAY

SILAS watches the CABBIE wrestle the wheel, meandering his way zig-zag through the clogged arteries.

CABBIE

*Americano, no?*

SILAS

*Mas o menos.*

CABBIE

*What do you feel like? Tequila?  
Girls? I know a nice little spot,  
perfect for a young man like you.*

SILAS

Take me back to *la línea*. A bus.  
I need a bus back to the U.S.

CABBIE grunts.

They keep driving.

Red, blinking yellows, green lights and smog.

The cab turns down an alleyway, pedestrians edging out of the way.

SILAS turns to see the busy street disappear behind them, a deserted lumber yard growing in the front window. The doors lock.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Hey.

CABBIE ignores him and punches it toward the building--

SLAMMING on the breaks and JETTING OUT of the driver's seat. He's off to the races.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Hey!

AN OLD STATION WAGON squeals into view--

SILAS tries the door -- nothing doing -- grabs his jacket and wraps it around his elbow--

TWO VAQUEROS spilling from the station wagon, emptying handgun clips on the cab--

POP-POP-POP.

SILAS breaks the window and collapses onto the pavement, the cab in between him and the VAQUEROS.

Their clips run out and they reload.

One of the VAQUEROS, overeager, comes around the tail end of the cab first--

SILAS pulls him down from the wrist, knocking his feet out from under him-- SILAS grabbing the handgun and BUSTING the guy's nose open with it.

A moment later--

The SECOND VAQUERO comes around the front end of the cab to see his bloody buddy writhing on the floor.

FIRST VAQUERO

*Atrás, pendejo!*

Too late.

SILAS is behind the SECOND VAQUERO, wrapping the guy in a headlock.

SECOND VAQUERO unloads his clip wildly, catching his buddy in the leg and coming around--

FIRING a round next to SILAS' ear.

THE SOUND GOES OUT. A RINGING COMES IN.

SILAS brings him to the floor, the gun falling away.

SECOND VAQUERO twists his body, leveraging his weight to get on top of SILAS--

And starts wailing on his face. ONE-TWO-ONE-TWO--

SILAS flips him, gets one good RIGHT CROSS--

CRACK.

Breaks the guy's jaw.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CAR - MOVING - SAME

A hand gripping the wheel, racing down the alley.

BACK TO:

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

SILAS has the SECOND VAQUERO by the collar, taking his belt and noosing it around his neck. Tying the dude to a gas meter.

The guy keeps kicking.

SILAS slugs him again. He stops kicking.

SILAS  
Stay there.

SILAS circles the cab to the FIRST VAQUERO, who's crawling toward the handgun.

SILAS reaches it first and--

BUSTS him in the face again.

An EL CAMINO screeches into the alley.

SILAS raises the gun on THE CAJERO, who's already jumping out of the car--

THE CAJERO  
Get in the car!

SILAS stands there, dumbly.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)  
Come on, get in the fucking car!

SILAS, in no particular rush, grabs his jacket off the ground.

He dusts it off, watching the creases, and puts it back on.

THE CAJERO can't believe what he's seeing.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)  
Hey, princess! Today!

SILAS hops in.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LOLA'S OFFICE - DAY

SILAS cleans himself up in the mirror. Hydrogen peroxide. Gauze. Medical tape. THE CAJERO leans against the doorway.

THE CAJERO  
I'll set you up with a new way out.

SILAS  
I just need a car.

THE CAJERO  
That won't do. I'll take you to the station myself. Bring a couple of the girls.

SILAS  
I'm not going back.

THE CAJERO  
The Federales are right. Sell the club from the States. Don't get mixed up in this. It's an expensive hobby.

SILAS  
Do you know the saying that money can't buy friends, but can get you a better class of enemy?

THE CAJERO  
No. I don't.

SILAS  
 Neither did Lola.  
 (beat)  
 Your keys.

THE CAJERO reluctantly tosses them over.

THE CAJERO  
 She was right about you.

SILAS  
 Oh, yeah?

THE CAJERO  
 She said you were as dumb as a  
 rock.

SILAS  
 Get a good look. Now, the girl.

THE CAJERO  
 What girl?

SILAS  
 The music girl. The fräulein.  
 Ilsa. Where?

THE CAJERO scoffs.

THE CAJERO  
 Scheisser.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The El Camino glides down the Tijuana-Rosarito hillside, the full moon edging on the twinkling waves of the Pacific below.

"CUOTA ENSENADA PLAYAS" signs zooming by. A cruise liner offshore. Plaza Monumental in the distance, its flapping banners announcing bullfighting are dark now.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AMERICAN RESORT - NIGHT

A wide pastel structure. It's surrounded by dozens of half-finished high rises, skeletal RESORTS and CONDOS rusting by the sea.

Waves wrap around a dead seal on the beach.

INT. BALLROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - NIGHT

A few local beachcombers and old grey couples from Phoenix. The old ladies scowl at their husbands, who shift uncomfortably in their seats.

It's that VOICE.

ILSA's silky rendition of "*The Shadow of Your Smile*."

She's done up in a red number, a sleek bombshell, red lipstick caressing the microphone...

ILSA

(singing)

One day we walked along the sand,  
one day in early spring/ You held a  
piper in your hand to mend its  
broken wing/ Now I'll remember many  
a day and many a lonely mile/  
The echo of a piper's song, the  
shadow of her smile...

She spots SILAS at the bar, his back to her, and takes deliberate heel clicks towards him...

The number rising with each footfall as she nears him...

SILAS turning now to face her...

They lock eyes, her leg sliding past the slit in her dress, begging his gaze.

Her eyes trying to get a read on his expression.

SILAS looks away.

INT. BALLROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - LATER

The band goes on break and the place comes back to life. ILSA takes the seat next to SILAS.

ILSA

(to the bartender)

Vodka rocks.

(to SILAS)

You must be the one everyone's been  
talking about.

SILAS

For better for worse.

SILAS slides a \$50 dollar bill her way.

ILSA  
What's this?

SILAS  
You work for tips, don't you?

ILSA  
Keep your money.

SILAS  
For the band, then.

He takes the gangster's roll out and sets it on the bar.

SILAS (CONT'D)  
It's Lola's money. Somebody tried  
to kill me today for it.

ILSA  
I can see that, it's kind of  
written all over your face. Too  
bad.

SILAS  
I wanted to see how you felt about  
it. You're American.

ILSA takes her lipstick and jots a number down on her  
cocktail napkin. 2-1-3.

ILSA  
That's me. I'm off at midnight.  
Have a drink.

SILAS  
I don't drink.

ILSA  
Have a drink.

INT. HALLWAY - THE AMERICAN RESORT - LATER

SILAS walks the drab corridor, passing the chatter of the  
employee break room. He casts a furtive glance of the  
CLEANING LADY playfully flirting with a CLERK.

He moves on--

Coming to the maintenance closet a few doors down. He opens  
it, moving the lady's cleaning cart jammed in there, and  
fetches her APRON--

He's digging through it--



And finds her HOTEL ACCESS KEY CARD.

INT. ILSA'S ROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

SILAS slips in. It's nicer than the rest of the rooms. Personalized accents. Lived in.

He's drawn to the nightstand and the letters there.

He opens the drawer on a silver derringer, shuffles past it to a few tiny comics about Cowboys; letters from a mother with a return address in Guatemala; and multi-colored calling cards.

SILAS turns.

MATCH TO:

INT. BALLROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - SAME

ILSA turns.

The playful hand of a DRUNK BEACHCOMBER caresses her leg a little too fondly.

DRUNK BEACHCOMBER

Are you married? I don't care if you're married. Marry me.

ILSA

Baby, you're drunk.

BACK TO:

INT. ILSA'S ROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - SAME

SILAS moves to the baby grand piano next to the sliding glass door overlooking the beach. He stamps a few clumsy notes on the thing. Hears something.

He lifts the piano belly and finds a white hat box inside. Bingo.

Setting the box on the bed, SILAS moves to the bar to fix himself a drink. He eyeballs the bottles, overwhelmed, before settling on a vodka. Shoots it, pours another, brings it with him.

SILAS opens the box on a stack of letters--

-- 12 Ene '04, Marta Gartoub, San Felipe

-- 07 Abr '04, Daniel Zelig, Chapultepec, Culiacán

-- 23, Jul '04, Catrina Valverde, Durango

All in the same feminine scrawl and all in Spanish. He tries reading one, "Llegué bien, pero como te extraño...", and gives up.

One envelope sticks out at him: cardinal and gold corporate letterhead announcing **PESCADERIA MAOZ S.A. DE C.V.** Some sort of invoice. He stuffs it in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - SAME

ILSA hugs her bandmates goodbye as they pack up their gear.

ILSA

*Nice and tight tonight, Julio.  
Benny, we'll work on that last bit  
on Thursday before we go on--*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - THE AMERICAN RESORT - MOMENTS LATER

She's already moving down the corridor towards her room, pulling off her earrings and inserting her room key card.

She opens the door on the mess SILAS has left for her: half-closed drawers, the hat box and letters, and drapes billowing in the wind now that the sliding door has been pushed open.

EXT. BEACH - OUTSIDE ILSA'S ROOM - SAME

SILAS hears ILSA enter.

He's got his toes curled up in the wet sand, the tide coming in to wash over them now.

He kills what's left of the vodka in his hand and puts his shoes back on.

INT. BATHROOM - ILSA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ILSA sits naked in front of the vanity, using cotton balls to remove her makeup. Her derringer next to the cosmetics.

SILAS bellies up to the doorway. His gaze shies away when he realizes that she's completely naked.

She notices.

Begins donning jeans and a t-shirt. She takes her time, though, trying to meet his eyes. Confident in this power over him.

ILSA

At least you left me the gun.

SILAS

It didn't seem right.

ILSA

What's right and wrong, anyway.

SILAS moves over to the mirror, taking a postcard-sized flyer for the CLUB ANGEL BABY stuck in the crook. Tawdry snapshots of ILSA in both man and woman's dress.

SILAS

You look good.

ILSA

She made me get new ones for the next show that's going up.

(beat)

Silas, right?

ILSA extends her hand. SILAS shakes it.

SILAS

Yeah.

ILSA

Ilsa. But I'm guessing you probably already knew that.

SILAS

I saw you doing that number at the club. That "work you to the bone" one.

ILSA pushes past him...

INT. ILSA'S ROOM - THE AMERICAN RESORT - CONTINUOUS

...and pours herself a stiff drink before cleaning the mess he has left for her.

ILSA

So what, Silas, you come down to Ensenada in the middle of the night for an autograph?

SILAS

I wanted to offer my condolences.

ILSA

Oh, yeah? You got the club is what all the girls are saying.

SILAS

The club, what is it with this club, huh? She's chopped down in the middle of the street and all anyone can talk about is what's going to happen to some fucking titty bar!

ILSA

Yeah, that's right! Some fucking titty bar! You know half the girls there have kids to feed? Some have more than one. So, yeah, we'd like to know what's going to happen to our meal ticket once some new asshole comes to town.

SILAS pours her another drink.

SILAS

Look. Right now you're the only one I can trust.

ILSA

You shouldn't be so sure about that.

SILAS

You and me. We're the same.

ILSA

Really? How is that?

SILAS

You know.

ILSA

Then you should know no one is ever really with Lola. She just... keeps you around.

SILAS

The other guy has got some angle  
he's playing.

ILSA

Who? The German?

SILAS

More than that, I want to know why  
Lola thought he was so special.

ILSA

Whatever they've got cooking,  
they're not going to let you in.

SILAS

Who's "they?"

ILSA

Him and the lawyer. Leave it  
alone.

SILAS

The janitor was in a big hurry to  
get something off his chest. He  
said something about a third man.

ILSA

If he's got something, you can be  
sure the German will be keeping him  
close. I'd get on it before they  
get to him first.

SILAS

I agree. Are you ready?

ILSA

What?

SILAS

You're coming with me.

ILSA

Am I?

SILAS

It's not safe here.

ILSA

I was safe before you walked in my  
door.

ILSA glances at the bathroom, the derringer she left there. SILAS follows the gaze, walks over to grab it and tosses it on the bed.

SILAS

You can take it with you if it makes you feel better.

ILSA

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

I don't know.

ILSA

Then you're not the guy I need.

SILAS fiddles with the keys that have appeared in his hand. Stroking the one to the El Camino.

SILAS

She always knew how to play me, after we were together. Would ask me to drive her even though she knew it pissed me off. Knew that I'd do it anyway. I'd always do it anyway. How was it with you?

ILSA

I'm not sure it ever stopped.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FLOOR - CLUB ANGEL BABY - NIGHT

The sound of sex melds with the bumping house music and the packed cheers of the club below. MATEO mops the floor.

DIANA, the HOOKER GOING FOR A JOG we recognize from the Home Depot, exits one of the rooms leading her John back downstairs.

MATEO

*Diana!*

DIANA

(to her John)

*Yeah, baby, let's get some drinks!*

MATEO

*Diana!*

DIANA

*What do you want?*

MATEO

*Have you heard anything about Hortencia?*

DIANA

*(laughing)*

*She's dead, old man! Somebody fucked her and threw her ass in the ocean!*

DIANA and her John brush past him.

MATEO

*(to the John)*

*Hey, can I have a tip, brother?*

THE JOHN

*Get the fuck out of my face.*

MATEO

*Where is she, Diana? She always calls!*

They leave. MATEO slinks into the room and begins cleaning up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

ILSA pulls the El Camino into a back entrance. One of the VALETS, waving a red flag, motions towards them.

ILSA

*He's going to be sniffing around for you.*

*(to the VALET)*

*Hey, Juan.*

JUAN/THE VALET

*Hello, my love.*

ILSA

*The German says you nicked his door last week.*

JUAN/THE VALET  
*Ah, he's crazy. Pull in there,  
he'll have it all to himself.*

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

THE CAJERO hangs behind the bar, watching his bartender and girls work. He hears a door slam and pokes his head through the back door, spying SILAS and ILSA mounting the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - HOTEL FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

SILAS and ILSA follow the mop bucket into the room and find MATEO finishing up.

MATEO  
*I thought you were at the other job  
tonight.*

ILSA  
*He wanted a word.*

MATEO  
*This bitch Diana acts like she owns  
the place.*

SILAS  
*You said something earlier,  
something about a third man.*

MATEO  
*I just wanted to know if she'd  
heard anything about Hortencia.*

SILAS cocks his head toward ILSA.

ILSA  
*A girl he's been messing around  
with.*

SILAS  
*(to MATEO)  
What did you see?*

MATEO  
*I was cleaning the office when Lola  
came downstairs, she was changing.  
(MORE)*



MATEO (CONT'D)

*She was in such a hurry that she didn't even turn to say hello to me. As I said, I wanted to know about Hortencia. I tried to follow her, but I couldn't keep up and by the time I got downstairs she'd already gone and that's when I heard the shots.*

SILAS

So it was the three of you up in the office?

MATEO looks at ILSA, he didn't catch that. She translates.

ILSA

(to MATEO)

*He's saying there was three of you in the office.*

(to SILAS)

Wait, who else?

SILAS

It was him, the German and the Lawyer.

Mateo shakes his head.

MATEO

*They must have been in the bar somewhere because when the shooters left they were already downstairs. I saw them in the street from the door. It was the German and the Lawyer and a third guy. They dragged her out of the car and onto the street.*

ILSA

*Who?*

MATEO

*He looked sick, whoever it was. He was so thin, and his suit, I've never seen an expensive suit like that up close. He was gone when I looked out again when the cops came, I was so scared to go outside.*

ILSA

This making any sense to you?

SILAS

He's saying one thing, the other  
guy's saying another thing--

MATEO

HEY!

The sound that comes out of MATEO jolts us. They snap to attention.

MATEO (CONT'D)

*I'm getting fucking sick and tired  
of asking all of you, and for what,  
for nothing! You're all keeping  
her away from me, you're all in on  
it, aren't you! Where's  
Hortencia?!*

SILAS

Just back it up, old man.

SILAS puts a hand on MATEO to shush him back when,

MATEO SNAPS--

In a speed we're not expecting from his frame, MATEO pulls a  
BOX CUTTER from his side and--

LUNGES AT SILAS--

SLASHING him across the rib cage, drawing blood, their bodies  
crashing to the floor together with MATEO on top--

SILAS more startled than hurt--

ISLA tangles with them on the floor, trying to pull MATEO  
off--

MATEO

*It was you wasn't it! You're not  
going to fix any of it because you  
brought it all here! You fucked  
Hortencia and threw her in the  
ocean, just like Diana said--*

SILAS has heard enough. He pushes those big mitts past their  
shoves--

Gripping MATEO and ILSA by their collars and pulling the trio  
up.

MATEO balls up, weeping, his shouts of agony echoing down the  
hallway.

MATEO (CONT'D)  
*He's going to kill us all...*

CUT TO:

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM - CLUB ANGEL BABY - NIGHT

SILAS sits at the edge of the bed, in his skivvies, unable to sleep.

INT. LOLA'S OFFICE - CLUB ANGEL BABY - MOMENTS LATER

He sits at the desk sifting through a drawer, finding an ashtray with a half-smoked cigarette.

It still has LOLA's smudged lipstick on it.

He lights it. Grabs the telephone, one of those rotary ones, and dials a number.

SILAS (INTO PHONE)  
 Yeah. Get me Father Mike.

Brief shuffling, then...

FATHER MIKE (V.O.)  
 Hello.

SILAS  
 Mike. Silas.

FATHER MIKE (V.O.)  
 Sy. It's late. What's up?

SILAS  
 What was that thing you told me my first day?

FATHER MIKE (V.O.)  
 Ha. God gave you two ears and one mouth so listen twice as much as you talk. That was one of mom's favorites.

SILAS runs his hand over an envelope with cardinal and gold letterhead, **PESCADERIA MAOZ S.A. DE C.V.** We see the invoice closer this time.

It's billed to one SILAS ANGEL GUTIERREZ-RAMIREZ.

The line goes quiet.

FATHER MIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Sy? You there?

SILAS  
 Yeah.

FATHER MIKE (V.O.)  
 You alright, man? How's Mexico?

SILAS  
 Yeah. Listen, I'll talk to you  
 later.

FATHER MIKE (V.O.)  
 Sy,--

SILAS hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PESCADERIA MAOZ - MORNING

A throng of seagulls pushes off with the slamming of the El Camino door.

We're trailing THE CAJERO-- as he heads inside the bustling fishery.

INT. PESCADERIA MAOZ - CONTINUOUS

THE CAJERO walks through the cleaning floor. Forklifts dumping payloads on steel troughs.

Dozens of workers in rubber smocks and gloves use machines and machetes to clean piles of tuna and sea bass.

He waves to the CRANE OPERATOR.

THE CAJERO  
*Oye, Jorge, watch that left swing,  
 you've got people down here!*

THE CAJERO continues on to door at the edge of the floor, unlocks it, and descends a staircase.

INT. FRIDGE BOX - PESCADERIA MAOZ - CONTINUOUS

More workers hang larger fish on hooks.

THE CAJERO moves to the ice machine in the corner, inputs a sequence of numbers on a KEYPAD, and opens the front facade of the machine onto--

A DOORWAY.

He descends a set of stairs entering--

INT. CHEMICAL ROOM - PESCADERIA MAOZ - CONTINUOUS

Steel vats and chemical equipment line the walls.

Mexican workers in smocks man an assembly line manufacturing a chemical, sorting it as it comes down the line in pill form.

THE CHEMIST makes a beeline for THE CAJERO.

Tall and smooth, THE CHEMIST pulls down his medical mask, a fine suit peaking past his whites.

THE CAJERO  
How are we looking?

THE CHEMIST  
Good yield now that we've got the kinks worked out. The recipe was shit.

THE CAJERO  
I told you.

THE CHEMIST  
It took some time, but this should do fine.

THE CAJERO  
Ready to ship?

THE CHEMIST  
Couple of days.

THE CAJERO  
I'll be in the office.

TRAILING THE CAJERO now--

Back up the stairs to the ice machine--

Through the wide expanse of the fridge box--

INT. PESCADERIA MAOZ - CONTINUOUS

THE CAJERO reaches the cleaning floor just as--

SILAS walks the thoroughfare.

They lock eyes.

INT. OFFICE - PESCADERIA MAOZ - LATER

SILAS sets the invoice down on the desk.

SILAS

What is this?

THE CAJERO

There are things happening here,  
Silas, that unless you are in the  
inside you won't understand.

SILAS

I'd say somebody trying to kill me  
puts me on the inside.

THE CAJERO

I tried to warn you.

SILAS

Talk.

THE CAJERO

Lola was setting up a puppet  
company. A sort of contingency in  
case things caught up to her, which  
they did.

SILAS

And this place?

THE CAJERO

Along with the club, we used it to  
move the money around.

SILAS

Money from what?

THE CAJERO

Listen, boy-o. The better you are  
at this game, and Lola was bonafid,  
the more you are liable to edge  
people out.

SILAS

The Juarez or the Sinaloa. Which one?

THE CAJERO

It doesn't matter. But those same people, the longer you're hanging around, the more they are going to believe you've taken Lola's place.

SILAS

The more you keep feeding me this, the more I'm inclined to stick around and figure it out for myself.

THE CAJERO takes the invoice.

THE CAJERO

There's nothing to figure out, Silas. This was simply a vehicle so that we could ensure you got the money. Nothing more. And I run the numbers, remember.

SILAS

I don't care about the money.

THE CAJERO

I know you don't. But the rest of us, the girls, it's all we have.

SILAS

So, what's your next play?

THE CAJERO

You give me too much credit, boy-o. I'm a poor substitute for her and she knew it. Maybe that's why she kept me around.

(beat)

There is some good news in all of this. I've found a buyer for the club, sooner than expected I might add, and it might be too good to pass up. Give it a look and after we can get to the bottom of what happened to Lola. But you've got to be smart about it.

SILAS

Dumb as a rock, huh?

THE CAJERO

Her words, not mine.

SILAS  
 Alright. So when?

THE CAJERO  
 Give me an hour. 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?

SILAS nods.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)  
 You are a glass is half-empty kind of person, I can tell.

SILAS  
 I find whichever way you look at it, the glass is just too big.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING DOCK - PESCADERIA MAOZ - LATER

The old sizable craft, the *MUCHO GUSTO*, bobs against the wood pylons. SILAS helps THE CAJERO cast off when a threadbare kid, EMILIANO, comes aboard.

We recognize him as the kid GONZALO almost ran over, the one with the red bandana.

SILAS keeps his eyes on him.

THE CAJERO  
 That's Emiliano, my first mate. You do much fishing, Silas?

SILAS  
 Not really.

THE CAJERO  
 Look at you, Silas! Relax. You're going to have a good time today, I'll make sure of it. You deserve it.

The heel-clicks on the wood floorboards announce the arrive of two PROSTITUTES--

DIANA, who we met earlier, and her girlfriend LUCIA.

They're all smiles, and kisses and tits.



DIANA drapes her arms around SILAS.

DIANA  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
*I've been waiting to show this one  
 a good time, Papi! Why'd you keep  
 him all to yourself!*

THE CAJERO  
 I knew you'd eat him alive as soon  
 as you got the chance.

EMILIANO boards the vessel with a box of booze.

SILAS loosens.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)  
 Di, why don't you help the kid  
 setup the bar, eh? Keep that pussy  
 nice and wet for us.

DIANA  
*You wish, asshole.*

DIANA winks at SILAS as they go aboard.

THE CAJERO  
 You like her, huh?

SILAS  
 They're all the same.

Polished wing tips click down the causeway now--

A tall man in a pretty blue suit, clean cut hair and cuff  
 links shining in the sun.

He pulls the blazer off to throw it over his shoulder,  
 yanking the sunglasses to look SILAS in the eye--

It's THE CHEMIST, who we'll come to know as LOLA's LAWYER.

THE CAJERO  
 Ah, there he is, not a moment too  
 soon. Silas, my friend, I'd like  
 you to meet Lola's lawyer.

THE LAWYER  
 (shaking hands)  
 Silas, mucho gusto! It's a  
 pleasure to finally make your  
 acquaintance.

THE CAJERO

Me and him, man, we've been working with Lola for years. We put our heads together and thought who more perfect to take over her interests than the people who've been doing it all along, am I right?

THE LAWYER

Under the circumstances, you can imagine.

SILAS

Almost too perfect.

THE CAJERO

Anyway, there'll be plenty of time for all of that. Come, come, the fish are jumping today!

THE CAJERO ushers them onto the boat.

DIANA and LUCIA, already slipped into their bikinis, jump and holler with excited claps.

DIANA

*You really know how to drive this thing, you dumb fuck?*

LUCIA

*I can't swim so you better be careful!*

THE CAJERO

The way you hold your breath, Lucia, I wouldn't worry.

LUCIA

*Hey, fuck you!*

EXT. MUCHO GUSTO - OPEN SEA - LATER

The sun's beating down on the wet deck. A dozen empty beer bottles clink in the cardboard box.

DIANA cuts limes, squeezing them into perspiring Mexican beers and bringing the round over to SILAS and THE LAWYER.

SILAS, LUCIA on his lap, lets out the first genuine laugh we've heard.

THE CAJERO wrestles with a fishing line that's gone taut-- a big 20 lb tuna thrashing in the water.

## THE CAJERO

Fuck!

The line pulls him this way and that--

THE CAJERO getting under it, muscles in his arms and shoulders bulging with the effort.

A few practiced moves, spinning the line in, slackening, spinning it in again.

He falls back on the deck as he reels it in--

Falling right on his ass with the tuna popping and writhing on top of him.

The others laugh.

THE CAJERO gets his hands on it, a wrestler's move, pinning it down to the deck with his arms and knee.

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

Stay still, you fucker!

DIANA

*Don't help him!*

LUCIA

*Hey, now you know how we feel!*

DIANA sashays into the wheelhouse to turn up the radio, blasting *cumbia* music.

LUCIA hops off SILAS' lap.

She grabs DIANA close to her, playfully drunk, slapping her sweating belly firmly against hers.

She moves their hips together in dance.

SILAS and THE LAWYER watch them intertwine.

Innocent enough at first, until Lucia's hand caresses DIANA's hips and ass--

Sliding up, her hands coming up to cup DIANA's face, pulling their lips together.

THE CAJERO holds the tuna down.

Emiliano brings a wooden mallet.

The CAJERO slams it over the tuna's head.

THE LAWYER

A good offer, don't you think?

SILAS

What?

THE LAWYER

For the Angel Baby.

SILAS

Yes. Better than reasonable.

THE LAWYER

And a quick one. Maybe I let my mouth run a bit. Perhaps I am also a little drunk now.

SILAS

This Mexican beer--

THE LAWYER

Aha! You haven't had a good beer in many years, I can see it written on your face!

SILAS

I haven't.

THE LAWYER

Things move slow in this country, my friend. I'm sure you understand, however, that this matter mustn't. So now we celebrate. And we drink to your safe return home.

SILAS

And what if I'm not ready to go back home?

EMILIANO scales the fish with a sharp knife.

THE CAJERO wipes his brow, catching his breath, and pops a beer.

THE CAJERO

I believe that's enough work for one day, yes.

THE LAWYER

Then take your chances, if you wish. I hear you had a run in with the cartel already.

SILAS

A couple of thugs, really.

THE LAWYER

I must admire your courage then, Silas. There must be more at stake here than you are letting on, if you permit me.

SILAS

She was my friend. I'd like to think she'd be doing the same for me.

THE LAWYER

Admirable, but ultimately dangerous. Stay if you wish, my friend, but I believe he is right: if you stay with the club they will keep trying for you.

THE CAJERO

It's a good deal, Silas.

THE LAWYER

At the very least, get busy spending the money right away, not losing it every hour the Angel Baby hangs over your head.

(beat)

That gives us, the girls, the best chance of survival.

SILAS

I see what you're saying. It just doesn't feel right.

SILAS rubs his face, a good buzz settling in.

THE CAJERO and THE LAWYER watch him.

SILAS (CONT'D)

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

What kind of a thing?

SILAS

I have no idea.

THE LAWYER

Then it's not worth your effort.

EMILIANO begins to clean the tuna--

Chop down the head, slit down the belly--

Reaches inside like an envelope for the innards.

LUCIA

*Come on, boys, why don't you dance  
with us?*

THE LAWYER nods to the beat of the music as LUCIA and DIANA dance closer to SILAS. LUCIA lands in lap.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

*Oye, no que hace calor?*

SILAS nods and she unbuttons his shirt--

Pulling it free, displaying the fading prison tattoos scrawled piecemeal across his chest and forearms.

She runs a hand through his hair, free of grease now and long and soft in the wind.

LUCIA grabs for DIANA, pulling the sunglasses off her head and planting them on SILAS' nose, laughing.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

*I didn't know you were a veterano!*

EMILIANO watches SILAS guzzle the rest of his beer, slamming it down. He pops open another and hands it to him.

LUCIA, enthralled with SILAS, plays with the ring on his pinky finger.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

*Did someone special give you this?*

SILAS

No one special.

LUCIA

*I love it.*

SILAS

Do you want it?

THE LAWYER

What'd you spend on it?

SILAS  
Nothing. Not even five hundred  
U.S.

THE LAWYER retrieves a roll of American bills from his pocket, counts out two thousand and hands it to SILAS.

LUCIA pulls the ring off his finger and puts it on her own, holding it up to the sunlight.

THE LAWYER  
Women should be treated right,  
should they not?

SILAS  
You don't have to--

THE LAWYER  
A show of good faith on the deal to  
come. A simple motion of letting  
go, Silas, isn't it?

SILAS  
Money goes a long way here, doesn't  
it.

THE LAWYER smiles.

THE CAJERO  
There's another one!

The fishing line on the stern burns our of the reel as another tuna comes up out of the water...

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOILET - CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

SILAS throws up. Takes a moment to breathe fresh air.  
Splashes cold water on his face.

INT. CABIN - MUCHO GUSTO - MOMENTS LATER

The waves kick up. The closet door bangs open-closed against the sill with the rocking of the boat.

SILAS takes a seat on the bed, regrouping.

The closet opens again, revealing a slim woman's GREEN DRESS.

SILAS spots it, just as DIANA comes down the stairs.

She moves deliberately, latching the door behind her.

Her hips bring her forward-- standing right before SILAS, a breath away.

SILAS digs his head into her bare belly.

DIANA  
(broken English)  
What's wrong, baby?

SILAS  
Nothing.

DIANA  
You can tell me.

SILAS  
What are you, but a whore.

DIANA  
I'm a good one.

SILAS  
I'm sorry.

DIANA  
It's alright, baby. You think too much.

SILAS  
What was she like?

DIANA  
Who?

SILAS  
You know.

DIANA  
She was like... a wave. Crashing  
and laughing, always.

SILAS begins kissing her belly.

DIANA pulls the strings of her top so it falls to the ground.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Can you say it?

SILAS pulls her closer.

Her bottoms fall to the ground.



She's undoing his belt, blood-stained, and straddles him.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Say it.

SILAS  
No.

DIANA  
Say it.

SILAS  
Lola.

She reaches inside, takes him out.

They collapse on the bed.

The closet bangs open-closed.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - NIGHT

We're floating through the front door, trailing the exact path SILAS made on the day he arrived...

Entering the dark doorway and hit by a wall of sound, the deep thumping of house music--

Cigarette smoke, shady-types and college kids, the long line of prostitutes clicking their tongues at us--

Coming now to three curtained booths in the back we never noticed--

Settling upon the booth in the middle now, curtains drawn back on the slit in the middle so we can see clearly a man seated there--

SILAS.

He looks good in a nice new suit, cut just right. Hair slicked back, he looks like a new man.

The new man lights a cigarette--

The lights go down.

Delicate piano strokes over the speakers.

A lone spotlight on the stilettoed leg of FRÄULEIN ILSA...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FLOOR - CLUB ANGEL BABY - SAME

The rooms are dark and quiet. The tiny sound of a radio playing somewhere.

The linoleum and caution sign lead us to a man at the end of the wide hallway--

MATEO beginning to mop the floor.

Then comes the clitter-clatter of nice wingtips, echoing against the tile and concrete.

MATEO looks up at the man approaching--

And smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - CONTINUOUS

SILAS watches FRÄULEIN ILSA slink onto the catwalk. The men quiet for her song.

FRÄULEIN ILSA

(singing)

One more kiss, dear/ One more sigh/  
Only this, dear/ It's goodbye/ For  
our love is such pain/ and such  
pleasure/ That I'll treasure till I  
die...

ILSA scans the crowd, finding SILAS in the private booth--

She's focusing her performance on SILAS now, craning each step and bend and pouted lips at the single man staring back at her--

On all fours now, inching her way slowly toward the edge of the stage with each word--

Stepping down to walk past the tables of men enthralled with her--

Coming at last to SILAS' booth, drawing the curtains open and straddling the stripper's pole there--

Pulling her face as close to SILAS' as possible without touching--

Undoing the latch of her bra so her breasts slide out--

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL FLOOR - CLUB ANGEL BABY - SAME

MATEO smiles as THE CAJERO comes his way, stretching a pair of latex gloves over his hands.

MATEO

*That's okay, jefe, you don't have to help me.*

THE CAJERO grapples him--

Easily pulling the old man MATEO around so he can get behind him, putting him in a choke-hold--

THE CAJERO has a bar towel shoved into the old man's mouth, stifling the cries--

MATEO thrashes feeble fists that graze past the bigger and stronger man, the mop handle dropping to the floor--

THE CAJERO tightens his grip--

The thrashing slows--

Slows--

The feeble fists get tired--

And finally stop flailing all together.

THE CAJERO sets the old man MATEO down.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ANGEL BABY - CONTINUOUS

SILAS and ILSA face to face now.

The number ends and the lights come up--

The deep and loud thumping of house music rising as a parade of strippers come dancing down the catwalk--

Coming down to the cocktail tables to entice their Johns for the night.

The club comes back to life.

ILSA walks away, leaving SILAS--

She finds a group of rowdy young college kids, pushing past them to climb on their table--

ILSA begins dancing for them.

They surround her, throwing their money down, so it's just her towering above them, casting a sidelong glance back to--

SILAS' private booth--

Where THE LAWYER whispers something in SILAS' ear. SILAS nods and rises, taking a final sip of his bourbon.

THE LAWYER holds the curtain back for him as SILAS buttons his jacket.

BACK ON ILSA--

That sinking feeling in her stomach etched all over her face for an instant as she watches--

THE LAWYER lead SILAS out through the back exit.

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - CLUB - NIGHT

Couples dressed to the nines at the black tie affair, the bride and groom sharing an intimate first dance in the spotlight.

Dinner and drinks. A toast raised with the clinking of champagne glasses.

INT. DINING ROOM - BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The din of the celebration is muted here, a few men in suits having a private pow-wow, CARTEL BODYGUARDS flanking the room.

THE CAJERO and THE LAWYER watch the conversation at a table off to the side.

A grizzled giant in Prada, thick fingers with several rings and calloused hands snapping the carapace of a fried lobster.

Sucking the meat out, dumping the shell on fine china and wiping the clarified butter away.

OCTAVIO PAZ--

The head of the JUAREZ CARTEL, chews his meal and considers the sulking man across from him--

Looking SILAS over head-to-toe before staring him down.

OCTAVIO

My father, god rest his soul,  
worked as a farmer his entire life  
in the tradition of the many  
generations that came before him.  
By all accounts he was not a  
terrifically bright man, but with  
hard work, manual labor you  
understand, with his bare hands in  
the soil and the shit, he was able  
to provide for his family.

OCTAVIO picks a seed out of his salad.

OCTAVIO (CONT'D)

Do you know what this is?

SILAS

It's a seed.

OCTAVIO

A seed. Something so small and  
trivial, but with bare hands in the  
soil and shit, a thing that can be  
cultivated into something great.  
In my father's case however, and  
the little town we lived in,  
something that could destroy an  
entire way of life.

(beat)

You see, one year it seems the  
yields were on the decline.  
Inferior seeds were traded to keep  
pace. This trickled to all the  
farmers, which in turn worsened the  
crops, and sent everything down the  
spiral, you see.

OCTAVIO leans in.

OCTAVIO (CONT'D)

I'm taking the club and I'll pay  
you handsomely. Do you agree?

SILAS

Yes.

OCTAVIO

Now, you're going to give me Lola's interests that you are protecting.

SILAS

I don't understand.

OCTAVIO points to THE CAJERO and THE LAWYER.

OCTAVIO

Do you see those men? They are mine. Their instinct of self-preservation has led them to turn over Lola's product. I'm sure I'll find more use for them than Lola ever did.

SILAS

They've been working for you the entire time. Haven't they? They were never really with Lola. These men were yours.

OCTAVIO

They were with Lola for a time. You don't understand the nature of this arrangement, Silas. We are all travellers on a ship, a vessel that glides along always. The crewmen come and go, faces change. A captain even drowns, only to be replaced by another.

(beat)

Now, it is up to you. In the interest of your own self-preservation. Where are the girls?

SILAS

I-I don't know what you're talking about.

OCTAVIO snaps his fingers--

THE BODYGUARDS pull plastic bags over the heads of THE CAJERO and THE LAWYER, yanking drawstrings tight--

OCTAVIO

The girls!

SILAS

The club! You want the girls working at the club!

OCTAVIO

You've already given me the club  
and the whores with it.

THE BODYGUARDS tighten their grip, the two men writhing for  
breath, they're strangling to death--

OCTAVIO (CONT'D)

You're harboring her operation, are  
you not? You are what's left of  
her now. These men do not have to  
die!

SILAS

Alright!

THE BODYGUARDS hold fast.

SILAS (CONT'D)

I said enough!

OCTAVIO motions to his men--

THE BODYGUARDS let go, pulling the bags off their heads--

THE CAJERO and THE LAWYER hunch forward, falling to the  
ground, breathing new life into their lungs.

SILAS (CONT'D)

They're not safe where they are.

OCTAVIO

Where.

SILAS

They are yours, I have no use for  
them. But I'll have to move them  
first. The dog Gonzalo has been  
following me since I set foot in  
Mehico. They're watching me now.  
It's not safe for you to take them  
yet. When I draw them off, I'll  
bring them to you.

OCTAVIO tries to get a read on SILAS. Makes a decision.

OCTAVIO

You have two days. A track in La  
Jolla near the bay. Be there when  
my horse reaches the gate.

OCTAVIO dumps his cloth napkin on the fine china as he rises,  
passing the BODYGUARDS who turn and tail him as he walks for  
the reception next door.

SILAS watches the men on the floor spit and pant.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - LATER

The yellow streetlights bounce against the glass as they go by. SILAS, THE CAJERO, and THE LAWYER sit in silence.

SILAS wrings his hands.

THE CAJERO

We didn't have a choice.

(beat)

When he finally got to her, it was just a matter of time. It was all a part of his play. And then you falled right into place.

SILAS

(soft)

Shut up.

THE CAJERO

It was just business. Lola never trusted us with the girls. Are you really going to give them over?

SILAS

I have to find them first.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MINISTERIAL FEDERAL - NIGHT

GONZALO and VIVIAN watch SILAS in the interview room through a one-way mirror.

VIVIANA

Gordo's sitting on a Sinoloa house. Should be any minute now.

GONZALO

We keep this cookie alive long enough and he'll lead us right to Octavio.

VIVIANA

How?



GONZALO  
Call it a hunch. You remember  
those, don't you?

VIVIANA  
You're wasting time.

GONZALO  
We're staying with him.

GONZALO leaves the observation room...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MINISTERIAL FEDERAL - CONTINUOUS

...and comes to stand in front of SILAS, who's hunched over.

GONZALO  
You've been busy. So what's it  
going to be?

SILAS  
After the funeral, you tried to  
tell me what Lola was into.

GONZALO  
There's a dead man in your club,  
Silas. Do you understand that?

SILAS  
They told me.

GONZALO  
He figured it out, didn't he?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MINISTERIAL FEDERAL - EARLIER

VIVIANA interviews THE CAJERO.

VIVIANA  
So tell me again.

THE CAJERO  
We were at a wedding.

VIVIANA  
People still do that?

THE CAJERO shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MINISTERIAL FEDERAL - EARLIER

GONZALO interviews THE LAWYER.

GONZALO

Did you want to act as your own defense? Oh, that's right: you're more of a property law kind of guy.

THE LAWYER

It's always been the policy of the club to cooperate with law enforcement to the utmost of our abilities. My business partners and I are one hundred percent certain that no crime has been committed, and therefore the presence of legal counsel, private or otherwise, would only serve as a hindrance in this case.

GONZALO

Uh-huh.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SILAS

GONZALO

He saw something he wasn't supposed to and one of your buddies out there decided it was time to shut him up.

SILAS

He came at me with a knife the last time I saw him! He was all over the place. Acting crazy.

GONZALO

Over what?

SILAS

He kept mentioning one of the girls who works there. Like he was convinced I'd done something to her.

GONZALO

Did you?

SILAS

Did I what?

GONZALO  
Did you do something to her?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE CAJERO

THE CAJERO  
A friend of a friend's.

VIVIANA  
Octavio Paz was there. Did your  
friend of a friend know that?

THE CAJERO  
I don't know. Who's that?

VIVIANA  
Paz? He's a famous magician. He  
makes people disappear.

THE CAJERO  
My turtle's birthday is next month.  
Do you have his card?

VIVIANA  
So was it you or the lawyer who  
killed Mateo?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE LAWYER

THE LAWYER  
The poor man didn't take care of  
himself. Always a drink or a  
cigarette in hand, and when I'd ask  
him to slow it down he'd get angry.  
It's not like he was getting any  
younger.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE CAJERO

THE CAJERO  
You can't change people when they  
get to that age.  
(MORE)

THE CAJERO (CONT'D)

It was just a matter of time before  
the old man just dropped dead.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE LAWYER

GONZALO

You're underestimating him. You  
know that, right?

THE LAWYER

We've cooperated with you to the  
best of our abilities. Unless my  
associates and I are being charged  
with a crime, then we are free to  
go.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE CAJERO

THE CAJERO gets up and exits the room.

MATCH TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - THE LAWYER

THE LAWYER gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - BACK TO SILAS

GONZALO

He's not going to waste any time  
with you. As soon as you give him  
whatever he's asking for, you're as  
good as dead. I hope you know what  
you're doing.

SILAS

That makes two of us.

VIVIANA pokes her head in the door.

VIVIANA

Boss. Gordo.

GONZALO

Alright.  
 (to SILAS)  
 You coming?

SILAS

Where?

GONZALO

You said you wanted to know what  
 your girl was up to. Now's your  
 chance.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIJUANA SLUMS - NIGHT

The narrow wet street bottlenecks on a line of unmarked federal police cars. All converging on a small bungalow with a guest house in the back.

PF OFFICERS, heavily armed with black fatigues and Kevlar vests, surround the bungalow.

TWO OFFICERS lead the BUNGALOW MADAME, a middle aged lady in a nightgown with curlers in her hair, into one of the unmarked cars. Her hands are zip-tied behind her back, and she's *screaming* her lungs out.

GONZALO, VIVIANA, and SILAS exit the Chevy Tahoe down the street.

GONZALO beelines for--

GORDO, the stocky and fat captain, who lets the assault shotgun fall to his side so he can bark orders into his radio.

VIVIANA and SILAS hang back.

GORDO and GONZALO talk, presumably sharing details about the raid. Serious shit.

After a moment, GONZALO motions to VIVIANA before going back to GORDO.

GONZALO

Give him a look.

VIVIANA

(to SILAS)  
 Come on.

VIVIANA leads SILAS down a walkway to the guest house in the back, a PF OFFICER dragging a foaming pitbull with a dog catch-pole.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - TIJUANA SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

VIVIANA pulls her Maglite as they cross the threshold, flashing it into the dark room.

The smell hits SILAS like a ton of bricks--

He's coughing and retching uncontrollably.

VIVIANA  
You okay? Breathe.

VIVIANA follows her column of light past the filthy kitchen, piles of crusted dishes in the sink, a buzzing refrigerator leaking fluid all over the floor.

SILAS follows her into the back room--

VIVIANA rakes the Maglite over the darkened pit--

DOZENS OF EMPTY EYES looking back at us.

There's a least 30 YOUNG GIRLS cramped into the filthy space that can't be more than 400 square feet.

It's hard to tell, but some look as young as 13, the remainder somewhere between the ages of 13 and 16. Most are stripped down to their panties and bras.

They edge away from the light as it rakes over them, their dark eyes peering out of their sockets for mercy.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)  
It's a Sinoloa house, run by Paz's rivals. We got an anonymous call, probably sent right down from Paz himself as soon as they found it. They rat each other out to get an edge on the market.

SILAS  
I can't--

SILAS stumbles out of the room.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - TIJUANA SLUMS - CONTINUOUS

VIVIANA follows him back.

VIVIANA

All these little girls, you see, they're coming from all over South and Central America to get to the States. They're kidnapped from the trains their families ride. Beaten, raped. The ones who look 16, they ain't. They've been pumped full of this drug, Oradexon. It gives them a little sugar, you see, on the tits and ass. Then they're sold.

(beat)

You seen enough?

SILAS nods.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)

Anyway, somebody's been selling some bad product to the cartels. Girls are getting sick, dying. We're thinking that's where your girl Lola comes into play.

SILAS

Can I go now?

VIVIANA

You were good to go a week ago.

(beat)

Mehico, homeboy.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AMERICAN RESORT - NIGHT

A dead seal on the beach.

There's no light to speak of. The skeletal silhouettes of the half-finished condos are all we can make out.

ILSA sits on an embankment overlooking the beach. She spots the dark outline of a figure making its way toward her.

She lights a cigarette and waits for it.

It's SILAS.

They listen to the waves.

ILSA

My bartender's booked a spare room  
down the ways. I should be fine  
there for tonight.

SILAS

I'm sorry.

ILSA

I bet.

SILAS

I'm still new at this.

ILSA

No shit, Silas. You don't even  
know what you've done, do you?

SILAS

Just relax.

ILSA

Don't tell me to fucking relax.  
What did you say to the German?

SILAS

I didn't say anything.

ILSA

Bullshit. You told him what Mateo  
saw, didn't you?

SILAS

I told him I needed to talk to him.

ILSA

You're one dumb motherfucker,  
Silas, you know that? You hear me,  
Silas? Hello? You're a fucking  
idiot. They're going to kill you  
and you won't even see it coming  
and all this will be done with.

SILAS

Just back the fuck up.

ILSA

You can't even see it, can you, you  
dumb fuck? You killed Mateo. When  
you said something to the German.  
You just lead him right to him.

(MORE)



ILSA (CONT'D)

You do me a favor, Silas, you stay  
the fuck away from me before you  
get me killed too.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ENSENADA - NIGHT

The streets are buzzing.

The drunken heel-clicks of throngs of ladies, overdoing it on  
the makeup, headed to the next bar.

The neon cocktail signs, Corona or Tecate, hanging above the  
blasting of hip-hop and techno music from the front doors of  
the clubs.

SILAS walks the streets, bundled up against the cold.

A group of high college kids, *singing* the newest pop song at  
the top of their lungs.

Cars back up all along an avenue off the main strip, crowded  
around the boxing arena.

SILAS is walking there, looking for something...