

'URBAN COWBOY'

'AL' SIDES & NOTES

MUST BE ABLE TO SPEAK SPANISH. MUST BE ABLE TO SPEAK ENGLISH WITH AN AUTHENTIC YET SLIGHT MEXICAN ACCENT.

ON TAPE WITH CASTING NOTES:

- CHOOSE AND PREPARE ONE SCENE ONLY

ON TAPE WITH PRODUCERS NOTES:

- PREPARE ALL SCENES

SELF-TAPE NOTES:

- PREPARE & TAPE ALL SCENES
- PLEASE DO YOUR SLATE IN BOTH ENGLISH AND SPANISH

AL

ALFONZO "AL" ROBLES

Scene 1

INT. DOWNTOWN PARK - PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Ana Sofia and Juan Miguel sit opposite Al at a picnic table. An awkward silence... They are family, but strangers.

AL
You got big.

JUAN MIGUEL
So did you.

AL
(touching his gut)
They call it a sedentary lifestyle because I sit at a desk. But... I also like ice cream.

Al smiles... gets nothing.

AL (CONT'D)
You'll have documentation and I.D.s soon, but we have to get our story straight. Patricia, my wife, she knows everything about me. I don't keep secrets from her. Her mother Carmen, too... But my daughter, Veronica? She doesn't. And she can't. Understood?

JUAN MIGUEL
So what...we have to lie?

AL
You're illegals now. One mistake, someone finds out... it's over. You'll be arrested, sent back. And all of this will have been for nothing. So you gotta stay out of trouble, keep a low profile... And yes, lie.

(to Ana Sofia)
Your name is Anita now. Anita Robles. You'll be from the same town I grew up in: Spur, Texas.

JUAN MIGUEL
You didn't grow up in Texas.

AL

My real name isn't Alfonso Robles,
either. You see how this works?
We'll say your parents were killed
in a tragic car crash...

ANITA

(In Spanish/angry)
That's not what happened to them.

Al touches her hand and answers in Spanish.

AL

*I know what happened. And I'm
sorry.*

(in English)

I see your mother in you. She was
very kind. And strong.

Anita's eyes well with tears. Not Juan Miguel... cold --

JUAN MIGUEL

What about my father? Was *he* kind?

A loaded beat and the first hint at a mystery that will
reveal itself soon... Al takes the hit, doesn't bite.

AL

Your name's Kyle.

KYLE

Kyle? Why can't I be Carlos? Or
Hernando?

AL

You get the name you get. Fake
documentation isn't easy to
arrange. Neither was your journey.

KYLE

Two weeks of hell and starvation.
Hey thanks, Uncle.

AL

You want to go back? We're going to
need to work together for our own
safety, okay? We're family.

Kyle holds Al's stare a beat... Nods and we CUT TO --

Scene 2

3.

EXT. ROBLES HOME - DAY

Kyle tips his hat, smiles. Pam pulls away and he starts towards the house but Al stops him in his tracks. Gets in his face, raging --

AL

You loco, or something? Jasper called looking for you, told me what went down at Gilley's. You think it's okay starting a fight with Bob Lockwood?

KYLE

I didn't know he was her brother.

AL

Did you know he's YOUR BOSS! Huh? His family owns the refinery. Hell, they own half of Houston! Did you know that when you were screwing his sister?

Shit. Color drains from Kyle's face.

AL (CONT'D)

I put my neck out to get you a job... Come Monday morning, I may not have one myself.

KYLE

Come on Al, I didn't mean to --

Al grabs Kyle's arm, pulls him close. Enraged whisper --

AL

I'm breaking the law for you! My wife, my family... We're in danger because of what you --

KYLE

(matches him)

Me? Does Bobby Lockwood know about what you and my father were doing back in Mexico? The deal you struck with the Cartel... the Castillios? Remember that, Tio Mateo?

THE NAME stops Al. He hasn't heard it in a long time.

AL

I did it to save our farm.

KYLE

Now who's being selfish, huh?
Everything you did was for
yourself. And now you want me to
give up who I am? Don't sleep with
women or defend myself. Just be a
little *panocha*.

(moves in close)

The cartel gave me a fake name just
like you. But at least they let me
be a man.

Kyle walks away leaving Al, words ringing in his ears...

Scene 3

INT. EMILIO'S OFF TRACK BETTING - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Columbo plays while Emilio counts cash. Al looks at FORGED
DOCUMENTS -- Kyle's falsified TEXAS driver's license.

AL

So we're done?

EMILIO

Afraid it's not enough.

AL

What do you mean? We had a deal.

EMILIO

One phone call and I could make a
million dollars, cash. I'd be
willing to split it... But I
imagine you want your nephew to
keep his head on his shoulders.

AL

What do you want?

EMILIO

I want a million dollars. But I'm a
reasonable man who would prefer not
to engage with Cartel. So I will
accept 50 thousand from a friend.

Beat. Al's back is up against the wall and he knows it.

AL

Can it be done in payments?

EMILIO

Like I said... I'm reasonable. Let me get a folder for the documents.

Emilio crosses to a cabinet. We see Al look at a phone on the cluttered desk. And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- AL GRABS THE PHONE CORD -- WRAPS IT AROUND EMILIO'S NECK FROM BEHIND --

AL

Go to sleep, you dog... Go to sleep.

Emilio struggles, GASPS. Al's face quivers as he pulls hard. Clear this isn't a first time for him. It's ugly. A horrid gurgling sound and then... Emilio stops moving. HE'S DEAD.