

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SIGHT - DAY

Gustavo pulls up to the construction site in the back of a pickup truck with a handful of other Hispanics.

The LEGITIMATE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are making comments about the DAY LABORERS, all migrant Latin workers, who are instructed to do the grunt work, heavy lifting.

Gustavo moves endless amounts of two by fours, from one pile to another, over and over again.

He doesn't complain, doesn't say a word, just keeps picking them up and dropping them off.

THE SITE BOSS, forties, a Hispanic man, notices that the other workers have to take breaks, but not Gustavo. He's a machine.

A MAN, his WIFE and two KIDS arrive in a Cadillac, obviously the owner of the building being constructed. The MAN approaches the SITE BOSS, who updates him.

Gustavo stops and looks over at the man, who puts his arm around his wife, and gathers his kids to come look at the building. The wife smiles at the man lovingly, as he leans down and shows his kids the BLUEPRINTS.

Gustavo stares at the HAPPY FAMILY, a picture of the American dream. The SITE BOSS notices Gustavo staring. Gustavo soaks in a final glance, then gets back to work.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Gustavo stands in line. He looks tired. He clutches the ENVELOPE full of cash we saw him deposit his money into earlier. A CUSTOMER LEAVES, and he is called to the window.

The CLERK, a small Hispanic lady, recognizes him, hands him an address form to fill out.

CLERK (IN SPANISH)

Same as last week? To Hermosillo?

He nods. She reaches for the envelope, he hands it to her, then fills out the form.

He looks up as the clerk puts his envelope in a larger CARDBOARD ENVELOPE, then seals it tightly.

He pays her with a TEN DOLLAR BILL, then puts his CHANGE in his pocket and walks out.

FIVE

Snowfall

1/4

INT. IZUZU PICKUP TRUCK - DUSK

Stopped at a red light, Gustavo stares at his tired eyes in the rearview mirror. He shakes himself awake, then the light turns green.

EXT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Gustavo pulls in the parking lot and parks next to a beautiful BLACK MERCEDES. He admires it as he gets out with his gym bag and heads inside, visibly tired.

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

In the ring, Gustavo doesn't give his best performance.

We get the sense he doesn't want to do this anymore. His signature moves and theatrics are now slow, with less passion.

While he's fighting, his mind is preoccupied.

THROUGH HIS POV LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE MASK he sees Pedro selling coke in the audience while he fights. He finishes the fight in brutal fashion only because he wants out of the ring.

As he steps off the ring, fans roar at him and he roars back and curses them in Spanish, angered. They love it and don't see the turmoil within the man.

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

In the locker room, Gustavo sees Pedro dealing to the wrestlers. Again, he notices that most of the men are doing coke.

EXT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Gustavo quietly follows Pedro out to the parking lot. The man walks towards the Mercedes. Gustavo catches up to him, walks up behind him.

The man quickly turns and pulls a gun on him, but instinctively Gustavo takes it from him, unchambers the live round and drops the clip onto the ground in one swift motion. Pedro looks at him, afraid.

START

— **GUSTAVO** (IN SPANISH)
Not going to hurt you.

2/4

Pedro recognizes El Oso. His fear subsides, it's obvious Gustavo's not going to hurt him.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
You're the bear, right? El Oso?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
My name's Gustavo.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
Well Gustavo, didn't anyone ever tell you not to sneak up on people like that. That's how people get hurt.

Gustavo looks at the gun in his hand, gives it back to Pedro, who puts it in his waistband, then leans down and picks up his clip.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
You want some toot?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
No.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
Then what do you want?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
I'm looking for work. A job.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
And why should I help you? I don't know you.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
You need me.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
For what?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
Protection.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
I've got a gun.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
And I took it from you.
(off Pedro's bruised ego)
I don't want trouble, just an honest job that pays.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 There's nothing honest about my
 line of work.
 (analyzes Gustavo's eyes)
 Are you crazy or something?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
 No, I just need money, and I'd
 rather earn it than take it. I'm a
 good person. You can trust me.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 We'll see how long that lasts.

Pedro thinks about it, has an idea, looks at Gustavo's size.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 Actually, there is something you
 can do for me. Could be a job at
 the end of it for you.

He gives Gustavo a card.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)
 Call me tomorrow, and stop sneaking
 up on people.

Gustavo holds the card, nods, then leans down, grabs the
 stray bullet and tosses it to him.

end GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)
 Don't forget this.

Pedro catches it, then gets in his Mercedes and peels out of
 there.

~~INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT~~

~~A black tie affair, high-society. Senators, business
 tycoons, heavy-hitters, lots of old money mixed with west
 coast socialites and entertainment industry elite.~~

~~Miller sits at a table with his mother JEANETTE MILLER (who we
 heard over the phone earlier), fifties, classically pretty,
 his father GEORGE MILLER, fifties, sophisticated and well-
 groomed, and a few close friends, all UPPER-CLASS WASPS.~~

~~Miller wears a suit, but his cocaine eyes sticks out like a
 sore thumb.~~

~~His father glances over at him, looks him hard in the eyes
 while taking a deep breath, then looks away, puts on a fake
 smile. Miller sips his Scotch.~~