

MANUEL

EXT. MANUEL'S BACKYARD - DAY

Start

Pedro and Gustavo walk into the backyard, where sitting behind a large marble table we meet cocaine distributor MANUEL VILLANUEVA, fifty-four, old school Mexican. Several MEN stand around in the background, all armed.

Sitting with him at the table are Miller and Rico, who look over and wait for Manuel's approval to continue talking.

Scene 2

Gustavo stands, watches Pedro cross the room and join Manuel. Then he turns his eyes to the POOL AREA -- Where a YOUNG WOMAN in a dress dangles her feet in the water, reading a magazine. Her back turned to Gustavo, her long hair picks up a slight breeze.

On Manuel, Miller and Rico, they continue.

MANUEL

I don't mean to pry--

MILLER

But you are--

MANUEL

Just like to know who I'm working with.

MILLER

You're working with a guy who's got a direct source of pure cocaine and a low risk way to bring it right into our backyard. Basically, I'm your fairy Godmother.

MANUEL

That's what worries me: too good to be true.

(to Rico)

You vouch that he's for real?

RICO

100 percent.

(off Manuel's hesitation)

You know who his father is? --

MILLER

--Doesn't matter--

MANUEL

I know who his father is.

(off Miller's surprise)

Yes, I did some checking up on you. I get nervous doing business with a man who's never had to wipe his own ass.

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MILLER
If people judged you on who your father was?

> MANUEL
(good point)
Probably no one would talk to me.
(then)
But I'm not the one who asked for this meeting.

MILLER
(considers, then)
It's not coming from Columbia or anywhere near Escobar's network, that make you feel any better?

> MANUEL
A little.

MILLER
Look, you're nervous about sleeping with someone on the first date. I get it. And if I had time, I'd wine and dine you 'till the sun came up. But my source won't wait that long. You want in, we gotta move now.

> MANUEL
(considers, then)
Eight a key is the lowest you can go?

Miller nods. A STALEMATE. Manuel gives...

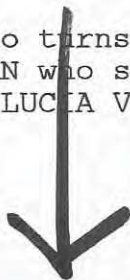
> MANUEL
Fine. A hundred to start, if it goes smoothly, we do more.

Miller stands, so does Rico. Miller shakes Manuel's hand.

MILLER
I appreciate your faith.

> MANUEL
I'll appreciate it when you make good on it.

Back with Gustavo, who turns his attention from the MEETING back towards the WOMAN who stands up, revealing A STUNNING YOUNG MEXICAN WOMAN, LUCIA VILLANUEVA (21).



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Lucia walks directly past Gustavo's eye-line. Their eyes lock for a fleeting moment. Lucia glances at him indifferently and moves INTO THE HOUSE.

Gustavo's glance goes back to Miller and Rico leaving.

MILLER
(under his breath to Rico)
Don't you ever mention my father's name again. Ever.

Miller and Gustavo's eyes briefly meet as they walk by. Pedro brings Gustavo over to Manuel.

MANUEL
And who is this?

PEDRO
This is the guy I was telling you about, the wrestler.

MANUEL
Yes, El Oso. Any relation to the original El Oso?

GUSTAVO
He was my teacher.

MANUEL
He was my favorite as a child.
(then)
Pedro says you're looking for extra work.

GUSTAVO
Yes, sir.

Gustavo pulls out the MONEY he retrieved, places it on the table. Manuel looks at Pedro.

MANUEL
Javier?

Pedro nods. Manuel counts the money.

MANUEL
I see. Well, this shows you can be useful. But can you be loyal?

GUSTAVO
What would I need to do?

MANUEL
Bad things, but I'd pay you well.

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Manuel grins, notices the blood on Gustavo's hands. Lucia emerges from the house with a cocktail in hand.

The ARMED MEN drop their heads as she brings the drink to Manuel, kisses his head. Lucia then walks back to the POOL and lays out in the sun, lights up a cigarette. At her exit the men raise their heads once more. Lucia looks over at Gustavo, who's engaged with Manuel.

MANUEL

This is a serious life decision, and no going back, so think about it. Let Pedro know if you're in, you'll report to him. Though I'd hate to be responsible for losing El Oso in the ring.

GUSTAVO

I've got people to look after.

MANUEL

I understand. We will talk more soon, I hope.

Gustavo shakes Manuel's hand, then him and Pedro leave.

WE MOVE WITH THEM ON THE WAY OUT --

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Whatever happens with the old man, you remember I brought you into this. You say I can trust you?

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)

Yes. Of course. Thank you for this.

Pedro pulls out a business card, hands it to Gustavo.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Be at this address tomorrow night at eight.

GUSTAVO (IN SPANISH)

The girl... Manuel's wife?

Pedro smiling at first, then, laughing his ass off.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

Let's go, El Oso.

Off Gustavo and Pedro leaving --

END

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MANUEL

ON MILLER, he continues to scan the scene, almost clinically. He checks his watch, makes a note of the time once again, then as we hear the SIRENS GET CLOSER, he gets in his Camero and drives off, leaving behind three dead bodies and a mess.

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A CLOSE UP of a NEEDLE BEING PLACED ON A RECORD incites our MUSIC CUE: Kim Carnes' "BETTE DAVIS EYES"

The party continues. We see shots of naked body parts, close-ups of coke being snorted, feet dancing, a disco ball reflects light.

We PUSH IN on Franklin's eyes, staring into the cooking pot as the cocaine begins to transform into rocks.

THE SONG bridges us over the next couple scenes:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A FANCY RESTAURANT. Manuel holds court with a table of high-class Mexican drug dealers, beautiful women, a classy group, including Pedro and Lucia...

Miller walks in. Clearly not happy. Approaches Manuel, Pedro hovering nearby. Lucia looks up, notices.

MILLER
We need to talk.

Manuel, seeing he's serious, nods. Pedro starts to follow. Miller stops him.

~~PEDRO
Take your hand off of me--~~

MILLER
(to Manuel)
Alone.

Manuel nods to Pedro: hang back. Pedro does, anxiously watching Manuel and Miller walk off --

MOMENTS LATER

Miller and Manuel, well removed from the party.

MILLER
That's bullshit--

Scene
2

Start

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MANUEL

It's not. Wasn't me. I'm looking to make real money together. Why in the hell would I rob you? I need you.

MILLER

I don't know. But no one else knew this was happening. So if it wasn't you, it was someone in your crew. Means you have a problem Manuel, and I don't wanna be anywhere near it.

MANUEL

I am sorry about your man. Let's make it nine a key for this shipment, and trust that I will handle this.

MILLER

Ten. And you don't contact me until you've done some serious housecleaning.

Miller goes. Pedro waits in the background, nervous. Manuel looks back at Pedro, joins him.

PEDRO (IN SPANISH)

What's going on?

MANUEL (IN SPANISH)

We've got a rat.

Off Manuel, fucking furious --

END

EXT. EAST LA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gustavo waits on the steps of the same warehouse he showed up to earlier. His truck is parked to the side. He stares at the street ahead, sees HEADLIGHTS coming his way, but they continue past him. He continues staring ahead, waiting.

INT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: BETTE DAVIS EYES comes to an end and we're back at Rob's party, Franklin still watches the crystallization process of the FREEBASE.

He watches them smoke it, sees their eyes glow, notices the sexual effect it has with the women. He's fascinated.

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