

UNTITLED COCAINE PROJECT

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA - 1978

Late afternoon. A wet heat hangs over the city. Palm trees shift in an indolent breeze. The only sound the HUM of cicadas. Until we hear the HISS and POP of a needle as it slides across vinyl. Then the first delicate strains of the Stones' MONKEY MAN. The tinkling piano. The pulse of a bass.

A MAGNAVOX STEREO CONSOLE

The LP spins on the turntable. A manicured hand pulls away from the needle. Then LOWERS the white lacquered lid.

A BOTTLE OF MAKER'S MARK

Tilts a generous pour into a tumbler full of ice. The same pretty hand LIFTS the glass.

THE STIFF DRINK

Moves through a tropically themed Miami Modern home as the ice CLINKS gently. Whites and pastels blur agreeably through the glass. The hand without the drink REACHES into the built-in mail slot. PULLS a stack of mail into the light.

A quick sorting reveals a plain manila envelope at the bottom of the pile. The envelope is raised for closer inspection. First the front. Then the back. Pink nails carefully tear one end open. Fingers PULL OUT a small reel of 8mm film.

We TILT UP to reveal LUANNE NICKEL, mid 20's, high-strung and suspicious, a former beauty queen with her beauty still intact. She STARES at the reel. Has no idea what it is.

INT. SUNKEN LIVING ROOM - THE NICKEL HOME

LuAnne now SITS curled beside a Super 8 projector on a giant sectional sofa, shag carpet under her feet. She SIPS her drink as the film COMES TO LIFE on the pull-down screen.

A HOME MOVIE

Of a party. Grainy images of slinky twenty-somethings lounging around a backyard pool. They sip Mojitos. Joints drift from hand to hand. The camera lingers on BOBBY NICKEL, 28, charismatic and complicated, as he and best friend JULIUS JACKSON mug for the camera.

LUANNE

Slowly nurses her drink as she WATCHES. An odd expression on her face. The Stones' seductive groove fills the room.

Tambourine. Vibes. Then the irresistible rasp of the Telecaster as...

ON THE SCREEN

Bobby and Julius DANCE drunkenly. KAT WIESMAN, 28, half-Cuban, half-Jewish, entirely appealing, CROSSES to join them. Bobby hugs Kat, then attempts to lift her over his head he-man style. Julius tries to catch Kat as she falls. The three COLLAPSE on the ground. Laughing and happy and stoned as...

LUANNE

Stares intently at the screen. Her body stiff, as if bracing for bad news. Which comes. Quickly.

AS BOBBY AND KAT

Attempt to disentangle themselves on the ground. Then Kat takes Bobby's face in her hands and KISSES him.

INT. NICKEL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

One side of the walk-in suddenly a shambles as LuAnne GRABS suits, shirts, shorts, baseball caps, two pairs of John Lobb golf shoes. She GATHERS the unwieldy mass into her arms. Her eyes red with tears. Her jaw clenched with rage.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The clothes now piled poolside as LuAnne SHAKES a gasoline can violently, the stench of fuel fouling the air. A SOB escapes as she grabs a box of matches. FLICKS a lit match onto the pile. The clothes go up in an impressive WHOOSH. The music grows louder. The guitar now distorted and raw.

EXT. PELICAN CAY MARINA - KEY LARGO - AT THE SAME MOMENT

As Bobby Nickels and Julius Jackson stand at the wheel of a Striker Sportfish. The boat GLIDES in, engines off, a floating phantom as the full moon rises behind it. Kat Weisman WAITS as the boat slides under the boathouse roof.

Kat quickly ties the yacht to the dock, then crosses the space to RAISE the industrial door. Two 28-foot Winnebagos parked on the dirt outside, backed in, doors open, the interiors of the motorhomes completely gutted. Kat TURNS to Bobby and Julius as they emerge onto the deck. Gives them a NOD.

INT. BOATHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The three work with surgical efficiency as they transfer dozens of CANVAS WRAPPED BALES. Julius hauls bales from the hull of the Sportfish, TOSSES them to Bobby on the platform.

Bobby quickly loads the bales onto handcarts. Kat grabs the handcarts and WHEELS the bales across the boathouse and up a ramp into the RVs. No one exchanges a word.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - STILL LATER

As the loaded motorhomes PULL AWAY from the boathouse. Bobby in front with Kat beside him. Julius behind the wheel of the second RV. The tiny caravan ROLLS down a dirt road obscured by thick mangroves. They reach a chain-link gate. Kat CLICKS the gate open. They PULL ONTO the asphalt to see...

ACROSS THE ROAD

A white Eldorado convertible parked on the shoulder. In the driver's seat sits pint-sized JIMENO "THE POODLE" PADILLA. Late 30's, slick and handsome, he wears a shiny disco shirt.

BOBBY

Pulls the Winnebago beside the Eldorado. Kat ROLLS DOWN down the window. They give the Poodle a long LOOK.

BOBBY

What's doing, Poodle?

POODLE

Flaco wants me to go with.

BOBBY

(an odd beat)

Since when?

Poodle shrugs. Obviously since now. Bobby considers this.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Three years we're delivering his loads, now he sends his goon along?

KAT

Baby, you can't call my brother a goon.

BOBBY

Half-brother.

Kat gives him a LOOK. A beat. Bobby TURNS back to Poodle.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We don't need babysitting. We go alone. See you on the other side.

Poodle STARES at Bobby. Clearly unhappy with this response. Kat smiles warmly. **Speaks to Poodle in sub-titled Spanish.**

KAT
 Don't worry, big brother. We can do
 this in our sleep now.

Kat blows him a kiss and ROLLS UP the window. They pull onto
 the road as Poodle glowers and Mick HOWLS the first line.

MICK JAGGER
 I'm a fleabit peanut monkey
 All my friends are junkies...

EXT. SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The RVs CRUISE alongside the shimmering, brilliant blue of
 Manatee Bay. The vast Everglades National Park stretches as
 far as the eye can see. A lush, tropical archipelago.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Bobby GLANCES in his mirror as he checks to see Julius behind
 him. Kat adjusts the police scanner on the dash. A quiet
 CHATTER fills the cab as she moves through the frequencies.
 Bobby WATCHES her. Her pretty face. Shapely legs.

BOBBY
 How's it sound out there?

KAT
 Quiet.

She smiles. All right with the world. Bobby smiles back as he
 again CHECKS behind him. His happiness short lived as...

THE SIDE MIRROR

The white Eldorado SLIDES in between the two RVs.

BOBBY

Watches this. Turns. But Kat has already seen it. Even in
 the mirror, they register Julius' reaction, which is the same
 as theirs -- the Poodle's behavior is alarming and strange.

EXT. TEMPLE EMANUEL - SOUTH BEACH - EARLY EVENING

The RVs stuck at an intersection, the Eldorado still between
 them. Bobby STARES at the red light, then down to something
 resembling the Diaspora, the crosswalk jammed with hundreds of
 blue hairs off to Temple. Kat WATCHES Bobby check his watch.

KAT
 Yom Kippur.

BOBBY

Jesus. Flaco's going to piss himself
we're this late.

Bobby shakes his head in frustration. Again GLANCES into...

THE SIDE MIRROR

Where the Poodle and Julius sit in their respective vehicles, equally annoyed by this delay. Poodle YELLS something to the slow moving herd. GESTURES them to move faster. Taps on the HORN. Bobby WATCHES this uneasily. LOOKS to Kat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is he doing?

As Poodle INCHES the Eldorado around their RV. They watch in disbelief as he then PULLS UP alongside, then continues to ROLL forward, nosing his Cadillac dangerously close to the doddering seniors. Kat quickly LEANS OUT her window. She again speaks **in Spanish**. This time her voice stern.

KAT

Stop it, Jimeno. You're going to
attract attention...

But Poodle doesn't stop. Instead he uses his car to NUDGE the startled seniors out of the way. They begin to panic just as a police car TURNS the corner. A single SIREN blast. Lights FLASH. A COP hops out. CROSSES quickly toward them.

BOBBY

Shit.

As Poodle also SEES the cop. Then to Bobby and Kat's utter shock, the Poodle pulls out a gun and FIRES.

Instant PANDEMONIUM as seniors scatter. The cop PULLS his own gun, SCREAMS their direction as Poodle pushes the Eldorado through the crowd and SPEEDS away. The cop FIRES after him while his partner still in the squad car jumps behind the wheel, SCREECHES after Poodle in pursuit. Sirens now WAILING.

Julius BACKS UP, quickly disappears down a side street. Bobby attempts to do the same, but is STOPPED by the advancing officer. The cop BANGS furiously on the side of the RV.

COP

Do not move this vehicle. Do not
fucking move.

The cop attempts to deal with the hysterical pedestrians as he MOVES around the side of the RV, checks to make sure no one is under the tires. Bobby WATCHES, his heart in his throat as...

THE SIDE MIRROR

The cop WALKS down the side of the RV, then STOPS. He places his nose against the corrugated aluminum. INHALES deeply.

BOBBY

Looks to Kat. Handcuffs only seconds away. Seeing no other option, Bobby takes his foot off the brake and FLOORS it.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

The bulky RV miraculously SHOOTs through a hole in the crowd as the police scanner EXPLODES with chatter. Bobby cranks the wheel, FISHTAILS onto 18th Street, the road ahead miraculously clear. Bobby and Kat dare to exchange looks of relief as they shoot into the intersection, only to be violently T-BONED by two patrol cars speeding their way.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

As the first cop car SMASHES the rear of the RV, the back door POPS open and bales TUMBLE into the street. The second patrol car SLAMS into the bales, which EXPLODE in a shower of buds, stems and seeds. Pot instantly everywhere. The crunched RV CAREENS sideways and then finally STALLS, blocking all access.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

As Bobby and Kat JUMP from their seats, throw open the mangled door and RUN.

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - EVENING

Monkey Man BLASTS across the night, raucous and wild, as a fairly ridiculous chase ensues. Bobby and Kat TEAR down an ally, the scream of SIRENS fill the air. They RACE onto Collins Avenue, DODGE the last stragglers off to Temple, only to look up and realize they've dead-ended into the beach.

Bobby GRABS Kat's hand as they turn, RUN back up the way they came. A patrol car CROSSES the mouth of the alley, spies them, screeches to a stop. Bobby and Kat have no choice but to turn yet again and RACE back toward the water.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE - EVENING

Bobby and Kat TEAR past rows of decrepit art deco hotels, the glitz and glamour of South Beach years in the future, as they race across the sand, a lone patrol car now gaining on them. They share an excruciating LOOK, their fate seemingly sealed, until they hear the WHINE of wheels spinning in the sand.

They TURN to see the cop car stalled on the beautiful wide beach. They hesitate, GASPING for air, as the vague shadow of an officer emerges from the driver's side and FIRES their direction. Bobby and Kat TURN one last time and continue toward the water. This time they jump in and SWIM.

Only with a solid distance between them and the shore do they finally STOP. They tread water, exhausted, as they LOOK back at the beach. The patrol car remains sunk, headlights TRAINED on the sea.

While the cop stands at the water's edge, FLICKS his flashlight across the water, making a perfect silhouette against a riotously beautiful sunset as Mick continues to SCREAM into the dark like a beast.

MICK JAGGER

I'm a monkey... I'm a monkey... I'm
a monkey...

Then suddenly all is BLACK. We go to MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

SILENCE

As a taxi ROLLS through a dark residential neighborhood.

EXT. THE NICKEL HOME - LATER - WELL PAST MIDNIGHT

The taxi PULLS in front of the well-manicured lawn. The back door of the taxi OPENS. Bobby slowly STEPS out. He STARES at his home. A long beat. We finally hear his VOICE.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Rule number one in life - You can't
make everyone happy. I know this is
true. I've known it since I was a
kid. But do I follow this rule?

Bobby's reverie is interrupted by a TAP on his shoulder. The driver stands there, waiting for his fare. Bobby PULLS his soggy wallet from his pocket. Hands the guy a wet twenty. The driver returns to his car. The taxi PULLS AWAY.

Bobby takes in his house. Really allows himself a moment to consider it. Then notices an odd light FLICKERING from the backyard. It draws him like a beacon. Slowly. Inexorably.

EXT. NICKEL HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby emerges from the sideyard to find a FIRE at the edge of the pool. He RUNS to the hose, grabs it, DOUSES the dwindling flames. He STANDS there. Bewildered.

NUDGES the steaming pile with his toe. Finally recognizes one of his John Lobb golf shoes. Now charred. Mutilated. Bobby's pager BUZZES.

He GLANCES at the house. Then crosses, grabs the phone from behind the bar. He DIALS quickly. A woman's VOICE answers.

BOBBY
Did we lose Julius?

INT. BOATHOUSE - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

As Kat STANDS in the darkened boathouse, her GAZE on the other RV pulled inside. The industrial door shut tight behind it.

KAT
Amazingly enough he got the load delivered. He's outside now, patrolling for cops.

BOBBY
Call Flaco. Tell him 10am tomorrow at the boathouse.

KAT
But you're coming now, right?

BOBBY
I can't.
(a loaded silence)
Baby, I can't. Something's weird here.

Bobby watches his house as an upstairs light CLICKS on.

KAT
Bobby, we almost ended up *in jail*, and you're not going to even come...

BOBBY
I gotta go.

He quickly HANGS UP.

INT. SUNKEN LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby walks in from the kitchen. CALLS out his wife's name.

BOBBY
Lu...

He stops when he sees the Bahamanian nanny, TIMARA, wrapped in her dressing gown, watching him from the stairs. She gives him a stoney LOOK. Finally speaks.

TIMARA

Allie Mae is sleeping.

BOBBY

Okay. But... where's LuAnne? Her car is gone...

TIMARA

And she is gone.

Bobby is about to inquire where but Timara heads BACK UP the stairs. Bobby hesitates, then notices the Super 8 projector on the coffee table. He crosses to it. CLICKS it on.

ANGLE - SCREEN

Bobby and Kat at the same backyard party. They dance to some SILENT song. Happy in each other's arms. Noses touching.

BOBBY

Stares at this. CLICKS off the machine. Closes his eyes.

BOBBY

Shit.

INT. NICKEL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

An empty bottle of Cuervo on the nightstand as we PAN to find Bobby FLOPPED on the bed. Sheets tangled. The other side of the bed untouched. A single beam of Miami sunlight PIERCES through the heavy drapes. Nails Bobby in the eye. He STIRS. Blinks. As everything comes back to him he GROANS.

He finally struggles to his feet. Hung-over. Still in his clothes from the night before. He HEARS what sounds like a far-off yet insistent CRY. Shuffles from the room.

INT. NICKEL HOME - GARAGE

Now converted into an ANIMAL SANCTUARY. A dozen plush cages and a menagerie of creatures. Cats. Dogs. Two birds. A ferret. The SOUND is eight-year-old ALLIE MAE in a vicious tug-of-war with Ken, a three-legged dog, the thing between them soggy and feathered. Bobby enters as Allie YELLS.

ALLIE MAE

No. No. Stop it, Ken. Stop it...

BOBBY

Honey... what the hell...

ALLIE MAE

Ken is ruining it.

Bobby tries to make sense of this when he TURNS to see his mother, JOSEPHINE NICKEL, all peroxide and cleavage, watching from across the room. Bobby gives her a LOOK.

BOBBY

You could help...

Bobby moves to the dog. YANKS the mess from its mouth. Hands whatever it is back to Allie. Allie regards it with despair.

ALLIE MAE

It's destroyed. My only headdress.
For my Indian costume. For my play.

BOBBY

It's not so bad...

But it is. Allie's eyes fill with tears as Jojo CROSSES and gives her granddaughter's back a pat. TURNS to Bobby.

JOJO

Who calls an animal 'Ken'?

Bobby SIGHS as Jojo frowns. Lowers her voice.

JOJO (CONT'D)

It's unnatural. This obsession.
Most wives collect things like
handbags. Elvis plates. This is...

ALLIE MAE

Where is Mommy? Where is she?

Bobby WRAPS his daughter in his arms. Kisses her head sweetly. Genuinely tries to comfort her as he lies.

BOBBY

Mommy's at... Jazzercise. But I'll
get you a new headdress. I promise.

ALLIE MAE

(beat, smells his shirt)
Only homeless people sleep in their
clothes.

BOBBY

I may be homeless soon enough.
(off Allie's look)
I'm joking. Honey... everything's
fine...

JOJO

Sure, it is. And don't forget what today is, Bobby. My birthday. And don't forget what you promised.

BOBBY

Yes. I know.

JOJO

You still promise?

BOBBY

I just said...

JOJO

Promise promise?

Bobby tries not to snap, as Allie LOOKS again at the headdress. Bursts into fresh tears.

ALLIE MAE

If you don't have a headdress, you can't be an Indian. Everybody knows that.

As both women STARE at Bobby, radiating a force field of need. Bobby tries to think of something to say as his pocket BUZZES. He pulls out his pager, checks the number, at the same moment Ken HOBBLER over, his next object of interest Bobby's crotch.

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Bobby BLOWS through Miami in his cherry red Corvette convertible. His tired eyes hidden behind his Ray Bans.

He passes the iconic red sign of UNCLE TOM'S BBQ, a last vestige of Miami's Deep South. Now surrounded by Spanish signs. Perched on the edge of burgeoning Little Havana.

Bobby barely glances at the historic MIAMI ORANGE BOWL as he CONTINUES. In 1978 still home to the Miami Dolphins. Forty years away from an ignominious demolition.

He ZIPS past the three-storey COPPERTONE SIGN on the Parkleigh House. A maintenance worker, high in a bucket, scrubs city grime from the baby's tush as the black dog tugs on her suit.

EXT. CAPTAIN CORY'S FISHING SUPPLIES - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

A sleek MiMo office building more resembling a law firm than a fishing empire. The corvette PULLS IN. Stops. Bobby slowly climbs out. He checks the empty space beside him. The stencil reads, "Mr. Corwin Barre." He STARES at the name.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Rule number one in business - Make everyone happy. It was the first thing Corwin taught me and he led by example. He'd size you up, his handshake like a gladiator, his voice booming. He made you believe only he could make your dreams come true. Plus he was rich. So rich. Not that money's everything.

Bobby heads inside. Tries to shake the feeling of dread.

INT. CAPTAIN CORY'S FISHING SUPPLIES - DAY

As Bobby MOVES down the hallway with LOREEN, his secretary.

BOBBY

I'm just surprised. Corwin's always the first in. So... where is he?

LOREEN

Dealing with a family matter.

Bobby NODS, his worst fears confirmed. His pager BUZZES again. He checks it. Clearly torn. Loreen grabs his sleeve.

LOREEN (CONT'D)

A family matter apparently resolved.

As through the window, they WATCH a Bentley pull into the space beside Bobby's. Bobby SIGHS.

INT. CORWIN BARRE'S OFFICE - DAY

As CORWIN BARRE, 53, still formidable and handsome, sits behind his desk, the walls of his enormous office covered with commendations and celebrity photos. Bobby SITS across from him. An excruciating SILENCE. Bobby clears his throat.

BOBBY

Is LuAnne home yet?

CORWIN

You're not asking the questions here.

Bobby NODS. More silence. Then Corwin STANDS, crosses to his elaborate AV system. He pops a tape in the VCR.

ON THE LARGE MONITOR

An infomercial appears. Shot in the Ron Popeil style, it features Corwin as "Capt. Cory," complete with fishing overalls and hat.

He smiles at the camera, hawks his gear in a folksy, home-spun way. Nothing particularly remarkable except the entire thing is dubbed in Japanese.

RESUME - BOBBY AND CORWIN

As Bobby WATCHES the strange clip. Tries not to look at Corwin as he NODS at his own image like a parent encouraging a child. Then he reaches over, pushes 'stop.' Turns to Bobby.

CORWIN (CONT'D)

We need to open the Japanese market.
Japan is huge in commercial fishing.
The Japs eat more fish than even the
Norwegians. We should be in Japan.

BOBBY

Sounds like an opportunity.

CORWIN

It's essential. Given the recession.
Our fall-off in the domestic market.
(taps a stack of papers)
43 percent we're down from last year.

BOBBY

I am aware of that.

CORWIN

I won't pin a medal on you for being
'aware,' son. When times are tough,
a company is only as good as it's
next great idea.

BOBBY

We might also emphasize long-lining.
At least until gas prices come down.

CORWIN

(watches him closely, nods)
This is what it takes. Teamwork.
Sales. I've loved selling since the
Philly days. Working in my dad's
butcher shop. My dad hated fish.
(Bobby's sympathetic nod)
But it was my love of sales that
taught me about all love. Leading me
to the most profound love of all.

BOBBY

I know you love LuAnne. And I know
this looks bad. But it's not what...

CORWIN

I think it's exactly what it seems.

As Corwin continues to STARE at Bobby. Bobby straightens in his seat. GLANCES at the clock. 9:59 flips over to 10:00.

BOBBY

Corwin... I also love LuAnne and...

CORWIN

A married man is allowed one indiscretion. You've had yours. You're done. And if I hear otherwise, I will go ahead and file the papers I had Russ draw up today which guarantee you'll be cut off from my fortune, my company, the very air I breathe for the rest of this life and beyond.

(off Bobby's face)

Which would be unfortunate. Because I also love you.

BOBBY

And I... love you. You've done so much for me...

CORWIN

You needed a father. My daughter needed a husband. I needed a son.

As Bobby's pager goes off. Bobby silences it without checking the number. A long beat. Corwin WATCHES him as...

JULIUS (O.S.)

Total bullshit. It wasn't our fault. You owe us the money...

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Kat hangs up the phone, clearly having just paged Bobby, while Julius FACES OFF with Flaco. FLACO is late 30's, humorless, an imposing Cuban despite the fact he's in a wheelchair. Flaco fidgets with a bass short pole he's pulled from a nearby rack. Poodle PACES behind his disabled boss.

JULIUS

(points at Poodle)

It was your guy that screwed up.

POODLE

(his chest puffed)

What kinda shit is that?

(MORE)

POODLE (CONT'D)

Both loads would've been lost if it hadn't been for me...

JULIUS

Both loads would be cut and distributed if you hadn't pulled a fucking gun...

POODLE

I was a decoy...

KAT

Jimeno, that is just nonsense and you know it...

JULIUS

(turns to Flaco)

Did you know your guy was carrying a gun?

FLACO

Nevermind my guy. Where is your guy?

KAT

(an uncomfortable beat)

Bobby will be here any minute.

FLACO

Cause maybe he wants to hear why you're only getting paid half.

(wheels to the empty RV)

Let's start with your sardine can, which was carrying 62 bales of Colombian red, when I actually hired you to deliver 125 bales, 5000 pounds in total, from Bimini to this dock here then into Miami proper, at 30 dollars per pound, meaning simple math says something's gone very wrong since half of my load, the other sardine can, the other 63 bales, 2500 pounds, is now FUCKING MISSING.

Flaco SLAMS the fishing pole on the counter. Then SLAMS it again disrupting sunglasses, lures, fishing hats. Essentially a temper tantrum. They wait until Flaco's spent. Finally.

JULIUS

Loads get lost, Flaco. It happens.

FLACO

Not anymore it doesn't.

Flaco gives Poodle a LOOK. Poodle TOSSES them a bag of cash as Flaco turns to KAT, speaks to her in **subtitled Spanish**.

FLACO (CONT'D)

Out of respect for your father, who's a good man, a great Cuban warrior. And your half-brother Poodle who's... my driver... I've decided to believe this story you've told me.

(to Julius, **in English**)

But when I turn on WSVN tonight, I better see my missing bales. There and on the front page of the Herald. Cause I didn't lose my legs on Playa Giron to come here and be ripped off by a bunch of babosos like you.

Flaco TURNS his wheelchair, the meeting over. Poodle begins to WHEEL Flaco toward the exit. Flaco SWATS at him.

FLACO (CONT'D)

Get away from me.

Flaco BANGS out the door. Poodle on his heels. Kat CROSSES to the counter, GRABS the phone, as Julius SHAKES his head.

JULIUS

Playa Giron. Like the Bay of Pigs was yesterday.

INT. CORWIN BARRE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Bobby shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Tries not to stare at the clock. **10:17** flips to **10:18**. Corwin CONTINUES.

CORWIN

It's why I've been grooming you, son. Why I nominated you for membership in the Non-Group, for chrissake. And yet... you seem distracted. Distant.

As Bobby's pager BUZZES yet again. Corwin regards him with a long STARE. Bobby clears his throat.

BOBBY

One of our wholesalers wants to test a new rig. Out at the boathouse. He was expecting me at ten.

CORWIN

He can wait. I'll call LuAnne. Tell her you're coming home now.

Bobby NODS. Looks at the clock one last time. Knows he's utterly fucked.

INT. THE NICKEL HOME - LATER

As Bobby STANDS in his sunken living room. He LOOKS OUT the sliding glass doors and onto...

EXT. THE NICKEL HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Where LuAnne SUNBATHES on a lounge chair. Her face hidden behind big sunglasses. The dog Ken snoozes under her chair.

BACK TO - BOBBY

As he WATCHES his wife. Then removes his buzzing pager and SLIPS it in a drawer. He stands there as Allie's voice DRIFTS from her bedroom, rehearsing her lines for her upcoming play.

ALLIE MAE (O.S.)

It was in the 1700's that the Seminole Indians banded together to fight the European invaders in what is now modern Miami. And it was these same white invaders that gave the Seminoles their name. It was a Spanish word. And the name meant 'wild people.'

The words wash over Bobby until he finally SLIDES open the glass doors. MOVES out into the yard.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bobby CROSSES to his wife. LOOKS at her beautiful face and figure. Gently sits on one edge of her chair. He reaches out and TOUCHES her. She OPENS her eyes. Looks at him. Her face pale. Her eyes puffy from crying.

BOBBY

I know what you're thinking. But I'm not having an affair.

LuAnne SLAPS him. Hard.

LUANNE

I'd call you a dog, but that would be an insult to man's best friend.

She moves to SLAP him again, but he catches her. They begin to TUSSLE. The fight becomes a bizarre wrestling match. Then LuAnne GRABS Bobby's shirtfront with her fist.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
 Fuck me. Right here. Right now.

BOBBY
 Honey... Allie could look out...

LUANNE
 I don't care. Either fuck me this instant or I'm calling Daddy.

Bobby gives her a long LOOK. Then moves to kiss her, but she PUSHES him back, undoes his pants, then straddles him in a way that is savage, quick, and entirely on her terms. LuAnne LEANS close to his face. Her eyes blazing. Breathing hard.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
 I am your wife.

BOBBY
 I know...

LUANNE
 I am the one that loves you.

BOBBY
 I know...

LUANNE
 I am the one that needs you.

BOBBY
 Okay...

LUANNE
 And you promised me, in front of the world, only in death would we part...

As their thrashing bodies FALL off the chair and ROLL onto the deck, a tangle of limbs and sweat and sex. The dog WHIMPERS in fear. Until they finally lay there, sprawled, spent, pulses slowly returning to normal. LuAnne gives him a LOOK.

LUANNE (CONT'D)
 You promised me.

BOBBY
 I did. I promised.

A beat. Bobby hesitates. Not sure how to say this.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 I gotta go. I got a work lunch.

LUANNE
 (her eyes narrow)
 Are you lying to me?

BOBBY
 On my mother's life, LuAnne...

LUANNE
 Cause if you are... you're dead.

Bobby WATCHES his wife. Doesn't doubt it for a second.

ACT TWO

INT. JULIUS JACKSON'S HOUSE - THE SUBURB OF REDLANDS - LATER

As Bobby's corvette PULLS UP before a pleasant split-level on an acre of land. Kid's toys litter the lawn. Julius EXITS the front door carrying two duffle bags. He doesn't see Bobby, but Bobby WATCHES him.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 We sold our first dime bag when
 Julius and I were thirteen. And back
 then the pot scene was almost...
 quaint. Patchouli hippies. Nerds
 trying to look cool. Not a hint of
 violence.

As Bobby watches Julius MOVE around to the side of his house and DISAPPEAR. Bobby SLIDES from his car and follows.

EXT. JULIUS JACKSON'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby passes three young BOYS playing a spirited game of touch football. Bobby HIGH-FIVES the kids, continues toward...

BOBBY (V.O.)
 Fifteen years later, marijuana was
 king, our business was growing, we
 were making money, and from what we
 could see pot was a victimless crime.
 What we didn't see... was what was
 coming.

INT. A CHICKEN COOP - MOMENTS LATER

Where Bobby finds Julius in the back of the little shack. Julius DIGS into a bin of chicken feed. Gives Bobby a LOOK.

JULIUS
 Lock it.

BOBBY
 (locks the door, then)
 Sorry about this morning. You can't
 imagine the clusterfuck...

Julius gives him another LOOK as he tosses him the bag of
 money. Bobby GLANCES inside.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Where's the rest of it?

JULIUS
 Flaco's only paying us half.

BOBBY
 What? That's bullshit. It's his guy
 that screwed up.
 (another look from Julius)
 Okay, I should've been there, but
 what the hell...? For years, Flaco
 sends us on four runs a month, now
 he's cut us back to one, then he
 sends Poodle as our escort, which
 makes no sense at all...

JULIUS
 Something's up. I don't know what,
 but we should make a bank run, get
 this cash someplace safe...

Julius nods as he TOSSES Bobby one of the duffle bags. Bobby
 THROWS the latest payment in the duffle, then digs in beside
 Julius, begins to PULL OUT bundles of cash from beneath the
 grain. They continue this until the bags are stuffed full.

Bobby LOOKS at his bag, something sexy about the neat stacks of
 cash tucked inside the canvas. He rubs his hand over the
 money. Then ZIPS up the bag, hoists it over his shoulder,
 joins Julius as he OPENS the door to the yard. Bobby PAUSES.

BOBBY
 We do have one piece of unfinished
 business.

INT. POODLE PADILLA'S HOUSE - LITTLE HAVANA - DAY

As the Poodle SWIVELS and SPINS across his living room, a huge
 pair of headphones clamped to his ears. He does the swim, the
 batman, the hustle, has no idea Bobby and Julius have APPEARED
 in his doorway. They cross as Bobby YANKS the cord from the
 stereo. The speakers suddenly blast YOU SHOULD BE DANCING.

The startled Poodle can barely react before Bobby and Julius
 grab him and DRAG him into...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where they pull the Poodle toward the oven as he STRUGGLES.

JULIUS
What the hell were you thinking?

BOBBY
A fucking gun? Nobody uses a gun.

Bobby turns the knob on the oven to 'broil.' They CRAM the Poodle's head inside, CLOSE the door as best they can.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Say "I will never use a gun again."

The Poodle KICKS. Now wedged inside. His voice MUFFLED.

POODLE
Fuck your mother.

JULIUS
You could've got us sent up for
years...

BOBBY
You could've got us *killed...*

JULIUS
You stupid Cuban mule...

BOBBY
Say it. *Say it.* No more guns...

They JAM him harder as the Poodle begins to THRASH, the gas overwhelming him. They give one extra SHOVE, then the Poodle TUMBLES to the floor. Gagging. He STANDS. Ready to fight.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Something's going on, we want to know
what it is. Tell us now.

POODLE
(his voice shrill)
What the fuck, what is going on...

JULIUS
The gun... Flaco freaking out and
reducing our deliveries...

POODLE
I don't talk to you about nothing.

BOBBY
 (advances again)
 You will talk, we are family...

POODLE
 You are not family. You will *never*
 be family until you marry my sister.

BOBBY
 Half-sister...

POODLE
 The half that matters, you lying,
 cheating pijo.

Poodle RAISES his fists, ready, as Bobby notices Julius doesn't dispute his character assessment. Julius TURNS to Poodle.

JULIUS
 You use a gun again, we'll shoot you
 ourselves. But we're also here
 because we need to see Orlando.

POODLE
 (stares in disbelief)
 You're asking me for a favor now?

JULIUS
 It's business. You acted like a
 retard yesterday, it screwed us out
 of half our money, and you're lying
 to us now. But Orlando is business,
 and if you can't manage a simple
 business transaction anymore...

POODLE
 Oh, I can do business. Don't you
 worry. I even got deposits of my own
 to make.

A beat, then Poodle KICKS the oven door closed. Finally GRABS Halston and Pierre Cardin shopping bags from under the sink. Bobby and Julius roll their eyes as Poodle SLIPS on his alligator boots and a snakeskin jacket, and suddenly we're...

CLOSE ON - AN AUTOMATIC MONEY COUNTER

As a six-inch stack of hundred dollar bills FLUTTER by in a blur. We PULL BACK to find we're...

INT. NEW REPUBLIC BANK - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

The girl at the counting machine LOOKS UP to see the Poodle STRUT past.

He swaggers like a peacock across the bank floor, swings his designer bags. Bobby and Julius SLINK IN behind him, duffle bags held low, a futile attempt at discretion.

INT. BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

They file into a glass enclosure as Cuban ORLANDO DIAZ closes the door behind them. Orlando, late 30's, conservatively dressed, WATCHES as the Poodle drops his bags on the table and PULLS OUT piles of cash. Bobby and Julius share a LOOK. Surprised at the money. Bobby finally TURNS to Orlando.

BOBBY

Before we jump in, Mr. Diaz, we want to congratulate you. Jimeno told us you were promoted to bank manager.

ORLANDO

Yes. Working my way up the ladder.

POODLE

(in Spanish, subtitled)

Now you are the ladder. The Cubans are the ladder to the future.

BOBBY

I just hope our consistent business played a small part in your success.

They share a LOOK of disbelief as Poodle's pile of cash grows. Orlando GLANCES uneasily through the glass. His VOICE low.

ORLANDO

Deposits have grown under my watch, which reflects well on my record. And our branch. So my bosses have decided not to notice when my old friend arrives with his friends and bags full of unexplained cash.

Poodle now begins to UNLOAD Bobby and Julius' duffle bags. Orlando WATCHES this, then SPEAKS to him in **subtitled Spanish**.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

But I didn't flee that son of a whore in a leaky boat to come here and be a criminal. Neither did you, Jimeno. We didn't sacrifice our homes, families, everything to parade around like pimps. This is not why we spilled our blood on Playa Giron.

BOBBY
 (murmurs to Julius)
 Like the Bay of Pigs was yesterday...

POODLE
 (an odd look)
 You're going to talk to me about
 Playa Giron? Playa Giron was the
 boot of this country up our ass.

Bobby and Julius sense the shift in mood and quickly STAND. With a precision that indicates they've been through this before, Julius starts to return the cash to the bags as Bobby TURNS to Orlando. Smiles to diffuse this sudden animosity.

BOBBY
 The last thing we want is to come
 between two old friends and fellow
 freedom fighters. You know better
 than we do Jimeno spent 18 months in
 a Cuban jail for this country and
 when the CIA got him out, they called
 him a "hostage" not a "soldier."
 Then they fired him.

JULIUS
 And we're the last guys that need to
 remind you the insults our country
 has inflicted on good Cubans in
 Miami, Mr. Diaz. Regardless of how
 they've made a living since coming to
 these often inhospitable shores.

Orlando nods as he watches the cash VANISH before his eyes.

BOBBY
 We also know you value customer
 loyalty, and we did come here today
 to make a substantial deposit. But
 if this puts you in a difficult
 position... please... by all means
 we'll take our money elsewhere.

A long beat. The only SOUND is cash being tucked away in
 canvas. Orlando frowns. Finally TURNS to Poodle.

ORLANDO
 April '61, the Freedom Fighters were
 brothers in arms. October '78, we
 must still remain brothers.

Orlando moves to Poodle. The two EMBRACE. The guys share a
 weary LOOK. Julius begins to unpack the cash all over again.

INT. BOATHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

A small space crammed with supplies as Bobby and Kat GROPE each other hungrily. They kiss. Touch. Lost in each other. The SOUND of a TV drifts from behind the closed door.

KAT

I could leave you, you know. Vanish.
Just like that...

BOBBY

Baby, I'm sorry. It's been crazy...

KAT

Too crazy to call me? To show up for
Flaco? To see if I was okay...?

BOBBY

(kisses her, then)
I gotta ask you something, honey.
Did you send LuAnne some... film? Of
us? Now tell the truth...

KAT

What film? Did she toss you out? Oh
my God, say she tossed you out...

Kat throws her arms around him. Overjoyed. Suddenly, they're pulling at each other's clothes. Clearly mad for each other.

KAT (CONT'D)

Does this mean you'll be in my bed
tonight? And every night, forever..?

BOBBY

Don't I wish.
(off her look)
Tonight is Jojo's birthday.

Kat stares at him then SLUGS him, hard, as a VOICE calls to them from the next room.

JULIUS (O.S.)

Hey, get out here... look at this...

INT. BOATHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Bobby, Kat, and Julius STARE at the TV bolted above the tiny bar. The TV tuned to WPLG, the local news.

ON THE SCREEN

Anchor ANN BISHOP looks into the camera. Beside her is a graphic that reads DRUG BUST.

ANN BISHOP

... over two thousand pounds of marijuana seized in the retirement district of South Beach, as the police continue their crackdown on Miami's growing drug trade.

Cut to FOOTAGE of the RV as a team of cops SWARM around it. The bales LOADED into police wagons.

JULIUS, BOBBY, AND KAT - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

The three high-five. A palpable sense of relief.

BOBBY

Thank you, WPLG...

JULIUS

Asshole Flaco. Guess we didn't rip him off afterall...

As more footage CONTINUES of an evidence room, the bales displayed on the table. Beside the bales are smaller PLASTIC WRAPPED BUNDLES. Kat watches the screen. Holds up a hand.

ANN BISHOP

Authorities further discovered several of the pot bales contained cocaine, twelve kilos in all.

A cop CUTS open a kilo to reveal the snow white powder.

ANN BISHOP (CONT'D)

A less common but much more valuable drug, the cocaine added significantly to the value of the seizure, making this Miami law enforcement's biggest narcotics sweep of the year.

(to weatherman Don Noe)

And that's not the only record... any relief from this heatwave, Don?

As Bobby, Julius, Kat STARE at the TV in total shock.

EXT. JOJO'S HOUSE - DAY

An upscale residential tract as Jojo waits on the sidewalk, her dress too tight. She waves as Bobby's Corvette approaches and a distracted Bobby gets out, walks around, OPENS the door for her. Then he PULLS out a thick envelope tucked in his jeans.

BOBBY

Happy birthday, Mom.

Jojo LOOKS at the envelope. Finally takes it.

INT. BOBBY'S CORVETTE - DAY

They DRIVE across the city. Top down. A sparkling day. Jojo LOOKS at her son. Filled with gratitude. And something else.

JOJO

Dottie's son Jarrett can't afford to buy her anything on her birthday.

BOBBY

I didn't buy you anything. That money goes straight to Manny, this afternoon, before his goons pull your teeth out with pliers.

JOJO

It's not as dramatic as that, sugar.

BOBBY

Really.

JOJO

And I promise... I didn't go near Flagler this morning. Didn't even think about the doggies once.

Bobby shakes his head. He's heard this a million times before. Gives her a withering LOOK.

BOBBY

And when's the next payment due?

JOJO

(shrugs, finally)
I don't know. It's soon. It's... ten.

BOBBY

Ten grand? On top of today?
(off her obvious shame)
Mom... you are killing me with this.
I simply can't afford it anymore.

JOJO

That's why I'm stopping. For good.

Bobby's pager goes off. He CHECKS it as his mother watches.

JOJO (CONT'D)

Thank God Corwin's been so good to you. And that fish pays.

But Bobby is already looking for a spot to pull over.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Jojo sits in the Corvette, WATCHES Bobby as he talks on a pay phone. She SIGHS. Bored.

CLOSE ON - BOBBY

He keeps one eye on his mother, SPEAKS in a low voice.

BOBBY

Tell Flaco tonight. At the Mutiny...

She GLANCES at her watch. Yells toward Bobby in the booth.

JOJO

You can't be late to these things.
It violates a step or something.

INT. MEETING ROOM - GLADES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - DAY

Run-down with scuffed linoleum. A group of about a dozen attendees, mostly men, all hard-bitten, sit in folding chairs in a circle. Jojo chooses her words carefully as she addresses the group. Bobby sits uncomfortably as he LISTENS.

JOJO

It was the present I most wanted from
my boy today.
(squeezes his hand)
For him to come to this meeting.

Jojo takes a beat to gather her thoughts. LOOKS at her watch.

JOJO (CONT'D)

It's been... thirteen hours since I
placed my last bet. Not exactly a
milestone, but... a start. And I
promised my boy... today is the day.
The dog track is now dead to me.
Forever. Cause for all the craziness
it's caused, turned my life into a
real trainwreck at times... the one
who suffered the most was my Bobby.
(glances at him, then)
I guess I bet the dogs because...
it's exciting. Makes me feel alive.
Eases the pain of all the bone-on-
bone years me and Bobby went through.
Remember, baby...?

Bobby STARES at the ground. Clearly spent his whole life trying not to remember.

JOJO (CONT'D)

We moved a lot. We couldn't afford good clothes. We didn't eat at nice places. Sometimes we didn't eat at all. And so those days at the track felt like... magic. Compared to real life. But then I couldn't stop. Even though thanks to my son... who always worked extra jobs to get us through, and now makes a very nice living in the fish business... thanks to him, my life is pretty damn good.

(a deep breath)

So... on my forty-sixth birthday... there, I've said my real age, in a room full of men... I would have to say the only real magic in my life... has been my son.

Jojo again squeezes Bobby's hand. Means every word. Bobby not sure how to respond to his mother's heartfelt confession.

ACT THREE

INT. NICKEL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

LuAnne stretched out asleep. Bobby lies awake beside her. He LEANS over. Double checks to make sure she's out. Then he SLIPS from between the sheets and begins to dress.

EXT. THE MUTINY - NIGHT

One of Miami's new discos, complete with a velvet rope and gigantic doormen. An eclectic mix of young Miamians in rayon and Jersey wrap dresses wait in a line. Poodle sits parked at the curb, behind the wheel of the Eldorado. His expression dark. He nurses a chronic nasal drip. Then he finally SLIPS from the car and heads inside.

INT. THE MUTINY - NIGHT

Where Bobby sits with Kat, Julius and Flaco. The music THUDS. They sip tropical cocktails. A seemingly innocuous night out until we hear their VOICES. Bobby LEANS toward Flaco angrily.

BOBBY

Like we don't have TVs? This is the fucking information age, you prick.

FLACO

(clearly lying)

I was as surprised as you. Really. I didn't know about the coke.

BOBBY
(a look to Julius)
He didn't know.

KAT
(in Spanish)
How long have we been hauling cocaine
for you, Flaco?

FLACO
I can't answer that because...

JULIUS
Don't say it again. You knew. You
just didn't tell us. Cause if you
did tell us, you'd have to pay us for
hauling the coke, which is a helluva
lot more per pound than hauling pot.
Which is a simple math way of saying
you cheated us out of our rightful
wage and now you owe us a lot of
fucking money.

Flaco STARES at them. Finally.

FLACO
This was the first time.

BOBBY
Bullshit.

JULIUS
How many times did we bring in coke?
The last five loads? The last ten?

FLACO
Only this one. I swear.

BOBBY
Did you know the cops have a tip line
now? You can call it, completely
anonymous, report any douchebag...

FLACO
I was going to cut you guys in.

BOBBY
When?

FLACO
Now. After this first test run.

BOBBY
I cannot listen to this.

Bobby STANDS and heads for the men's room. Kat and Julius WATCH him go, turn back to Flaco. Kat speaks **in Spanish**.

KAT

I'm tight with four other pot dealers in Miami who would be more than happy to hire us as their drivers, Flaco. I can call Luis tomorrow. I can call Humberto...

FLACO

Fuck Humberto. You work for me.

KAT

Then tell us how much coke we hauled and pay us for it now.

INT. THE BATHROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Bobby MOVES to the men's room, seething, when the door flies open and Poodle EXITS. The two nearly collide. A LOOK.

BOBBY

And you're hiding in the can? I guess you knew about the coke, too...

POODLE

(grips Bobby's arm)
Forget the coke and get out of here. You don't want to be here now.

BOBBY

What...?

But Poodle doesn't answer. Instead he DRAGS Bobby down the hall, PUSHES him through the swing door and into...

INT. THE MUTINY - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where a chef and his crew are hard at work. Poodle ignores them as he LEANS IN close to Bobby. Wired and edgy.

POODLE

Only because I love my sister do I tell you this. A hit is about to go down. Here. At the Mutiny. So take my sister and get lost.

BOBBY

(stares at him)
A... hit? Like... a 'Godfather' hit?

POODLE

Yes. That kind of hit.

Bobby almost laughs until he realizes Poodle's serious.

BOBBY

What are you talking about...?

POODLE

I shouldn't warn you?

BOBBY

But... a hit? Who...? Why...?

POODLE

Now. It is gonna go down now.

BOBBY

(stares at him, finally)
Jesus Christ... okay. Okay.

Bobby TURNS and quickly exits.

INT. MUTINY - MOMENTS LATER

The music pounds as Bobby enters, CROSSES back to his table. He LEANS down, whispers in Kat's ear. She LOOKS UP. Disbelief on her face. Bobby TURNS to the others.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As the Poodle MOVES to the pantry, closes the door behind him, then pulls a MAC 10 from behind a flour bin. He quickly lays out a line on a cutting board, SNORTS it up easily. Then tucks the gun under his jacket and MOVES out.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

The Poodle EXITS the kitchen through the swing door, the machine gun clutched to his side. He CONTINUES into...

INT. THE MUTINY - CONTINUOUS

Where the Poodle ENTERS the room, ready to pull out his weapon. He STOPS short as he sees Bobby's table is now completely empty. He STARES in disbelief.

EXT. THE MUTINY - MOMENTS LATER

As a taxi drives LOADS Flaco into the back of his cab, SHOVES his wheelchair in behind him, as Bobby, Kat, and Julius quickly make their way down the sidewalk. Then the club door opens and Poodle HURRIES out. He spies them. Doesn't notice the taxi as it PULLS AWAY. Instead hustles after them.

POODLE

Jesus Christ. Bobby... where is he?

The three TURN. Take in the Poodle's obvious agitation.

BOBBY

Where's... who? Flaco?

Poodle SEES the taxi turn the corner and realizes what's happened. Just as Bobby, Julius, and Kat notice the gun tucked under Poodle's jacket. A stunned beat.

KAT

(in Spanish)

My God... Jimeno...?

As the Poodle KICKS a lamppost like a toddler, an explosion of frustration and adrenaline. Julius ADVANCES slowly.

JULIUS

Are you insane? We already talked to you about guns. We couldn't have been more clear...

POODLE

This has nothing to do with you. Or weed. Or anything that is any of your business.

(one last kick)

This was my gig, that I got by myself, and now you have fucked me up. Really you have.

The Poodle crosses to the curb and SITS. Slumped. The three WATCH as if he's completely lost his mind. He TURNS to Bobby.

POODLE (CONT'D)

You have to help make this right.

BOBBY

Right with... who?

But the Poodle doesn't answer. MUMBLES to himself. Kat CROSSES and sits beside him. Again **in Spanish**.

KAT

Jimeno... please. You are acting like a crazy man. You must tell me what is going on.

Poodle STARES at his sister. Finally SIGHS.

INT. POODLE PADILLA'S HOUSE - LITTLA HAVANA - NIGHT

As Bobby, Kat, Julius, and Poodle STAND before an open closet. Twelve kilos of coke sit stacked neatly on the shelves. A long beat as the three take this in. Finally.

KAT

Who's Flaco moving the coke for?

POODLE

Some very big bosses in Colombia. They sent some family here to watch the kilos, keep them safe. And my house is now the stash house.

BOBBY

And the Colombian guy that's here wants Flaco dead?

POODLE

(nods)

You gotta explain it was you who screwed up, not me.

BOBBY

I'm not explaining anything till I know who he is.

POODLE

And I'm not saying who it is until you explain.

A beat. The three continue to STARE at the stash as Kat WATCHES Poodle. His recent erratic behavior suddenly clear.

KAT

And how much of this has gone up your own nose?

Poodle shrugs. Then GRABS a kilo, slides a small straw into the plastic wrap, takes a generous INHALE. He waits for the drug to click in. Which doesn't take long. He LOOKS at them with a smile. A resigned SHRUG.

POODLE

What the hell. I'm a dead man anyway. Let's have some fun.

EXT. POODLE'S HOUSE - LATER

The backyard crammed with people as we recognize it as the same yard from the home movie. Lots of booze, drugs, an intoxicating mix of brown and white skin. Joe Walsh's ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY blasts from gigantic speakers as Julius helps himself to the keg. Bobby and Kat attempt a game of ping pong. The Poodle LAYS OUT LINES on the ping pong table.

KAT.

Hermanote... we're trying to play...

POODLE

I am telling you. This is the shit.

JULIUS

(with a look)

It's done wonders for you lately.

POODLE

It's making me in a generous mood.

Poodle HOLDS OUT the straw. Julius gives Bobby a LOOK.

JULIUS

Ignore the Cuban bearing gifts.

BOBBY

No, I think the Cuban needs to see how a responsible adult handles this. Coke's not a big deal. Doctors still use it as an anesthetic, right?

Julius rolls his eyes, as Bobby slowly CROSSES to the Poodle anyway. Takes the straw. Kat and Julius WATCH as Bobby leans down and snorts a line. He LOOKS UP. Smiles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

See? No guns. No dead Cubans.

The Poodle LAUGHS as Bobby holds out the straw to Kat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Give it a whirl, baby.

Kat CROSSES tentatively, takes the straw from Bobby. She bends down and INHALES a line. Looks up. Also smiles.

POODLE

Now we have a party. We need more.

The Poodle MOVES off as Bobby takes Kat in his arms, TWIRLS her around the patio. Kat LAUGHS as the drugs and the music begin to BLUR into a happy delirium. The Poodle reappears and starts to DUMP another kilo of coke on the ping pong table. Julius shakes his head. Bobby CALLS OUT out as they dance.

BOBBY

Your guy's not gonna like that.

POODLE

Fuck my guy. I'm entertaining.

In a delicious moment of abandon, Poodle spreads the coke all over the table as Bobby SPINS Kat back that direction. He LIFTS her up onto the table. Then climbs up beside her.

They LAUGH as they take little tastes of the drug. Then taste each other. Everything thrilling and magical about coke coming together as they ROLL around like Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr, blissfully covered in thousands of dollars of pure cocaine. They LOOK at each other. Genuinely in love.

BOBBY

Let's get outta here.

Kat SMILES.

ACT FOUR

INT. NICKEL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Bobby again SPRAWLED on his bed as he slowly OPENS his eyes. Head pounding. Vision blurred. Half-conscious and hung-over, he SEES what appears to be an Indian standing beside his bed.

Stone-faced and wearing ceremonial feathers, the Indian STARES at him with a look of recrimination. Maybe even a threat. Bobby SITS up, unnerved and disoriented. Slowly realizes the Indian is Allie, wearing her new headdress.

ALLIE MAE

My play is today. Did you remember?

BOBBY

Yeah. Where's your mother?

ALLIE MAE

The blind Siamese pooped on my duvet. Mommy's making Timara wash it.

Bobby NODS. Slowly gets out of bed to face another day.

ALLIE MAE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Grandpa called. Said to wear your pressed shirt today.

INT. THE MIAMI CLUB - DAY

Beautifully appointed with an exquisite view of the water. Corwin escorts Bobby around the room like arm-candy, introducing him to the white power elite of Miami. Bobby smiles. Shakes hands. Rubs elbows. Dutifully makes the rounds with his implacable father-in-law.

INT. THE MIAMI CLUB - LATER

Bobby stands with TONY BELASCO, president of Princess Cruises, as Belasco LEANS IN close, well into his third cocktail.

BELASCO

People say the Non-Group is like the mob. Maybe we are. Only without the pasta. And the wives with mustaches.

Belasco LAUGHS. Bobby tries to as well. Belasco squeezes Bobby's shoulder forcefully.

BELASCO (CONT'D)

It's good to have fresh blood here.

BOBBY

It's an honor to be here.

BELASCO

Corwin has very high hopes for you, you know.

BOBBY

I hope I don't disappoint.

BELASCO

(quietly)

And you've bet on the right horse with Corwin. He'll survive this crap recession, despite his lousy investments, and that jagoff with the patent on the electric reel...

BOBBY

Hard to top electricity.

BELASCO

I'll tell you what tops it. Do you know what the key to Miami is?

(a loaded moment)

Water.

BOBBY

(finally)

Water.

BELASCO

It's why I had my limited partnership buy a cruise line. Why my lawyers are fighting to enlarge the port. Why they'll work day and night to ram this expansion past City Hall, past the environmentalists, those manatee hugging sons-of bitches that yap like women about eco-friendly whatever-the-fuck being the way of the future.

BOBBY

Your lawyers sound busy.

BELASCO

Son, have you seen my handicap? I'm
the busy one.

Belasco laughs as he SLAPS Bobby on the back. Bobby manages a smile. Glances across the room to see Corwin. Corwin RAISES his glass. Bobby raises his glass in return as...

CLOSE ON - CORWIN

He WATCHES his son-in-law. Then turns back to EVERETT FREED, a twenty-year friend and colleague.

FREED

It might take another world war to
bring this city back from the dead.

CORWIN

It's going to take something.
(then)
But let me ask you, Everett.
Remember that PI you used to tail
Becky? You still have his name?

FREED

Cookie's turned out to be a slut like
every other woman?

CORWIN

Not that. I'm asking cause of Bobby.

FREED

The boy's into something weird?

CORWIN

(as he watches Bobby)
He's cheating on my daughter, so I
may have to kill him. But it's the
money I can't figure out. His
mother's a pathological spender and
he covers her debts. We bought him
and LuAnne the house, but he picks up
private school tuition for Allie.
Now I know what I pay the boy...

FREED

He's playing the market?

CORWIN

What market?

FREED

Good point. Maybe he's not a good candidate for us after all.

CORWIN

No. He'll be fine. And he's the closest I have to a son, so I want him around. But we were vetted before we joined. Why not look in his underwear drawer a little?

FREED

I'll call you with the guy's name.

Corwin NODS his thanks. Then TURNS to the room. Addresses the group in his commanding VOICE.

CORWIN

Alright, Gentlemen. If we could all gather for a minute...

The men MOVE toward Corwin. Corwin GESTURES Bobby to stand beside him. Drapes his arm on his shoulder.

CORWIN (CONT'D)

I'm sure you already know why I hosted this gathering today... I wanted you all to finally meet my son-in-law, Robert Nickel. Everyone that knows him calls him 'Bobby.' So now he's both Bobby to all of you and... with your blessing... our newest candidate for membership.

The men APPLAUD. A few wolf-whistles. Belasco CALLS OUT.

BELASCO

You get in with a hundred-percent vote, son, so start kissing ass.

The group LAUGHS. Bobby takes in the bonhomie. Corwin smiles. GESTURES for Bobby to speak. He STARES at the room of white, middle-aged faces completely unaware of the cultural earthquake headed their way. Bobby takes a deep breath.

BOBBY

Thank you. You... well, you have no idea what this means to me.

EXT. NICKEL HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

As Bobby's Corvette pulls into the drive. The automatic door RAISES. The Corvette ROLLS into the garage. Fits in snugly beside LuAnne's cherry red Mercedes 450 SL.

INT. CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

As Bobby SITS in his car. Windows up. Air conditioning blasting. The car idles as he LOOKS through the windshield to the large sliding glass doors that lead into the backyard. The doors at the moment wide open. Only the screens mar the perfect view of his lovely garden.

Then Bobby slowly takes his foot off the brake and the Corvette starts to ROLL. It CRUNCHES over some gardening tools, MOVES through the screens which pop off with a SNAP. The Corvette CONTINUES over the patio, picks up a lawn chair or two, as Bobby lets the Corvette roll RIGHT INTO THE POOL.

The Corvette SCRAPES over the edge and into the deep end. It begins to sink. Bobby's expression is oddly blank as the water quickly slides up past the glass. The car CONTINUES to dive as water SEEPS in around the edges. It POURS IN through the air vents. Bobby PUSHES down his automatic window as the water instantly FLOODS in like a tidal wave.

Bobby sits in the driver's seat, submerged within seconds, as this begins to look like the world's most bizarre suicide attempt. He STARES out at this blurry world, waits until his lungs are close to bursting, then OPENS the door and SWIMS toward the surface.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

As Bobby POPS up. Takes in big, heaving GASPS of air. A long beat as he treads water. Then slowly makes his way to the pool's edge. He PULLS himself out. Lies on the patio. His breathing RAGGED. His car ruined. He looks up into the blazing sun. Doesn't move for a long time.

ACT FIVE

EXT. POODLE PADILLA'S HOUSE - LATER

Julius PACES on the front walkway as Bobby pulls up in the red Mercedes. He gets out. His hair still wet. Julius WATCHES Bobby as he slowly approaches.

JULIUS

LuAnne's car?

BOBBY

Mine's getting washed.

JULIUS

(a beat, then)

I don't think you should go.

BOBBY

You said it yourself. Something's up. And whatever it is, its already affecting our business.

(beat, then)

You don't have to come. I'm the one getting my hand slapped.

JULIUS

I'm serious. You shouldn't go. But you really shouldn't go alone.

As the front door OPENS and the Poodle steps out. Nervous and impatient. He BLOWS past them as he heads for the car.

POODLE

We're late.

EXT. MARIA ZORILLO'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest backyard with a large inflatable pool. Beside the pool sits a pretty Colombian, MARIA ZORILLA, 29, stretched out on a lounge chair to sunbathe.

A chubby Colombian, MANUAL, patches a leak in the pool with industrial tape. The sliding glass doors on the patio reveal a GLIMPSE into the living room. Two young Colombian women sit in front of the TV, glued to a re-run of the Brady Bunch.

Bobby, Julius, and the Poodle EMERGE from around the side of the house, escorted by another friendly-looking Colombian, OSCAR. Poodle bounces nervously over to Maria, GESTURES Bobby and Julius to come with him. The three stand over her as she soaks in the sun. Her skin glistening.

POODLE

(in Spanish)

Maria, I've brought him.

Maria opens her eyes, sits up, LOOKS at these three with a calm, intelligent gaze. She smiles. Addresses them in heavily accented but surprisingly good English.

MARIA

Thank you for coming.

(holds out her hand)

Maria Zorilla.

BOBBY

(shakes)

Bobby Nickel. Julius Jackson.

MARIA

Another day in paradise, no? I have been here two months and still cannot get used to the beauty.

She smiles again, grabs a bottle of baby oil, begins to apply it generously to her lovely limbs.

MARIA (CONT'D)

It is magic for the skin.

The guys just LOOK at her. Not sure what to say to this.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Oscar, take Jimeno and Julius to the bar. They need a drink.

Oscar GESTURES the Poodle and Julius toward the house. Julius hesitates, but Bobby gives him a NOD. The three move off as Maria gives Bobby a long appraising GLANCE.

BOBBY

To be honest, I'm not sure who I'm here to see...

MARIA

Me. That was my hit you ruined at the club last night.

Bobby STARES at her. Can't believe this is possible.

BOBBY

Why would a pretty Cuban girl want to kill a crippled pot dealer?

MARIA

I am Colombian.

BOBBY

Sorry. You sound like one of those well-educated Cubans.

MARIA

I had a Catholic school education back home. I also speak French. But I am not a fan of Cubans, despite their usefulness at the moment.

BOBBY

(nods, a beat)

You still didn't answer my question.

MARIA

Flaco is rude to women. And he is bad at his job.

(beat, sighs)

But I forgive you. I don't know your country well. I will assume there was nothing personal in it.

BOBBY

I made a mistake. Although if I had known, as much as I hate Flaco, I still would've done the same thing. I'm not sure how it is in Colombia, but here... we don't kill people in clubs. We don't kill people, period.

Maria NODS. Then hands him the baby oil. She undoes her bikini top, turns over onto her stomach.

MARIA

Can you do my back, please?

Bobby hesitates, thrown by this, finally crosses to the chair. He SITS on the edge, begins to apply baby oil to Maria's back. Both confused and oddly aroused by this strange woman.

Manuel finishes taping the pool, then CONTINUES to the back of the house for more chores, this time loading Hefty bags with trash. Maria GESTURES toward the house with a smile. Poodle and Julius now stand with the girls as they watch TV.

MARIA (CONT'D)

It is our favorite episode of the Brady Bunch. When Jan runs for Most Popular Girl in school.

BOBBY

I don't think you asked me here to discuss the Brady Bunch.

MARIA

It is the best thing about America.

BOBBY

And I'm not sure I understand what your people back in Colombia are doing. With the coke, I mean. The Miami Dolphins like a little before games. Rock stars are into it. But I know the Miami drug market, and the demand for coke is minimal.

MARIA

(turns to him)

My people back in Colombia are my family. My family that has been producing cocaine for many years. And you're right, the market is small, world-wide. But my uncles... they believe it can be big. And they believe it can be biggest here. In America. So they have sent me to look after these first loads. But I am also seeing what might be possible for me. On my own.

BOBBY

(considers her)

You want to be your own boss.

MARIA

(beat, shrugs)

It's not always so easy working for family.

BOBBY

I've noticed that.

A nice moment between them. Bobby gives her a smile.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Tell your uncles they would need to have the right infrastructure to support something like that.

MARIA

(watches him)

Jimeno said you were very smart.

BOBBY

And speaking of the Poodle... if you are going to kill someone, asking the Poodle to do it...? You might as well ask Bobby Brady.

MARIA

He was not available.

Bobby smiles again. Beginning to really like her. Maria CALLS OUT **in Spanish**.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Manny, honey... come here a minute.

Manny lumbers over, still holding the cable zip ties for the trash.

Maria puts her bikini top back on and STANDS beside Manny. She lifts his shirt to reveal a gun tucked in his waistband. Bobby's smile instantly fades as Maria SLIDES the gun from Manny's pants. TOSSES it on her chair.

MARIA (CONT'D)

That situation at the club was very frustrating to me. First of all, I told Jimeno that after the bloodshed of La Violencia in my country, we don't walk into a public place with a gun anymore. If we have a problem, we take the person someplace quiet...

(gestures)

A nice yard maybe... we make them comfortable...

Maria PLOPS Manny down on her chair. She takes one of his zip-ties, quickly immobilizes his hands behind his back. Bobby gives Manny a LOOK, but Manny just shrugs. Apparently used to Maria's antics. She reaches over. GRABS the duct tape.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Then we make them quiet...

Maria rips off a piece of the duct tape. Places it over Manny's mouth.

MARIA (CONT'D)

... and then we explain the problem. If maybe... they made a mistake.

Maria rips off another piece of duct tape. Places it over Manny's nose. Now Manny can't breathe. He gives Maria a LOOK. But Maria only has eyes for Bobby.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I had to explain this to Jimeno.

Manny STANDS, looks imploringly to Maria. But she STEPS past him, SITS back on her chair, places the gun in her lap. Manny starts to stumble around, increasingly desperate for air.

BOBBY

Take the tape off. You made your point.

(off her look)

Fine. I'll do it.

Bobby STANDS but Maria's voice stops him.

MARIA

If you touch him, I will shoot you. Then I will shoot your friend.

Bobby hesitates. He LOOKS toward the living room. Julius and the Poodle having a pleasant time with the girls.

He slowly TURNS back to Manny, now frantic for air. A ghastly sight as Manny starts to THRASH around, falls, stands up, falls again. Maria WATCHES without a trace of emotion as Manny finally CAREENS into the kiddie pool. Falls face down. He FLOPS violently in the shallow water like a fish on a hook. After what seems like an eternity, he finally STOPS.

Bobby stands there in shock, can barely take in what just happened, as Maria TURNS to him calmly.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I want to bring you into our business. You will do with cocaine what you have done with marijuana. Provide transportation, of course. But as you say, you can help us build an infrastructure. In return, you will become a very rich man. And to show you I'm sincere in my offer, I will pay you for the twelve kilos you already delivered.

Bobby LOOKS to the living room, suddenly gripped with panic that Julius will be killed. Maria WATCHES him.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Your friend is safe.
(calls out)
Oscar... we are done.

A beat, then Julius, Poodle, and Oscar MOVE back outside. Julius gets a few steps when he notices Manny floating lifeless in the kiddie pool. He TURNS to Bobby. Sees the LOOK on his face. Maria smiles at Bobby as she hands him an envelope.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We will talk again.

EXT. MARIA ZORILLO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Bobby and Julius HURRY from around the side of the house, the Poodle close on their heels.

POODLE

I didn't know... I swear.. I don't even know who that guy was...

Julius turns and PUNCHES the Poodle in the face. He STAGGERS back as Bobby quickly SLIDES behind the wheel of the Mercedes. Julius JUMPS in the passenger side. Bobby TURNS the ignition.

POODLE (CONT'D)

But... I need a ride...

As Bobby peels out, leaves Poodle sprawled on the driveway.

EXT. MCARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

Bobby BARRELS down the road. Heart racing. Nerves shredded. He nearly VEERS into oncoming traffic.

JULIUS

Pull over. I'm driving.

EXT. WATSON ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes now stopped on a small island road. The skyline of downtown Miami shimmers behind them. Bobby PACES in the crab grass, the envelope still in his hand. Julius LEANS on the car. Both their heads spinning. Julius finally speaks.

JULIUS

I've been thinking about this awhile, but after today... I'm done. I want out. Out of drugs, out of all of it. And you should get out, too.

(off Bobby's face)

You've got your job with Corwin. I can go back to construction...

BOBBY

In a recession? You couldn't get a job building a dog house. My salary at Corwin's has been frozen at twenty grand a year for two years because "we all have to make sacrifices."

JULIUS

There's no shame in sacrifices.

BOBBY

For fishing? For Corwin? For the Non-Group, with their lawyers and their back-nines, fossilized old goats that hate anybody that isn't white and glued to a fucking club chair? Julius, all that is the past.

JULIUS

And that psychotic Colombian is the future?

BOBBY

No. But we gotta think smart. If we're going to be something in this world, it won't be by selling reels and pounding nails.

JULIUS

You want to be something. I just want to put braces on my kids teeth.

BOBBY

I want that, too.

JULIUS

Bullshit. You wouldn't be with Kat if that's all you wanted.

A beat. Bobby wrestling with a million emotions. Finally.

BOBBY

I wake up in the middle of the night, my heart is pounding, I'm drenched in sweat, because... I think maybe... I made a mistake.

(off Julius' look)

Not with Allie. Allie is the best thing in the world. But this life with Corwin and LuAnne and long-lines and gimped-out dogs... I've got obligations. And I want to do the right thing. I really do. But I also don't want to feel... dead.

(off Julius' silence)

Jules, we're twenty-eight years old. Do you know what J.P Morgan was doing when he was twenty-eight?

JULIUS

I'm sorry...?

BOBBY

He was working in a bank. So he could give himself cheap loans, so he could buy railroads, to make money to buy steel companies, using the steel to expand the railroads, so that before anyone could fucking blink, he controlled his business from the spikes in the track ties to the china in the dining car.

JULIUS

You were awake during Mr. Dreifort's history class. I wasn't.

BOBBY

Jules, we move pot better than anyone in this city. But we don't own it. We *have to* own it. From the moment it leaves Colombia to Little Julio buying dime bags in Lummus Park. *That* is where the money is and *that* is where we need to be.

JULIUS

That's not getting out of the drug business.

BOBBY

We knew this years ago when we ripped off Joey Carnivale's pot and set up shop for ourselves. Then we forgot, and started acting like Teamsters, hauling cabbage from A to B.

(building steam)

We don't need Flaco, Luis, Humberto, or any distributor. Especially that Colombian psycho with her designer drug bullshit only four people in Miami can afford. The sun will rise in the West when people stop smoking weed. Pot is our business. We just need to start acting like it is.

JULIUS

(a long beat)

Your idea of thinking smart... is to dump Flaco, set up our own distribution chain, give this money back to that freak...

BOBBY

And become our own men.

JULIUS

And we walk away from *all of it* before we ever get near anything as fucked up as what we just saw today.

BOBBY

God yes. I promise.

JULIUS

(finally)

Jesus. You're a dreamer, Bobby. You always have been. I wish I could hate you for it.

BOBBY
 (watches his friend)
 So you'll sleep on it?

A long LOOK between them. Julius NODS. Then they slowly get back in the car. Pull out onto the highway. As they drive off, a white sedan is revealed, parked a hundred yards back on the causeway. A plain-looking man in his 50's behind the wheel. The man WATCHES them until they disappear.

EXT. AN ABANDONED PIER - DAY

A rickety wooden structure hidden deep in a swamp. Kat SITS on the end of the pier. Lost in thought. She's finally joined by RORY, a bearded man in his 30's. A beat as they STARE at the water. Kat hands him a thin manila package. Rory takes it. Gives her a LOOK.

RORY
 You look like tired.

KAT
 This is a beauty contest now?

RORY
 (shrugs, then)
 Did you get...

KAT
 It's all there.

RORY
 (a long beat, finally)
 Anything else you want to tell me?

KAT
 (considers this, finally)
 That girl, from years back, the girl
 you had the affair with...

RORY
 (a long look)
 Okay...

KAT
 What happened with that?

RORY
 (watches her, then)
 I loved her to death. But at the end
 of the day, my wife is a good woman.
 And she didn't deserve that grief.
 (off Kat's face)
 (MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

Doesn't mean I don't think about her every day. Still.

KAT

I'm sure that's a big consolation to her.

Kat stands. Gives Rory a LOOK.

KAT (CONT'D)

Next time I'll bring a razor. You look like a hippie.

Kat TURNS, makes her way along the pier. Doesn't look back.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Bobby, LuAnne, Jojo, and Corwin sit on folding metal chairs as they WATCH the Indian play. Allie, as NARRATOR, is downstage right. Downstage left, a young brave in war paint slowly BEATS on his drum. A dozen Indians fill the stage.

ALLIE MAE

The Seminoles soon called themselves the "wild people" because they were wild. And fierce. And they fought off the US Army with only 300 braves against 1000 soldiers. But then disease and industrialization did what the Army could not, and the Seminoles were forced to scatter.

A boy dressed as the CHIEF walks downstage. He FACES the audience. Lets them take in his sober but determined countenance. He INTONES ominously.

CHIEF

We will be back. We will be back.
The wild people... will be back.

The drum stops with a fateful THUMP. A beat of SILENCE. Then some parent has the good sense to CLAP, the play apparently over. The rest of the audience joins in. Bobby WATCHES his daughter, transfixed by the words, as Allie SMILES happily.

EXT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Allie stands in the crowd, proudly accepts her family's congratulations, as Bobby sweeps her up in a bear hug. LOOKS his daughter in the eye.

BOBBY

You gave me chills. I mean it.

ALLIE MAE

Thanks, Daddy.

LUANNE

It was great, honey. Although I don't know why they teach the Indians in school when there's so much history about real Americans.

JOJO

I thought it was first rate. And I know something about history.

Bobby's pager BUZZES. He checks it. Corwin WATCHES this.

CORWIN

What do you think, Bobby... we take these girls to dinner?

BOBBY

Sure. I'll meet you by the cars.

Bobby gives Allie one last hug, then MOVES off. Corwin WATCHES Bobby, then catches up with the women as they walk toward the parking lot. LuAnne talks with Jojo.

LUANNE

... right into the pool.

JOJO

What? How does that even happen?

LUANNE

Somehow the car slipped out of park and just rolled across the yard...

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

As Bobby ENTERS and closes the door behind him. He DROPS in a quarter. Dials. We hear Julius' VOICE on the other end.

JULIUS (O.S.)

We can't give the money back.

INT. MARIA ZORILLO'S HOUSE - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Julius STANDS at the bare counter, talks on the kitchen phone, the only thing left in the completely CLEANED-OUT house.

JULIUS

She's gone. Like... into thin air.

A beat, as Julius LOOKS down at the envelope in his hand. Now OPENED. An odd LOOK on his face.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

All that's left... is the forty-two grand in the envelope.

BOBBY

What? For twelve kilos of coke?

JULIUS

Looks like. Going rate for hauling coke must be thirty-five hundred per.

A very long beat. Bobby's head instantly whirring. He PULLS a pen from his back pocket. Begins to SCRIBBLE on his hand.

BOBBY

Christ. At two pounds per kilo...

JULIUS

(already done the math)
Two-point-two...

BOBBY

Two-point-two pounds per kilo and on a regular run, we'd move five thousand pounds of product, which for pot grosses us two-hundred fifty grand...

(more scribbling)

If we made that same run with coke...

JULIUS

Seven-point-nine million dollars.

Bobby finishes scribbling. STARES at his hand.

BOBBY

Seven-point-nine million dollars.

(another long beat)

Except we're not in the hauling business anymore. Time to sit at the big kid's table. Right?

JULIUS

(beat, finally nods)

Right. Her offer was bullshit anyway. I mean... in what universe can someone move five thousand pounds of coke?

They both smile. Good riddance to the Colombian. The way ahead clear.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

So who's gonna tell Flaco he needs
new transpo?

BOBBY

Let him find out when we're hiring
our own.

Julius smiles and hangs up. A beat as Bobby stands there,
STARES at the numbers scribbled across his hand. Then he RIPS
a page from the phone book, uses it to wipe his hand clean. He
watches the numbers DISAPPEAR. Finally EXITS the booth.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Rule number one in drugs - Money is
everything.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

As Bobby APPROACHES his family, waiting for him in the parking
lot.

BOBBY

We ready?

Everyone NODS, begins to get into the cars. Bobby gives Corwin
a LOOK.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Dinner is on me tonight.

Corwin watches him. Then NODS. Gets into his car. Bobby
GLANCES at the Miami skyline. LuAnne gives him a LOOK.

LUANNE

Why are you smiling?

BOBBY

I'm not smiling.

But he realizes he is. LuAnne gets in the car as Bobby SLIDES
behind the wheel, SHUTS the door behind him, as we...

FADE TO BLACK