

VENGANZA

Written by

Carlton Holder

AGENT

Madeleine Cotter
WGM Atlantic Group
Tel: +44(0)161-850-1095

MANAGER

Tarik Heitmann
Heitmann Entertainment
Tel: 310-699-0520

FADE IN:

HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

LEGEND:

NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO

SOBBING PRAYERS pierce the night.

A beat-up van BURNS INTO FOCUS as it stops on the overpass under a street lamp.

A MEXICAN MAN is hustled out of it, his hands bound behind him. He drops to his knees. The Man bears signs of extreme torture, fingers dripping blood where his nails have been pulled out.

SEVERAL MEN stand around him. We only see their lower halves... jeans, boots, belt buckles, cigarette smoke swirling. The Man, only half alive now, looks up at his captors. A noose is placed around his neck.

We see the rest as

OPENING CREDITS PLAY

The Man is tossed off the overpass. His body sails down towards CAMERA, then is jerked back violently. It swings back and forth as...

more Men with nooses sail over the side of the bridge, one after another.

Six swinging corpses in total.

Some sway. Others turn slowly.

BLACK SCREEN

FLASHING NEON LIGHTS - like a store sign - REVEALS THE TITLE:

VENGANZA

The letters FLICKER, HUM, then BURN OUT.

Lively TEJANO MUSIC plays over OPENING CREDITS, a cross between Mariachi and Polka.

FADE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

LEGEND:

BENSONHURST, BROOKLYN

A single light source illuminates the following.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

of what looks like a dried lake bed in the middle of the desert, brown with cracks running across its surface.

OLD WOMAN (O.S)
Ramos... will you never learn?

PULL OUT

It's actually an Old Mexican Woman's sun-weathered face, the cracks merely age lines. She's in her mid nineties, eye brows and hair a stark white, lips worn and cracked, teeth uneven rows.

OLD WOMAN
They'll never fully accept you.

There are pauses between her words as she organizes her thoughts, summons up the power and will to speak. Still, the words are measured, wisdom in them.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Take comfort in knowing... it's not
your fault...

The Old Woman pauses.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
My throat, it's dry.

We hear the sound of someone OFF SCREEN pouring water. A hand reaches into FRAME and hands the Old Woman a glass.

RAMOS (O.S.)
Here you go, abuela.

OLD WOMAN
Gracias, mijo.

The Old Woman drinks, clears her throat, reclaims her train of thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

They keep you at arm's reach. You're their errand boy, their bag man. Who knows what else they have you do for them? You're only half Italian.

(pause)

And they will never forgive you that.

RAMOS FERRARI - (40s) rugged, smarmy, brown, wavy hair - sits across from the Old Woman, wearing a bowling shirt and slacks He takes her hand and kisses it tenderly... gently.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Your Latino blood is your virtue.
Your Mexican heritage your true north, your home.

Ramos listens as the Old Woman makes her final pronouncement.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

In the end, they will betray you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see now the Old Woman is in a wheelchair.

In Ramos's eyes, we can tell he doesn't believe the truth of the Old Woman's words, even though he respects and loves her... knows she is speaking from the heart.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

When's the last time you talked to your mother?

Ramos averts his eyes, lies.

RAMOS

I'll call her.

OLD WOMAN

You better. Broke her heart when you chose your bum of a father, may he rest in peace, over *tu madre*.

Ramos sighs, a familiar conversation.

RAMOS

(quietly)

I didn't choose.

He signals to someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD WOMAN
That's not how she sees it.

A Member of the rest home staff comes in and wheels the Old Woman out as she sings a sad Mexican song.

It's words drift back hauntingly to Ramos.

Ramos stands to leave. Something catches his eye, a TV in the corner with the sound turned down.

ONSCREEN

We see the six swinging corpses.

ACROSS THE SCREEN:

"Cartel violence escalates across the border in Nuevo, Laredo."

INT. ROW HOME APARTMENT - DAY

The place is modest, well kept, but impersonal. Nothing old, but nothing new either.

Ramos enters wearing a jogging suit, mail in hand. He grabs a beer out the frig, navigates the room, collapses in his favorite easy chair and goes through the mail.

Bills and junk mail.

Ramos looks weary, unhappy, restless. His face says it all:

This isn't the life he planned.

A woman's VOICE calls from the bedroom.

SVETA (O.S.)
Ferrari, dat you?

RAMOS
Yeah, baby.

SVETA - (40) a Russian woman who in her 20s could have been a supermodel, but now in her 40s is looking at the wrong side of middle age -- enters wearing a robe.

She's still stunning though.

Sveta looks like she just woke up.

RAMOS (cont'd)
You were sleeping?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVETA
(slight Russian
accent)

Yeah?

Sveta stands by the couch, somewhat defensive.

RAMOS
So, how many pills you had today?

Her hands unconsciously move to her hips.

SVETA
You know, just a few. The pain...

Ramos nods sympathetically, tries to sound sensitive.

RAMOS
Doctor says pain should've been gone
months ago.

Her voice rises a notch.

SVETA
Now you believe the doctor over me?

Ramos isn't looking for the fight he already sees brewing.

RAMOS
Jus' saying dat's what the doctor
said.

SVETA
Yeah, well... fuck the doctor!

Ramos smiles at Sveta, trying to diffuse the situation.

RAMOS
I'm not tryin' to start a fight or
nuthin, honey.

SVETA
Yeah, then why'd you bring it up,
huh?

A SIGH.

RAMOS
I'm worried, is all.

Sveta plops down on the couch, looking at her nails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SVETA

Maybe if you were so worried, you wouldn't let me work as a hostess in a cheap second rate club.

RAMOS

I make decent money...

SVETA

Not enough! Chump change. Carmine throws you his scraps. I dunno why you can't see dat.

RAMOS

Why you gotta say dat? Carmine's awright, been good to me.

SVETA

Wake the fuck up? Scraps they throw ya.

Ramos's blood rises.

RAMOS

I make good money. You jus'...

Ramos catches himself. He knows that's exactly what Sveta wants-- for him to lose his temper.

SVETA

I jus' what? You gonna say I spend all your money? Look around you. On what? ON WHAT? Dis second hand crap?

Now Ramos does lose his temper.

RAMOS

Pills, booze, your clothes. The only things you care 'bout.

SVETA

Oh fuck you, man! FUCK YOU! Dis is some life!

Sveta lights a cigarette with a lighter, her hand shaking. She blows the smoke in Ramos's direction.

RAMOS

Sveta, you know the smoke bothers my lungs.

Sveta LAUGHS, blows more smoke his way, wafts it with her other hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAMOS (cont'd)

Come on...

SVETA

I hafta smell it eight hours a day in their shitty speakeasy of a grease-ball back alley club. Why shouldn't you? It ain't even a decent joint. They all speak Italian, can't understand a fucking word dem *Guineas* is saying.

RAMOS

If you're unhappy, quit.

This infuriates Sveta even more. She jumps up.

SVETA

Oh, you'd like that, huh? So, what, I'd be dependent on you?

RAMOS

You already are. I pay all the bills.

SVETA

Ohh fuck you!

Sveta throws an ashtray across the room. It shatters as it bounces off the wall behind Ramos.

SVETA (cont'd)

You paid for dat?

He jumps up.

RAMOS

Sveta, stop!

SVETA

Whadda 'bout dis, you paid for dis?

Sveta begins to throw more things, breaking things all over the apartment, half aiming at Ramos.

RAMOS

Stop!

Ramos crosses to the Woman and grabs her arms.

SVETA

Get off me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RAMOS

You want somebody should call the cops? 'Cause dat's the last thing we need here.

SVETA

FUCK YOU!

Sveta tries to scratch Ramos, struggles with him. He pushes her down onto the couch and puts his weight on top of her. Sveta SLAPS Ramos hard. He takes it and... SLAPS Sveta back. They're both breathing hard, looking into each others eyes.

A BEAT, then...

SVETA (cont'd)

Fuck me...

Ramos starts to kiss her passionately, roughly. He rips off her robe, then his shirt.

We see their clothes fall to the floor as they make love on the couch.

SVETA (cont'd)

FUCK ME!

The sex is violent, lustful, lonely and... loveless.

INT. ROW HOME APARTMENT - LATER

Sveta, naked, is passed out on the couch.

Ramos sits on the edge of the couch, his head in his hands. He notices a picture on the coffee table in front of him, picks it up.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH

It's a picture of Ramos with his arms around Sveta, both smiling, in love.

More innocent, happier times.

Ramos gently lays the photo face down.

The phone RINGS.

RAMOS

(answering phone)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)
It's about your grandmother...

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

PALE BLUE SKIES... shrouded by sporadic clouds.

A small cluster of cars are parked in front of an older home.

People trail into the house. Other people hang around outside, drinking, smoking, making small talk in low, respectful tones.

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Old people, young people, kids... all dressed in dark suits and black dresses eat food off of paper plates. Most of the people are Mexican.

A buffet has been lain out on a nearby dinner table. There is also a good amount of alcohol about as well.

The mood is somber... the people in mourning.

A wake.

A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH of the Old Woman from the beginning scene - Ramos' grandmother - sits on a dais, surrounded by flowery wreathes.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Ramos, dark suit, drink in hand, sits on a swing hanging from a big oak tree, looking up into the sky. Ramos is *half in the bag*.

BRASI (O.S.)
It usedta be a deeper blue.

He looks up and sees 'FAT' JOE BRASI - (60) skinny, Italian, with a large nose, in a black suit that hangs off of him like a skeleton.

RAMOS
Fat Joe Brasi. You lost weight.

BRASI
The wife, cholesterol, blood pressure. Now I eat food dat don't taste like food. Boys still call me Fat Joe Brasi though. Ah well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS

Skinny Joe Brasi doesn't have the
same ring.

Brasi nods. Ramos turns back to his contemplation of the
sky.

BRASI

Usedta be deep deep blue, the sky.
Beautiful, it was.

Brasi shakes his head.

BRASI (cont'd)

Imagine all the horrible shit man
hadda do to the environment to make
the sky look washed out like an old
pair of jeans.

RAMOS

Don't hafta imagine.
(beat)
I know man.

BRASI

Maybe it's not like this in other
places, least I hope not. Skies still
gotta be blue somewhere.

RAMOS

Maybe.

Brasi shifts gears, giving a nod back to the house behind
them.

BRASI

Dat was your grandmother in there?

Ramos lets the question roll by. Brasi already knows it is.
Ramos knows he knows.

BRASI (cont'd)

You ever been to the ole' country,
Ferrari?

RAMOS

Italy?

BRASI

Meheco.

RAMOS

Nah. I, uh, don't like to fly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRASI
You *never* been outta the country?
Pazzo, dat's crazy.

Brasi shrugs, nods. With the small talk out the way, he gets down to business.

BRASI (cont'd)
Carmine's gotta job fer ya.

RAMOS
Come on, Brasi. It's my grandmother's wake.

BRASI
I know. But dis is business. And dis kinda business don't wait.

RAMOS
Thought he forgot 'bout me.

BRASI
(becoming heated)
Carmine Vicente don't forget nuthin.
You know dat. And don't let nobody ever hear you talk like that neither.

RAMOS
Blood pressure.

BRASI
In fact, he's got two jobs fer ya, back to back. Coulda given one to somebody else, but he was thinking 'of you, Ferrari. Figured he'd throw you the business.

RAMOS
Pretty generous of him.

From the monotone sound of his voice, Brasi can't tell if Ramos's being sarcastic or not. He studies Ramos for several seconds.

BRASI
It is! Coulda given it to Vinnie.

RAMOS
Vinnie's a half-wit.

BRASI
(indignant)
He's my nephew, Ferrari.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAMOS
Scusami... What I mean is, he's
pretty smart...
(beat)
for a half-wit.

Brasi stares at Ramos for several seconds before his face
breaks into a broad grin. He laughs out loud.

Brasi takes a folded piece of paper out of his pocket.

BRASI
Times, places and names.

He drops the paper in Ramos's lap.

BRASI (cont'd)
Tomorrow. Make the first one messy,
the second one quick.

Ramos takes the paper.

RAMOS
Who are they?

BRASI
Just names on a piece of paper, dat's
all.

Brasi pauses, suddenly concerned.

BRASI (cont'd)
You never asked dat question before.
Why now?

Ramos shrugs: *no big deal*.

RAMOS
Jus' thinking, Brasi, jus' thinking.

BRASI
(still smiling)
Yeah, wakes and funerals will do dat
ta ya. Don't get all twisted,
Ferrari. Remember... *you're a bagman*.
Not a philosopher. *Capisce?*

Ramo nods. With that settled, the smile returns to Brasi's
face.

BRASI (cont'd)
Half- wit, you a funny guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

When Brasi turns TOWARDS CAMERA, his back to Ramos, his smiles dies in a heartbeat.

Contempt's now written across Brasi's face.

Ramos waits until Brasi is gone before looking at the paper. He reads the names to himself. They don't mean anything to him.

Just names on a paper.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

From within the alley, WE SEE the bar across the street.

NEON SIGN above the door reads...

VITALE'S BAR AND GRILL-- this flashes down the dark street.

It's the kind of neighborhood dive Frank Sinatra would have been right at home in.

MARCUS - (28) cocky, flashy good looks, expensive clothes - comes out of the bar, still reasonably sober.

MUSIC and CONVERSATION follows him out. It dies abruptly when the door swings shut.

Marcus crosses the street to his car, parked in front of the alley.

As Marcus unlocks the car door, a VOICE comes from behind:

RAMOS (O.S.)

Marcus...

When Marcus turns, Ramos hits him across the face with a baseball bat and drags him into the alley. Ramos's wearing a long black raincoat, zipped up, leather gloves on.

Ramos tosses the semi-conscious Man up against the wall as he throws the bat away and...

RAMOS

Sorry, dey wanted dis messy.

KLIKK... the blade of the stiletto snaps out. Moving in slow motion, Marcus tries to raise both hands to defend himself.

MARCUS

Don't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos drives the knife right through the middle, into the Man's chest.

Ramos pulls the blade out and jabs it in several more times before...

SLASHING THE MAN'S THROAT.

Blood splashes over Ramos's raincoat.

Marcus GURGLES as he slides down the brick alley wall, holding his throat with one hand, clutching his chest with the other.

Ramos wipes off the blade with a handkerchief then tosses it down the alley.

We hear the metal BOUNCING off asphalt.

MARCOS' DEAD FACE falls over into FRAME in the f.g.

In the b.g. we see Ramos calmly taking off the raincoat and dropping it to the ground in the alley as he walks away.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON

parked car... a late model, dark colored sedan.

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ramos sits in the car, on his cell phone.

RAMOS
(into phone)
One down, one to go.

On the other end, we hear Brasi's voice:

BRASI (V.O.)
*We gotta shepherd gonna lead the lamb
to slaughter. When he lights his
cigarette... dat's your cue. Quick
and painless... love tap to da head,
dump the body in da drink.*

Ramos barely hears, lost in thought.

BRASI (V.O.) (cont'd)
Ferrari?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS

What?

BRASI (V.O.)

Don't fuck this up.

The phone goes dead.

RAMOS

(unenthusiastically)

Yeah...

Ramos takes out his gun, an ugly black old-time SMITH & WESSON REVOLVER

He opens the cylinder, loads bullets into the chambers, snaps it back into place and slides it into his pocket.

Easy access.

Ramos waits.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Ramos sees two DARK FIGURES approaching the lonely dock.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Little BEADS of perspiration appear on Ramos's forehead.

RAMOS' POV

One of the FIGURES takes a step back.

Ramos sees him take out a cigarette, light it with a silver lighter. The flame reveals the *shepherd's* face-- JEREMY - a young pretty boy in his late teens.

Showtime.

Ramos climbs out of his car, closing the door quietly. He walks quickly towards the two figures.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Jeremy begins walking in the opposite direction... FAST.

The other FIGURE CALLS OUT:

ANGEL (O.S.)

Jeremy, where you...

This Figure hears Ramos and spins quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos sees HER at the exact same moment she sees him.

RAMOS' POV

His target is...

a teenage girl... ANGEL - (13) Sicilian olive skin, brunette hair, brown soulful eyes. She holds an unlit cigarette in her hand.

Angel freezes when she sees the gun Ramos is aiming at her. Her hand holding the cigarette begins to shake convulsively.

ANGEL

Oh shit...

Ramos stares at her with a ghostly expression on his face.

RAMOS

Ah shit.

All Angel can focus on is the gun.

Ramos is scarcely able to summon his voice.

RAMOS (cont'd)

You Angel?

ANGEL

(shaking like a leaf)

Yes...

RAMOS

Thought you'd be older. Thought you'd be a guy.

ANGEL

(disbelief)

You gonna kill me...

Several long seconds go by.

RAMOS

Fuck me...

Ramos lowers the gun.

Angel looks in the direction her friend Jeremy went.

ANGEL

(numb)

He set me up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ramos nods, staring at her.

ANGEL (cont'd)
I thought he was my friend. Thought
he liked me.

RAMOS
They paid him.

ANGEL
(low voice)
How lousy is dat?

RAMOS
I... I...

His words trail off. Tears of heartbreak and humiliation
stream down Angel's face. She doesn't wipe them away.

ANGEL
Snuck out 'cause I thought he was
gonna ask me to be his girlfriend.

RAMOS
(drained)
He wasn't.

ANGEL
It's 'cause my dad didn't wanna do
Carmine's books anymore, isn't it? My
dad said Carmine was a killer.
(beat)
I didn't think he was talkin'
literally.

Ramos motions to the black water beyond the dock.

RAMOS
Wanted you ta sleep with the fishes.

ANGEL
You're not gonna kill me?

RAMOS
Yes, I mean no...

Ramos pockets his gun.

Uncomfortable silence, then:

ANGEL
What now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAMOS

You got somebody you can stay with,
somebody you trust? I mean trust with
your life...

ANGEL

An aunt, upstate. They won't know
'bout her 'cause she's on my mom's
side. My mom's dead.

RAMOS

Take your money outta yer purse.

ANGEL

What about my phone?

RAMOS

We'll get another.

Angel does it. Ramos takes the purse from her, tosses it on
the edge of the dock.

RAMOS (cont'd)

Fifty-fifty chance dey buy it.

Ramos starts back towards his car.

RAMOS (cont'd)

Come on...

The Girl doesn't move. Ramos stops and looks back.

RAMOS (cont'd)

Come on, I'll take you to the bus
station. Put you on a bus myself.

ANGEL

I... I...

Ramos nods, understanding her hesitation.

RAMOS

(softly)

Just... come on.

Ramos heads to the car without looking back.

After several seconds, Angel trails slowly behind him.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Angel stands next to Ramos talking on a cheap *pay as you go* cell phone, bus ticket in hand. Angel puts the phone away, small smile.

ANGEL
She's good with me coming.

RAMOS
Dat's great.

Ramos thinks of something else.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Listen... don't contact nobody.
You're dead, remember. You got a new
life waitin' fer ya. So don't call
yer dad! I'll get a message ta him.

Angel nods.

RAMOS (cont'd)
If he's smart, he'll keep doin'
Carmine's books.

The bus doors open. The few people waiting at this late hour, start to file on.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Better go now.

The Girl starts for the bus, stops.

ANGEL
They gonna come after you?

Ramos smiles.

RAMOS
Nah, kid, you seen too many movies.

Angel smiles back sadly.

ANGEL
You're a horrible liar.
(beat)
Thank you.

Angel approaches Ramos throws her arms around him and plants a kiss on his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL (cont'd)
Wish my dad had balls like you.

Ramos pries her hands free as he pulls away from the kiss.

RAMOS
Get outta here you fucken crazy kid.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL
Don't get so bent, grumpy. Jus'
grateful, is all.

Angel boards the bus. The doors close behind her and it pulls off.

Now that she's gone, Ramos lets the horrible fear he's feeling show on his face.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Ramos exits, looking all around, heading quickly for his car on a dark empty side street.

BRASI (O.S.)
Dat was stupid.

Ramos spins as he draws his gun. Brasi already has his gun out. They both FIRE at the same time, then...

freeze.

It takes Ramos several seconds to realize he hasn't been hit.

It takes Brasi several seconds to realize he has been hit. Blood gushes out of his stomach as he looks at it, drops his gun and plops down onto his butt.

Ramos walks over, kicks Brasi's gun away, stands over him.

BRASI
You're a dead man, Ferrari.

RAMOS
We all are.

BLAMM!

Ramos puts a bullet in Brasi's head. He wipes off the gun and tosses it down a sewer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos walks calmly to his car, gets in and drives off.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A garish NEON SIGN reads "DEW DROP INN."

The place is off the highway, in the middle of nowhere, woods all around.

LEGEND:

READING, PENNSYLVANIA

Ramos drives up.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ramos sits back on a queen-size bed in a seedy room, on his cell phone.

RAMOS
Sveta... It's me.

SVETA (V.O.)
Ferrari? Babe, where the hell are ya?

RAMOS
Can't tell ya dat.

SVETA (V.O.)
Why not?

RAMOS
Will you stop askin' me questions and jus' listen.

SVETA (V.O.)
You okay?

RAMOS
Jesus... Listen, I gotta lay low for awhile...

SVETA (V.O.)
There were sum men here, askin' questions. I didn't recognize dem.

RAMOS
It's awright. I put sum money in yer account. Pay the bills, okay. I'll be back in a week or two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVETA (V.O.)
Where are you?

RAMOS
Things'll blow over.

SVETA (V.O.)
Where the hell are you?

Ramos frowns.

RAMOS
The Dew Drop Inn in Pennsylvania,
just off Route 61, awright. But jus'
call me on this cell if ya need me.

SVETA (V.O.)
I'm scared...

RAMOS
It'll be awright, jus' tell anyone
who asks, you don't know where I am.

SVETA (V.O.)
I love you.

The line goes dead before Ramos can respond.

INT. ROW HOME APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SVETA

She hangs up the phone.

WIDEN

Three Italian Men with stone faces stand around her.

Sveta wipes some tears from her eyes as she lights a
cigarette.

SVETA
Dew Drop Inn in Pennsylvania offa
Route 61. You got my money?

VINNIE - (43) heavysset, hardened, but not too bright -
shakes his head.

VINNIE
Whad money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SVETA

The money we agreed to on da phone.
Ten thousand.

VINNIE

Sure you were talkin' ta me? 'Cause I
don't remember nuthin' 'bout no...

SVETA

(alarmed)

Please don't screw with me...

Vinnie laughs.

VINNIE

Don't worry, baby. You'll get your
ten.

Vinnie nods to one of his Guys.

VINNIE (cont'd)

Peel her off ten gees.

The Man takes out a roll and tosses it to Sveta. She starts
counting it quickly.

VINNIE (cont'd)

It's all there. If you woulda let me
get a word in edge-wise on the phone,
I was gonna offer you twenty.

Sveta looks up crestfallen.

VINNIE (cont'd)

Greedy bitch.

Vinnie shakes his head.

VINNIE (cont'd)

Tell ya what, you suck me off, I'll
peel off two more bones for ya.

Sveta's eyes narrow, thinking about the money. Her eyes
shift to Vinnie's two Men.

SVETA

Dey gonna watch?

VINNIE

Go wait in the car, boys.

The two Men head out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THUG
Make sure she swallows.

The Two Men exit.

Still standing, Vinnie unzips his fly.

VINNIE
Get on your knees.

Sveta gets on her knees and begins sucking Vinnie off. After about a minute, he climaxes with a GROAN. Sveta sits back on the floor by the couch, wiping her mouth.

VINNIE (cont'd)
Jez... I was half kiddin. But I
wasn't about to turn down a blow job.

Vinnie takes out a wad of bills and counts out two thousand.

VINNIE (cont'd)
Lotta money for a *hummer*. But I jus'
wanted the satisfaction of tellin'
yer asshole of a man his ole' lady
sucked my dick before I kill him.

Vinnie drops the bills on the floor and heads out zipping up.

VINNIE (cont'd)
Even a greasy half Spick, half Guido
schmuck like Ferrari deserves better
than you.

Vinnie exits as Sveta counts her money.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ramos, still dressed, tosses and turns in bed, unable to get comfortable in the seedy place.

A couple is having sex in the next room, loudly, the bed
CREAKING rhythmically.

RAMOS
Jus' great...

A dog starts BARKING outside.

Ramos' hand slides instantly to the gun under his pillow as he climbs out of bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULLET HOLES rip through the door, several striking the bed. Ramos hits the ground, scrambling across the room as the continued gunfire EXPLODES furniture all around him. Debris rains down on his head.

Ramos notices the locked adjoining door to the next room. He KICKS IT IN!

INT. MOTEL - ADJOINING ROOM - NIGHT

The COUPLE in bed making love - TWO HOT WOMEN, a redhead and a blonde - JUMP UP when they see...

Ramos FLY into the room, shutting the adjoining door behind him.

One of the Women wears a strap on, the dildo dangling in her hand. Both Women start SCREAMING.

RAMOS
(seeing that it's two
women)
Go figga...

They stop when Ramos sticks the gun in their faces.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Shut up!

Ramos rushes to the front door.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

The two Gunmen step into the room quickly, surprised not to find Ramos.

A Bullet hits one of the Men in the back of the neck. He falls forward into the other Gunman. The Second Man spins, pushes him aside and begins firing blindly around the room.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ramos, in the doorway, fires at the Man.

The Gunman ducks into the bathroom. His gun hand springs back out...

POPPING OFF SHOTS!

Ramos fires through the wall into the bathroom.

A bullet RIPS through the door frame by Ramos's head. He spins around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS' POV

Vinnie is running across the parking lot towards him, FIRING a handgun.

Ramos takes off running. At the edge of the motel he sees an embankment leading down into a heavily wooded area.

Ramos jumps over a guard rail...

as a bullet RICOCHETS off of it and...

scrambles down the embankment. Within seconds, he disappears into the woods.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Vinnie ducks into Ramos' room. He sees one Gunman on the bed, grabbing at his neck with both hands, trying to stop the blood that is spurting out.

The Other Gunman comes out of the bathroom.

Vinnie looks back to the Man on the bed.

THUG
Gotta help me...

VINNIE
Sure thing. We'll get you right to a hospital.

Vinnie raises his gun.

THUG
Vinnie... we grew up together.

BLAMM! Vinnie puts a bullet in the Thug's head.

The other Gunman crosses himself as they head off after Ramos.

VINNIE
Let's get this asshole.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

In the dark cluster of woods and foliage at the bottom of the embankment...

Ramos looks up and sees Vinnie and the other Gunmen up at the top.

EXT. TOP OF EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Vinnie points down the hill.

VINNIE
That sonuvabitch's down there.

SECOND THUG
RAMOS... you're a dead man.

RAMOS (O.S.)
*Why don't you come down here and say
that to my face?*

Ramos rushes away quickly as...

Vinnie and the Gunman fire down into the area where Ramos was moments ago.

VINNIE
Get the car. We'll follow from up here.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ramos watches as the car heads forward. He doubles back.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ramos climbs up out of the embankment.

RAMOS'S POV

He sees Motel Employees and Guests in robes, standing outside his room, snatching peeks inside of the Dead Man on the bed.

Sticking to the shadows, Ramos makes it over to his car. He drives off without turning on his headlights.

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Pulling out onto the road, Ramos sees Vinnie's car moving slowly along the embankment, searching for him. The Gunman walks along the side of the car, aiming a flashlight down into the woods.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Keeping his lights off, Ramos drives slowly behind them.

He sees Vinnie's car turn onto a remote access road where the embankment dead ends.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - NIGHT

Vinnie stands outside his car, looking down the embankment.
He calls to his Associate.

VINNIE
You see anything?

SECOND THUG (O.S.)
NO!

Vinnie calls down to Ramos.

VINNIE
*Hey, Ramos, I'm gonna fuck you up for
killin' my uncle!*

Ramos doesn't respond.

VINNIE (cont'd)
*Your Russian bitch gave you up for a
few lousy bucks. She sucked my dick
for drug money, the lil' junkie!*

Ramos steps up behind Vinnie and puts the gun to the back of
his head.

RAMOS
Don't even think 'bout it.

Vinnie freezes, drops his gun. Ramos kicks the weapon down
into the woods.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Turn 'round.

Vinnie turns slowly around.

RAMOS (cont'd)
I want you to take it like a man.

Vinnie watches Ramos closely.

VINNIE
Awright, maybe there's a better way
to handle dis.

Ramos grimaces.

RAMOS
Funny thing is, I believe you 'bout
Sveta.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS (cont'd)
She loves her Percocet more than
anything. Would do anything for the
money to buy more.

VINNIE
Nah, man. I was jus' kiddin.

RAMOS
(quietly)
No you weren't.

Vinnie sees his Partner coming back up slowly out of the
embankment behind Ramos. Vinnie tries not to react, but
Ramos picks up on it.

Ramos spins and fires...

catching the Gunman in the chest as he was stepping over the
guard rail. The man falls back.

Ramos steps up and puts two more in the Man's chest.

Vinnie pulls a second gun and fires at Ramos. Ramos ducks
and returns fire.

He hits Vinnie in the shoulder. Vinnie drops the gun and
slumps back against the car, GROANING in pain.

RAMOS (cont'd)
You always were a punk, Vinnie.

Ramos comes over, stands right in front of Vinnie.

VINNIE
Awright, awright... you win.

Ramos has his stone cold killer's face on now.

VINNIE (cont'd)
But here's the thing, you shoot me,
Carmine will jus' keep on sendin' men
after ya.

RAMOS
And I'll keep on killin' dem.

VINNIE
You could do that, 'til one day, your
luck runs out, your pants are around
your ankles on the toilet... or
you're in bed with a hot babe and
don't hear it coming...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS
I'm sensing an *or*.

VINNIE
Or... you can lemme walk away.
Nobody's gonna know what happened in
these woods besides you and me. I'll
tell 'em I offed you, which would be
good for my rep... and you disappear,
get a brand new life.

RAMOS
Dat's a pretty good plan. Didn't
credit you wit' dat much brains.
(beat)
But I'm also sensing a *catch*.

Vinnie smiles now, sensing he has the situation under
control.

VINNIE
The catch is, you gotta tell me where
the girl is. She's the only loose
end. I go do her and tell Carmine you
gave her up before I killed you.

Ramos smiles back. This makes Vinnie even more comfortable.

RAMOS
Here's the problem...

Vinnie starts shaking his head, his confidence eroding with
every word.

RAMOS (cont'd)
I didn't save the girl, jus' to let
you kill her.

VINNIE
I don't get it. She's no kin of
yours.

Ramos thinks about this for a minute, lowers his gun.

RAMOS
Go on, get outta here.

Vinnie lowers his hands.

VINNIE
(relieved)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAMOS
(grim-faced)

No.

Ramos's gun hand comes up. He SHOOTs Vinnie in the cheek. Vinnie jolts back, grabbing his face.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Dat's for takin' advantage of Sveta.

Ramos levels the gun at Vinnie's chest.

RAMOS (cont'd)
And dis is for wanting to kill a kid,
you freak.

VINNIE
No, man... no no no no....

BLAMM! Ramos shoots Vinnie in the chest. The man falls back onto the hood of the car as he EXHALES...

the life going out of him in that breath.

Ramos walks over to the other Gunman. He nudges him with his foot. The Dead Gunman rolls down the embankment.

Ramos drags Vinnie off the hood of the car, takes him over to the guard rail and tosses him over. Vinnie's body tumbles down the hill.

Seeing where the guard rail ends, Ramos puts Vinnie's car in neutral and pushes it towards the embankment.

The vehicle rolls down the embankment, disappearing into dense foliage.

Ramos gets in his car and drives off.

INT. ROW HOME APARTMENT - DAY

Sveta is sprawled out on the couch, a blanket over her, in a drug haze. She slowly starts to come around, notices...

Ramos sitting in the chair across from her, jacket collar turned up, gloves on.

SVETA
Ferrari... my love... you've come
back to me...

Sveta sits up, starts to rise off the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos levels the gun at her.

Sveta sits back down.

RAMOS
Stay right there.

SVETA
What are you doing? Why you aiming a
gun at me?

RAMOS
I always knew you was a lousy
girlfriend... but to give me up fer
money, I didn't expect that, even
from you.

SVETA
Thought you left me.

Sveta takes out a cigarette and lights it. Ramos frowns.

SVETA (cont'd)
Well, I can't be that bad. You came
back for me.

Ramos points to a backpack on the coffee table.

RAMOS
Actually, I came back for the hundred
and fifty thousand I had stashed in
the apartment you didn't know 'bout.

Sveta's eyes widen.

SVETA
Why didn't you tell me 'bout the
money?

RAMOS
'Cause you would've shitted it all
away.

SVETA
(getting an attitude)
Fine, if dat's what you think 'bout
me.

Ramos smiles darkly.

RAMOS
Don't try to play me, Sveta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ramos' face tightens. This next part is hard for him.

RAMOS (cont'd)
There's also another reason I came
back. More men are gonna come by
soon. When they can't find me here in
the New York, Carmine is gonna
realize I left the state.

SVETA
You? You don't like to leave New
York.

RAMOS
I'm making allowances.

Ramos sits up.

RAMOS (cont'd)
These men are gonna press you hard.
And you're the only one who knows my
mother's maiden name and address in
Texas.

Sveta stiffens. She finally has the good sense to become
scared.

Ramos waves the gun at the prescription bottle on the coffee
table.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Why don't you have some more
Percocet?

Sveta's shaking her head.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Go 'head.

Trembling, Sveta picks up the bottle. She pours out two
pills.

Ramos shakes his head.

RAMOS (cont'd)
More... You really should have more.

Sveta, trembling, pours out several more pills. She pops
them, washes it down with the warm beer that was sitting on
the table. Sveta leans back on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ramos waits a few minutes for the pills to take effect. He gets up, crosses to the couch and gently smooths the hairs out of Sveta's face.

RAMOS (cont'd)
You really were something once.

Next, Ramos lifts a couch pillow up and places it over Sveta's face. He holds the pillow with one hand, while he presses the gun against the pillow with the other hand. Ramos' hand is shaking now.

He forces himself to fire. The pillow MUFFLES the sound of the gun blast. The pillow is scorched from the gunshot.

Seconds later, blood begins to bleed through the cushion.

Ramos slowly lowers Sveta down to a laying position.

Ramos breaks down and starts crying as he crosses to the backpack, hoists it and quietly leaves his apartment...

forever.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Rural, secluded... farmland for miles and miles.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A teenage girl's bedroom, frilly, pink colors, teen idol posters. It's quaint enough to still have a house phone.

It starts RINGING.

A few moments later, Angel runs in and answers it.

ANGEL
Hello?

We hear RAMOS' VOICE on the other line.

RAMOS (V.O.)
It's me.

Angel stiffens. She knows who it is.

ANGEL
You never told me your name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS (V.O.)

Does it matter?

(beat)

You taking precautions.

ANGEL

Hell yeah. My aunt even had me change my name, enrolled me in school up here, wants it to be permanent. Told people she adopted me.

RAMOS (V.O.)

Dat's good. Dat's real good.

Ramos pauses, realizes something.

RAMOS (V.O.) (cont'd)

You sound happy.

ANGEL

Believe it or not, I am. It's simple here. People are simple here. I never thought this would be something I'd like, I mean what's better than the city, right? But dis, it's real good. And my aunt... she's so much like my mom...

RAMOS (V.O.)

I'm glad for you, honey.

(pause)

I'm gonna be leaving town.

ANGEL

I won't see you again?

RAMOS (V.O.)

Dat was never a possibility. Listen, whatever you do, don't call your dad.

ANGEL

He must be worried.

RAMOS (V.O.)

I'm about to visit him. I'm gonna let him know you're okay. I'm not gonna tell him where you are.

ANGEL

Eventually, he'll figure it out.

RAMOS (V.O.)

Maybe. But you lemme worry 'bout dat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL

Okay...

RAMOS (V.O.)

Be good. Stay safe.

(pause)

And have a good life.

The line goes dead, before Angel can say anything. Angel looks at the phone for several seconds. Finally she smiles and hangs up.

AUNT (O.S.)

(from another room)

MARY?

Her new life is calling.

ANGEL

Coming... mom.

Angel exits.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

An old office in an old building, wood floors, stucco walls, ancient fixtures, exposed light bulbs dangling from the ceiling.

The desk in the center is covered with papers. The shelves are full of books. File cabinets are bursting with papers and documents.

A heavysset ACCOUNTANT in his late 40s is adding up figures on a desktop computer that sits next to a half-eaten pastrami sandwich.

There's a KNOCK on the office door.

The Accountant looks at his watch, puzzled. It's after ten at night.

There's another KNOCK.

ACCOUNTANT

We're obviously closed!

He hears the door open and close.

ACCOUNTANT'S POV

Someone is moving past the shelves and files, coming towards him. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos steps out into the open, a pleasant smile on his face.

ACCOUNTANT (cont'd)
Thought I locked that door.

RAMOS
You did.

Ramos sits down in the chair across from the Accountant's desk.

ACCOUNTANT
It's late. If you're looking for accounting services, I have all the clients I can handle, as you can see.

RAMOS
I don't need help with math. I'm very good at subtracting.

Ramos sits quietly, calmly, looking around.

ACCOUNTANT
Then what are... what are you doing here?

RAMOS
I see you're back to doing Carmine's books.

ACCOUNTANT
You work for Carmine?

RAMOS
Usedta. 'Til he wanted me to whack your daughter.

ACCOUNTANT
Angel?

True concern crosses the Accountant's face.

ACCOUNTANT (cont'd)
Where is she? Where is my daughter?

RAMOS
You really caused problems for me, you know dat?

ACCOUNTANT
Wha... what are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS

You took the job knowing what kinda man Carmine was. You musta known what would happen if you quit.

ACCOUNTANT

I thought he'd be pissed. I didn't know he'd do something to my daughter.

RAMOS

For a smart guy, you're pretty dumb. Carmine can't kill you. You're too valuable. What would he do without you? You really couldn't guess he'd go after someone you loved?

The Accountant has tears in his eyes now.

ACCOUNTANT

My poor Angel...

RAMOS

Carmine doesn't have your daughter. I sent her to live with her aunt. She has a new life now.

The Accountant can't believe his ears. He doesn't know whether to be happy or sad.

RAMOS (cont'd)

There's only one problem.

Ramos looks at the Accountant sharply.

RAMOS (cont'd)

You.

ACCOUNTANT

What?

RAMOS

You know 'bout the aunt. You know where she lives. And if Carmine's boys ever pressed you... which they will 'cause they need that bargaining chip if you ever try to stray again... you'll give up your daughter. Then his boys'll go up there and whack the aunt... 'cause dat's what they do... and they'll take your daughter as collateral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACCOUNTANT

I... I... don't understand. Why are you telling me this?

RAMOS

I promised Angel I would keep her safe. And I am, the only way I know how.

(beat)

By tying up the last loose end.

Ramos lifts his gun, a silencer on the tip.

RAMOS (cont'd)

I'll make it quick.

ACCOUNTANT

Wait!

Ramos shoots the Accountant point blank between the eyes. The Man's head snaps back. Then he's motionless as blood pours out the back of his head. Brain bits stick to the back headrest of his leather chair.

RAMOS

Forgive me, Angel...

Ramos sits there quietly for a moment.

He has taken no pleasure in this.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A brilliant day. Patchy clouds dot BLUE SKIES and SUNSHINE.

Streets are alive with people. Cowboy hats and boots are common. A large portion of the population is Mexican.

LEGEND:

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Ramos, dark sunglasses on, bowling shirt and slacks, back pack over his shoulder, wanders through the streets.

Much of the tension, self-loathing and apprehension that is a normal part of Ramos' demeanor has vanished.

A whole new life.

Ramos looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS
Well I'll be a *sonuvabitch*.
(beat)
Sky is bluer.

Unsure where to go or what to do next, Ramos enters a nearby bar.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

A touristy place, MUSIC playing, nearly empty at this early hour.

Ramos takes a seat at the bar, nods at the Bartender.

RAMOS
Rum and coke.

The Bartender slides him his drink. Out the corner of his eye, as he drinks, Ramos sees someone *checking him out* from two stools over.

CARLITO (O.S.)
*Holy shit, man! You look like you
work for the Mafia.*

Ramos glances over. Grinning from ear to ear is--

CARLITO VERACRUZ - (mid 30s) happy go-lucky, but also street smart and street hardened, visible tats, wearing wife-beater, jeans and a cigar-colored straw Fedora hat - shakes his head.

CARLITO
Gotta be from *Nuevo York*, the Big
Apple, rotten to the core.

Ramos, who is trying to keep a low profile, doesn't want the attention.

RAMOS
Jus' a fella trying to have a drink.

CARLITO
A good fella.

Carlito LAUGHS at his own joke.

CARLITO (cont'd)
Lemme guess: witness protection
program?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS

Funny.

CARLITO

Sorry, man. Didn't mean to bust your chops. First time in San Antonio?

RAMOS

Yeah... and FYI, I'm half Mexican.

CARLITO

Kinda hard to see dat half under the *Tony Soprano* bowling shirt from Target.

RAMOS

What's wrong with my shirt?

CARLITO

Makes you noticed out here. And I have a strong hunch...

(whispering)

you don't wanna be noticed.

(pause)

You know anybody in San Antonio?

A BEAT.

RAMOS

No.

Carlito smiles.

CARLITO

Now you do. Name's Carlito.

Carlito holds out a fist. Ramos frowns, then fist pumps him.

RAMOS

Ramos Ferrari.

Carlito can't contain his amusement.

CARLITO

I know you did not jus' say *Ferrari*.

Carlito slides over a seat, closer to Ramos.

CARLITO (cont'd)

Listen, if you need to find your way around dis city, I'm your man. Drugs, women...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLITO (cont'd)
(beat)
Guns.

Ramos' eyes raise at the last word.

CARLITO (cont'd)
I knew I was right about you.

RAMOS
You a facilitator?

CARLITO
You got money?

RAMOS
Yeah, I got money.

CARLITO
Then I'm a facilitator.

RAMOS
I need a hotel, safe, quiet, where
they don't ask too many questions and
I can pay cash.

CARLITO
Done. My cousin works the desk at the
El Tropicana, a manager. I'll get you
a deal, long as you want, can pay by
the month.

EXT. EL TROPICANA HOTEL - NIGHT

The place is plush, tropical and retro. Cars drive up as
Valet Attendants rush over to meet incoming Guests.

INT. EL TROPICANA - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a knock. Ramos answers the door wearing jeans and a
black tee shirt.

CARLITO
(studying Ramos'
wardrobe)
A definite improvement. But still a
work in progress. And we gotta do
sumthin' about the hair.

RAMOS
What's a matter with my hair?

Ramos takes out a roll, peels off five large, hands them to
Carlito.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS (cont'd)
Dat's for you.

CARLITO
Gracias, carnal.

As Carlito takes the money, Ramos grips his hand hard.

RAMOS
Fuck me, *carnal*, and it'll be your
last act on this earth.

Carlito looks at Ramos, sees he's dead serious.

CARLITO
Wouldn't think of it. Saw "*Scarface*"
like fifty times.

Ramos lets go of him.

RAMOS
You watch too many movies, Carlito.
It ain't like dat in real life.

Carlito plops down in a chair.

CARLITO
What's it like?

RAMOS
Not yet.

CARLITO
You mean, you don't know if you can
trust me yet.

Ramos sits down across from Carlito.

RAMOS
Tell me your story.

CARLITO
A cliché really. Short version:
gangs, drugs, then jail. Prison ended
up being the best thing that happened
to me. I kicked Heroin in *da joint*.
Read books for the first time in my
life. Now I'm an entrepreneur with a
ear to the street beat.

RAMOS
You'd know if anybody new in town
showed up, other than tourists?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARLITO

Got eyes everywhere. A player shows
up, I'll know it.

Carlito stands.

CARLITO (cont'd)

Relax, get some sleep. I'll swing by
tomorrow. Maybe we'll even do
something bout your wardrobe.

(on the way out the
door)

Welcome to San Antonio.

INT. EL TROPICANA - ROOM - NIGHT

Ramos tosses and turns in bed, unable to sleep. He closes
his eyes and...

sees an image of him offing Marcus in the alley.

Ramos rubs his eyes and rolls over, sees...

an image of him shooting Brasi by the bus station.

He closes his eyes again and sees...

*another image, this time of him putting a pillow over
Sveta's face and firing.*

Then...

Ramos shooting the Accountant point blank.

Finally Ramos sits up in bed.

RAMOS

Shit.

INT. EL TROPICANA - BAR - NIGHT

Ramos is in the bar nursing a rum and coke, grim-faced,
still seeing the ghosts of the recent past.

He notices a group of people coming into the lobby, headed
for one of the hotel's banquet rooms. It's a QUINCEANERA
PARTY. Family and friends trail a cute fifteen year old Girl
in a flowing pink dress. The Girl is so happy. *It's the best
day of her young life.* Her father hugs and kisses her as
they pass through.

Ramos watches enviously.

EXT. EL TROPICANA - POOL - DAY

Hot and sunny.

Ramos lays on a lawn chair in a pair of swim trunks. He has a noticeable tan going. A SHADOW falls over him.

Ramos opens his eyes. Carlito stands there with his usual shit-eating grin.

CARLITO
Tan's a definite improvement. Makes
you look less like a white boy.

RAMOS
Glad you approve.

CARLITO
Got wheels?

Ramos shakes his head.

CARLITO (cont'd)
Need wheels in the great state of
Texas. Come on, I got jus' the thing.

EXT. BARRIO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Colorful Mexican-themed MURALS on the sides of buildings,
Mexican grocery stores, crowds of the YOUNG and OLD hanging
out...

MOTORCYCLES sailing through...

LOWRIDERS cruising, *hydraulic-popping, hopping for pink
slips.*

The cars run the gambit, every color of the rainbow, yellow,
green, orange, red, you name it.

Muscular, tatted *Tejanos* hang out smoking, joking around,
drinking.

CARLITO
Now *this* is where you buy a car. And
I know who's selling.

RAMOS
I was thinking something a little bit
more low-key.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO
This isn't New York, *Mister Black*.
Time to expand your color scheme.

Ramos walks through looking at the cars. Finally, he stops at one car.

RAMOS
Dis for sale?

ANGLE ON

a gleaming 1965 BLACK CHEVROLET IMPALA. On the hood is the haunting image of a brown-skinned AZTEC WOMEN. Her eyes look like they're staring right at you.

CARLITO
Why black?

Carlito sees Ramos is set on the vehicle.

CARLITO (cont'd)
Least I learned something about you.

RAMOS
What?

Carlito nods to the painting on the car.

CARLITO
You're a romantic.

RAMOS
(joking around)
I think I'm in love, ese.

INT. CHEVY - MOVING - DAY

Ramos drives the lowrider classic. Carlito sits in the driver's seat. He casually flips a switch and... the hydraulics start going. The car bounces up and down.

Ramos reaches over and flips the switch off.

RAMOS
Low key, remember?

CARLITO
Low key doesn't mean you can't have any fun.

Carlito sees the serious expression on Ramos' face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO (cont'd)
Anyone comin' after you?

RAMOS
Hopefully not. Why you ask?

CARLITO
Got that dark cloud over your head
again, man on the run vibe.

RAMOS
Can't be sure. Hadda falling out with
some former associates of mine.

CARLITO
You can buy *brown love*, some badass
vatos bodyguards. Any gringo comes
down here looking for trouble...
he'll get his hood took.

RAMOS
No. Muscle attracts attention. Gotta
handle it alone.

CARLITO
Like I said... you ain't alone,
carnal.

Ramos smiles at this.

CARLITO (cont'd)
When's the last time you actually had
a good time, blew off some steam?

RAMOS
Whatcha got in mind?

CARLITO
Reconnecting with your Mexican
lineage.

Carlito CLAPS his hands as a sudden thought comes to him.

CARLITO (cont'd)
You like dancing? 'Cause I know a
place where *all* the sexy Tejanas are
gonna be tonight.

INT. AUTHENTIC MEXICAN BAR - NIGHT

The place is dark, Mexican cultural paintings on the walls,
colorful statues and vases all over the place. The
restaurant has the real look and feel of Tejano culture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos and Carlito watch from the bar as they sip cervezas. Ramos' hair is now gelled back. This makes his brown hair look darker. The dance floor is packed. A BAND plays on a small stage. Latina women are everywhere.

The song ends.

BAND LEADER

(in Spanish)

*Ladies and gentlemen, we have a true
star among us tonight. Maya, the
Accordion Queen.*

MAYA - (30) a beautiful ivory skinned Mexican-American woman - takes the stage. In her hands, an accordion.

The band behind her starts up. On cue, Maya plays with full mastery. Her music is rich and full of gaiety. She is a true Accordion Queen. *The dance floor really comes to life now.*

Ramos is captivated by Maya.

CARLITO

Ahh, finally something you like.

Maya sways in time with the music she is making. When the song is over.. HUGE APPLAUSE. Maya lays the accordion aside and smiles gratefully at the audience.

On her way to the bar, Ramos steps in front of her.

RAMOS

Dance with me.

Maya considers the proposal, then smiles yes. Ramos and the Woman dance to a fast song the band is playing... making deep eye contact, their faces moving closer and closer together.

The song ends.

MAYA

I have to go.

RAMOS

Why don't you stay?

MAYA

I'd like that... but I don't think my
fiance would.

Ramos glances over in the direction Maya is looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS' POV

A big, muscular Tejano Man named FABIO stands with a group of friends. He is glaring at Ramos.

RAMOS
I didn't see a ring.

MAYA
Can't play accordion with a ring on.

The Woman glances in another direction.

MAYA (cont'd)
But you should ask my cousin to dance. I think you're her type.

RAMOS
What's her type?

MAYA
Trouble. Just joking. She's in town visiting me from Laredo.
(pause)
I think you'd like her.

RAMOS
I don't think...

Ramos looks in the direction Maya is staring now. He freezes.

RAMOS' POV

A beautiful and exotic woman stands to the side of the crowd-- INDIA NAVARETE - (mid 30s) dark sculptured features, owing to an indigenous heritage, glowing hazel eyes, long, straight jet black hair.

MAYA
Ahh, so you do like what you see.
(whispering into
Ramos' ear)
Her name is *India*.

Ramos moves towards the Woman without even realizing it. He stops in front of India.

RAMOS
Hi... India. Beautiful name for a beautiful woman.

India smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INDIA
Is that a line?

RAMOS
How can it be a line if it's the
truth?

India blushes.

INDIA
*Hola. You have me at a disadvantage.
But I suspect that's my cousin Maya's
mischief.*

RAMOS
Would you like to dance?

INDIA
I don't dance with strangers.

RAMOS
I'm a friend of your cousin's. My
name's Ramos Del Rio.

India considers this for a moment.

INDIA
One dance.

Ramos smiles, takes India's hand and leads her out onto the
dance floor.

*One dance leads to many dances. Ramos and India are enjoying
each others' company immensely. No one else around them
seems to exist anymore. They are fixated solely on one
another. Ramos studies every detail of India's face. He
spins India around, then pulls her into him. Their lips are
an inch apart. They are looking into each others' eyes now.
Their chests are pressed against each other. Ramos can feel
her heartbeat, her breath on his cheek.*

After a while, both have beads of sweat forming on their
foreheads.

RAMOS
How 'bout a drink?

India smiles. Ramos leads her to the bar. He buys two
cervezas.

EXT. MEXICAN BAR - OUTDOOR PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Ramos and India emerge onto a quiet patio. A slight breeze blows as they stand under the stars, sipping their drinks.

RAMOS
Your cousin said you were from
Laredo.

INDIA
That's where my family is. I also
have family across the border in
Nuevo Laredo.

RAMOS
How long you stayin' in San Antonio?

INDIA
Not sure. How 'bout you? You're
definitely not from Texas.

RAMOS
I'm here indefinitely. I'm staying at
the El Tropicana... if you'd like to
come by.

India lowers her eyes at the offer.

INDIA
(softly)
Is that how they do things in
Brooklyn?

Ramos is surprised she knows where he's from.

RAMOS
You had me checked out?

INDIA
I asked a question.

Before they can say anything more, her Cousin Maya and an entire Entourage of Family Members come out to get her.

MAYA
Time to go, *Cinderella*.

RAMOS
Wait...

INDIA
Good night, Ramos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

India is whisked away. Carlito comes up behind Ramos.

CARLITO

A dance hall full of fuck dolls and
you pick the one *chica* who isn't.

RAMOS

(staring after her)
She's something special.

CARLITO

That's an ole' school traditional
Latino family. Not some one night
stand. You want that, you better be
willing to work for it. And don't
even think 'bout breaking that lil'
darlin's heart.

(beat)

'Cause women like that always have
brothers and uncles for days.

Ramos' eyes linger on the Woman until she disappears through
the exit.

RAMOS

I'm not a fickle man, Carlito. You
should know that about me by now.

(with a smile)

I know what I like.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The place is a modest dwelling in a lower income
neighborhood.

Ramos sits in his car, parked across the street, watching.

He sees MARIA TORRES - (70s) an old woman with dark hair
flecked with white streaks - setting a picnic table for
dinner in the backyard. She is joined by MARTA VEGA - (30s)
pretty, slightly heavysset - and ANTONIO VEGA - (30s) a thin,
unshaven man.

They are bringing out plates, food and wine.

Ramos watches as they eat together, laughing merrily. He
laughs a little as well. Small tears form in the corners of
his eyes. He wipes these away.

Ramos takes out his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS

Hey, Carlito. I'm gonna need a shady lawyer.

CARLITO (V.O.)

Is there any other kind? I got jus' the guy.

Ramos hangs up and drives off.

EXT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ramos and Carlito enter a tackily furnished place. Behind a hardwood desk sits--

CHEWY MORALES - (40s) gold tooth, rumbled suit and tie, a store front lawyer. He's been waiting for Ramos and Carlito.

CARLITO

Hey, Chewy. This is *mi hermano* I told you about.

Chewy stands and extends a hand to Ramos. They shake.

RAMOS

Ramos Ferrari... but hopefully not for long.

CARLITO

Chewy has connections on both sides of the border.

CHEWY

Having connections is what my business is all about. Buying off the right official is key to success.

CARLITO

He has money, Chewy.

CHEWY

Buen.

Carlito and Ramos take seats across from Chewy as they all sit down. Chewy takes a bottle of tequila out of his drawer along with three shot glasses. He pours. They down the shots at the same time and turn the glasses over on the table.

RAMOS

I'll need help procuring a new identity, Ramos Del Rio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO

A nice Mexican name to throw his wop buddies off the scent. If they're looking.

RAMOS

Driver's license and passport. I'll also need an untraceable offshore account which I'll be transferring money into.

The Attorney grins.

CHEWY

Dat all?

Chewy seems a little slippery. Ramos isn't sure about him. He looks over to Carlito.

RAMOS

Your sure 'bout dis guy?

CARLITO

I wasn't gonna say this, but Chewy launders *dinero* for a Cartel that will remain nameless. He's a trusted man.

Ramos stands.

RAMOS

Better be. 'Cause I'm trusting you with my life.

CHEWY

Not to worry, *amigo*. I'm your man.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ramos KNOCKS. Seconds later, Maya's Fiance Fabio answers.

FABIO

Fuck you want, White boy?

RAMOS

Relax, India told me she was staying with Maya.

FABIO

How'd you get Maya's address?

RAMOS

Trade secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

India comes to the door.

INDIA
It's okay, Fabio.

RAMOS
(amused)
Fabio?

FABIO
Whad you say?

India gets between Fabio and Ramos.

INDIA
It's okay, Fabio. I'll take care of
it.

Fabio disappears back into the house.

INDIA (cont'd)
(smiling)
He doesn't like you.
(pause)
How'd you find me, Ramos?

RAMOS
Wasn't hard. I wanted to see you.
Would you like to hang out, do
something?

INDIA
They don't waste any time in
Brooklyn, do they? What do you have
in mind?

Ramos shrugs.

RAMOS
It's your town.

India thinks for a moment, then smiles.

INDIA
Have you been to *El Mercado*?

RAMOS
No.

EXT. HISTORIC MARKET SQUARE - DAY

Ramos and India walk through a area of restaurants, Mexican
shops, stores and more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walls of the buildings are painted festive PURPLE, ORANGE and YELLOW. The area has colorful BANNERS hanging overhead throughout. The sidewalks are paved with brick.

It's almost like being in Mexico.

INDIA

We call it *El Mercado*. And if you want to know about Mexican culture, this is the place to start.

MONTAGE

Ramos and India explore shops with Mexican pottery, clothing.

They try on hats at a hat stand, laughing at how funny they look.

Ramos and India eat churros from a food cart.

They watch three little girls in flowing colorful dresses twirl around as they do traditional Mexican dances.

Ramos and India play with Mexican puppets as the SUN is SETTING behind them.

Finally, they end up in--

INT. OLD WORLD MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They sit at the bar in a world all their own, lost in each others' company, sipping wine.

INDIA

I don't think I'll ever get over your accent.

RAMOS

It's nuthin' special, jus' typical Brooklyn style.

India smiles.

RAMOS (cont'd)

Whad?

INDIA

It's silly.

RAMOS

Now I definitely gotta know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INDIA

When I was growing up and things got tough, my parents sent me to live with my aunt in Mexico, Nuevo Laredo, for a few years. There was this old broken down cinema in my neighborhood, run by this sweet old guy.

She takes another sip of her wine.

INDIA (cont'd)

He played nothing but old American gangster movies, Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney. I loved those movies.

(beat)

I cried the day they tore that ole' theater down.

The bar is sparsely populated. They're practically the only ones left.

INDIA (cont'd)

But I've talked about myself for hours. You know everything about me and I know absolutely nothing about you.

RAMOS

Not much to talk 'bout. I've had a boring life up until now.

INDIA

Is Brooklyn as tough as they say?

RAMOS

Not so much anymore. Some parts still are.

INDIA

You don't say much *when* you speak. The mysterious type. Was there a Mrs. Mysterio?

RAMOS

There was someone, we weren't married, although it seemed like it. But it was toxic. So I finally had to end the relationship.

INDIA

And for business?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS

I worked for a small, but lucrative company. Family owned and operated, but very cutthroat.

INDIA

What did you do?

RAMOS

Liquidations, boring stuff.

INDIA

You quit or something?

RAMOS

Or something, with a nice severance package. I freelance now.

INDIA

Ah, a *lone gun*.

Ramos smiles ironically at her choice of words.

RAMOS

Figured it was a good time to see other places and...

Ramos stops.

INDIA

And what? Don't stop now. This is getting good.

RAMOS

And visit my mother.

INDIA

Your mother lives in San Antonio?

RAMOS

Yeah.

INDIA

Was she happy to see you?

RAMOS

I don't know yet. I, she doesn't know I'm here.

INDIA

What are you waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAMOS
It's complicated.

INDIA
Or you're just making it complicated.

RAMOS
Haven't seen my mother since I was twelve.

INDIA
What happened? Wait, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

RAMOS
It's okay. My parents got divorced. My mother's parents wanted her to go back to Texas with me. My father wanted me to stay in Brooklyn with him. It was awful, lawyers, courts. In the end, the judge left it up to me who I wanted to go with.

INDIA
And you chose to stay with your father?

RAMOS
Maybe dis isn't such cheery conversation for a first date.

INDIA
Oh, so this is a date?

Ramos is embarrassed, hesitates.

INDIA (cont'd)
I think in a very good first date, you get to learn something about the other person that maybe nobody else knows.

Ramos sighs, nods, continues.

RAMOS
I was gonna choose my mother. But the night before I was supposedta go to court, my father, who was kind of a bad man, came into my room and said... if I chose my mother, he'd kill her.

Now India doesn't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RAMOS (cont'd)
I saw the look in his eyes, I knew my
father, he wasn't kidding. He meant
it.

INDIA
(quietly)
Why'd you tell me this?

Ramos looks at India.

RAMOS
I never told anyone that before.

India reaches across the table and takes Ramos' hand into
both of hers. They sit there like that, staring at each
other.

RAMOS (cont'd)
I'm afraid to go see my own mother.

INDIA
Sometimes the best way to do very
hard things, is to just do them.

INT. OLD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maria - *the old woman from the backyard picnic scene* - hears
the doorbell ring. She crosses to the door and opens it.

Ramos stands in the doorway with a boutique of flowers in
his hands.

MARIA
Hola... Que es esto?

Some *sixth sense* immediately tells Maria she should know
Ramos.

RAMOS
They say you should never visit
someone you haven't seen in a very
long time without flowers.
(beat)
Hi, *ma*.

Maria can't believe her eyes.

MARIA
Ramos?

RAMOS
Guilty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before he can say anything else, Maria grabs Ramos in a tight embrace as she weeps so violently her entire body trembles.

In the house, behind her, Marta and Antonio, the couple Ramos saw having dinner with Maria the other day come over. They don't know what to make of this.

MARTA

What's going on?

The Older Woman, overcome, starts to faint. Ramos grabs her.

RAMOS

Let's get her inside.

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ramos sits in a chair across from the couch. On the couch, Maria is being attended to by Marta. Antonio, drink in hand, watches Ramos like a hawk from across the room. The Woman gives Maria a glass with a small bit of whiskey in it to drink.

Marta wears a nurse's uniform.

MARTA

What is this?

Maria finds her voice.

MARIA

Marta, this is your step-brother.

MARTA

What?

Marta turns her harsh gaze on Ramos.

MARTA (cont'd)

You're Ramos?

RAMOS

Yeah.

Marta turns back to Maria.

MARTA

Mom, I'm gonna have to put you to bed. This excitement isn't good for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maria nods as Marta and Antonio lift her to her feet. They guide her to the bedroom. Maria turns.

MARIA
You're not going to leave me again,
are you, Ramos?

RAMOS
I'm not going anywhere, mom.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

When Marta and Antonio come back out into the living, they see Ramos standing on the porch looking out over the backyard.

They cross over, stand in the porch doorway.

MARTA
Practically gave her a heart attack.

RAMOS
Sorry, I didn't...

MARTA
Think?

RAMOS
You a nurse?

MARTA
Nuthin' gets past you. Sorry, if I'm
a bitch, but I had to listen to her
heartbreaking stories 'bout you my
whole life. How you rejected her...
for a gangster father.

Antonio jumps into the conversation.

ANTONIO
Your father was in the Mafia?

RAMOS
He wasn't a *made man*. He jus' worked
for dem is all.

MARTA
You work for them too?

RAMOS
Usedta.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA
Like father like son.
(pause)
You broke her heart, you know.

RAMOS
Wasn't my intention.

MARTA
And what's your intention now?

ANTONIO
I'd like to know too.

MARTA
Abuela told me about you. A *good man*
in bad company. You grew up around
all your father's mobster buddies.
Then you went to work for them.

RAMOS
Jobs are hard to find nowadays. Good
paying jobs are near impossible.

Marta softens slightly.

MARTA
Would you like a drink?

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ramos, Marta and Antonia sit around the living room
drinking. Some soft *Mexican music* is playing in the
background.

Ramos keeps glancing at Marta.

MARTA
What?

RAMOS
Abuela never told me about you.

MARTA
Mom made her promise not to.

Ramos notices the concealer make-up Marta has used to cover
up the last remnants of a black eye.

RAMOS
You and your husband live here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA

Somebody has to take care of her. Her eye sight's not so good, and some times she forgets things.

RAMOS

What 'bout your father?

MARTA

Died awhile back.

RAMOS

Is mom happy here?

Marta thinks about this for a bit, then nods.

MARTA

I think so.

Maria calls out from the bedroom.

MARIA (O.S.)

Marta... is Ramos still here?

MARTA

Si, mama,

MARIA (O.S.)

I want to see him.

INT. OLD HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Maria is propped up in bed. She looks better now, color in her face.

Ramos enters, sits in a chair before her.

MARIA

My mother told me stories about you. You were at her funeral?

RAMOS

Yes... *si*.

MARIA

I wanted to go but...

RAMOS

It's okay. *No problema*.

Maria smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA

You can speak English. My English is not so bad. My mother told me your Spanish was horrible.

Maria reaches out for Ramos' hand. He takes her hand.

MARIA (cont'd)

I finally have my boy home...

RAMOS

Ma, I...

MARIA

You don't have to explain. Your abuela told me everything. You were trying to protect me, like a good boy.

RAMOS

Except I'm not good. I've done things...

MARIA

Do you plan on continuing to do these things?

RAMOS

I'm done with all that now.

MARIA

Then there's nothing more to say about it. There's plenty of cathedrals around here for you ask your forgiveness in.

RAMOS

I will.

MARIA

What are your plans? How long are you here for?

RAMOS

No plans, here indefinitely. I like Texas. I met a girl.

Maria's eyes twinkle.

MARIA

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS

I want you to rest, ma. We have all
the time in the world to catch up.

Maria nods, even as she drifts off.

FADE TO:

EXT. EL TROPICANA - ENTRANCE - DAY

Ramos drives up and valets his car.

Antonio pulls up across the street and watches.

ANTONIO'S POV

Ramos enters the hotel.

Antonio takes out his cell phone and punches a number in.

ANTONIO

(into cell)

Hi, I wanna speak to Carmine
Vicente...

The voice on the other end is harsh, mean even.

VOICE (V.O.)

Who the fuck is this?

ANTONIO

I know the whereabouts of someone
Carmine is looking for.

VOICE (V.O.)

*Good for fucken you. Who you talkin'
'bout?*

ANTONIO

Ramos Ferrari.

The voice on the other end becomes real quiet. Then he
starts talking to other people. Finally:

VOICE (V.O.)

Where is he?

ANTONIO

There a reward?

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Antonio waits in a quiet area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two men approach. *Hitmen*. They have a Nevada feel to them.

HITMAN

You Antonio?

ANTONIO

You guys don't waste any time.

HITMAN

Came right down from Vegas.

The two Men aren't much for small talk.

HITMAN (cont'd)

You got an address or what?

ANTONIO

You got my money?

The two Men look at each other. Then one hands Antonio an envelope. Antonio tries to play cool as he flips through the money in it, but his hands are shaking badly.

Seeing this, one Hitman, winks at the other.

HITMAN

Whad, you don't trust us?

Antonio stops flipping through the money.

ANTONIO

It's cool.

HITMAN

Address!

ANTONIO

Sure. El Tropicana Hotel. Been watching him. He likes to go for a walk at night. Lotta dark and quiet streets around there.

HITMAN

Don't worry. We'll handle it. You jus' keep your mouth shut or we'll come looking for you as well.

The two Men don't wait for a response. They're already headed off.

ANTONIO

(calling after them)

Don't worry. My lips are sealed.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Not a soul in sight.

Ramos doesn't notice.

He's walking on a cloud, thinking about India.

Suddenly...

HITMAN (O.S.)

Ramos...

Ramos spins in the direction of the voice and sees the Hitman...

HITMAN

Carmine wanted dis messy.

right as the second Hitman swings a bat at his head from behind. Ramos, familiar with the scenario, ducks.

RAMOS

Shit!

The bat hits the brick wall and SHATTERS! The Man tosses the bat and pulls a dagger.

The First Man already has his gun out.

Ramos is unarmed. As the Man comes at him with the blade, Ramos grabs a metal garbage can lid and begins deflecting the knife thrusts.

Frustrated, the knife-wielding Hitman looks at his Partner.

HITMAN #2

Jus' shoot him already. I'll slice him up good after. Carmine'll never know.

HITMAN

How 'bout I shoot him in the kneecap, then you turn him into a pin cushion?

The Hitman starts to raise his gun. Desperate, Ramos throws the garbage lid at the Man. Surprisingly, the lid hits the man right in the nose... BREAKING IT!

When the second Gunman turns to look, Ramos tackles him into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Hitman hits the wall so hard he drops the knife. The Man draws his gun, a silencer on the tip. But Ramos is already grabbing for the weapon.

The two Men struggle. The gun goes off twice, bullets RICOCHETING off brick walls.

Ramos forces the gun in the direction of the first Hitman, who has retrieved his gun.

Ramos FIRES several shots at the Man. Two hit him-- one in the chest, one in the leg.

Next, Ramos presses the SCORCHING HOT barrel of the gun against the face of the Hitman he is struggling with.

The man SCREAMS and lets go of the weapon.

Ramos steps back and puts two slugs in the Man. Then he crosses to the first Hitman...

who is trying to crawl away down the alley. Badly wounded, the Man moves in slow motion.

RAMOS
Where you goin?

Ramos steps on the Man's leg, stopping his progress.

Ramos SHOOTS THE MAN in the back of the head, then wipes and tosses the gun. He kneels down and takes the Man's cell phone.

WIDE SHOT

Ramos running down the alley away from the scene.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

Ramos, parked, goes through the Hitman's cellphone. On the caller ID, the name ANTONIO VEGA comes up. *His brother-in-law.*

RAMOS
Sonuvabitch...

Ramos frowns as he punches in another number. A few seconds later...

CARLITO (V.O.)
What's up, Ramos?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS

Two guys jumped me in an alley. I checked outta the hotel.

CARLITO

Two guys?

RAMOS

Two mob guys.

CARLITO

What happened to the two guys?

Ramos remains quiet.

CARLITO (cont'd)

Your prints in the system?

RAMOS

No.

CARLITO

Dat's a good thing. Want me to meet you?

RAMOS

No. Lean on Chewy to put a rush on my new identity, gotta feelin' I'm gonna be needing it soon.

CARLITO

Sure thing. Need a place to crash?

RAMOS

Don't worry about that. We'll figure the rest out tomorrow. Oh... and Carlito?

CARLITO

Yeah?

RAMOS

I'm gonna need some guns. Nuthin' fancy. Jus' efficient.

Ramos hangs up.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ramos is KNOCKING.

Maya answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYA

Ramos?

RAMOS

Hola, Maya. Can I speak to India.

Maya pauses.

MAYA

She's gone, went back to Laredo.
Parents have a tight hold on her.

RAMOS

What?

MAYA

India likes you.

RAMOS

But.

MAYA

She thinks you jus' wanna have a good
time. My cousin ain't looking for
that. She's a serious person.

RAMOS

I'm serious 'bout her.

MAYA

You don't know her. You only jus'
met.

RAMOS

Time don't mean shit. I know the
important stuff.

(beat)

Where is she?

Maya's surprised.

MAYA

Laredo.

RAMOS

I want her address.

Maya goes inside, comes back out with a piece of paper,
hands it to Ramos.

MAYA

That's her address.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ramos takes it.

MAYA (cont'd)
You better be for real.

Ramos nods and leaves.

RAMOS
Gracias.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

Ramos sits outside his Mother's house, waiting. He sees Antonio coming out of the house and heading towards his car.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A crummy back alley bar in a seedy section of town.

Antonio comes stumbling out, not totally drunk, but weaving occasionally. A CHEAP LOOKING WOMAN wobbles along behind him. Antonio kisses the Woman as he gropes her roughly.

ANTONIO
I'll be by tomorrow when *she's* at
work.

The Woman smiles seductively and heads in the opposite direction.

Antonio passes a darker, adjoining alley.

RAMOS (O.S.)
Hi, Antonio...

Ramos grabs Antonio in a headlock and drags him in the dark alley. He slams the man up against the wall and holds him there with his hand pressed against Antonio's face.

ANTONIO
Ramos, holy shit...

RAMOS
When you try to hit a hitman, you
better make damn sure the job gets
done.

Antonio, squirming, looks around for help, sees none. The Man looks like he's about to scream when...

KLIKK! He sees the stiletto open with a snap. Antonio can feel the edge of the blade by his groin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTONIO
(practically sobbing)
Please...

RAMOS
Like it rough, do ya? I already know
you like to slap your wife around and
run around behind her back.

ANTONIO
Huh? What are you talking about?

RAMOS
God, you're a lousy liar. You know
what we do to rats and wife-beaters
in Brooklyn?

ANTONIO
I didn't do anything, I swear.

RAMOS
Lie to me again and, so help me, I'll
cut your balls off right here and
now.

Ramos presses the blade closer against Antonio's groin. Now
Antonio can really feel the sharp edge of the blade. Ramos
continues to smooch Antonio's face with his other hand.

ANTONIO
(sobbing)
No... no, don't...

RAMOS
How much, *gangster*?

ANTONIO
What?

RAMOS
How fuckin' much?

ANTONIO
Five thousand. Five thousand...

RAMOS
(incredulous)
Five thousand? You sold me out for a
measly five thousand dollars?

Ramos reaches into Antonio's pocket and pulls out a roll of
bills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS (cont'd)
You stupid fuck! Not only are you a
rat, but you're also a horrible
businessman. My ex got twelve gees.
(beat)
She did throw in a blowjob.

Ramos takes the knife away from Antonio's groin. He folds
the knife and pockets it.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Here's what you're gonna do, you two-
timing rat. You're gonna take this
lousy blood money...

Ramos shoves the roll of bills back into Antonio's pocket.

RAMOS (cont'd)
And get the fuck outta Texas, now,
tonight! And if you go near Marta
ever again, or contact her...
(beat)
I'll show you what a real gangster
looks like.

Ramos lets go of Antonio as he pushes him back against the
wall. Antonio is surprised.

ANTONIO
That's it?

RAMOS
Almost.

Ramos hits Antonio with a right cross that makes his head
bounce off the wall behind him. Reeling, Antonio doesn't
even see the rest of the punches coming.

Ramos beats Antonio to a pulp.

The Man drops to the ground.

Ramos helps him back to his feet and...

RAMOS (cont'd)
Start walking.

shoves him away.

Antonia stumbles down the alley.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Ramos enters. He see Carlito waiting for him at the bar, comes over.

RAMOS
Must be serious, no bad jokes.

CARLITO
You want the bad news or the worse news first?

RAMOS
Bad.

CARLITO
It's gonna be a few more days before your passport and papers are ready.

RAMOS
Fucken pendejo Chewy. The worse news?

CARLITO
Your boy, Carmine was pissed 'bout losing the Vegas mob boys. Don't wanna risk anymore *Guineas*. He put out an open hit on you? *Fifty gees!*

RAMOS
Yeah?

CARLITO
Yeah. Yeah? You know what that means? Every pendejo with a pee-shooter is gonna be gunnin' for you.

Ramos waves at the Bartender. The Man pours him a rum and coke.

Carlito looks at Ramos.

CARLITO (cont'd)
On the Southside, you got bad-ass Tejana killers. On the Eastside, you got hardcore Black gangbangers. And all around you got redneck cowboy lowlifes. You're the meal and...
(beat)
Carmine, jus' rang the dinner bell.

RAMOS
Recommendations?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO

Yeah, we get the fuck outta Dodge,
head to Mexico! You can buy
protection there. No one'll dare
cross the border for the contract.
It's our only play. Lay low 'til
Chewy gets the passport.

RAMOS

I'm going to Laredo.

CARLITO

What the fuck you going' to Laredo
for?

RAMOS

India.

Carlito can see that he won't be able to talk Ramos out of
anything. He shrugs.

CARLITO

What the hell? It's on the way.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Some of the neighborhoods they pass through look more like
Mexico than America.

LEGEND:

LAREDO, TEXAS

We see the Chevy turn down the street, Ramos and Carlito in
it.

INT. CHEVY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Carlito pushes the sunglasses back on his nose as he watches
the area passing by.

CARLITO

Laredo, being a Mexican-American
border town, has its fair share of
cartel violence.

RAMOS

Saw bodies swinging from a bridge on
the news, back in Brooklyn couple a
weeks ago.

Ramos reflects on his statement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS (cont'd)
Seems like a lifetime ago now.

CARLITO
Bodies and bridges. That's what you
call sending a message.

Carlito nods at the house they're approaching.

CARLITO (cont'd)
Friend's house, off the radar.

RAMOS
Good. Off the radar is my favorite
place.

EXT. LAREDO HOME - DAY

More a large shack than a house, badly in need of repair. A
one story ranch home in a desolate area.

CARLITO (O.S.)
*People in this neighborhood tend to
mind their own business.*

The Chevy pulls into a parking space. Ramos and Carlito get
out.

CARLITO
Ain't the Ritz-Carlton, but don't let
it fool you. It's got some very nice
features. A silent alarm for one...

INT. LAREDO HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlito leads Ramos into the living room. He kneels down.

CARLITO
...and some party favors.

Carlito pulls out a munitions case and flips it open. There
are an assortment of handguns and ammo in it.

RAMOS
Chingon.

Ramos reaches in and pulls out a silver revolver and a box
of bullets.

CARLITO
Ole' school. I can appreciate it. Not
a hater. Me, I like glocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carlito takes a glock out of the case, loads a clip.

RAMOS
Glocks got no style.

Carlito smiles.

CARLITO
Long as they get the job done.

He sticks the glock in the back of his belt and pulls his shirt over it.

CARLITO (cont'd)
I'll order some take out. Tomorrow,
you can do your *thang* with that
pretty lil' chica. Later, Chewy's
coming down to meet us, give us the
stuff personally.

RAMOS
Good.

CARLITO
Whaddaya wanna eat?

RAMOS
Mexican, of course. Can't get
authentic worth a damn in Brooklyn.

INT. LAREDO HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ramos, asleep in bed, hears something. *The silent alarm is going off.* He instantly reaches for his gun.

INT. LAREDO HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ramos comes out the bedroom in pants and a shirt, gun in hand.

Carlito, having also heard the alarm, is crouched behind the couch... gun aimed at the front door as it slowly opens.

Ramos presses himself against the wall, in the dark, where he can't be seen.

The door swings open. Carlito FIRES. But there's nobody there.

LAMAR - (30), a lean gang-banger, gun in hand - has climbed in the window behind Carlito.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos sees Lamar right as he CRACKS Carlito over the head with the gun. Carlito slumps forward unto the back rest of the couch.

Ramos is about attack when...

two more BLACK GANG-BANGERS come in the front door. These Guys - JONSIE (30S) and MARCUS (28) are *jacked* from countless prison yard workouts.

Lamar rolls Carlito over onto the couch and takes a good hard look at him.

LAMAR
Ain't him.

CARLITO
(out of it)
Muthafuckahs!

LAMAR
Shut up, bitch!

JONSIE
Then where the fuck is he, Lamar?

Ramos steps out behind them, his gun leveled.

RAMOS
Looking for me?

Lamar spins fast and FIRES. Ramos BLASTS Lamar in the neck. The Gang-banger drops his gun and grabs his neck with both hands as blood sprays out of it. He collapses onto the floor.

Marcus draws a gun.

MARCUS
Let's kill that bitch, Jonsie.

Carlito reaches up and shoots Marcus in the face. He falls on top of Carlito.

CARLITO
Shit!

Ramos starts LAUGHING.

JONSIE
Fuck is so funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS
Once had a cat named Jonsie.

JONSIE
Asshole!

Jonsie, even though he's big, moves fast. He charges and tackles Ramos.

Ramos loses his gun. Jonsie, on top of Ramos, punches him in the face twice, then sticks a forearm in Ramos' throat to hold him in place... while he reaches for a large doubled-edge DAGGER.

JONSIE (cont'd)
Gotta make it messy, don't get paid
if it ain't bloody.

Ramos sees the knife and struggles frantically.

Carlito is struggling with the other Gunman on the couch for control of the glock. They're both covered in blood from the wounded man... the weapon slippery.

CARLITO
Fuck! Shit. Sonuvabitch!

Jonsie raises the knife. Ramos fights wildly.

JONSIE
Don't struggle. You my bitch, I'm
gettin' that money.
(glancing back at his
dead and dying
buddies)
Only thing is now I don't gotta split
it.

Jonsie grins. He has a *gold grill* in his mouth... saliva dripping off.

JONSIE (cont'd)
Your boys in Brooklyn want you to
suffer, they want pictures.

Jonsie tries to bring the dagger down. Ramos frees one hand and grabs it. They struggle.

JONSIE (cont'd)
Fight all you want. I'm still gonna
kill you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They continue to wrestle for control of the knife. Ramos slowly turns it around. Now the blade is facing the Black Man's chest.

JONSIE (cont'd)
No way, White boy.

Jonsie is stronger than Ramos. He begins to turn the blade back on Ramos. Ramos knees Jonsie in the balls hard. When the Man doubles up in pain. Ramos rolls him over, turns the blade and plunges it into Jonsie's chest.

The Black Man lets go of the blade as he SCREAMS.

Ramos drives the blade into his chest several more times. Then rolls off the Man, fighting to catch his breath.

Carlito, still fighting with the wounded Man on the couch, looks up. He see Ramos step INTO FRAME and put his gun to the Man's head.

BLAMM!

Carlito pushes the dead man off of him and rises to his feet. He's covered in blood.

CARLITO
Recognize *the cuts*. Members of the
Ghetto Bastards Sect. Sadistic
assholes.

Carlito sees the concern on Ramos' face.

CARLITO (cont'd)
Don't worry 'bout the gunshots.
Nobody in this neighborhood will call
the cops.

RAMOS
What should we do with the bodies?

CARLITO
Stick 'em in the closet. My buddy'll
take care of this mess after we're
gone. Gonna cost extra.

RAMOS
Got it covered.

Carlito takes off his bloody shirt.

RAMOS (cont'd)
I suggest we shower and change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CARLITO
We can burn these clothes in the
garbage can outside.

RAMOS
Then let's get the fuck outta here.

FADE TO:

EXT. NAVARETE HOME - DAY

Modest middle-class Mexican neighborhood, area well kept,
lawns groomed, homes clean.

INT. NAVARETE HOME - CONTINUOUS

SOMEONE is RINGING the doorbell. A HAND opens the door.

Ramos, impeccably dressed, stands on the front doorstep. He
smiles his most charming smile.

RAMOS
*Buenos dias, Senor Navarete. Mi
nombre es Ramos.* I came here to ask
your permission to take your daughter
on a date, to dinner.

SENOR NAVARETE - (60s) stern, hard features with hard lines
etched across his face - is suspicious of Ramos.

RAMOS (cont'd)
We can observe Mexican tradition in
this matter.

The Old Man's face softens slightly.

SENOR NAVARETE
I should ask my daughter if she would
like to have dinner with you.

RAMOS
Gracias.

The Old Man, leaving the door half open, heads into the
house. A few moments later, he returns with India.

India, shaking her head in disbelief that Ramos is there,
suppresses a smile.

INDIA
I can't believe you came here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Old Man steps in between them.

SENOR NAVARETE
My daughter has said yes. We will
have a traditional Mexican dinner
date tonight. Be here at 5pm.

RAMOS
Dinner here?

The Old Man looks from Ramos to India.

SENOR NAVARETE
I will let you say your goodbyes.

Senor Navarete retires back into the house.

INDIA
You agreed to that?

RAMOS
Guess so.

INDIA
(smiling)
You have no idea what you're getting
yourself into, do you?

RAMOS
Figure I'll find out.

Ramos exits as India closes the door behind him.

INT. NAVARETE HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Ramos is escorted in by INDIA'S MOTHER. To his surprise,
there is a long dining room table full of FAMILY MEMBERS.

India, beautiful in a pretty pink dress, is seated on the
other end of the table.

INDIA'S MOTHER
You sit here, Ramos.

She points to a chair at the opposite end of the table.
Ramos sits down, waves at India. She smilingly laughs back.

Grace is said, then a massive amount of food is brought out
by AUNTS and NIECES. *Tamales, tacos, asada, rice, beans,*
guacamole. Everyone begins to eat.

Ramos is engaged in various conversations with both the
Father and Mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

During the course of the whole dinner, Ramos and India can't take their eyes off each other

FADE TO:

EXT. NAVARETE HOME - NIGHT

Ramos and India stand on the front step. Finally, they are alone.

RAMOS
I had a great time.

INDIA
You lie.

RAMOS
No.

Both become quiet.

RAMOS (cont'd)
There's a lot of conflicting things going on in my life right now. This isn't one of them.

Ramos leans in and kisses India delicately on the lips, lets his lips linger on hers. Then he backs away.

RAMOS (cont'd)
You ever meet somebody and feel like you've known them your whole life?

INDIA
Yes... right now.

India goes inside and closes the door.

Ramos is walking on a cloud as Carlito pulls up in the Chevy. He sees the look on Ramos' face.

CARLITO
(shit-eating grin)
You're a goner.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Ramos and Carlito walk through the facility. Nothing but locked storage rooms and garish lighting. Not a soul in sight.

RAMOS
Why'd Chewy wanna meet us here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLITO

Figured since he was making the trip to Laredo, he'd pick up some stuff he had in storage.

They hear FOOTSTEPS. Chewy steps out into the open with his big cheesy smile. He has a manila envelope with him.

CHEWY

Hola, hermanos.

Suddenly TWO MEXICAN THUGS step up behind Ramos and Carlito and put guns to the back of their heads.

CARLITO

Chewy, you'd do this to me? Thought we were *familia*.

CHEWY

We are, Carlito. This hurts me a lot. But it's jus' business.

RAMOS

You sell us out for fifty lousy gees?

CHEWY

No, I wouldn't. But Carmine upped the offer to a hundred and fifty thousand.

RAMOS

Guess that asshole must really hate me.

Chewy looks at Carlito.

CHEWY

You jus' stay still, *mijo*. Nobody wants you. No reason for you to die here tonight, Carlito.

MEXICAN THUG

Take your *pieces* out, nice and easy, by two fingers.

Ramos and Carlito slowly remove their weapons. Ramos holds his by two fingers.

Carlito spins suddenly and FIRES at the Thug behind him. The Thug, finger on the trigger, FIRES. They both shoot each other at point blank range. Both shot in the chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

When the Thug behind Ramos looks over, Ramos grabs his gun with his whole hand in one deft motion, spins and UNLOADS his gun into the other Thug. The Man dies instantly.

Chewy takes off running. Ramos takes off after him. He overtakes the Lawyer before he can get to the end of the storage corridor.

Ramos tackles Chewy.

RAMOS

You better have those damn documents, cocksucker!

CHEWY

(scared for his life)

I have 'em. I have 'em. I didn't find out about Carmine offering more money until after.

Ramos snatches the manila envelope and opens it. *Passport, Drivers License, bank account information*, everything is there.

Ramos stands and points his gun at a horrified Chewy. He pulls the trigger.

KLIKK!

Empty.

Chewy breathes a sigh of relief.

Ramos whips out another gun and SHOOTS Chewy point blank in the head.

Ramos goes back over to Carlito. He slides down the wall next to Carlito and cradles him in his arms. Carlito is still alive, *barely*.

RAMOS

Why'd you do sumthin' so stupid? You hadda know you'd get shot.

CARLITO

I took a chance... *carnal*.

RAMOS

Why?

Carlito smiles despite the pain, despite the fact he is seconds from death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLITO

It's stupid.

RAMOS

Whad?

CARLITO

I saw the way India looked at you tonight. Nobody ever looked at me like that.

When Carlito LAUGHS, blood pours out his mouth. He starts writhing suddenly in a painful *death throe*. Ramos holds him tightly, trying to take away his pain.

A moment later, Carlito is dead.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Ramos sits on the hood of his Chevy in the parking lot by the park.

Another car drives up. India gets out. She has a concerned look on her face as she approaches quickly. She sees the dried tears on Ramos' face.

INDIA

Are you okay?

RAMOS

Not really.

India hugs Ramos. He puts his head on her shoulder.

INDIA

You scared me on the phone.

RAMOS

Things are spiraling outta control around me. Carlito's dead.

INDIA

What?

RAMOS

You were the only person I could think of to call.

India hugs him tighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS (cont'd)
I hafta go to Mexico. It'll be safe
there. I hafta ask you sumthing. And
I know it's gonna sound crazy...

INDIA
What do you want to ask me?

RAMOS
Will you come with me to Mexico.
(beat)
Will you marry me?

India looks at Ramos in shock.

INDIA
Are you serious?

RAMOS
Yes.

A BEAT.

INDIA
Are you asking because you need
someone or because you need me?

Ramos looks into India's eyes.

RAMOS
Because I need you.

India takes a deep breath.

INDIA
Then, as crazy as it sounds, yes.

Ramos and India hug again.

INDIA (cont'd)
(sudden thought)
What about our families?

RAMOS
They can meet us down in Mexico.
We'll have the wedding there.

INDIA
Brooklyn boys.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

LEGEND:

NUEVO LAREDO, MEXICO

It's a beautiful day. Sunshine falls on a tiny village church in the countryside.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Ramos, in a suit, and India, in a simple modest white dress, stand before the altar and a Priest as they take their vows.

Maria and Marta sit in the first pew, tears running down their eyes. India's Father, Mother and the rest of the Family sit behind them.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Two cars wait in front of the church.

Ramos and India say their goodbyes to India's family, then make their way over to Maria and Marta.

MARTA
It was a beautiful ceremony.

MARIA
With such a beautiful bride.

INDIA
Thank you, Maria.

MARIA
Call me mom. We're family now.

INDIA
(blushing)
Mom.

India embraces Maria, then Marta.

MARTA
What made you have your ceremony in Mexico?

RAMOS
We wanted sumthin' different. I know this seems crazy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA

It's not crazy at all. You're in love. Have a wonderful honeymoon, mijo.

Ramos hugs Maria and Marta.

RAMOS

Where's Antonio?

MARTA

Out of the picture.

A MAN with a large mustache comes over to Ramos carrying a case. Ramos looks at India and his Family.

RAMOS

Be back in a minute

The Man with the Mustache leads Ramos to a...

SHRINE. Its head is a human skull covered with colorful robes and beads. The bottom of the shrine is filled with offerings, money, food, everything.

MUSTACHE MAN

Santa Muerte, the lady of shadows, the lady of death. You should make an offering. For protection.

Ramos kneels down and places some money at the altar.

MUSTACHE MAN (cont'd)

Good.

RAMOS

Who are you?

MUSTACHE MAN

I was a friend of Carlito's. Pity what happened to him.

RAMOS

Sucked.

MUSTACHE MAN

He thought you might need these.

He hands Ramos the case. Ramos opens it slightly. See the guns inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS

Hope not. Better safe than sorry. How much I owe you?

MUSTACHE MAN

For Carlito.

The Man turns and walks away.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - SUNSET

It's a villa style home. There is nothing else around for miles, just a countryside full of trees and flowers.

Ramos and India drive up and get out.

INDIA

Ramos, I love it.

RAMOS

I paid for a whole month. That'll give us plenty of time to decide where we want to go next.

INT. COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A ROARING FIRE in the master bedroom, illuminates...

Ramos and India's intertwined bodies in bed making love, casting...

LARGE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

In the f.g. sit wine bottles and glasses.

Ramos, kissing India's neck, says impulsively.

RAMOS

Baby, why don't we start a family?

India takes Ramos's face in both her hands.

INDIA

(excited)

You want that?

RAMOS

Of course I do.

The log in the fireplace begins to break down and disintegrate. As this happens, the light in the room dies down considerably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos kisses India, climbs out of bed and slips into his pants.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Fire's getting a lil' low. I'm gonna
grab another log from outside.

INDIA
Don't be too long, darling.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Near a storage shed sits a pile of logs and lumber.

Ramos grabs a good size log and starts back for the house,
when...

the overhead light goes out.

Ramos glances at the house.

All the lights are off.

Ramos hears soft footsteps.

A twig snaps.

Ramos drops the lumber and quietly makes his way over to his
parked car. Crouching down low, he fishes the car keys out
his pocket and opens the trunk.

RAMOS'S POV

The case of weapons sits in the trunk.

Trying to move as fast as possible, Ramos loads a revolver
and sticks it in his pants.

RAMOS
(worried)
Come on... come on...

Next, he grabs the sawed-off double barrel shotgun and loads
it. Finally, he grabs the uzi. He slaps a clip in it and
hangs it over his shoulder by the strap.

Ramos, staying low, races back to the house.

INT. COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

India, stretched out in bed under the covers, opens her
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INDIA

Ramos, are you back? Maybe we can
have more wine by the fire.

No answer.

India sits up in bed. She blinks when she sees...

THE SILHOUETTE OF TWO HITMEN who stand before her in the
dark in the doorway of the bedroom terrace.

They step forward and begin FIRING at the bed.

India is struck by a bullet in the chest. She looks down at
the wound in surprise. The next bullet knocks her back.

Ramos races into the room.

RAMOS

NO!

He hits the two Men with automatic fire from the uzi as he
UNLOADS the clip into them.

The Men are BLASTED BACK... RIPPED TO SHREDS.

Ramos tosses the uzi and runs over to the bed.

He sees India's form under the sheet. In the dark, he
doesn't see all the blood.

RAMOS (cont'd)

(whispering)

India, India, we have to get out of
here.

When he reaches out to touch her, he feels the blood on his
hands.

RAMOS (cont'd)

No no no... dear God no...

He pulls the sheet back.

India's face - still perfect even in death - stares back at
him with lifeless eyes.

RAMOS (cont'd)

(sobbing)

No... no...

He scoops India up in his arms and holds her tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMOS (cont'd)

No...

Ramos's grief is interrupted, when he hears a sound outside.

CLOSE ON

Ramos's eyes. His sorrow is instantly replaced by rage...
rage and deep hatred.

Ramos lowers India softly to the bed and covers her face
with the sheet. When he rises, it is like someone totally
new... someone unafraid, unconcerned with life or death.

Ramos stands and spins, hoisting up the shotgun...

as another Hitman rushes into the room firing.

We see the MUZZLE FLASH in SLO MO as Ramos blasts the Man
back out of the room.

The Hitman looks as if he has been shot out of a cannon.

Ramos looks at his shoulder and sees he has been hit. Blood
runs freely down his arm.

Ramos heads towards the door.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ramos moves quietly through the darkness.

He sees the flame of a lighter, REVEALING a car up on the
road in the distance.

Ramos loads more shells in the shotgun and heads towards the
car.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ramos comes out onto the road.

A Gunman standing by the car, sees Ramos. He goes for his
gun.

Ramos BLASTS the Man back onto the hood of the parked car.

ANGLE ON

the body sprawled out, drenched in blood.

He can't believe his eyes when he sees who is sitting in the
back of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAMOS'S POV

He sees CARMINE VICENTE - (73) round, cruel face, a badly receding hairline, scar by his mouth - right as Carmine sees him.

Ramos BLASTS the front tire.

Carmine pushes open the car door and takes off down the hill.

Ramos is about to pursue him when he hears a TWIG SNAP.

Ramos looks over.

His Brother-in-law Antonio is taking a leak by the side of the road. Antonio, dick in his hand, pales when he sees Ramos.

RAMOS
So you're the one.

ANTONIO
What... I...

RAMOS
Got the address outta Marta's phone.

Ramos loads shells in the shotgun and levels it at Antonio. Ramos notices the gun sticking out of Antonio's belt.

RAMOS (cont'd)
I gave you a chance to walk away. Now I'm giving you another chance. Go for your *piece*, gangster.

ANTONIO
I don't want to.

RAMOS
Go for it.

Antonio is shaking his head vehemently.

ANTONIO
No, man. I don't want to.

RAMOS
Suit yourself.

Ramos blasts Antonio in the groin.

Antonio hits the ground screaming in agony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ramos moves forward and stands over him.

ANTONIO
Please... please...

Ramos looks Antonio in the eyes. Finally, he takes out his 9mm and puts two bullets in Antonio's head.

Ramos heads down the hill for Carmine.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Carmine makes it to the master bedroom terrace doors, sees his downed Gunmen. He grabs a gun out of the dead hand of one of the Men. He checks the clip right as...

Ramos, coming down the hill, fires at Carmine.

The bullet ricochets off the wall by Carmine's head. He ducks and fires wildly at Ramos. Carmine keeps firing even after his gun is empty.

Ramos comes walking in out of the darkness.

RAMOS
Been a long time since you pulled
your own trigger, Carmine.

Carmine throws the gun at Ramos, who smacks it away. Carmine runs.

He's not an athletic man.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Carmine...

Carmine continues running.

RAMOS (cont'd)
CARMINE!

KLIKK!

Carmine stops when he hears the cocking of Ramos's gun. He turns around slowly.

RAMOS (cont'd)
Gotta say I'm surprised you came all
the way out here for me.

CARMINE
You made me look bad. You gotta see
it from my point of view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ramos approaches until he is three feet from Carmine.

RAMOS

Only thing I see is my dead bride
inside.

(beat)

You wanna see her?

CARMINE

Look, Ramos. We can work this out.

RAMOS

That's what Vinnie said... right
before I blew him away. Guess this
can prove anybody can get whacked. It
ain't about who's richer... or who's
stronger... or who has more guns...

(beat)

It's about who's crazy enough.

Carmine is shaking, trying to find a way to turn the
situation around.

CARMINE

You proved you're better than all my
other guys. Come back to work for me
and you can name your price. You get
it? You can be a very rich man.

Ramos' eyes are ice cold. His face is like *chilled stone*.

RAMOS

I don't think so.

Carmine loses his temper. He's not a man used to being told
no.

CARMINE

What the fuck is the matter with you,
Ramos? You're thick jus' like your
ole' man, you know dat? I carried dat
bum all through your school years. He
couldn't get anything right. Finally,
I had to put him down. You mess with
me and you'll end up the same way.

RAMOS

I had my suspicions 'bout my father.
You jus' confirmed them.

Ramos takes a step forward.

Carmine takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARMINE

Now wait a minute, we both lost our temper. Why don't we think about this for a minute.

RAMOS

Nuthin' to think 'bout. I'm thick. Jus' like my ole' man.

(beat)

You gonna put me down?

Carmine doesn't say anything. He just continues to back away.

RAMOS (cont'd)

I'll make it easy.

Ramos tosses his gun away.

Seeing this, Carmine rushes over to the wood pile and grabs an axe.

CARMINE

Muthafucker!

Carmine charges, swinging the axe. But he's slow. Ramos side steps this and grabs the axe... rips it out of Carmine's hands.

CARMINE (cont'd)

Okay, Ramos, let's talk...

RAMOS

Done talkin.

CARMINE

Stop! Stop! STOP!

Carmine brings the axe down into Carmine's shoulder. Carmine howls in pain.

Ramos rips the axe out. He swings it down again... in Carmine's arm. Carmine drops to the ground.

In a frenzy, Ramos raises and drops the axe over and over again...

Until there is no more screaming.

The remains of Carmine lay in a heap.

INT. COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

SLOW CLOSE ON

Ramos sitting in bed holding India cradled in his arms.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

As the sun begins to rise...

we see Ramos digging a grave. India's body, wrapped in bed sheets lays nearby.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Ramos stands in front of India's unmarked grave. He looks like he could have been standing there for hours.

Finally, he raises the gun to his head.

RAMOS

Guess I'm not going where you are...

Finger tenses on the trigger.

His cell phone RINGS.

Ramos makes a face, tries to ignore it. The phone keeps ringing. Finally, he lowers the gun and answers it.

RAMOS (cont'd)

Yeah?

ANGEL (V.O.)

I made a mistake. They found me. I'm on the run.

RAMOS

Angel?

ANGEL (V.O.)

Come get me, man, please. I'm in Hoboken.

RAMOS

Don't call anyone. Don't text anyone. Wait for my call.

A BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL

I will.

Ramos hangs up. He looks at the gun and puts it away. He takes flowers out of a vase and lays them on India's grave.

RAMOS

Guess Hoboken's better then hell...

(beat)

But not by much.

AERIAL SHOT

CAMERA rises high in the sky.

We see Ramos walking to his car.

FADE TO BLACK