

HAVE AT IT

FOUR LIVES. NO MERCY. HAVE AT IT

Written by

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A 10-page proof-of-concept short. Feature in development.

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INT. CUBAN MIAMI RESTAURANT — 11:30 PM

Cigar smoke hangs in the air like a memory. The kitchen's been closed an hour. The place is settling — plates stacked, napkins folded — but sex and danger are about to start the Miami night.

CHEF JAVIAN (42), dark Cuban, smooth as the bourbon he nurses, sits alone at the bar. He sips. He watches. Other staff finish a slow, practiced wrap.

ISELA (29), Colombian — rumor says Escobar ties, rumor says many things — clicks across the floor in stiletto heels. Her reflection cuts through moonlight and bar glow: precise, dangerous, beautiful.

She takes Javian's bourbon without asking and sips. He doesn't react.

The door opens.

MATEO (35) fills the frame: 6'2", thick, a Miami native with a Mexican mother and a Yankee father. He moves in with a confidence that smells like trouble. He scans. His eyes narrow.

JAVIAN
(sarcastic)
Christ. I can smell white trash the
moment he opens the door.

Isela's smile tightens. Mateo crosses the room. In one fluid motion he has Javian off the barstool — Javian on his knees, Mateo's feet planted.

MATEO
(laughing low)
Funny — that's not what you said
last night when you walked into my
bedroom.

JAVIAN
Must have been the bourbon.

MATEO
Must have been easy.

ISELA
Must have been boring — the two of
you.

They stare. Javian stands. The men square. Isela slides in between them.

ISELA (CONT'D)
Boys. Let's stay focused on the
problem at hand.

They back off. Mateo pours himself a drink. Javian reclaims
his stool and his bourbon from Isela.

JAVIAN
So – is it true?

ISELA
My boys say they saw him this
morning. Asking questions. Showing
interest.

MATEO
Why would he come back?

Javian and Isela exchange a look, then toward Mateo.

ISELA
You don't think he's here for you,
Mateo?

MATEO
(angry, wounded)
Fuck. What did I do to Reyes, that
he didn't deserve? He used me. I
used him.

JAVIAN
But he was mine.

MATEO
(staking his claim)
Till he wasn't. God, the things he
said about you – lousy in bed, an
average cook.

Without warning, Javian's right hook lands on Mateo. Mateo
topples, a chair cracks.

Silence. Doors click. The room holds its breath.

A silhouette fills the doorway.

REYES (40). James Bond would fold under his glance. 6'2".
White tank. Black jeans. Chain wallet. Black boots.
Sunglasses on at 11:30 P.M.

Mateo pushes himself up. Reyes strolls center, easy as a man
who keeps the quiet currency of danger.

REYES

Looks like I missed a party.

MATEO

(sarcastic)

Knew you'd be back.

REYES

Oh, I want you. But I want a lot more. Three bricks vanished. One mule dead. I left town. They want blood. And for some reason, they think I took it.

Javian rises.

JAVIAN

Reyes. Good to see you.

REYES

I missed you, too.

ISELA

The safe emptied the same night you vanished. Six hundred grand. That wasn't coincidence, Reyes. That was choice.

REYES

Isela, patience was never your virtue.

MATEO

I go first. I go first,
motherfucker.

Silence snaps. All eyes on Reyes.

REYES

Well then... have at it.

Mateo steps into Reyes. Two wolves. Mateo leans, sniffs Reyes' neck as if reclaiming territory.

MATEO

Fuck you and your scent. That's the one thing I couldn't stop remembering.

Reyes pushes him back a hair.

REYES

You do not get me back that easy.
If at all.

ISELA

There's more than romance to settle. I want my cut — and ten percent more for waiting.

MATEO

Bullshit. You get what you get. Maybe I cut you ten percent for that ask.

JAVIAN

I just want what I deserve.

Javian looks at Reyes. The wound is still open.

MATEO

So, Reyes... where's the 600K you walked out with? You left me bleeding, broke — and next to a dead mule. Why the fuck did you walk out on me?

Reyes leans in and brushes his lips against Mateo's — a slow, electric provocation. The room stops.

Reyes exhales a long held anguish, lust, and something worse.

REYES

(sultry)

Fuck you.

Javian drops his drink. The glass SHATTERS.

ISELA

Somebody just woke up.

JAVIAN

(in Spanish)

Nunca estuve jodidamente dormido. Me empujaron afuera. Pero esta vez... no.

(I was never fucking asleep. I was pushed out. Not this time.)

He moves to the kitchen. Pots CLATTER. A pan slams into a wall.

REYES

Is he still moody?

MATEO

As fuck.

ISELA

He never got over you, Reyes – you swapped Mateo for Javi.

MATEO

I'm not a swap-out.

ISELA

(to Mateo, matter-of-fact)
You knew Javian loved him. You still went in like a jaguar.

MATEO

Not my fault Reyes woke up and saw the light.

BANG. A gunshot rings from the kitchen. A photo on the wall EXPLODES.

Javian stands in the doorway, gun smoking.

The room convulses. Mateo freezes.

MATEO (CONT'D)

(enraged, not hiding fear)
Javi, Stupid little Cuban maricón... You could've killed me!(you faggot piece of shit) – you could've hit me.

Mateo's voice is edged, trying not to show panic.

Javian cocks the weapon. He levels it at Mateo's temple.

JAVIAN

(in slow Spanish)
Dale, dime 'estúpido' una vez más y te mato.
(Go ahead, call me 'stupid' one more time and I'll kill you.)

Sweat beads on Mateo's forehead. For a beat, everyone holds their breath.

Reyes eases the gun away.

REYES

Javi. Easy. Now. Breathe.

JAVIAN

You think you're bulletproof? Until I get my money, watch your back.

(MORE)

JAVIAN (CONT'D)
(beat)
I called Ramon.

ISELA
(low, cold)
If you brought Ramon into this,
we're all dead before sunrise.

Javian turns, slides four shot glasses across the bar, and pours Cuban rum. He pushes a shot to Isela, hands one to Mateo, and hands one to Reyes. He takes his own.

JAVIAN
(dead calm, sinister)
Have at it.

They drink.

SMASH TO BLACK – end of sequence.

INT. CUBAN MIAMI RESTAURANT – CONTINUOUS

Javian finishes his shot. The glass clinks. The burn settles. Four faces – four breaths.

SMASH TO BLACK.

A BEAT.

The door opens.

A silhouette cuts through the light: RAMON (36). 5'10". Tactical black shirt, chain glint at his throat, cigar ember glowing like a coal. He moves slow, deliberate, boots tapping like a clock running out of time. The ink on his neck shows when he tilts his head – a wing and a cross, prayer and threat.

He steps in slow. Not loud – but the room tightens. He pauses mid-room. The cigar ember flares.

CLOSE ON – Reyes. His jaw shifts. Mateo's hands curl. Isela's smile thins.

CAMERA – low angle, dolly forward. Sweat glints on Mateo's forehead. Isela doesn't breathe.

RAMON pauses mid-room. Ash drops from the cigar.

RAMON walks to the bar with the casual menace of a man who's been paid to end arguments.

RAMON
(low, gravel)
I'm not here for noise.
I'm here for what's mine.

He exhales smoke, filling the light between them.

CUT TO: close-up on Javian's eyes, narrowing. Reyes shifts

He nods at Javian, then the others. He lifts the cigar and inhales, the ember flaring.

RAMON (CONT'D)
(Spanish, clipped)
Aquí está la cuenta.
(Here's the check.)
Reyes glances at Javian, then at
Ramon — an unreadable flicker.

RAMON (CONT'D)
(to Reyes, without looking
away from Mateo)
I always said... the bill comes last.

REYES
(to Ramon, cautious)
You're early.

RAMON
(smiles, no warmth)
I like to be early. Makes the rest
of the night easier.

Mateo starts to rise. Ramon's head turns—just enough—the look stops him.

RAMON (CONT'D)
(to Mateo)
You're going to sit down. Unless
you want them to remember this
night for how loud it got.

Isela exhales slow. Javian's hand tightens, but his face is a mask. The gun is still in the kitchen — the smoke and the shouting have left thin scars.

RAMON moves to the center, near the bar. He flicks ash, casual, precise. He speaks to the room, not to any single person.

RAMON (CONT'D)
We don't need drama. We need
answers. Reyes — I'm here for
business.

Ramon motions for the gun. Javian hands it to him. Ramon empties the bullets into his hand and stuffs them in his pocket.

REYES

(quiet)

Business and favors always come for
the same bill.

RAMON

Then let's pay it.

Small pause. The tension is a wire.

CAMERA – SLOW PUSH on Javian. The tattoo shows at the throat when he swallows. He keeps his voice low, dangerous.

JAVIAN

You here for money or for a body?

RAMON

(barely smiling)

Sometimes they're the same thing.

Beat. The room waits. Ramon locks the door, the room freezes, and he proves control with a micro-action (heel to the throat, boot on chest). No one dies on-screen. Threat keeps ambiguity.

Mateo move to get up.

RAMON (CONT'D)

We're gonna be here a while.

He walks to Mateo, palms the back of his head, pushes him to his knees.

RAMON (CONT'D)

(steel)

I want you on your knees, hungry,
looking up at me. You remember how
do that, right?

ISELA

Ramon you thirsty?

RAMON

You still hustle with heels, or did
you upgrade? Of course, I am
thirsty. Javi, get some food.
Everybody, get comfortable.

RAMON (CONT'D)
Mateo, you good on your knees, or
can I trust you to be a good boy
and play nice?

CUT TO — Reyes' sunglasses. The ember glows in reflection. No one speaks. Only the smoke moves.

The lock clicks. Footsteps. The door opens.

THOMPSON (48), white Miami cop—cigar breath, dirty badge—pushes a kid in ahead of him. ENZO (28), Peruvian, phone in hand, pissed and shaking.

THOMPSON
Found this kid outside. Recording.
Texting. Thought you might want a
look.

Enzo is defiant. He snarks as he wipes his nose.

ENZO
Shit, man. You don't scare me.

Ramon takes the phone, scrolls. He shakes his head slow, thoughtful.

RAMON
(soft)
What's your name, kid?

ENZO
Fuck you.

Thompson whacks Enzo across the face. Enzo crumples. Ramon steps forward, puts a heavy boot on the kid's chest and pins him.

RAMON
I will ask once. What the hell are
you doing here?

ENZO
(scoffing, breathless)
You people—you think you own the
block—

Ramon is patient like a blade finding skin. He pulls a gun smooth as a ribbon.

BAM. One clean shot to Enzo's chest. The sound is thick and wrong. Blood blooms on the shirt.

Silence eats the room.

RAMON
(to Javi)
How about some food.

He steps over the kid, spitting disdain. Mateo lunges and
Ramon flicks the barrel at him, a tiny, lethal line.

RAMON (QUIET) (CONT'D)
Mateo. Get rid of the body.

Mateo freezes. His hand finds the bar, the knife, the chair.
He looks at the dead kid, at Ramon, then the gun. He swallows
and nods like a man who took a step he can't undo.

Mateo grabs the body and drags out to the kitchen. He bumps
a few chairs. A glass falls and breaks. A trail of blood
follows as he exits into the kitchen.

ISELA stares. Reyes' sunglasses reflect the ember, the gun,
the blood.

THOMPSON
(whispering to Ramon)
Boss said to make an example. He
wants the keys, the cash and the
bricks.

RAMON
Tell Carlos he'll get them for a
price. When I say when.
(beat)
The collector's here. Time to start
collecting.

He scans the room. Isela hands Ramon a drink.

ISELA
Carlos? He upped his game?

RAMON
Your Colombian friends are dead.
Focus on the room.

ISELA
Does Carlos know you will double-
cross him as well. He will come
after you.

Ramon, leans back, does a heavy drag on the cigar.

RAMON
(like the devil talking)
Well then, have at it.