

MORE GOING DOWN  
A FILM NOIR MIAMI MYSTERY

Written by

Dennis J Manning  
Copyright 2024

Dennis@danforthmusic.org

401-644-4759

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FREEDOM TOWER, MIAMI - NIGHT

ON-SCREEN: SEPTEMBER 24, 1987

The Freedom Tower looms. 1 AM. The air thick-humid-suffocating.

A Cuban cigar sparks to life. CARLOS DIAZ, 35. Handsome. Lethal. A kingpin before the crown. He leans against a sleek black car, exhaling smoke, watching. Always watching.

Next to him-MITCH, 35. A dog off the leash. Too eager. Too wound up.

And then there's IRISH, 21. Baby deer. Wrong jungle.

IRISH

Mitch... we need to talk.

Mitch chuckles. Light. Fake. Dangerous.

MITCH

Talk? That what we're calling it?

Irish swallows. Voice shaking, but firm.

IRISH

This isn't working. I found somebody.

Silence.

Carlos exhales smoke. Calculating.

Mitch's grip tightens on Irish's wrist.

MITCH

It's you and me- or nobody.

Carlos steps forward. Slow. Measured.

CARLOS

Tranquilo, Mitch. It's late. It's hot.

Mitch turns-eyes flick to Carlos' gun.

A beat. Then- he moves.

FAST.

Gun in hand. Carlos shouts.

THREE SHOTS RIP THE NIGHT.

Irish drops.

And then—sirens. Distant. Approaching. Getting closer.

Carlos exhales. Calm. Collected. Dangerous. He pulls out his cell phone.

INTERCUT:

INT. SPLIT SCREEN: FREEDOM TOWER & A LUXURY APARTMENT -  
FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS

Francisco.

FRANCISCO, 40. Suave. Effortlessly powerful. A man who turns crime into an art form.

FRANCISCO

Mi amigo. Late night, no? What do you need?

CARLOS

We have a problem. Get Diego. Get the bags. Get the chainsaw. We're taking the boat out.

FRANCISCO

Ah. Understood.

Carlos hangs up. Sirens closing in. Carlos turns to Mitch. Dead-eyed. Unforgiving.

CARLOS

You stupid fuck. You used my gun.

Carlos' fist smashes into Mitch's face. Mitch hits the pavement.

Carlos leans over Irish's body. Stares at the kid. Then, with quiet regret—

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Sorry, Irish. I liked you.

He punches Irish's lifeless face. Once. Twice. Three times. Blood smears the knuckles. Carlos wipes it on Mitch's hands.

Sirens. Closer.

Carlos pulls drugs from Mitch's pocket. Carlos stuffs it into Irish's jeans. Carlos pulls out a bankroll. Peels off \$500. Shoves it in the other pocket.

Mitch gets up, Carlos growls a simple command:

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Hit me.

MITCH

What?

CARLOS

My right eye. Do it now.

Carlos' stare darkens. Mitch punches. Carlos doesn't flinch. Just nods.

Two police officers come to the scene. Arrogant.

SANTIAGO DELGADO, 38. Suave. Dangerous. A cop who knows exactly how deep his pockets go.

Santiago steps out of the squad car. A smirk already forming.

SANTIAGO

Well, well. Carlos fucking Diaz. And his loyal sidekick. What are your ladies up to, tonight?

Mitch wipes blood from his mouth. Santiago notices the body. Carlos smiles. Calm. Charismatic. Sinister.

CARLOS

Santiago Delgado. You must be wanting my attention again. You remember our last time?

Carlos winks at Delgado. Delgado cracks him across the face for that. Carlos doesn't flinch. Just gives a wry smile.

SANTIAGO

Smart ass.

COP 2

Boss, we got a dead guy here.

CARLOS

Like I was saying, Santiago, He tried to sell us drugs. We said no. He got violent.

MITCH

We said "no way, we don't do drugs."

Carlos shoots a look at Mitch.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Yo me encargo - **I got this.**

Carlos turns back to the cops, big bold, innocent storytelling that is not fooling anyone.

POV: The scene replays but based on Carlos's story telling.

ANGLE ON: Carlos, Santiago and the action on the screen of the new story according to Carlos.

**ENGLISH SUBTITLE TO APPEAR.**

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(spoken in Spanish)

Así que le dijimos, 'no, chico, nosotros no hacemos drogas.' **So we told him, 'No, boy, we don't do drugs.** And the kid? He didn't like that. Came after us, loco, outta nowhere.

Carlos shrugs, chuckling.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(spoken in Spanish)

Mitch y él empezaron a tirar unos golpes, ya tú sabes - **He and Mitch started throwing punches, back and forth.** I tried to step in, break it up... but Mitch, con su buena puntería, **with his good aim** throws a sucker punch—at me instead of the Irish!

Carlos points to his bruised eye. He laughs, shaking his head.

ANGLE ON: Suspicious Santiago.

SANTIAGO DELGADO

So that's how it happened?

MITCH  
Just like that.

Carlos gives Mitch another look like "shut up." Carlos smiles at the cops.

CARLOS  
Exactly like that.

Carlos snaps his fingers. Mitch pulls out another bankroll. Peels off crisp bills. Carlos steps closer to Santiago. Very close. Santiago watches him. Too long. Carlos winks. Tugs at his crotch. Santiago inhales sharply.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Forget it happened. Like you always do.

Santiago's jaw clenches. His eyes flicker—to Carlos' mouth. His hands. His body. Carlos sees it. Feels the power shift.

COP 2  
Boss, should I call this in?

Carlos(with a sly grin, voice calm and smooth)

CARLOS  
(spoken in Spanish)  
Chicos, chicos, no se preocupen por eso. **Guys, guys, don't worry about it**

He leans back, casually gesturing.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
We can clean up our mess...  
siempre lo hacemos, ¿no? **We always do it, don't we?**

He gives them a knowing look, as if they've been through this before.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
No hay problema aquí. **No problem here**

POV: Santiago working it out in his head.

SANTIAGO DELGADO  
I am not convinced I can forget this.

CARLOS

Santiago, mi amigo... I get it,  
olvidar olvidar - **forgetting** ain't  
cheap, huh? How about we make it a  
little...

ANGLE ON these actions as music plays no voice heard:

Carlos leans in and tells Santiago about the drugs and money  
in Irish's pockets

Santiago goes over to Irish and pulls out the cash and the  
drugs. He puts them in his pocket.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Maybe you need more convincing.  
You got my number.

SANTIAGO

I'll be watching you, Carlos.

Carlos leans in. Breath warm. Voice a whisper.

CARLOS

Good. Remember, I got your number

Carlos pulls on Santiago's crotch.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Right here.

(spoken in Spanish)

¿Vas a estar mirándome, eh? Good...  
porque te gusta lo que ves. **Are you  
going to be watching me, huh?  
Good... because you like what you  
see**

Carlos exhales. A slow drag from his cigar. Santiago stares.  
Too long. Too hard. But he doesn't move. Carlos steps closer.  
Closer. So close, their noses almost touch. So close, the  
heat between them becomes suffocating. Carlos drops his  
voice. Low. Dangerous. Intimate.

ANGLE on their two mouths a breath apart.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

You can watch me all you want,  
Santiago. But be careful. You might  
like it.

Santiago inhales. Carlos winks. The cops depart.

EXT: DIEGO AND FRANCISCO ARRIVE TO FREEDOM TOWER

Diego (35) who is one of the most dangerous figures in the Latin mafia, a man whose quiet demeanor masks a ruthless heart. Stocky and intimidating, with a serpent tattoo coiled around a dagger on his forearm. They show up in a Black Range Rover. The license plate on the car - SINMIEDO (fearless) They get out and open the back to reveal body bags chain saw, and ropes.

EXT: BISCAYNE BAY - AN HOUR LATER

The camera moves back and merges to the bay were Carlos has his boat El Tiburón ("The Shark"). The screen fades to black. And then buzzing. The sound of a chainsaw.

CARLOS

(Voice over)

Here boys. Papi Chulo is gonna feed you.

Sharks come out of the water.

CAMERA ON: The dark waters of Biscayne Bay. Blood swirls in the moonlight. Irish's lifeless body sinks. SHARKS MOVE IN. A frenzy begins—teeth flashing, the water turning black.

THE TRANSITION - CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE WATER, SUBMERGING.

Bubbles rise. Blood swirls. Darkness. Just the abyss.

SUDDENLY—A FAINT GLOW. A RIPPLE.

The darkness shifts... The water begins to shimmer... morphing into something else...

MORPH TO 1997 - MIAMI NIGHTLIFE CAMERA SURGES UP—BURSTING THROUGH THE WATER—

CHAMPAGNE spilling over the rim of a glass.

CAMERA SWIRLS—MONTAGE. (FAST. DISORIENTING. CARLOS' WORLD. KALEIDOSCOPIC.)

EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - neon-drenched, alive with danger. VIP Rooms - flashes of deals. Money, whispers, power shifting hands. Bars - whiskey swirled in glasses. Bodies pressed too close, heat & sweat. Cigars. Tattoos. Fast cars slicing through the streets.



AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL—CARLOS.

Kingpin. 45. A-Shirt. Power carved into his body like a Greek statue. The Phoenix tattoo slipping through. A Cuban cigar smolders between his lips. He smokes slow. Arrogant. Unbothered.

Mitch in the back office—eyes sharp on stacks of cash. Karen at the front podium—flawless, unreadable, always two steps ahead. Robin—security, secret lover, the shadow behind the king. Alejandro—shirtless at the bar, knowing smirk, a taste of sin for sale.

THE CAMERA MOVES FAST—EACH IMAGE A FLASH.

A waiter's smirk—too knowing. A silk dress shifting over crossed legs. A loaded gun in a waistband. Laughter that cuts like a blade.

HARD CUT TO:

Carlos shirtless, staring out over Biscayne Bay.

CAMERA SWIRLS—buzzing over water, neon-lit streets, the back entrance of EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE.

INT: BACK ENTRANCE OF EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

This scene hurries. Excitement. We are in the world of Carlos Diaz! Conversations are a mix of Latin and English.

The sun still blazes on another hot, steamy Miami day.

Carlos steps into frame. He steps through the back entrance—pure control. The Phoenix tattoo peeks from beneath his sleeveless A-shirt, coiled in ink and muscle.

A half-smoked Cuban cigar rests between his fingers, smoke curling around his smirk. Smoke curling around his lips.

-Deliveries being checked in—liquor, cigars, food.. and other unmarked packages.

-A glance to the men unloading shipments—he winks at one, smacks another on the ass. Dominance. Control. Charisma.

ALEJANDRO is a Venezuelan bartender with thick arms, smooth confidence, and an irresistible magnetism. As a "young Carlos" in the making, he exudes sex appeal and charm but keeps a sharp eye on everyone around him.

Alejandro glances at Carlos. Nina—a high-style Latina waitress—corners Carlos.

NINA  
Carlos, you said you would call me  
last night.

Carlos looks at Alejandro. Gives a slow wink.

Alejandro doesn't flinch. He knows the game.

CARLOS  
Nina, I had to tie someone up last  
night.

Nina raising an eyebrow, suspicious but intrigued. Carlos winks at Alejandro. He gives a sly smile back to Carlos.

NINA  
Someone?

Carlos leaning in, whispering against her ear, voice thick like molasses.

CARLOS  
(in Spanish low and thick  
with amusement)  
No, mi amor... (he pauses, lets her  
lean in, waiting for it—then  
smirks) Algo." Tuve que atar algo  
anoche. - **No, baby. Something. I  
had to tie something up last night.**

Alejandro smirks. Knows exactly what Carlos means. Mitch approaches.

ALEJANDRO  
Nina, come on, let the Boss Man go,  
we got to set up for the cocktail  
party.

MITCH  
Yes, Alejandro, I need that to go  
off without a hitch. Francisco's  
Daughter is 21.

NINA  
Carlos, you will call me, right?

CARLOS  
Sure. Sure.

Alejandro leans into Carlos's ear and says in a low growl. Carlos puts his hand on Alejandro's right pec and squeezes hard.

ALEJANDRO

(In Spanish, low and playful)

Nos vemos, Jefe. Si necesitas atar a alguien otra vez... ya sabes a quién llamar. - **See you Boss Man. If you need to tie someone up again....call Me.**

Mitch, is now 45. He comes up to Carlos and pats him on the back. Carlos barely acknowledges this and keeps working, checking, and owning everything around him.

MITCH

Carlos, I think we are going to have a strong night, tonight.

No response from Carlos.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I said

Carlos finally glances at him. A beat. Then-

CARLOS

Mitch I heard you, pal, gonna be a great night.

CARLOS SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

A worker rushes forward-hands him a crisp black-and-white Cuban shirt, a matching hat.

He slips it on. Fluid. Effortless. He slips the shirt on, smooth as silk, buttons halfway, just enough to tease the power carved into his chest. The hat fits it on with a slight tilt-because no man alive wears it better.

A clap on Mitch's back. A smirk. A glance at the empire before him.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(in Spanish, smooth and absolute control)

¡A brillar, mi gente! La noche es nuestra - **Time to shine, my people! The night is ours!**

The camera rolls through the kitchen with an array of activity and voices.

Carlos in every scene. To the Bar crowded with people and drinks. Patrons call out "Carlos" he nods, kisses, works the room.

INT: PODIUM THE RESTAURANT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

He goes to the podium where the guest arrives and Karen manages the incoming flow.

Karen, 39. Poised. Elegant. A high-style woman of means. A predator in pearls. Jet-black hair cascading over one shoulder. (Later, a blonde wig—because Karen always reinvents herself.) Her sharp eyes flick over guest lists, but she doesn't need to read names. She already knows who's important.

Carlos leans in to give Karen a Kiss on the cheek.

CARLOS

(spoken in Spanish)

Ah, Karen... todavía rompiendo corazones, ¿eh?

It's almost criminal cómo dejas a todos queriendo más... igual que a mí. Pero tú siempre supiste cómo mantener las cosas...

interesantes, ¿verdad? - **Still breaking hearts, huh? It's almost criminal how you leave everyone wanting more... just like me. But you always knew how to keep things...interesting, right?**

KAREN

Carlos, darling, you know I have no idea what half of that meant... but you do have a way of making even the unknown sound tempting.

Their eyes lock. Something old. Something bitter. Something unfinished.

Karen looks on as they Carlos and Robin talk and she glares.

ROBIN, 35. Robin is Carlos' secret lover and the head of security at El Imperio de la Noche. A solid, muscular build. A chiseled face that could be carved from stone. Movements calculated. Eyes constantly scanning. Always watching.

Carlos leans against the doorframe. Carlos lifts a hand—brushes his fingers along the sharp edge of Robin's jaw and talks to Robin in a low, sultry, sexy voice. Carlos gives a low growl.

CARLOS

(spoken in Spanish)

Todo bien, mi amor? Te ves especialmente afilado esta noche. ¿Estás vigilándome a mí... o a todo el lugar? - **Everything okay, my love? You're looking especially sharp tonight. Are you keeping an eye on me or the whole place?**

ROBIN

(in Spanish)

No puedo dejar que nadie se acerque demasiado... excepto yo - **Can't afford to let anyone get too close to, except me.**

Karen looks at these two. Taps her fingers in irritation.

Carlos steps outside, greeting the electric Miami nightThe camera follows Carlos outside of the busy restaurant.

The vibrant Miami street scene. Dusk is falling and the Neon lights are coming up. Crowds swirl, everyone knows Carlos, and Carlos knows everyone. He makes everyone feel important.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Miami. Humid. Electric. Alive. Neon reflections ripple on the wet pavement. The bass from inside—a slow, seductive heartbeat.

Carlos steps out. Exhales slow. His Cuban cigar glows. Smoke curls into the air like a whispered secret.

Robin follows. Carlos doesn't look at him. Doesn't have to.

Carlos smirks. Another drag.

CARLOS

(in Spanish)

Robin... ¿me tienes en tu mira? - **Do you have me in your sights?**

ROBIN

Siempre tengo mis ojos en ti... siempre.

(MORE)

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 - **I've always got eyes on you...  
 always.**

A slow swirl of smoke between them.

Footsteps approach. Distant. Purposeful. A slow-moving storm.

Two men emerge. Francisco, 50, in a tailored suit. Wealth clings to him like a second skin. Diego, 45, stocky, dangerous. A slow-burning threat.

No greetings. No wasted words. Just a glance—Carlos, unreadable. Francisco, expectant. Diego, searching.

Carlos doesn't rush. He makes them wait. Robin watches. Waiting. Calculating. Carlos flicks his cigar. Embers fall at his feet.

INT. MOVING INTO THE RESTAURANT - SEAMLESS TRANSITION

Francisco walks ahead—confident, unfazed. Diego lingers, scanning the room.

Inside, the restaurant is ALIVE. Drinks flow. Laughter cuts the air. The scent of cigars and sweat and money is thick.

Carlos leans in—low, intimate. Just enough for Francisco to catch it.

CARLOS  
 (in Spanish, dangerous and  
 amused)  
 Mi casa es su casa, Francisco.  
**Ivette's special night, huh?**

Francisco grins, but it never reaches his eyes.

FRANCISCO  
 (In Spanish)  
 Veintiuno. Parece que fue ayer  
 cuando era solo una niña. El tiempo  
 vuela, ¿no? - **Twenty-one. Seems  
 like just yesterday she was a niña.  
 Time moves fast, doesn't it?**

CARLOS  
 (in Spanish, cool and  
 controlled)  
 Sí, lo hace. Y esta noche... tendrá  
 un trato VIP, tal como lo prometí -  
 It does. **And tonight...**

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
**she gets VIP treatment, just like I  
 promised.**

Francisco nods. Diego isn't listening. His eyes are on the bar on Alejandro.

Alejandro, shaking cocktails. He sees Diego looking and Alejandro winks at him. Carlos catches that look between them. Carlos gives a slight nod of approval to Alejandro.

DIEGO  
 (In Spanish, gravel and  
 lusty)  
 ¿Alejandro está trabajando en la  
 fiesta? Me han dicho que este lugar  
 tiene... una cierta reputación. Y  
 que, si sabes dónde buscar...  
 puedes encontrar exactamente lo que  
 quieres. - **Is Alejandro working  
 for the party? I've heard this  
 place has... a certain reputation.  
 And that, if you know where to  
 look... you can find exactly what  
 you're looking for.**

CARLOS  
 (in Spanish, cocky)  
 Encontrarás lo que buscas... y más.  
 - **You'll find what you're looking  
 for and more.**

Alejandro leaves the bar and heads to the function room. Diego see this. Carlos sees Diego is watching Alejandro.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (In Spanish)  
 Sigue a Alejandro... pero ten  
 cuidado, Diego. A veces, lo que  
 buscas... termina encontrándote a  
 ti - **Follow Alejandro... but be  
 careful, Diego. Sometimes, what  
 you're looking for... ends up finding  
 you.**

Francisco and Diego follow after Alejandro.

INT: MOVING INTO THE RESTAURANT - SEAMLESS TRANSITION

-Carlos cuts through the restaurant—fluid, unstoppable.

-Hands reach for him—patrons wanting his attention. He gives them a nod, a smirk, but never stops.

-Nina throws him a playful glance as she passes. Carlos nods—brief, but just enough.

-Carlos glides through it all—above it all—until he reaches the back door. He pauses. Looks back. One last glance at the room he owns.

Robin watches him from across the room. That unreadable, steel-hard gaze. A flicker of something unspoken. Carlos gives him a slow wink. A silent promise.

INT: MANAGER OFFICE AT THE RESTAURANT

Carlos walks in. Mitch is already inside, counting money. Carlos picks up a ledger, flips through pages, not really reading. Mitch shifts. He hesitates.

MITCH

Carlos, the numbers here don't seem right.

Carlos doesn't react. Just takes a slow inhale of his cigar. He steps closer to Mitch. Mitch swallows hard.

CARLOS

Mitch, I will look into that.

Carlos moves in closer and gives a low growl in Mitch's ear.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Mitch why don't you spend time doing something else.

MITCH

Anything for you, Papi.

As Carlos eases the office door closed with his boot, the camera shows Carlos pushing Mitch down to his knees about to perform oral sex. Carlos undoes his belt. A deep moan is heard from Carlos.

The Camera swirls through the lively, hot, sexy Miami crowd.

Through the kitchen buzzing with energy.

To the bar where cocktails are slung, people connecting.

Angle on: The camera moves to the banquet room.



INT. BANQUET ROOM - EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

Dim lighting. The scent of cigars and whiskey thick in the air. Conversations slithering like smoke.

A quiet deal unfolds—smooth, practiced. Francisco slides cash across the table. Alejandro doesn't count it. Just palms it, slick as sin, and in return, a small packet slides into Francisco's hand. A glance. A nod. The exchange is over.

Francisco's phone buzzes. A text.

EXT - SPLIT SCREEN: THE BANQUET ROOM & OUTSIDE EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

-Ivette and her mother have arrived.

-Francisco pockets the drugs. He stands, buttons his suit jacket. He exits.

-Diego locked in on Alejandro.

-Francisco joins Ivette and mother outside the restaurant. Ivette wears a sash "Queen at 21."

INT. BANQUET ROOM - EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

Diego leans in—close. Muffled voices and music heard from the restaurant. The air feels hot and Diego can feel the heat rolling off Alejandro. His voice drops, gravelly, full of weight.

DIEGO

(in Spanish, suggestive)

He oído que eres toda una  
inversión, Alejandro - **I heard that  
you are quite an investment,  
Alejandro**

A pause. Alejandro doesn't blink. Alejandro moves—slow. Intentional. He takes a single fingertip—tracing over the ink on Diego's arm. The coiled serpent. The dagger.

Diego doesn't stop him. He lets him. Watches him. Alejandro's fingers slide further. Up Diego's bicep. Slow. Deliberate. Then—lower. A teasing pull at Diego's waistband—just a whisper of a touch. Diego inhales slow. His grin sharpens.

Alejandro exhales—laughs, just a breath of amusement. He knows exactly where this is going.

He leans in, lips just at Diego's ear, voice a fucking promise. He speaks low, teasing, dangerous as sin.

ALEJANDRO

No te preocupes. Siempre entrego  
m̄is de lo esperado. - **Don't worry.**  
**I always deliver more than**  
**expected.**

Alejandro peels his shirt off. His body glistening with sweat. Muscles carved in temptation. Diego is in awe of the Venezuelan Man in front of him. Diego reaches to put a hand on Alejandro's chest. Alejandro leans back slightly and gives a cool stare.

Diego has his eyes locked on Alejandro. He pulls a wad of cash out and stuffs into the front of Alejandro's black jeans.

Alejandro takes control. He goes to door. Clicks the lock.

-ANGLE ON ALEJANDRO PULLING DIEGO DOWN TO HIS KNEES.

INT. HALLWAY - JUST OUTSIDE THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

The door cracks open. A rush of sound—the pulsing restaurant, the hum of conversations.

Mitch—Shirt half-buttoned. Breathless. A look of ecstasy still painted across his face. The remnants of what just happened between him and Carlos still clinging to him.

Behind him—Carlos. Zipping his fly. He steps past him—claps a hand on Mitch's back. Grinning.

CARLOS

Vamos, amigo... no te vayas a  
desmayar ahora. - **Come on, amigo...**  
**don't go passing out now**

THE WORLD MOVES WITH HIM.

Through the kitchen—steam rising, knives flashing, the scent of garlic and fire.

Through the floor—Karen catching his eye from the podium, her lips curling into something unreadable.

Past Nina, who trails her fingers along his arm as he passes.

And then—THE FRONT DOORS.

EXT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT

The heat of Miami slams into him. The neon hum of the city. The scent of sweat, salt, and gasoline. The energy—dangerous, electric, alive.

Carlos exhales. Takes one last slow drag from his Cuban cigar. Lets the smoke curl into the night. Robin steps over. Their eyes lock. A silent conversation. Carlos winks. Robin smirks.

THE OPENING CREDITS FINISH ROLLING

THE SHOT GOES TO BLACK & WHITE

Carlos is standing outside of the restaurant and a heavy rain starts.

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE - EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT

Carlos steps in from the rain. But his suit? Bone-dry. The club is hollowed out. Gutted. The neon sign flickers—weak, dying. No music. Just the sound of rain hammering the windows. Carlos moves forward. His polished shoes echo against the cold floor.

FLASH—COLOR SHIFTS. SOMETHING'S WRONG.

Carlos looks down. His hands—drenched in blood. Thick. Dripping.

CARLOS

Robin?

A door creaks open. A faint glow spills out. The rain outside intensifies. Like a warning.

THE DOORWAY. ROBIN STANDS INSIDE.

Shirtless. Back turned. Still. Carlos freezes. His chest tightens.

CARLOS

Robin!

Robin turns—slow. But his face—blurred. A smudge of something that was once familiar. Robin doesn't move. Doesn't speak.

The Robin is gone.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

Carlos pounds on it. Blood smears across the wood. It won't budge.

The rain warps. Twists. Turns into Carlos' heartbeat.

GUNSHOT.

SMASH CUT TO: INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlos JOLTS AWAKE. Gasping. Sweat glistens on his muscled chest. Breath-shallow. Wrecked. Carlos turns. Robin. Next to him. Peaceful. Safe.

Carlos reaches out. Fingers shaking. Brushing Robin's chest.

For a second, he's not sure if he's really there.

Robin stirs. Instinct takes over—an arm pulls Carlos down. Holding him. Grounding him.

ROBIN  
(half-asleep, low  
commanding whisper)  
Shh, Papi Chulo... sleep.

Carlos doesn't close his eyes. The rain outside pounds harder. Somewhere in the distance—a ghost of Cuban music plays the original song "More Going Down."

EXT:EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE, THE RESTAURANT

ON SCREEN SEPTEMBER 24, 1997 MIAMI 6:15PM TODAY

CAMERA: HANDHELD ON JAKE. CLOSE. SHAKY. TOO CLOSE.

ROBIN-STATIC SHOTS. UNFLINCHING. CONTROLLED. THE OPPOSITE OF JAKE.

-The bar is alive, but Jake isn't hearing it. His world is compressed, closing in, suffocating.

-He grips the beer bottle too tight. Dark shades on covering the bruise he got from Carlos.

THEN-ROBIN ARRIVES. CAMERA SMASH CUTS TO STATIC.

Robin slides into frame. Unmoved. Unbothered. Unshakable. He watches Jake. Doesn't say anything.

Robin walks over. Jake exhales.

JAKE

Robin.

Robin tilts his head slightly. Studying him. Then—finally—

ROBIN

What's with the shades?

Jake removes the shades to reveal the badly bruised eye.

JAKE

Carlos.

ROBIN

Jesus, put the shades back on.

CAMERA: JAKE'S POV - HIS VISION BLURS FOR A SECOND. HE BLINKS HARD.

JAKE

Where the hell have you been?

Robin lifts a brow. Looks dead on and with a cool tone. He starts in Spanish, then casually switches to English—like Jake isn't even worth the effort of full Spanish.

ROBIN

(In cool Spanish)

Tranquilo, chico... Yo veo todo. Me muevo cuando quiero - **Relax, kid... I see everything. I move when I want. I watch. I move.**

Jake wipes his palms on his jeans. His breath stutters.

CAMERA: SLOW ZOOM—TIGHTER ON JAKE. HE'S BREAKING.

JAKE

(whispers)

Did you see Carlos?

Robin shifts slightly. His eyes sharpen. The smallest pause.

CAMERA: QUICK JUMP CUT—ROBIN'S HAND DRUMMING ON THE BAR. SLOW. CONTROLLED. A BEAT TOO CALM.

Jake waits. The silence eats at him. Robin finally exhales—smooth as silk. Measured. Watching Jake sweat.

ROBIN

(casual)

No. He left over an hour ago.

CAMERA: HARD SMASH TO JAKE'S EYES. BLINK. BLINK. SWALLOW.

The words hit—but they don't land right. Jake processes. His knee won't stop bouncing. Something shifts in the air. He leans forward—whispered, voice hoarse, close enough that Robin can smell the whiskey on his breath.

JAKE  
You sure about that?

A loaded pause. Robin's lips curl. A flicker of a smirk—there, then gone. Eyebrow up.

ROBIN  
You tell me, Jake.

CAMERA: SMASH TO JAKE. THE RED HERRING IS PLANTED.

The tension snaps. Jake blinks fast. His hands tighten. He forces a breath. Then in a whisper:

JAKE  
Fuck.

CAMERA: CUT TO ROBIN'S HAND—FINGERS BRUSHING HIS HOLSTER.

Jake sees that too. Robin exhales. Lowers his voice. Looks Jake in the eye.

ROBIN  
It doesn't matter, Jake.

A beat. A pause.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
There's somebody else.

CAMERA: HARD JUMP CUT—JAKE'S FACE. HIS WORLD CRACKS.

The color drains. His breath catches. His hands clench.

JAKE  
Somebody else?

Robin doesn't blink. Doesn't move.

ROBIN  
Has been for a while. Long while.  
Years.

CAMERA: HARD CUT—JAKE'S HAND SHAKING AROUND HIS BEER.

He can't look at Robin. Can't breathe.

JAKE  
And you knew?

Robin's eyes flicker. A tiny hesitation. Then—he smirks. Low. Amused.

ROBIN  
Not my affair.

Then, Robin leans in. Low. Close. He speaks cool and smooth.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jake.

Jake swallows hard. Can't breathe. Robin stands.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Let's go see what's waiting for us.

Jake and Robin leave.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NEXT TO ROBIN'S 1996 CADILLAC FLEETWOOD BROUGHAM - NIGHT

The Cadillac sits under a flickering streetlight. License plate: LAST RIDE. Chrome trim gleams under the neon haze. The reflection of passing headlights slides over the hood like silk. Robin moves toward it—cool, controlled.

Jake hesitates. Watching. Something about this moment doesn't sit right.

ANGLE ON THE SOUND AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE GUN, THE CAR DOOR, THE GLOVE BOX AND THE LOCK.

Then—without breaking stride—Robin unclips his holster. Pulls the gun free. He steps to the Cadillac. Opens the door with a solid thunk. Robin leans inside—slips the gun into the glove compartment. Doesn't rush. Doesn't hesitate. Just locks it. Click.

Jake's paranoid feelings rush forward.

JAKE  
Robin—what the fuck are you doing?

Robin straightens. Closes the door. Turns. He gives a cool, controlled glare.

ROBIN  
Told you. No guns.

Robin exhales, tilts his head toward the apartment.

ROBIN ( (CONT'D)  
Relax, Jake. Whatever happens next...  
it was always gonna end this way

Jake exhales. Follows.

EXT: JAKE'S & CARLOS APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

ON THE SCREEN: 1 HOUR LATER, SEPTEMBER 24, 1997

Elevator doors slide open. Jake and Robin step into the silent hallway. Suite 1250 looms ahead. Glossy black door. Cold. Unwelcoming.

CAMERA: MOVING WITH THEM—FLOATING, UNEASY, TENSION BREATHING IN EVERY FRAME.

Robin in control. Jake sweating. Hands twitching. Robin elbows him.

ROBIN  
We all good here?

Jake drops his keys at the apartment door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Jake, get it together. Open  
the door.

CAMERA: CLOSE ON JAKE'S HAND—TREMBLING AS HE SHOVES THE KEY INTO THE LOCK.

The door clicks open. Swings into darkness. Jake flips the switch.

ONE LIGHT COMES ON. JUST THE FOYER.

A beat. Silence. Jake steps inside. Hesitates.

JAKE  
Carlos? Carlos? I am home. Carlos?

No answer.

Robin scans the room. Instinct kicking in. Something's wrong.



INT. LIVING ROOM

The Miami skyline sprawls beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows. City lights flickering like dying embers.

CAMERA: TRACKING JAKE—MOVING TOWARD THE GLASS. HIS BREATH SHALLOW.

Jake freezes.

A SPILLED DRINK. THE LIQUID REFLECTING THE CITY LIGHTS.

SHOT: BLOOD ON CARLOS' BACK.

A BULLET HOLE. THE PHOENIX TATTOO SOAKED IN RED.

Robin sees it. Moves. Fast. Kneels beside Carlos. Checks for a pulse. Nothing.

CAMERA: CLOSE ON ROBIN'S HAND—PRESSING CARLOS' NECK. BLOOD SMEARS HIS FINGERS.

A distorted figure in the reflection of the glass. The audience sees it—but not Jake or Robin.

Robin exhales. Processing. Thinking. Calculating.

ROBIN  
What the fuck?

Jake stumbles back. Hand over his mouth. His breathing wrecked. Then—his voice cracks.

JAKE  
What... what happened?

Robin stands. Looks at Jake—cold, calculating.

ROBIN  
Somebody got here before we did.

Jake's breath catches. His mind spirals. He stares at Carlos. At the blood. At Robin. Then—without thinking, too fast, too defensive

JAKE  
Well it wasn't me.

Robin's head tilts. Eyes sharpen. Just slightly. A pause. A shift. The first crack in his certainty. He steps closer—slow, deliberate. Now in a low, suspicious tone.

ROBIN  
Who asked you?

Robin exhales—just once—then his tone hardens.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
What are you saying, Jake?

Jake shakes his head, a little too soon and too fast.

JAKE  
Nothing. I'm saying nothing. Just  
- Fuck. I don't know. I just/

Robin keeps staring. Unblinking. A readjustment happening.

Jake exhales. Runs a hand through his hair. Avoids eye contact.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I don't do this, man.

Robin steps back and glares. He holds for 5 seconds.

ROBIN  
Then maybe you should stop acting  
like you did.

CAMERA: HARD SMASH TO JAKE

Jake is rattled now. He looks at Robin—waiting for him to move on, to drop it. But Robin doesn't. He steps in closer. No space left between them. The air tightens. Jake feels the shift. The power. The weight of what Robin isn't saying.

Robin exhales. Runs a hand over his jaw. Thinking. He looks at Carlos' body again. The blood. The bullet hole. This wasn't supposed to happen. Then—he murmurs, almost to himself, low clipped tight controlled voice

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Shit. This is not the plan.

Robin leans in—just enough that Jake hears the next words in his bones.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
(low, smooth but absolute)  
You didn't do this? Fine."

A pause. A slow breath. Then—soft, dark, final:

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
But if you ever put me in a  
position where I have to wonder?

Robin's, voice dropping to a near whisper

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I don't ask twice, Jake

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: 4 YEARS AGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1993, 7PM

Sinatra plays. The restaurant is a living pulse. A beast draped in silk and leather. Cigars curl smoke against chandeliers. Old money whispers.

At the bar, Mitch wipes down a glass. The phone rings.

SPLIT SCREEN - MITCH AT THE BAR / CARLOS IN HIS OFFICE

Carlos. Boots kicked up. A king at rest. A Cuban cigar between his fingers. A smirk that could melt morals.

MITCH (ANSWERING, LOW)  
Mitch here.

Carlos inhales. Exhales. Slow. Calculated.

CARLOS  
Mitch. You ready?

Mitch wipes the glass harder. Focused. Intense.

MITCH  
Yeah, Papi. Everything's set.  
(pauses, amused)  
How'd you meet this kid?

CARLOS  
He's 28.

MITCH  
And you're 45.

ON SCREEN: THE MEETING OF JAKE & CARLOS

A neon-drenched memory. Carlos. Twist nightclub. A cigarette lit. Eyes locked. Jake at the bar. Unaware he's already been chosen.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
 I was at Twist last night. He was  
 at the bar.  
 (grins, savage)  
 I gave him the Papi Chulo stare.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Damn, I love that stare.

ON SCREEN: Carlos, locking eyes with Jake. A predator spotting prey.

CARLOS (V.O.) (LOW, IN SPANISH)  
 Encuéntrame mañana en mi  
 restaurante, no te vas a  
 arrepentir. **-Meet me tomorrow at my  
 restaurant, you won't regret it.**

BACK TO THE SPLIT SCREEN

MITCH  
 Who could say no?

Carlos grins. A man who has never heard "no" in his life.

CARLOS  
 Exactly.

MITCH  
 Everything is set.

CARLOS  
 DJ ready?

MITCH  
 Yes. But Carlos, Sinatra?

CARLOS  
 (deadpan warning)  
 Sinatra. Always Sinatra. Don't fuck  
 this up.

MITCH  
 It's all set.

Carlos exhales smoke. Approving.

CARLOS  
 Good boy.

Mitch smiles. Savors it. Carlos already dropped the call.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mitch still on the phone not realizing that Carlos hung up.

MITCH

Been in movies. You said you saw me in "*The Birdcage*." I was in the shot with Robin Williams, yes it was a great part, I got screen time and credits...Carlos? Carlos?

Mitch hangs up.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jake enters. 25. Fresh. Hungry. He moves through the restaurant like a man who thinks he has choices. Like a man who doesn't know he's already been chosen.

Mitch freezes.

A flash of something. A ghost in the air. Jake looks like Irish.

INT: A FLASHBACK

The gun. Irish. The shot. Irish falls. Blood on the pavement.

MITCH BLINKS BACK TO REALITY.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jake reaches the bar, nodding to the DJ as Sinatra plays "Fly Me to the Moon."

JAKE

God, I love Sinatra. Can I get a beer?

MITCH

Hey, kid, your name's not Irish, is it?

Jake frowns.

JAKE

Uh... no?

MITCH

Sorry. Never mind.

Mitch hands him a beer. Still studying his face. Jake is oblivious. He takes a sip.

JAKE  
I'm meeting Carlos. Blind date.

Mitch stills.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
We met at Twist last night.  
(grinning, teasing)  
He gave me the Papi Chulo stare.

Mitch forces a smirk.

MITCH  
Who could resist?

Jake laughs. Shrugs.

JAKE  
Not me, apparently.

Carlos enters. The room bends toward him. The air shifts. Jake looks up. Sees him. Stops breathing. Carlos locks eyes. A hunter closing in. Mitch tries to interject.

MITCH  
Carlos, here's your drink—as usual.

**Cuban Old Fashioned:** A twist on the traditional Old Fashioned, using dark Cuban rum instead of whiskey. It's rich, smooth, and packs a punch—just like Carlos.

Carlos takes it. Doesn't break Jake's gaze.

CARLOS (LOW, SMOOTH)  
So what's your name?

Jake blinks. Confused.

JAKE  
I— I told you last night.

CARLOS  
(smirks, teasing)  
No. No, you didn't. Maybe I was distracted.

Mitch moves to speak—Carlos raises a hand. Shuts him down.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(playful, grinning)  
Wait, let me guess. "Rick?" No...  
Rick is slick. "Fred?" No. Fred is dead.

Jake laughs.

JAKE  
"Fred is dead?"

Carlos leans in. Dark. Low.

CARLOS  
Not literally. Just... gone.

Mitch fidgets. Knows too much.

Carlos turns back to Jake, voice dropping into something more dangerous.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Do you roll over? Beg? Do you like  
leashes?

Jake inhales. Sharp.

JAKE  
Do these lines ever work?

CARLOS  
They're not lines, cariño.  
(leans closer, voice a  
whisper)  
It's just... rhythm.

Carlos kisses Jake. Jake freezes. Then melts. A pause. A breath. Jake tries to collect himself.

JAKE  
Easy, cowboy. You don't even know  
my name.

Carlos smirks. Dangerous.

CARLOS  
And yet, here we are.

Carlos kisses Jake again, soft and sensual.

JAKE  
That was good.

CARLOS  
Good?

Carlos kiss Jake again.

JAKE  
I could be...some Mafia thug

CARLOS  
 (in Spanish)  
 ¿Y si lo fueras? Tal vez me gustan  
 los chicos peligrosos - **And if you  
 were? Maybe I like dangerous guys**

Beat. They both stare for a moment. Electricity in the air.

JAKE  
 Jake. (he shakes Carlos' hand). My  
 name is Jake.

CARLOS  
 I knew it!

Jake rolls his eyes like "yea sure."

The phone rings. Mitch picks it up.

MITCH  
 Carlos, call for you.

Carlos takes the call. We do not hear Karen, only Carlos' responses. Carlos looks over and winks at Jake.

Jake looks at his watch thinking maybe it is time to go.  
 Carlos motions/mouths "1 minute, Don't go."

CARLOS  
 Karen! How are you. No, can't talk  
 right now. Kind of busy. Yes I  
 will call. Promise. I will call. Ok  
 I am really kind of busy right now.  
 Ok. Yes, you too.

Carlos end the call and then returns to Jake. Picking up his machismo where he left off. Jake is thinking he should go.

JAKE  
 Wow look at the time.

CARLOS  
 Would you dance with me?

JAKE  
 Dance with you? Here?

There's no resistance. No escape. And Carlos knows it. Carlos pulls Jake up for a dance, effortlessly and Carlos is in complete control and Jake is completely taken with Carlos.

In the background the original song by Dennis Manning "WOULD YOU DANCE WITH ME" is played swelling as they dance and talk. Carlos' voice smooth, laced with seduction.



CARLOS  
 EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE...it's my  
 restaurant. I can do whatever I  
 want with whomever I want.

He leans in slightly, his eyes locked on Jake's.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
 ¿Sabes bailar, - **Do you know how  
 to dance** Jake?

He smirks, seeing Jake's confusion, but continues.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
 No te preocupes - **Don't worry...**  
 I'll show you. Come on, let me  
 teach you a little something.

Carlos extends his hand, his voice dropping into a softer,  
 more commanding tone.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 Just follow my lead. Trust me.

His eyes darken with control as he begins to lead, the rhythm  
 of the music guiding their steps. They move and Carlos' eye  
 captures Jake. Jake tries to maintain his coolness. Who can  
 resist Carlos?

The original song "Dance With Me" is heard as they dance a  
 seductive dance. Carlos is irresistible.

ANGLE ON:

Carlos Spins Jake around. Romantic. They pause and go to the  
 bar and have a drink.

JAKE  
 You move pretty good.

CARLOS  
 I am Latin, it's in my blood.

Carlos pulls Jake into him again and kisses him.

JAKE  
 I feel like you have done this  
 before.

CARLOS  
 This is the first time...today

Phone Rings at the bar. Mitch answers. Jake and Carlos go back to the bar. Sinatra song comes on, "As Time Goes By"

JAKE

Oh my God, I love Sinatra!

CARLOS

Romantic, right?

JAKE

Did you plan this?

CARLOS

I have been planning for you my whole life.

MITCH

Carlos, another call for you.

Carlos takes the call. We do not hear Robin on the phone, only Carlos' responses. Carlos has his eyes on Jake. Carlos motions to Mitch "Another round." Mitch delivers the drinks.

CARLOS

Robin. Hey. No. I am busy right now. I am at the bar. No. Don't come down. I will call you later. I will. I am kind of busy right now. Ok, Ok.

Carlos hangs up. His fingers linger on the receiver for just a second—then, like flipping a switch, he turns back to Jake.

His eyes glisten. Not just with sex. With something else. Something darker.

JAKE

(grinning, playful)

Are you some kind of Mexican drug lord?

A beat. Carlos' smirk vanishes. Fast. Before Jake can even register the shift— Carlos grabs him. Firm. Controlled. Absolute.

CARLOS

(low, lethal, inches from his lips)

Cuban, Jake. Cubano.

His voice is softer now. Dangerous. Murmuring, intense

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Don't get it twisted.

Beat. The room disappears. Jake's heart pounds. He should be scared. But— he exhaling, intrigued

JAKE  
Cubano. I got it.

His lips barely move. His voice is just a whisper. softer, darker

JAKE (CONT'D)  
And whatever more you are...

His breath lingers between them.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
...I think I'd like to find out.

Carlos watches him. Just watches. Like a god deciding if he wants to play with fire. Then he does. And he leans in.

CARLOS  
(in Spanish)  
Ah, Jake... quiero estar muy ocupado contigo. - **I want to be very busy with you** - a tu Papi Chulo - **You belong to me now...**  
Don't even try to fight it, cariño.

Carlos moves in a kisses Jake again. As he kisses Jake he says in a low sexy growl.

He looks at Jake. A man reclaiming focus.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
If you want to dance with the Devil, you got to invite him in.

JAKE  
The door is open, Papi.

CARLOS  
Call me *Papi Chulo*.

Sinatra song "New York, New York" swells as Carlos leads Jake out of EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE and into the hot Miami night.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT / ROBIN'S APARTMENT - SPLIT SCREEN

ON SCREEN: 10 MINUTES BEFORE...

A MATCH STRIKES. KAREN LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

SPLIT SCREEN:

- Karen's apartment: Luxury, art, designer chaos. Wine glass half-full. Her nerves are half-gone.

- Robin's apartment: Sleek. Ultra-modern. Deception in every detail. Robin pacing, rehearsing, refining.

They are both "angry" at Carlos. Robin "acts" as Karen is real.

ROBIN

The plan. The plan is for Carlos to get Jake. Then Mitch to fall for Jake. Then Jake...

Karen paces. Checks her watch. Irritated.

KAREN

Always late.

ROBIN

Once again...no darker...Once again.

Karen picks up the phone and dials. Impatient.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE / KAREN'S APARTMENT - SPLIT SCREEN

Carlos at the bar. The other side of the call we already saw. But now—

KAREN

Carlos. Where are you?

CARLOS

Karen!

Carlos signals to Jake—one second. Karen can't see it, but she feels it. Karen paces. Drinks. Smolders.

KAREN

Carlos, we had plans. Tonight. Remember?

Carlos watching Jake, not listening to Karen.

CARLOS

Hi! How are you?

Karen's grip tightens on her wine glass. Like she might throw it.

KAREN  
I said. We. Had. Plans.

Carlos mouths "One Sec" to Jake. Jake smiles

CARLOS  
No, can't talk right now. Kinda  
busy.

Karen's jaw clenches.

KAREN  
(pushing)  
Carlos. We had dinner. You said-

Carlos laughs at something Jake said.

CARLOS  
I'll call you. Promise.

Karen exhales. Dead-eyed. Done.

KAREN  
(cold)  
You always say that.

Carlos winks at Jake.

CARLOS  
You too.

CLICK. Call ends. Karen throws the phone.

SPLIT SCREEN: ROBIN & KAREN.

Karen paces wildly her voice and tone rising and falling.

KAREN  
Damn. Who's he with now? We had  
dinner plans. I don't like this. I  
don't like secrets. Carlos and  
Robin have secrets.

She pours another drink.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I never liked Robin.

ROBIN  
Once again.

KAREN  
Trouble, that one.

ROBIN  
Once. Again.

KAREN  
Secrets. He's full of them.

ROBIN  
No, deeper. Once again.

KAREN  
I don't like the control he has  
over Carlos. Robin reminds me of  
Fred, he had to go and now Robin  
does, too.

Karen taps her glass. Robin continues to rehearse.

INT: SPLIT SCREEN WITH KAREN'S APARTMENT AND ROBIN'S  
APARTMENT

Robin calls Karen. Robin's voice is easy, smooth. Karen's  
voice is edged, defensive.

ROBIN  
Karen!

KAREN  
Robin. What?

ROBIN  
(playful)  
Wow. You sound thrilled to hear  
from me.

KAREN  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, well. Fuck you.

She almost hangs up. But she doesn't. Robin smiles. He's got  
her. Robin laughs. Karen exhales. A pause. Robin hears it.  
Moves in.

ROBIN  
You know, I called Carlos, have you  
heard from him? I thought we had  
plans.

KAREN  
What?

ROBIN

Yeah. He and I were supposed to go out.

KAREN

What a joke. I heard you two were finished.

Karen drops the call. Karen screams and throws her glass against the wall it shatters.

Robin gives himself a wink in the mirror.

ROBIN

What a fag hag she is. Does she even know it? She still thinks they will get back together.

KAREN

God, I hate Robin. He should have been gone a long time ago.

ROBIN

That's his best friend. Jesus, he can keep her.

Robin looks in the mirror at himself. Gives an approving nod.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Once again...Once again. Yeah just like that.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE / ROBIN'S APARTMENT - SPLIT SCREEN

Robin checks the time. Picks up his phone. Calls Carlos.

Carlos exhales when he sees the number. Picks up.

This dialogue is ALSO an exact repeat of the earlier scene—except now, we see Robin's side.

CARLOS

Robin!

ROBIN

So, you get him yet?

Carlos is watching Jake across the room. Smirking.

CARLOS

Not yet.

ROBIN  
 (mock sighing)  
 Did you play Sinatra?

Carlos roll his eyes.

CARLOS  
 I will.

Robin lets a silence hang. A silence Carlos doesn't register.

ROBIN  
 (soft, lethal, tender)  
 Do. Not. Fuck. This. Up.

Carlos doesn't respond, he's distracted. Robin speaks in a controlling voice.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 Papi Chulo. Do I have to come down  
 there and do this myself?

Carlos finally focuses. Finally hears him.

CARLOS  
 (Low and firm)  
 Don't. Come. Down.

ROBIN  
 Did you play Sinatra? He loves  
 Sinatra.

CARLOS  
 I will.

ROBIN  
 Did you use the one-liners?

CARLOS  
 I am kind of busy right now.

ROBIN  
 Will you call me later?

CARLOS  
 Ok. Ok.

ROBIN  
 Ciao, Papi Chulo.

CLICK. Robin inhales. Rehearses.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
 Once again. That man stands me up.



INT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT -

A knock. Karen enters—all fire.

ROBIN

Karen? What are you doing here?  
Sure, come on in.

KAREN

Robin, I am tired of getting stood  
up by Carlos. I have had it.

ROBIN

Don't start with me on Carlos. Once  
again that man stands me up.

Robin lets the words settle. Watches her.

KAREN

I bet he has somebody new.

ROBIN

Some new "what's his name." Are  
you kidding me?

KAREN & ROBIN

I remember when I was the one who  
turned his head.

A shared realization. A dangerous one.

KAREN

What? I have issues with you, but  
we'll get to that another time.  
You two have secrets and I don't  
like it.

Robin leans in. They both pace around the room.

ANGLE ON EACH RAPID FIRE RESPONSE

ROBIN

I didn't change. He did.

KAREN

And then you feel like it's your  
fault. You wait. And wait...

ROBIN

And wait. Then he moves on.

KAREN

Goddamn Carlos. Always the same.  
Always chasing something new.

ROBIN

Like we're a fucking waiting room.  
But I am done. I'm not putting up  
with another day of his Cuban  
bullshit.

KAREN

(surprised)

Robin, I never thought I'd say  
this, but we are a lot alike.

KAREN & ROBIN

I thought it was me.

Karen pauses. The air is thick with history, regret, venom.

KAREN

While I don't like you...

ROBIN

Thanks, appreciate that.

KAREN

While I don't like you, I hate  
being used even more.

ROBIN

Wait till I see him.

KAREN

Not if I see him first.

Karen turns to leave. Robin watches her. The door slams. He  
waits. Then—

ROBIN

Once again. That man stands me up.

Robin unbuttons his shirt. Catches his reflection in the  
window.

A slow, sinister smile.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Papi Chulo, we need to get back to  
Spain.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP-ON ROBIN'S REFLECTION.

Then—suddenly—THE REFLECTION MOVES FIRST. Not Robin. The  
reflection shifts before he does—almost leading him into the  
past. Like memory is pulling him inside.

CAMERA SWIRLS— WE'RE FALLING THROUGH TIME.

EXT. MEMORY - SPAIN - NIGHT

The wind howls. The ocean roars. The waves crash against the sand— harder than they should. Moonlight spills over two figures—Carlos & Robin—bodies tangled, breathless, dangerous. Robin's voice echoes, not quite real, not quite present.

THE SONG "WHAT ABOUT SPAIN" BLEEDS INTO THE WAVES.

The music builds. We see glimpses—Carlos rolling onto Robin. Lips, bodies, power shifting.

Robin exhales— And suddenly—THE SOUND CHANGES.

The waves morph into something sharper—quicker. Glasses clinking at the bar as Alejandro is cleaning up. Low voices. The murmur of a nearly-empty restaurant.

CAMERA PULLS BACK—FAST, JARRING—

And suddenly, we're not in Spain anymore.

INT. EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - NIGHT

ON SCREEN 1996

The restaurant EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE is winding down for the night. A few staff cleaning the bar and tables. Alejandro shirt off stocking the bar. Waitresses doing the final cleaning. Carlos sits at the bar, rolling a Cuban cigar between his fingers, the air is thick with lust, danger and power. Carlos, shirt off with just an A-Shirt on, black jeans and boots. His tattoo is visible on his back. A half-drunk glass of rum rests beside him. The door opens. Santiago steps in.

Carlos smirks.

CARLOS  
(soft, teasing)  
You just can't stay away, huh?

Santiago doesn't sit. He stands rigid. Tense. Carlos inhales his cigar, slow. Exhales even slower.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Alejandro, you and the kids wrap  
up. I got some business to take  
care of.

Alejandro's right eyebrow lifts. He flicks a look to  
Santiago. He will protect Carlos at any cost.

ALEJANDRO  
Boss you need me to hang back?

Carlos locking eyes with Alejandro, his voice smooth but  
firm.

CARLOS  
(in Spanish)  
No, mi cielo. Lo que necesito es  
que cierres esta noche como  
siempre—perfecto. Porque si algo me  
pasa, si algo sale mal... tú sigues  
siendo mi legado. Y eso significa  
que tienes que seguir respirando -  
**(No, my heaven. What I need is for  
you to close up tonight like  
always—perfectly. Because if  
something happens to me, if  
something goes wrong... you remain  
my legacy. And that means you have  
to keep breathing.**

Carlos steps closer to Alejandro and in a husky whisper

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Pero si él intenta algo... si da un  
paso en falso... entonces te juro,  
Alejandro, que el infierno no lo  
salvará de nosotros - **(But if he  
tries something... if he makes one  
wrong move... then I swear,  
Alejandro, that not even hell will  
save him from us.**

As Alejandro hesitates, eyes flicking to Santiago like he's  
ready to rip his throat out, Carlos moves in. Slow.  
Controlled. Carlos leans in, voice velvet-dark, just for him.  
With one hand, he cups Alejandro's jaw, thumb brushing  
lightly along his cheekbone.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(in Spanish)  
Vete, mi vida. Déjame hacer mi  
trabajo - **Go, my life. Let me do my  
job.**

Then—he gives Alejandro's cheek the softest love tap. Just enough to remind him that he is trusted, needed but not in control. Alejandro exhales, jaw tight, then nods. And then he walks away. Alejandro gathers the staff and they exit into the kitchen. The door swings shut.

Silence hangs thick in the air.

Carlos sits. Cigar in one hand. Rum in the other. A slow inhale. A controlled exhale. Carlos doesn't look up. Lets the silence suffocate the room. Finally—he shifts.

WITH HIS BOOT, HE NUDGES A BAR STOOL FORWARD.

No words. Santiago hesitates. Carlos still doesn't look at him. Santiago sits. Carlos with his Cuban cigar. A slow inhale. A controlled exhale. The smoke swirls between.

Carlos slides the bottle of Rum to Santiago and Carlos gives a nod. Santiago pours himself a drink. The air is electrified with tension and lust and danger.

Santiago goes to speak. Carlos raises his hand to cut him off.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (low, smooth as silk,  
 lethal as sin)  
 Took you long enough.

SANTIAGO  
 You're reckless, Diaz.

Carlos tilts his head. Rolls the cigar between his fingers.

CARLOS  
 You already said that last time.

Santiago's eyes full of lust. Carlos sets down the cigar. He takes a moment. He leans forward.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (low, deliberate)  
 What do you really want, Santiago?

Santiago's breath comes harder now. His hands flex. Then—he grabs Carlos by the collar. Shoves Carlos against the bar.

SANTIAGO  
 I should put you in the ground.

Carlos doesn't resist. Doesn't even blink. He just leans in.

CARLOS  
 (whisper-soft, tempting,  
 deadly as hell)  
 Then do it.

Santiago's jaw clenches. His grip tightens.

And then Carlos moves first.

CARLOS' HAND SNAPS FORWARD—GRIPS SANTIAGO'S SHIRT—YANKS HIM  
 IN.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (murmurs, teasing, wicked  
 as sin)  
 I knew you wanted it.

Carlos kisses him. Not soft. Not slow. This is a claim. Santiago doesn't pull away. His breathing is wrecked. His hands shake. Carlos licks his lips. Steps back and sees what he does to Santiago. What passion he bring out in him. Smirks. That slow, wicked curl of his lips.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 (mocking, deadly soft)  
 There he is.

A long beat. Santiago staggers back. His chest rises, falls— but his feet? They don't move. Santiago's eyes darken.

Then—Carlos' hands move. Quick. Commanding. His grip tightens. A sharp tug— Santiago's shirt— RIPPED OPEN.

The sound tears through the silence. The air is thick. Stifling. Lust. Danger. Power.

SANTIAGO EXHALES. A SOUND BETWEEN RAGE AND SURRENDER.

FADE TO CARLOS' HAND AND THE CIGAR. SMOKE SEDUCTIVELY SWIRLING. THE THEME SONG DROPS.

ON SCREEN: IS THERE MORE GOING DOWN...

FADE IN TO: A DIFFERENT CIGAR—NOW IN MITCH'S HAND.

Same lazy swirl of smoke. The atmosphere is completely different.

ANGLE On Mitch, shirtless, dozen roses on the table. He slips on a crisp black Cuban shirt. Places a Panama hat on his head. The smoke swirls as he heads to the restaurant.

HARD CUT TO:

INT: OFFICE AT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

ON SCREEN: 3 DAYS BEFORE TODAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1997

A dim glow from the golden-hued lamp. The room drips with wealth. The whiskey bottle glistens, half-empty.

Jake sits at the computer, scrolling through restaurant inventory reports—his brow furrows.

JAKE  
(muttering)  
That doesn't add up.

His fingers dance over the keyboard. A frown deepens—shipments that don't make sense. Wine, seafood, but then... cash flow that disappears into nothing.

The door opens. Enter Mitch, casual—but his eyes track Jake's every move. Behind his back—a bouquet of red roses.

MITCH  
(casual)  
Jake, how's the report coming?

Jake is distracted.

JAKE  
Mitch, what's this? These shipments don't make sense. The numbers don't match.

MITCH  
(easy)  
Oh, that? Inventory glitch. Happens sometimes with VIP orders. I will adjust that. Different suppliers/

JAKE  
Nah. This isn't a mix-up. This is deliberate. Someone's hiding what's really coming in.

Mitch sets the roses on the desk. Tries to shift the mood.

MITCH  
(big , easy smile, sexy)  
Surprise.

Jake glances at the roses, then back at the screen.

JAKE  
Surprise? For what?

MITCH  
Our anniversary.

Jake finally looks at Mitch. Confused. A second too long.

JAKE  
Anniversary?

Beat. Awkward. Mitch recovers. Quickly.

MITCH  
Of working together. Four years.

A beat.

FLASHBACK TO CANCUN - DREAMLIKE, FADED COLORS

Mitch's memory of their weekend in Cancun. Sun-kissed Jake laughing, waves crashing, wine glasses clinking. His memory is different that reality.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Do you remember that weekend in  
Cancun?

JAKE (V.O.)  
That was a work trip, Mitch.

They are at a crowded hotel bar, Mitch calls Jake's name and he turns smiling.

MITCH (V.O.)  
I used to turn your head, remember?  
You still turn my head. And we  
would go out for drinks.

JAKE (V.O.)  
That had free drinks for the  
conference we tasted a few dozen  
wines.

Jake is doing the limbo dance while Mitch watches at a side table.

MITCH (V.O.)  
We don't go out any more.

As Jake Limbos, he says the following in the dream state:

JAKE (V.O.)  
Go out? Mitch am with Carlos now  
for 4 years.



FLASHBACK SHATTERS. MITCH'S FANTASY RECOLLECTION STOPS, ABRUPTLY.

INT: OFFICE AT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

Back to reality—the cold, dim-lit office. Mitch now in a low, intense, primal voice.

MITCH  
I should've made a move.

Jake chuckles, uneasy.

JAKE  
Ah, Mitch, come on—

Mitch inhales the scent of the roses.

MITCH  
(low)  
They've lost their scent.

Jake takes one, smells it. He nods.

JAKE  
Huh. You're right. But they're still beautiful.

MITCH  
Like you.

A beat. Jake freezes. The air thickens. Mitch moves in.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Jake... let's get a drink. Just us.

JAKE  
I should head home. Carlos is waiting.

MITCH (VOICE TIGHTENS)  
He's demanding, isn't he? Always controlling you.

Jake shrugs, trying to diffuse the moment.

JAKE  
Carlos is Carlos. You guys go way back.

Mitch's eyes darken. Mitch steps in close, whispers.

MITCH  
(low and raw)  
I love you.

Jake goes still.

JAKE  
You—

Before he can finish—Mitch kisses him. Jake is stunned and pulls back.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Hey, ah Mitch Ok. Hey, Mitch.  
Easy, Easy cowboy. Have you been  
drinking? As Cher would say, "Snap  
out of it."

MITCH  
What does Cher have to do with us?

JAKE  
Mitch, come on! "*Moonstruck?*"

Mitch kisses him again. Harder. More desperate.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Mitch—

MITCH  
Irish, I love you.

Jake pushes him back, not rough—just firm.

JAKE  
Irish? It's Jake. Mitch, stop. Come  
on you're a nice guy. Let's not get  
out of hand.

A beat. The rejection hangs in the air. Mitch stares at him. Something snaps. Now dark and dangerous.

MITCH  
You think I'm fucking nice?

Jake's chest tightens.

JAKE  
Jesus Mitch, take a breath. Love is  
a two-way street.

Mitch looks confused. His eyes searching for answers. His dark eyes narrow. Then out of nowhere.

THE SLAP COMES FAST.

Hard. Sudden. A sharp crack. Jake stumbles. Hits the floor hard. Ringing in his ears. The world tilts.

CAMERA—SLOW MOTION.

The room suffocates. Sound distorts. Silence. Jake touches his jaw, stunned. Blood on his lip.

Mitch breathes heavy. His hand still raised. Eyes wide. Like even he can't believe what he just did.

MITCH

You were gonna leave me.

JAKE

I'm not yours.

Mitch now desperate, low and dangerous.

MITCH

I protect you.

Jake stares.

JAKE

You just proved you're no better than Carlos.

Mitch now starts to unravel

MITCH

I've done everything for you. I've killed before. I am protecting you from Carlos.

JAKE

So, you've killed someone. You... you murdered them?

MITCH

Jake I would never hurt you.

JAKE

But you just did. Let's just take a breath. Let's just take a fucking breath. Ok, this got out of hand.

Mitch flinches. His dark side is back.

MITCH  
(growling)  
Don't say that. Get up.

Mitch pulls Jake up—too fast, too rough. A loud rip.

Jake's shirt tears at the seam. A beat. Jake steps back. Another step. His fingers touch the torn fabric, barely acknowledging it. He's almost at the door. Mitch reaches for him, then freezes. His hand hovers. Trembles.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Jake, don't go.

Jake doesn't answer. Mitch watches him turn—watches the finality of it.

Then—the last explosion. Mitch lunges. His hands on Jake. His mouth on him. This is not seduction. This is not love. This is desperation bleeding into control, into power, into loss.

Jake doesn't push back immediately. Instead—he freezes. A flicker of horror. Then his hands shove—hard. He breaks away. Mitch stumbles. Stands there. Watching Jake go. The door slams shut.

Silence.

Mitch stands there. Alone. Drenched in rage, regret, and humiliation.

The roses sit abandoned on the desk. He GRABS the roses in his fist. CRUSHES THEM. THORNS DIG INTO HIS PALM. Blood blooms between his fingers.

CRIMSON PETALS SCATTER THE FLOOR.

A low, bitter chuckle escapes. But it sounds wrong. Almost like a sob. Then, barely above a whisper—

MITCH (CONT'D)  
(dark, unhinged, hollow)  
I should've made a move sooner.

INT. OFFICE AT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE — SECONDS LATER

The silence is thick. Mitch breathes hard, chest rising and falling, lost in the wreckage of what just happened.

The roses lie crushed in his fist, petals scattered like blood on the floor.

INT. OFFICE AT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE – SECONDS LATER

A CRUSHED ROSE PETAL DROPS.

Blood-red against the floor. The silence is thick—like the moment after a car crash, before the sirens come.

A slow, sarcastic clap.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

KAREN  
(soft, smirking)  
Oh, Mitch. That was... tragic.

Mitch's head jerks up.

Karen stands in the doorway. A cigarette dangles from her lips. Like she's been here forever. She steps inside, slow, deliberate. The heels click against the marble.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(mock sympathy)  
The flowers? The dramatic slap? You actually thought that would work?

Mitch's jaw is tight, knuckles white.

MITCH  
What the fuck are you doing here?

Karen grins. Takes a drag. Exhales right in his face.

KAREN  
Just witnessing a masterpiece in self-destruction. You ever watch a car crash in slow motion? It's so satisfying.

She circles him—slow, lazy. Like he's a corpse that hasn't realized it's dead yet. Casually, she picks up a fallen rose petal. Twirls it. Lets it fall.

Mitch breathes hard. The veins in his neck flex.

MITCH  
How long have you been standing there?

Karen tilts her head, thinking. Then—she laughs.

KAREN  
 (soft, breathy)  
 Hmm. Since the beginning,  
 sweetheart.

Mitch's fists clench.

MITCH  
 You set me up.

Karen laughs. Actually laughs.

KAREN  
 Mitch, please. You set yourself up.  
 I just... provided the necessary  
 encouragement.

Mitch's breath sharpens. His eyes flicker—rage, regret,  
 realization.

MITCH  
 You told me to make a move. You  
 said, "Carlos and Jake are  
 splitting up."

Karen gasps. Fake shock.

KAREN  
 (mock offense, then  
 smirks)  
 Did I? Or did I say, "I think  
 they're having trouble"?

MITCH  
 No. You said, "Jake talks about you  
 all the time, Mitch. Carlos isn't  
 paying attention."

Karen licks her teeth. She loves this.

KAREN  
 (soft, smug)  
 Hmm. Sounds like something I'd say.

Mitch paces. Running hands through his hair. Breath coming  
 shallow and fast.

MITCH  
 (laughs, bitter)  
 Jake's figuring things out. He's  
 asking about the shipments. The  
 cash deposits with no sales.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 (voice cracks, almost pleading-) We  
 either bring him in or cut him  
 loose-permanently.

Karen's smile flickers. Just slightly. But it's enough. She steps forward. Lowers her voice. She taps her temple, soft, deadly.

KAREN  
 Mitch. Sweetheart. Who saved your  
 sorry ass last time things got  
 messy?

Mitch stiffens. Full-body reaction. He knows.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 (leans in, whispering)  
 Poor, Irish. Shot dead at the  
 Freedom Tower.

A HARD CUT-

ON SCREEN WE SEE THE BODY PARTS DROPPING INTO THE WATER.

Carlos. Mitch. Francisco. Diego. All dropping the remains.

SHARKS FEEDING.

Karen's voice bleeds into it.

KAREN (V.O.)  
 Remind me. How long did it take for  
 the sharks to eat him?

BACK TO MITCH.

Mitch turns FAST-grabs her wrist, tight. His grip is IRON.  
 Karen doesn't flinch.

MITCH  
 (low, guttural, trembling  
 rage)  
 I said. Don't.

Karen smiles.

KAREN  
 Oh, Mitch.  
 (pauses, soft)  
 You didn't think I'd forget, did  
 you?

Mitch's breath shudders. Karen places her free hand over his—gently. Like a lover.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
No one leaves you, right, Mitch?  
Not even Jake.

A beat. Mitch's grip loosens. His hands tremble.

Karen pulls back, triumphant. She picks up another rose petal. Holds it up between them.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Now. Let's talk about fixing  
things.

She drops the petal. Watches it float down—like a last breath.

THEN—SHE STEPS ON IT.

Grinds it under her heel. She exhales. Smoke curling around her smile.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
It's funny, isn't it Jake always  
did remind me of Irish.

She leaves. Mitch stands there. Everything inside him breaking.

Then—the explosion.

HE PUNCHES THE WALL.

His fist goes through it. Blood drips. His breath heaves.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN.

Final Sound: Just Mitch's breathing.

ANGLE ON MITCH'S BLOODY HAND. HE GROWLS.

A SLOW, SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

INT: PAN THROUGH THE RESTAURANT EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE

A glide-back from the office, slicing through the kitchen—  
Chefs shouting. Knives flashing. Flames licking steel.

Then—BOOM—out into the heart of the club.



Leather and silk. Champagne and cigars. Miami's elite drowning in the haze of money and lust.

At the marble-topped bar, Carlos leans in, voice smooth as smoke, wooing his guests with a laugh that could melt diamonds.

Alejandro, the bartender, leans close, lips ghosting Carlos' ear. A whisper. A smirk. Robin sees it. A flicker of something in Alejandro's gaze—too familiar. Too bold.

POV: Alejandro catches Robin watching. Their eyes lock.

Alejandro knows exactly what he's doing. Robin nods, slow, commanding. "Come here."

Alejandro rolls his eyes but saunters over. He's cocky. Untouchable. At least, that's what he thinks.

Robin is commanding. Alejandro wise-cracking responses.

ROBIN  
 (flat, ice-cold)  
 Alejandro, What were you whispering  
 to the Boss?

Alejandro gives a smart-ass grin.

ALEJANDRO  
 Nothing Mr. Security. He needed a  
 little help.

ROBIN  
 Help with what?

ALEJANDRO  
 (teasing)  
 Tying something up.

ROBIN  
 Something?

Alejandro lets it hang for a beat. He holds Robin's stare, then leans in—just slightly, talking in a low, sultry voice.

ALEJANDRO  
 Actually, someone. Relax tight-ass.

Robin moves fast. No warning. A blur of controlled violence. His hand clamps around Alejandro's throat. Not choking. Just enough to remind him who is in charge. His other hand? Lower. A brutal grip on Alejandro's crotch. Alejandro stiffens. Eyes widen. The smirk? Evaporates.

ROBIN  
(whispers, lethal)  
When I say back off, you back the  
fuck off.

Alejandro winces. Robin leans in, presses a finger to Alejandro's lips.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Shhh.

Tension thick as molasses. Robin's grip tightens—just enough to make sure Alejandro is listening. Robin's thumb drags over Alejandro's lips.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
From that tight ass.  
From that smart mouth.  
And from those hands that don't  
know where the fuck to stay.

Alejandro's breath shudders.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
(low, biting)  
Yes?

Alejandro doesn't break. He holds on for one last beat before conceding—just barely.

ALEJANDRO  
Yes.

ROBIN  
Yes, what?

Alejandro hates himself for saying it.

ALEJANDRO  
Yes, sir.

Robin releases him. Lets Alejandro breathe.

ROBIN  
Good boy.

Alejandro walks away. Slower than he should. Turns back. A flicker of something unreadable. Robin is Stone-cold. Unshaken. Unbothered.

AT THE BAR—

Carlos catches Robin's eye. That wreck-you smile. A slow wink. Robin just a nod. Cool as steel.

THE MUSIC KICKS IN — "MORE GOING DOWN" BEGINS.

MIAMI MONTAGE - FAST. SEDUCTIVE. DEADLY.

Cuban cigars glowing in the dark. Fast cars ripping down Ocean Drive. Bodies pressed together in the neon haze. A shot of Carlos at the bar—whispering something into a man's ear. Jake—watching from a distance, tension thick. Karen—reapplying lipstick in a mirror, eyes unreadable. The city itself—breathing, alive, restless.

AND THEN—A HARD CUT.

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON SCREEN: 2 DAYS BEFORE PRESENT DAY. SEPTEMBER 22, 1997.

The underscore swells—"More Going Down" plays softly, a ghost of its earlier intensity. Carlos and Jake—arguing. We don't hear them—but the emotion is clear.

Carlos, calm. Dangerous. Controlling. Jake, furious. Done. This time, for real. Carlos watches Jake, calm, almost amused. He circles him like a predator, voice soft, almost soothing.

CARLOS

Jakey... you don't really want to leave.

Jake exhales sharply, jaw clenched.

JAKE

You don't get to tell me what I want.

Carlos reaches up, brushing a piece of lint from Jake's shirt. He smiles at Jake.

CARLOS

Oh, but I do. You don't know what you're walking away from, Jakey.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 You think anyone else will protect  
 you like I have? Keep you safe? I  
 Love you

JAKE  
 Love me? You don't even see me.

CARLOS  
 You think I don't love you?

POV: Carlos quickly moves from easy to controlling. He grips  
 Jake's arm, softer at first.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 I see everything, Jakey. Every  
 move, every thought. I know you  
 better than you know yourself.  
 We're not breaking up. You're mad.  
 I'm sorry.

JAKE  
 I'm not mad, Carlos. I'm done. I've  
 seen things I can't ignore.

Carlos tightens his grip.

CARLOS  
 That's why you're staying. Because  
 you're mine. You're not done.  
 You're staying right here. You're  
 overthinking this.

JAKE  
 Don't lie to me. I know what's  
 going on, and I want out.

CARLOS  
 (Stepping close, growling)  
 Calm down. You don't know what  
 you're talking about. It's nothing.

Karen opens the door and walks in. The conversation hangs in  
 the air. Karen's hair is now blonde (a stylish wig) it was  
 dark before.

Jake squints at Karen in the wig and rolls his eyes. Carlos  
 exhales.

She walks over and kisses Carlos on the cheek, she gives a  
 chilly nod to Jake.

KAREN  
 Carlos, wonderful to see you.  
 Missed me, yes? I thought so.  
 (MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jakey, you look so tense!  
What's wrong? Trouble in paradise?  
You should relax, Jakey. Stress  
could kill you.

JAKE  
(Rolling his eyes)  
It's Jake. Karen, do you ever  
knock?

KAREN  
Oh, sorry. I keep forgetting. This  
is your man, right? Tell me,  
Jakey... how does it feel to know  
you'll never really be enough for  
him?

Carlos laughs. Jake is embarrassed.

Karen gives Jake a disdainful look, then wraps her arm around  
Carlos.

JAKE  
Carlos? Anything?

CARLOS  
Jake, relax. It's just Karen.

JAKE  
That's great. Just great.

KAREN  
(Mocking)  
All set with you, Jakey?

JAKE  
Don't call me 'Jakey'.

KAREN  
Carlos calls you 'Jakey'.

Carlos chuckles.

JAKE  
That's Carlos. Not you.

KAREN  
Someone's having a fit. Didn't get  
your bottle?

CARLOS  
Jake, it's fine. Relax.

JAKE

I'm leaving. Mitch called, wants to continue our talk from yesterday.

KAREN

What did you two talk about? Must've been thrilling. Like a boxing match.

JAKE

What?

KAREN

Oh, I just recalled that little incident with you and Mitch. Quite the telenovela.

CARLOS

What incident?

JAKE

Nothing.

KAREN

Dramatic scene, wasn't it?

CARLOS

What happened?

KAREN

Jakey, took one for the team!

JAKE

Carlos, I'll be back to finish this conversation.

KAREN

Don't go on my account. Jakey the door is that way.

Jake heads to the door. He stops and turns, deadpan look.

JAKE

Karen, you're a blonde? Looks real natural.

Karen snuggling up to Carlos

KAREN

Oh, thanks! Blondes do have more fun.

JAKE

That was sarcasm. It looks like  
shit.

Jake leaves. Karen pulls out a nail file, calmly sharpening  
her nails.

CARLOS

What happened with Mitch and Jake?

KAREN

Nothing much. Mitch made a move,  
Jake refused, Mitch slapped him  
down.

CARLOS

Mitch slapped Jake? My boy?

KAREN

Jake reminds Mitch of Irish

CARLOS

Yea you're right. He does remind me  
of Irish a bit.

KAREN

You know Mitch.

KAREN AND CARLOS

Obsessive!

They both laugh.

CARLOS

Don't call him "Jakey" You know  
that irritates him.

KAREN

That's the point.

CARLOS

Ease up on him.

KAREN

He's onto things. Why 'Jakey'?

CARLOS

He doesn't know shit. And  
'Jakey'...that's my pet name.

Karen does a dramatic little scene of Carlos and Jake making  
love.

KAREN  
 Jakey, Jakey oh Jakey, ohh!

CARLOS  
 Alright, alright.

KAREN  
 What's his pet name for you?

Carlos PUFFS UP proud. He flexes and grabs his crotch as well to make the point.

CARLOS  
 Papi Chulo.

KAREN  
 Papi Chulo now isn't that cute.

Jake comes back in, bustling through.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Oh look, back so soon? Need lunch money? Directions? Help with your homework?

Jake grabs his phone.

JAKE  
 Karen, Back off.

Jake heads to go out. As he reaches the door, Karen calls out.

KAREN  
 (overly dramatic and sweet)  
 Well, Papi Chulo and I will be right here.

Jake turns around. He looks at Carlos. Carlos is embarrassed and looks away.

JAKE  
 What did you say?

KAREN  
 "Papi Chulo" what did I say something wrong? I like it, "Papi Chulo. (she groans) "Oh, Papi Chulo."

JAKE  
 Carlos, unbelievable.



Jake storms out. The door slams shut behind him. Silence.  
Karen's smirk lingers. She exhales—slow. Turns

KAREN  
Papi Chulo... did I say something  
wrong? Oh, Papi Chulo

Carlos lights his cigar. Exhales. Doesn't even look up

CARLOS  
Enough, give it a rest.

KAREN  
Ouf. Another touchy one! A women  
doesn't feel safe with all this  
hostility around her.

She gasps, dramatic as hell. Then hands to her chest. A fake  
little tremble. A smirk barely held back.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I feel threatened! I feel  
threatened!

She laughs. She does a Betty Boop move to show off her blonde  
hair.

CARLOS  
The hair, Karen. What about it?

Karen twist a strand of hair between her fingers and smiles.

KAREN  
Well, I have heard "That Blondes  
have all the fun!" And you used to  
have so much fun with me.

Karen kisses Carlos on the lips. Carlos doesn't react. Just  
exhales.

CARLOS  
Yes, I remember.

KAREN  
(sadly but with fondness)  
You were good for me. I was good  
for you.

Carlos now short and tired of whatever game Karen is trying  
to play.

CARLOS  
Si, si.

Karen lingers. Searching his face. Looking for the old spark. Then—Carlos exhales. Slow. Almost... pitying. And he gently nudges her away.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Karen, come on, we've been through  
this and you know that I like men.

Karen plays sexy and she kisses Carlos on the neck. Carlos is not responding. He just lets her.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
You know I like you. You are my  
best friend.

Karen exhales. A slow shift. The seduction drops. Then she stiffens. Like something just clicked. Her breath catches. Her pupils dilate. She steps back. Stares at him like she's just seen a ghost.

Carlos frowns. Something's off.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Karen?

She gasps. Hand over her mouth. A theatrical realization.

KAREN  
Oh My GOD! OH MY GOD. *OH MY GOD.*

She stumbles back. Falls into a chair. Carlos watches, confused. Then, softly, flat, dead as a body in the water. She speaks in a sad, bland tone.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I am a Fag Hag.

CARLOS  
No.

KAREN  
Oh yes. That's exactly what I am.

She rips off the wig and tosses it on the table.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I took care of Fred, remember?

Carlos goes still.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
He was getting too close. I  
couldn't have that.

CARLOS  
 (in Spanish)  
 Lo recuerdo demasiado bien. - **I  
 remember all too well.**

KAREN  
 Get rid of Jake. Wrap up whatever  
 you've got with Robin. Momma needs  
 some love.

She pauses.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 (she laughs coldly)  
 You have no idea how far I can go.  
 Get rid of Jake. And Robin. Now.

CARLOS  
 That's not going to happen.

KAREN  
 You better wise up, Mr. Diaz. I  
 know the story about Irish. I know  
 about the cops. And you? You know I  
 know. You have some hold over  
 Santiago. I can feel it.

Carlos blinks—just once. That flicker. That tiny second of  
 vulnerability.

FLASHCUT: SANTIAGO IN THE DARK ALLEY.

-Camera PUNCHES IN on Santiago—smoking, casual, his badge  
 glinting under the dim streetlight.

-A hand extends—a FAT STACK of cash.

-Santiago takes it. No hesitation. No guilt. Just business.

FLASHCUT: THE BODY OF IRISH.

-Eyes wide. Lifeless. Blood pooling into the pavement.

-Carlos standing over him, exhaling smoke, the faintest  
 flicker of regret in his eyes.

-Then—A BOOT KICKS IRISH'S BODY OVER.

-FLASHCUT: EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE (1996).

- Carlos and Santiago at the bar.

-The heat between them. The whiskey. The low, dangerous smirks.

-Carlos kicking the stool forward. Santiago hesitating—then sitting.

-The SHIRT RIPPING OPEN. The HEAVY BREATHING.

FLASHCUT: BACK TO PRESENT.

KAREN

Papi Chulo... You're sweating.

Karen She moves to the mirror. Calm. Methodical. Like she has all the time in the world.

Carlos and Karen talk while she is putting herself together.

CARLOS

No one tells me who to love or what to do. Understand?

She takes out her compact. Flicks it open. Pulls out the lipstick. Red lipstick like war paint.

As she applies it slow and deliberate. She reaches for the blonde wig. Places it back on. Gives herself a wink and a kiss in the mirror.

KAREN

You Cubans are so emotional. Jesus, man up.

She turns back to Carlos. Walks over.

CARLOS

You just make shit up. All your drama.

Karen leans in. Then—she plants the slow, deliberate kiss on his neck. Pulls back. Sees the bright red stain left behind. She heads for the door. Pauses. Turns back one last time.

KAREN

Papi Chulo, I'll see you soon.

The door swings shut. The silence is thick. The lipstick lingers. Carlos exhales. Runs a hand down his jaw.

CARLOS  
(low, dark as hell)  
What a bitch.

Then—his gaze hardens. His jaw locks.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(the beast is awake)  
Jake Belongs to me. He is mine.  
Robin is mine. The Drugs will  
continue. Robin has a plan. Stick  
to the fucking plan. Karen just  
made a big, mistake. Nobody tells  
Papi Chulo what to do.

INT: CARLOS' APARTMENT

An hour later. Jake comes back. Carlos goes to Jake and gives a hug, strong, and a full kiss.

CARLOS  
Jake, I'm sorry. Karen's gone. We  
need to figure things out. I'm  
sorry.

JAKE  
Wow, you never say "I'm sorry," so  
that's a lie. Slow it down. What is  
on your neck?

CARLOS  
Karen was a...teasing me.

Jake sighs. Shakes his head.

JAKE  
Karen? Why the hell are her lips on  
your neck? Carlos, I want out.

CARLOS  
Jake you can't leave. I need you.

JAKE  
You will be fine. You have a lot of  
men to pick from.

Jake move towards the door and Carlos blocks him and pulls his arm. Carlos steps toward Jake, voice lowering, slow, deliberate

CARLOS

Do you think you can walk away from me? I should kill you for talking like that.

JAKE

(defiantly)

Then do it.

CARLOS

Oh, Jakey. You're cute when you think you have choices.

Carlos gets a wide grin, like he's enjoying this moment. Jake looks unsure of what will happen.

Without warning Carlos lands a full-on punch to Jake's face, hard enough to knock him to the ground.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

You're mine. That'll bruise. A reminder of who's in charge. Mitch took a crack at you, now it's my turn. Get up.

JAKE

Jesus, you people are all crazy.

CARLOS

Comes with the territory.

He shakes it off and gets up, rubbing his jaw.

JAKE

There is more going down than just the sun around here. I know what's going on. Big deposits, inflated inventory/

Carlos grabs Jake.

CARLOS

You are mine. Remember that.

JAKE

Fuck Off.

Carlos hits Jake again. Jake stumbles backwards.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yea, well what about Spain?

CARLOS

Careful, Jakey. You're talking like a man who doesn't want to wake up tomorrow.

JAKE

I found receipts. Who was with you in Spain? Karen? Are you bisexual?

CARLOS

Oh, Jakey, Jakey, Jakey. Que americano eres.

Carlos takes a step closer.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

See, that's your problem. You think I need a label. I don't. I take what I want, when I want.

JAKE

Jesus, make up your mind. I would've done anything for you.

Jake moves for the door. Carlos steps in. Blocks him. Grabs him. A hard, bruising kiss: not passion. Power.

CARLOS

That was your first mistake.

Jake shoves him back. Eyes burning. Breath ragged. JAKE (quiet, but sharp as a blade) "Keep your little kingdom, Carlos. Enjoy it. Because one day? It's all gonna burn. And you? You're no phoenix. You won't rise from the ashes."

Jake turns. Walks. Doesn't look back. Carlos leans against the wall. Takes a deep inhale from his Cuban cigar. The smoke curls. A slow smile. Dangerous. Knowing.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Jakey, Jakey... they always come back.

He takes his shirt off. Stands before the mirror—his body all power, muscle, and arrogance. He glances at his tattoo.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Carlos turns. Exhales. Opens it. Robin steps in.

ROBIN

I just saw Jake leave.

Carlos kisses him—long, hard, claiming him. Carlos is booming with excitement.

CARLOS

Robin, Listen. Just listen. That worked.

The theme music "More Going Down" plays. Carlos and Robin talk but their voices are not heard. Carlos acting out the previous scene for Robin. On screen we see the visual recaps

THE SCENE SHIFTS—CARLOS IS TALKING, BUT WE DON'T HEAR THE WORDS.

Montage:

-Karen with the Blonde Wig

-Karen kisses Carlos - his lack of response

-Karen take s the wig off, "fag hag"

-Carlos slapping Jake

-Mitch slapping Jake.

-Carlos slapping Jake a 2nd time

-Papi Chulo, Carlos grabbing his crotch, puffs up.

-*SLOW MOTION* Carlos light a Cuban cigar and pours drinks for he and Robin.

INT: CARLOS APARTMENT A LITTLE LATER

Carlos down his drink.

CARLOS

The plan is on track. Jake knows or is onto the Drug Distribution through EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE. He knows about Spain.

ROBIN

(sharp)  
Spain? What does he know about Spain?

CARLOS

He thinks I was there with Karen.

Robin's pager goes off. He checks it.



CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

ROBIN  
Jake.

CARLOS  
Go meet him.

ROBIN  
I'll be back around midnight. Wait  
up for me.

CARLOS  
(low and husky)  
I will be here. You be ready.

Robin Kisses Carlos. Carlos growls. Robin exits. Then—he  
whispers to himself. Low. Dark. Twisted.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Would you dance with me? Come on,  
it's just a dance.

EXT: ROBIN'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Jake leans against the wall, sunglasses on.

Robin pulls up in the Fleetwood Brougham, the neon city light  
reflecting off the chrome.

Just sits there. Engine running. Watching Jake. Then—the door  
pops open. Robin smooth, casual as ever, but with an edge.

ROBIN  
Get in.

Jake exhales. Pushes off the wall. Climbs in.

INT. ROBIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Engine humming. The world outside a blur of red and blue neon  
streaks. Robin drives. One hand on the wheel. One arm  
stretched over the back of Jake's seat—owning the space.

A beat. Tension like a razor. Robin hard as steel.

ROBIN  
Tell me.

Jake doesn't answer right away. His fingers drum against his  
knee. Faster. Faster. Then—he exhales. A quick glance at  
Robin.

JAKE  
I found things. Things that don't  
make sense.

Robin doesn't react.

ROBIN  
(soft, deadly)  
Such as?

Jake hesitates. Just a flicker.

JAKE  
Spain.

Robin's grip on the wheel tightens. Just for a second. A tiny  
tell. Jake clocks it.

ROBIN  
Spain.

He doesn't ask. Just repeats it. Like a test.

Jake nods. Then—he pulls something from his jacket pocket. A  
folded paper.

HANDS IT TO ROBIN.

Robin takes it. Unfolds it. Eyes scan over the umbers—airline  
receipts. Wire transfers. Spain. Multiple trips. Big  
expenses.

A slow inhale. A slower exhale. Then—

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
And Karen?

Jake leans back. Arms crossed.

JAKE  
He must've taken her.

Robin watches him. Doesn't blink. Then—he flicks the paper  
back at Jake. A smirk curling at the corner of his mouth.  
Jake catches it. Frowns.

Robin shifts gears, the car gliding through the Miami streets  
like a shark. Then—Robin finally speaks. Low. Controlled.

ROBIN  
(soft, deadly)  
You think Karen was with him in  
Spain?

JAKE  
(snaps)  
Of course. Who the fuck else?

ROBIN  
Alright, Jakey. We talk tomorrow. I  
have a plan.

Robin slows the car. Pulls up in front of his building. They talk but their conversation is not heard. The original song "More Going Down" plays. Conversation continues, unheard. Actions denotes Robin in control, Jake following his lead. Jake believes he is in good hands. Then-Jake exhales. Nods. Opens the door. He steps out.

EXT. MIAMI - NIGHT - NEON & SIN

The city breathes. Bars, cigars, backroom whispers. Cars slicing through rain-slick streets.

The pulse of danger. Everything moving toward something dark.

ON SCREEN: 8PM

Karen at Carlos' apartment. Blonde wig. Red lips. Black raincoat. She steps inside. The raincoat drops. Nothing underneath. Carlos leans back. Grins like the devil. Growls.

ON SCREEN: 9:30PM

Robin at the restaurant. Owning the crowd. Owning the night.

ON SCREEN: 10PM

Karen leaves. Smug. Satisfied. Carlos smirks from the window.

ON SCREEN: 11:30PM

Carlos on the phone. Robin's coming over. Carlos pops a Viagra. Two glasses. Dark Cuban rum on ice. Cigar lit. Slow. Sensual. Lethal.

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 22, 1997

ON SCREEN: 11:45PM

The original song "What About Spain" by Dennis Manning swells.

FLASHBACK TO SPAIN.

Carlos & Robin, sunburnt and tangled in white sheets. Hands. Mouths. Laughter in Spanish. Promises whispered against skin.

PRESENT. REALITY.

Robin knocks. Carlos opens the door. Eyes meet. Heat. No words needed.

Carlos hands Robin a drink. A toast. Carlos downs his. Robin follows. Then— Robin slams the glass down. A beat. Then he's on Carlos.

MONTAGE - A NIGHT OF FIRE & POWER 6

Bodies colliding against walls. Teeth sinking into skin. Robin's growl. Carlos rips his own shirt off. The Phoenix tattoo on his back flexing. Robin pushes him onto the bed. Follows.

DIALOGUE IN THE HEAT OF IT—BROKEN, BREATHLESS, REAL.

Carlos, pinned beneath Robin.

CARLOS

God, it was like no one else  
mattered but us.

Robin flips Carlos onto his stomach. A sharp inhale. A moment of surrender.

Robin, dark, steady, absolute.

ROBIN

Even in death, I'll be right there.  
By your side.

THE CAMERA MOVES. SILK SHEETS. SWEAT. THE MIAMI SKYLINE.

Robin collapsed against Carlos, both wrecked, tangled, satisfied. Breath slowing.

The instrumental of "What About Spain" lingers. The city outside doesn't stop. But for a moment, they do.

FINAL IMAGE:

Carlos' coal-black eyes flickering shut. Robin's arm draped over him. Like a promise. Like a curse.

THE CAMERA GOES THROUGH THE WINDOW TO THE MOONLIGHT AND BISCAYNE BAY.

ON SCREEN: SEPTEMBER 23, 1997 - ONE DAY BEFORE TODAY

Dawn spills golden light across the bed. Robin, shirtless, stands at the window. His reflection stares back—hard, unreadable.

ROBIN

(quiet)

Strength doesn't protect you from everything... does it?

CARLOS, propped against the headboard, sips Cuban coffee. He moves—slow, deliberate—pressing against Robin from behind. Kisses his neck.

CARLOS

(low, in Spanish)

No hay escape... You're mine, Robin. Forever.

ROBIN

Something feels different.

CARLOS

I am afraid that one day you'll see the real me—y te vas. I don't know how to be what you need. But I need you, Robin... más de lo que sabes.

Robin stiffens. He turns to Carlos. Holds his gaze.

ROBIN

Jake's primed. Mitch is already pushing him. But Karen—

Carlos exhales. A knowing smirk.

FLASHBACK - NIGHT BEFORE - CARLOS & KAREN

CARLOS

(V.O)

So, Karen cam over last night at 8.

ON SCREEN:

Karen at the door. Carlos greets her. A slow, sultry pull inside. Drinks. Laughs. Heat building. Carlos' shirt hits the floor. Passionate sex-Karen riding him, nails digging into his chest. The shower.

ROBIN

(V.O)

Papi Chulo..

Her satisfied smirk as she zips her dress. Karen leaves. Carlos checks his watch. 10 PM.

BACK TO DAWN - PRESENT

Carlos sets down his coffee. Smirks.

CARLOS

She said Momma needs some love. So  
I gave her some love.

Robin exhales. He knows Carlos too well.

ROBIN

You had to make her trust you.

CARLOS

Went in deep.

Robin rolls his eyes. Carlos just chuckles.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Once Jake kills Mitch, she won't  
see it coming. By the time the cops  
connect the dots, she'll be buried.

ROBIN

We need a new pipeline.

CARLOS

Barcelona.

ROBIN

Sitges. Better market. All the men  
go there.

CARLOS  
And the men love us.

Robin starts dressing. Carlos watches him—eyes dark, burning.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Mi corazón se ha perdido en ti.

Robin pauses. Meets Carlos' gaze.

ROBIN  
I'm going to get Jake.

Robin exits. Carlos leans back, exhales smoke. The camera swirls through the window—out to Miami's vibrant morning. Vendors. Workers. The city waking.

INT: BACK OFFICE - EL IMPERIO DE LA NOCHE - 10AM

ON SCREEN: SEPTEMBER 23, 1997 - 1 DAY BEFORE TODAY.

Music fades in: Dennis Manning's "After The Thunder, After The Rain"—moody, dark, crawling under the skin.

The office is dim. Karen lounges, draped in red. Blonde wig. Long gloves.

Jake enters. His shades barely cover the damage.

JAKE  
(scoffs, taking her in)  
Jesus. Still in last night's getup?  
At ten in the damn morning?

KAREN  
Blondes do have more fun.

Jake rips off his sunglasses. His eye—blackened.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(mocking, smirking)  
My, my. Someone likes it rough.

JAKE  
So what is it? You dragging me into more of your games? I know about Spain.

KAREN  
Spain? Oh, Jakey, let's not be tedious.

JAKE

Jake. Call me Jake.

Karen crosses her legs, leans in, voice velvet and poison.

KAREN

You look like someone who's had enough.

JAKE

I am. And I'm done. The police are gonna find out.

Karen tilts her head. A slow, lazy smile.

KAREN

Oh, sweetie. You were never meant for this world.

JAKE

And you were?

KAREN

(soft, lethal)

I learned how to survive. Now you need to.

JAKE

Mitch is obsessed. It's like I can't escape him. And I know what he did to Irish.

KAREN

Yes, darling. And he could do it again.

Beat. Jake exhales. Unsteady.

JAKE

I can't kill him, Karen. I'm not like that.

Karen brushes imaginary dust off her dress. No sympathy. No warmth.

KAREN

That's what Irish thought.

Silence. Jake stares. She lets it sink in.

JAKE

Why help me now?



KAREN  
 (smirks)  
 I like to keep my men breathing.

She glides closer. Pulls something from her purse. The gun. Small. Deadly. She places it on the desk between them.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Carlos made Irish disappear. Just like that. (snaps her fingers) Paid off the cops.  
 (leans in, whispers)  
 Are you willing to wait until it's you lying in a pool of blood?

JAKE  
 Jesus. You always make it sound like the end of the world.

KAREN  
 Isn't it?

Beat. The music swells. A storm brewing beneath the words.

Karen slides behind him, wraps his hands around the gun. Like a lover guiding a dance.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 This isn't about killing. It's about not dying.

She exits—heels clicking. The door shuts. Soft. Final.

The music pulses—the chorus swells. Jake stares at the gun. Hands shaking. He exhales sharply, shoves it into the desk drawer.

JAKE  
 This isn't me.

Jake sits in silence. The weight of the moment pressing down.

He takes out his Blackberry. Then texts Karen.

JAKE (TEXT - V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Karen, the gun is in the desk drawer. I won't be a killer.

EXT: DARK MIAMI STREET, OCEAN BLVD

Karen drives through the slick streets of Miami in her 1997 Jaguar XK8 Convertible - Red.

The rain has just stopped, leaving a glistening sheen on the road, reflecting the neon lights of the city.

Her hands grip the steering wheel tighter than usual, her mind racing. The rhythmic sound of the windshield wipers echoes like a metronome, cutting through the silence inside the car.

Karen's blackberry signals a message. She checks it while driving.

JAKE TEXT

Karen, the gun is in the desk drawer. I won't be a killer.

KAREN

Damn.

Her face is illuminated by the dashboard lights, but her eyes are distant, focused not on the road but on everything that just unfolded.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Carlos is using me. I am going to be the one to take the fall somehow.

Now with more intensity.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - NIGHT - STORM RAGING

A red Jaguar XK8 convertible tears down Ocean Drive. Windshield wipers slash through the rain, neon reflections bleeding across the hood.

Karen's knuckles white on the wheel. Lips red as war paint. Eyes like knives sharpened on betrayal. Her foot slams the gas. Tires SCREAM. The engine ROARS.

KAREN

(snarling to herself,  
dripping venom)

That lousy son of a bitch... he always gets what he wants, right? Thinks he's so goddamn clever?

FLASH CUTS—A COLLAGE OF LIES, LUST, AND BETRAYAL:

—Carlos and Karen—his hands gripping her throat, her nails carving into his back. Passion. Power. Deception.

-Robin and Carlos—bodies tangled in heat. Sweat. Teeth on skin. "You're mine."

-Jake, eyes full of trust, dancing with Carlos under neon lights. A grin before the knife.

-Mitch slapping Jake. Jake HITS the floor.

-Carlos at the bar—smug, smooth, dealing drugs with a smirk.

-Alejandro—tied up, panting, staring at Carlos with both fear and hunger.

-Mitch and Robin—whispers in the dark, bodies pressed close, secrets exchanged between gasps.

-Carlos—white tank top, Cuban hat, gun holster, king of this dirty kingdom.

-Carlos slapping Jake down—again. Harder. Enjoying it.

-A GUNSHOT. A BODY DROPS. BLOOD SPREADS.

-Karen GRITS HER TEETH—SLAMS THE GEARSHIFT.

KAREN  
(voice low, razor-edged,  
electric with fury)  
This queen is going to take down  
Papi Chulo.

THE JAGUAR ROCKETS FORWARD.

The storm howls. The city lights blur into streaks of fire.

SOUND MONTAGE OVER THE DRIVE—LAYERED VOICES WHISPER & SHOUT IN HER HEAD:

-Carlos: "You really thought you were in control?"

-Robin: "Karen, you're just a pawn."

-Mitch: "You wanted in... now you can't get out."

-Carlos: "I own this city."

-Robin: "Back the fuck off."

-Mitch: "Jake, don't—"

-GUNSHOTS. A BODY HITS THE FLOOR.

-Laughter. Music. A heartbeat pounding with the Miami nightlife.

KAREN'S FOOT SLAMS DOWN HARD.

INT: CARLOS' APARTMENT

ON THE SCREEN: 1 HOUR LATER, SEPTEMBER 24, 1997

Elevator doors slide open. Jake and Robin step into the silent hallway. Suite 1250 looms ahead. Glossy black door. Cold. Unwelcoming.

CAMERA: MOVING WITH THEM—FLOATING, UNEASY, TENSION BREATHING IN EVERY FRAME.

Robin in control. Jake sweating. Hands twitching. Robin elbows him.

ROBIN  
We all good here?

Jake drops his keys at the apartment door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Jake, get it together. Open the door.

CAMERA: CLOSE ON JAKE'S HAND—TREMBLING AS HE SHOVES THE KEY INTO THE LOCK.

The door clicks open. Swings into darkness. Jake flips the switch.

ONE LIGHT COMES ON. JUST THE FOYER.

A beat. Silence. Jake steps inside. Hesitates.

JAKE  
Carlos? Carlos? I am home. Carlos?

No answer.

Robin scans the room. Instinct kicking in. Something's wrong.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The Miami skyline sprawls beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows. City lights flickering like dying embers.

CAMERA: TRACKING JAKE—MOVING TOWARD THE GLASS. HIS BREATH SHALLOW.

Jake freezes.

A SPILLED DRINK. THE LIQUID REFLECTING THE CITY LIGHTS.

SHOT: BLOOD ON CARLOS' BACK.

A BULLET HOLE.

THE PHOENIX TATTOO SOAKED IN RED.

—Robin sees it. Moves. Fast. Kneels beside Carlos. Checks for a pulse. Nothing.

CAMERA: CLOSE ON ROBIN'S HAND—PRESSING CARLOS' NECK. BLOOD SMEARS HIS FINGERS.

A distorted figure in the reflection of the glass. The audience sees it—but not Jake or Robin.

Robin exhales. Processing. Thinking. Calculating.

ROBIN  
What the fuck?

Jake stumbles back. Hand over his mouth. His breathing wrecked. Then—his voice cracks.

JAKE  
What... what happened?

Robin stands. Looks at Jake—cold, calculating.

ROBIN  
Somebody got here before we did.

Jake's breath catches. His mind spirals. He stares at Carlos. At the blood. At Robin. Then—without thinking, too fast, too defensive

JAKE  
Well it wasn't me.

Robin's head tilts. Eyes sharpen. Just slightly. A pause. A shift. The first crack in his certainty. He steps closer—slow, deliberate. Now in a low, suspicious tone.

ROBIN  
Who asked you?

Robin exhales—just once—then his tone hardens.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
What are you saying, Jake?

Jake shakes his head, a little too soon and too fast.

JAKE  
Nothing. I'm saying nothing. Just  
- Fuck. I don't know. I just/

Robin keeps staring. Unblinking. A readjustment happening.

Jake exhales. Runs a hand through his hair. Avoids eye contact.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I don't do this, man.

Robin steps back and glares. He holds for 5 seconds.

ROBIN  
Then maybe you should stop acting  
like you did.

CAMERA: HARD SMASH TO JAKE

Jake is rattled now. He looks at Robin—waiting for him to move on, to drop it. But Robin doesn't. He steps in closer. No space left between them. The air tightens. Jake feels the shift. The power. The weight of what Robin isn't saying.

Robin exhales. Runs a hand over his jaw. Thinking. He looks at Carlos' body again. The blood. The bullet hole. This wasn't supposed to fucking happen. Then—he murmurs, almost to himself, low clipped tight controlled voice

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Shit. This is not the plan.

Robin leans in—just enough that Jake hears the next words in his bones.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
(low, smooth but absolute)  
You didn't do this? Fine."

A pause. A slow breath. Then—soft, dark, final:

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
But if you ever put me in a  
position where I have to wonder?

Robin's, voice dropping to a near whisper

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
I don't ask twice, Jake

ANGLE ON: The camera swirls to Carlos dead on the floor.  
Jake nervous. Robin Pacing.

KAREN appears, as if she were hiding, observing. Cool, sly  
and no emotion.

KAREN  
Well, Boys, what do we have here?  
OH, is that Carlos?

JAKE  
Jesus, where the fuck did you come  
from?

Karen shrugs, unconcerned. She steps forward, heels clicking.  
Smooth. Easy, innocent mocking tone.

KAREN  
Well I was over there and now I am  
here.

ROBIN  
Karen, what happened?

She speaks in a surprised voice, and very sarcastic, overly  
dramatic voice.

KAREN  
You know I am not quite sure.

THE DOOR LOCK CLICKS—A NEW SOUND.

The door lock being picked is heard. Jake and Robin look.  
Karen feigns dramatic tension.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
OH My! I wonder who that is?

ROBIN  
Shh. Quiet.

KAREN  
(whispering)  
OH, the excitement! Intruders!

Jake and Robin look around for something to pick up. Jake  
grabs a pillow. Robin yanks up a table lamp. They hold their  
item up ready to throw at the intruder. Robin looks at Jake,  
shake his head and a slow exhale.

ROBIN  
(angry whisper)  
Jake! Seriously? A pillow?

Jake looks embarrassed. He puts the pillow down and stands behind Robin. Robin just rolls his eyes. Tension builds.

ANGLE ON: The door opens, Mitch has a gun in his hand, pointed ready to fire. He looks nervous, but ready to take action. All men are surprised and confused. The tension breaks. Music stops.

JAKE  
Mitch?

MITCH  
Jake are you ok?

ROBIN  
Mitch? Put the gun down.

MITCH  
Robin, what the hell? Where's Carlos?

KAREN  
Here on the floor. Well, that's inconvenient.

MITCH  
What?

POV: Mitch moves in he checks the body. The men talk low to each other. Karen heads to the door unnoticed and locks it and puts the key in her pocket. No one else is aware of this.

Mitch points the gun at Robin, and Robin make a move to go for Mitch. Mitch points the gun at Karen.

ROBIN  
Mitch let's put the gun down.

JAKE  
Mitch, I am ok. Put the gun down.

MITCH  
(to Karen)  
You told me Jake was in trouble.  
That Carlos was gonna kill him.

KAREN  
Did I? Ohhh... maybe I did. So many details.



Robin snaps. Turns on Karen

ROBIN  
Shut up Karen.

KAREN  
So you all know, Robin and Carlos have (she does air quotes) "The Plan." You remember 'The Plan,' right, Robin? Where I go to jail. Jakey, he was supposed to kill Mitch. Wasn't he?

Karen sits and crosses her legs. She laughs.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
So many little details to remember.. The only thing straight in this room is me! Ohh, Momma made a funny! The only thing "straight"/

ROBIN  
Karen, I am warning you, shut your mouth.

MITCH  
So wait, Jake was not in trouble?

KAREN  
Oh Mitch, you have to keep up. Now let's talk about "The Plan."

ROBIN  
Fuck that. I am leaving.

She clicks the gun as to shoot it.

KAREN  
Robin, sweetie, Momma has very good aim, at close range, so you all just sit. I don't want to ask again.

Robin advances towards Karen and she fires a gun shot to the floor. Robin stops.

ROBIN  
Jesus, Karen.

JAKE  
Karen you almost hit him.

KAREN

Jakey, Momma meant to miss. Keep up, would you?

ROBIN

Karen, I am warning you.

KAREN

Yes, yes, so you've said. Whatever. What did Carlos ever see in you?

JAKE

Carlos? And Robin?

KAREN

(V.O)

For years. Carlos and Robin...Jake leaves and Robin enters...Carlos and Robin like (she laughs) wild animals.

MONTAGE: THE PAST REVEALED

- Carlos and Robin on the beach-hot, intense, forbidden.
- Jake leaving the apartment-Robin entering, unseen.
- Carlos and Robin-kissing, tearing at each other's clothes.

CUT BACK TO THE PRESENT.

INT: IN THE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

KAREN

I mean who is sleeping with who around here?!

ROBIN

Karen you filthy Bitch.

KAREN

Robin, now I will not tolerate language. You boys do need to learn your manners.

Mitch gets up and goes to the door.

MITCH

I am getting out of here.

He tries the door and it is locked. He struggles with the door.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She pulls out the key and laughs.

KAREN

Oh here it is!

MITCH

Give me the key. I want out.

KAREN

Mitch, come back and sit down and enjoy the party. Now I wonder who did this to Carlos?

JAKE

Well it wasn't me.

ROBIN

You keep saying that and each time you do, you sound more guilty.

JAKE

He was my boyfriend.

KAREN

Oh, being his boyfriend makes you innocent? Then I guess Robin's innocent too? Didn't Carlos slap you down? And Mitch too, Jakey? I am just saying I think *someone* has a motive around here.. Sounds like Ike and Tina to me?

MITCH

Tina? Who is Tina

Jake and Robin look at each other and roll their eyes. They say in unison:

JAKE AND ROBIN

Tina Turner!

KAREN

Mitch you better take notes.

MITCH

Karen, I swear to God/

KAREN

Oh, Mitch, I don't think the Lord would approve of murder.

JAKE

Robin you were with Carlos.

ROBIN

Karen you're playing a game you don't want to finish.

KAREN

Robin, you remember I have the gun, right?

JAKE

It was you in Spain?

MITCH

Wait so Carlos was with Robin?

KAREN

Mitch, sweetie, I know big words and basic logic confuse you—so let's dumb it down.

She leans in to Mitch and talks like she were talking to a child to Mitch. Mitch tries to process.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Robin and Carlos for years.

Robin paces like a caged animal. He growls.

ROBIN

Mitch just shoot her!

KAREN

(laughs)

Mitch, shoot me? Sweetie, you don't even have bullets.

She leans over to Carlos dead on the floor and yells:

KAREN (CONT'D)

Carlos you can't save Mitch, you're dead.

ROBIN

You idiot. Why did you come in with a gun not loaded?

Mitch looks embarrassed.

MITCH  
I can't get caught for another  
Murder.

Karen leans over and yells to Carlos.

KAREN  
Carlos you can't save Mitch this  
time 'cause you're dead.

JAKE  
Robin, use your gun.

ROBIN  
It's in my car, remember.

JAKE  
Well, what the hell was "the plan."

KAREN  
Carlos dead wasn't part of the  
plan, was it Robin? *Or Was it?*  
Maybe you get everything and go to  
Spain alone? Sounds like a motive  
to me!

ROBIN  
Karen you better stop!

KAREN  
What did you love about Spain? The  
Libra Moon? The tequila? Maybe we  
can come back to that story when  
the police arrive.

MITCH  
No police.

KAREN  
Mitch you were supposed to be dead.  
Killed by Jake.

MONTAGE

KAREN  
(Voice over)  
All of us framed or dead

Scene of Karen in handcuffs.

Scene of Mitch dead on the floor, gunshot by Jake.

Scene of Jake in an orange prison's jumpsuit.

Scene of Robin and Carlos in Spain.

Scene of Robin Killing Carlos with a gun, Robin in Spain.

KAREN (CONT'D)

So many plot twist to your "Plan"  
Robin. "*GENIUS*" isn't that what  
Carlos said?

INT: IN THE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

Karen pauses and smiles just like the GRINCH. She speaks in an eerie tone, mocking Robin.

KAREN

(laughs)

*GENIUS. GENIUS.*

JAKE

Where is this going?

KAREN

What I want to know is who killed  
Carlos? You all have a motive.  
Mitch was expected to be dead.

MITCH

Yea I am not dead.

KAREN

Well done, Mitch, I see you are  
catching on! Robin in your plan, I  
did love all those pick-up lines  
and Sinatra songs you set up when  
Jakey met Carlos.

Robin is clenching his fist, Karen reminds Robin of the gun in her hand.

Karen speaks loudly to dead Carlos on the floor.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Carlos I loved that part!

MITCH

What is going on?

KAREN

Mitch which part is confusing you?

MITCH  
All of it!

KAREN  
Robin can you help us out here. I  
mean it is your plan.

ROBIN  
I am not saying anything.

POV Focus on Mitch, Robin, and Jake as Karen speaks.

KAREN  
(Voice over)  
Oh and Mitch went down on Carlos  
like the Titanic the other day.

MONTAGE

Mitch and Carlos in the office. Carlos eases Mitch to his  
knees for oral sex.

INT: IN THE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

KAREN  
That was a steamy session.

ROBIN  
You will pay for that, Mitch.

KAREN  
Those close circuit cameras,

MONTAGE

Scene of Jake installing security camera in Carlos' o  
Scene of Carlos easing Mitch to his knees for oral sex.  
Scene of Karen watching the video.

INT: IN THE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

KAREN  
There is a lot of action on those  
tapes!

ROBIN  
Fuck you.

ON SCREEN QUICK MONTAGE OF CARLOS with Everybody. Karen calls out each person like a roll call.

KAREN

(V.O)

And Carlos was with *everybody*.

-Carlos and Jake

-Carlos and Mitch.

-Carlos and Robin.

-Carlos and Alejandro.

-Carlos Santiago.

ROBIN

What? Santiago? The cop?

KAREN

Sounds like motive to me, Robin. I loved that it was all a set-up!

JAKE

A set-up? This was all a set-up?

KAREN

(laughs)

I know I keep laughing but no one else is. I just find this all so, *interesting*.

KAREN (CONT'D)

The drugs, the VIP, the cigars

KAREN (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Those fishing trips with the sharks on El Tiburón! Dumping Irish.

Flashback to dumping Irish in the bay.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(Voice over)

Oh the police are going to love this!

Scene of Santiago brow-beating Carlos

KAREN (CONT'D)

Jealousy, betrayal, hidden lust—oh my



INT: IN THE APARTMENT CONTINUOUS

KAREN

And then we do have a dead body on the floor. I called the police.

EXT POLICE CAR DRIVING TO CARLOS' APARTMENT

In the car is Santiago and Cop.

SANTIAGO

We got a call that Carlos and his gang are at his apartment. The caller said there is enough evidence to put him and his crew away.

COP

Aren't they dangerous?

SANTIAGO

Yes so we better be prepared.

INT: CARLOS APARTMENT

JAKE

I want to know what is going on?

KAREN

Jakey, you were going to get framed for the murder of Mitch.

ROBIN

Karen, I am gonna kill you.

He rushes to Karen and she shoots and again "Misses"

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Karen. You are crazy.

Now forceful

KAREN

Now will you sit down. You all just have to hear this.

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Karen exhales slow. Like she's enjoying this. She takes a pocket recorder out of her purse. Clicks play. Carlos' voice drifts into the air. Smooth. Cocky. Cold.

POV: Jake and Mitch freeze. Robin doesn't move—but his pulse? It spikes.

ON THE RECORDING - INT. FLASHBACK - CARLOS' APARTMENT

Robin—standing. Carlos—reclined, powerful, playing with a whiskey glass.

CARLOS

The gun will be there. Karen? She meets Jake tomorrow. Hands it over.

Sips his drink, eyes locked on Robin—calm, seductive, deadly.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

He holds it. His prints are on it. Then? He gives it back. We both know he hates guns. I kill Mitch. Leave the gun.

BACK TO THE PRESENT - MITCH STIFFENS.

ON THE RECORDING - FLASHBACK CONTINUES.

ROBIN

(flat, calculated tone)  
Jake goes down.

IN THE PRESENT - JAKE INHALES SHARP.

ON THE RECORDING - FLASHBACK CONTINUES.

Carlos laughs. Takes a sip of rum. He and Robin clink glasses in a toast. They kiss.

CARLOS

Oh, there's a lot more going down than just Jake. Believe me.

IN THE PRESENT -

Clicks stop. Karen smiles sweetly and looks around the room.

KAREN  
Robin, what do you think?

POV: EVERYONE LOOKS AT ROBIN.

MITCH  
I... I don't like the sound of this  
story.

CUT TO JAKE—HE LOOKS AT ROBIN LIKE HE'S SEEING A STRANGER.

JAKE  
Robin.

KAREN  
Mitch, sweetie, you were supposed  
to be dead.

Karen leans forward, elbows on knees, grin turning wicked at Robin.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
And you? You were supposed to be in  
Spain.

Robin's nostrils flare. But he doesn't break.

Jake's breath stutters. Mitch's fingers curl into fists.  
Robin is ready to rip something apart. Karen leans back.

INT: THE APARTMENT OF CARLOS

ROBIN  
Ok Karen get on with it.

KAREN  
So Jakey, have you been counting?

JAKE  
Counting? Counting what?

KAREN  
My God. Is anyone with me? Robin,  
can you please help?

ROBIN  
Bullets. Have you been counting the  
bullets?

KAREN

Oh, Robin, you are the brains in this operation. Jakey how many bullets?

JAKE (SARCASTICALLY.)

You fired 2 shots.

ROBIN

(snarls)

Three.

MITCH

no, 2-bullets.

Robin sighs and shakes his head. He glares at JAKE and points up 3-fingers. Robin is irritated.

ROBIN

You idiots. Three. Three fucking bullets. Two at me and one in Carlos.

KAREN

So tell me boys, who killed Carlos? But was I part of the plan? Robin maybe you and I are going to Spain?

JAKE

Wait, so it is you and Robin?

MITCH

Robin, I am gonna kill you.

SPLIT SEQUENCE

EXT: POLICE CAR PULLS UP TO CARLOS' APARTMENT.

The two men get out. The feeling is tense.

SANTIAGO

12th floor, unit 1250. Keep you gun ready.

The two men head into the building

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Karen stands—casual, lethal. Her words come fast, smooth—like an auctioneer selling off their last moments of freedom.

KAREN  
Alright, listen up, boys. Ten years  
ago, I was with Carlos.

MONTAGE - QUICK, PUNCHY FLASHES.

-Carlos & Karen at dinner. His hand on hers. The illusion.  
-Carlos in a nightclub bathroom—Robin behind him, close. A  
glance. A smirk.

KAREN  
(V.O)  
He was straight. Or so I thought.

-Carlos—Cuban cigar, the weight of Miami's underworld in his  
grip. Robin. Alejandro. A line of coke. A deal made with a  
handshake.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(V.O)  
Then came the Miami nightlife. The  
real Miami nightlife.

-GUNSHOT.

-Mitch killing Irish—face twisted, gun smoking.

KAREN  
(V.O. Laughing)  
Mitch kills Irish. I liked Irish.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(V.O. Matter-of-fact)  
Fred? Oh, Fred's dead. I don't like  
competition.

-Carlos—boat docked under a moonlit sky. Karen shoots  
Fred. Fred's eyes go wide. Blood spills.

-Carlos dumps the body—sharks circling, hungry.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Miami's favorite pastime—everyone  
fucking everyone.

CUT TO - INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - PRESENT.

Jake exhales, like someone punched the wind out of him.

JAKE

So Mitch... you went with Carlos  
and Robin?

KAREN

Oh, Jakey, honey, is that really  
the part you're struggling with?

CUT TO - INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

SANTIAGO & COP - steel-faced. Elevator climbing. Ticking  
closer. Santiago presses the button for 12. Fingers tight. He  
doesn't blink.

CUT TO - INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake still reeling. Robin-silent, breath like a storm in his  
chest. Mitch-sweating.

KAREN

Oh, Jakey-come on. You love a man  
who takes charge. You love Sinatra.  
You love a kiss. You love THE  
CARPENTERS

JAKE (SNAPS, ANGRY, DESPERATE)

How the fuck do you know that?

ROBIN

Shit, that music choice always make  
s me laugh. He sarcastically sings,  
(*from "Close to You"*) "*Why do birds  
suddenly appear.*"

Karen laughs, claps her hands. She winks at Jake.

KAREN

Baby boy, word gets around. Hey  
it's just music. I happen to love  
THE CARPENTERS, too.

CUT TO - INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

-Santiago exhales slow. The floor numbers tick up.

-His finger twitches toward his gun.

CUT TO - INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

KAREN  
The only business that was going on  
in Spain was Robin plowing Carlos.

Jake FREEZES.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oh the police will be here soon.

CUT TO - INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

-The elevator DINGS. Floor 12.

-Santiago exhales. Draws his gun.

CUT TO - INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robin finally moves. Stands. Slow. Tension rippling off him  
like a hurricane.

CUT TO - INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

-Santiago steps out.

-Eyes locked on the door to Carlos' apartment.

-Hand tight around the gun.

CUT TO - INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

KAREN  
(V.O)  
But we have to keep moving. 2-days  
ago Carlos and me.

Scene Karen and Carlos have sex.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
Then Carlos and Robin go at it 5  
times that same night!

Scene Carlos and Robin having sex.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(Voice over)

And we did hear that snippet of  
"The Plan." And don't you just LOVE  
that word "Snippet" it is the  
perfect sound for the word.

She breathes in deep.

ROBIN

Are you finished?

MITCH

Yes, can we just get out of here?

JAKE

I am with them, can we go?

KAREN

Each of us has been with Carlos.  
Each of has a motive.

Karen leans towards Carlos on the floor and says in a slow,  
loud voice.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Carlos, we have all been with you.  
You Cuban whore.

Karen stands, gun in hand pointing at each of them as she  
speaks. Her voice escalates.

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

KAREN stands over them—smug, victorious, unraveling the last  
fucking thread.

KAREN

I was gonna go down just like the  
fucking sun. Jakey was gonna go  
down. Mitch? Dead. And what? You  
and Carlos? Sailing off together?

Karen breathes in—deep. Long. Controlled.

KAREN (CONT'D)

My mother always said—a lady never  
swears. (beat) Well, fuck that.  
(beat) Fuck you, Robin.

FLASHBACK—ONE HOUR AGO.



ON SCREEN: 1 HOUR AGO.

Carlos' apartment. Dim lights. Karen, standing before him—face unreadable. She presses PLAY on her cassette recorder.

KAREN (RECORDED):  
I'm pregnant.

CARLOS  
(Laughing, dismissive)  
What? Who's the father? Jesus, is he in for a ride.

KAREN  
You. You son of a bitch.

Carlos stiffens. Eyes flicker. Just for a second. Then—he LAUGHS.

CARLOS  
(grinning, arrogant)  
Me? Karen, baby—you make this shit up.

KAREN  
Carlos. I heard you and Robin.

Carlos' smirk falters.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I know about the plan.

CARLOS  
You only thought you heard. You make things overdramatic just to suit your needs.

Karen smirks. He still thinks he's got control.

KAREN  
Ohhh, I make things overdramatic?

She reaches into her purse.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You asked me to get the gun.

Carlos shakes his head—sharp, dismissive, but he shifts. His spine straightens.

CARLOS  
You're fabricating this in your  
mind. Pregnant? Bullshit.

Then—without breaking eye contact—

SHE PRESSES PLAY AGAIN.

ON THE RECORDER—A VOICE. NOT HERS.

CARLOS (RECORDED): (CONT'D)  
Karen, all you have to do is get  
Jake to hold the gun. Now be a good  
girl and do this for me.

THE ROOM IS SILENT.

Carlos. Boiling. He slaps Karen hard. She stumbles back, hand  
to her cheek. Carlos' chest heaves. His body coiled. Ready  
to strike again.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
I am going to kill you for this.

He LUNGES. Karen Fires. GUNSHOT. Carlos' body jerks. His eyes  
go wide. Blood pools. He crumples. Carlos falls face down.  
The Phoenix tattoo show blood seeping out.

FADE BACK TO PRESENT.

ROBIN  
You're pregnant? No, No, Carlos  
and I are going to Spain.

KAREN  
I'm carrying Carlos' child

ROBIN  
Shut up Karen. Just shut up.

INT: SANTIAGO AND COP GET OFF ON THE 12TH FLOOR

They are outside the apartment 1250.

SANTIAGO DELGADO  
(commanding voice)  
This is the Miami PD. Carlos we  
know you're in there. Let's make  
this easy for everyone and open the  
door.

INT: CARLOS' APARTMENT

Karen now in a hysterical voice, loud.

KAREN  
Help! Help! I feel threatened!

INT: COPS IN THE HALLWAY

SANTIAGO  
Did you hear that?

POV OFFSCREEN Karen's scream is heard

KAREN  
Help! I feel Threatened! Stand Back  
All of you!

INT CARLOS' APARTMENT

ANGLE ON Robin, Mitch and Jake, looking like they walked on stage in the middle of a play not knowing what is going on.

KAREN continues to yell in a frenzied tone.

KAREN  
Mitch Stop! Put the gun down!

ROBIN  
Karen shut up!

JAKE  
Karen what are you doing.

INT: COPS OUTSIDE THE UNIT 1250  
He wraps on the door

SANTIAGO  
Open up, this is the Miami Police.

INT INSIDE CARLOS' APARTMENT

Karen screams

KAREN  
Mitch! No don't come closer! Help!  
I feel threatened!  
Mitch no!

Karen shoots Mitch in the heart. He drops dead.

INT OUTSIDE THE UNIT.

SANTIAGO  
Open up I heard a shot.

OFF SCREEN

ROBIN  
Karen I will get you!

JAKE  
Karen just calm down!

KAREN  
Jake no, don't come at me, put your  
fists down!

Karen knocks over a lamp. She screams.

INT INSIDE THE APARTMENT

KAREN  
Oh please help, I feel threatened!

ANGLE ON ROBIN and JAKE looking confused and threatened.

Karen shoots Jake in the heart he falls dead.

INT OUTSIDE THE UNIT

SANTIAGO  
Let's break the door.

OFF SCREEN

ROBIN  
Karen I will kill you!

Final gun shot is heard. Body drops to the floor.

SILENCE. Hold for 8 seconds. POV on Delgado

INT OUTSIDE THE UNIT

OFF SCREEN

KAREN  
Help! Help! They all

Delgado breaks the door into the apartment

INT CARLOS APARTMENT

KAREN

Came at me. Oh please help. I am so  
very frightened. They all came at  
me. Oh please help! I was  
threatened!

Karen starts to shake and cry on queue as the two policemen  
break into the scene.

OFFICER DELGADO

Jesus...what the hell happened  
here?

He looks around quickly surveying the scene. POV the camera  
follows his POV around the scene. He walks over and kneels  
down. He turns the body over to see the face of Carlos.

FLASHBACK: THE UNSEEN MOMENT.

IT HITS WITHOUT WARNING. A RUSH. A PULSE. A MEMORY.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - YEARS AGO - MIAMI NIGHT

SANTIAGO-YOUNGER. STRONGER. HOTTER. CARLOS-IN CONTROL. SHIRT  
HALF-OPEN. COCKY. THE AIR IS TIGHT. STICKY. DANGEROUS.

Carlos smirks. Santiago's back HITS THE WALL. Carlos speaks  
low and dominant.

CARLOS

You can fight me all you want,  
Santiago.

Santiago's jaw clenches. Hands balled into fists. Carlos  
steps in. Too close. Just a whisper of space between them.  
Carlos presses his mouth to Santiago's throat. A tease. A  
threat. A promise.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
There it is.

Santiago INHALES. Sharp. Betrayed by his own body. Carlos  
LAUGHS. Then-Santiago GRABS HIM. PUSHES HIM BACK. BUT- Carlos  
PULLS HIM RIGHT BACK IN.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT—REAL—TIME.

Santiago blinks. The memory GONE. His eyes back on Carlos—dead. Blood cooling on the floor. The man who once OWNED HIM.

Hand brushes over Carlos' face. Eyes filled with something unspoken. Closes Carlos' eyes. And then, Santiago leans in. WHISPERS—just for Carlos.

SANTIAGO

You always fucking win.

He straightens. Holsters his gun. STARES AT KAREN.

KAREN

You believe me, don't you? I was so scared. I had no choice.

SANTIAGO'S EYES DON'T LEAVE HER. He studies her. The way she stands. The way she breathes. The way her tears fall too perfect. And Santiago isn't fucking stupid.

SANTIAGO

We'll need to take you in for questioning... but from the looks of it.

(beat, watching her)

It's clearly self-defense.

KAREN

I... I didn't have a choice! They were going to kill me! It all happened so fast. Mitch... he was out of control, and then Jake... and Robin...they turned on me. I had no choice.

OFFICER DELGADO

Ma'am, just take it easy. You're safe now. Can you tell us what happened? Why don't you hand me that gun.

ANGLE ON Santiago. He has a flashback to getting paid off on the scene the night that Irish died.

KAREN

(V.O)

Mitch... he's been obsessed with Jake for months. You know Mitch killed that man, Irish, 10 years ago.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Police were paid off to forget. He never got caught. He is an outlaw. The Fishing and sharks on their boat, El Tiburón.

ANGLE ON DELGADO. FLASH BACK ENDS.

SANTIAGO  
Funny I can't recall that case/

KAREN  
Paying off local police. The drugs, the sex. The Bars, cigars and cars. Tonight, it escalated. Mitch went mad. Then they all turned on me. Robin and his plan to frame all of us. I didn't know what to do. I begged them to stop, but they just kept coming at me!

COP  
Boss we got four dead men here.

KAREN  
And me in my condition.

SANTIAGO  
Condition?

KAREN  
Carlos' baby.

SANTIAGO  
Carlos? He's gay.

KAREN  
He's Cuban. You know how they are. He hit me, came at me. Self defense. Help, I feel threatened.

SANTIAGO  
You are safe now.

KAREN  
It was self-defense. I was threatened! I was threatened!

Karen falls into the arms of Santiago and cries.

SANTIAGO  
Ok, Ok, calm down. Call it in. We need the scene processed, but it looks pretty clear to me.

COP

Dispatch, we have a 10-54, multiple  
deceased at 28 North Bay Road, unit  
1250. Send forensics and backup  
immediately.

The SONG "More Going Down" queues up as the forensic team  
enters. Time passes.

We don't hear their voices, but see their actions. Karen  
dramatically cries, re-enacts the scene. Dramatically talks  
to the police. Implies her condition, sits down.

Time passes. Ambulances come. Body bags.

KAREN

Carlos always talked about you,  
Detective Delgado. Said you two  
grew up together.

SANTIAGO

Really?

KAREN

Didn't I see you at the restaurant  
at times.

SANTIAGO

Well, I did go a few times.

KAREN

Yes, I am so lucky to be alive.  
They were all connected. All using  
each other. All Mafia thugs. I had  
no idea. Then they all turned on  
me.

SANTIAGO

It's OK, it's over. You are safe  
now.

KAREN

Carlos bragged how he had the  
police in his pocket. He said he  
could pay them off to just look the  
other way.

ANGLE ON DELGADO

KAREN

But I know in my heart that the  
Miami Police department wasn't like  
that. Honest, God-fearing people.



SANTIAGO

Yes. Honest, God-fearing/

She takes a dramatic pause, looking upward as if searching for strength.

KAREN

I kept thinking...Is this how it ends for me? Alone? Fighting for my life. Now pregnant with Carlos' baby.

Tears well up again, perfectly timed.

KAREN (CONT'D)

But I fought back. I had no choice. God knows.

She looks at the officer, her eyes glistening, the emotion in her voice swelling as she steps closer.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Yes, police are honest god-fearing..I just... thank God you're here now. There is that Alejandro at the restaurant he organizes a lot of the shady events for Carlos and Robin. I think that the three of them were intimate. I think Alejandro is the right hand of Carlos, tying up loose ends for him. I had no idea. And from the restaurant look into Francisco and Diego. All of these things are connected.

She collapses slightly playing up her exhaustion and relief.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thank you... thank you for saving me.

THE THEME MUSIC SWELLS.

The camera pans to the next day. Alejandro being handcuffed and taken away.

Diego caught with drugs and runs away and gets shot dead.

At Francisco's house the police show up, the daughter there, police hand cuff him and put him into the police car.

At the front of the restaurant "CRIME SCENE" tape and patrons ushered out of the building.

Police search the offices, staff told to leave.

At the police station conversation, tears, drama, hugs. Karen walks out of the station. Cleared of all charges.

Karen gets in her convertible and dives through the streets of Miami. She tosses her blonde wig out of the car. Her hair flows in the breeze. By the beach, past the bars, cigars and cars.

The song "More Going Down" plays as the end credits roll.

Roll end credits