



CRIME INC

Pilot

Written by

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A BELL JINGLES... DOOR CREAKS...JULIO JARAMILLO SONG PLAYS.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

A MAN enters a cramped Guayaquil electronics store with incense, knockoff chargers, and rubber dinosaurs in dusty bins. He throws on a ski mask.

He takes out a gun. Then remembers to turn it sideways, trying to be "gangster-ish".

The STORE OWNER, 45, balding and impossible to impress, plays a game on his phone.

JUAN

La plata. Give me the money.
(beat)

JUAN, 40, schemer, aspiring cartel-operator, winces. The owner holds up a finger. Doesn't look up.

JUAN

(screaming)

Move it. All the money from the cash register, right now... Oh, you pussy-ass son-of-a-

Freeze frame on Juan.

CHYRON: JUAN "EL PLAN" MONTALVO, SCHEMER

JUAN (V.O.)

Four times I walked into a cartel audition. Four times those morons said I don't have what it takes. Joke's on them, cause I had a plan.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM MIRROR - ONE HOUR EARLIER - DAY

Juan looks at a picture of his mom he has on a rope around his neck, puts it back on the inside of his shirt.

Then aims the gun at himself in the mirror.

JUAN

Can I possibly get the money...

He recoils, wrinkling his nose. His reflection:

JUAN

Jesus! You sound like a brand new
step-parent. Assert yourself,
carajo!

Head tilted. Turns gun sideways. Dead-eyed.

JUAN

All the money from the cash
register. Move it, *la concha tu*
madre.

He nods to himself. Better. His reflection:

JUAN

(teeth clenched)
Show them you're serious. Just
don't flinch. Show them more teeth.

JUAN (V.O.)

By the way, the last imbecile who
said something about my scar is
dead.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

JUAN

(dragging it out)
...Bitch!

The owner barely looks up.

OWNER

Are you done?

The owner, annoyed, starts laughing as his cat bites Juan's
leg. Juan fumbles the gun halfway between the owner and him.

JUAN

DON'T—

Juan and the owner dive for the gun. We travel toward the
back of the store where LA BOMBA, 42, a self-mythologizing
narcissist, clips wires to classical music, treating the
security panel like a painting. The security cameras switch
off.

LA BOMBA

Damn, I'm good. All will bow in
admiration to La Bomba's first
masterpiece.... goddammit, Juan!

La Bomba sees Juan struggling with the owner for the gun. La Bomba puts a knife to the owner's neck. Juan grins, gun back in his hand.

JUAN
See that, bitch? You ain't *shit*.
I said MONEY... NOW!

The owner folds his arms.

OWNER
I ain't giving you *shit*.

Juan's grin dies.

JUAN
What do you mean?
(Lifts gun)
But... I have a gun.

OWNER
So?

Juan grunts, looks back at the owner.

JUAN
Ughhh. GEORGE! Get your ass in
here.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 44, lumbers forward in a neon tank top and garbage bag mask. He leans down and whispers into the owner's ear.

The owner's face drains. He then opens the register and hands George the cash. George beams at Juan with his chest out.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Did George do good, *Ingeniero*?

Juan snatches the cash.

JUAN
All I see is a safe that hasn't
been opened. Why don't you ask
brilliant George if he thinks
that's good.

The owner sees George's head drop. George nods toward the safe. Defeated, the owner opens it. Stalling as he counts the bills, he mutters.

OWNER

Fine, you know what... It's your death sentence.

The owner starts to hand over the bills. Stops.

CLOSE ON:

The owner squints his eyes. Something's off with the gun. He leans in to get a better look.

The owner notices sweat beading along Juan's hairline and the massive stains under George's tank top.

Clocking Juan's hands shaking, the owner locks onto the shotgun behind the counter.

WIDE:

He reaches for his shotgun while he keeps looking back at George and Juan.

JUAN

Hey. Whoa, whoa, whoa!

George and Juan point their guns, and scream at the owner.

CLOSE ON:

FREEZE FRAME: Juan's gun, which we notice has an orange piece on the tip. It's a plastic toy gun. The orange tip still peeks through the black paint.

JUAN (V.O.)

Our group of criminals isn't exactly Ocean's Eleven yet.

Juan pistol whips the owner, but it's just an annoying bump on the head.

OWNER

Ouch. *Chucha!*

Juan makes a grab for the shotgun. No luck. The owner pulls, taking control of the shotgun, aims at Juan— BANG!

A real gunshot goes off.

Juan throws his arm over his face. FLINCH. Eyes slam shut.

Cebolla ducks, bringing his hands to his ears, and turns around, peering into the store.

George dives in front of Juan.

La Bomba grins.

The owner's eyes are wide in horror.

Pull back to reveal: the owner's been shot.

Juan raises his mask to his forehead. He rubs his eye with an open hand.

JUAN
You imbecile!

LA BOMBA
I saved your life, bro!

JUAN
(sneering)
You've defiled our Mona Lisa,
carajo.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Why, Bomba?

LA BOMBA
Forgot I brought a real gun this
time. How else are we supposed to
get respect? People have to know we
don't fuck around.

JUAN
(through clenched teeth)
We agreed: no strangers. No mess.
That's what distinguishes us.

LA BOMBA
That's why nobody ever let you in.

JUAN
I don't give a shit about that.
We're creating a new standard for
criminals—

LA BOMBA
(interrupts)
This is real life, man. Yesterday,
ese man — shot two people at a cafe
for looking at him weird. He—

OWNER
(moaning in agony)
Oh, God.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Que trip. He's alive?

Juan widens his eyes.

JUAN
It is alive!

OWNER
(offended, to Juan)
It?
(beat)
Your friend's right, you know. You
guys don't— Do you even know whose
store you're robbing?

Juan pulls his mask back down.

LA BOMBA
(trying to be funny)
Yeah, some dirtbag who doesn't mean
shit, and is coughing up blood
right now.

La Bomba tries to go for a high five. The crew ignores La Bomba.

OWNER
(pressing on wound)
You guys are so fucked. My wife is
La Pantera's daughter—

Juan rolls up a shirt and puts it under the owner's head as
a pillow.

JUAN
(to owner)
Oh, shit. We had no idea, man.

La Bomba raises his arms, confused, shrugs at George.

OWNER
I don't need a fucking pillow,
asshole. Get a doctor.

Juan pulls the pillow, causing the owner's head to hit the
floor, and lays it over the wound.

LA BOMBA
(to Juan)
He's bluffing. He has no idea who
we are. You have X-ray vision for
masks?

OWNER
Everyone knows who you are.

Juan's sweat starts gushing.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
How could you know we're cri-

JUAN
(shutting George up)
Up, puh, puh, puh.

OWNER
What other crew shows up wearing a
garbage bag as a mask, and carrying
plastic toy guns? They call you
guys *Los Plastiqueros*.

JUAN
Look, we can work something out-

JUAN
(interrupting himself)
Wait. Did you just say people know
about us?

Juan's eyes light up. La Bomba grabs both of Juan's arms in
excitement.

LA BOMBA
(to Juan)
We... have a nickname?

JUAN
WE HAVE A NICKNAME!

LA BOMBA
WE HAVE A NICKNAME!

JUAN
(screaming)
Woo! Holy shit!
(beat)
Bien, *carajo*!

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Who's Nick?

Juan exhales, calming himself down. Looks down at the owner.

JUAN
Okay, look. If you promise to be
cool we could let you go.

OWNER
What am I supposed to say? I shot
myself by accident? Just take me to
a doctor or-

BANG! La Bomba executes him. Juan flinches. Blood splatters on his face. Juan wipes the splattered blood from his eyes.

JUAN (V.O.)
More than angry, I was jealous.
Jealous that Bomba did what I never
had the stomach to do.

Juan's eyes widen, still crouched down.

Juan stands, furious. He looks at the body. Then at his own hands. Then at La Bomba.

JUAN
Agh! Dammit, Bomba. We just started
getting street cred, and you go and
mess it all up, doing whatever the
fuck you want?

Juan shoves La Bomba on '*Fuck you want.*'

LA BOMBA
That was by the book, dude.

La Bomba squares up against Juan. Juan stops. Looks at the body. Then back at La Bomba.

JUAN
Okay, fine. But still... Did you
have to be so messy about it?

CEBOLLA, 24, rich kid in Gucci hoodie and daddy issues,
rushes into the room.

CEBOLLA
Guys, can we get a picture?

Cebolla tries to huddle with the crew to take a picture.
They push him away.

JUAN
C'mon, bud. You're supposed to be
our lookout!

CEBOLLA
I am looking out...side. Don't see
as much as hear the sirens. We
better be out this bitch.

As the crew heads out of the store, Cebolla notices the
body.

CEBOLLA
You guys actually shot someone?

JUAN
Yeah, it was a mist—

CEBOLLA
(interrupting)
That's pretty badass. Ugh.

He dry heaves.

JUAN
(improvising)
Missed opportunity. We should've...
um... tortured him.

Juan notices he's talking to himself. He turns around and sees Cebolla taking selfies with the corpse and cash.

JUAN
What the hell do you think you're doing?

CEBOLLA
It's for our portfolio and social med—

JUAN
(interrupting)
Give me that! You're banned. No devices for a week.

Juan snatches the phone from Cebolla. As they're walking out of the store, sirens wail in the distance.

CEBOLLA
Can I get my phone back? I was gonna shove it in Frank's face.

JUAN
Who's Frank?

CEBOLLA
My dad, dude.

Juan hands the phone back to Cebolla, but not before yanking it back.

JUAN
You're deleting all those. You don't call him dad?

Cebolla gazes at Juan, tilts his head back. Nods. Juan surrenders the phone to Cebolla.

CEBOLLA
(deleting pictures)
He lost that privilege when he
decided to make his money hustling
people out of their homes,
including my girlfriend, while
playing philanthropist.

Cebolla shows Juan all the pictures are deleted. The crew runs out of the store and piles into the back seats of the minivan.

JUAN
Drive!

A dad behind the wheel turns around, staring awkwardly at the armed criminals in his car.

DRIVER
This isn't your—

The whole crew leans forward, points their guns at the poor dad, and starts screaming at him.

THE WHOLE CREW
GET THE FUCK OUT!

POV from driver: three guns pointed at him. Through the windshield, Cebolla is mid-selfie in front of the car.

CEBOLLA (O.S.)
(muffled)
Oh, shit!

He attempts to vault across the hood. He does not vault. He opens the driver's door, shoves "us" out of the car, and jumps into the driver's seat. The van speeds off, nearly hitting a row of garbage bins.

JUAN (O.S.)
(fading)
Your only job was to keep the van
running in front of the store. What
the hell, Cebolla?

INT. HIDEOUT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The crew gets back to their hideout. A neon sign outside reads "XXX Girls," with a leftover arrow from the previous business pointing inside. The floor creaks as Juan enters. He seems annoyed by the mold smell hanging in the air.

LA BOMBA
Great leadership, guy.

JUAN
What if we go back and plant
something to make it look like the
Colombians did the hit?

INT. HIDEOUT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Doorbell rings. Everyone freezes.

With guns drawn, Juan looks through the curtains to see who's outside. They lower their guns when they see it's a delivery person. Juan opens the front door.

DELIVERY
(unsure)
Hey, guys, is this 4907 Franklin
St.?

JUAN
Yes.

DELIVERY
Got a "grocery list" delivery.

JUAN
Nobody ordered-

CEBOLLA
Relax. I ordered groceries.

DELIVERY
Guys, this is the address I was
given. I just need a signature so I
can get out of here.

CEBOLLA
Wait, take one of our business
cards.

Cebolla hands the delivery person a business card and disappears into the back room. As the delivery person eyes the card, Juan snatches it from his hand.

JUAN
Sorry, I think he made a mistake.
Those cards aren't ready yet.

DELIVERY
I don't give a shit. Can you just
sign so I can leave?

Juan signs for the delivery.

The delivery person leaves the front porch. He adjusts his belt, revealing a handgun tucked into his waistband. None of the crew notices.

INT. HIDEOUT - MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Juan has a corkboard with the land-plan ready. A map of the *Las Aguas* neighborhood, with each crew member's home marked in different colors. The eviction notice is pinned on the right of the board.

JUAN

Executive meeting. Five minutes.
Dining room table.

Juan runs off to the bathroom.

LA BOMBA

Don't call it a plan, more of a
thought, really.

Cebolla walks to the dining room table, avoiding La Bomba's rant. La Bomba talks in a lower voice so only George can hear.

LA BOMBA

George, bro. I'm gonna be frank
with you. Juan calls us the f word.
But the f word for Juan, means
someone who carries the bags. You
and me? We're not the sparklers,
George. We're the M-80s. Even
though I wish I were as tall as a
sparkler... But the point is that
sparklers are for children, and
you're not a child, right, George?

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George is not a child, but George
doesn't want to blow up our-

LA BOMBA

Don't say it! Don't use the "F"
word.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

...Blow up our fam... I mean clan
either.

LA BOMBA

That isn't the point. Point is, ese man says we're blood, and then does... THIS.

(gestures vaguely everywhere)

You know what my father used to call me?

(beat)

A tiny disappointment with good hair. And even HE never did this.

LA BOMBA

Your kids, George. Think about your kids.

(long pause)

Don't have any myself, but they deserve a father who's... recognized. A better life.

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - EARLIER - DAY

We're in George's POV.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WIFE

Why do you keep following that idiot Juan? Your kids have nothing to eat tonight. That letter says we have to evacuate our homes in thirty days. Where are your kids gonna sleep, George? Does Juan have a plan for where your family will live?

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

LA BOMBA

For that, we need the pictures. It's just photos. Of children. Going to school. It's like you're a paparazzi. That's what's missing, the lift. It'll give the plan the stature it deserves. M-80s don't light up the sky. We change the shape of it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

El ingeniero said he's okay with this?

LA BOMBA

Uh... Simón.

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY - FLASHBACK

We're in La Bomba's POV.

JUAN

Are you out of your mind? That's the first rule of our code! We don't involve children or wives. EVER.

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

La Bomba squints into George's eyes, making sure he bought it.

LA BOMBA

He actually said he doesn't think you could do it. But I said that you could.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

He said that?

LA BOMBA

Yes.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Ugh. Okay, yeah. Okay, George will take the best pictures in the history of this family.

La Bomba cringes at the F-word. George exits the hideout.

The van starts. The engine fades.

Cebolla dumps the contents of the brown paper bags onto the dining room table, expecting groceries. Instead, several bricks of plastic-wrapped cash and assorted blueprints and plans plop onto the table.

Cebolla tries stuffing one of the cash bricks into his pants. It ain't happening. He catches La Bomba noticing his attempt and raises the brick as if that's what he was doing all along.

CEBOLLA

Guys, there's a shitload of dough here...

La Bomba hurries toward the dining room table with the cash.

LA BOMBA

The universe stopped being a fucking dick.

Juan reenters. Stops. Towels his hands, puzzled. La Bomba and Cebolla hoard the bricks of cash against their chests, gaping at Juan,

On the table: plastic-wrapped cash bricks (\$200k), blueprint plans of a house, a long materials list, specs for an expensive rope and drill.

JUAN

What the fuck is going on? Did you guys rob a bank while I was... how long was I in there?

CEBOLLA

That's mine. I ordered a shit-ton of cash and... the blueprints for a heist?

JUAN

Bullshit. Where'd you guys get it?

LA BOMBA

This has to be from my boy El Chino. I've been pressuring him to throw a job our way. So, a finder's fee would be—

CEBOLLA

(touches stamped paper)
Look at that beautiful fucking seal. A panther... Who is that again? Sinaloa Cartel?

JUAN

What idiot would even put cash bricks in delivery bags? Wanna get robbed much?

LA BOMBA

See? He doesn't even know this stuff.

JUAN

You're pushing it. Calm down. I'm still your boss. Plus, you know what will happen if we don't do the land-plan.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD LAS AGUAS - FAST FORWARD - DAY

Several families stand outside their homes, with suitcases, bags, whatever they can carry. Some families have a truck stuffed to the brim with belongings.

Each house has a pile of furniture and items out front. A police task force is knocking on each door, serving court-ordered eviction notices. Each kid holds their one toy. Most girls have a stuffed animal. The boys hold a Tonka truck or soccer ball.

Juan steps out of his front door with his son, Juan Jr., and sees a policeman walking toward him. He startles and runs back inside, grabbing Juan Jr. and pulling the door shut. KNOCK, KNOCK.

JUAN
(whispers to Juan Jr.)
Preguntale que quiere.

JUAN JR.
What do you want, sir?

POLICE #1
We have a warrant.

Juan's face contorts, then drains white. He starts backing away from the door.

POLICE #1
It's the eviction notice. You have
to exit your home, sir.

Juan exhales, relieved. He steps outside with Juan Jr. We travel across the street to Juan's neighbor.

NEIGHBOR
(to police)
You get off on kicking all these
families to the street? You like
the power? You should be looking
for criminals.

POLICE #2
We're just doing our job, sir.

Police knocks on the next neighbor's door.

NEIGHBOR
Doesn't look like it. This is to
serve and protect? Looks like
destroy and neglect.

INT. HIDEOUT - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

LA BOMBA

That is gonna happen regardless
unless we get some real leverage on
the political fuckers who control
the justice system.

La Bomba picks up a letter from the package.

LA BOMBA

It's from Pantera, for one of his
operators.

La Bomba holds the letter out to Juan. Juan snatches it from
his hand.

JUAN

This feels really shady. I say we
stick to the plan.

LA BOMBA

You want to give all this back?

JUAN

We can't be like other criminals.
We don't even know who the heist
target is.

(beat)

Plus, my kids are not sleeping on
the street.

LA BOMBA

Fuck the code.

JUAN

We've got morals. We can look our
kids in the eyes and not be ashamed
of ourselves.

LA BOMBA

We'll see how much shame you feel
when you gotta look your kids in
the eyes and tell them there's
nothing to eat, Juan.

Juan stays silent, thinking it over.

LA BOMBA

Look, this new heist can make us
real money, the kind of money you
only see in movies. And we can do
it clean.

Cebolla pulls out his phone and opens a spreadsheet.

CEBOLLA

Let's do a risk-adjusted ROI
analysis.

(muttering)

The heist would give us—

JUAN

This isn't like business school.
You can't just plug the options
into a formula and get what each
option's worth.

CEBOLLA

\$30 million NPV over 10 years for
the heist, versus

(beat)

\$200,000 for the land deal.

Juan is speechless, mouth hanging open.

LA BOMBA

See?... We're never gonna have a
chance like this again.

George pushes through the front door, chest out, and struts
up to Juan.

JUAN

Where the hell did you go? We're in
the middle of an important
decision.

George drops the pictures on the table. Pictures of kids
arriving at school spill across the table.

JUAN

What did you do? George, you've
lost your mind.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George got what you wanted, Jefe.
Bomba said we needed the pictures
for the plan. But can we not do
that anymore? It made George feel
icky.

JUAN

Goddammit, Bomba. You've tainted
the land-plan. That was your plan
all along, you short...
(beat)
short-fused *desgraciado*, wasn't it?

LA BOMBA
That's irrelevant.

JUAN
There's nothing more relevant,
face-ass.

Juan takes the land-plan off the corkboard, rolls it up, and throws it in the trash.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Good job. You've done it, Bomba.
You've decimated the land-plan.
Thanks for that.

(beat)
Well, the heist would prove those fuckers wrong: show the cartel that our criminal model works, without a body count.

LA BOMBA
Exactly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
If we do the heist, will George be able to rent a new home?

JUAN
Yes, Georgie boy. Each of us will be able to buy a new house. The rest of our neighborhood, not so much.

LA BOMBA
So it's our fault that these bloodsuckers are going to put hundreds of families out on the street?

JUAN
No. No. But if the land-plan works, our neighbors keep their homes.

CEBOLLA
The land deal is a charity project with guns. I'm not saying that's bad. I love guns. I'm saying we're not a charity. Plus, do we actually have anything that will make them fold?

LA BOMBA
Nothing!

The whole crew is looking at Juan expectantly.

JUAN
Alright, fine. But—

LA BOMBA
Stop stalling. No buts.

JUAN
Okay, fine.

LA BOMBA
Say the words... C'mon.

JUAN
(interrupting)
Bomba, just shut the fuck up. We do the heist. Period. Happy?

LA BOMBA
Yes! That's what I'm talking about.

JUAN
God. You guys are so annoying.

LA BOMBA
Muthafuckas are gonna respect us now. We gotta celebrate. Let's do some shots.

CEBOLLA
Strippers?

LA BOMBA
Strippers, yes!

LA BOMBA/GEORGE/CEBOLLA
(Chanting)
Strippers. Strippers.

JUAN
(smirking)
Okay, fine. We can pinch a bit of money. We'll call it an upfront fee.

Juan dials and stands up.

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

The strippers arrive.

Juan goes up to the most beautiful woman, takes her by the hand, and leads her toward the other room.

JUAN
(to crew)
Watch how it's done, ladies.

The rest of the crew nods to Juan. We HOLD on a photo of Juan's family.

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The crew parties. They dance with strippers. La Bomba leans toward the door and listens to make sure Juan is busy. He lays out lines of coke, does a line, and rubs what's left into his gums.

La Bomba offers the drugs to the strippers. He cuts a plastic straw into pieces and hands one to each stripper. The strippers make their way between La Bomba and Cebolla, to the middle of the couch. Moans and screams filter through the wall from the other room.

JUAN/PROSTITUTE (O.S.)
(muffled)
OH YEAH. UH HUH! Give it to me!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JUAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Close-up: The prostitute has her eyes closed in sexual ecstasy, moaning with pleasure.

PROSTITUTE
Oh! Fuck yeah! That's so hot.
(whispers immediately)
Go Fish. Got any fours?

JUAN
Oh yeah. That's the stuff.
(whispers)
Go Fish. Do you have any sixes? Or
maybe know any fences that buy
gold?

ACT TWO - THE HEIST

INT. SEMI-ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - NEXT DAY -
AFTERNOON

Our crew is on the second floor of a semi-abandoned apartment building. KNOCK, KNOCK. They're greeted by a tall blond man with a European accent.

JUAN
El Rubio?

The tall blond European man screams:

BLONDE EUROPEAN
RUBIO! They're asking for you.

EL RUBIO (O.S.)
You know the damn protocol.

BLONDE EUROPEAN
(annoyed)
Who are you and what do you want?

Juan shows him the list of items with La Pantera's seal.

BLONDE EUROPEAN
THEY HAVE A LETTER WITH PANTERA'S
THINGY.

A short black man appears.

EL RUBIO
Sorry about that. I'm El Rubio. So,
watcha need?

Juan stares at him awkwardly. He hands him the list of items with La Pantera's stamp.

LA BOMBA
You're El Rubio?

EL RUBIO
Yes. I'm El Rubio. So, you're
Pantera's crew—

EL RUBIO (CONT'D)
Wait...what happened to his regular
crew?

JUAN
(smirking)
They got um... tied up.

INT. DUNGEON IN THE HIDEOUT - SAME TIME - AFTERNOON

The cartel operator, dressed in a delivery driver's outfit, is imprisoned next to several delivery drivers in the crew's basement. His wrists are zip-tied.

CARTEL OPERATOR
That's MY job. MY HEIST.

The operator inches along the wall. Finds a pipe junction. Saws the zip-tie against the pipe joint.

CLOSE ON: The plastic zip-tie, strained at the joint.

INT. EL RUBIO'S BUSINESS - APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS -
AFTERNOON

EL RUBIO
So, why should I do business with
you? I have never met you.

Juan pulls out a cash brick from a duffel bag. He drops it
on El Rubio's table.

EL RUBIO
Let's cut the bullshit. Who's
operating the drill?

LA BOMBA
(smug)
I'm the only experienced drill and
explosives technician.

EL RUBIO
(to La Bomba)
So, you got two choices-

JUAN
(quietly)
You're being watched.
(a long beat)

EL RUBIO
What?

JUAN
Your neighbor across the street...
The curtain has moved three times
since we walked in here.
(leans in)
Maybe try doing business in a room
that isn't so... *exposed*.

El Rubio glances toward the neighbor's window. He turns back
around and stares down Juan.

Beat... Still staring.

Beat. El Rubio nods to his goons, who unbutton their coats
to show their guns.

EL RUBIO
You're spying on my operation?

Beat.

EL RUBIO (CONT'D)
I'm just fucking with you.
(laughs)

El Rubio nudges Juan on the shoulder. Juan clutches his chest.

RUBIO GOON
Fill out this material request form.

JUAN
Cebolla? Take care of that.
(to El Rubio)
Can we do a small change? The regular rope instead of that expensive one?

EL RUBIO
Whatever you need.
And I won't bill you for the gloves. Small hands.

Juan blinks. Glances down at his hands, confused.

CLOSE ON: \$4,000 hits the table. THUD.

EL RUBIO (O.S.)
Good luck, broder.

INT. TARGET HEIST LOCATION - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The crew arrives at the heist location. All the lights are on. They go up the stairs to the roof and open the skylight. Juan and George drop in through the skylight.

La Bomba sets up Cebolla with a transmitter and headphones.

LA BOMBA
Listen. I developed this device. It picks up outgoing phone calls based on keywords, in a one-mile radius. So if anyone calls to snitch us out, you can listen in. You're our lookout.

La Bomba drops in through the skylight. Juan runs a finger across the coffee table. Two cigars still burn on the coffee table, smoke trailing up, and four glasses with ice melting beside them.

Juan sits down on the couch, looks around the room. Pauses. He then heads straight to one of the paintings, takes it off the wall. Nothing.

He presses the wall. A trap door swings open, revealing the safe.

LA BOMBA
How the hell did you—

JUAN
Simple. The handprint on the coffee table from a shitty paint job meant it was in the wall. All the frames are at least a hundred years old, except this one. It was made from teak wood that gives off a particular smell—

LA BOMBA
(interrupting)
Can we open the damn thing?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COLOMBIAN CARTEL HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

RING! An old-school black rotary phone rings. The camera PANS OUT to reveal a large figure in a white guayabera shirt, back to camera. A Cuban Montecristo cigar in one hand, he puts an object down and picks up the phone with his free hand.

EL JEFE
Yes?

EL RUBIO
Listen, Pantera's crew just got these brand new operators. I got the impression that the leader, Juan "El Plan," took out the previous Sinaloan operator.

CLOSE ON: The ashtray, smoke trailing up.

SLOW PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a bound man has been in the background all along, screaming silently into duct tape. Muffled grunts become clearer.

EL RUBIO (CONT'D)
He's sharp as an ice pick. Thought you should know, since we're parceritos.

El Jefe puts out his cigar. He picks up what we now see are canvas pliers, smeared with blood.

El Jefe slams the phone down.

THE CRACK OF THE PHONE BECOMES THE BAM OF THE DRILL.

INT. TARGET HEIST LOCATION - SAME TIME - NIGHT

BAM! The drill hits the floor as it's lowered from the roof.

Juan sets a two-hour timer. La Bomba starts drilling the safe. It's so loud they can barely hear each other.
PRR...PRR...PRRR. We hear intermittent drilling.

JUAN

Why'd you stop?

CLOSE ON: Hands bubbling from rope burn. La Bomba throws a glove on the floor.

LA BOMBA

My hands... Cebolla got child-sized gloves, freakin' idiot. You wanna try?

JUAN

I'm good.

George Washington sets up the pulley system to lift the haul to the ceiling. They've already set up a zip-line to slide the haul down to their van. Juan finally opens the safe, except it's all in gold bullion.

After lifting the drill via pulley to the roof, George loads a pallet of gold bars. As he pulleys the pallet to the roof, SNAP, the rope breaks halfway up. The gold bars spill everywhere. George loads the pallet again, this time with half the gold bars. He gets the haul a couple inches above his head when CLICK, one of the seven locks on the front door unlocks.

Cebolla calls in:

CEBOLLA

They're back! You guys gotta move.
NOW!

... CREAK... BAM. The seven locks on the front door click open, one by one.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF TARGET HEIST LOCATION - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

TEXT OVERLAY - 15 MINUTES PRIOR

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
(on headset audio)
I hear really loud drilling going
on... It sounds like a jackhammer
is-

CLOSE ON: The headset, lying on the roof floor. Cebolla is distracted. He films the gold pallet rising, then flips to selfie mode.

CEBOLLA
Suck it, Dad. At least I don't
pretend to be a good person, dick.

INT. TARGET HEIST LOCATION - MAIN ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT -
NIGHT

The front door swings open. The crew scrambles to hide, bumping into one another, as the GUARDS, 30s, push inside. They manage to sneak behind the curtains. The guards argue, oblivious to the overloaded pallet of gold bars suspended above their heads.

GUARD #1
You idiot, of course Colombia's
gonna win the World Cup.
(looks around)
Nothing here.

GUARD #2
I swear... they said someone's
using power tools.

GUARD #1
We gotta go, if I don't bring some
diapers home immediately, I'll be
the one wearing them after my doña
is done tearing me a new one.

The guards close the excessive locks on the front door and hop in the car. But as they turn on the ignition. BAM! A crash erupts from inside the house. Jazz drumming kicks in. The guards exchange a look and hurry back inside.

They finish unlocking the front door, and dash inside. The place has been hit. Gold bars are everywhere. It's a freaking mess.

GUARD #2
Mierda. I'm calling El Jefe.

GUARD #1
Stop! What the hell are you gonna
tell him?
(MORE)

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
That his main stash was robbed
while you were in charge of
guarding it?

GUARD #2
Shit. What the fuck do we do?

A couple of drops of BLOOD drip on Guard #2's white shirt.

GUARD #1
You're bleeding.

GUARD #2
What?
(touches his nose)
No, I'm not.

A golden pebble with a "P" engraved on it hits him on the head. CLICK. They look up and see two legs being pulled to the roof.

GUARD #1
They're still here!

Jazz drumming kicks in harder. We follow them running for their lives up the stairs.

GUARD #1
Parsey, move it.

Guard #2 gasps for air. It's catch them or face El Jefe. He clutches his side, digs deep. BAM! A huge crash outside scares the shit out of him. They get to the roof, run to the closest side of the building.

When they look down, they see a huge drill crumpled against the floor like a discombobulated piano. They see one of our crew members land on the mini-van, having zip-lined down the rope. Guard #2 takes off his shirt and throws it over the rope.

GUARD #1
What the hell are you doing?

GUARD #2
I'm gonna rappel down like they did.

GUARD #1
You're gonna eat shit. This is normal rope. Too much friction.

From the mini-van, the crew snaps the rope with a huge pair of pliers and takes off.

GUARD #2

FUCK!

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

CEBOLLA

Ha ha! We fucking did it. Wow, what a rush!

Freeze frame.

JUAN (V.O.)

We didn't.

Unfreeze frame.

JUAN

See? I fucking knew it. I knew we could pull it off...

(looks at La Bomba)

Without having to kill someone.

The van stalls.

JUAN

What the fuck is happening?

CEBOLLA

I don't-

(beat)

George, you forgot to put gas in the car? What the fuck, man!

Juan looks at La Bomba, furious.

JUAN

You fucki-

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HIDEOUT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The crew is celebrating, drinking beers and hugging each other. They have the gold bars on top of bedsheets.

Juan holds his notebook, logging the weights and serial numbers of the nine gold bars.

JUAN

Holy shit. Guys... do you know how much our haul adds up to?

CEBOLLA

Eighteen million dollars?

JUAN

Almost eighteen mill- Wait... How did you know the exact amount?

CEBOLLA

My dad holds half his assets in gold.

JUAN

Look at that \$17.8 million, and nobody got kidnapped. Nobody died. That's how our organization rolls.

A muffled scream rises from the dungeon.

Beat.

JUAN

That's unrelated.

INT. HIDEOUT - LATER - NIGHT

LA BOMBA

Bailar la Bomba. That's what I'm gonna name my boat.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

How much is a house?

(to Juan)

Can George buy a house for his mom and dad?

JUAN

Well, not yet you can't. We have to hand this over to La Pantera. Unless you guys want to be running from him the rest of your lives?

LA BOMBA

Fuck La Pantera. Why don't we just disappear?

(to Juan)

Unless you're scared of him.

JUAN

Well, we'd have to sell them first,
and we don't know any fences. Plus,
I don't think that's a good idea-

CEBOLLA

I know a fence.

LA BOMBA

How do you know a fence?

CEBOLLA

My dad buys things on the cheap
from these guys all the time. One
of them is my godfather.

LA BOMBA

(to Juan)

He knows the guy. C'mon, Juan.

JUAN

Fine. We'll call the guy and see
how much we can get for them. If
it's over \$15 million, I think we
can-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIDEOUT - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

FENCE

I'll give you \$30,000 for them.
They're practically worthless.

JUAN

What are you talking about? That's
eighteen million dollars in gold
bars.

The Fence lifts the XRF scanner off the bars.

FENCE

These? These are iron or tungsten
bars that have been dipped in gold.
They have less than four ounces of
gold each, which comes out to a
hundred and fifty thousand at
market price.

(beat)

Congrats. You stole luxurious-ass
gym equipment.

LA BOMBA
Check again. That machine's
obviously broken.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDEOUT - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

JUAN
Dammit, La Pantera is going to
destroy us if he finds out we made
off with decoys instead of real
gold-

KNOCK KNOCK.

A knock at the door... Juan jolts. La Bomba and George
exchange a confused look. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

JUAN
(whispering loudly)
Shh. Everybody shut the fuck up.

Juan throws a tiny Care Bears bedsheet over the bars and
jumps behind the couch.

JUAN
(whispering)
Pretend there's no one home.

George drops to the floor. La Bomba and Cebolla crouch
toward the nearest wall.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Prrr. Prrr.

JUAN
(whispering loudly)
Shh!! George, what the fuck are you
doing?

GEORGE WASHINGTON
(whispering loudly)
Chirping... So they think nobody's
home.

LA BOMBA
(whispering loudly)
Why in the fuck would a bird be
inside an empty house?

The crew is petrified.

EXT. HIDEOUT - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME - AFTERNOON

Two cartel thugs stand at the front door. A muffled PRR PRR and loud whispering are audible.

THUG #1
These idiots.

THUG #2
Should we bust in?

THUG #1
Nah. Let's just leave them a note.
I gotta take some dinner home for
my kids.

INT. HIDEOUT - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Juan sneaks up to the window and sees it's the same delivery person who dropped off the heist package. Juan's body jolts, then tries to casually drift behind the curtains. The thugs voices fade.

Juan rushes outside, grabs the note, and holds up the post-it: "BRING MY GOLD" stamped with La Pantera's stamp.

CEBOLLA
Rude. Who was it?

LA BOMBA
What does the note say?

JUAN
Guys... I chose this. I led us to
this situation. I'll take most of
the blame.

LA BOMBA
That's the least you could do.

CEBOLLA
Oh. Thank god.

JUAN
That's it? All of you are just
gonna let me take *all* the blame?

The rest of the crew avoids eye-contact with Juan.

LA BOMBA
You *are* the leader.

JUAN

Yeah, but an offer would've been nice.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I'll take the blame with you, sir.
We'll go together.

JUAN

See? Thanks, George, but it's gonna have to be just me. Just make sure to take care of my family once I'm gone.

LA BOMBA

Like for tonight...or?

JUAN

What the hell are you talking about? All of the nights. I'm not gonna exist anymore. I'm *finito*. But you all gotta make a pact, right now...Jesus.

LA BOMBA/GEORGE/CEBOLLA

Alright, alright. Fine. We'll take care of them.

Juan rubs his temples with his thumb and middle finger, then drags his hand down his face in exasperation. He looks out of the window as he holds his mother's picture around his neck, through his shirt and silently whispers to himself.

We hear children's laughter. CLOSE ON: Juan.

INT. BACKYARD NEW HOUSE - JUAN'S REVERIE - DAY

We fade to a reverie, of Juan's children playing in the backyard of what would've been a new house, everything has a white glow. He's trying to pick up his kids to hold them, but he can't because every time he bends down to grab them, they appear farther away. He goes for his son once, but he reappears on the swing-set. He then goes to pick up his daughter, but she reappears as a pole dancer on the sandbox.

JUAN (V.O.)

*Padre nuestro que estas en el
cielo. Santificado sea tu nombre.*

RING!

INT. HIDEOUT - BACK TO REALITY - DAY

JUAN
(screaming)
*Ven a nosotros tu reino. Hágase tu
voluntad en la tierra como en el
cielo.*

RING! La Bomba shushes Juan and picks up the phone call.

LA BOMBA
Shhh! Hey, Chino, *que dice pana?*

CHINO (V.O.)
*Qué hubo, Parsey. Listen, my boss
has a gig, a high-paying one that
requires your...expertise. You and
El Plan.*

LA BOMBA
He asked for me specifically?

La Bomba looks over at Juan who's by the window whispering to himself.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
(lowers voice)
Can't I do this myself?

EL CHINO (V.O.)
Not happening, brother. He asked
for Juan specifically. Your only
chance back in is working with
Juan, without him you're still
banned.
(beat)
I can't really talk over the phone
right now. Some shit went down.
Sending you my location.

El Chino hangs up.

LA BOMBA
(pretending to be on the
phone, casual)
Yeah... He doesn't know Juan? Okay.
I'll explain who he is.

La Bomba does a yapping gesture.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
Sure. I'll vouch for him
personally.
(MORE)

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
(beat)

La Bomba throws Juan a thumbs up. Mid call, BOOP!

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
YOUR CALL CANNOT BE COMPLETED AS
DIALED.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
Later Chino.

He pretends to hang up and shrugs at Juan like he's doing him a favor.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
Colombian cartel has a gig. I got
you in. You're welcome.

La Bomba gauges Juan's reaction.

JUAN
Are you fucking with me? Is this
your version of some sick fuckin'
twisted joke?

LA BOMBA
It's real bro.

JUAN
When?

LA BOMBA
Now. Like this second. Let's put
the bars away.

JUAN
(hesitant)
About that...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE HIDEOUT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Side view of the crew in the minivan, with almost no space between the wheels and the van's body. SCREECH! The van screeches under the weight.

LA BOMBA
God dammit, Juan, you couldn't buy
a proper freakin' safe?

EXT. OUTSIDE COLOMBIAN CARTEL SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

SCREECH! The MINIVAN squeaks as they pass EL CHINO, 50's, Asian-Colombian, cartel's funny guy who's smoking a cigarette in front of the safe-house. El Chino signals to park in the side street, but Cebolla parks right in front of the safe-house anyway.

The crew exits the car and walks toward the front of the building. Juan recognizes the house they just robbed and bolts, but La Bomba grabs him.

LA BOMBA
The fuck dude.

Juan makes another attempt to make a run for it.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
George!

George helps restrain Juan. La Bomba loses his patience.

LA BOMBA (CONT'D)
Put a madre, be cool! You're gonna get us kille-

El Chino walks over to them.

EL CHINO
The hell are you doing? You guys hugging or making out?

LA BOMBA
Hey, what's going on?

EL CHINO
Can you believe some assholes decided to rob us? What kind of morons steal from the Colombian cartel?

LA BOMBA
Eh... Maybe they didn't know they were stealing from you guys.

EL CHINO
I'll tell you who: pendejos who are gonna get Colombian neckties for Christmas. They left this, though.

El Chino holds out a Ziploc bag with a gun in it.

EL CHINO (CONT'D)
I gotta take it to our cop buddies
now.
They also left this.

El Chino shows them a golden pebble engraved with the letter
"P," smeared with blood.

Juan grabs his wrist, trying to cover his bracelet. He
sweats like a smoker at a funeral.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. COLOMBIAN CARTEL SAFEHOUSE - SKYLIGHT - FLASHBACK -
NIGHT

Juan's wrist gets crunched during the heist. His gun falls
from his belt.

EXT. OUTSIDE COLOMBIAN CARTEL SAFE HOUSE - PRESENT - DAY

El Chino talks to the Colombian boss while the boss is on a
phone call.

EL CHINO (CONT'D)
Jefe, I can vouch for La Bomba.
He's the best at the explosives.
Juan is La Bomba's oldest friend.

The boss nods, raises a finger, signaling one second, then
steps inside to finish the call.

Juan reaches for the Ziploc bag with the gun.

EL CHINO (CONT'D)
Dude, what the hell are you trying
to do? This is the only evidence.

JUAN
Dude, let me see it.

Juan goes for the gun and pebble.

El Chino yanks the gun away, holding it next to his ear.

He notices a fresh wound on Juan's wrist. JINGLE. The noise
of the bracelet gives Juan away.

El Chino grabs Juan's extended arm.

A gold bracelet. Missing the "P"- reads "LAN" instead of
"PLAN".

El Chino looks at the rest of the crew.

He clocks the bracelet. Everything clicks.

EL CHINO
Holy shit! It's you guys.

El Chino screams at his boss, for anyone. Everyone is inside.

EL CHINO (CONT'D)
HEY! IT'S TH-

George covers El Chino's mouth with his hand, overpowers him.

JUAN
Give me that.

Juan leans forward for the evidence, but trips on the curb and accidentally pushes El Chino into oncoming traffic. SPLAT!

EXT. COLOMBIAN CARTEL SAFE HOUSE - DAY

TEXT OVERLAY: SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

El Jefe steps outside. A bodyguard whispers in his ear as he sees the commotion of the employee that has been run over. He doesn't react. El Jefe signals for Juan and La Bomba to get in the vehicle with him.

EL JEFE
(covering mouth)
Get in the car. The feds are always watching.

INT. MINIVAN - OUTSIDE COLOMBIAN SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They get inside the minivan. Juan blinks violently. El Jefe looks out the window.

EL JEFE (CONT'D)
El Chino vouched for you, and I might have heard things about you guys. People forget, so we have to remind them.

La Bomba stops Juan's bouncing knee. Gives Juan a menacing look. El Jefe looks straight at Juan.

EL JEFE (CONT'D)
Can you believe these idiots stole my fake gold bricks?

JUAN

What...um... idiots?

EL JEFE

I suspect La Pantera's involved, but that doesn't really matter. You know I abhor violence... but it's a matter of principle. Bodies are the only language people respect.

(beat)

I want you to find the morons that almost stole my gold. Bring in their families... I want them to watch. A body sends a message. A surviving family... spreads a legend.

(beat)

Are we clear?

JUAN

Clear as gold... I mean—

Juan's voice peaks at gold. He can't settle on a comfortable position.

El Jefe notices pictures of the politician's kids and wife in the cup-holder of the mini-van.

EL JEFE

What's this? You guys targeting the PSC political party?

El Jefe looks through the pictures of the families of the politicians from a specific political party.

EL JEFE (CONT'D)

That's smart. Targeting their families for leverage.

La Bomba shoots Juan an 'I told you so' look.

EL JEFE (CONT'D)

The PSC is associated with our enemy, the Sinaloan cartel. I want in on this action. We'll talk about this after your assignment.

Juan opens his mouth. Nothing.

EL JEFE

Do me one favor: drop this gun off at the cop station? Your first lead.

El Jefe hands Juan a gun in a Ziploc bag.

JUAN

Sure.

He throws Juan a small glove.

EL JEFE

Ask our cop friend if they can get
DNA off this child-sized glove they
left behind. One of them must be
his size.

El Jefe looks at La Bomba.

JUAN

Can I ask you something personal?

He eyes Juan. Suspicious. Beat.

JUAN

How did you get people to respect
your oper—

El Jefe rips Juan's t-shirt open and yanks the rope off his
neck with his mom's picture.

EL JEFE

What's this?

JUAN

(proud)

It's a picture of my mom.

El Jefe stares at it. Not warm. Juan doesn't move. El Jefe
hands it back to Juan.

EL JEFE

Respect that.

(beat)

Love my mom too.

(beat)

I thought you had a wire, not mom-
on-a-rope.

Juan puts the mom-on-a-rope back on his neck. El Jefe stares
at Juan's makeshift necklace for an uncomfortable amount of
time.

EL JEFE

Now get the FUCK OUT OF HERE!

JUAN
(softly)
This isn't your--
(beat) ... van.

El Jefe gets a call, holds his index finger up in front of Juan's face, and steps out of the van.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COLOMBIAN SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The golden pebble, engraved "P," missing from Juan's bracelet, sits in a spreading pool of El Chino's blood. A car idles across the street. Someone inside is watching.

SMASH CUT TO:

EL JEFE
Yes?

COLOMBIAN CONCILIARE
Jefe, one of the real gold bars is missing.

El Jefe looks back at Juan and La Bomba in the van. Slams the door.

EL JEFE
(whispering)
You said the thieves took decoys!

COLOMBIAN CONCILIARE
I just did the count myself. Those assholes have a \$2 million-dollar gold bar.

EL JEFE
Me cago en la puta!

El Jefe smashes the phone on the curb.

BAM. Juan jolts when El Jefe slams the door shut. Juan looks at El Jefe talking on the phone outside the car, and jumps to the passenger seat.

He contemplates the gun in the Ziploc bag, the one that would have implicated him, with relief. CLOSE ON: Juan's face.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN TRUNK - MOVING - NIGHT

The gold bars. Pan slowly across them. Every bar has a drill hole: steel underneath. Except the last one. Untouched. Solid. Real.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MINIVAN - OUTSIDE COLOMBIAN SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Juan puts the Ziploc bag with the gun into the glove compartment. He catches his reflection on the passenger-side vanity mirror, t-shirt ripped, mom-on-a-rope out in the open. He takes it off and puts it in his pocket.

CLOSE ON: Juan's face. He attempts to give La Bomba a "We just got away with it" nod. It almost lands. Almost. HOLD on Juan's worried face.

FADE TO BLACK.