

GRISELDA

A Netflix Limited Series

Ep. 105: "Paradise Lost"

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SUMMER, 1983

OVER BLACK. The SOUND of a slide projector, CA-CHUNK.

501 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N25) 501

BURST OF LIGHT as a SLIDE POPS ON SCREEN. A family snapshot. GRISELDA, in dim light, holds her new baby, MICHAEL CORLEONE.

JUNE (PRE-LAP)

For the past three years, Griselda
Blanco has owned Miami...

502 INT. CONGRESSIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING - DAY (D26) 502

JUNE and DIAZ are seated at a dais before a CONGRESSIONAL SUBCOMMITTEE in a private hearing -- just the two of them. Anxious, dressed for the occasion...

JUNE

Ms. Blanco runs the Medellín
Cartel's operation in Miami both
smuggling and distributing
extraordinary amounts of cocaine in
the United States.

DIAZ

With the help of her top enforcer,
Rivi Ayala and his Gestapo-like
security organization, Blanco's
operation has been efficient,
deadly and incredibly successful...

The CA-CHUNK of the projector takes us back to...

503 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N25) 503

Another SLIDE. Like going through the family album from the past three years. GRISELDA walks over grass holding Michael's hand. He's now two years-old. DARIO walks with them...

DIAZ (O.S.)

By conservative estimates, it's
earned over \$100 million dollars in
the last year alone...

Another slide -- Griselda, OZZY, UBER and DIXON, all older now. They just finished dinner in a beautiful European restaurant, on vacation, laughing...

504 INT. CONGRESSIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING - DAY (D26) 504

June shifts in her chair, looks up at all those white men...

JUNE

Despite limited resources,
Congressmen, our CENTAC unit has
seized drugs and money as well as
pursued several homicide
investigations against her
associates, doing our best to slow
Ms. Blanco's growth...

June leans in, why they're here...

JUNE (CONT'D)

But we're ill-equipped to compete
with a criminal so clever she's
managed to take over much of
Miami's economy.

CONGRESSMAN #1

Sounds like you admire her,
Detective.

JUNE

I do, Congressman, in a way. She
always appears to be in complete
control. Her people are
exceptionally loyal and her methods
are clever.

(off their looks)

Ms. Blanco's success has come by
taking advantage of corrupt local
leaders and lax Florida banking
laws. She's used this influence to
open her own bank and launder cash
through various building
contractors...

Looks among the Congressmen as CA-CHUNK--

505 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N25) 505

Another SLIDE -- GRISELDA, sunglasses on, stands on what
looks like a half-finished skyscraper, Rivi hovers in
background...

JUNE (O.S.)

That beautiful, new Miami skyline
drawing so many tourists to South
Florida? It was built on her drug
money and corruption.

...see the new Miami skyline stretched out in front of her.
MURMURS in the room BRING US BACK TO...

506 INT. CONGRESSIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING - DAY (D26)

506

Where Diaz leans in...

DIAZ

Congressmen, we're here today because we've reached a critical moment in this fight. We have to find a way to stop Griselda Blanco now or she'll turn Miami into America's first "Narco state".

CONGRESSMAN #1

Best to keep the Narco states south of the border, Detectives.

Nods, chuckles among the pols. Diaz manages a smile for them.

CONGRESSMAN #2

So how do we stop her?

DIAZ

Outside Rivi Ayala, the central players of Ms. Blanco's organization remain a mystery. But Detective Hawkins has located several of Ms. Blanco's stash houses. We'd like to set up a surveillance operation on all of them in order to expose Ms. Blanco's network and make some arrests, hopefully turn some of her associates against her. But to execute a surveillance operation of this scale, we need more help from Federal agencies. Which is why we're coming to you now.

CONGRESSMAN #2

Why not enlist the Miami PD?

June and Diaz share a look...

JUNE

Miami PD's been compromised, sir.

A last CA-CHUNK as we come to...

507 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N25) 507

A FINAL SLIDE -- Griselda and DARIO sit on a tropical beach, facing the sea, backs to us. Michael Corleone, now three, plays in the waves. All so glamorous, happy.

JUNE (O.S.)

Give us the resources to bring in
more officers and tactical support,
Congressmen...

And now a figure leans from the shadows into the projector's light. It's DARIO. As he stares intently at the photo, cigarette smoke coiling round him...

508 INT. CONGRESSIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE HEARING - DAY (D26) 508

JUNE

And we can stop Griselda Blanco
before it's too late.

And under June, looking at the Congressmen, those spectacular opening synths of the EURYTHMICS "SWEET DREAMS" rise, and we're plunged into...

509 INT. MUTINY CLUB - NIGHT (N26) 509

Pulsing with 80s style and energy as we MOVE THROUGH -- PASSING those Hangers-on and Climbers at the bar now in boxy suits, white T-s and pastels, "Miami Vice" look coming on strong... OVER the dance floor, disco in the dust, now Nu-Wave and Funk... PAST the VELVET ROPES into the VIP AREA, packed with shotcallers, lines of coke going down fast and...

Finally COMING TO that table in the back. The one Amilcar once ruled from. And the "throne" of Miami is now occupied by

GRISELDA

Her back's to us in a coke-white power suit Bianca Jagger would kill for, gently dipping her shoulders to Annie Lennox's powerful voice. And we slowly COME ROUND her, MUSIC RISING as we see her face now...

Hair cropped to a shaggy bob, curls crowning her head like a Roman Goddess. Little older, still beautiful. And in charge.

INSERT TITLE CARD: GRISELDA

Her inner circle's gathered round the table as she conducts business -- Dario, RIVI and CARMEN.

Everyone looks a little different -- except Rivi -- guy never changes even if Griselda's reliance on him has -- they consult quietly, we don't hear what about, Rivi tapping out a line for her as--

-- Dario watches them. He seems different, speedboat tan, less vocal, more "kept" rich Florida husband...

CARMEN

Don't worry, she's still yours.

He looks up to CARMEN, watching him. She looks wealthier, 80s big hair, gold bangles, dress snug over aerobics body...

DARIO

Do I look worried?

She smiles, he never does. She slides her ledgers in a leather valise, getting up to go -- to Griselda--

CARMEN

Have to get up early tomorrow,
honey, lotta green to clean.

GRISELDA

(nods, kissing her)
Never a bad problem to have.

Carmen smiles. Rivi escorts her out, guarding access just as he did with Amilcar, as Dario turns to Griselda--

DARIO

*What was that about with
Rivi?*

DARIO

¿Qué fue eso con Rivi?

Running a hand up his leg...

GRISELDA

It's a Rivi thing.

GRISELDA

Es una cosa de Rivi.

IE "don't worry you're pretty head about it". Clear Dario's not thrilled by this though, eyeing Rivi as he returns--

RIVI

Rafa's here.

RIVI

Rafa está aquí.

She sees RAFA, but makes him wait, lighting a smoke, pulling her sable over her shoulders like an ermine royal cape. Gestures to Rafa. He's more obsequious with her now...

RAFA

*Griselda. I hear CENTAC was
in D.C.*

RAFA

*Griselda. Oí que CENTAC fue a
D.C.*

GRISELDA
I heard the same. What can I do for you, Rafa?

GRISELDA
Oí lo mismo. ¿Que puedo hacer por ti, Rafa?

RAFA
Someone I want you to meet--

RAFA
Quiero presentarte a alguien--

He nods for MAX to bring forward the new guy -- JOHN ROBERTS, good looking with a slick Burt Reynolds vibe...

RAFA (CONT'D)
Griselda this is John Roberts.

JOHN
The one and only Griselda Blanco.

He smiles and kisses her hand. She gives a practiced smile...

MAX
John's got a lot of contacts around South Florida. I brought him in to help on the supply side.

JOHN
You mind?

She shrugs, watches him chop a line of her coke, *really?*

JOHN (CONT'D)
Actually, the thing I do best is move product...

GRISELDA
Yeah?

JOHN
(ripping the line)
I'm the drug that sells the drugs, baby. Got some ideas for you about how to push your retail end too.

She eyes him, exactly the guy who used to do this to her--

GRISELDA
John, "baby", you seem confused how this works so let me explain. This is my fucking table in my fucking town and the last thing I need are "ideas" from assholes like you.

He goes silent, tense. Rafa, concerned, leans to her--

RAFA

*Griselda, John's a heavy
hitter. Fabio likes him.*

RAFA

*Griselda, John es un peso
pesado. Le gusta a Fabio.*

GRISELDA

*I'm guessing he likes the
money I make him more. But
you want to call and tell him
I hurt your guy's vagina, be
my guest.*

GRISELDA

*Creo que el billete que le
genero le gusta mas. Pero si
quieres llamar a decirle que
le hice doler la cuca a tu
amigo, dale.*

Enjoying this immensely. Rafa not so much, but he nods to
John, let's go. Dario, not sure how smart that was--

DARIO

*You have to embarrass Rafa
like that?*

DARIO

*¿Tenías que avergonzar a Rafa
así?*

Doing another line, fuck embarrassing him...

GRISELDA

*Like to put a bullet in his
head for Arturo.*

GRISELDA

*Quisiera es meterle un tiro
en la cabeza por Arturo.*

Damn right. And clear her signature anger is still there.

ACROSS THE ROOM: As Rafa, John and Max exit the VIP, they
pass two young Men we recognize -- hair's more feathered,
rocking Izods under tracksuits and acid wash -- DIXON--

DIXON

Move, Blanco boys coming through!

...and UBER, draping an arm around his brother--

UBER

*They know, dude, you don't
have to rub their faces in
it.*

UBER

*Parce, ellos saben. No hay
que restregárselo en la cara.*

Dixon laughs, glances back at CHUCHO, lumbering behind them.

DIXON

*Chucho, my brother's a
buzzkill. Know that word?
"Buzzkill".*

DIXON

*Chucho, mi hermano es un
buzzkill. ¿Conoces esa
palabra? "Buzzkill".*

Sense Chucho's a bit tired of Dixon but plays along...

CHUCHO

Buzz-kill.

Dixon chuckles, does a quick bump off his knuckle. Uber
gestures for him to wipe a nostril as they approach mom--

GRISELDA
There are my boys!
(hugging and kissing
them)
So how'd it go today?

GRISELDA
¡Ahí están mis muchachos!
(abrazando y besándolos)
¿Como les fue hoy?

Uber slides thick envelopes of cash they collected to Rivi--

UBER
*Two hundred fifty owed on
last week's shipment, Two
hundred fifty collected.*

UBER
*Doscientos cincuenta
adeudados de la semana
pasada, doscientos cincuenta
recolectados.*

Griselda can't hide her pride, her boys in her business--

GRISELDA
*Look at them, Dario, like
they were born to it, my
princes.*

GRISELDA
*Míralos, Dario, como si
hubieran nacido para esto,
mis príncipes.*

Dario plays along, Uber not so much--

UBER
Please don't call us that.

UBER
Por favor no nos llames así.

GRISELDA
*It's the truth. My success is
yours. They mess with you,
they mess with me. And one
day everyone will know the
Blanco name.*

GRISELDA
*Es verdad. Mi éxito es suyo.
Se meten con ustedes, se
meten conmigo. Y algún día
todo el mundo conocerá el
apellido Blanco.*

Her family business now, her empire. Dixon loves it--

DIXON
*They already do, mom. Fucking
look at them--*

DIXON
Ya lo conocen, mamá. Míralos--

Griselda looks into the crowded club, people glancing back at her. But her smile wanes as the music WARBLERs a bit and she hears their voices quietly WHISPERING, talking about her--

DARIO
Hey, you ok?

DARIO
Hey, ¿Estás bien?

She pushes it back and smiles for him as Rivi returns--

RIVI
*Carter wants to talk about
his cut...*

RIVI
*Carter quiere hablarte de su
tajada...*

Griselda gestures CARTER MARKS in...

CARTER
Hey. Heard those CENTAC
assholes were up in D.C.

CARTER
Hey. Supe que esos maricas de
CENTAC estaban en D.C.

Looking at him, doesn't seem bothered, the "Godmother"...

GRISELDA
I heard that too, Carter. So
what can I do for you?

GRISELDA
También lo oí, Carter. Dime,
¿Que puedo hacer por ti?

510

INT. CENTAC / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D27)

510

June and Diaz, back from their trip, look over photos of the
stash houses they've located--

DIAZ
So these are the Blanco stash
houses we're on thanks to June's
hard work.

Couple whistles, cheers. June smiles, ensconced here as
Diaz's second-in-command.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
Let's talk about how we execute
this surveillance operation.

DEA agent BOB PALOMBO eyes the map--

PALOMBO
Assuming you get that money.

DIAZ
We're gonna, indications are good.

PALOMBO
Well I don't see it anywhere.

JUNE
Hold on, Bob, I got it right here--

Reaching in her pocket to pull out her middle finger.
Laughter, all good natured. Diaz notices AL SINGLETON, lanky,
not joining in with the others, going about his work...

DIAZ
Al, you were a Marine, must've
planned some recon like this?

AL
Just a grunt, Raul. Didn't plan
shit. You seen the stapler?

Diaz and June share a look, Al's peculiar and nerdy, his own dude. CAPT. SWEETWATER comes in and everyone goes silent...

JUNE

Well, Captain, did we get it?

CAPT. SWEETWATER

No, sorry guys, it's not about the money. No word on that yet.

MOANS and GROANS as Sweetwater, quiet to Diaz--

CAPT. SWEETWATER (CONT'D)

Can I get a word, Raul?

Gesturing to follow. Diaz shoots June a look...

511 **INT. MIAMI PD / SWEETWATER'S OFFICE - DAY (D27)**

511

Sweetwater walks Diaz into his office where a Detective in a drab tan suit sits behind his desk looking over a file...

CAPT. SWEETWATER

Raul Diaz, Mark Holstetter with IA. Has some questions for you about a money seizure you made last March.

HOLSTETTER

Have a seat, Detective.

Diaz takes a seat. This is not good.

512 **EXT. MIAMI PD / PARKING LOT - DAY (D27)**

512

Diaz smokes, trying to calm his nerves. June finds him--

JUNE

Hey. You ok?

He shakes his head, far from it...

DIAZ

So... IA got a tip I was scraping cash from one of our seizures.

JUNE

That's ridiculous.

DIAZ

What I said. Problem is, they found the money in my bank account.

That stops June...

JUNE
In your account?

DIAZ
(nods)
We know who put it there.

JUNE
Griselda.

DIAZ
Handy owning your own bank, move money wherever you want. That and a well placed rumor make a good cop look bad.

JUNE
But you told them that -- they get she did this--

DIAZ
Honestly, June, they don't really want to "get it".
(off her look)
The story's already leaked to the press. Imagine by her.

JUNE
But the brass can still deny it--

He nods, hardest part of this...

DIAZ
With all this corruption out there, they aren't inclined to defend a Cuban cop who might've taken money from a drug dealer. Plus some of them didn't love seeing me "grandstand" in D.C..

JUNE
"Who's that spick think he is?"

DIAZ
(nods, tossing smoke)
So I get Sophie's choice, investigation or re-assignment. I go the investigation route, I could end up in jail.

June's silent. So fucking unfair.

JUNE

Fuck. Where're they putting you?

DIAZ

Miami International.

(grim smile)

Believe that shit? Head of a federal task force to airport cop.

No, June can't believe it.

JUNE

I'm sorry, Raul.

DIAZ

You and me both.

Sitting with it, and the consequences...

JUNE

This will kill any chance we have to get that funding.

DIAZ

Guessing that's why she did it now.

June nods, facing that, all that work down the toilet, her partner out...

JUNE

And CENTAC...

DIAZ

Will be lucky to survive. They're putting you and Al in charge.

June wasn't expecting that...

JUNE

Me and Stapler guy?

DIAZ

He's different but give him a chance.

JUNE

(not what she meant)

Not sure I'm ready to run point here, Raul.

DIAZ

You had those Congressmen eating out of your hands. You can do this.

June's silent.

JUNE

Three years we built this thing. I really thought we were close.

Diaz nods.

DIAZ

Come visit me in the airport, ok?

She nods, manages a smile.

512A INT. CENTAC / JUNE'S OFFICE - DAY (D27)

512A

June steps back into her office, closing the door. Takes a seat at her desk, looking over all her work, notepads, photos, reports... She leans back and looks out the window, trying to see a way forward. As the curtains rustle in the afternoon breeze...

513 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N27)

513

Griselda sits with Rivi and Dario who's reading a Miami Herald headlined "TOP CENTAC COP DEMOTED IN BRIBERY SCANDAL".

DARIO

Son of a bitch, you fucking got him...

DARIO

Mierda, cogiste a ese hijueputa...

Griselda does a celebratory shimmy and another line as Rivi pours champagne--

GRISELDA

That fuck Diaz was the public face, CENTAC was his baby. All that's left is his bitch sidekick and a bunch of old Feds.

GRISELDA

Esa porquería de Diaz era la cara pública, CENTAC era su bebé. Solo queda la perra que lo ayudaba y unos viejos federales.

DARIO

(reading, to her point)

"Questions remain about how CENTAC will even move forward".

Music to her ears, toasting Rivi, realize now what they were planning -- and why she wasn't worried--

GRISELDA

Fucking genius.

GRISELDA

Hijueputa genio.

RIVI
Not done yet.

RIVI
Todavía no ha acabado.

Dario eyes the two of them. Rivi slides a list in front of her. As she looks it over, Dario lowers the paper--

DARIO
What's this?

DARIO
¿Que es esto?

RIVI
CENTAC was in D.C. because they had intel they were about to move on.

RIVI
CENTAC estaba en D.C. porque tenían información de que estaban a punto de seguir adelante.

DARIO
So you think there's a leak?

DARIO
Crees que hay una fuga?

GRISELDA
We know there is. Question is who...

GRISELDA
Sabemos que hay. La pregunta es quien...

RIVI
(nodding to list)
People on our payroll with past issues with law enforcement, who've bought from rival suppliers or said something against Griselda...

RIVI
(asintiendo a la lista)
Gente en nuestra nomina con problemas con la ley, que le han comprado a otros proveedores o han hablado en contra de Griselda...

She starts circling names...

RIVI (CONT'D)
We clean house, make sure we're sealed up. And she's walking on clouds.

RIVI (CONT'D)
Limpiamos la casa, asegurarnos que estemos blindados. Y ella está caminando sobre las nubes.

Griselda looks up from the list, thinking...

GRISELDA
Estela!

GRISELDA
¡Estela!

ESTELA comes in, now her ersatz personal assistant--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
How are we doing with Dario's birthday party?

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
¿Como vamos con la fiesta de cumpleaños de Dario?

ESTELA
(harried, pulling it out)
I've got the guest list right here--

ESTELA
(acosada, sacándolo)
Tengo la lista de invitados aquí--

DARIO DARIO
Just get a lot of whiskey. Solo consigue mucho whiskey.

He smiles, reassuring, friendship's developed here. Griselda eyeing them, impatient--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
What I want to know is what ¿Lo que quiero saber es que day are we thinking? día la hacemos?

ESTELA ESTELA
Oh, two Saturdays from now. Ah, en dos sábados.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
I want this done before that. Quiero que sea antes de eso.

Sliding the list to Rivi. Dario glances at it, quiet to her--

DARIO DARIO
That's a lot of people. Esa es mucha gente.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
I spent too many years Pase muchos años mirando por looking over my shoulder, encima de mis hombros, Dario, Dario, getting burned by siendo traicionada por estos these assholes. That's not hijueputas. Eso no va a happening ever again. volver a pasar.

Endearing but ominous. She smiles at him...

GRISELDA (CONT'D) GRISELDA (CONT'D)
And this way we can enjoy Y así podremos disfrutar ourselves on your big day. juntos en tu gran día.

Dario manages a smile, tips his glass. She tips hers back. Then she turns, a gentle breeze lifts the shades as she looks out...

513A	OMITTED	513A
514	OMITTED	514
515	OMITTED	515
515A	INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY (D28)	515A

Griselda walks in with the flair of a celebrity, Estela and a Bodyguard at her side, another hanging back by the door. The wealthy customers all look up at her and...

...Griselda's leaned back in the chair as she gets shampooed, scalp massaged. As a TOWEL is draped over her head...

516 OMITTED 516

516A INT. KENDALL 6 HOUSE - DAY (D28) 516A

A PLASTIC BAG is pulled over a VICTIM'S HEAD.

Rivi holds the bag, indifferently suffocating his victim. Next to him Chucho does the same to another victim, not so indifferent. Next to him ARMANDO, a Marielito (104), suffocates a THIRD.

The victims fight, shake and finally die. Rivi takes the bag off the dead man and calmly checks for holes. Why?

THREE MORE victims wait nearby, bound and gagged. Rivi, Chucho and Armando descend on them as...

517 INT. BEAUTY PARLOR - DAY (D28) 517

THREE MORE BEAUTICIANS descend on Griselda. One lowering a domed DRYER over her head, one doing a mani, another her eyebrows. She browses a stack of dog-eared magazines, seeing TIME...

ON THE COVER: *PARADISE LOST? SOUTH FLORIDA* as...

518 OMITTED 518

518A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (N28) 518A

Chucho leans over a bathtub. Has his shirt off, moving his arms, doing something in the tub, we can't see what.

Armando works shirtless next to him. Rivi sits on the closed toilet, smoking and crossing the circled names off that list.

We MOVE UP and OVER their shoulders to reveal -- bathtub's filled with blood and body parts. They're hacking up a body. Another dead man lies on the floor nearby, waiting his turn. From Chucho, face flecked with blood, eyes troubled...

519 OMITTED 519

520 INT. CENTAC / CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (N28)

520

June, eyes equally troubled, stands looking over photos of the killings... then over her CENTAC crew sitting silently, doing the same, waiting for word from their new bosses. Al steps next to her, quiet...

AL

Great way to start, huh? You wanna jump in?

She gestures go ahead. Al, a bit awkward, gamely dives in--

AL (CONT'D)

Ok, so I'm thinking we go over canvases from each scene, find our way in, work from there...

PALOMBO

I don't know, Al...

... nodding to a surveillance photo of Griselda in the shadows -- can just make her out -- coming out of a restaurant...

PALOMBO (CONT'D)

We've tried the usual approach. We're gonna need more for this one.

DETECTIVE BRYERSON

Anyone in Miami she doesn't own, she just killed.

Al looks to June, but she still says nothing. He nods...

AL

Ok, I get it, she's impressive.

More silence. Al pins Griselda's photo onto the board... June watches him, hear her anger now...

JUNE

Three years we've been trying to stop her and she's in some giant fucking house, still killing people. What she did to Raul...
(shakes her head, a beat)
Fuck her.

They all look at her, emotional. Easy to dismiss.

AL

June, I know you're upset--

JUNE

I am upset, Al. But I also think
this is our problem...

They all look at her now, what the fuck's she talking about.

JUNE (CONT'D)

We're all so impressed by a woman
pulling this off, we turned her
into this genius criminal...

She nods to the photos of the dead bodies--

JUNE (CONT'D)

Does this seem like the work of
someone who's in control or scared?

PALOMBO

Fair point.

June, looking at the photo of Griselda, what she's thinking --
and feeling--

JUNE

For years Griselda had to get past
assholes doubting her, coming at
her. That doesn't go away 'cause
you win. Fact, it gets worse...

She turns to see them all looking at her, curious now--

JUNE (CONT'D)

What's our party line been when any
Miami PD asks where we're getting
our intel?

AL

An informant.

JUNE

(nodding to photos)
Which clearly made its way back to
Griselda.

Al looks at the photos, seeing her point--

AL

She's cleaning house to get rid of
our "informant".

June nods, her play coming into focus...

JUNE

But she doesn't know there is no informant. We got these stash houses 'cause I broke the codes she's using to hide the locations. We hit one now and she'll think our "informant" is still active.

PALOMBO

Be damn frustrating after all she did to get rid of the poor bastard.

Chuckles around the room. June considers the photos of the stash houses, choosing one, taking down the photo...

JUNE

This one. It's out in Ft. Lauderdale. She'll assume we wouldn't know about it unless we had inside intel.

AL

True. But we hit one house, June, it takes the others off the table. She'll change the codes, move them all. We could end up with nothing.

Others nod, he's right. June, a beat, nods...

JUNE

It's a risk. But she overreacted once, Al. Got angry, out of control. We keep that fear alive. Maybe she makes a bigger mistake, gives us an opening.

Guys share looks, lot of "maybe's". Look to Al, the man.

AL

Well, it's worth a shot.

Not exactly a ringing endorsement. And from June, climbing out on a limb...

521 **OMITTED** 521

522 **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / MOTOR COURT - DAY (D29)** 522

A blazing red COUNTACH pulls behind a line of DAYTONAS, VETTES and BENTLEYS. VALETS open doors to DEALERS -- SAL, WILLY, CARTER, FORREST, BEAR.

Everyone who's anyone in the Miami drug game is here with GIRLFRIENDS, big-haired Blondes, Grace Slick-alikes. BODYGUARDS and HANGERS-ON, muscle-bound, over-armed, Sly and Schwarzenegger wannabes. Rivi and ARMANDO, always at Rivi's side, checking people at the door...

523

INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / FOYER / BAR ROOM - DAY (D29)

523

Griselda and Dario step into the foyer. The queen making her entrance. Now we see her dress, sparkling beachy pastels and tiny diamonds, Cinderella by way of Miami Vice.

Everyone CHEERS, Dealers push forward to "kiss the ring"--

FORREST

Thank you, *madrina*, for getting rid
of those CENTAC assholes.

SAL

Brilliant. Truly.

SAL

Brillante. De verdad.

Griselda eats it all up, smiling, glancing at Dario, *you see this*. He nods. She steps into the BAR ROOM where more people have gathered -- Rafa steps up, not as enthusiastic--

RAFA

Very well done.

RAFA

Muy bien hecho.

But Griselda looks right past him to MARTA on his arm -- strung out and sexy as ever--

GRISELDA

*Marta, come here, baby. Dario
you see how gorgeous she
looks?*

GRISELDA

*Marta, ven acá, preciosa.
¿Dario ves lo hermosa que
está?*

Dario nods, hard to miss.

MARTA

*Me? Honey, you're glowing.
(off her smile, quiet)
Fabio's thrilled with what
you did. Keeps saying he's a
"feminist" now because he
hired you.*

MARTA

*¿Yo? Mi amor, tu estas
radiante.
(off su mirada, voz
baja)
Fabio está feliz con lo que
hiciste. Dice que es
"feminista" porque te
contrató.*

Griselda laughs. Rafa even more annoyed. Griselda sees MAX, JOHN behind him but ghosts them, brushing past as she notices Carmen outside and--

523A EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION PORTICO / POOL BALCONY - DAY (D29) 523A

Table of gifts out here, Guests sipping champagne. Griselda hugging Carmen--

GRISELDA

Glad you made it, baby -- I was worried you were going to work--

CARMEN

(a la 101)

Never miss one of your shindigs. Besides someone needs to keep an eye on this crowd.

Griselda smiles, Carmen, after years of service, is her level-headed friend and ally--

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Enjoy yourself, baby. Not much left for you to worry about now, right?

GRISELDA

Trust me I'll find something.

Carmen laughs... Griselda steps to the front and clinks her glass, quieting the crowd...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming to celebrate my husband and the father of our beautiful son, Michael Corleone...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Gracias por acompañarnos a celebrar a mi esposo y padre de nuestro hermoso hijo, Michael Corleone...

She nods to MICHAEL CORLEONE with his NANNY, holding his purple dinosaur stuffed animal. She blows kisses to her little boy.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

And, of course, step-father to my Dixon, Uber and Ozzy.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Y por supuesto, padrastro de mi hijos Dixon, Uber y Ozzy.

See Dixon, Uber and Ozzy looking on. Uber smiles, Dixon doesn't react...

WILLY

That's not all we're celebrating!

GRISELDA

Yes, Willy, true. So let me start by saying a few words in memory of our friends in law enforcement.

(raising glass)

(MORE)

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

May you fuck off in peace. Miami's
our city now.

LAUGHTER, CHEERS, clink of many glasses--

SAL
Long live the queen!

SAL
¡Larga vida a la reina!

More cheering. She quiets them, turns to Dario now...

GRISELDA
*But now to why we're here.
When we got married, I told
Dario he was no longer my
bodyguard because he was now
my husband. Of course, being
Dario, he didn't like that
much...*

(mimicking him,
laughter)
*I told him he was just
trading the metal in his
pocket--
(forming a gun with
hand)
-- for gold in his wallet.
Yes, he loves his speedboat,
his Caddie. But I think he
still misses being my tough
guy.*

(running a hand over
him)
*So I thought I'd give him the
best of both worlds...*

GRISELDA
*Pero ahora, por lo que
vinimos. Cuando nos casamos,
le dije a Dario que ya no era
mi guardaespaldas porque
ahora era mi marido. Claro,
siendo Dario, no le gustó
mucho...*

(imitándolo, risas)
*Le dije que estaba cambiando
el metal en su bolsillo--
(haciendo pistola con la
mano)
-- por oro en su billetera.
Si, le gusta su lancha
rápida, su Caddie. Pero creo
que extraña ser mi tipo rudo.
(pasando una mano por
sus hombros)
Así que pensé en darle lo
mejor de dos mundos...*

Estela brings out a large, beautifully wrapped gift and sets
it in front of Dario. He lifts the top off, looking in,
laughs to himself, shaking his head...

DARIO
Griselda, you shouldn't have.

DARIO
Griselda, no debiste.

And pulls out a GOLD PLATED MAC 10. Lifting the gun into the
air. Crowd CHEERING. She pulls him close--

GRISELDA
For my golden gun.

GRISELDA
Para mi arma de oro.

DARIO
Better than a diaper.

DARIO
Mejor que un pañal.

She laughs. They kiss. Dario hands the gun to Estela to put
back. She reads he's not as amused as he let on...

*

ESTELA
Don't worry, I made sure
there's plenty of whiskey.

ESTELA
No te preocupes, me aseguré
de que hubiera mucho whiskey.

He smiles as Griselda turns to the crowd with a smile--

GRISELDA
Of course, I got you all
presents too...

GRISELDA
Por supuesto también les
tengo regalos a todos
ustedes...

She nods and "Robert Palmer girl" WAITRESSES enter holding
golden trays striped with lines of COKE, handing each Guest a
GOLDEN STRAW on a gold CHAIN--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Have an appetizer -- and good
luck having just one!

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Tomen un aperitivo -- ¡y buena
suerte tomando uno solo.

More laughter, cheers as Guests use their necklaces to do
lines from the trays, getting juiced. Uber watches Dixon dig
in as Griselda turns to Dario...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Happy fucking birthday, my
love. Now let's party!

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
¡Feliz cumpleaños, mi amor.
Ahora a rumbear!

More cheers as...

524	OMITTED	524
525	OMITTED	525
526	OMITTED	526
527	OMITTED	527
528	INT. CHUCHO'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - DAY (D29)	528

Chucho, shirtless, leans over the bath, moving his arms. We
can't see what he's doing, just like before. But then we MOVE
UP and over his shoulder to reveal--

He's helping his two year-old son JOHNNY take a bath.

Chucho moves a sponge over his boy's back, washing him -- as
he presses the sponge, droplets of blood spill from it,
rolling down the boy's back.

Chucho stands and drops the sponge, startled. Looking at the blood on his hands. Sound DISAPPEARING, his PTSD rising as...

CHUCHO'S WIFE
Chucho! CHUCHO!

He snaps out of it to see her there, lifting the boy out of the bath--

CHUCHO'S WIFE (CONT'D) CHUCHO'S WIFE (CONT'D)
What happened, are you ok? ¿Qué pasó, estás bien?

He shakes his head. Leans against her. Poor Chucho. She holds him as Cindi Lauper's classic "GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN", only IN SPANISH rises and..

529 **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / DANCE FLOOR - SUNSET (D29)** 529

A DANCE FLOOR and surrounded by palm trees centers the lawn -- bar on one side, tables on the other, waiters and waitresses in bikini's and speedos. A DJ plays as waves crash under spotlights on the beach below.

And Griselda DANCES with all her favorite people -- OZZY, Dario, Carmen. Dixon dancing with his GIRLFRIEND, Uber with his girl. She's laughing, most carefree we've seen her, time of her life. Then she looks around, steps away...

529A **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / NEAR DANCE FLOOR - SUNSET (D29)** 529A

Griselda finds a spot off to the side to light a smoke and watch her brood. Taking a moment by herself to admire her massive house, tracing it with her glowing cigarette like she's done every house before. Only now, finally, her empire is everything she imagined. Dario comes over, puts his arms around her...

DARIO
This isn't so bad.

DARIO
Esto no está tan mal.

GRISELDA
Thought you hated parties.

GRISELDA
Pensé que odiabas las fiestas.

DARIO
Give it a minute.

DARIO
Dame un minuto.

Griselda laughs. Considers the party, the house...

GRISELDA
Never dreamed I'd get this far.

GRISELDA
Nunca soñe que llegaría tan lejos.

DARIO
(smiles, gimme a break)
*This is exactly what you
dreamed.*

DARIO
(sonríe, hagáme el
favor)
*Esto es exactamente lo que
soñaste.*

She smiles, holding him, but the moment's interrupted by Rivi approaching with Armando...

RIVI
*Griselda. We have a problem.
(off her look)
Cops hit a stash house.*

RIVI
*Griselda. Tenemos un
problema.
(off de su mirada)
La ley allanó una caleta.*

From the look on her face...

530

INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - DUSK (N29)

530

Griselda sits with Rivi as Dario pours drinks...

RIVI
*It's small, the one we set it
up last June in Ft.
Lauderdale--*

RIVI
*Es pequeña, la que montamos
en junio en Ft. Lauderdale--*

GRISELDA
*So it's not even fucking in
Miami?*

GRISELDA
*¿Así que la hijueputa ni
siquiera estaba en Miami?*

Mood shifting that anger surfacing again--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
*We took out the head, took
away their money, killed
anyone who could be the mole.
How the fuck do they still
get a house we put all the
way out in Ft. Lauderdale?!*

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
*Los descabezamos, les
quitamos el billete,
eliminamos a los que podrían
ser sapos. ¡¿Como putas son
capaces de tumbarnos una
caleta en la puta mierda en
Ft. Lauderdale?!*

RIVI
We didn't get the mole.

RIVI
No atrapamos al sapo.

She downs her drink. Dario pours her another...

DARIO
*Or maybe they're fucking with
you, trying to get you to
react.*

DARIO
*O de pronto te están
jodiendo, tratando de hacer
que reacciones.*

RIVI

I'll do some digging, talk to our contacts, see if we can figure it out.

RIVI

Investigaré un poco, hablaré con nuestros contactos, veré si podemos resolverlo.

She nods, Rivi walks out. Griselda listens to the party outside, all those people here magnifying her fear...

GRISELDA

I just invited all these fucking people to our house, Dario. I would never have had this party if I didn't think we got the informant.

GRISELDA

Invité a toda esta puta gente a nuestra casa, Dario. Nunca habría hecho esta fiesta si no pensara que habíamos cogido al informante.

DARIO

Hey, those are our friends, ok? The informant isn't here. Relax. Let Rivi handle it. Come dance with me.

DARIO

Hey, son nuestros amigos, ok? El informante no está aquí. Relájate. Deja que Rivi se encargue. Vamos a bailar.

She nods, gives him that smile...

GRISELDA

Give me a minute, I'll meet you down there.

GRISELDA

Dame un minuto, nos vemos abajo.

But after he goes, the smile fades...

531 **OMITTED**

531

532 **OMITTED**

532

532A **INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N29)**

532A

Griselda looks in -- Rafa's talking to John Roberts and Max, Marta's near them on a couch. Griselda eyes Rafa and Roberts, laughing, then catches Marta's eye and gestures her over...

MARTA

What's up--

MARTA

Entonces que--

GRISELDA

Everyone's having fun?

GRISELDA

¿Todo el mundo está gozando?

MARTA

*Rafa and I already fucked in the bathroom.
(lifting dress)
No panty party. Dario may like your wet pussy more than that gold gun.*

MARTA

*Rafa y yo ya culeamos en el baño.
(levantando su vestido)
Fiesta sin cucos. A Dario puede que le guste mas tu cuca mojada que esa pistola dorada.*

Griselda smirks, then casual--

GRISELDA

Hey, you remember John talking to your cousin Fabio lately? Have they ever met or talked in private?

GRISELDA

¿Hey, has visto a Rafa hablando con tu primo Fabio hace poco? ¿Alguna vez se han visto o hablado en privado?

MARTA

Fuck, you're not worried? I mean who's touching you now?

MARTA

¿Mierda, no estas preocupada? ¿Digo, quien te esta tocando ahora?

GRISELDA

*(nods)
I just want to be sure.*

GRISELDA

*(asiente)
Solo quiero estar segura.*

Marta nods, but then, bit of a rich bitch, tweaking her...

MARTA

*Come to think of it, John and Fabio did meet last week.
(off her look)
It was probably nothing.*

MARTA

*Ahora que lo pienso, John y Fabio se reunieron la semana pasada.
(sobre su mirada)
Probablemente no era nada.*

Slipping her purple freebase pipe from her little purse.

MARTA (CONT'D)

How 'bout something a little stronger? Help you relax.

MARTA (CONT'D)

¿Qiere algo un poco más fuerte? Ayudarte a relajarte.

Griselda smiles -- now we're fucking talking. They have a seat on a couch. Lighting up, the high comes fast and hard, like crack. More mesmerizing and debilitating than powder...

MARTA (CONT'D)

*Mmm, that shit fucks me harder than Rafa ever can...
(touching her crotch)
Speaking of which, I'm fucking leaking. Grab me a drink?*

MARTA (CONT'D)

*Mmm, esa mierda me culea mas duro de lo que podría Rafa...
(tocando su entrepierna)
Hablando de eso, estoy goteando. ¿Me consigues un trago?*

She walks off, leaving Griselda sitting there, buzzing now, looking over at Rafa. She stands, heads back outside... *

533 OMITTED 533

534 OMITTED 534

535 OMITTED 535*

535A EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / PORTICO - NIGHT (N29) 535A

Griselda, Dario and Rivi talk quietly in a corner...

GRISELDA
*John and Fabio fucking met.
What if that douchebag's been
tipping the cops to undermine
me?*

GRISELDA
*John y Fabio se reunieron.
Que tal si esa porquería han
estado sapeándole a los
tombos para hacerme perder?*

DARIO
*Roberts is a dick but he's
not gonna risk coming at you.
And Marta just gets bored,
likes to play games--*

DARIO
*Roberts es un malparido pero
no se arriesgará a atacarte.
Y Marta se aburre y ya, le
gustan los juegos--*

But the fear and anger are spiraling, this sticks with her--

GRISELDA
*But fucking Rafa shot Arturo
right in front of me. I mean,
it could be any of them.*

GRISELDA
*Pero el hijupeuta Rafa mató a
Arturo en frente mío. Podría
ser cualquiera de ellos.*

RIVI
*And if you did kill one,
you'd have to do all three.*

RIVI
*Y si matas a uno, tendrías
que matar a todos tres.*

DARIO
*Hold up, who said anything
about killing?*

DARIO
*Espera, ¿quién dijo algo de
matarlos?*

RIVI
*We need to take this
seriously.*

RIVI
*Necesitamos tomarnos esto en
serio.*

DARIO
*But I didn't hear her say
anything about killing
anyone. Don't put fucking
words in her mouth.*

DARIO
*Pero yo no la oí a ella decir
ni una puta palabra de matar
a nadie. No pongas putas
palabras en su boca.*

Griselda's head starting to spin, listening to them, looks over the party, the music fades and VOICES from the crowd rise to her in the soft wind off the sea, like WHISPERS. *

Then there's a COMMOTION on the other side of the party. MEN SHOUTING, glass SHATTERING, crowd scattering because a FIGHT'S BROKEN OUT. She, Dario and Rivi hurry over to-- *

536 EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / POOL - NIGHT (N29) 536

Griselda sees a crowd gathered, Dixon and Sal shouting at each other, Uber holding Dixon back -- Carter holding Sal-- *

GRISELDA GRISSELDA
What the fuck's going on? ¿Que carajo esta pasando?

SAL SAL
Look what he did to me, Mira lo que me hizo, Griselda-- *

Seeing now -- his face is a fucking mess -- eye swelling, lip busted. Just what she needs-- *

GRISELDA GRISSELDA
Jesus Christ, Dixon-- Jesus, Dixon--

DIXON DIXON
Someone comes at us, they're coming at you, that's what you said-- Si alguien nos tira a nosotros te esta tirando a ti, eso fue lo que dijiste-- *

UBER UBER
Don't think this is what she meant-- No creo que esto es lo que quería decir--

DARIO DARIO
(helping hold him back) (ayudando a contenerlo)
Calm down. He's so high Calmanse. stá muy drogado,
Griselda-- Griselda-- *

GRISELDA GRISSELDA
What the fuck did I tell you about using?! ¡¿Que putas te dije de estar metiend0?! *

DIXON DIXON
You literally served coke as an appetizer! ¡Literalmente serviste coca como un aperitivo! *

She sees Dario glance at her, hint of judgement, losing it-- *

GRISELDA GRISSELDA
Fuck! I can't deal with this bullshit right now-- ¡Carajo! No puedo con esta mierda ahora-- *

And turns to storm off as -- John smirks, quiet to Rafa--

JOHN
Jesus, this family's a fucking six
car pile-up.

GRISELDA
(stopping) *
What did you say? *

JOHN *
(raising drink) *
"Great party".

Griselda eyes him, furious. But sees the guests, silent *
staring at her. Music's stopped. Nobody dancing. She takes a *
beat, pushing through it all to grab Estela and pull her *
toward the house, gotta save this party somehow-- *

GRISELDA
Bring the cake out now,
Estela.

GRISELDA
¡Trae el pastel ahora,
Estela. *

From Estela's nod... *

537

INT. CENTAC / EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT (N29)

537

June and Al are working, searching through the stuff from the
stash house raid -- notes left by telephones with phone
numbers, documents left in desk drawers and safes...

AL
So we got this tiny haul of drugs
and money and no clue if your
psychological play worked...

JUNE
Not just drugs and money, papers.
Something will jump out, that's how
I've always done it...

Al, watching her pick through the papers, unsure...

AL
But you have a plan here, right?
This wasn't just about you hitting
her back for Diaz?

Maybe a little bit but--

JUNE
We keep poking her, keep her
looking over her shoulder.
(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

She's shaky, Al. We pull the right card, the house comes down.

AL

Hopefully not on our heads.

JUNE

Jesus, you got any other questions or doubts? Because I'm happy to do this alone and you can go back to your staplers or whatever the hell it is you usually do.

He puts his hands up, sorry. June, quiet, as she works...

JUNE (CONT'D)

Or maybe it doesn't sit right, me being a step ahead.

AL

June, any questions I have are because I'm a step behind. I've never arrested a woman, I'm actually pretty bad at even talking to them.

(ADR LINE)

We took the guys down this 'fake informant' route, now it's on us.

JUNE

So what? You're asking me to decode the hysterical female psyche.

AL

I'm asking you what you think we should do.

June eyes him, realizes she's seeing threats where there are none. Offers an olive branch.

JUNE

You sure got a lot to say for a guy who's bad at talking to women.

He smiles. Then, picking up a paper...

JUNE (CONT'D)

Have a look at this, from the safe...

Handing him the paper. And from Al's look we hear singing, *FELIZ CUMPLEAÑOS* as...

538 EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / PORTICO - NIGHT (N29) 538

A massive CAKE is wheeled in, blazing with sparkler candles. It's in the shape of a tanned and smiling image of himself (looking more game show host than badass). Griselda sings, urging the others along, trying to get the party back on track...

As the song draws to a close, everyone CHEERS. Dario makes his wish and blows out the candles. Dancing starts up again. Griselda, satisfied, seemed to do the trick, everyone's mood improving. As the cake's cut...

DARIO DARIO
Hey, can we talk-- Hey, podemos hablar--

Griselda smiles, quiet, discretely slipping his hand under her dress--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
No panty party. Want your Fiesta sin cucos. ¿Quieres tu other present? otro regalo?

But he pulls her toward the pool balcony...

539 EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / POOL BALCONY - NIGHT (N29) 539

...seeing his face, she realizes now she misread this--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
What is it? ¿Qué pasa?

DARIO DARIO
Ok, look... I haven't said Mira... Yo no había dicho anything until now but this nada hasta ahora pero esto is all wrong. está todo mal.
(off her look) (off de su mirada)
First off, this party isn't Antes que nada esta fiesta no for me, it's for you. es para mí, es para ti.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
Me? I worked so hard to set ¿Para mi? Trabajé tan duro it up-- para armarla--

DARIO DARIO
Estela worked hard. Estela trabajo muy duro.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
We need to celebrate our Necesitamos celebrar nuestro success. Our lives have never éxito. Nuestras vidas nunca been better. han sido mejores.

DARIO

Look a little closer. Rivi's a fucking terrible influence. You use too much, killed all those people...

(a beat)

You want to know what my birthday wish was? That we take our "winnings", all the money we have and get the boys out of here while we still can.

DARIO

Mira con cuidado. Rivi es una pésima influencia, jugando sus juegos mentales. Metes demasiada droga, mataste toda esa gente...

(pausa)

¿Sabes cual fue mi deseo de cumpleaños? Que cogiéramos nuestras utilidades y nos largáramos con los niños mientras pudiéramos.

Griselda looks up at him surprised--

GRISELDA

I'm finally on top and you want to leave?

GRISELDA

¿Por fin estoy en la cima y tu quieres que nos vayamos?

DARIO

Better to get out on top.

DARIO

Mejor salirse estando arriba.

GRISELDA

Everything I do, Dario, you question. "You sure about that?" "You want to do that?"

GRISELDA

Todo lo que hago, Dario, lo cuestionas. "¿Estas seguro de eso?" "¿Quieres hacer eso?"

DARIO

I'm protecting you.

DARIO

Te estoy protegiendo.

GRISELDA

Or maybe you're the fucking informant.

GRISELDA

O a lo mejor eres el puto informante.

She regrets it as soon as she said it -- he walks out--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Dario -- wait--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Dario -- espera--

But he keeps going, heading TOWARDS THE DANCE FLOOR. Griselda stands there a long beat, then spots something on the floor under a table, picks it up -- a PURPLE DINOSAUR. Michael's toy. Her boy. Makes her sadder, somehow. Then Marta approaches, that enticing purr--

MARTA

Oh, Ms. Blanco-ooo, Dario can't have all the fun. I have a little surprise for you.

MARTA

Oh, Sra. Blanco-ooo, Dario no puede tener toda la diversión. Tengo una pequeña sorpresa para ti.

She steps aside to reveal SHEILA, a gorgeous, red-headed stripper...

MARTA (CONT'D)
Griselda, this is Sheila.

Sheila gets close, been waiting for this moment...

SHEILA
I keep hearing about a woman who
runs this town... who doesn't take
shit from any man...
(inches from her)
And that's so fucking hot.

MARTA
*Now this is what a queen
deserves.*

MARTA
*Esto si es lo que se merece
una reina.*

And off Griselda, switching gears, that smile...

540 **OMITTED**

540

541 **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / PORTICO - NIGHT (N29)**

541

Griselda and Marta stumble back into the party, laughing,
high out of their minds. Someone grabs Griselda's hand --
it's Carmen...

GRISELDA
Hey -- what's up--

CARMEN
I'm leaving, honey. Gotta get up
early. More money to clean.

GRISELDA
Thank you for coming.

Carmen's about to go, but leans close--

CARMEN
Careful with the pipe. You know how
it can get.

Griselda nods as she walks off...

MARTA
The fuck's her problem?

MARTA
¿Cual es su puto problema?

GRISELDA
She just worries. It's sweet.

GRISELDA
*Ella solo se preocupa. Es
tierno.*

MARTA

*That shit about the pipe?
Like she was watching you. I
mean, enjoy the fucking party
and get your nose out of my
business, bitch.*

MARTA

*¿Y esa mierda de la pipa?
Cómo si te estuviera
espiando. Mejor dicho
disfruta de la puta fiesta y
d'late de meterte en lo que
no te importa, perra.*

Griselda, in Marta's thrall, considers Carmen again, walking over to say goodbye to Rivi, coke necklace catching a flash of light, as if to say "it's her"...

GRISELDA

*Go get a drink, I'll find
you, ok?*

GRISELDA

*Ve por un trago, ahora te
busco, ok?*

She wanders off. Griselda walks over to Rivi--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

*Tell Chucho to keep an eye on
Carmen.*

*(off his look)
Something's up with her.*

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

*Dile a Chucho que le eche ojo
a Carmen.*

*(de su mirada)
Algo pasa con ella.*

RIVI

*Chucho didn't come tonight.
Stayed home with his kid.*

RIVI

*Chucho no vino esta noche. Se
quedo en casa con su hijo.*

GRISELDA

Stayed home with his kid...

GRISELDA

*Se quedo en casa con su
hijo...*

Rivi eyes her, knows what she's thinking--

RIVI

*But your house is in order,
Griselda. I got the figures
from the stash the cops hit,
a little cash, even less
coke. Not much.*

RIVI

*Pero tu casa está en orden,
Griselda. Tengo los numeros
de la caleta que cogió la
ley. Un poco de efectivo y
menos coca. No mucho.*

GRISELDA

*But how'd they get to it,
Rivi?*

GRISELDA

*¿Pero como llegaron a ella,
Rivi?*

RIVI

*Had some old intel, got
lucky.*

RIVI

*Tenían información vieja,
tuvieron suerte.*

GRISELDA

*(studying him)
You talk to our cop friends?*

GRISELDA

*(estudiándolo)
¿Hablaste con nuestros amigos
policías?*

RIVI
They got nothing else. I already started moving all the other stash houses. This week I'll do more "cleaning" so I am absolutely certain we're good. And you know now you're safe.

RIVI
No tienen nada más. Yo ya empecé a mover las otras caletas. Esta semana haré mas "limpieza" así que estoy absolutamente seguro que estamos bien. Y ahora sabes que estás segura.

GRISELDA
(unsure)
I know I'm safe.

GRISELDA
(insegura)
Yo sé que estoy segura.

RIVI
Relax, enjoy the party.

RIVI
Relájate, disfruta tu fiesta.

Griselda nods, but that's becoming harder and harder to do. As Rivi walks off, she looks around, everyone seems to look at her, whisper, necklaces flashing in the strobe. Her panic rising again -- the informant could be anyone here.

She has to get out of this crowd, backing away and...

541A INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / BEDROOM - NIGHT (N29)

541A

Griselda sits on the bed, blowing out a hit, pipe in her hands as she tries to calm down. A KNOCK at the door, Uber leans in-

UBER
Mom. Can I talk to you--

UBER
Mamá. Puedo hablar contigo--

She nods for him to come in, lighting a cigarette...

UBER (CONT'D)
This party, it's too much. I saw Michael Corleone using a coke straw to drink chocolate milk.

UBER (CONT'D)
Esta fiesta es demasiado. Ví a Michael Corleone usando un pitillo de coca para tomar su leche de chocolate.

GRISELDA
(not really listening)
It's all in good fun, Uber.

GRISELDA
(sin escucharlo)
Todo es por diversión, Uber.

UBER
(uncomfortable)
Well Dixon's freaking out, took off with his girlfriend.

UBER
(incomodo)
Pues Dixon se esta enloqueciendo, se fue con su novia.

GRISELDA
*Let him blow off some steam
instead of kicking the shit
out of my guests.*

GRISELDA
*Déjalo que se relaje un
poco en vez de estar cascando
a mis invitados.*

UBER
*Wonder where he learned to do
it in the first place.*

UBER
*Me pregunto donde aprendió a
hacer eso.*

Griselda gets the implication, lays into him in a way she
hasn't--

GRISELDA
*Listen to me you ungrateful
little shit, everything I do,
I do for you and your
brothers. Dixon was behaving
like a fucking asshole and
now you are too.*

GRISELDA
*Escúchame culicagado
malagradecido, todo lo que
hago, lo hago por tu y tus
hijos. Dixon estaba
portándose como un imbécil y
ahora tu también.*

Uber, hurt but covering, raises his hands.

UBER
Fine.

UBER
Como quieras.

She watches him go, draws her cigarette, that didn't feel
good...

542 **EXT. CARMEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N29)**

542

Carmen pulls into the driveway in her new Mercedes, heading
into the house, getting her keys out when...

JUNE
Carmen?

Startled, she turns to see -- June standing there...

JUNE (CONT'D)
Sorry, didn't mean to scare you. I
was waiting for you to come home.

CARMEN
I'm sorry, do I know you?

JUNE
(showing her badge)
June Hawkins. Miami PD.
(off her look)
It's ok, I just want to talk.
Thought maybe we could help each
other out.

CARMEN

I don't need your help.

JUNE

Well, you might.

Carmen turns to look at her.

JUNE (CONT'D)

We hit one of your boss's stash houses tonight. Someone got careless, maybe thought since it was out of town we'd never find it, and they left this in the safe.

(showing her)

It's a lease contract with the name of a company the house was rented to. City records say you own it.

(off her silence)

Renting a house that holds drugs and cash, that's not good. Definitely enough to get a warrant for all that company's financials. Wonder if those'll show us how you're laundering her money? That is how you're paying for this car and that house, no?

Carmen's silent. June steps close--

JUNE (CONT'D)

You like protecting someone who killed that many people?

(off her silence)

Look, I don't care about the drugs or the money. I just want to know about the murders. You talk to us, you get a deal. You don't, you go away a long time.

CARMEN

(beat, handing back paper)

Fuck off. This is bullshit.

June considers her a beat, nods.

JUNE

Nice necklace.

Carmen looks down at her coke necklace, flustered, turns to unlock her door with a shaking hand. June watches, walks off.

543 INT. JUNE'S CAR - NIGHT (N29) 543

June gets in. Al sits waiting...

JUNE
Not buying but definitely rattled.

AL
May be how you came out of the bushes at her.

JUNE
Thought I was pretty stealthy.

AL
Yeah, for a bear.

She laughs now. He does too. An unlikely partnership being born here...

AL (CONT'D)
So she takes the deal, we get further inside the organization...

JUNE
Or she talks to Griselda and we get further inside her head.

Al nods, starts the car...

AL
Beer or you gotta get home?

JUNE
Fuck it. I'll just be staring at the ceiling.

And under June looking back at Carmen's, finally progress, we hear it again. The slide projector... CA-CHUNK.

544 OMITTED 544

545 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N29) 545

Dario sits alone in the dark room, smoking, flipping through slides as he did at the top of the episode, clearly a habit. CA-CHUNK. CA-CHUNK. All the photos he's taken of the family over the last three years. A KNOCK, door opens--

ESTELA ESTELA
Fireworks are about to start. Didn't want you to miss it. *Los fuegos artificiales van a empezar. No quería que te los pierdas.*

Dario stops clicking through slides, takes a drag.

ESTELA (CONT'D) ESTELA (CONT'D)
Hey, you ok? *¿Hey, estás bien?*

546 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / BEDROOM - NIGHT (N29) 546

Griselda, troubled, looks out the windows. Lights another hit, then another, trying to think this through when...

BOOM -- she's startled by a massive CRACK like a gunshot. She jumps back, then turns to see--

FIREWORKS EXPLODING over the water, illuminating her face. She watches them, lighting the sky. One EXPLODES, beads of light descending through the sky and slowly becoming...

DARIO'S FACE. From the cake. One bead of light drips down his face, like he's crying.

Griselda blinks and he's gone. And now she makes up her mind, knows what to do...

547 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT (N29) 547

Griselda walks the hall, sees light under the closed door to the study. She smiles and opens the door and...

548 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N29) 548

Steps in, and her face changes--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
Dario-- *Dario--*

But she stops, seeing Dario sitting alone with Estela.

Talking by the light of the projector. It's innocent but feels very intimate, like they just kissed--

GRISELDA (CONT'D) GRISELDA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this-- *Que putas es esto--*

DARIO DARIO
Nothing we're just talking-- *Nada solo estamos hablando--*

GRISELDA GRISELDA
Talking is not what she does-- Hablar no es lo que ella hace--

ESTELA ESTELA
What?! Fuck you. ¡¿Que?! Coma mierda.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
What the fuck did you just say to me-- Que putas me dijiste--

Griselda lunges for her but Dario grabs her, holds her back--

DARIO DARIO
Griselda, come on-- Griselda, a ver--

He nods for Estela to go as he holds her back. Griselda shaking with anger, full of coke--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
Let go of me!! ¡¡Suéltame!!

Ripping away from him and running into--

549 **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / POOL BALCONY - NIGHT (N29)** 549

Where she throws the lid off his present and pulls out that gold MAC-10 -- chambers the clip, fury in her eyes as she charges into--

550 **EXT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / MOTOR COURT - NIGHT (N29)** 550

Griselda storms out of the house to see Estela driving off in her RED ESCORT. She SCREAMS, frustrated. Dario comes out--

DARIO DARIO
Griselda, put the gun down! ¡Griselda, baja el arma!

But she turns on him now--

GRISELDA GRISELDA
You fucking asshole. I'm worried about some stranger stabbing me in the back and look what you do! Malparido. ¡Estaba preocupada de que algún desconocido me estuviera traicionando y mira lo que tu haces!

DARIO DARIO
We were just talking. *Solo estabamos hablando.*

Stepping close--

GRISELDA

And what the fuck do you have to tell that little bitch, Dario? Were you complaining about how I castrate you again? How I don't let you kill for me anymore--

DARIO

Griselda -- stop--

GRISELDA

-- or how I don't listen to you and only listen to Rivi?! Poor little Dario--

DARIO

*(had enough)
You want to know what I was telling her? How you're a terrible fucking mother.*

Griselda, silent, hurt--

DARIO (CONT'D)

You ruined your boys and I'm worried you're going to ruin ours too.

Griselda looks at him, eyes on fire--

GRISELDA

I'm a terrible fucking mother... a terrible fucking wife...

She steps back, raises the gun at him now...

DARIO

Griselda -- come on--

GRISELDA

¿Y que putas tenías que decirle a esa perra, Dario? ¿Te estabas quejando de como te estoy castrando? Como ya no te dejo matar para mí--

DARIO

Griselda -- para--

GRISELDA

-- o como no te escucho y solo escucho a Rivi?! Pobrecito Dario--

DARIO

*(teniendo suficiente)
¿Quieres saber lo que le estaba diciendo? Lo mala madre que eres.*

DARIO (CONT'D)

Dañaste a tus hijos y temo que vas a destruir al nuestro también.

GRISELDA

Soy una madre terrible... una esposa terrible...

DARIO

Griselda -- vamos--

Putting her finger on the trigger, furious, but at the last second... turning and squeezing and--

Shooting the shit out of his BLUE CADDIE. A fucking storm of bullets, shooting his car to pieces -- bullets pocking quarter panels, shattering windows, flattening tires as she SCREAMS and--

CLICK, CLICK. Clip's empty. She stands there, breathing hard.

DARIO (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do?!

DARIO (CONT'D)

¿¡Que putas hiciste?!

JOHN *
(kneeling) *
Griselda, please, don't fucking do *
this. I'll pay you. *

She puts the gun to the back of his head-- *

JOHN (CONT'D) *
No, please, don't-- *

But she shoves him forward with the barrel so he's on his *
hands and knees, then whispers... *

GRISELDA *
Bark like a dog. You're my bitch, *
Johnny boy. Bark. *
(he does) *
Louder! *

He barks LOUDER. Griselda laughs, then turns the gun on the *
others-- *

GRISELDA (CONT'D) *
What the fuck are you all looking *
at?!

They back away, terrified-- *

CARMEN (O.S.) *
Griselda? *

Griselda turns to see her there, watching this, concerned-- *

GRISELDA *
Carmen -- what are you-- *

CARMEN *
Just put the gun down, we can talk-- *

Walks slowly toward her, hand out, has experience with this *
kind of coke meltdown, and knows her friend, sweet-- *

CARMEN (CONT'D) *
It's ok, Griselda. It's just me-- *

Griselda snaps out of it a little, seeing her friend, *
confused now... *

GRISELDA *
I was just... Carmen, Dario-- *

Shaking her head-- *

CARMEN *
We can talk about it, ok? Away from *
all these people. The two of us. *
(off her silence) *
Just lower the gun. *

Griselda doesn't move but Carmen steps closer, lowers the gun *
for her, puts an arm around her-- *

CARMEN (CONT'D) *
Let's get you out of here. *

551 **OMITTED** 551*

552 **INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT (N29)** 552

Carmen and Griselda sit on the floor of the walk-in, smoking.
Griselda's still spinning, Carmen rubbing her arm, trying to
calm her down...

CARMEN
It's ok. You're ok now.

Seems to work. Griselda lights another cigarette, calming
down, watching it burn, shaking her head...

GRISELDA
Fuck, Carmen. What did I do in
there? What the fuck was that?

CARMEN
Well, the pipe didn't help. But
that's also what happens when it's
you against the world.

Griselda looks up at her, what's that mean...

CARMEN (CONT'D)
You go to kill the monster, right?
The one that beat you up and put
you down. You fight and fight until
you forget why you're fighting.
Then one day you look up and...

GRISELDA
The monster is you.

Carmen nods, turns to her.

CARMEN
Listen, I've been there. And I want
to help you like you did for me.
(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Help you and the boys get out of here, start fresh. I've been setting aside clean money at the bank we can use to set up travel agencies in some other city.

GRISELDA

Sell trips to Puerto Vallarta.

Carmen smiles, *exactly*. Griselda considers, but...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Or I'll wake up in the morning and this will be over. It'll all be fine.

Carmen nods, maybe. A beat. Making a decision.

CARMEN

You want to know why I came back to the party tonight? That lady cop approached me.

Griselda looks up at her now...

CARMEN (CONT'D)

She's not stopping, Griselda. She's pissed and coming harder at us. CENTAC isn't over. None of it is.

But Griselda doesn't hear any of that. All she hears is...

GRISELDA

You talked to the cop?

CARMEN

I didn't say shit, I just want you to see it's--

GRISELDA

You had a conversation with the bitch that hit my stash house? That's been trying to take me down for three fucking years?!

CARMEN

Griselda calm down, it was nothing--

Griselda eyes her, *that's what the rat would say...*

GRISELDA

I have a rat in my organization, you talk to a cop and it's nothing?

CARMEN

She offered some bullshit deal and
I told her to fuck off--

GRISELDA

Offered you a deal?! What does she
have on you Carmen?

Carmen realizes in her desperation to save herself she's made
it worse, stands--

CARMEN

Just speculation. Look, I should
just go, we can talk tomorrow when
you're--

Griselda stands, stops her--

GRISELDA

You're not going fucking anywhere--

Carmen seeing the anger backs away from her, into the closet--

CARMEN

Griselda -- please, just calm down.

Griselda walks toward her--

GRISELDA

Is it you, Carmen? You're always
judging me with those fucking sober
eyes.

CARMEN

I would never do that to you, you
know that--

Carmen's run out of room, cornered against pantsuits--

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Please -- this is the drugs
talking. I'm your friend. It's me,
Carmen -- I would never betray you--

Griselda staring at her, looming over her...

GRISELDA

I don't believe you.

See now behind her back, Carmen grabs a hanger. A long, tense
beat.

CARMEN

I'm going to go now, ok? And we'll
talk in the morning--

She moves to step past Griselda when--

Griselda shoves her back and -- Carmen swings the hanger --
hits Griselda who stumbles back. If she wasn't sure before,
she is now--

GRISELDA

You fucking bitch!

-- charges into her, tackles her into the clothes, slaps her
hard...

CARMEN

Griselda-- please--

But Griselda gets hold of the coke necklace and yanks it
tight. Strangling her with it--

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Griselda, please, no--

The necklace snaps so Griselda dives in with her hands--

GRISELDA

Die you fucking bitch.

GRISELDA

Muérete perra hijueputa.

Yes, reminiscent of Fernando on top of her -- she has indeed
"become the monster". Carmen, gags, struggles, dying--

CARMEN

Please--

Griselda SCREAMS, not letting go, going to kill her when --

Someone yanks her off, tumbling back. It's Dario, holding her
down as Carmen gasping, runs out. Dario holds Griselda,
thrashing--

GRISELDA

Fucking let me go--

GRISELDA

Suéltame--

DARIO

Not until you calm down--

DARIO

No hasta que no te calmes--

She finally does, raises her hands. He lets her go. Both of
them breathing hard, lying in the mess...

DARIO (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?!

DARIO (CONT'D)

¿Qué putas fue eso?!

Griselda looks at him, silent. Stands and walks into...

553

INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / BEDROOM - NIGHT (N29)

553

...to find Marta's pipe sitting on the vanity. About to take another hit when Dario takes it from her--

DARIO
Oh, no. You've had enough--

DARIO
Oh, no. Has metido suficiente--

She looks at him, the windows are open in here, wind from the sea blowing in, lifting the shades, her reality fracturing, eyes moving everywhere--

DARIO (CONT'D)
Look at me, Griselda. Look at me. Carmen is not the informant. It's all in your mind thanks to this--
(holding up her pipe)
--and Rivi whispering in your ear.

DARIO (CONT'D)
Mírame, Griselda. Mírame. Carmen no es la informante. Todo esta en tu mente gracias esto--
(sosteniendo su pipa)
--y Rivi susurrandote en el oído.

He sits her down, lights a cigarette for her off his. She takes a drag...

GRISELDA
How's the party?

GRISELDA
¿Como esta la fiesta?

DARIO
Kind of ran out of steam after you forced the guests to fuck at gunpoint.
(off her nod, a beat)
You need to trust me, ok? Instead you fucking embarrass me in front of all those people?

DARIO
Se quedó sin fuerzas después de que obligaste a los invitados a follar a punta de pistola.
(de su asentimiento, una pausa)
¿Tienes que confiar en mi, ok? En camboi me avergüenzas enfrente de toda esa gente.

Griselda hears his anger. Exhales, leans back, a beat...

GRISELDA
You did it to yourself, Dario, soon as we found out about Michael you went soft.
(off his look)
You wanted me to stop, just take my territory. And I knew if I wanted to win, I needed someone like Rivi.

GRISELDA
Te lo hiciste a ti mismo, Dario, tan pronto supimos lo de Michael te volviste blando.
(de su mirada)
Querías que parara, que me quedara con mi territorio. Y sabía que si quería ganar, necesitaba a alguien como Rivi.

Dario, facing that, shakes his head at the starkness of it.

DARIO
*Griselda I'd just become a
father.*

DARIO
*Griselda, me acabada de
convertir un padre.*

She sees how hurt he is and something shifts again. She nods, looks over her giant bedroom...

GRISELDA
*I don't even know why I did
it now, Dario.
(off his look, a beat)
Kill all those people, hurt
you... For what? A giant
fucking walk-in closet?*

GRISELDA
*Ya ni siquiera sé porque lo
hice, Dario.
(de su mirada, pausa)
Matar a toda esa gente,
lastimarte... ¿Para que? ¿Un
puto armario gigante?*

A profound question. And his opening. He takes her hand...

DARIO
*We're both fucking rotting
here. This beautiful house,
all the money. We're fucking
rotting.*

DARIO
*Estamos pudriéndonos aquí.
Esta hermosa casa, todo el
dinero. Estamos pudriéndonos.*

Griselda looks down at her hand in his...

DARIO (CONT'D)
*I love you. Forget all that
other shit. Forget the
informant. Forget all you did
to get here. You see it now,
right? We have to get out.*

DARIO (CONT'D)
*Yo te amo. Olvídate de toda
esa otra mierda. Olvídate del
informante. Olvida todo lo
que hiciste para llegar aquí.
Lo ves ahora, ¿Cierto?
Tenemos que salirnos.*

She considers it a long beat. His hand in hers. She does seem to see it... Then the sea wind rises and lifts the curtains. Griselda's eyes flit, listening the wind...

DARIO (CONT'D)
Griselda?

DARIO (CONT'D)
¿Griselda?

And she takes her hand away from his...

DARIO (CONT'D)
*Griselda, I get the world
fucked you for so long but
not me. Never me.*

DARIO (CONT'D)
*Griselda, yo se que el mundo
te ha jodido por tanto
tiempo, pero yo no. Nunca yo.*

She considers him a long time, finally looks away.

GRISELDA GRISELDA
I don't trust you anymore, Ya no confío en ti, Dario.
Dario.

Simple as that.

GRISELDA (CONT'D) GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Now go. Ahora vete.

A beat. He stands and walks out. Griselda sits there a beat. Lies down on the bed with her pipe. Hitting it. The wind comes through the room and, now that Dario's gone, those WHISPERS RISE again... Through the cloud of smoke she says to them...

GRISELDA (CONT'D) GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Fuck you. Fuck all of you. Pa la mierda. Pa la mierda todos.

And as the high hits her, Depeche Mode's "JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH" rises as...

554 **OMITTED** 554

555 **INT. MUTINY CLUB - NIGHT (N29)** 555

Bright pastels, flashing dance floor. Dixon and his Girl, high as fuck, rip lines off the bar.

DIXON
Drink?

She nods. He steps over to get the Bartender as a Miami Vice looking dude sidles up...

MIAMI VICE DUDE
Hey--

DIXON'S GIRLFRIEND
Fuck off, asshole--

MIAMI VICE DUDE
Rather fuck you, baby.

Pinching her ass. She grabs a beer and swings but he ducks and smacks her and--

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Everyone falls to the floor. Turns. Dixon has a .45 out, aimed at the ceiling. Eyes blazing, lowers it at the guy--

MIAMI VICE DUDE (CONT'D)

Fuck, please, no...

DIXON DIXON
You're going to die, asshole. Vas a morir, pendejo.

DIXON'S GIRLFRIEND

Dixon--

He turns to see SECURITY, followed by COPS swarming into the club. Tucking the gun away and grabbing her hand to run...

556

EXT. CHUCHO'S HOUSE / FRONT YARD - NIGHT (N29)

556

Dixon's gold CHEVY CORVETTE rips over a curb and onto the lawn, spitting grass in the air, skidding to a stop and...

Dixon spills out of the car. He's panicked, POLICE SIRENS in the distance as he runs to the front door of the house, bangs on it and -- Chucho opens, bleary-eyed--

CHUCHO CHUCHO
Dixon? What the fuck are you-- Dixon? Que putas estás--

DIXON DIXON
I need help, Chucho-- Necesito ayuda, Chucho--

CHUCHO CHUCHO
What'd you do-- ¿Que hiciste--

Chucho's Wife emerges from within the house holding their little boy. He's awake, crying--

CHUCHO'S WIFE CHUCHO'S WIFE
Tell him to fucking go, Dile que se largue de aquí, Chucho--

Hearing the sirens--

CHUCHO CHUCHO
You brought the cops? ¿Trajiste a la policía?

DIXON DIXON
This asshole pinched my girl's ass and I lost my temper... You have to take the gun and hide me, say you did it-- Ese hijuputa le cogió el culo a mi novia y me emputé... Tienes que tomar el arma y esconderme, decirles que tu lo hiciste--

Chucho, the SIRENS -- Dixon -- his son crying--

CHUCHO'S WIFE
*Enough of this, Chucho,
please -- these people are
killing you--*

CHUCHO'S WIFE
*No mas de esto, Chucho, por
favor -- esta gente te esta
matando--*

CHUCHO
You have to go--

CHUCHO
Tienes que irte--

DIXON
*No, this is your job, you're
going to help me--*

DIXON
*No, este es tu trabajo, me
tienes que ayudar--*

Chucho confused, something snapping in him--

DIXON (CONT'D)
*Chucho? What the fuck is
wrong with you?!*

DIXON (CONT'D)
*¿Chucho? ¡¿Qué putas te está
pasando?!*

Dixon shoves him, trying to get him to respond. And from the look on Chucho's face, an anger we haven't seen he HITS Dixon.

Dixon stumbles back, grabbing his face, looking up at Chucho. Chucho looks at him, surprised he did that, realizing it was a mistake...

CHUCHO
Dixon--

CHUCHO
Dixon--

But Dixon runs off as...

557 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / BEDROOM - NIGHT (N29)

557

...Griselda lies in the bed, staring at the wall, sitting with her demons when a hand shakes her. She looks up to see Dixon. He looks terrible and scared. Has a horrible swollen red EYE. His shirt's torn on one side revealing red scratches. His pants are filthy. She squints at him--

GRISELDA
Dixon... What happened--

GRISELDA
Dixon... ¿Qué pasó--

DIXON
*I went to Chucho for help --
and he hit me.*

DIXON
*Fui a buscar ayuda a Chucho, y
me golpeó.*

Griselda, looking at her son, nothing touches that deep chord of anger inside her like someone messing with her kids.

558 OMITTED

558

559

INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / STUDY - NIGHT (N29)

559

Slumped behind her big oak desk, Griselda looks across at Rivi intensely...

GRISELDA
Dixon had some trouble. Went to Chucho for help but he fucking refused. And he hit him.

GRISELDA
Dixon tuvo un problema. Fue a donde Chucho por ayuda pero él se la negó. Y le pegó.

Rivi looks over and sees Dixon eye...

RIVI
He did that to you?

RIVI
¿Él te hizo eso?

DIXON
(nods)
I needed help and he was going to -- just give me up to the cops.

DIXON
(asiente)
Necesitaba ayuda y él iba a entregarme a la policía.

GRISELDA
He had to run and hide in a fucking drainage ditch for hours.

GRISELDA
Tuvo que correr y esconderse en una puta alcantarilla varias horas.

DIXON
You've got to teach him a lesson.

DIXON
Tienes que darle una lección.

Rivi looks to Griselda.

GRISELDA
Dixon, go get cleaned up. Get some rest.

GRISELDA
Dixon, Ve y arréglate. Descansa un poco.

Dixon nods, stands. Griselda waits for him to go, staring out the window a beat, then...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
I want you to kill Chucho.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Quiero que mates a Chucho.

RIVI
Kill Chucho?

RIVI
¿Matar a Chucho?

GRISELDA

It's him, Rivi. He's the informant. He wasn't here all night. No doubt talking to that CENTAC bitch.

(off his look)

That's right, she approached Carmen, probably just had more luck with Chucho--

RIVI

We don't know that--

GRISELDA

What I know, Rivi, is I'm having to do your fucking job for you.

RIVI

All due respect, my job has always been to help make you the most powerful person in Miami. You kill your own man on a theory, that's not power, that's fear.

GRISELDA

(erupting)

That motherfucker HIT MY SON! Dixon came to him for HELP! What more do you fucking want?!

Stepping to him now, lethal and furious--

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Dario was right about you. You think you've got some kind of "hold" on me, that I always listen to you and your weird fucking bullshit. Do what you say--

RIVI

I'm protecting you.

GRISELDA

Es él, Rivi. Es el informante. No estuvo aquí en toda la noche. Sin duda hablando con esa perra de CENTAC .

(de su mirada)

Así es, se acercó a Carmen, de pronto tuvo mas suerte con Chucho--

RIVI

No sabemos eso--

GRISELDA

Lo que sé, Rivi, es que estoy teniendo que hacer tu trabajo por ti.

RIVI

Con todo respeto, mi trabajo siempre ha sido en hacerte la persona mas poderosa en Miami. Si matas a tu propio hombre por una teoría, eso no es poder, eso es miedo.

GRISELDA

(estallando)

¡Ese hijueputa LE PEGÓ A MI HIJO! Dixon fue a donde él a buscar AYUDA! ¡¿Qué putas más quieres?!

GRISELDA (CONT'D)

Dario tenía razón sobre ti. Crees que tienes algún "control" sobre mi, que siempre te escucho a ti y tu mierda extraña. Que hago lo que me dices--

RIVI

Te estoy protegiendo.

GRISELDA

If one more man tells me he's protecting me I'm going to cut his fucking balls off. Tonight's made one thing clear, Rivi, there aren't many people in my life I can trust. And did you warn me about any of them? No. Frankly it's making me question my faith in you.

GRISELDA

Si un hombre mas me dice que me esta protegiendo le voy a cortar sus huevas. Esta noche me ha aclarado que no tengo mucha gente en mi vida en la pueda confiar. ¿Y me advertiste de alguna de ellas? No. Esto Me esta haciendo cuestionar mi fe en ti.

He looks up, the accusation there--

RIVI

I wouldn't betray you, Griselda, you know that.

RIVI

No te traicionaría, Griselda, sabes eso.

GRISELDA

Stop fucking telling me what I know! It's exactly the kind of bullshit mind game that makes me think you would betray me.

GRISELDA

¡Deja de decirme lo que sé! Es exactamente el tipo de juego mentale de mierda que me hace pensar que me traicionarías.

Rivi's silent, looks at her, testing him. Finally...

RIVI

Ok. I'll do it.

RIVI

Ok. Lo haré.

Griselda nods, watches him go, nodding at Dixon then looking out the window as...

560

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY (D30)

560

Chucho looks so tired, like a dad that's been up all night, because he has. A McDonald's bag next to him, he drives, HUMMING to himself, a song we can't quite make out as...

Rivi pulls up a few cars behind him in a BEATER. Armando's driving. Rivi sees the light up ahead go yellow and loads his semi-auto, this is their chance...

Chucho sees the light go red and slows to a stop. The song he's humming is clearer now -- it's a lullaby. He reaches down into the passenger seat next to him and now we see--

His little son, JOHNNY CASTRO asleep on the seat. Chucho was singing to him, driving in endless circles for hours to help his boy sleep. He runs a hand over his son's leg, and that's when he spots it in the passenger mirror -- Rivi's BEATER roaring up.

In the beater, Rivi lifts his gun and -- OPENS FIRE as--
Chucho hits it, racing through the red light, bullets pock
the car, shatter the windshield and... Rivi watches him go.

560A INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / VARIOUS - DAY (D30) 560A

Sun shines through the house, glasses, bottles everywhere,
remnants of the party as...

561 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / BEDROOM - DAY (D30) 561

Griselda wakes with a start to see Rivi sitting there,
staring at her oddly. He nods. She nods back, emerging from
the haze, turns to Dario's side, empty. Takes a moment, then
sits up, everything coming back to her, turning to Rivi...

GRISELDA
Did you--

GRISELDA
Lo hiciste--

RIVI
(shakes his head)
I missed him, Griselda.

RIVI
(meneo la cabeza)
No le dí, Griselda.

GRISELDA
So he's alive?

GRISELDA
¿Así que esta vivo?

Rivi nods. She lies back. Fingers the cross on her neck...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Thank God.

GRISELDA (CONT'D)
Gracias a Dios.

Rivi's silent, something else on his mind.

RIVI
*If you still doubt my
loyalty, I can go work for
someone else.*

RIVI
*Si aún dudas de mi lealtad,
puedo ir a trabajar para otra
persona.*

She looks at him, certain now of his devotion to her.
Strength returning...

GRISELDA
*That won't be necessary,
Rivi. Thank you.*

GRISELDA
*Eso no será necesario, Rivi.
Gracias.*

Griselda looks out the windows, sunshine sparkling off the
Atlantic. A new day.

562 OMITTED

562

563

INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / LIVING ROOM - DAY (D30)

563

Griselda comes in to see maids here now, cleaning up the mess. Dixon, Uber and Ozzy on the couch eating cereal and watching morning TV, backs to her, ruffles Uber's hair...

GRISELDA	GRISELDA
<i>Morning.</i>	<i>Buenos días.</i>
(no response)	(no responde)
<i>Hey, I'm talking to you guys--</i>	<i>Hey, estoy hablando a ustedes--</i>

Still nothing. She comes alongside the couch, seeing now, the looks on their faces. Uber and Ozzy, stunned. Dixon, looking at the floor...

GRISELDA (CONT'D)	GRISELDA (CONT'D)
<i>What is it?</i>	<i>¿Que pasa?</i>

Uber just nods to the television where she sees a NEWS REPORT:

TV REPORTER
...Early this morning the body of a small boy was found on the steps of a local mosque...

ARCHIVAL IMAGE: Of a small body in a communion suit lying on the steps of a mosque, roses in his dead hands.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
The boy has been identified as Johnny Castro. Believed to be the son of Jesus "Chucho" Castro, the two year-old was shot three times in a drive-by shooting.

Griselda takes a step back...

GRISELDA	GRISELDA
<i>No.</i>	<i>No.</i>

Uber, a long beat, turns and looks at her. Says nothing. Doesn't need to, it's all in his eyes, *What did you do?* Dixon still just stares at the floor. Ozzy, sad, quiet...

OZZY	OZZY
<i>Someone killed Chucho's son, mom.</i>	<i>Alguien mató al hijo de Chucho, mamá.</i>

Griselda looks at her boys, at the realization... *she did that.* Trying to hold it in, she turns and runs out...

564

OMITTED

564

565 INT. GRISELDA'S MANSION / MICHAEL CORLEONE'S ROOM - DAY (D30) 565

Griselda walks in to Michael Corleone's room. She watches her little boy, asleep in his bed a long beat. Then she reaches down and picks him up...

GRISELDA GRISELDA
It's ok, baby. It's mama. Esta bien mi bebé. Es mama.

Sleepy-eyed he holds onto her. She feels him against her, resting his head on her shoulder. And it's too much. She starts to cry.

Behind her, a figure steps into the doorway. It's Dario. He stands there, watching. He looks at the floor. *How the fuck did they get here?*

565A INT. JUNE'S HOUSE - DAY (D30) 565A

June stands at the door of ERIC'S bedroom. He's now 16, lanky and hormonal. She watches him flip through a car magazine...

JUNE
Any cool cars this month?

ERIC
What do you care?
(as he flips through)
You're never here and when you are
you're totally in your own world.
Now you want to talk about cars?

JUNE
(beat, nods)
I'm going to work. Clean up the
kitchen for me?

He nods. She stays there a beat watching him, turns to go...

566 INT. CENTAC / OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (D30) 566

June heading to her office, stops at the door to the conference room, seeing her CENTAC crew silently watching news coverage of the murder. Al steps beside her...

JUNE
Any word on Chucho Castro?

AL
Looks like he and the wife left
town. How are you doing?

She nods to their CENTAC crew...

JUNE

Other than letting everyone down.

AL

You got to her, June. They know that.

JUNE

(nodding to TV)

Look what it cost.

He sees what's wrong here. Quiet, intimate.

AL

You hit a stash house and tried to turn a witness, that's it. You did not kill that child. She did that.

She nods, silent, unsure.

UNIFORM(O.S.)

Sergeant Hawkins?

They turn to see the Uniform walking toward them.

UNIFORM (CONT'D)

Someone here to see you. Says you know her?

Then they see, Carmen following him. June and Al share a look. June walks to her...

JUNE

Carmen, what can I do for you?

Carmen, a beat, exhausted, hard words to say...

CARMEN

The deal you offered... I'll take it.

And from June, looking at Al... they're in.

END EPISODE.