

INT. TORN UP CORNER BOOTH - SEED'S BAR - NIGHT

SCAT sips club soda; late 30s with pox marks and rotted teeth; he looks older. Two stacks of newspaper wrapped cash in front of him; one much larger than the other.

SCAT

You take it; seize it. Don't you stand on no sideline. No! That is a SIN! And sinners are punished.

DIEGO, 20s, is nervous. He glances at MATEO, also 20s, in dirty, dusty clothes. He stares back. Scat's hand slaps the small stack of cash!

SCAT (CONT'D)

You bring me this, I dunno, either not trying or too stupid to care.

Diego wants to run. Mateo sighs.

MATEO

He gonna make it right, Scat; all night he has to.

Scat snorts, nods; pulls the two stacks in.

SCAT

You goin' with him.

MATEO

Hey --

SCAT

You vouched, 'Teo. You make his stash match yours. Hear me!

Scat finishes his drink. Mateo motions for Diego; they exit. The bartender, TED, sashays up with a fresh soda; takes the empty.

Ted's thin with precise, animated movements; clean shaven and cares for his appearance. His clothes ironed; out of place in this dive.

INT. BAR - SEED'S BAR - NIGHT

Poor lighting, except for neon strung around the bar length mirror; a place to drink incognito. It's dead inside, one employee, two customers. No one looks happy.