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Blood In, Blood Out

By Jimmy Santiago Baca

So what's the difference
between East L.A. and L.A.?
It's a whole different country.
Hope it works out better
for you here than in Vegas.
It's got to. It's home.
You're not gonna get anything
like this in Las Vegas.
You got that right. I been dreamin'
about these for 18 months.
Eighteen months.
Say hello to your mother.
And stay out of trouble.
Hey! Hey!
Jesse! I'm gonna need a trim, homes.
Miklo, tell those wetbacks to step
on it, or they ain't gonna get paid.
- Did you hear what I said?
- I heard you!
Get their asses movin'.
I got two more trucks on the way.
I'm already humpin',
and you ordered too much.
That's 1,500 bucks worth of mud.
Now you tell 'em to get it down,
or they can pay for it.
Your mistake. Tell 'em yourself.
Don't ever take the side of a Mexican
over your father. Just tell 'em!
Fuck you!
You ungrateful little punk!
I'm the one that kept you out of jail!
You love 'em so much,
get a broom and you can get
the same thing they're gettin' paid.
- And I'll get a man to run this crew!
- You son of a bitch!
Find yourself another slave, Dad!
I wish I could have seen
your father's face.
You beat him up.
Don't worry, Mama.
He ain't never gonna touch you again.
- Not after what I done.

- I know that cabrn.
He'll turn you in.
Miklo, come. Help me. Do me up.
I need that money.
Whoo, baby. Cold hands.
Just six little days?
Bingo! I'm home free.
June 28th. My birthday, remember?
I'll be off probation.
A birthday. Ooh, 18.
But to me you're always
gonna be my little chavalito, huh?
Oy, e, I'm late.
Beto hates to wait.
Hey, Miklo. You can stay with your Aunt
Dolores, huh? Come on. We'll drop you.
Dolores?
Dolores!
Oh, it's so good to see you.
Ay,, Paco! Paco, ven aqu...
You're so tall.
- How long are you here?
- Uh, I'm back for good.
- Your probation is over?
- No, no. Um, he's got
a birthday coming up.
Look, um, I gotta go.
Dolores, Miklo's gonna stay
with you for a while, okay?
- Why?
- Because you have so much more room.
I love you, nino, huh?
Lupe, you may be my sister, but I'm
tired of taking care of you! Grow up!
Look! I have tried
to be like you! I can't!
- Your life would drive me crazy!
- What about your son?
- The Pillsbury doughboy's back in town.
- Back for good, homes.
What's happening, man?
Thought you was never comin' back, eh?
So what's up? You couldn't hang
with your white boy daddy or what?

Paco, uh, Miklo's gonna be staying with us for a while, huh? Make room for him. Chale, ain't no one sharing my bed and TV but a woman.

- This puto's stayin' in the garage, eh?

- Oh, yeah?

Pues, sabes qu, Mr Chale. You're not the rooster here, huh? This is my house. Miklo's your cousin. Take this electric bill over to Mano and tell him it has to be paid this afternoon. Better keep the blankets over your head, pendejo... so your fluorescent skin don't keep me awake all night.

- Come on.

- Hey, check out this fucking "3 P," ese. Since when do we let Tres Puntos get away with that shit, homes? Big badass vato. 3 P ain't nothin' but a bunch... of fuckin' paint sniffers who sneak in here at night.

- They ain't about shit, ese.

- They are shit, ese.

So why the fuck do you come all the way back here, eh? Fuck you. I'm gonna kick your ass, milkweed. Come on, Jolly Green Giant! I'm gonna kick your ass, milkweed! You better run, white boy! This is Quetzalcoatl, the great Aztec poet king. He ruled the kingdom of Aztln... that was from Mexico all the way up here to Califas.

- Sexy mamasota.

- Pay attention, pelao. I'm gonna teach you all about Aztln... 'cause this vato's coming back some day

to reclaim the raza's kingdom.

- Why do you put my initials on?

- Because you help me, ese.

We did it together, carnalito.

- Hey, Paco, what's up, homes?

- Chale, ese, you can't sneak up on us.

Not with Luis's

feathered watchdogs on duty.

Oy, e, El Gallo Negro

looks pretty mean, ese.

I put some feria on him.

- Cruzito!

- El Miklo! El Miklo Velka!

What's happening, ese?

- When'd you parachute in, milkweed?

- Today, from Vegas.

Ooh! High roller.

- Miklo.

- Hola, Ti Mano.

- Miklo!

What are you doing here?

- How's your father?

- Oh, he's, he's okay.

My mom wants you to pay that.

When you gonna pay your share?

Chale, I'm on the KMart

pay-as-you-can plan, eh?

You done anything

about the Corps?

I talked to the recruiter Bentley.

He's waiting for you.

And take orders

from a jarhead like you?

Forget it.

I ain't with that party.

You eat and you sleep in my house,

and as long as you do...

don't you talk to me like that!

I wanna stay with Cruz.

- Have you done your homework?

- Yeah.

In the truck.

Hey, take it easy on Mano, homes.

He just wants you to work.

Hey, he's your dad, not mine.
Let him tell you what to do, eh?
I'm just telling you, ese.
You don't have to mad-dog me.
So does that ranfla
burn or what, eh?
Chale, it's a customer's ride, man.
We can't use it.
That's bullshit.
Where do you want to go, Vegas vato?
That tree is East Los to me.
It's good to be home.
- They'll give the prize to you, homes.
You're the best.
- Not bad for a Chicano, eh?
Oy, e, Cruzito.
You still have
your quills and inks?
All right. Get down, James Brown.
Put the needle in, huh?
I want my VL tattoo.
Hey, take a look in the mirror, gero.
Does it snow in L.A.?
Does a white boy get a VL placazo?
No, he don't.
I'd have my placa now if the judge
hadn't thrown me out of East Los.
Chale, you wouldn't
have shit, milkweed.
It's some serious shit, homes.
It don't wash off.
First sign of trouble,
you'll be running back to
your white boy daddy in Las Vegas.
Oy, e, Miklo.
Just wait till your number's
called, ese. You'll get one.
Folsom and Indiana,
possible vehicle violation.
First Street, 8703.
Fuck, man.
I'm on probation, man.
- Always fuckin' with us.
- Cool it, ese!

What seems to be the problem, sir?

Bumper clearance

has gotta be at least ten inches.

- Oh, really?

- You in the car.

Registration, licence.

You do this to people

in Beverly Hills, eh?

Take off the glasses, please.

You look familiar.

You got a record?

Y-Yes, sir, he's got a record.

He's got a great record.

"The Black Rooster."

Thirteen K.O. 's.

And he's got

a great right uppercut.

- You, uh, used to train

at the Boy's Club, didn't you?

- Two years.

Second division Golden Gloves,

till, till he broke his wrist.

- Yeah, I remember.

- See?

This your car?

Well, I-I just painted it, sir.

What do you think?

It looks nice.

Listen, uh, just raise up

the bumper a few inches, okay?

Like your uppercut.

Ah, it's all right, Joe. Let's go.

Hey, you know who that kid was?

Didn't have that fuckin' badge between

us, we'd see who hassles who, eh?

- Shut the fuck up, ese.

- Don't be using my boxing any more, eh.

Don't be stupid, ese.

He just tried to save our asses, home.

Hey, I let you put my hat

off my head once, vato...

but you better keep

your fuckin' face outta my business

before I put you down, milkweed.

Come on. Let's get this ranfla back.

You know it.

- You hungry, Miklo?

- I got the munchies, homes.

We get back to the cantn,

we'll get some refino.

See if Mama Dolores made some...

...those cookies

your mom used to make.

Chocolate baked...

Even a white boy

should like chocolate.

- Hey. Come here.

- Pull it up a little on your end.

Check it out, homies.

Who is it?

Right in our own

fuckin' alley, homes!

- But those fuckers crossed the line, eh.

- Into dead man's land, ese.

- You packin' a filero, homes?

- Chale, just my dick in my pants.

- We gotta do something, man!

- Don't fuck around, ese!

Oh, we gotta do something?

Well, do something then, Rooster.

- Chale, why do you...

- You're listo. Come on. You're ready.

Come on. You want your placazo

so bad? Do something.

- Let me see the colour inside you.

- Leave it alone, ese.

- Come on, come on.

- Hey, what the fuck's

wrong with you, ese?

That's what I thought, Amarillo.

- Leave it alone, carnal.

- Watch me, Jolly Green Giant!

Hey, fuckin' kamikaze.

Miklo, wait!

Hey, pinche loco, man!

This ain't no pinche card game, ese.

Hey, life's a risk, carnal.

What the fuck is he doin', ese?

He's locote, homes.
- Don't fuck him up, ese.
- Milkweed's got some balls, ese.
Oh, he's gonna start
some pedo, homes.
- Hey, hurry up, ese!
- What are you in a hurry for?
You got a date or something?
Let the homeboy get down.
Fuck these punks!
I'll come in here day or night.
I'm taking over this barrio.
Get down, Demon.
Throw that puto sign on these punks.
They can't bust a grape,
can't kick no dust. Shit!
Oh, no! Shit!
I'm gonna fuck you up,
you Casper-looking motherfucker!
Get in the car, Demon!
You crazy shit you!
Javier!
Shit!
Fuck you putos, ese!
You oughta be ridin'
a tricycle, Spider!
Spider, puto, you paint our wall,
I'll paint your ass, ese!
Why you wanna bust up
our ride around, punk?
Fuck you, Candelaria!
We're taking over this barrio!
- Try it, Spider!
- Now get outta here, punk!
Ladies and gentlemen, it, uh, gives me
great pleasure to announce...
the winners of the Los Angeles
City, Schools Annual Art Competition.
- And the first one
is from Lincoln High School.
- I told you.
Cruz Candelaria.
Come up here, Cruz.
So, Cruz, here's your plaque,

your award of honour.
And much more important
than this plaque, however...
I want to give you this,
which is your scholarship...
from the Los Angeles
College of Design.
May you have tremendous
success in the future.
Ow! Cruz!
I want to thank especially...
especially mi abuelito...
my grandfather, my father...
my stepmom, Dolores,
who I love very much...
y Los Vatos Locos.
Whoo! Viva Los Vatos Locos!
Poke him deeper, ese.
Make it last.
You want me to hold you down, eh?
Como crying!
Hey, Cruzito,
you almost done, man?
I need you to stitch my khakis.
This afternoon I got my prize,
ese, and now you get yours.
Hey, your blue eyes
are turning brown, ese.
Caquita brown.
This is it, ese.
No more going back
to Fantasyland...
and believing the cat
never catches Tweety Bird.
Chale, not here, ese.
You know it.
Now you home with us,
and defend the barrio.
- Vatos Locos forever.
- Forever!
Forever.
- Whoo!
- Forever.
- Baptize him.

- Listen...
- No, no, no, no!
- Hold still.
- Just calm down.
It don't hurt. It don't hurt.
- Ah.
- Hold still, eh.
Yeah, homes.
Another one, another one.
Hey, that was cool what you did,
jackin' up those jokers, eh.
Cool, eh.
Come watch this cartoon.
It's really funny.
Have some respect.
Ow! Not bad for a loco
from the barrio, eh?
Can you imagine?
Nobody ever went to City Hall...
Cruzito, you are
a lone stallion among mules.
You're gonna become a legend,
like Pancho Villa or Joaquin Murrieta!
To Cruz!
Ow!
- Who's that lady,
- Who's that lady,
- Beautiful lady,
- Who's that lady,
- Lovely, lady,
- Who's that lady,
- Oh, y, ou're fine, lady,
- Who's that lady,
Esta es mi pachanga,
so have a good time!
'Cause I'm crying out to y, ou
If I tell y, ou to pursue
Oh, y, ou can look, girl
but don't touch, baby,
- No, no, no
- Huacha, Chuey. Huacha, Chuey.
Huchalo, Chuey.
Who's that lady,
- Ow!

- Who's that lady,
- Sexy, lady,
- Go on, Chuey!
Who's that lady,
- Beautiful lady,
- Who's that lady,
- Oh, y, ou're fine, lady,
- Who's that lady,
- I would dance upon a string...
- Hey, Frankie, let me borrow
the keys to your brother's GTO.
Hey, yeah? What do you
think I am, a pendejo?
Oh, culero, see how you are, ese?
See who paints that portrait
of your girl like you wanted me to.
Oh, pinche Indian giver.
Hey, you promised, eh.
Hey, you're an Indian giver, ese.
Hey, me la ray, o, vato. I'll paint your
ruca firme like that, all naked y todo.
- Put some gas in it, ese.
- Hey, don't be putting stains
on Frankie's back seat, homes!
- Or the front seat,
or anywhere else, vato.
- Yes, I am
- Searchin', searchin'for my, baby,
- Orale, Cruzito.
Searchin', searchin'for my, love
Mira, huacha, huacha, huacha, Cruz.
I'm searchin'for my, baby,
- Hey.
- I'll find her
Thought you said
you was gonna be at this thing.
Huh? Guess what.
I got Frankie's brother's GT.
- You did?
- Yeah, you know it, mi hija.
So what's up? I thought you said
you was gonna be at this thing,
and then you didn't show up.
- You didn't tell me what time.

- Oh, well, let's dance, ruca.
- I love y, ou...
- Orale, Cruz.
I need y, ou by, my, side
For my,
For my, dream girl
I'll never, never
never have no peace
- Let's get outta here.
- No, no, no, no, no
Hey, where's Cruz going?
Hey, come here, homes!
- Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Hey, hey, no way, homes.
- Wait!
- Where you goin'?
- But...
Cruz gonna open a present now, eh.
Oh, s., baboso.
Like you don't know. Come on.
I'm gonna take you out
with a knockout, homes.
- Orale, Juanito. Put up
your dukes, eh. Guard yourself.
- What do you think I'm doin'?
- Hit him with a right!
Hit him with a right!
- Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit.
But Bobby Chacon rises
and dusts Chu Chu Castillo.
- Pa-pa-pa pow-pow.
Picks him up, spins him around.
- Come on. Let me go!
Your skin's so soft, mi hijita.
Will you paint my picture?
I'm gonna paint you
like an Aztec princess.
- Hold me
- Hold me
- Hold me
- Hold me
I want y, ou...
Ooh, looky, looky.
Can I have some?

I like mine rare.
Ye-pa, ye-pa, ye-pa!
What door do I pick?
This ain't your turf, ese!
Get him out!
Get him out, gero!
No!
- Kick his ass, motherfucker!
- Fuck him up, Kool-Aid!
Get back for the kids
for that fuckin' bat! Come on, punk!
Let's give this Vato Loco a joyride!
We gotta teach these putos a lesson!
They ain't gonna
fuck with us no more!
I'm taking his VL placa!
It's mine forever, ese!
What are you kids doin' up there?
Get your old man ass
back inside now, punk...
before I put you to sleep!
Let's get the fuck outta here!
Let's party!
Tres Puntos own this barrio now!
My back, my back!
He's still under the anaesthetic.
I gotta go back in.
Your son has multiple contusions.
The thoracic vertebrae in his back
is broken. It's very serious.
When will we know if he'll be okay?
His spleen is injured, so I gotta go
back in to try and stop the bleeding.
If he gets an abdominal infection,
he might be in for a prolonged stay.
I'm sorry.
That's all I got to say right now.
We got the Vatos here.
Get the door!
- Tres Puntos are gonna pay
big time, homes! Big time!
- Shut up!
Shut up! We ain't gonna
be hitting 'em tonight, eh.

They're gonna be waiting for us tonight.

We're gonna get 'em tomorrow morning.

In the daylight?

It's Sunday, ese.

Well, they ain't gonna be
going to Mass, pendejo.

Gimme that! You don't
think I want 'em, eh?

You don't think I want 'em?

I got some poison for a spider,
eh, but for tomorrow.

Paco. Paco.

Hey, hey, cool it, ese!

- What are you doing?

Get out, all of you!

- We can't let those punks...

- Come into our barrio and
start pushing us around, eh.

- Just get out of here!

- What are you doing? Those are
mi carnales. They're my family.

- I'm your family!

then we are nothing!

- Fuck that! Come on!

- Yeah, homes, chale!

Paco! Paco, mi hijo!

- No, Miklo.

- I'm sorry, T.a.

I like the country, ese!

Hey, Kool-Aid, put that little jalapeo
back in your pants, ese.

Hey, homey, I was just
marking our new territory!

Check out the new view, homies!

I'm gonna build myself
a righteous pad here.

Swimming pool,
white picket fence and shit.

- Save me some.

- Come here, baby.

- Don't. They're watching.

- Come here. Gimme some.

- No.

- Whoo-hoo-hoo-hooey!

Yeah!
Check it out, Spider.
I don't know why,
you treat me so bad
After all the things
that we could have had
Love and emotion
I can't forget
- My, sweet 16 I will never regret
- It's that punk from the alley.
- Hey, Spider!
- Vato Loco must be on
medication to come here.
You cut my carnal!
I'm here to jack you up, puto!
Hey, let's cut the motherfucker!
- What do you vatos wanna do, ese?
- Chale, homies.
You gotta pay your dues
to me, pinche mamn.
You wanna throw down, puto?
Come and get some!
- Chale, motherfucker!
- Hey, fuck you!
You want another placazo, badass?
Come and get it, motherfucker!
I'm gonna cut your fuckin' eye out,
punk, and kill you!
Fuck these other vatos, ese!
Get up, Chuckie! Get up!
You fuck with my familia, eh,
you gotta answer to me here and now.
Come on. Toe to toe!
Let's go, motherfucker!
Let's see what kind of man
you are in daylight!
What's the matter, Spider,
you a-scared of me?
I'm gonna catch you on
the fuckin' rebound, punk!
I'm gonna squash you like
the pinche bug you are.
Come on, motherfucker!
Fuck! Die, motherfucker!

Where you goin', chaval? Get up.

- My rib's broken.

- You ain't talkin' so bad now, ese.

- Oh, my rib!

- You wanna know how it feels like?

You wanna know how it feels

like to get stuck, puto?

Come on. Get up.

- Get up!

- Fuckin' punk!

What are you runnin' for, bitch?

Shouldn't oughta done that

to my brother Cruzito, ese.

You know what I mean, jellybean?

- Fuck!

- You wanna dance?

I know a tune

that's called "stick and cut."

You like dancing to

"stick and cut," ese?

Huh, puto?

Miklo, hold him down!

Look at him!

Property of Vatos Locos.

In case the dog catcher

wants to know.

Motherfucker!

Let him up, milkweed!

Let him up!

Hey, Jorge.

We got him for Cruzito, ese!

He's marked for life!

Paco, no! Cruz is alive, ese!

Yeah, look at him.

The dog is belly up!

- Whoo! Viva Los Vatos Locos!

- Viva Vatos Locos!

Yeah!

Viva Los Vatos Locos!

- Let's go, homes!

- Let's go, man!

Damn it! Fucker!

Die, pinche puto!

No! He's dead!

- Come on. Let's go, homes!
- No!
- Shit!
- Where's he hit, man? Where's he hit?
Chuey, get his shirt off, homes!
Take it easy, Miklo!
There's blood everywhere! He's hurt bad.
- What the fuck are you doing, pendejo?
- Watch the corner!
You're gonna kill us!
You're gonna kill us, Paco!
Shut up, Frankie! I gotta
get him to the hospital, homes!
No! I don't wanna go to
no hospital! People die there!
Man, you're shot! What are you worried
about, ese? I'm taking you to County!
No! Let me out!
- I ain't going to no hospital!
- Hey, get your ass back in here!
- Watch the van!
- No!
Get out of the road!
Here they come, Paco!
- Let's get outta here, Paco!
- Step on it, Paco!
Oh, shit!
Watch it, Paco!
- Oh, hang on!
- He's still there, vato!
You cry, we die! Shut up, homes!
Come on, homes!
Step on it, man!
He's gaining on us!
They ain't gonna do shit, vato!
Huacha, homes, huacha.
Chicano U-turn, homey!
- Puro ricochet!
- There's no fucking jura...
in this town, ese,
can do a Chicano U-turn!
- Right on, carnal!
- Hey, you just hang on tight, Miklo.
You're gonna be

as free as a bird, vato.
- Whoo!
- All right!
They're down on Floral!
Get rid of them, Fuentes!
Hey, this is your
papi's shotgun, homes!
- Throw it out the pinche window!
- Relax, homes!
Those are pinche tourists!
They ain't gonna get nobody, homes!
I got a big-time chistoso
for these putos...
right down here
on Indiana Street, homes.
Me la pelan, tourists!
Look out!
- Go!
- Come on! Let's go, Paco!
Come on, Miklo!
We gotta go, homes!
- Come on, eh!
- Paco, come on!
- Run, carnal, run!
- Vatos Locos forever, carnal. Let's go!
Come on!
Shit!
- Freeze!
- Show me your hands!
Show me your hands!
- My cousin is shot, homes. You gotta...
- Get 'em up!
- Come on. Get against the car!
- You gotta help my cousin, homes.
- Get against the car!
- He's hurt.
- Get 'em up!
- My cousin's been shot, homes.
- Don't move.
Get up against the car! Go, move!
- Cuff him!
- Hey. Hey, help out my cousin.
He's been...
Shut up and get against the car!

Paco... Ah! Paco!
Paco!
Keep the pace, man. Come on.
Keep it going. Keep it going.
Come on.
Some fresh meat
just come in, carnal. Look!
Come on, Ryder.
One more time, man.
Come on, man.
Come on, Ryder.
What the fuck we got here?
- Can you believe that shit?
- Follow that man.
- 58-271.
- Okay, come on.
Pick it up. Let's go!
- Velka, B69-345.
Pick it up. What you strollin' for?
Move it along. Let's go!
Hey, baby, long time since
I had a West Texas ballroom bitch.
- How 'bout you bein' my old lady?
- Say, you, black baby.
This bull been corralled up
for a long time.
I got what you need.
Put that punk in a cell with me.
Orale, blue eyes.
- Look over here.
I got something for you.
- Come on, girl.
You don't listen to anybody but me.
Do you understand that?
I'm the man. I'm the boss.
Do you understand?
Now, walk!
Go to the door.
White sign over the door.
Your chains will come off, you'll drop
your drawers, and you'll be home.
Welcome to San Quentin.
- InmateJones, 5 15, y, ou have a visitor.
- Name?

Carney.

- What's your number?

- Um, I don't remember, sir.

Learn it.

Sweeney, B56-212.

Robinson, B28-398.

- Short hairs.

- Do what you wanna do.

- Look who's there.

- Hey, Cruz, look what Grandpa got you.

- Not bad.

- Hey, Juanito, doesn't he look good?

- Yeah, homes.

- How you doing?

- Hey, homes. That operation you got?

- Yeah. All right.

It makes you look
good as new, homes.

Wait till you see your surprise.

- Surprise?

- Just around the corner.

Can you believe this?

The Corps is making a man of him.

- Hey, carnal.

- Qu'iubo, champ. I'll walk from here.

Oh, no, no, no, Cruz, no.

Mi hijo, do you think you should?

Oh, yeah, I'm...

Let me and Paco walk
by ourselves to the car.

Can I go?

Can I go with you guys?

- We'll go.

- Can I go with you guys?

I'll... I'll see you in a minute.

Okay, mocoso?

- Go with Mama. Bye.

- We'll get the car. Dolores.

Bye, mi hijo.

- I'll be all right.

- Hey, Cruzito, see you at the car, huh?

- Later, homey.

- He doesn't look so good.

You all right, man?

I can do it.
Pinche pierna, homes.
Let me do it.
More, more.
- Those help you?
- They don't do shit.
Morphine's the ticket, though.
Shit. I can't run. I can't sleep.
I can't play the accordion.
- Hope I can still paint, carnal.
- You will, carnal, you will.
A fuckin' marine, ese.
Yeah, it was either this
or jail, right?
But after boot camp, I ain't
so sure it was such a good deal.
A lot better than Miklo, homes.
Pobre milkweed.
- Boys, we just won on the Raiders game.
- Way to go!
I need my gym shoes, man!
Wanna buy some cigarettes?
What's happenin'? How are you?
- Hey, baby.
- Hola, pretty.
- Are you blond all over?
- Get your hands off me, faggot!
Ooh, how his blue eyes just light
right up when he get mad.
Leave me alone, man!
I'll kill you, bitch!
Oh! You will?
Where the fuck you get that placa,
Little Bo Peep?
You're on the clock, bitch,
and midnight is comin'.
You got the wrong man.
Oh, he's hot!
- Miklo Velka.
- Soy, Popeye.
There's some vatos you should meet.
Most of these cons don't clique.
It's the gangs
that run this place.

- What you got?
- See that black dude
with the comb over there?
the Black Guerilla Army.
Don't take nothin' from him,
or you'll end up...
with that Black Power comb
through your heart.
Those polar bears over
in the corner, that's Aryan Vanguard.
The AV-ers. Those white boys
control the dope trade...
do freelance killings,
anything for the right price.
Hey, why not
take it out in trade?
You bet cash, you lose cash,
you pay cash, pimpmobile.
Soon, or I'll have to hire
Red Ryder here and his AV boys...
to cut some fat off
that tongue of yours!
Or maybe you'd like to swap for
some of that tender white meat.
You can pay your bets with that.
Suave, Al.
I'll pay you what I owe,
but don't try scaring me...
with your AV insurance
policy 'cause remember...
I got a policy with Ryder too.
He knows better than
to mess with a good customer.
Since business is so good, I suppose
I'm gonna have to raise the rents...
on both you lame-ass fucks!
Fuck him.
Ya estuvo, Beto. It's over.
Why the fuck you let these putos
disrespect you like that for, ese?
- Hey, you take it easy, carnal.
- You're wrecking it
for the rest of the homeboys.
Hey, I'm just showing

this homeboy around, okay?
It's Miklo, from el barrio.
You're the sucker
that dusted Spider?
Well, if a rep is what
you're lookin' for, killer...
then I'm the man you want.
Tres Puntos like Spider.
- Ooh, I'm the bogeyman!
- He pissed in his pants.
Come on, carnal.
Get the fuck outta here
before I make you my bitch.
- He's Tres Puntos, ese.
- Hey!
That's street bullshit, ese.
It's different in the joint.
We clique together for power,
to protect ourselves.
So Tres Puntos or anybody strong enough
to stand with La Onda is okay.
- What's La Onda?
- Some questions you don't ask.
- Got some smokes for you.
- I don't even smoke cigarettes.
In the pinta, that's like cash.
Got a little something else.
Some juju weed.
Yeah, I smoke that now, vato.
Hey, you don't mind if I keep you under
my wing for a little while, you know.
- I mean, I gotta take care of you, huh?
- Okay, vato.
- Hey, we homeboys, right?
- Fuckin' A. East Los rules, vato.
Gracias, carnal, okay?
- All right, you white bitch.
Gimme some chon-chon!
- Stay away from me.
You get nothing
for free in here, punk.
- Ah?
- Okay.
Ah? That's right,

give it up. Oh, shit!
You want me to take it, huh?
You want me to rape you,
eh, puto? Huh?
Let's see the colour
of your blood, gabacho.
I'm gonna cut that fucking plac
off of you.
You ain't no Vato Loco!
Huh?
Est bien, Montana.
Keep your business off this tier.
Ese, Pepe don't belong in La Onda.
It's low class.
We're better than that.
Chale, my business
has nothing to do with La Onda.
- You're part of the clic
- Mira, vato, I was Onda
before you were, huh?
Keep your whores in the rec room.
Get that fuckin' thing out of here!
Popeye's getting on my nerves.
Come on, you debutantes!
Got a once-a-year special on pork chops!
Sweet thing!
This shit'll make a man impotent...
but you ain't goin'
to no prom soon.
So, eat up, folks. Eat up.
Shit, man. Ain't nothin' but fat
on that bone. Gimme another chop.
Hate like hell to disappoint
your gods, bro, but unless you got
a carton of smokes, no seconds.
Motherfucker!
- Allah is blushing!
- I ain't no Muslim, man.
All right. Hey, how about
a little wager on this weekend's game?
Your odds stink, and I ain't movin'
till I get another chop.
Move on, nigger, before I carpet
my cell with your black skin.

- Hey, mother...
- All right, what's the hold-up?
Johnson, move it.
Punk-ass motherfucker!
All right, all the rest of you hungry
bunnies, get 'em while we got 'em.
There's your chop.
You happy now?
All right,
now for my brown brothers.
Sorry, no tortilla.
Wait a minute.
There's a ray of sunshine
in all that darkness down there.
Come up here, sweetness.
Come on, muvete.
You're keepin' all these
hungry beaners waitin', baby.
- Move on down!
- Get out of the way!
- Hey, what are you doin'?
What's the hold-up?
- Oh, it's okay, Sarge.
He was outta line.
He was in here before.
- Gimme your tray, homes.
- Come on!
You're catchin' a ride
on the wrong train.
You oughta be up here at the front of
the line, ahead of those jungle bunnies.
I don't take no free tickets
on no one's train.
Now you take a ticket,
or you get run over.
and eat with the white folks.
Know what I mean?
Flirt on your own time, Albert.
She's jealous!
- Hey, where's my chop?
- That was the last one.
Hey, I want my fuckin' chop, puerco.
Please be courteous to the help.
We've run out.

We only get pork once a year.
I know you got more back there.
Only for the kitchen detail.
Perhaps one of them might sell you one.
- I ain't buyin' what's mine!
- You know the fuckin' trip, homes.
No freebies.
Your mama was a freebie!
Hey, tough guy.
You want a write-up?
Maybe you wanna go to lock-up, huh?
Move it! Come on.
We got ten minutes here. Let's eat.
You sold our meat, Al.
You been gettin' by
with that shit too long.
We ran out. It happens.
Now move on, flycatcher.
Got hungry men behind ya.
you chickenshit motherfucker.
In your dreams, Pedro.
In your dreams.
Where the fuck do you think
you're trespassing into, huh?
- What do you want?
- I thought you wanted it.
- What?
- My chop.
I don't want his pork chop.
I want his life.
Oy, e, why don't you go play
with the polar bears...
or the may, ates?
They are tu estilo, Toluca.
- What's Toluca?
- That's the Aztec ball court.
Where you lose, you die.
- I'm gonna drop you, white boy!
- Go ahead, drop me.
I ain't afraid to die.
Come on! Come on! Come on!
Reggie! Carlo!
Hey, boy, that shit wouldn't happen
if you were up here with Daddy.

Fuckin'...
You speak Spanish, gero.
So do parrots.
I'm in here for backing up a carnal.
I killed a Tres Puntos 'cause
he was gonna take out my partner.
Soy, Chicano.
Chicanos killing Chicanos
is what they want.
Blacks and Chicanos killing
each other is what they want.
That's how they run this place.
Once we get together,
they don't run shit.
You got a lot to learn
about being Chicano, gero.
I'm no lightweight, and the colour
of my skin shouldn't keep me out.
White is the enemy.
White's the system.
You're stuck in the middle.
All my fuckin' life
I've been kept out.
You know what that feels like?
Knowing you're a Chicano...
and no one accepts you
'cause your skin came out white?
My mom's as brown as you are...
and my white dad tried to beat
every ounce of her outta me.
But you know what?
He couldn't do it.
Chicano's not a colour. It's the way
you think and the way you live.
And if you're willing to give up
your life for a carnal.
I'm here to do that.
Use me. Use this.
You said it.
Everything's based on colour, right?
I can get places you can't
'cause my skin's white on the outside.
But I'm brown on the inside,
to the bones.

The only way into La Onda is
to take down one of our enemies.
In your case, it would
have to be somebody big.
Someone who we can't hit without
losing a lot of carnales.
Gimme a chance!
Trust me. Just one chance!
Respect is everything, gero.
You ready to die for it?
Blood in, blood out.
Start cookin' breakfast

at 4:

Start dinner at 2:00. I'm startin' you
on pots and pans, with the niggers.
Thanks for nothin'.
l-I'll take whatever I can get, Al.
- Whatever you say.
- That's right, babycake.
I knew you'd wise up, sunshine.
- That greaser pimp can't do
half what I can do for you.
- Sounds nice.
Hey, Gil. Tell Red Ryder I got
that protein powder he wanted.
See that? You learn to treat me right,
and you get it all.
Food, coffee, cigs, drugs.
Hell, the works.
Come on over here.
Hey, clear outta here.
It's off-limits to everybody
but me and the staff.
Hey. You like that?
- Oh, that's nice.
- Yeah.
So's this.
So this is where you keep
all the goodies, huh?
Some of'em.
- Pinto beans?
- No pintos for you, baby.
Nothin' but Texas barbecue.

- How 'bout it, sweetcheeks?
- Just remember, Al!
I fuck who I want, when I want.
All right. It's all right.
Take it easy. It's all right.
You treat me right, everything's
gonna be all crimson and clover.
Popeye tried to take it.
Almost bit his dick off!
Well, I can wait, baby.
That spic's a pig, got no class.
Just don't make Daddy
wait too long.
Come on now. Come on.
- You wild little bitch.
- This is just a sample.
- I'm gonna fuck your brains out.
- When I'm ready, Al.
When I'm ready.
The prices, they're so high.
- The prices don't mean nothing
unless they sell that much.
- I wanna stay!
Cruz, I've been looking
everywhere for you.
- I'm saying goodbye to my family.
- We were just leaving.
- Hey, Cruz, can you buy me
a low-rider when you get rich?
- Thanks for all you've done for our son.
- Please.
- A low-rider when you get rich!
- A low-rider.
- I wanna stay with Cruz.
- Bye, Alicia.
- Come with me, Cruz.
People want to meet you. You've
got to circulate. You're the artist.
You make them look so noble,
so, uh, fuerte.
I paint what I see.
So you really like it, huh?
- Oh, yes.
- I'm sorry, but I've got to

take him to a press photo.

- We'll bring him back in a few minutes.

- All right.

Janis, wh-what are you doing?

They were gonna buy something.

- Ah, they're looky-loos,
window-shoppers.

- How do you...

- How do you know that, Janis?

- Look, I thought we agreed
to keep tonight strictly business.

Yeah. So?

They went in.

How come they went in?

We both have a lot at stake, Cruz.

Don't let them blow it.

But, gentlemen, your names are not
on the list, and if you don't have
an invitation, you can't come in here.

Look, we don't need our names
on the list, ruca.

You see that face up there?

That's me.

Well, whether that's you or not, it
doesn't matter. Miss Weinstock needs to
say that it's okay for you to come in.

Have yourselves a good time.

Enjoy yourselves.

There. There's my invitation, okay?

Hey, hey, hey. L-It's okay, Belinda.

It's all right. It's all right.

- It's okay, Belinda.

- It's okay, Belinda.

Hey, Cruzito. Congratulations.

- Come up for an abrazo, ese.

- Orale, Gilbert. In a minute, homes.

Come check out the carrucha, carnal.

Cruz Candelaria, vato.

This is big time, homes.

Oy, e, it's too bright in here, ese.

Too much white.

Hey, Cruzito, homes.

What happened to our invitation?

- What, are you ashamed of Frankie?

- Are you ashamed of me, homes?
I'm glad you came, but why did you have to bring Gilbert, that culero?
- You know Gilbert can smell money from across town, homes.
- No shit.
- He came to help you spend that plata.
- Oh, shit, I can't pay him now, ese.
- I've only got ten bucks to my name.
- What, with those prices?
Hey, shit,
I ain't sold nothing, ese.
Well, maybe if we jack up a few of these maricones, vato.
- I got the guy in the bell-bottoms.
- And I'll take everyone without a bra, vato.
Be cool, ese.
I'm trying to hold it together.
Gilbert wants his full payback before he's gonna give us any more credit.
- Be quiet.
- No, you f...
Relax. Here, have some pisto.
I'll see what I can do, all right?
- He says he'll take this price.
- Tell him I'm not negotiating.
The price is so low now, it's a steal.
- He'll probably pass.
- That'll be his loss.
Listen, Janis, I need a cash advance.
Can you help me?
- I've already given you three advances.
- I need some money, Janis.
What good is it to have a show if I don't sell anything?
Cruz, most of your paintings are already spoken for by important collectors.
- What?
- You'll be completely sold out by the end of the night.
Sold out? All of it?
Well, then why can't I get

some money tonight then?
Doesn't work that way. The cheques go
to the accountant to be processed.
No! I need some money now!
Do you understand me? Tonight!
Come on. I sold out,
so I deserve some, right?
You've got a brilliant career ahead
of you, Cruz, but all that talent
can go right in the garbage.
Think about that when you're
getting high with your friends tonight.
Please, no Baptist sermons,
okay, Janis?
Strictly business, remember?
Thank you.
I got a hot tip, Al.
How's my credit?
- Hey!
- Oh, come on. Don't be that way.
Nothin' like poppin' that cherry,
huh, Al?
Red Ryder, your mouth, your mouth.
- Lakers won in overtime, Al.
- Oh!
Give him a green one.
No, the other green one.
Why do you keep bettin'
on them L.A. teams, Lightning?
She looks a little bowlegged
to me, Al.
You're gonna always
be runner-up, punk.
I'm still gonna cut that VL placa
off of you, sissy.
Hey, Pancho, don't be a sore loser.
Get the fuck out of here.
I don't want that greaser pimp
even talking to you. Understand me?
Tomorrow is your day, gero.
Tonight you must read the black book.
These are the killing points. The arrows
show where a man can be killed.
Hit a man here or here,

and he dies slowly and painfully.
Hit a man here or here,
and he dies instantly.
When you get to the kitchen in the
morning, look in the largest stockpot.
Geronimo will be watching.
If you're successful tomorrow,
you'll become one of us.
If you fail, you die.
Hey, no, I got that, Howie.
Let a real man do the job.
It's all yours.
All right, you slaves!
I want them things cleaned
in one hour. Now, move it!
You, get to work!
Come on now. You heard the man.
Let's do it. Let's do it. Let's do it.
- You got to do what the man says.
- Hey, come on, man!
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, my back!
Oh, it's so hot!
- What do you want me to do?
- Somebody get that off! Oh!
Oh, it's burning my back! God! He burned
my back on purpose! I know he did!
- It hurts, damn it! It hurts!
- I know it hurts!
I can't do nothing for you.
Put-Put it... Put-Put it away!
Put it away!
Hey! What the fuck
are you doing in here?
I'm sorry. Excuse me. I didn't know.
- What are you doing in here?
- I didn't do anything.
- This room is off-limits.
- You shouldn't be in here, babycakes.
- All you men, back it up.
- What do you want?
- I'm sorry. I just wanted
more steel wool.
- You are fucking up, Al,
letting this kid in here.

- That's okay, Bob. He's cool.
- Cool, bullshit. Nobody else is supposed to know about this.
- I won't say anything.
- Shut up!
- It's all right, Sergeant.
He does what I say.
Hey, I am not risking everything for some piece of ass!
Just a goddam minute. You get paid plenty for your risk, right? Am I right?
- Yeah, right.
- Well, all right then. Now, get moving. We got plenty of trips for you to make. And remember, I got a receipt for every dollar you got in that money belt.
Hey, what the fuck are you looking at? Get your ass right there, stand there and don't move!
Bob, cover that money up.
How long does it take you to get back here from the parking lot?
- Fifteen minutes.
- All right, I expect you back here in... in ten.
- You keep this damn door closed.
- Don't you give me orders. You just make sure nobody sees you leaving here.
God damn you, you little bastard! Don't you ever come in here!
I done told you!
Now get the fuck out of here!
You little prick tease! I'm tired of you swinging your precious little ass around like you own the joint!
You haven't put out worth shit!
I'm sorry, Al.
I fucked up. I know.
Forgive me.
I thought you were alone.
- Get out!
- Please don't hold it against me.
- Shut up!

- Please?

Let me make it up to you.

I know I've held back,

but I'm not gonna do it any more.

We don't have a lot of time.

Come on.

Let's get to it.

- Hurry up. Hurry up.

- I'm gonna lick you clean.

- Do it, bitch.

- Lay back and enjoy it.

- Shit!

- I'm telling you, man.

Lieutenant, I don't know

what you're talking about.

Oh, you're trying to insult my
intelligence? You're Onda, he's BGA.

Look, I know you're

the gang coordinator,

but you side on the wolf ticket.

- Shit!

- Come on.

- Don't bullshit me.

Have a heart.

I'm trying to stay out of trouble.

I just want to get out of here.

I can make something of my life

before I get too old to enjoy it.

Al, I told you to keep the door...

You fuckin' little shit!

Okay, gentlemen, it was just

an accident. Get back to work.

You got breakfast to make.

Man down! Let's go! Storage room.

Man down. Let's go.

God damn it!

You all want to fuck with me?

Sergeant, I want you

to shake this place down.

I want the ID and background

on every man in here.

All right, I want to know who did it.

Somebody in here gets 25 years,

or you're all dead, so take your pick.

You shut up!
I wanna know who did it.
Everybody in here goes into lockdown.
No exercise, no rec room, no sunshine.
Get out of there!
No nothin' until I get some answers.
And until I do, you're not
gonna see the light of day.
Sergeant Devereaux!
Sergeant Devereaux, I want you
to strip-search these men.
Everyone here is going
to do time in the hole.
- Hello!
- Hey, big fella.
- You'll get it.
- Say, Sarge, where's the food?
- You'll get it! It's on its way.
Sarge, throw us the damn food, man!
If I don't get that damn book
and money back, you're not gonna
walk off this cell block alive.
- Do you understand what I'm saying?
- Your name's in that book, Bob.
- Hey, Bob.
- What?
Can I get an extra dessert tomorrow?
Hey, push this cart over here!
Let's move, man!
I'm getting hungry up here!
Shut the fuck up.
- Whose are they?
- They're a friend
of my brother's, home.
But he won't say shit.
He's asleep anyway.
- You're gonna get in trouble
if he wakes up.
- Nah, fuck that.
All right!
Hey, see you later, homes.
- He's gonna get pissed at you.
- No, I'll kick his ass.
- Hey, Cruz! I thought Chuey...

- Hey, man, this ain't no playground.
- Damn!
- Oy, e, pendejo,
you don't know how to knock?
I'm sorry, but it's cool.
I know what's up.
Chale, it ain't cool,
and you don't know what's up.
You understand?
I'm sorry. Your place is great,
and I wanna come back.
Okay, carnalito, but be cool. You can't
just barge in anywhere you want.
- All right.
- Go upstairs and watch TV
until Mom comes.
I took his shoes
and I threw them.
Go on. Go upstairs and practise so you
can be a badass like Bobby Chacon.
- Simn, eh?
- Hey, hey, hey!
Tell Mom that my back was hurting
so I had to take a nap, all right?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, vete.
What the fuck's wrong with you?
You can't fucking be sonando yourself
when my carnalito's around.
- That's cool, homes.
- It ain't cool, homes.
Come on, Cruzito.
Come on, man. Come on down.
This will cure
your back pain, homes.
Ah. Painting those 22 masks
is a drag, homes.
I'm tired of this assembly-line shit.
It's money in the bank, Cruzito.
Paint some rucas, homes.
It's all right, she said
It's all right
- Take any, thing y, ou want from me
- Take the pain away.

Hey, paint some rucas naked.
Oh, man.
Ese, I don't want to spend
the rest of my life...
decorating rich people's
fucking living rooms.
Oh, I want to do
something different, ese.
You know, the way
that I see it, Cruzito...
you know, homes, you take the money
and you run, vato.
Yeah. I'll peddle for you, eh.
Fuck 'em, man.
I'll paint what I feel.
Fly, on, little wing
This is your bautismo, gero.
We created La Onda, the seven of us.
This is the inner circle.
Everyone is a capitn
and commands his own soldiers.
We all have an equal vote,
but I am the elected spokesman.
This is the last time
you will ever sit in this circle.
You've proven yourself,
so we're admitting you into Onda.
It's a commitment for life.
As a soldier,
you will answer to this council...
and carry out our orders
without question.
Failure to do so is death.
Blood in...
blood out.
Please, somebody!
Juanito?
God!
Help! Somebody, please help!
Help!
- Don't touch him! Don't touch him!
- What's wrong, Mom?
- Leave him alone!
- Mom?

Stop it! You!

You did this, you bastard!

- We got to get out of here, Cruzito.

- Juanito!

- There's nothing left!

- Cruz!

Please bring my baby back.

Please.

There's nothing we can do! If we don't
get outta here, we're fucked!

Okay? Come on, please!

- Juanito?

- Come on!

Please get up. Oh, come on.

You can do it.

Get up. Please, son, get up!

Oh, God, no!

The Lord is my shepherd.

There is nothing I shall want.

Fresh and green are the pastures
where He gives me repose.

Near restful waters He leads me
to revive my drooping spirit.

Surely goodness and kindness shall
follow me all the days of my life.

In the Lord's own house
shall I dwell...

forever and ever.

Let us begin. In the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Let us offer our prayers.

Beloved...

Not now! Not ever!

You are dead to me, like Juanito.

Let us pray.

Lord Jesus Christ,

by Your own three days in the tomb...

you allowed the graves of all
who believe in You to be made holy.

So you made the grave a sign of hope
that promises resurrection...

even as it claims our mortal bodies.

Grant that our brother Juanito
may sleep here in peace...

until you awaken him to glory.
Then he will see You
face to face...
and in Your light, we shall see life
and know the splendour of God...
for You live forever and ever,
amen.

It's okay, jefito.
You can cry if you want.
The Aryan Vanguard's been insulted.
You spics knew Big Al had
an insurance policy with the AV.
So when your little lamb strays
from the flock...

I'm gonna kill the boy!
I heard that.
Al deserved to die.
Besides, your AV-ers owed him
more money than anybody else.
He still dies.
The council has authorized me
to make a substantial cash offer...
to assure nothing happens to Miklo.

- I'm listening.
- Half of Al's cash.
Eight thousand dollars.
We're now open for business.
You don't give me squat.
You don't even do business
unless I say you can.
You understand?

So?
So, what are you giving
on the Lakers-76ers?
Give the puto four on 76.
76ers and four points.
- Give me the Lakers for a hundred.
- I'll take some of that action myself.
Miklo, if Onda's going
into business, carnal...
people have to know they can trust us,
so treat everybody the same.
The AV-ers control the dope, and the
BGA-ers are trying to move in on them.

We'll do business with both of them.
Money knows no colour, carnal.
Everybody likes to gamble.
All right, all you little old ladies.
It's the milkman!
Come on. It's time to collect
all that milk money.
That's all I can do. I'll give you
a half point more, that's it.
- Yeah.
- All right. Hey, man,
that's the point spread.
- Gotta be cool, bro.
- Be cool.
Christmas time. Pancho Villa.
We gotta start helping
our gente get out of here.
You should be ashamed.
Quit looking at boobs.
Look at a boob tube,
compliments from El Mero Mero.
My BGA brothers. Pockets!
Gotta get rid of that natural look,
go back to processing.
- You'll look like me, vato, huh?
- Hey, how about those Raiders, chump?
It's gonna be two-for-one, bro.
Two for me, and one for you!
Hey, man, don't talk to me about credit.
I got debts as thick as a phone book.
Now that Mosca and Flaco
are getting transferred down to Chino...
we'll have a base close to
the courts in Los Angeles.
Give 'em some money
so they can set up a legal fund.
- Recruit some soldiers.
- You got it, jefe.
Come on!
This is my parole picture, huh?
Hey! You only get paroled once, huh?
Magic. Something to remember you by.
All right. Okay. Here we are now.
All right, vato. Take a picture.

Oh, come on.

Hey, I got people waiting.

Ready?

You know, I grew up about ten blocks from here, but this place blows my mind, Carmen.

It looks like Hawaii, man.

My father planted this 40 years ago.

Created the whole Yucatan right here.

Carmen's the best chef in all of East Los.

- Is that right?

- Uh-huh.

Suck on this liquorice stick.

It's been dipped 20 times to make you hump all night long, Paco.

With you two around, I ain't gonna need no marriage counsellor.

- I like your style, Paquito.

- I'll check it out.

I know this shit is good, 'cause, like, the last batch you made... was dynamite, man.

But the only trip is,

I'm wondering if you can supply the quantity that I'll need, see?

- I mean...

- First the money.

Then the honey.

All right, look.

You see my homey out there?

You got nine more grand.

Now show me yours.

Get him a caja.

- Okay.

- Make sure not to shake the baby food.

PCP is very explosive.

Boom!

I'd hate to lose

such a handsome customer.

Mmm, Mommy. That feels good.

You might need it for later, hmm?

So did you really make this stuff?

You a chemist?
I worked in a medical lab.
Hey, baby.
Have you ever had a threesome?
What's the matter?
Too much for you?
No, I just like business
before pleasure.
- He's a fucking cop!
- Rollie, get in here now!
You son of a bitch!
No!
No!
You killed my baby! My...
- Oh, it's PCP! Don't breathe!
- Motherfucker! Get this shit off of me!
Oh, shit! We gotta get you
to the hospital. No, no, no.
Get me a hose! We gotta wash
this stuff off. Don't breathe!
- Shit. It's a bust, ese.
- God damn it.
We lost the fucking lab
and Clavo's money.
That pinche loan shark's gonna shit!
How we gonna pay him back now?
- We lost everything.
- Mira, mira, there's Carmen, eh.
- Come on, man. Turn around.
- Who's that?
- What?
- Hey, she's signalling someone, man!
- Hey, hey, Paco, get back here!
- We gotta wash that stuff off you!
- Draw in the perimeter!
- Wilson, call it in!
Block Mario in on the radar!
- Police! Stop the car!
Pull over the fucking car!
Stop the car.
Put your hands on the steering wheel
right now and keep your hands up!
- Let's go. Out of the car.
- Careful, careful.

You two, out of the car.
Orale, that's a nice placa
you got there, ese.
You should be riding with me,
not fucking with me, carnal.
Don't you call me carnal, you piece
of shit. I'm not your brother.
Scumbags like you
are killing off our kids.
- What an example to set for the kids.
- Listen, you motherfucking rat punk!
I'm gonna put you and your rat clicca
back in the joint, you hear me?
- You keep talking. You keep talking!
- All right, all right, Paco.
- Let's... Hey! Let's go.
- Check the trunk.
- Put some clothes on, man.
- Hey, you got a warrant?
- Check that trunk.
- What do you think you are, bulletproof?
- God damn it. Check it, Rollie.
- Check the trunk.
So you think I never seen
an OD before?
What's the matter?
You don't recognize your own son?
- Hey, fuck you. That ain't Hector.
- No, Hector's only 11.
That boy's 13.
If your boss Savedra
keeps manufacturing that shit,
it'll put Hector in the cemetery too.
but you still smell
like chorizo, pig.
This pig is the only thing
standing between you and them...
but you ain't gonna get
through me, punk.
I ain't no rata.
Yeah, you're a rat. Get up. Go.
Ladies and gentlemen, I believe
my time here in this institution...
has turned me completely around,

and I'm very grateful.
Now I think I can make it
as a productive member of society.
Mr Velka, isn't it true
that you clique with La Onda...
a group whose motto
is "Blood in, blood out"...
meaning you have to kill someone
in order to become a member?
I hung out with a group who were
my friends from my old neighbourhood.
Our reputation grew out of defence of
each other, but that's not... that's it.
Nothing more.
They didn't even listen.
They fucked me.
Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Miklo,
and make something of your life.
I don't ever want to see you
in here again.
This is my daughter.
Look at her.
Look at her! She was only
six months old when I came here.
She grew up without me.
I don't even know her.
- That ain't right, carnal.
- No, it's not, but it's that way
for too many of us.
That's why your parole
is so important.
You've got to prove
there's another way.
You got a chance to do it.
I don't.
Right on, carnal. Right on.
- Thank you.
- You gotta start acting like somebody
who deserves parole, carnal.
Put it on the record.
Earn your freedom on paper, ese.
All they got in front of them
is your jacket.
You are your jacket,

'cause to them you're just a number.
Everyone who enters the joint
thinks he's a man,
but you know what he really is?
A number worth 30 grand a year.
They want us to come back...
and what's worse, they have us
lining up to get in, ese.
We gotta turn the system around.
We gotta outthink them.
Now, concentrate.
Why do you deserve parole, Mr Velka?
Sir, I've been in prison
almost a third of my life.
I've grown up here.
I've learned to read and write here.
I earned my GED.
Mr Velka,
this board's only concern...
Sir, with all due respect,
look at my record.
I've worked hard to prove
I deserve another chance.
It's in there in black and white.
Please give me another chance.
Damn, ese,
they're not that good, homes.
That's the best thing I've tasted
in nine years, vato loco.
- Good to be home, carnal.
- Right on, cachetn. Right on.
- That rose won't bloom in the spring.
- Hey, hey, hey, hey.
No Baptist sermons, okay, homey?
It takes away the pain in my back.
The Lord can't. I tried praying.
- You better still be painting.
- You know it, homes. You know it.
But it's different than before.
More real.
No, hombre. Famous Apartments?
They ain't famous no more, ese.
Orale, come stay with me, homes.
- I got a studio.

- Nah, I gotta stay here.
Frank got me a place. And, besides,
the parole board checks my address.
Thanks, Cruzito.
Any time, carnal, t sabes.
You don't know how good
it is to see you, vato.
Vato Loco forever, carnal.
Nobody home!
Quiet outside!
What the fuck's up with you?
- Milkweed.
- I made it.
Hey, welcome to the barrio, homes.
Hey, Smokey!
Apache! Mudo!
Hey, homes. See my hermano?
Yeah, Carlos. Hey, he told me
to tell your mom to send more coffee.
- And make sure it's, um, TC.
- Shit. She never sent me nothin'.
Hey, yeah, put some clavo
in it this time.
Chata! Some coffee.
So, uh, you got a place for me
in this building, huh?
Uh...
Hey, you know,
that didn't work out, homes.
Tell him to suck his pipi.
You can stay here, ese.
It's the same address.
- I even got you a good job.
- You're supposed to have
an apartment for me!
Hey, just a fucking minute,
Your Majesty!
This ain't the joint
with three hots and a cot.
This is the streets, homey.
You got no choice.
The parole board calls the shots here.
This is your address
for at least three months.

La Onda could do better than this.
Yeah, Rico and Luis split
after a month, man.
I'm just hanging
for my old lady and my kids.
- What about Popeye?
- Popeye's docking me
for a third of my cheque, man.
Everybody's getting clipped, man,
to pay that loan shark Clavo.
That's the dude that fronted
the bread for the PCP lab.
That's not the way
it's supposed to be!
- I burnt you on that one.
- Truck's loaded. Can I get my cheque?
No, Larry. No, no.
Don't be that way.
Larry, pettiness is an ugly thing.
Won't be able to cash that till Monday.
Company will do it for ten bucks.
- All right.
- So, Larry, what do you give me
on the Lakers and Golden State?
Three points?
Come on, Larry.
Kareem is crippled.
Give me six points and Golden State.
Come on.
- What?
- Barry's hand's hurt.
He's Golden State's whole offence.
Hang on, Larry. So?
Kareem is injured. So is Nixon.
Six points ain't enough.
Listen, six points or no bet.
Sorry, Larry. Sorry, Larry.
All right.
Who made you the expert?
Put me down for 1,200.
Yeah, 1,200, Larry.
East Los has gotten really crowded.
It is, man. Illegals pouring in
from everywhere, homes.

Guatemala, El Salvador, Ecuador,
Panama. Donde sea, homes.

Crossroad of the world, ese.

A Latino world.

- You seen Paco?

- What?

- You seen Paco?

No, not since Juanito died.

They don't want to keep the wound open,
man. They don't want me around, homes.

- That's cold-blooded, carnal.

- Paco's a narc, homes.

- He'll probably bust my ass someday.

- Man, that's fucked up.

- Detective Aguilar.

- Detective! Big time.

- Miklo?

- Good guess.

- Are you out?

- Yeah, two weeks.

- Well, why didn't you let me know, man?

Hey, after nine years in the joint,
it ain't easy to call a cop, ese.

Listen, it's not me I'm calling
about any, way, . It's Cruz.

He's hurtin', man.

He needs his familia.

- He has no family.

- That ain't right, Paco.

- Vatos Locos forever, remember?

- No, you know what I remember?

The day they lowered
my little brother into the ground.

That changed me forever.

And every time I see a junkie
on the street, it just reminds me...

how Cruzito pissed away
his life and his talent.

Yeah, well, think about it.

I gotta get back to work.

Hey,, hey,, carnal.

How you doing, man?

Is there anything I can do to help?

Nah. If I'm gonna make it out here,

it's gonna be me who does it.
And I really want to, carnal.
There's lots of chances
to go the other way, believe me.
- But I'm gonna make it, Paco.
- Well, that's great, carnal.
That's... That's great.
- I need the keys to move the truck.
- Wait a minute.
Make sure all the tyres are out
of them and to wash it down.
So you know your hoops.
What the fuck?
Hey, gero. Fuck the world.
Would you please get out of my bed?
I gotta go to sleep.
- Later, ese.
- Get the fuck outta my bed!
- I gotta go to work in the morning, man!
- What the fuck you on, ese?
Hey, just relax!
What's up with you?
That's my space, man.
That's all I have!
Hey, Gil, there's been some sort of
mistake on my cheque. I'm \$150 short.
- I worked 20 hours overtime last week.
- That's right.
I'm gonna do you a favour
and take 150 out 7 more times...
till you pay back
the money you stole.
What? I've been totally straight with
you, man! What are you talking about?
You know,
I try to give you cons a break.
You see money,
and you can't resist stealing it.
That's a lie, man! I never stole
from you, Gil. It wasn't me!
You had the keys.
You knew where the money was.
What?
I didn't... I didn't do anything.

Wait a minute.
150 times 8 is 1,200, right?
Right?
You used my money to pay back
your gambling debts?
Huh?
That's a cute story. Tell you what.
I'm gonna call the cops.
I'll tell them my version,
and you can tell them yours, convict.
Hey.
I'll get you some extra overtime.
Yeah, right.
So much for the straight world.
Fucker's got me by the balls.
This is just to get you on your feet,
ese. You know, later on you'll get
something better, t sabes.
Yeah, right. Maybe I can join
the priesthood and get some of
that tax-free Sunday money, huh?
Ah, I was doing better than this in the
joint. This just ain't worth it, ese.
- Don't bother, milkweed.
- There's no respect.
Oy, e, open up!
Ronald Reagan, asshole.
Open up.
- Who the fuck are you, pendejo?
- Who the fuck are you?
I live here, pinche huey, .
My house.
Hey, hey, hey. It's cool.
It's cool. He's crashing here.
Hey, Popeye, I told you
no artillery in this place.
- You wanna get these people
out of here now?
- Hey, go change a tyre, gero.
- We're talking some heavy business here.
- You ain't gonna make no deals
in this place!
- You're gonna fuck up my parole.
- Come on, ese. Let's go.

No, Cruzito.
This is my house, damn it!
Cruzito. Hey, Cruz.
Where you been, ese?
Where are those little four G's
that you owe me?
Oh, l-look, homes. I just gotta sell
a couple of my paintings, ese.
And me la ray, o,
I'll get you your feria, homes.
Paintings. That's right. At least
you gave me some paintings, ese.
This baboso still hasn't given me dick.
Can you believe that?
That's not what La Onda's about.
I ain't paying you shit!
Shut the fuck up, gero.
I represent La Onda here.
You represent yourself.
You always did.
Hey, Popeye, you been collecting?
What about our share, homes?
Fuck, popi! Me too!
You told me you were broke, ese.
Everybody's fucking broke.
I didn't come here to listen to you
chumps whine about nickels and dimes.
I'm talking about
copping a hundred grand.
In Nueva York, I mean, shit,
that wakes people up.
- Anybody got a problem with that?
- Hey, hey, no, no.
- Hey, we got no problem with that, ese.
- Then what's the bullshit?
I'll do it. We'll do it.
I got... I got Mudo out on the street
right now. He's copping some wheels.
And, uh...
And, uh, we got the muscle.
You just give us the plan.
You got the muscle
to jack yourself off. That's it.
You better watch your back,

Mr Retread Man. I'm gonna put you
in fucking high heels again!
Go ahead and make your move,
motherfucker! I'll send you
to hell with Big Al.

I ain't got no time to waste
on your wolf tickets, chump.
You're right, kid.

This chump
can't even change his socks.
He can't, but I can.

- Hey, Clavo. Hey, hey. Wait a second.

- What's the scam?

- Oh!

- I need a trigger man, white boy...
not someone

who just punches the clock.

You wanna see who I am? Huh?

- I don't give warning shots, cabrn.

- We can do the money truck,
or we can off each other.

- M-Miklo, don't fuck around, ese.

- Realthing.

Miklo, this vato's big trouble.

In the joint, I was hustling more money
than that punk ever dreamed of.

He was punching my time clock
every day. What's the gig?

The armoured truck at the Zody's
Saturday night. A lot of cash.

Popeye cleans his debt and...
and gets ten percent.

Armoured truck's a dumb deal.

It's too dangerous.

Not this one, smart boy.

The driver's in on it.

He's a customer, okay?

Okay, we'll do it.

But it's 50-50,

and you wipe out Cruz's debt.

Chale, homes. Don't get fucked up
in this bullshit.

- Stay straight, pendejo.

- No sermons, ese, remember?

This is who I am.
So do we gift wrap this sucker for you,
or do you walk away empty-handed?
Sixty-forty.
Realthings handles the cash.
You come up with the guns and the car.
Apache's driving.
Me and Smokes
will back up Realthings.
Okay. I can deal with that.
- You're gonna have to.
- Hey, hey, hey.
What about me, fucker?
You're out of it, asshole.
It's payback time, Popeye.
I'm gonna take back my rent money,
with interest.
Let's have a drink, ese.
Detective Aguilar?
Delivery from El Tapayec.
- I got you, man. I got you.
One sec... I did. I did so.
- No way. No way, man.
- Check this out.
Check this out. Manuel's special.
- I knew it was you.
Is this a nuclear accident burrito
or what? Something to tide us over
till lunch.
Us? You mean you.
The two of you.
Hey, I'm an undercover cop, all right?
I'm working on my character look here.
- You're a fat undercover cop.
- Does this look real or fake?
Real, right? McCann.
Oy, e, narco,
you like busting dope dealers?
Oy, e, pendejo,
this is my lunch hour.
Big deal going down tomorrow.
The Zody's on Whittier.
- Who is this?
- Look for a blue Econoline van

with 20 keys of coke inside.
- You'll be on the 6:00 news.
- Oh, yeah? Who is this?
All I got to say is, shit goes down
and we're sitting here without back-up,
we're gonna be two sorry assholes, man.
How many times have we done this
and nothing's happened?
Huh? A lot. Relax. Have...
Have a doughnut. Have a doughnut.
- I already have one.
- Look, have another. Look at these.
What a dick.
"Dick" and "asshole."
That's all you call me.
What is my name, "Dick Asshole"?
- Hey, hey. Blue Econoline van.
Is that your guy?
- I don't know.
- Do you see a connection anywhere?
- No.
Looks like two Latino males in front,
some more in back.
I don't know how many.
- Hmm. That's a lot
of people for a dope deal.
- Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Shit! They're ripping off
the connection! They're going
to take the money and the dope!
No, no, there's an armoured truck!
Shit! This ain't a buy.
This is a heist, man! Call it in!
- 211 in progress, Zody's on Whittier!
- Look up!
Look up!
Come on!
Smokey, I got you covered!
Let's go!
Shit! Apache, cover me!
- Wait, pinche!
- Apache, wait!
Shit!
They're heading south on Whittier!

There's two of them!
- Call it in!
- Right!
- It's me, carnal!
- Miklo? What the fuck
are you doing, man?
- Give me the gun, carnal.
- No fucking way, ese!
Miklo, I can help you!
Give me the fucking gun!
I ain't going back, Paco!
You owe me this one, Vato Loco!
No! Miklo, wait! I can't!
- Stop! Police!
- Fuck you, Detective!
Stop, or I'll shoot!
Hey, Cruz, man...
Huh? You painted it about 20 times.
Hey, come on, tecato.
Let's ride the horse.
Hey, chale, Chuey.
We got an intruder.
Oh, shit, homes.
It's John Wayne.
Well, you're just
a bunch of little chavalas...
and I can whip
the whole bunch of ya Chicanos!
So, what you want, man?
Not much, carnalito.
Uh, hey, how are you?
How you doing?
- You know, things people usually say
who care about each other.
- Oh, s...
After seven years of nothing, man?
Not even a fucking greeting card.
You want hospitality, homes?
Hey, pues, there's a can of chinga
tu madre right there on the table, man.
Why don't you help yourself?
"Hey, homes"? Did you say "Hey, homes"
to Miklo, homes, before you shot him?
- Hey, chill out, Chuey!

- Hey, what was I supposed to do?
He was a shooter in a robbery!
I was doing my job! Nobody has
the right to kill innocent people!
No, you're a pinche vato vendido, puto!
- Fucker!
- Hey!
- Ow! Ow!
- Hey! Fucking relax! Hey!
Hey, djalo solo!
Fuck you! Fuck you, wimp!
Hey, homes, you can't come here any
more unless you're going to bust me!
Who the fuck gave you permission to use
my little brother in your paintings?
I don't need permission from you!
He's my carnalito too!
Hey, don't you use Juanito
as an excuse to wreck your life!
You don't have that right!
I don't have the right, huh?
Fucking right I don't. You're
fucking right I don't have the right.
I don't... I don't
have that fucking right.
You want him out
of my painting, joto? All right.
All right, there he is!
Take it, man! Come on! Juanito
always loved me more than you, homes.
You were always too much
of a badass to love the little vato!
Just like you are now.
So much of a fucking badass,
you kill your own people!
No!
Don't you ever say that to me again,
Cruzito. I let you say that once...
What the fuck?
You gonna kick my ass?
Well, icaiga! Let's get down!
Come on! You're the badass!
Well, come on, gabacho.
You the law! Do your job!

Do your fucking job!
Look at this.
Look at that.
Must be from Quentin, huh?
- Hey. Hey, he's the guy...
- PCP bust. That's Popeye Savedra.
Miklo's connected to him.
It's your destiny, man. It's...
It's like a wave nothing can stop.
No, no, it's a lot
more complicated than that.
This is some heavy shit, all right?
Everything is perfect.
It's like your mother's love.
is like you have no mother.
It's absolute hatred,
complete destruction.
In other words,
"You win it all or lose everything."
Sweet bunch of guys.
This big, fat pig Popeye, right here in
the centre? He's gotta be their leader.
- Hey, Aguilar!
- Look at the way they're
all grouped around him like that.
Hey, Aguilar, that, uh, that con
you blasted just got out of surgery.
He's gonna be a whole lot easier
to catch from now on.
Nurse, could you give me
a minute, please? Nurse?
Por la Virgen, Miklo,
I did not know that it would...
Don't talk to me about the Virgen.
Vatos Locos forever.
That all died
when you pulled that trigger.
How did everything
get so fucked up, man?
The pinche badge, ese.
You owe me, vendido!
Who's the sell-out?
You're telling me
you're working hard going straight.

The next thing I know
you're pointing a.357 at me...
and there's two guys
dead on the ground.
I would have given you
anything, Miklo.
But you... you can't just
take away what I am.
You chose the wrong side, ese.
There's too many of us.
You're gonna lose.
No, uh-uh. See, I don't forget
where I come from or who I am.
That's what keeps me going every day.
- You don't want to hear the truth, Paco.
- What truth?
This, La Onda?
Is this your truth?
Two-bit punks like Popeye Savedra
with their PCP labs?
Or you, robbing Zody's
and killing innocent people?
Well, if that's your truth, then
you're right. I don't wanna hear it.
Get out, puto!
You're not my blood!
I'm cutting you off
like they did my leg.
You don't exist for me any more.
Miklo, orale, carnalito.
What's up, ese?
You're looking good, homey!
Hey, Hopalong!
You better tell Carlos he'd better
stop fucking with my business!
- You stay...
- Pockets, not in public!
- Ain't gonna let no junkie
rip off my customers.
- Velka, time to lock up!
- It's the Bionic Man.
- Hey, Carlos.
- What's with the BGA?
- Pay no mind to cheap conversation.

They're just sore losers, ese.
They're just flapping their crow wings.
- Pockets is on the warpath, ese.
- Oy, e, I can't help it if the customers
know where the quality is.
- He's been selling them baby powder.
- I don't have all day, man.
Let's take it in.
Hey, Majito.
Gonna be cellies, huh?
Move over here.
Let me get those cuffs.
That's a badass pano, homeboy.
You've been burnin' them quills,
huh? You're getting good.
It's yours.
My "Home Sweet Home" picture, huh?
At least this bum leg
got me something.
I get to work at the law library.
What's all that mad-dogging
between Carlos and the BGA?
The vato's got one
sweet cocaine connection.
Hmm. And he's moving in
on Pockets' customers.
How did he connect?
Nobody knows. But it's dynamite shit.
Pure Bolivian flake.
And Montana, he just stood by
and watched Carlos jump in?
Plata talks.
Carlos is recruiting lots of
soldiers and buying influence...
on the council to try
to neutralize Montana.
Says it's his own personal trip,
not Onda's.
That's bullshit! Personal trips
is what's fucking Onda up.
I saw that out on the streets.
We're cutting our own throats.
It's too soon to be walking on it.
It's a long way up, but there's

no way they're gonna stick me...
uh, my carnales.
Your own cousin did that.
- You should put a hit on that puto.
- No, he's mine.
His payback's gonna take time.
I'm gonna make him sorry
he ever fucked with my business.
Hey, puto.
What the fuck do you think
you're doing, chorizo?
Trying to jump-start your memory, punk.
Turn your ass around.
- Where the fuck is Popeye Savedra?
- I ain't seen the vato.
- He took off.
- Yeah, right after Zody's, right?
You were in on that, too,
weren't you, Smokey, hmm?
- How about these putos?
You know 'em, don't you?
- No. No way.
Isn't that what
that snake tattoo means?
Hmm? Isn't that what
that snake tattoo means?
I don't know what the fuck
you're talking about, ese.
I'll tell you
what I'm talking about, pendejo.
You're a two-time loser, Smokey.
One more, and they're gonna
lock you up for good.
So you better tell me about Onda, or
I'm gonna strap you down with the bitch.
You'll never see the streets again!
If I say anything, I'm dead meat.
I ain't gonna tell you shit, ese!
It's baby powder, baboso!
You write down every word I say.
Anything you don't understand,
you ask. I will answer just once,
so write it down.
Precedents for habeas corpus,

cruel and unusual punishment here.

You're also allowed

to help on Durham decree.

How much can you charge for this?

You do your homework,

jailhouse lawyer...

can make as much as any

mid-level attorney on the street.

I'm gonna live in here.

- Jerry, I don't mean to be nosy, but I...

- Then don't be.

All right, what? What is it?

I'm just wonderin', uh...

You own all those hardware stores.

How come you're in here?

Eleven tons of Colombian weed,

twelve keys of heroin...

and a pilot that turned

state's evidence.

Big time.

- Hey, Jer, I just want you

to handle my ca...

- All right, George.

- Hurry up, Jerry.

- Charlie, I didn't see your jacket

here. You got an appointment?

The name's Carlos. Remember,

I'm paying you a lot of feria, ese.

- You make an appointment, Charlie.

- You should be working

on my case overtime.

Charlie! Cool out or get out.

George? Table.

Oy, e, Miklo.

You could take your leg off and hook

down some of the books from up top, ese.

Hey, I'm just kidding, ese.

Come here.

Oy, e, come here, man. Okay, relax.

I got the medicine

to make you well, vato.

Mira, if you're ever in any pain, homey,

you just come talk to me.

You should talk to El Mero Mero.

Chale, think about the future,
not the past. Montana's not God.
Tomorrow at the council, I'm giving Onda
a chance to move into the driver's seat.
Don't be left behind, eh?
Mira, I cut a sweet deal
with the AV-ers.
They'll supply me
with all the dope I can move...
just as long as I sell only
to the blacks and the browns.
What do you have to give
in return to the polar bears?
I gotta plug up the BGA pipeline,
take 'em out of the dope business.
It's simple. Me and my soldados
can take care of Pockets in here.
My brother Smokey,
he can take out Cheap Times,
their main supply joint down in L.A.
All I need from
the council is back-up.
It's a sucker's deal, ese.
The only thing the Aryans want is
to start a war between black and brown.
Chale, we've got
a truce with the BGA.
Why do you wanna play
the chimp with these may, ates?
The market is there.
Cocaine is America's cup of coffee.
Oy, e, check it out.
I'm making so much feria right now...
it's making Miklo's gambling book
look like bubble gum change.
We don't start wars
to become dope pushers.
You even addicted
some of our own soldados to coca.
We're supposed to protect our people,
not destroy them.
Look at his arms. He loves that shit
more than he loves us.
- It'll destroy La Onda.

- Enough words!

We've come all this way. You wanna go back to bumming cigarettes, ese?

- Oy, e, you wanna shine shoes?

- Ese, La Onda don't shine shoes.

That's right,

but that's what's gonna happen

if we don't make our move now, ese!

I wanna own the whole fuckin' store!

Now are you with me?

I say chale.

You're not the leader here.

I say Onda's not with you.

You do what you have to do without us.

'Cause I ain't going back.

I don't need Onda for this.

Money buys my back-up.

I'll get the polar bears

to back my play.

- Hey, carnal.

- No, ese.

Carlos, come back!

Jefe, we can't let him go.

We can't let him split up Onda.

Carlos!

Can't you see Montana's stupid

for letting Charlie walk?

Onda's committing suicide.

- Fuck you, Jerry!

- Fine. I thought you

wanted to learn something.

Listen, Charlie's a businessman.

He broke some serious business rules.

Not only did he get

strung out on his own shit...

but he moved on BGA clients

when he didn't have to.

- Is that right?

- Yeah, that's right.

You know, I see the jackets

of most of the cons that come in here.

Eighty percent of them...

Eighty percent of them are drug cases.

You know why?

Because everybody out there's doin' it.
Doctors, lawyers, housewives.
Cocaine is America's cup of coffee.
You were Carlos' connection.
He said the same "cup of coffee" line
exactly. You were supplying him.
You're pissed 'cause he's doing
business with the AV-ers now.
Last year, California passed
a flat-time law for drug offenders.
You know what that means? That means
they have it worse than anybody...
murderers, rapists, anybody.
There's no parole, no good time.
That's a lot of guys
that are gonna be here for
a real long time, all drug users.
- Can you see the potential? Can you?
- Yeah.
Anyone who can accommodate
that appetite...
can control this joint
and every other joint.
Dwell on it.
Drive it. Drive it, Ryder.
Here's your pill briefs.
Jerry said it'll take at least
three months for the court to respond.
Well, well, well, Lightning.
Our favourite spic lover has come home.
I knew he'd be back.
It's overdue.
You hear that, Lightning?
The cripple here wants to
collect your gamblin' debts.
Yeah, well, I might think about it,
if he'll show me his falsie.
- Come on, cripple, show me your stump.
- Little white Mexican boy...
came all the way back
just to show us his stump.
- Hold his fuckin' leg.
Come on, man. Stand still.
- Get off me, motherfuckers!

Too many britches on.
Stay still, God damn it, I said!
You gotta be crazy to pull
this shit, Lightning!
- He must be laughin'
in his grave, cripple.
- Get off, you fuck...
- No, leave it alone!
- Stay still, God damn it.
- There she is.
- Fuckin' puto!
You ever heard that old saying,
"Put your foot in your mouth"?
Spit-shine that shoe, boy.
You fuckin' polar bears
are gonna pay, believe me!
Carlos works for us now, and every day
he brings more Onda soldiers with him.
You greasers better wise up.
It's a white world.
The coloureds are here to serve us.
From now on...
you're gonna be
my personal errand boy.
- You motherfucker!
- Fuckin' punk.
Go out for a pass, cripple.
Come on. Go deep.
Now you're back to your true nature,
boy, crawlin' on your belly like a worm.
- They put it in my face!
- You have to understand,
your leg is gone, Miklo.
You can no longer be a soldier.
That's why I put you in the library.
It's not what they did to me.
They got no respect for Onda.
We should never
have given up Carlos.
You think I wanted to?
Carlos fucked up, bad!
I'm not saying he didn't,
but he was right about the drugs.
Whoever controls them

controls everything.
You ever seen an old drug dealer, Miklo?
They don't exist.
the majority in the pintas
in the Southwest.
What good is it if
we're a bunch of fuckin' slaves
workin' for the BGA and the AV-ers?
We gotta attack now!
We gotta take power!
The best of us ending up
in pools of blood...
for a pinche pack of smokes
and a snort of coca!
I don't know where
you're comin' from, bro.
A Chicano from Cal State got them
to publish my essay on prison reform.
They want me to write a book
on the Chicano in prison.
You better lift your eyes
outta this book, jefe.
You better see
what's goin' on around us now.
Wind it up, gentlemen! Take it
to y, our houses. Let's go. Move it.
No can do, carnal.
Quarter of the bill
I can take care of maybe.
Indugu, you forgot
your comb, man.
Maybe.
Thinks he's gettin' away with something.
Tootin' his horn to a fairy tale.
Hey, Magic. Help me out.
You mad-dog me,
you better watch your back, homes!
Now the fuckin' AV-ers
won't pay on their bets either.
Why pay? They were testing us
with Carlos and we folded.
Now they're gonna take us apart
piece by piece.
Whether we like it or not, the dope

business is where it's at, Magic.
If the AV-ers
and the BGA-ers control it,
they control everything, including us.
Fuckin' A, ese.
Carlitos was right.
No, he was stupid
for selling out to the AV-ers.
Onda should take the money left
in the gambling book and make a buy.
- Yeah.
- I know a connection.
But the council won't approve it.
We should do it anyway.
- You wanna die, ese?
- If I have to, I will!
I lost my fucking leg,
my family back home.
This is all I got left.
If we don't do something now, Onda dies.
Do you want that?
Magic, I love Montana too...
but I'm not gonna stand by
and watch them destroy us.
Will you stand with me, carnal?
Right now there's only two of us, so we
gotta lay back and wait for an opening.
The Aryan Vanguard's gonna force Carlos
to make his move soon on the BGA.
- I told you to stop branchin', punk!
- I said next!
- I said move. Let's go.
- Better watch your back,
'cause I'm gonna ride you.
You're right. I don't want any trouble.
I've changed my ways.
Now I'm takin' all your customers.
Say anything, and you're dead!
At the same time he hits Pockets...
his brother Smokey
will move on Cheap Times,
the BGA's drugstore down in L.A.
Hey,, hey,, hey,, hey,
She's a super freak

Super freak
She's su...
Brought you monkeys
some coconuts...
from Quentin!
The only problem is,
Carlos is so strung out...
he can't see the wolf
in the henhouse.
If I know Red Ryder, as soon as
Carlos does the AV-ers' dirty work...
they'll pull his protection, and
it'll be open season on Carlos Zuniga.
Carlos! No!
- Move, move, move!
- If I'm right,
all hell's gonna break loose.
That's our chance, Magic.
Where there's war, there's opportunity.
What we gotta do is wake Montana up
and move Onda into power.
Montana, nosotros estamos muriendo.
Que ellos peleen contra el BGA.
No! Listen!
Before we fuck up everything we built,
I have to have a meeting with the BGA.
We're making a horrible mistake.
Can you understand that?
- What, are you blind or what?
- Wait a minute! I said I want you ready!
I'm not gonna waste the lives
of our soldados for nothing!
The time to strike is now!
If we wait, they'll destroy us!
No, Magic! We gotta back El Mero Mero.
If he says meet with the BGA,
we gotta do it.
What are you talking about?
If we stand by, we're gonna
watch Onda go down in flames!
Magic, tenemos que darnos esquina.
I want you to hit Smokey!
I want him dead by tomorrow!
Geronimo, dile a tus soldados

que se calmen.

Three more California prison inmates
have been killed in gang violence...
bringing the tally, of fatalities
this week to 11.

Aguilar!

- Aguilar.

- Hey, chorizo.

You still want Popeye Savedra?

- Zuniga?

- They got a hit on me.

I need protection or I'm dead.

Listen, Smokey,

if you want protection, you're gonna
have to give me more than Popeye.

I want everything on Onda.

Who they are and where they are.

- Hey, no way, forget about it!

- Hey, don't talk shit, Smokey.

You stay out there alone,
you're dead. You said so yourself.

All right! All right.

I'll give it to you.

The whole lay, out...

capitanes, soldados.

- Where can we meet?

- St Mary's Church, Fourth and Chicago.

- I know it.

- Be there in 15 minutes, chorizo,
or forget about it.

I'll be there.

Quiet in the church.

Aguilar?

This is Lieutenant Ivan Burnett.

He's from San Quentin.

- Detective Paco Aguilar.

- How're you doin'?

- This the victim?

- Yeah.

- Paco, we just heard from Sacramento.

We are to cooperate
with Corrections on this.

That means that Burnett's gonna
be bringing down his entire team.

- What does that mean? I'm out of it?

- You heard me.

Well, this is bullshit, Captain.

Well, come on, I've been working on this case for months.

This vato was about to give me the full lowdown on Onda.

What do you know about Onda?

I had a run-in with a couple of these guys here.

- The whole council.

Captain, I'll need this picture.

- Fine.

- My chief investigator will debrief him tomorrow.

- Hey, wait a minute, man.

That's my evidence.

This is an East L.A. case.

Look, I appreciate your interest, but this is much bigger than East L.A.

Things are popping up all over the state.

You hear about the grenade that was thrown into...

the Cheap Times Social Club in Wilmington last night?

I'm betting that Zuniga here was the quarterback.

Part of a plot started by his brother in Quentin.

- It all comes outta Q

- All right, all right, Lieutenant.

Let's get inside.

This is happening here, not in San Quentin.

It's all tied up to prison gangs.

Now, it's very complicated.

That's why we're taking over.

Do you speak Spanish?

You ever been in a street gang?

No, but my warden has, and he's Chicano.

Well, is your warden related to someone on the Onda council?

Miklo Velka is my...
is my cousin.
I am related to him
by blood and by this.
Look, Lieutenant,
I don't mean any disrespect...
but I think I can get further
on this thing than you can.
All I'm asking is that I'm involved.
Thank you.
This was a personal thing
between Carlos and Pockets.
Carlos and Pockets were loose cannons.
That was business.
But what you all did in L.A.
night before last was bullshit.
There's gonna be more blood on blades
than broken bones...
'cause we ain't lettin' y'all
hit us in the back no more.
Now, you wanna powwow?
You wanna talk? Go ahead, talk.
Onda had nothing to do
with Cheap Times.
Carlos' brother Smokey acted
on his orders, not Onda's, and he's
paid the price with his life.
Cheap Times made for cheap lives,
man, lots of'em.
You want a war? We're ready.
Believe me, we'll win.
We've got more soldiers,
and they'll go all the way...
to the death if they have to.
I've got soldiers. My soldiers are
ready to die. We've done proved that.
Is that what you want? I guarantee
that's what the Aryans want.
We can stop the killing now.
You and me, right here.
Now, your word means something here.
What about Folsom and Chino?
- I speak for them too.
- Mm-mmm.

Maybe for Soto or Folsom, but your word
ain't reachin' to Chino right now.
Mosca Lopez is crazy.
I done lost three people down there.
I can ask the warden
for a temporary transfer.
He might agree if you
guarantee peace while I'm gone.
Fuck a truce! We cannot...
Five days.
Miklo will coordinate
Onda business in my absence.
You can trust he'll make sure
nothing happens while I'm away.
So do we have a truce?
- Right on.
- Well, well, well.
You now have a combined IQ of two.
- You're a dead man, Wonder Bread!
- Why don't you kiss my enriched
white ass, motherfucker?
This here's my coon dog.
Get them coons, boy.
- Red Ryder, what's goin' on?
- Don't ask me what's goin' on, man!
Ask us, "What are we doin' here?
Is there a war?"
- Yeah!
- We'll run 'em outta the goddam banks!
- Save the taxpayers some money.
- All right, gentlemen!
Let's clear the yard now!
It's between the niggers
and the spics.
We're white, white, white,
you motherfuckers!
You're a jailhouse lawyer,
a counsellor.
He knows you'll follow my wishes.
But what if he's lying?
What if the BGA doesn't want peace?
Nobody in here knows what peace is.
They've never had it.
I'm talking about power, carnal.

The only way for us to gain real power
is for black and brown to come together.
Huh. And I thought Popeye Savedra
was the leader of Onda.
It's hard to buy
it's the little guy down there.
You better believe it.
He's got what you call charisma.
You really think he can do something
to stop the violence?
Montana's got something that makes you
wanna listen to him. Got a lot of heart.
If anybody can stop this war,
it's him.
I can always bring in the guns,
but I'd rather it be him.
I don't like you travelling alone.
I don't trust the administration.
I don't trust anybody.
Don't worry. The warden's
guaranteeing my passage.
Top-secret route.
I made a deal with the vato.
I get to spend the night in Delano,
see my daughter.
After 14 years.
Can you believe it?
Come on, Segura. Move it.
You got it.
- What time's my daughter coming?
- She'll be here about 7:00 sharp.
We'll rack you at 6:00 tomorrow
for a shower.
I'll be waiting.
- Name's Wallace.
- Montana.
Say, amigo, you ain't got
no street smokes, do you?
This state tobacco, man,
it'll kill you.
I don't smoke.
You don't smoke, huh?
Man, I can't wait for these son
of a bitches to let me outta here...

Do me some pickin' so I can send my
old lady some money back in Louisiana.

- I used to pick a little
when I was a kid.

- Huh.

Me, I've been followin' this crop
all my life.

If it ain't that,

I takes me a little drink.

If it ain't that, they got me
behind bars tryin' to dry out.

You ever pick any grapes, Wallace?

No, I ain't never picked no grapes,
but I done cut me a bunch.

Yeah.

- Here.

- Oh, man.

Is it... Is it... Say, a-amigo,
do you mind any if I have, uh, two?

Ah, keep the pack.

They're only for trade.

- Oh, man.

- Lights out.

You know, when I was a kid,
I used to love to pick.

Nothin' like fresh vegetables
and fruit ripe from the vine.

Yeah. Mmm.

Okay, the escort's on his way.

You'll have one hour with your father.

- Let's go!

- I'd like a couple of seconds
to straighten up.

I don't care who you are in San Quentin.

You're nobody here in Kern County.

Can I just take a couple of seconds
to straighten up? Please?

I'm gonna put your daughter in the
visiting room. You've got one hour.

The clock is ticking.

One hour. I'll be right back.

Morning, Montana.

Good morning, Wallace.

See they botherin' with you

early in the mornin', huh?
Nah. It's... It's a good day.
I'm not gonna
let anything ruin it.
Ooh, them damn short-handle hoes.
Yeah, I used a few of those myself.
Oh. Oh.
Here, amigo.
Why don't you use this?
Yeah, well, I'll hold it for you.
Thank you.
Yeah, chingo de tiempo
since I felt this good.
- Huh?
- My daughter's coming today.
- Oh, man, today is gonna be
such a good day for you.
- Yeah.
Your daughter's gonna be
so proud of you.
Uh-huh.
Now, this is what they call
"a change of plans."
For Cheap Times! For Cheap Times!
Son of a bitch. Motherfucker, think
you can blow up my brother? Uh-uh.
You can go join your maker now,
for what falls to the floor is his.
Don't forget your smokes.
How'd you know he was in Delano? How'd
you know the head of La Onda was there?
Man, I do not give a good goddam
who that taco-eatin' motherfucker was.
Oh, who that taco-eatin'
motherfucker was? Do you know
who you killed, asshole?
Your mama.
- We're gonna stay here.
- Nope. He's been in for 30 years.
He's as tough as three-inch steel.
- When I get back,
I'm gonna bust your ass.
- I'll be here.
Come in here.

Yeah, that's the man. That's the one who ordered it. Bring him in here.

- Tell him what you told me.

- I didn't order no hit on nobody. Don't bullshit me, man.

I ain't no sucker.

He's BGA. He made the hit.

He's your man.

I ain't tryin' to play you for no sucker, brother.

I'm just tellin' you, if I wanted to hit Montana, I use a freelancer. An AV-er, so it couldn't be traced.

I'm not a stupid man, son.

That's enough.

Come on over here with me.

- Is that your man?

- Yeah, that's him.

- Why don't you let me talk to him?

- No way.

He ain't gonna tell you nothin'.

Do you wanna get to the bottom of this problem? You wanna deal with it?

Now, I know he'll talk to me.

Your call.

Goddam.

The man got you down here too?

Yeah.

Look here.

Why you hit Montana?

Oh, I dig. The man got his eyes and ears in the wall.

Don't sweat, brother.

I'm gonna maintain.

Who ordered the hit?

You did.

You did.

With your kite you did, man.

- You did. I got your kite, man.

- I didn't send you nothin'.

- Fu... You did, man.

- Who ordered it?

You did. I got your comb.

I kn... I know your design.

- You got my comb?
- Yeah, I got your comb. I opened it up.
I read the message.
I burned it. It was your comb, man!
The warden let me come in here
to talk to you about Montana's murder.
Who the fuck are you to
come here like this? Montana's
none of your fucking business.
You've gotta listen to me, Miklo.

- The BGA didn't do it.
- That's bullshit.
- We know the fucking BGA killed him.
- Yeah? Well, the administration
doesn't think so.

And what if they're right? You wanna be
responsible for starting a fucking war
against the wrong people?
Huh?
Listen, man. I know you hate me.
I shot your leg off, and that's
something I'm gonna have to live with
for the rest of my life.
But you're still my blood,
and I'm not gonna stand here
and watch you destroy yourself.
If you start this war, you and your
vatos will be committing suicide.
Now look over there.
You see the warden?
Do you want that?
Ah, you're the man now, aren't you?
Look, Montana left you in charge, right?
Be a real leader, man.
I'll meet him in the yard.
One lieutenant each.
No guards around.
That's far enough.
Let 'em go on their own.
I swear to you, it wasn't the BGA.
Montana was a stand-up dude.
We were set up.
That old man was no jive-ass punk.
He was hard-core BGA.

That's right.

That's why it don't make no sense.

I take out Montana with my own man?

That's suicide.

Now, you do what you wanna do,

but think about this:

Who you think stands to gain

if BGA and Onda war?

The fuckin' AV.

Oh, yeah, they want us

to take each other out.

Then they step in and take over

everything. We go back to bein' slaves.

The AV-ers.

They're the only one who could've gotten

Montana's route from the white guards.

Right? I work with Lightning

in the wood shop.

He gets my comb, he counterfeits it,

he sends it to Wallace.

- It's possible.

- And now that motherfucker Red Ryder...

sittin' in a front-row seat just waitin'

on us to take each other out.

So what do you propose?

I say whip those motherfuckers

together.

We do to them

what they tryin' to do to us.

You see those pinche vultures?

They're watching us with

a magnifying glass right now.

So for the next six months,

we'll practise a good-neighbour policy.

So we got a deal?

We join forces?

Yeah. And we'll celebrate

a big Mexican holiday together.

Now, which one you talkin' about?

- That means what now?

- Day of the Dead.

- All right.

- Right.

- In six months.

- My man.
They're shakin' hands.
We got a truce.
We won't congratulate ourselves
too soon. We'll wait and see.
- I don't trust that dude.
- No, no, no. This boy's in
way over his head.
He ain't got no choice
but to go with us right now.
We help them take out the AV-ers,
we're making the may, ates stronger, ese.
It's okay, carnal.
When you expect nothing and you
get everything, that's destiny.
The BGAwants to help us
take out the AV-ers? All right.
We'll throw a little white meat
to the dogs.
Then we'll rob the house.
- You were right.
- You did the right thing, Miklo.
- Tell your mom I love her, okay?
- Take care of yourself, all right?
Yeah.
Juanito, Juanito.
Hey, homes.
If anybody messes with you, ese...
I'm sorry, ama.
- I loved Juanito.
- I know, mi hijo.
I loved him, ama.
I'm sorry.
I missed you, mi familia.
She put the handcuffs on.
Two days later I come back, she's
got eye hooks drilled in the door.
She's got thongs.
I swear to God.
She absolutely loved it.
She became orange...
You got it. Yeah.
One more. Come on. One more.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!

No more! No more, man.
I'm through, okay? That's it.
Ten cents a fuckin' hour,
that spic warden ain't gettin'...
a nickel's worth of overtime
outta me.
Hey. Hey, hey, hey! What the fuck
is wrong with you goddam people?
Are you... God damn it,
you stupid fuckin' asshole!
You got it in my eyes! Lousy...
Now, everybody keeps their mouth shut.
You understand me?
This way, there won't be no problem
with nobody when the shit go down.
- That way we control
the whole joint, right?
- All right.
Come on, you want some of this?
You want some of this?
Who do these punks think they are?
Look at this.
It's unbelievable.
Every hit was strategic.
I don't like being lied to.
I want the Onda council broken up.
Use interstate compact.
I want them out of here. Get them out
of here before the end of the week.
Taxpayers just saved
another three million bucks.
Everything's a fucking joke to you, man.
What's your problem?
What's my problem?
You got a problem!
No, no, no,
you don't understand, man.
That little bastard's
up there playing God,
and he's got an army to back him up.
Yeah, I don't understand, right?
I don't ever understand, right?
Well, as long as he's doing it
behind bars, it's not gonna affect

you or me, is it?
- Is it?
- Oh, it's not gonna affect us.
It won't affect any of us, will it?
You used me.
I tried to save your life,
and you used me to set up the BGA.
I did what I had to
for my brothers to survive.
Your brothers!
And what am I, Miklo?
Man, you grew up with me.
You slept in my room.
You wore my fuckin' clothes.
How could you use your own flesh and
blood to help massacre all those people?
I didn't want to hurt you, Paco.
In here you use what you've got.
Without your help,
a lot of carnales would have died.
Don't you thank me.
I hate what you did.
I hate what you stand for.
You know, Paquito,
for a long time I hated you.
I blamed you for everything.
But then I realized something
that changed my life.
Everything you did,
even shooting my leg off...
forced me into my destiny...
Here.
Inside these walls,
I've found the strength of La Raza.
You got no fucking idea
what La Raza means.
It's about our people out there...
working, surviving
with pride and dignity.
That's La Raza.
Not lying and murdering.
All you got
is your white father's hate.
Still hung up on

my fluorescent skin, vato? Hmm?
He wasn't my real father.
Montana was.
He taught me about respect.
You gotta be willing to die for it.
Like you. Like you not deserting me
after the car crash at El Pino.
That was real respect for a brother.
And I'll always love you
for it, carnal.
We should help each other,
not cut each other's throats.
Let's be brothers again.
Just because you're a cop and I'm a con
doesn't mean we can't cooperate.
I can give you tips from inside that
can really help you out on the street.
You got a lot of power
out there, man.
Your guidance and advice
would be invaluable to me.
What are you asking me,
to be a member of your gang?
Are you out of your fuckin' mind?
You remember how we
took out Spider for Cruz?
Together, Paco, we're unbeatable.
Your Onda's not my onda,
and it never will be.
Paco!
I'll always be your brother,
Vato Loco.
Never.
- They're watching, homes.
- I know they are. Let 'em watch.
The show's just beginning,
and they don't even know it.
This will probably be
our last meeting together, carnales.
They're trying to break Onda up.
But you know what?
They're only helping us grow.
They're using the interstate compact
to exchange each of you

who's from out of state...
for cons from Califas.
So, Chivo, they're sending you
back to Arizona.
Hey, man, we can't do nothin'
about it. You gotta go.
But at least you'll be back to your mom,
man. She needs anything, let me know.
I'll take care of her.
Geronimo goes back to Texas.
You straighten your son out.
They're trying to break up La Onda,
but we're gonna turn it on 'em!
And you know how
we're gonna do that?
Each of you is gonna establish
your own chapters.
La Onda has \$15,000 for each of you,
so you'll start things out strong.
We're gonna spread La Onda gospel
Billy Graham style.
Yeah, s. Que no, homey.
El Mero Mero had a dream.
We are that dream.
We're gonna multiply
in numbers undreamed of...
in every pinta, every barrio,
every southwestern state.
La Onda has a destiny,
and no one can stop us.
What about me, carnal?
- Where do I go?
- You stay with me, carnal.
You're the eyes behind my back...
the leg I don't have,
the other half of mi corazn.
You ordered me
to destroy this mould.
But I kept it for protection
from you.
Now I want you to destroy it.
- I loved him.
- We both loved him.
But we did what we had to do

for Onda.
You were right.
I give my life to you.
What are we doing here?
- Come on, man.
- Man, you got me out of bed
to come down here?
Think you lost more
than your hair, vato.
Don't believe all that shit
you hear about Samson, ese.
I'm just strippin' myself
down to the bone, homes.
- Yeah, what if I said I wouldn't come?
- Shit, I knew you would come.
Come look at yourself
in the mirror, ese.
Oh, man.
It's not all marked up, man.
It's a sign of respect.
For ten years, man, I've been
star trekking in the twilight zone.
Damn, we were all innocent, eh?
It's all gone, Cruzito.
It ain't like that any more.
What, not even a little carnalismo
left in there, ese?
What, you think you use brotherhood up
like a shot of tequila?
You just drink it down, it burns,
it makes you feel good, yeah?
And then you're left with the hangover
the rest of your life?
Look, man, you showed me your mural.
You're a good artist.
I think you're the best.
Now, come on. Let's go.
Hey, just 'cause you wear sunglasses
don't mean you're blind, ese.
Oh, shit. You want to know
what I see up there?
A fantasy, man. A dream.
Three vatos looking for something
that wasn't there.

Loco, we stood by each other.
We trusted each other.
Orale, that's worth believing in.
Shit, we were familia, homes.
He ain't my family.
I hate that fuckin' puto.
You ought to scrape his ass
off the wall like dirt.
Chale, vato, no matter how much hate
there is between you and him...
you're still connected.
You got the same blood pumping
through both your hearts, ese.
That's a bond you can never break.
Neither can Miklo.
- He's still just trying to be like you.
- That's bullshit!
Simn, ese, come on! El Gallo Negro,
the baddest Chicano in the barrio.
Yeah, well, that ain't me.
Not any more.
You ain't changed a bit, ese.
Oh, so, what... what are you saying?
It's all my fault,
the way everything turned out?
Oh, I see.
What, you think you got
so much fucking power, huh?
Control everybody's destiny?
- No, you're right, man.
- No, I'm not.
- I set Miklo up.
I made him go after Spider. I mean,
I started the whole fucking thing.
Relax, ese.
Your back wouldn't be all fucked up.
Miklo wouldn't be in prison.
He'd still have his leg.
- Hey, I forgive you, ese.
- I don't want your forgiveness, man!
You know, that's your fuckin' problem,
ese. You can't forgive yourself.
You need that guilt.
It's what keeps you going.

Hey, I know, bro. I fed mine
through a needle for ten years!
And that gero up there,
hating his own fucking white skin?
Shit, he's got it worse
than both of us.
You gotta cut it loose, carnal.
It's fucking poison.
That's who we are.
Three Vatos Locos
full of carnalismo...
trying to survive
in a fucking war zone.
But what I know now, bro,
is that I need my familia to do it.
We all do.
Even you, pinchejura.
Badass cop.
- Come on, man.
- Hey, don't back away, vato.
Life's a risk, carnal.
Remember? You said it yourself.
Step into the ring
and throw down, ese.
You a badass?
Take care of business, homes.
'Cause we're from East Los, ese.
We come out chased by hounds, huh?
'Round and 'round we go, wearing
a pinche rabbit's foot for luck...
just ahead of the fucking hounds.
Yeah!
Hey.
We got something better
than a rabbit's foot, homes.
We've got familia.
Hmm? You know
what I'm sayin', ese?
You may be bad, but you
can't dance like Smooth Cruz.
Oh, I see now.
I remember you, vato.
El merengue
at the Tender Trap, '72.

Rucas got their hearts broke,
and I kicked your ass.
Shit. Oh, shit, man.
I was breaking hearts and faces, vato.
Bullshit!
You still can't dance, ese.
You still can't dance.
Yeah, but you can learn, ese.
I'll teach you, simn.
'Cause it ain't ever over, homes.
Ever!