

Agent: Century 21

by

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December 2011

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE. ESTABLISHING. DAY

Picture postcard shots of Paris on a crisp autumn day: the Eiffel Tower, a busy Metro station, the Champs Elysees, over which we hear:

NEWSCASTER V.O.

(in French)

In Tijuana today officials marked the one-year anniversary of one of the most violent episodes in Mexico's war on drugs which left more than 100 dead.

INT. APARTMENT. MONTPARNASSE. DAY

On her bed chewing bubble gum, **Sylvia Lauren**, blond and 17, watches on FRANCE24 file footage of chaos in Tijuana: smoke looming over the city, helicopters, Federales engaged in a shoot-out in the streets, etc.

NEWSCASTER

(in French)

It was a day on which Gilberto "El Padre" Duran's drug cartel, the most powerful and feared in Mexico, collapsed in a blood-bath sending shock waves across the world.

A beautiful, slender French woman **Angelina Lauren (37)** enters the room. The following dialogue is in French:

SYLVIA

Mama, it's been a year already since Tijuana.

ON TV: An unflattering photo of a smiling **Mary Kay Curly (36)**, an Every Mom in a Century 21 jacket. Sylvia laughs.

SYLVIA

(re: woman in photo)

Jesus, need a make-over much?

NEWSCASTER

At the center of it all was real estate agent Mary Kay Curly of San Diego, California.

ANGELINA

Oh c'mon, she's not that bad.

Another photo of Mary Kay standing with **two young boys** appears on TV.

NEWSCASTER

What began as an innocent eHarmony
date for this single mother of two
turned...

Angelina hits the mute button. Sylvia looks back at the TV
then stares at her mother as though she doesn't understand.

SYLVIA

Is everything going to be okay?

ANGELINA

It's a dangerous world out there,
honey. But we stick together as a
family and everything will turn out
just fine. Now get your math
homework done and later we'll watch
Eurovision. That Danish band you
like is on.

SYLVIA

Okay, mom.

The land line **rings**. Angelina stares at the ringing phone a
moment, then picks up.

ANGELINA

Allo?

MAN'S VOICE ON PHONE

It's been one year, Ms. Lauren.

The voice is ominous.

MAN'S VOICE ON PHONE

Your time is up.

Angelina's nervous gaze turns to the images of mayhem in
Tijuana flashing on TV.

FADE TO BLACK
SCREEN:

CARD: One Year and 2 Days Earlier

FADE IN TO:

INT. CLAIM JUMPER RESTAURANT. SUBURBAN SAN DIEGO. EVENING.

CU: ON: **Robert (49)**, a meek and balding man with tiny
shoulders.

ROBERT

I call it the "yes" button, Mary
Kay.

(MORE)

ROBERT (cont'd)
 The click of the mouse that says
 yes to a stranger's picture and yes
 to love in the 21st century. One
 click of that button and lives can
 forever.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals his dinner date **Mary Kay Curly (36)**.
 She gazes at Robert, won over by his suburban charm.

MARY KAY
 Gosh Robert, I never thought of it
 that way before.

Mary Kay takes a self-conscious sip of her wine. At 36, the
 multiple defeats of her life have stifled her beauty, her
 "nice lady" persona working as a protective coat against a
 world that completely overlooks legions of women like her.

MARY KAY
 I like that. The yes button.
 That's *so* clever.

ROBERT HOLLAND
 One click, our eyes meet and who
 knows what could happen? Let's
 note it for the record. Here we
 are, meeting for the first time,
 Monday, September 19th, 9:05 p.m.
 at *this* table in *this* Claim Jumper
 (points out window)
 across from *that* Toys R Us and *that*
 Jiffy Lube. Everything that happens
 to us Mary Kay, from this second
 forward happens because we clicked
 that button and we said yes.

MARY KAY
 Don't you just wonder what it'll
 be?

ROBERT
 Heck, for all we know we could end
 up living in Paris, France speaking
 French as our ordinary everyday
 language.

MARY KAY
 Wouldn't *that* be something? My
 gosh.

ROBERT
 All it takes is meeting just the
 right person to unlock our full
 potential. Maybe we'll become
 famous artists or movie stars or
 inventors. And by famous, I mean
world famous.

Mary Kay smiles; so won over she has to catch her breath.

ROBERT

I mean, don't you wonder what you might be great at if you only tried? I could become China's greatest stand-up comedian and never know it until I meet the right person.

MARY KAY

You speak Chinese?

ROBERT

No. And I've never done a stand-up routine. But meeting you, maybe I'm driven to learn Chinese and move to China and become a great comedian. And you, Mary Kay, maybe there's something you've never tried. Something you'd be the best at. All because you said yes to meeting me.

MARY KAY

Robert, you're so philosophical. This is such a pleasant surprise, isn't it? To have such a deep conversation. I've been on two of these and they were disappointing to say the least.

ROBERT

Welcome to the club.

Robert hoists his wine glass and takes a sip.

ROBERT

Forgive me for being nosy, but...may I ask what prompted your divorce?

Mary Kay sips her wine and sighs.

MARY KAY

I suppose the usual. My husband traveled a lot for business and at first he'd always leave these notes for me on the refrigerator. You know, sweet nothings, I-Love-Yous and whatnot. But over the years they became less and less sweet and no more I-Love-Yous. Finally one morning I woke up and found a note saying he'd rather be water-boarded than have sex with me one more time.

ROBERT

Jesus.

MARY KAY

That I was nothing but a big fat
Chatty Cathy.

ROBERT

But you're not even fat.

MARY KAY

Thank you for saying that, Robert.
Oh, and that I was a bore who
blabbed all day about anything and
everything--oh, it was Dancing With
The Stars, the menu at Coco's,
Beanie Babies I found on eBay.

ROBERT

Geez. The note was that specific?

Mary Kay nods.

ROBERT

Sounds abusive. You're way better
off.

Robert raises his glass and Mary Kay raises hers to toast.

MARY KAY

Oh, and now that he was free he'd
appreciate it if the boys and I
never tried to contact him again.
And that hurt, him leaving like
that with those hurtful words the
boys and I will never get out of
our heads.

ROBERT

Sounds like they're better off too.

MARY KAY

I don't know. My youngest son,
he's a real nervous type. He was so
upset about it his hair turned
completely gray. All the kids at
school call him *Little Gray Boy*.
Can you imagine? And my other son,
he's in a body cast. We found out
he needed spinal surgery two days
after his father left. Oh, he can
walk around on crutches and
everything, but where's his father
when he needs him most?

ROBERT
Jesus, that's...that's awful.

Sorry he asked, Robert attacks his steak.

ROBERT
Hey, I'll bet you like Jethro Tull.

MARY KAY
Oh yeah...Jethro...? Who is that again?

ROBERT
What? You're kidding right?
Jethro Tull's a band. By far the greatest band of the 70s and 80s.

MARY KAY
That's right--on eHarmony you said you were in some kind of rock 'n roll club?

ROBERT
I haven't missed a Jethro Tull convention in 9 years. Last year it was on a Carnival Caribbean cruise. Ian Anderson came out and played *Locomotive Breath* on his flute right there in the ship's dining room.

MARY KAY
My, that must have been nice.

ROBERT
And next year I'm running for club treasurer. The campaign won't be easy, Mary Kay. But you've got to fight for what you love.

Mary Kay gazes at him admirably, her head nodding yes.

MARY KAY
You do don't ya?

Robert makes like a boxer.

ROBERT
I was an amateur boxer in my day. Really. Bring 'em on, I'll beat 'em to a pulp.

MARY KAY
You're gonna win, Robert. I just know it.

ROBERT

I'm warning you now, Mary Kay, Tull fans party like no other fans in the world. Well, you'll see.

EXT. RANCHO SAN DIEGO TRACT HOME COMMUNITY. 10:00 P.M.

Mary Kay's P.T. Cruiser pulls into a tranquilized cul-de-sac of stucco tract homes where a garage door opens and into the garage she goes.

INT. THE CURLY LIVING ROOM. 10:05 P.M.

On cloud 9 Mary Kay floats into the room to find her son **Gil (13)** on the couch in a **body cast** watching TV and rolling his head rapidly back and forth on a pillow.

GIL

Did you make a connection?

MARY KAY

I had a very nice time. Now stop that with your head. The doctor won't take the cast off tomorrow if you're rolling your head around like that.

GIL

Good. The longer I don't have to go back to Jerk Hole High.

BILLY

Mom, 5 more cops beheaded in Tijuana by narco foot soldiers!

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals **Billy (9)** at the computer. And yes, his hair has turned **completely gray**.

MARY KAY

Well we won't be going down there to get you another Bart Simpson piggy bank any time soon, will we?

BILLY

No way. One guy they dunked in chemicals 'til he was nothing but skull and bones.

GIL

(laughing)
Aw gross!

But Billy's not laughing. He looks frightened.

MARY KAY
Peanut, stop worrying yourself sick
with that nonsense.

BILLY
Tj's like 20 minutes away! What if
the narco-terror spills over the
border?

MARY KAY
Stop saying *narco*! We live in a
nice neighborhood.

Mary Kay makes like a boxer just as Robert did.

MARY KAY
You've got nothing to worry about.
Cause mom will beat 'em to a pulp
if they get anywhere near you.

BILLY
Yeah, right. You've got like zero
skills.

Billy and Gil laugh.

GIL
If you say you didn't make a
connection you can get your money
back. It's been 6 months.

MARY KAY
I don't want my money back. I met
the man of my dreams tonight. As a
matter of fact, if things work out
with Robert, we could all end up in
Paris, France speaking French as
our ordinary everyday language.

GIL
I hate talking French!

BILLY
I hate it too!

MARY KAY
Oh, stop it. You've never even
tried it before. Move over Billy.
I want to check my E-mail.

BILLY
Fine. Hog it like you always do.

Mary sits down at the computer.

GIL
Can this guy at least afford gas?
That last guy made you put gas in
his tank.

MARY KAY
Oh he did not!

GIL
Mom! Yes he so did! I was there!
You filled up his car down at the
Chevron and he totally drove away!

Billy and Gil laugh hysterically.

MARY KAY
You boys are really going to like
Robert. He sells software to
companies that make bottles and
jars.

GIL
Bor-ing.

MARY KAY
It is not boring! It's very
interesting! Oh! Looks like some
pretty lady got an E-mail. Subject
heading: "The Yes Button."

Excitedly, Mary Kay clicks on her E-mail.

ON SCREEN:

*A little advice: you're a boring old cow. Your husband is
my hero for leaving you. I could barely make it through
dinner. Please never attempt to contact me again.*

Robert

Mary Kay just stares at the screen, heartbroken.

BILLY
What he say, mom?

INT. MARY KAY'S BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay studies herself in the mirror.

MARY KAY
Boring old cow? Am I a boring old
cow, Mr. Bears?

On the cushioned toilet seat sits a Persian cat, **Mr. Bears.**

MARY KAY
*Your husband is my hero for leaving
 you. What kind of thing is that to
 say?*

Mary Kay's cell phone rings. She answers.

MARY KAY
 Hello?

ROBERT
 (over phone)
 Just as I suspected. You answered
 my call after that E-mail.

MARY KAY
 Robert?

ROBERT
 Don't pretend you don't know it's
 me. I come up on caller ID.
 You're pathetic, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
 I thought we had a connection.

ROBERT
 Maybe you did. But I knew as soon
 as you wobbled in you hadn't been
 laid since your husband left. And
 I don't need any of that noise.

MARY KAY
 You men are all the same. Sex,
 sex, sex. Well I've got news for
 you! Sex is overrated, so there!

ROBERT
 I'll bet the last real adventure
 you had was grazing the snack aisle
 at Costco.

Mary Kay tries to keep it together.

MARY KAY
 I really don't care for your tone.

ROBERT
 If I were you, I'd kill myself and
 hope Angelina Jolie adopted my
 kids. Now *there's* a woman of
 action.

MARY KAY
 You'll regret this. I'm a nice
 person. I am.

ROBERT

And by the way, your ass is way bigger than in those photos online. And you're way less attractive. I'm reporting you to the site for gross misrepresentation.

CLICK. Mary Kay sets down the cell phone and lights up a Capri cigarette. Her hands are shaking.

MARY KAY

Jerk! Can you believe that? Who behaves like that in society?

A deep confusion boils in Mary Kay's crushed spirit. You can see it in her eyes as she holds back the tears.

MARY KAY

(in the mirror)

What's wrong with me, Mr. Bears? I'm a licensed realtor who can't even land a computer guy who looks like the f-ing caterpillar from Alice in Wonderland!

INT. CENTURY 21 OFFICE. 9:00 A.M. NEXT MORNING

In her cubicle Mary Kay worries over her COMPUTER SCREEN:

Robert has sent you a message on eHarmony. Click here to view your message.

She wants to click. She knows she shouldn't. **Jacqueline Marsh (26)**, type-A beauty, pops her head into frame.

JACQUELINE

How was your date with that Robert guy?

Mary Kay jumps, startled.

MARY KAY

Jacqueline, you scared me.

JACQUELINE

C'mon Mary Kay. Spill it. You only spent the last ten days showing everyone his profile.

MARY KAY

The truth is...I think Robert and I are destined to be together forever.

JACQUELINE

He didn't mind the weight issue?

MARY KAY
 Jacqueline! I gained 15 pounds
 since my husband left. Big
 patooties. Robert didn't seem to
 notice at all.

JACQUELINE
 It's probably a relief to you that
 he's older and balding, huh?

MARY KAY
 What does it matter when you're
 hung like that? I didn't get home
 until 4 in the morning. And *he* was
 the one begging *me* not to leave.

JACQUELINE
 I think you're lying.

MARY KAY
 I think I'm not.

JACQUELINE
 Oh look, he sent you a message.

Jacqueline clicks the link.

MARY KAY
 No!

Too late.

JACQUELINE
 I want to see what he says.

Mary Kay's computer screen goes blank. As do all the
 computers in the office. Confused grumbles rise up
 throughout the office. Then, on every screen in huge
 flashing red letters:

Mary Kay Curly Is A Big Loser! F You! LOL!

JACQUELINE
 I guess the weight *was* an issue.

INT. CORNER OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER

Ernie (38) stands over Mary Kay who is talking to herself.

MARY KAY
 Why can't people just be nice?

ERNIE
 Mary Kay?

MARY KAY

That's all I want. A world where everything is clean and nice.

ERNIE

Mary Kay?

MARY KAY

I clicked the yes button for Robert-
-I said "yes" to love, Ernie.

ERNIE

You said yes to a virus, Mary Kay.
I should bill you for the I.T. guys
out there. I need you to turn in
your lock box card and exit the
office.

MARY KAY

What?

ERNIE

You're no longer an agent with
Century 21.

MARY KAY

Ernie? No. You can't do that.

ERNIE

I just got off the phone with
corporate. You've been
decertified.

MARY KAY

You can't decertify me. There's no
such thing.

ERNIE

(he lies)
There is and I did.

MARY KAY

I know I haven't been up to par
since my husband left but...

ERNIE

Up to par? All you've done for 6
months is sit at your desk, surf
eHarmony and cry. You haven't
produced. No listings. No sales.
You're 5 months behind on your desk
rent. I felt sorry for you. But
not anymore. You bring everyone
down.

MARY KAY
I just need some time, Ernie. I'm
a realtor in her prime.

ERNIE
Mary Kay, you've never been in the
prime of *anything*.

MARY KAY
I've got my boys to take care of,
Ernie. I've got Gil's medical
bills. My house is about to go
into foreclosure. Century 21 is my
life.

ERNIE
Look, no one was really gonna buy a
house from someone named *Mary Kay*
Curly. You can take comfort in
that. Hand over your lock box key.

Mary Kay reluctantly places the card key on the desk.

MARY KAY
This isn't fair.

ERNIE
And the jacket.

MARY KAY
My gold jacket?

ERNIE
That officially belongs to Century
21.

Mary Kay looks down at the jacket, the last emblem of her
dignity.

MARY KAY
Fuck you, Ernie!

And she bolts out of the chair and runs out the door.

ERNIE
Mary Kay! Mary Kay!

And she runs through the office to the ecstatic applause of
the other agents.

EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay runs from the Century 21 office clutching her
jacket, Ernie chasing after her.

ERNIE

Mary Kay!

Mary Kay grabs an empty shopping cart, ready to use it as a battering ram against Ernie.

MARY KAY

I'm keeping the jacket. I earned it. I'll make a scene.

ERNIE

Fine. Fine.

MARY KAY

Really? I can keep it?

ERNIE

You can wear it *inside* your house. But not outside. You wear it outside and I regret to say there'll be trouble.

Mary Kay frowns.

ERNIE

Listen, I might have something more suited for you.

MARY KAY

Don't insult me, Ernie. I've had it up to my gills today.

ERNIE

I do a little property management on the side. A client of mine has been out of the country for a year but he's coming back next month. I haven't been able to collect the rent in 11 months and it's gonna be a real shit show when he gets back if I don't have the money. You collect the back rent and I'll cut you in for fifty percent.

MARY KAY

Fifty percent?

ERNIE

11 grand.

MARY KAY

They owe 22 thousand in back rent?! Why didn't you call the Sheriff to kick them out?

ERNIE
Frankly, fear of reprisal.

MARY KAY
Repri...what?

ERNIE
All I can say is a bunch of
deadbeats hang out at the house.
Guys out of prison. Guys going to
prison. Nobody speaks English. I
try to collect and they threaten
me. I say I'm calling the sheriff
and they say it's the last thing
I'll do. Maybe they just don't
like me. But there is a lease and
they owe the money. Now you're a
nice lady. Maybe you can get
somewhere with them.

MARY KAY
I'd really get 11 thousand dollars?

ERNIE
And you do this and I'll re-instate
you with Century 21 and give you
your desk back and maybe,
shockingly you'll even sell a
house. 11 grand will keep you and
your boys afloat for awhile, yes?

Mary Kay sighs, looks down at her coveted gold jacket.

MARY KAY
Ernie?

ERNIE
Yeah?

MARY KAY
As a single mother, I thank you.

ERNIE
Good then.

Ernie writes on the back of his business card.

ERNIE
Here's the address.

MARY KAY
San Ysidro? Down by the border?

ERNIE

It's not as bad as it sounds. Oh, and last time I was down there I overheard two guys talking about someone named Art Ocho. When they noticed me standing there they clammed up. Maybe this Art Ocho is the one you need to talk to.

Ernie turns and heads back towards the office.

MARY KAY

Art Ocho. Okay. I'm on my way.

ERNIE

Right now?

MARY KAY

When life hands you lemons, Ernie...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION. MEXICALI, MEXICO. DAY

Down the steps of a bus cascades a giant pile of trash: diapers, chicken bones, bottles, etc. at the feet of **Benito Ramirez (20s)** who glances down at the trash and picks up a newspaper.

CARD: Mexicali, Mexico 3 hours from Tijuana

Benito stares disgustedly at a grisly photo captioned:

5 BEHEADED, DISEMBOWELED

BENITO

(in Spanish)

This country, Pedro, these people. They've all gone psychotic. I will never understand this kind of violence.

Next to him **Pedro Marquez (30)** sips horchata from the corner of a plastic baggie.

PEDRO

(in Spanish)

Soon enough we'll be across the border screwing first class American strippers. And while I'm walking this earth Benito, I'm gonna get my hands on a black hooker bitch with a great big ass.

Benito laughs.

BENITO
 (in Spanish)
 Good-bye Mexico. America here we
 come! Praise God for El Padre!

TWO MORE MEN approach Benito and Pedro. They make eye-
 contact. They know each other. But are careful to conceal
 this fact.

PEDRO
 (in Spanish)
 And your brother in San Diego. Is
 he reliable?

Pedro whips out his cell phone and begins to text.

BENITO
 (in Spanish)
 No worries, Pedro. Once we cross
 the border, he'll be waiting with
 the truck.

EXT. CONDO PATIO. MISSION BEACH BOARDWALK. MORNING

Brother OMAR (36), a man with a deep tan and a thick
 moustache, sits on a beach chair watching the girls in
 bikinis roller-blade by.

His iPhone vibrates besides the ashtray on the little table
 besides him. A text reads:

rent u-haul

Omar smiles then hits erase. Takes a drag of his cigarette
 then stuffs it out in a bucket full of butts.

INT. MARY KAY'S P.T. CRUISER. SAN YSIDRO. MORNING

Mary Kay drives through a neighborhood where each successive
 house looks sketchier and sketchier. She slows...to her left
 she spots a house painted with graffiti where **two tatted-up**
gang-banger hawks with shaved heads sit on a car in the
 driveway smoking weed.

MARY KAY
 (to herself)
 Jesus, Ernie. You've gotta be
 kidding me.

She checks the address again. Her cell phone rings. She
 pulls over and picks up her phone. Caller I.D. says: Robert.

MARY KAY
 Hello, Robert. I know it's you!

We hear the laughter of several guys in the background.

ROBERT
(on phone)
Holy shit, the cow answered *again*!

MARY KAY
I am not a cow! And you know it.
Why are you trying to hurt me?

ROBERT
Wow, Mary Kay! Unbelievable.
After I gave you a virus you still
want more? Where's your dignity?

MARY KAY
Why do you keep calling me?

More laughter in the background.

ROBERT
You're on speaker, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
Robert, your behavior is
unacceptable!

ROBERT
My behavior? Things must really be
unraveling for you you're so
desperate you keep answering my
calls. Grow a pair, loser!

Laughter. Click. Mary Kay puts down the phone. She's
burning inside. She eyes the menacing stucco house sitting
in a burnt-up yard filled with old car parts and trash. The
gang-bangers now nowhere in sight.

EXT. GRAFFITI HOUSE. SAN YSIDRO. 10:45 A.M.

In her Century 21 jacket Mary Kay walks up the driveway. It's
hot already and she's sweating.

AT THE DOOR--she peers through the metal security door. A TV
is blasting. She knocks.

MARY KAY
Hello? Hello?

Ulises (30), a poor soul with no shirt and a severely swollen
red eye arrives peers through the security door.

ULISIS
Si?

MARY KAY
 I'm here to collect the rent for
 Mr. Richardson. You're 11 months
 behind. You owe 22,000 dollars.

Ullisis opens the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM. GRAFFITI HOUSE. CONT'D

Ullisis disappears behind a curtain where a door should be
 leaving Mary Kay with **two teenage crack addicts** with shitty
 mustaches who sit shirtless and comatose on the couch
 watching Judge Judy like a couple of snuff-film candidates.

MARY KAY
 Hello. I'm Mary Kay. I love that
 Judge Judy. She really tells it
 like it is.

Nothing. Hundreds of cockroaches crawl the walls.

MARY KAY
 What school do you boys go to? I
 have one son who goes to Monte
 Vista. Well, he's in a body cast
 so he gets home schooled by a nice
 lady who works for the district.

No response. Zippo. The boys are flying. Ullisis reappears
 with another man, **Jerry (39)**, a stringy white guy with a blue
 Maori-like tattoo covering his entire face--looks like that
 pedophile they recently dragged out of the Florida swamps.

JERRY
 What up?

MARY KAY
 I'm here to collect the rent for
 Mr. Richardson.

JERRY
 Guy you want ain't here. But I can
 take you to him. He's just around
 back. Through the curtain.

ULISES
 (in Spanish)
 Ain't no one allowed back there,
 Jerry!

JERRY
 Shut the fuck up.

ULISES
 (in Spanish)
 That's stupid shit, Jerry. We
 ain't supposed to do that shit.

JERRY
 Shut the fuck up, Ulises. Lady,
 this way.

Anyone with half a sense would never walk through that
 curtain with this guy. But...

EXT. JUST AROUND BACK. MOMENTS LATER

Jerry leads Mary Kay through a labyrinth of burnt-out
 backyards, through fences and past barking pit bulls.

EXT. PINK SHACK. MOMENTS LATER

A converted one-bedroom garage painted pink with boarded up
 windows.

JERRY
 Guy you want's in there.

MARY KAY
 I'll wait out here. Tell him I'm
 outside and I'm here to collect the
 rent.

JERRY
 He ain't gonna come out. You gotta
 go in there.

MARY KAY
 I'd feel more comfortable out here.

JERRY
 You want the money, you gotta go in
 there.

ESTEBAN WHITE O.C.
 Jerry is dis your new party girl?

Mary Kay turns to find the wiry and shirtless **Esteban White**
 (22) walking along the fence towards her.

Esteban laughs as Jerry raises up a **thick plank** behind Mary
 Kay and slams it down on her head.

BLACK:

INT. PINK SHACK. 20 MINUTES LATER

ON: Mary Kay's hands: bound to the arms of a chair. We
 hear a dial moving rapidly across a radio.

ON: Mary Kay's mouth. Gagged.

ON: Her eyes. Worried. Searching the room.

Jerry cuts lines of coke on a mirror while Esteban finds a station on the radio.

JERRY

That other guy come around he never even came in the door. That was the smart one.

ESTEBAN

Dis it?

STATION PROMO

94.7. The Wa-a-ave. The station everyone in the office can agree on.

Mary Kay nods.

ESTEBAN

Dat's your favorite station?

Christopher Cross' yacht rock hit "Sailing" leaks from the crummy boombox.

JERRY

That's pussy shit.

MAN'S VOICE O.C.

That's the station the lady wants...that's the station the lady gets.

Jerry carries the mirror of coke over to **a white man (55)** in shorts and an open Hawaiian shirt and flip-flops, a white mustache, white hair in a ponytail, his body permanently sun-burnt like he's spent his life in Margaritaville. Which he has. And that's his name. **Margaritaville.**

ESTEBAN

She good to go, Margaritaville.

MARGARITAVILLE

(to Mary Kay)

The name ain't legal on account convicted felons can't change their names. But yeah...

Margaritaville snorts a rail of blow off the mirror.

MARGARITAVILLE
 ...I'm a Parrot Head through and
 through. Saw Jimmy like 20 fuckin'
 times when I lived in Havasu.

Margaritaville stands.

MARGARITAVILLE
 Well, let's get on with the gettin'
 on and then I gotta cruise.

Margaritaville swings his sweaty dick and **slaps** it against
 the back of Mary Kay's neck. Mary Kay coils forward. Jerry
 and Esteban laugh.

MARGARITAVILLE
 Well pardon me, lady. My dick's
 like a pirate full'a rum 'n cum.

Esteban opens a bedroom door.

ESTEBAN
 Dis one's sixteen.

Jerry turns Mary Kay in the chair to face the open bedroom
 door. On the bed: **a Mexican girl, Olivia**, tied to the bed.

MARGARITAVILLE
 Esteban you just made my day.

ESTEBAN
 Dis *is* a good station, lady.

MARGARITAVILLE
 It might not be half bad for
 fuckin'.

The door opens and a real bad-ass-looking dude, **Manny
 Grijalva (35)**, busts through the door.

MANNY GRIJALVA
 What the fuck is going on in here?!

Jerry just shrugs.

MARGARITAVILLE
 Having a party, bro.

MANNY GRIJALVA
 Who the fuck is she?

ESTEBAN
 Dis lady came to get de rent.

MANNY GRIJALVA
 The rent?!

JERRY
We was only clownin' so she don't
come round here no more.

MANNY GRIJALVA
What did I say you dumb piece of
shit?! About bringing people back
here?! She could be a cop. She
could be a fucking federal agent!

Mary Kay frantically shakes her head and grunts "no, no."

MANNY GRIJALVA
El Padre's gonna shit fire when he
hears about this!

JERRY
Ah, that's just some dumb bitch.
She ain't no one, Manny.

MANNY GRIJALVA
She *ain't*? *Ain't*? Read a book you
fucking dumb ass!

In a flash, Manny picks up the coke mirror, charges Jerry and
smashes the mirror over his head--Jerry goes down.

MANNY GRIJALVA
Read a fucking book and we don't
find ourselves in this situation!
Why am I always dealing with this
shit with you guys?! The Cat Who
Came Home For Christmas!

Manny kicks Jerry in the teeth.

MANNY GRIJALVA
That's a book! The Da Vinci Code...

Mary Kay watches in horror. Manny kicks Jerry in the ribs
as Jerry scrambles across the hardwood.

MANNY GRIJALVA
...read a fucking book!

Another kick to the mouth and Jerry's gold teeth clink like
Chicklets across the floor.

MANNY GRIJALVA
It's what separates us from the
animals!

Esteban cowers in the corner. I don't think he's ever read a
book. Manny violently kicks and kicks and kicks.

MANNY GRIJALVA

Read a fucking book and take some pride in yourself! The Pelican Brief! Tuesdays With Morrie! Jurassic Park! That was a book before it was a movie! But you gotta read the book so you don't end up here on the floor doing stupid shit like an animal.

MARGARITAVILLE

Hey bro, don't be a buzz-kill. You gotta just party through this shit.

Manny turns, regards Margaritaville. He draws his .44, levels the gun, fires. One shot. The temple. Blood rooster-tails across the wall. Dropping him dead.

Mary Kay screams, then makes a break for the door, but her hands are tied to the chair and she takes a header into the shelf, smashing it and sending herself and the shelving to the floor.

ESTEBAN

You killed Margaritaville.

MANNY GRIJALVA

You see?! El Padre sends me to get the girl and you pull this stupid shit.

ESTEBAN

Dat Margaritaville never did nothin'.

MANNY GRIJALVA

(to Mary Kay)

Where the fuck do you think you're going?!

Manny levels the gun on Mary Kay. She scoots to the door, the chair stuck to her ass. Manny fires. The bullet striking the door above her head. Mary Kay screams.

Manny rips off the gag in Mary Kay's mouth.

MANNY GRIJALVA

Who are you and what the fuck are you doing here?

MARY KAY

I'm nobody. I'm just a mom. Really. I came by to collect the rent. Please let me go.

Olivia turns to Mary Kay.

OLIVIA
Me llamo Olivia Arenas. Kidnapped
from Juarez. Ayuda me. Help.

MANNY GRIJALVA
Shut her the fuck up!

Esteban slams the door shut on Olivia. Manny sits Mary Kay upright in the chair.

MANNY GRIJALVA
If you're lying, you'll die right
here, right now!

MARY KAY
My name is Mary Kay. I'm an agent.
(indicates her jacket)
With Century 21. Honest. I was
sent to collect the rent.

Manny pulls Mary Kay's cell phone from her jacket, throws it to Esteban.

MANNY GRIJALVA
Call Century 21. See if she's
telling the truth.

MARY KAY
Wait! Don't. I'm wearing this
Century 21 jacket but I'm not
currently representing Century 21.
If you call they'll say I'm not
with them. As of this morning.

MANNY GRIJALVA
As of this morning? Esteban, you
believe this lady?

Esteban shakes his head "no."

MANNY GRIJALVA
I don't either.

MARY KAY
Let's be nice here. Please. If
you don't want to pay the rent,
that's your business. A lot of
people are hurting these days.
Just let me go and I won't say a
word about any of this and I'll
never bother you or Mr. Ocho again.

Manny's demeanor shifts dramatically. Mary Kay is done.

MANNY GRIJALVA
Mr. Ocho?

MARY KAY

Art Ocho.

MANNY GRIJALVA

Where on earth did you hear that name?

MARY KAY

I was told he's the one who's in charge around here.

Manny picks up Mary Kay's purse, takes out her keys and throws them to Esteban.

MANNY GRIJALVA

Get rid of the car.

MARY KAY

What? No! I have to pick up my son from school.

MANNY GRIJALVA

From now on the faggot takes the bus.

Manny nods to Esteban.

MARY KAY

You can't do...

Esteban throws a **black sack** over Mary Kay's head then cinches the drawstring around her throat.

MARY KAY

Hey! No! Helllllp! Please don't! Helllllp!

Not since Abu Ghraib have we seen head-sack action like this. Mary Kay kicks and screams. Manny laughs. Esteban circles her, clowning.

MARY KAY

Help! Help me! My gosh, someone help!

Finally Manny pistol-whips her sacked head, thus ending the **best** part of Mary Kay's day.

--A WHITE VAN: speeding backwards into the backyard and kicking up dust, stops at Mary Kay's body, the chair still attached to her ass. The driver **Raul Vargas (20s)** opens the back doors and he and Manny and Esteban throw Mary Kay, chair and all, into the back of the van.

Olivia, hand-cuffed, is thrown into the van as well.

--THE VAN: peeling out of the yard and screeching into the street.

EXT. 5 DOLLAR FASHION WAREHOUSE. SAN YSIDRO, CA. NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER. 11:45 A.M.

The van pulls into the back loading dock. The warehouse doors open. The van turns around and backs into the warehouse and the doors close again.

INT. TUNNEL TERMINAL. UNDERGROUND. MOMENTS LATER

50 feet below, Mary Kay is propped up semi-conscious in a **golf cart** with its top cut off as through a dirt tunnel supported by beams Raul races, whizzing by utility lights hung every 20 feet or so. The tunnel is narrow, with barely enough room for the cart on either side. Light to light they go, faster and faster, like a dream of underground travel.

Olivia sits on the back of the cart. Finally, Mary Kay comes to--only to find herself hand-cuffed to the cart. Raul turns to Mary Kay, smiles.

RAUL VARGAS
It's one-way, lady. Keep your head
inside the cart.

MARY KAY
What? Where are we? Where are you
taking me?

Up ahead, lights. Bright lights.

MARY KAY
I need to make a phone call.

Raul takes cell from his pocket, then shoves it back in.

RAUL
No you don't.

Raul slows at an EAST/WEST INTERSECTION of the tunnel and sticks his head into the intersection.

Another golf cart's headlights approach from the west. It arrives at the intersection and stops. Bricks of marijuana sit stacked on the cart.

TITO
Raul!

RAUL
Titito!

TITO
Que pasa?!

RAUL
Same 'ol shit. See you at
volleyball?

TITO
Saturday, amigo, I kick your ass.

RAUL
Pase. Pase.

Tito steps on it--driving east in what must be a labyrinth of tunnels. Raul creeps out into the intersection and we can see the red lights of Tito's cart receding east. Mary Kay looks up at a hand-painted wooden sign above her:

Bienvenido A Mexico

MARY KAY
Mexico?! No. I can't.

RAUL
Yes you can.

MARY KAY
You've got the wrong person.

Raul steps on it. South into Mexico. And good-bye U.S.A.

MARY KAY
I don't have a passport.

RAUL
Lady, you don't need none.

MARY KAY
I can't go to Mexico. I have to
pick up my son. Please don't do
this. I'll give you whatever you
want.

Raul laughs.

RAUL
You're going to Mexico. Now.

MARY KAY
I love my babies. Please. They're
waiting for me. This is against
the law.

OLIVIA
Ms. Mary Kay, do what they say. It
is very dangerous.

--TUNNEL: light to light the cart races until it stops at the end of the line and parks beside another golf cart where **two Mexican men** carefully load it with **soft white bricks**.

--LADDER: Rung to rung Mary Kay climbs up the ladder, Raul behind her.

--A DOOR: In the floor. It opens and out pops Mary Kay's head: a Mexican warehouse full of kitsch ceramic statuettes and banks: from piggies and skulls to Shrek, Pocahontas, Bart Simpson, Pink Panther and everything in between.

INT. A MAKE-SHIFT GIRL'S BEDROOM. SAFE HOUSE. TIJUANA. NOON

Raul pushes Mary Kay into the room. Olivia, un-cuffed now, turns the TV to a telenovela and jumps on the bed.

RAUL
You picked the wrong fucking day to
go snooping around, lady.

Raul slams the door shut and locks it from the outside.

Mary Kay meets Olivia's eyes but Olivia only produces a sad blank stare: she is a child robbed of family, home, and life.

MARY KAY
Hello. Hola. I'm Mary Kay.

OLIVIA
Olivia Arenas.

MARY KAY
How'd a sweet girl like you get
mixed up with these crazy people?

OLIVIA
No one will come looking for me.
No one, understand?

MARY KAY
Where are your parents?

OLIVIA
They killed my mother. They killed
my father.

MARY KAY
Oh my gosh. I'm so sorry.

OLIVIA
Please. You must help me. They
won't let me out of here.

MARY KAY

You poor dear. This must all be a mistake. But you don't worry about a thing. You just try to think of normal things, normal teenage girl things. Cause Mary Kay Curly is here and she's gonna iron it all out.

OLIVIA

How? You can't talk to them. You can't reason with them. Ms. Mary Kay, you've got to do something or you will never see your family again. They will kill you.

MARY KAY

No one's killing anybody. If I'm an expert at anything it's at watching TV. And I've seen enough episodes of Murder, She Wrote and CSI to understand how the criminal mind works.

INT. "GREAT HALL." EL PADRE'S SAFE HOUSE. TIJUANA, MEXICO.
12:30 P.M.

CU. ON: a HUGE Empire Style portrait on black velvet of a mustachioed **Mexican Man** in an Gucci suit posed with an AK-47 before a collection of taxidermied *bears* and *lions* while **two masked Mexican wrestlers** kneel before him offering cocaine on gilded mirrors.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Mary Kay in a chair in the middle of this Mexican version of a "Great Hall" filled with taxidermied animals: a polar bear, a Canadian lynx, a lion, a Siberian Tiger, a wild-boar, birds of prey etc.

A door opens and in walks the man in the painting: **Gilberto "El Padre" Duran (46)** wearing Dockers and an Izod shirt accompanied by Raul and **5 Mexican body guards** armed to the hilt.

EL PADRE

You dream of owning such a collection, yes?

MARY KAY

Um...it's very nice. My gosh, you've got a polar bear, bald eagle...all the endangered ones.

In this precarious position, Mary Kay has taken to the strategy of just being her super nice self.

EL PADRE

These creatures were once owned by great men of great wealth who built empires around the world. Men who helped the poor and the sick, men who built churches and schools and hospitals. I am such a man...my collection is famous throughout Mexico.

MARY KAY

Frankly, never heard of it. But then I don't get down to Mexico much.

EL PADRE

You don't like Mexico?

MARY KAY

Oh I love Mexico. Me and my two boys...well, we used to come down to buy blankets and sombreros and piggy banks and stuff our faces with lobster down in Puerto Nuevo but we haven't been here in years on account of the narco-terror. But we've always regarded Mexico as our friendly neighbor to the south, Mr...?

EL PADRE

Gilberto Duran. But mostly I am known as *El Padre*.

El Padre walks over to a table flanked by two armed guards and pulls off a sheet uncovering easily 20 million dollars stacked two feet high.

EL PADRE

You were trying to collect rent from me?

Mary Kay just stares at the money—she's never seen anything like it.

EL PADRE

I don't have the rent money right now. But I may have it for you in a few days.

MARY KAY

Mr. Padre, there's clearly been a mistake. I was sent to collect the rent today from a Mr. Art Ocho.

El Padre looks momentarily stunned. A clear paranoia is setting in. His mind moving a mile a minute, he snaps his fingers, motions for the men to clear the room. They do so, leaving El Padre and Mary Kay alone in the room. El Padre crouches on his knees to study Mary Kay.

EL PADRE
Art Ocho? Where did you hear this name?

MARY KAY
From Ernie.

EL PADRE
Who is Ernie?

MARY KAY
My boss at Century 21. He overheard it at the house he sent me to to collect the rent.

Again, El Padre's eyes seem to be wildly searching.

EL PADRE
This is impossible that you should know this name. They have sent you to kill me, yes?

MARY KAY
Who?

EL PADRE
The CIA. The FBI.

MARY KAY
Honestly, I don't know what you're talking about.

EL PADRE
You lie! You have come for El Padre. Or perhaps you are more interested in my guests from Chiapas. How did you know they were arriving this afternoon?

MARY KAY
Mr. El Padre, really, I don't know who you are or what you're talking about or why I would come for you or anybody. I just want to go home.

El Padre lights a cigar.

EL PADRE
I don't believe you. I am the most wanted drug dealer in Mexico.
(MORE)

EL PADRE (cont'd)
There is a drug war going on here.
I am personally responsible for
killing over 6 thousand men in the
last 3 years of this war. You have
heard of me, yes?

El Padre huffs and huffs until the cigar tip burns red.

MARY KAY
I can't put the name to the face if
that's what you mean. Honestly.

EL PADRE
We will see.

El Padre stands and claps his hands. The door opens and Raul
and the bodyguards re-enter the room.

EL PADRE
Now we play Guantanamo Bay.

MARY KAY
Guantanamo Bay?

EL PADRE
I will ask you some questions. You
will answer. Tell me, what is your
name?

MARY KAY
Mary Kay Curly.

EL PADRE
LIAR!

El Padre spins and **SLAPS** Mary Kay hard across the face. Her
eyes water up and a tear runs down her cheek. El Padre
laughs.

EL PADRE
That's how we play Guantanamo Bay.
You see? El Padre has a sense of
humor.

MARY KAY
Please, I'm telling you the truth.
My name is Mary Kay Curly. I'm a
mom. I have two sons.

EL PADRE
Tell me then, Mary Kay Curly,
mother of two, what do you watch on
TV?

MARY KAY
On TV?

EL PADRE
This is an easy question. I will
not hit you again. You watch TV?

MARY KAY
Yes.

EL PADRE
What do you watch on TV on Mondays?

MARY KAY
*The Bachelor. Heroes. How I Met
Your Mother.*

El Padre winds up to back-hand her, but stops his hand just
before striking her. Mary Kay flinches and shakes. El Padre
laughs. The room fills with laughter.

EL PADRE
You see, I am a man of my word.
Tuesdays?

MARY KAY
Tuesdays? *Biggest Loser. Cake
Boss. Sometimes NCIS.*

EL PADRE
Fridays?

MARY KAY
Ghost Whisperer. House.

EL PADRE
We have a walking TV Guide among
us. Senora Curly...

El Padre pulls out a gaudy diamond-inlay .44 and presses it
to Mary Kay's temple.

EL PADRE
...who is the president of Mexico?

MARY KAY
Huh?

EL PADRE
You live 20 minutes from Mexico.
You said we are your friendly
neighbors. Surely you know the
president's name.

MARY KAY
I...I don't really keep up.

EL PADRE
 We are neighbors! If you don't
 give me the president's name I will
 blow your fucking head off! Give
 me the president's name! The
 president of proud Mexico!

MARY KAY
 I...I can't keep track of everything.

EL PADRE
 You must know it! Tell me! Who is
 the president of Mexico?! Tell me
 now! Say it! If you say nothing I
 will kill you. Say his name! Now!

El Padre pushes the barrel harder to her temple.

MARY KAY
 Jo...Jo...se, Fer...Garci...Hernande...

EL PADRE
 Say it!

MARY KAY
 San...cho...Panza...

El Padre squeezes the trigger and fires into the ceiling.
 Mary Kay screams as plaster rains down on her head.

EL PADRE
 Sancho Panza? Her life is on the
 line and the president of Mexico is
 Sancho Panza?! She is no agent.

El Padre laughs so hard he's almost in tears.

EL PADRE
 If you give me the president's
 name, I blow your head off, you
 see?
 (to narcos)
 How did such a stupid American cow
 end up here?!

Again, El Padre and his narcos bust up laughing.

MARY KAY
 Can I please go home now?

EL PADRE
 Unfortunately for you, no. You
 have entered Mexico through El
 Padre's tunnel.

MARY KAY

I won't ever tell a soul. I promise.

EL PADRE

That may be. But I can't take that chance. Not today. You must now pay the toll.

MARY KAY

I'm pretty strapped right now but I probably have it on me. What's the toll?

EL PADRE

The price you pay for being stupid enough to end up here, the price you pay to live and raise your children in El Padre's world. Only one other person outside the Duran Cartel has been through my tunnel. A not so clever DEA agent. He was captured like you and brought to me. To pay the toll, I offered him a chance to honor my sons. He refused. So I offered him dual-citizenship.

CU: a shovel. Digging in the desert. Four hands roll a headless body into the shallow grave.

EL PADRE

His body remained in Mexico...

AT BORDER FENCE: A **narco** swings a plastic shopping bag with the man's severed head inside it--slinging it high up into the air.

EL PADRE

...while his head returned to America.

And over the huge steel border fence the head soars and lands somewhere the U.S. side with a *clunk*.

BACK TO MARY KAY: looking mortified. Until her **cell phone** begins to ring in Raul's pocket: Billy Joel's muzak version of "Just The Way You Are."

MARY KAY

That's for me.

Raul reaches into his pocket and hands the phone to El Padre. He stares at the photo on the call screen: Mary Kay and her two sons. This seems to strike him where he lives.

Mary Kay snatches the phone from his hand. El Padre cocks his pistol and presses the barrel against Mary Kay's head.

EL PADRE
Do not answer that phone.

Mary Kay gently pushes the barrel away from her temple with her hand and holds up a scolding, defiant finger to El Padre.

MARY KAY
It's my son.

She answers.

MARY KAY
Hi Peanut. I know. I'm sorry.
We'll get your cast off tomorrow.
I know, but honey I'm running
around and it's just been one of
those days. We'll take you
tomorrow I promise...okay...I *just*
bought you Chunky Monkey. And
Skittles? I just got that whole
big bag from Costco. Is that all?
Soon. I said soon. Okay, I love
you. You can say it back. Okay,
Peanut. Bye.

She hangs up.

MARY KAY
What kid puts Skittles on his
Chunky Monkey?

El Padre smiles, almost won over. He takes Mary Kay's cell phone and pockets it.

EL PADRE
You are a brave woman. You
understand the meaning of family.
I respect that, Ms. Curley.

MARY KAY
What else do we have in the end,
Mr. El Padre?

EL PADRE
You will honor my sons, yes?

MARY KAY
If I honor your sons, you'll let me
go?

EL PADRE
I will let you go.

INT. THE GREAT HALL. 1:45 P.M.

Mary Kay sits in a chair next to another man, **Victor "El Macho Cabrio" Chapo (30s)**. Red-eyed, miserable and desperate, Victor is handcuffed and chained at the ankles.

Mary Kay leans in to whisper in confidence:

MARY KAY
I'm just trying not to get that
Stockholm Syndrome.

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR
No ingles.

MARY KAY
They did a whole episode on it on
NCIS.

El Padre enters the room and takes a seat behind his massive Spanish colonial style desk. He pulls up the **AR-50 semi-automatic rifle** he keeps propped under the desk.

EL PADRE
I see you have met Victor here.

MARY KAY
Yes. Victor's a very nice young
man.

El Padre rests the AR-50 across the desk and places his finger on the trigger.

EL PADRE
He killed my two sons. Execution
style.

MARY KAY
Oh my gosh! Victor!

Mary Kay scoots her chair away from Victor.

MARY KAY
El Padre, I'm so sorry. There's
enough to worry about raising kids
in this world--worrying about them
taken out *execution style* shouldn't
be one of them.

EL PADRE

One day you're driving them to their first cub scouts meeting and the next thing you know they're 12 and 14 and on their knees in the desert, blind-folded, guns to their heads.

(he sighs)

They grow up so fast in Mexico.

(beat)

Victor's twin brother Miguel "El Guapo" Chapo is the head of the Chihuahua Cartel. Until one year ago, the brothers were inseparable. But El Guapo declared war on El Padre for control of Tijuana. They killed my wife, my father, my two sons and many of my associates on the police force. So I had to take from El Guapo what he loved most.

MARY KAY

(leans in to Victor)

Sounds like that Stockholm Syndrome would be the way to go.

EL PADRE

To ensure I would not kill his twin brother, El Guapo and his men kidnapped my beautiful mother and my only remaining brother Pepito, a man of the cloth.

MARY KAY

All this kidnapping and mayhem. Why can't you Mexicans just be nice? I mean, gosh.

EL PADRE

Today we have arranged the fourth attempt at a trade. Victor here for my mother and brother. Today I send you to represent the Duran Cartel.

MARY KAY

You mean, you want me to take Victor here and exchange him for your mother and brother?

EL PADRE

Yes, but understand Ms. Mary Kay, my mother and brother will not be at the exchange. And neither will Victor.

MARY KAY

Mr. El Padre, I don't understand.

EL PADRE

El Guapo and I both know our loved ones are safest in enemy hands. Victor's death means my mother's death and vice-versa. Still, we go on with this charade of a trade to see who is the most clever and most powerful. Last week 6 of my men were captured, shot and beheaded in the desert. Naturally, this week I want revenge.

Mary Kay just shakes her head.

EL PADRE

What is it?

MARY KAY

El Padre, it's always the screw-ups who get rewarded these days isn't it? Victor here kills your two boys and he's rewarded with life while others die. Victor, I hope you're happy holding all the cards.

VICTOR

No ingles.

El Padre looks miffed.

EL PADRE

How does Victor hold all the cards?

MARY KAY

(to Victor)

Here he is living the dream on your dime in your house with not a worry in the world, pigging out on all those delicious burritos and tacos that would have gone to your boys to make them big and strong.

Victor smiles his gold tooth smile. El Padre squeezes the trigger. Victor's chest turns to red pulp as 20 rounds pump his body. Blood splatters the wall and Mary Kay's face and Century 21 jacket.

MARY KAY

Merciful George! Why did you do that?!

EL PADRE

Only El Padre holds all the cards!

MARY KAY

Well gosh, not now. He's dead.

El Padre bites his lip, trying to control his fury.

EL PADRE

El Padre decides who dies! And when!

Bebeto (26) wearing a LaDainian Tomlinson San Diego Charger's powder blue jersey and **Begato (25)**, wearing only black pants and tattoos, enter the room. Victor slumps in the chair, blood cascading down his legs.

BEBETO

El Padre? What have you done?

EL PADRE

El Guapo must never hear of this! Never! Understand?

BEGATO

El Padre, your mother?

EL PADRE

Victor is alive and well awaiting the reunion with his twin brother.

BEGATO

This is bad. Really, really bad.

EL PADRE

(in Spanish)

This fucking woman was driving me crazy! Bring me El Wilson! And someone get El Wilson a *futbol*!

EXT. HIGHLAND ELEMENTARY. 2:15 P.M.

Billy sits on the curb alone waiting for his mom to pick him up. A bad-ass GTO with a bunch of burnouts pulls up the to curb.

BURN-OUT

Hey, that's that *Little Gray Boy* from my brother's class.

SIDE-KICK BURN OUT

His hair is all old 'n shit.

BURN OUT

Let's fuck with 'em.

The other burn-outs laugh.

BURN-OUT
You need a ride, Little Gray Boy?

Billy looks up, oh crap.

BILLY
No.

BURN-OUT
Oh yes you do. Get in the car.
And don't try to run or we'll go
wild on you. I said get in the car!

Billy looks around. There's no one to turn to. The back door opens and Billy is pulled in.

INT. GTO. CONT'D

A STONER blows doobie smoke in into Billy's face.

STONER
Check it out. Little dude loves it!
No, he kinda doesn't.

STONER #2
Fuckin' Dorian Gray!

And Billy vomits violently all over the seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENCLOSED COURTYARD. DAY

El Padre and his narcos lead Mary Kay into the courtyard where **El Wilson (60s)** turns from a workbench. He holds up a bloody soccer ball for El Padre to inspect:

El Wilson has sewn Victor's face into the ball. Mary Kay looks on in horror.

EL PADRE
Your work is better every day, El Wilson.

EL WILSON
Gracias, Senor.

El Wilson turns to exit, taking the soccer ball with him.

EL PADRE
And El Wilson. Our guests from Chiapas are soon to arrive?

EL WILSON
Si.

EL PADRE
Have the carts loaded and ready to go.

EL WILSON
Si, senor.

MARY KAY
Mr. El Padre, it's chicken paprikash night and my boys are expecting me at home.

EL PADRE
Too bad. Today you go to El Rey.

MARY KAY
El Rey?

EL PADRE
A cattle ranch one hour into the desert where today's charade will take place. The ranch is controlled by El Guapo's men. They are expecting 6 of my most skilled men.

MARY KAY
Are you crazy? What good am I?

Bebeto and Begato enter the courtyard, Bebeto walking gingerly across the pavers carrying what looks like a stuffed bullet-proof **vest**.

EL PADRE
Take off your jacket. You will need this.

Mary Kay hesitates.

EL PADRE
Do it!

Mary Kay takes off her gold jacket and Bebeto carefully places the vest on Mary Kay then cinches the vest closed from behind.

EL PADRE
Do not think of trying to escape. We will detonate you.

MARY KAY
Detonate me? What the hell does that mean?

EL PADRE

There are enough plastic explosives strapped to you now to blow up a 3-story building. Beбето and Begato control the detonator.

MARY KAY

Please, El Padre. Let's go drink some Margaritas and hit a pinata and call it a day.

EL PADRE

The drive to El Rey involves some of the worst roads in Mexico. The jacket you are wearing is highly sensitive. A pothole, a rock--and boom, you are dust. If you are lucky enough to reach the ranch in one piece, you will be met by gunfire as you exit the car. If you are shot in the head and not in the vest, El Guapo's men will run out to inspect you. At that time, Beбето and Begato, who will be watching from a near-by vantage point, will detonate you, taking out El Guapo's men.

MARY KAY

Forget that. I'm not doing it. Seriously.

EL PADRE

If you are not shot and can somehow manage to get inside the ranch house, which we will be praying for, you will be detonated, killing many of El Guapo's men and destroying their stronghold. In all three scenarios I will make sure the papers label you a narco-terrorist attempting to kill members of the Chihuahua Cartel. Your two sons will then become the targets of El Guapo's men on the other side of the border. And I assure you they will die. In this way you will honor my sons.

MARY KAY

You win, El Padre. Honestly. You can keep the rent.

El Padre laughs, admiring Mary Kay's plucky spirit.

EL PADRE

Do you think I am joking?

MARY KAY

Mr. El Padre, no way. I am not a narco. And never will be for you or anyone else.

EL PADRE

Precisely why I am sending you. You are not one of us. You think differently. I have a good feeling about you. You are a good mother. I know you'll want to see your children again and there is a 4th scenario in which you live to return home safely by dinner tonight.

MARY KAY

Well why didn't you say so in the first place?

EL PADRE

If you can safely enter the ranch house, Beбето and Begato will give you 3 minutes to convince the most vicious and experienced members of El Guapo's death squads to exit the front door, surrender their weapons, get down on their knees, hands behind their heads, so that Beбето and Begato can shoot them execution style. The way they killed my sons. You do this, Mary Kay Curly, you are home tonight with your two boys eating MacDonald's.

MARY KAY

How in the hell am I supposed to do that? You *tell* me that, El Padre.

EL PADRE

I have no idea. But there is a point A to point B for everything in the world. You've survived thus far. I trust you will figure it out, Mary Kay. You can choose dual-citizenship right now or you can fight for what you love.

CU: The tire of a '92 Ford Taurus eating up a bumpy road. Chunk! The tire dips into a small pothole, the shitty suspension rattling and shaking.

ON: MARY KAY: sweating in the clattering Taurus. She drives the desert road to El Rey, her real estate jacket stretched to its limit around the vest of explosives.

HER REARVIEW MIRROR: A white van. Beбето and Begato trailing 50 yards behind, smoking weed.

BEGATO ON TWO-WAY RADIO
Hey Beбето, la vaca can drive.
Look out, lady!

Mary Kay glances down at the radio on the passenger seat. Looks up.

MARY KAY'S POV: The road riddled with holes and rocks.

She swerves, avoids one, hits another, winces. The Taurus shimmies. Shakes. Mary Kay exhales. Only to swerve again from a MAN-HOLE-sized hole in the road, the tire edging its rim, the asphalt gives way. The back tire passes over the hole, which crumbles and widens in under its weight. But not before Mary Kay clears it.

MARY KAY
Fix your f-ing roads! Fix your f-ing roads!

She can hear Beбето and Begato's tinny laughter on the two-way radio on the seat, which only steels her resolve.

INT. THE VAN. CONT'D

Beбето and Begato are laughing, driving at a safe distance from the Taurus on the road ahead.

MARY KAY (OVER TWO-WAY RADIO)
Where's the air-conditioning on this thing?!

BEBETO
(laughs)
I think it's in the shop.

INT. TAURUS. CONT'D

Back to Mary Kay's nerve-wracking Wages Of Fear drive. Sweat now soaks Mary Kay's jacket. She finds the faint signal of 94.7 The Wave on the radio.

DJ
94.7 The Wave. The station everyone at the office can agree on.

The Doobie Brother's generic "Minute by Minute" begins, instantly soothing Mary Kay's nerves.

Determined, she tightens her white knuckle grip on the steering wheel. The car rattles and shakes.

She leans forward, swerves, swerves again, hits a pot-hole, leans forward to absorb the blow.

BEBETO ON TWO-WAY RADIO
I can hear that fucking shit. Turn
it off!

MARY KAY
Absolutely not! It's my station!

Up ahead, a bus is heading towards her, swerving across the road to avoid the pot-holes.

INT. TRES ESTRELLAS DE ORO BUS. CONT'D

Benito and Pedro and the two other immigrant men from Chiapas look out the window, spot the Taurus approaching.

INT. TAURUS. CONT'D

As the bus pulls over into Mary Kay's lane to avoid a stretch of pot holes, flashing its lights and honking its horn.

But the shoulder of the road on Mary Kay's lane is in worse condition.

MARY KAY
Don't you think about it, Mr. Bus!

The two vehicles converge head-on. Mary Kay honks, but the horn doesn't work.

--BUS: Benito looks out the window at this game of chicken.

BENITO
Check it out!

Pedro looks out the window: the oncoming Taurus.

PEDRO
Who's that stupid bitch in the
road?

--TAURUS: The bus bearing down now. Blaring its horn. Seconds from impact.

BEBETO ON TWO-WAY
Get out of the way dumb cow!

MARY KAY
I can't!

Mary Kay grips the wheel. Winces. The bus-driver's silent screaming face.

Mary Kay closes her eyes. Screams. At the last second, the bus jerks right. It's bumper nicking the Taurus, sending up a spark and a cloud of dust as Mary Kay sails through.

Past now, Mary Kay opens her eyes to a cattle guard in the road.

No time to slow. She lifts herself up off the seat and over the ribbed steel grating she coasts, the Taurus rattling under her.

Over the grating, she sits back down, only to find another cattle guard coming at her. She pulls herself up again as the second cattle guard rolls under her.

And she finally skids to a stop in a cloud of dust. She is sweating, hyperventilating, but alive.

When the dust clears she looks up and sees an iron arch: **EL REY.**

BEBETO ON TWO-WAY
(laughing)
Congratulations. You made it. Now
prepare to be slaughtered like a
hog.

INT. EL REY RANCH HOUSE. SAME

POV: through the blinds. Mary Kay's Taurus sits on the road in a cloud of dust.

EL GUAPO NARCO O.C.
Andele!

We HEAR the loading and clicking of about 6 semi-automatic rifles--the noses of which all ENTER FRAME: aimed at Mary Kay through the window.

EL GUAPO NARCO #2 O.C.
(in Spanish)
Who the fuck is that?

The car door opens and out of the dust and through the rippling heat emerges an American woman in a realtor's jacket who looks around and starts towards the house.

EL GUAPO NARCO O.C.
(in Spanish)
Real estate lady.

MARY KAY'S POV: The ranch. As she approaches. Waiting for the bullet. Which is coming. But when?

MARY KAY

Where are you when I need you, Mr.
Bears? Think. What would that
Asian guy on *Heroes* do?

Her steps are light. She looks back. In the rippling heat
down the road waves the white van.

A HILL: Where now Beбето and Begato watch Mary Kay
tentatively approaching the ranch house through the scopes of
their rifles.

BEBETO

Hundred says they shoot the cow
before she gets to the door.

BEGATO

A thousand says when they do, she
fireballs it.

RANCH HOUSE: GUN BARREL'S site. Mary Kay moves closer and
closer to the house.

MAN O.C.

Hold your fire.

MARY KAY'S POV: as she approaches, a hand bends down the
slat on the blinds in the bedroom window.

She stops. Sweat rolls down her cheeks.

MARY KAY

Hola? Hello? Anybody home?

Nothing. Mary Kay walks the final ten steps to the door.

MARY KAY

Hola?

She knocks. Nothing. The door. It opens a crack. As
though to invite her in. Mary Kay takes a deep breath and
pushes the door open and steps inside.

INT. RANCH HOUSE. CONT'D

The door closes behind her to 6 guns pressed to her head:
held by **six of the hardest, meanest-looking narcos in Mexico.**

POCK-FACED NARCO

Who are you?

MARY KAY

Mary Kay Curly.

SWEATING NARCO

What are you doing here?

MARY KAY
I...I was sent...by El Padre.

POCK-FACE
El Padre? You have Victor?

MARY KAY
Yes, I do. In the car.

--THE HILL: Where Begato checks his watch.

BEGATO
2 minutes...41, 40, 39.

--RANCH HOUSE.

The man looks out the window.

SWEATING NARCO
I don't see him. Where the fuck is
The Goat?

MARY KAY
He's shy and won't pop up unless
you all come out and put down your
weapons and get on your knees...like
goats. A year in El Padre's
torturous hands and he's gone
crazy. He trusts no one. Only
goats. El is loco.

THE HILL: Begato counts down:

BEGATO
1 minute, 22 seconds. 21...20...

--RANCH HOUSE:

POCK-FACE
I don't believe you.

The bedroom door opens a crack and Mary Kay catches a glimpse of **Senora Duran (60s)**, El Padre's mother standing in the room alongside **Pepito the priest (20s)**, El Padre's brother. Both mother and son look desperate and worried as **Hawk-Faced Narco** exits the room and closes the door behind him.

HAWK-FACED NARCO
Who is this? And where is Victor?

SWEATING NARCO
She says The Goat's in the car.
She says he's gone crazy.

MARY KAY

Was that El Padre's mother? And Brother?

HAWK-FACED NARCO

Yes. El Guapo wants to trade. Today. He is tired of playing games. You will now go outside. And bring us Victor. Crazy or not. Then you get El Padre's mother and brother.

MARY KAY

Oh gosh.

(she thinks)

Okay, listen up. I'm gonna be Honest Abe here because honesty is always the best policy. I lied. Victor's not in the car. Victor's dead. And I killed him myself.

HAWK-FACED NARCO

You killed El Guapo's brother?

MARY KAY

Well, El Padre shot him and then sewed his face into a soccer ball. *Futbol* you call it here. But he did it to prove to me he's the big fat boss of everything. It's a tragedy. We'll all miss Victor. But there's nothing we can about it now so hand over Senora Duran and Pepito and let me be on my way.

POCK-FACED NARCO

El Guapo was ready to trade. But you say you killed Victor. You come in here, in El Guapo's territory with nothing but death and disrespect for La Chihuahua Cartel?

MARY KAY

No for Pete's sake. I also came with this.

Mary Kay opens her jacket.

MARY KAY

Plastic explosives. Two of El Padre's men are watching this house from the hill and they control the detonator thingy. In about one minute they hit that button and we're rice and beans in a giant crater.

(MORE)

MARY KAY (cont'd)
 Now, in the name of peace among you
 drug dealer folks, you boys drop
 your weapons and run out the back
 way and I walk out the front with
 Senora Duran and Pepito and
 everyone lives except The Goat of
 course and you boys can live to run
 your drug operation which is what
 The Goat would have wanted even
 though I say we should all just get
 high on life and just say no to
 drugs.

A strange smile turns up the corners of Hawk-Faced Narco's
 mouth.

HAWK-FACED NARCO
 Vamanos!

The men turn and run like hell out the back of the house.
 Mary Kay turns towards the bedroom door.

MARY KAY
 Senora Duran? You can come out
 now.

--THE HILL:

Begato's watch counts down:

BEGATO
 16...15...

--THROUGH THE SCOPE: Beбето spots El Guapo's men running out
 of the back of the ranch and into the desert.

BEBETO
 Shit! They're running out the
 back. Hit it, man!

BEGATO
 There's still 12 seconds!

BEBETO
 Blow that shit! They're getting
 away!

The Detonator. Begato's thumb. Clicks the button. BOOM!
 Wait. What? Again. Click. BOOM! No. Click. Click.
 Click. Nothing.

BEBETO
 What the fuck?!

BEGATO
 Did you put in the batteries?

BEBETO
I put in the fucking batteries!

He hands the detonator to Begato, who opens the battery case.

BEGATO
You put 'em in backwards, faggot
dumb ass. They're getting away!

He pops them out. Two double AAs. Flips them around. Pumps them back in.

THE RANCH:

Mary Kay opens the bedroom door.

MARY KAY
Senora Duran? Pepito? I'm Mary
Kay. Your son sent me.

On Mary Kay's face: a strange wonder.

THE HILL:

BEGATO
The plus goes to the plus. They
put it right there on the box.

He snaps the case shut. A red light lights up on the box.
He hands the detonator to Beбето.

BEGATO
Do it!

Bebeto goes to hit the button.

MARY KAY O.C.
(in distance)
Wait! Wait!!!

SCOPE POV: Mary Kay runs from the ranch, carrying Senora Duran and Pepito under her arms like a superhero with superhuman strength.

MARY KAY
Bebeto! Begato!

BEGATO
She's got Senora Duran! And
Pepito! Alive!

Bebeto lifts his thumb off the detonator. He hugs Begato.

BEBETO
They're saved! We rescued them!
El Padre will shit cocaine!

CUT TO:

INT. EL CENTRO DE AUTOBUSES. TIJUANA, MEXICO

The Tres Estrellas De Oro bus pulls in and parks. Benito looks through the window, spots El Wilson standing against the wall of the station. El Wilson produces a **USA/American eagle hat** and casually puts it on his head. Benito produces the **same** USA/American eagle hat and puts it on. The two men nod, acknowledging each other.

EXT. MARY KAY'S TRACT HOME. RANCHO SAN DIEGO. DAY

The GTO roars into the cul-de-sac, the back door opens. Billy wobbles out and the car takes off.

INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

Billy stands in the kitchen.

BILLY
Gil? Mom?

The house seems strangely quiet.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Empty. The TV muted. Gil's couch/day bed empty, a *bowl of chips* overturned on the floor.

BILLY
Gil?

INT. GIL'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Billy stands in the middle of the empty room. There's something creepy about the empty house and Billy looks scared.

BOOM! Billy jumps. A thud pounds against the wall in the house, shaking it.

BILLY
Gil? Mom?

Nothing. Then: *BOOM!* The house shakes again. Billy turns, wide-eyed and frightened.

BILLY
Mom?

INT. HALLWAY. SECONDS LATER

Billy stands in the hall, listening...*THUMP!* The house quakes again. Billy is shaking now.

BILLY

Gil?

He starts down the hall. *BOOM!* He slowly walks towards the source of the thumping.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM. SECONDS LATER

He stands in his room...waiting for the THUMP. For a long time.

BILLY

Is anyone home?

The window shatters as a **red soccer ball** blasts through the glass. Billy screams.

Through the window we can see Gil, standing in the back yard on crutches--looking on stupidly--stunned that he just kicked the ball through the window.

BILLY

You idiot! You're gonna be in so much trouble.

GIL

I was exercising my leg. Don't tell mom. I'll kill you so bad.

BILLY

Where is she?

GIL

I don't know. She was supposed to take me to the doctor to get my cast off.

BILLY

She didn't pick me up.

GIL

Where have you been?

BILLY

I threw up.

CUT TO:

ECU: EL PADRE:

Hands clasped in prayer as though pleading for his very soul.

EL PADRE
 Forgive me, mother. Beautiful,
 loving mother of Mexico. Pepito,
 my brother. Forgive me for what I
 have done.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

ON: Mary Kay, Olivia, Beбето and Begato. Looking on.
 Horrified. Begato especially. As El Padre, on his knees and
 in tears, begs forgiveness.

EL PADRE
 Madre. Madre. In God's name
 forgive me.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals: Senora Duran and Pepito. Standing.
 But dead. **Stuffed humans.** Grotesquely preserved with
 comically tortured expressions of extreme anxiety by a master
 taxidermist.

El Padre stands and pulls a *narcomensaje* (a narco message)
 from his mother's hair. His mother's preserved corpse rocks
 back from his touch.

MARY KAY
 (aside to Begato)
 You see, they're light as a
 feather. Makes you wonder how do
 they do that.

EL PADRE
 (reading note)
*A gift for your collection. Victor
 is better off dead than in your
 hands. --El Guapo.*

He throws the note to the floor.

EL PADRE
 Prepare two caskets. We will hold
 the funeral of all funerals. An
 open viewing for the world to see
 one last time the mother of all of
 Mexico. The mother of all mothers.
 The most beautiful and loving in
 all the world. And then I will burn
 El Guapo to the ground.

MARY KAY
 Mr. El Padre? I'm very sorry for
 your loss. The funeral sounds
 beautiful. I'd love to come to
 that. But I've got my boys to take
 care of at home.

EL PADRE
Ms. Mary Kay, you have risked your
life and honored my mother. You
have honored my brother. I thank
you.

MARY KAY
Mr. El Padre, I...

EL PADRE
Yes, you may have the rent.

MARY KAY
Thank you. But I want to take
Olivia home with me.

El Padre nods.

EL PADRE
She is free to go with you.

Olivia throws her arms around Mary Kay.

OLIVIA
Thank you. Oh, thank you.

EL PADRE
One of my men will drive you to the
border.

BEBETO
But El Padre, she will go to the
police.

EL PADRE
I trust her to say nothing.

MARY KAY
I just want to see my boys again.
I promise I won't say a word.

EL PADRE
Senora Curly, the Duran Cartel is
everywhere. We are in your police
departments, the DEA, the FBI, the
INS, the Border Patrol. We're
everywhere you will turn for safety
should you betray El Padre.
(to Bebeto)
Do as I say. If she is not
delivered safely, I will kill you.
Understand, Bebeto?

Bebeto nods.

MARY KAY
Thank you, El Padre.

EL PADRE
Senora Curly...before you go...my
mother would like to thank you.
She was the most kind and gracious
and proud woman in Mexico. The
very salt of the earth. An angel.
If she were alive, she would kiss
you on the cheek in gratitude. But
given her unfortunate state, for
her to thank you, you will have to
kiss *her* on the cheek.

Begato looks like he's about to be sick.

MARY KAY
Gosh. I didn't really know her.

EL PADRE
Do it! Then you may go.

MARY KAY
Well, okay I guess.

Mary Kay tentatively steps before El Padre's taxidermied mother. She closes her eyes and puckers her lips. Closer and closer to the cheek of El Padre's mother she goes. The silence in the room is deafening. Begato looks mortified by the thought--his hand and the .44 in it shaking.

Mary Kay can smell the preserved cheek of the corpse. Her lips finally press lightly against the corpse's cheek.

When the door swings open:

EL WILSON
El Padre!! They're here!!

Begato jumps. His gun discharges. Mary Kay scares. Shrieks!

MARY KAY
Ahhh!

In reflex her hand swings up and accidentally punches out the face of El Padre's mother, which crumbles in like a cookie.

MARY KAY
Oh gosh! Oh, I'm so sorry. El
Padre, I can fix it.

Mary Kay tries to piece the face together, but she only makes it worse. There is now only large black hole where the mother of all mothers' face should be.

El Padre springs up, looks into his mother's face--or rather the gaping HOLE. Benito, Pedro, their two partners newly arrived from Chiapas, El Wilson, Beбето and Begato all stare in horror.

EL PADRE
Madre? Beautiful madre?
(turns on Mary Kay)
You desecrate my mother's corpse?

El Padre starts towards her, vengeance in his eyes.

MARY KAY
I didn't mean it, I swear.

Mary Kay backs up, trips into Pepito. She grabs on for balance and the two of them crash to the floor--Pepito crunching under her weight.

Frantically Mary Kay tries to get up. But she's out of shape and it only looks like she's trying to fuck Pepito.

EL PADRE
You stupid dumb bitch! You fat fat
fucking cow! You fuck my brother's
dead virgin corpse? You useless
fucking cow!

BENITO'S POV: The woman on the corpse on the floor, the punched-out face of poor El Padre's mother still upright. What the hell is going on here?

BENITO
(in Spanish)
El Padre, I am so sorry we arrive
on such an unfortunate occasion.

EL PADRE
(to Benito, Pedro et al
with fury)
Gentlemen, welcome. You are
looking at the common North
American Cow. Mary Kay Curly.
Soon to be the latest edition to my
collection.

Then from the depth of Mary Kay's soul, an otherworldly cry--a strange high-pitched whine. And Mary Kay begins to violently wail and blubber in the meltdown of all meltdowns:

MARY KAY
Why? Why? Mary Kay why? Stupid,
stupid Mary Kay! You're so fucking
useless! How did you end up such a
useless fucking mess?! You're no
good at anything, Mary Kay!
(MORE)

MARY KAY (cont'd)
 Anything! You were never good at
 anything!

And she cries and wails to the stunned looks of El Padre, the
 narcos and Benito and his gang.

MARY KAY
 They'd rather be fucking
 waterboarded! Waterboarded! And
 fuck you, Ernie! Fuck you and your
 fucking Art Ocho! Fuck you Art
 Ocho! Fuck you!!!

Benito turns to El Padre while Mary Kay whimpers like a dog.

BENITO
Art Ocho?

El Padre sheepishly tries to explain, but cannot find the
 words.

BENITO
 (indicates Olivia)
 And this one?

El Padre is clearly in some kind of tough spot--and seems
 diminished beneath Benito's glare.

ON MARY KAY: tears streaming down her face, she eyes the AR-
 50 propped under El Padre's desk, something changes in her--
 we can see it in her eyes--call it a profound understanding
 of the world. She wipes her tears away.

EL PADRE
 We kill them both. Now!

El Padre draws his gun on Mary Kay. Beбето whips out his
 pistol, puts it to Olivia's head, cocks the hammer.

MARY KAY
 Olivia, get down!

Gunfire erupts from under the desk, pumping Beбето's body
 full of holes. Olivia screams and ducks.

Pedro, Benito and the narcos fire back. All available
 firepower opens up on the desk, shooting it to splinters. El
 Padre fires again at Mary Kay. Misses. She swings the rifle
 from under the desk and fires, but the kick sends her shots
 wild, El Padre spinning away.

Then, with the urgency of a cornered animal, Mary Kay pops up
 and for a lack of a better term: **SNAPS--**

MARY KAY
I am not a fat cow!

and wildly sprays the room like a nice lady gone crazy, blowing up El Padre's arm and setting off the mother of all gun fights.

MARY KAY
I am a super nice lady!

Bullets chew up the scenery.

MARY KAY
I am a licensed realtor!

Mary Kay rolls! Yes, rolls! She fires, hitting her marks like a killing machine. Her actions efficient and true and as though in slow-motion.

MARY KAY
I just let myself go!

She takes refuge behind the polar bear. Gathers her breath, rolls out, bullets whipping by, fires against their fire...

MARY KAY
Why can't everyone just be nice!?

Boom boom boom she fires wildly and with purpose--a beatific glow about her face,

and kills every last one of them in a glorious blood-bath, including the great Gilberto "El Padre" Duran, all the while screaming in ecstasy like she's having her first orgasm ever (and she is) and she wants more.

It's all over that fast. And it's that shocking. The room is painted with blood.

In the smoky silence and the tinkling of rolling spent shells, Mary Kay trembles out of breath.

MARY KAY
Holy cow! Okay. All better now.

A door opens in the smoke. Wounded but not dead, Benito limps out of the room, the door closing behind him.

MARY KAY
Olivia? Are you okay?

OLIVIA
Si.

MARY KAY
Do you know how to get back to the tunnel?

OLIVIA

Si.

They start out the door, when Mary Kay stops.

MARY KAY

Wait. The rent.

She lifts up the canvas on the 20 million in cash and stuffs a stack of 100s in her jacket.

INT. CORRIDOR. SECONDS LATER

AR-50 in hand, Mary Kay and Olivia steal down the corridor, coming to a door.

OLIVIA

This door. It leads to the courtyard. The door to the tunnels is on the other side.

MARY KAY

Who were those men?

OLIVIA

I don't know. They had an accent. I think from Southern Mexico.

Mary Kay goes to open the door.

OLIVIA

Wait, there could be others waiting for us out there. What are we going to do?

Mary Kay thinks, then goes to kick the door open. Well, that doesn't work. So she just tries the knob. Gunfire spits into the door.

INT. COURTYARD - CONT'D

Mary Kay bursts through the door, opens fire. With shocking accuracy, she kills one, two, three **narcos**.

MARY KAY

Let's go!

Olivia grabs her hand and they run for the door opposite the courtyard. **Four more men** enter the courtyard, draw their weapons. Too late. In a strange ecstatic state Mary Kay blasts away--hitting her targets, blood splattering the walls of the courtyard.

Olivia makes it to the door, slips inside. But **more narcos** enter the courtyard.

There, on the wall, the vest of C-4. She aims. Fires. Dives through the door as the fireball takes out the wall, which collapses in a plume of smoke, killing more of El Padre's men.

--STREETS OF TIJUANA: Benito. Bloody, limping and desperate, runs while yelling into his cell phone.

BENITO
(in Spanish)
Mari Que Querly! Mari Que Querly!
Americana! Entiendes!?
Americana! She knows of Art Ocho!
Extremely dangerous. Understand?!

Behind him, the smoldering ruins of El Padre's safe house. Sirens scream throughout the city.

--MISSION BEACH: On his cell, Omar listens to Benito screaming into the phone over the sirens of Tijuana.

BENITO (OVER PHONE)
Art Ocho! Art Ocho! Entiendes?!

Omar looks ashen.

OMAR
I do, my brother.

--BENITO: Limping through the street with urgency, he throws the cell phone into the sewer.

--OMAR: The connection goes dead.

OMAR
Hello?! Hello?!

--A DOOR: Mary Kay and Olivia burst through it to find themselves in the Mexico-side warehouse where they run through the rows of ceramic crap they sell at the border towards the hatch in the floor.

Two narcos pop up from the hatch and open fire. A bullet grazes Mary Kay's shoulder--tearing a hole in her gold jacket.

Mary Kay and Olivia duck for cover behind a shelf of Bart Simpson banks, which explode under the gun-fire.

Mary Kay fires back, finding her targets. The two bullet-riddled bodies gush blood across the floor. She grabs a **Bart Simpson piggy bank** off the shelf.

MARY KAY
Down the hatch.

INT. TUNNEL. SECONDS LATER

--Mary Kay and Olivia climb down the ladder into the earth.

--Mary Kay and Olivia jump into one of the C-4 loaded golf-carts, and take off underground towards the U.S.

--STREETS OF TIJUANA: Benito steps in front of a taxi. The taxi screeches to a halt. Benito pulls his gun, shoots the taxi driver in the head, pulls him from the car, jumps in and peels out. But not before two cop cars screech into the intersection, do a 180, and give chase.

--TUNNEL: Mary Kay races north through the tunnel. Ahead, a hand-painted sign: *Bienvenidos A Los Estados Unidos*

But headlights light up the intersection: a cart is racing from the east. Mary Kay steps on it.

MARY KAY

Hold on!

She flies through the intersection just ahead of the other cart, which clips her tail-light, twists and jams into the tunnel wall.

--TUNNEL: El Wilson and Tito jump in the second golf cart. Tito steps on the pedal and through the tunnel they race.

--TUNNEL TERMINAL. U.S. Side. Mary Kay skids the cart to a stop at the end of the line. Olivia jumps off the cart and starts up the ladder.

MARY KAY

Wait.

She lifts the tarp on the cart to reveal blocks of C-4. She takes one and sets the cart in reverse--then lodges the brick to the pedal and sends the cart backwards through the tunnel with a high-pitched electric whir.

MARY KAY

Go go go.

--Mary Kay starts up the ladder first, the AR-50 strapped to her shoulder.

MARY KAY

Hurry!

--TUNNEL: El Wilson and Tito speed through the tunnel towards the U.S.

--TUNNEL: The empty cart speeds backward in reverse towards Mexico.

--LADDER: rung over rung Mary Kay and Olivia scramble up the ladder

--STREETS OF TIJUANA: Benito crashes spectacularly at an intersection. He pops out of the car, firing at the Federales in pursuit. He kills 1, 2, 3, 4 Federales.

A Federale takes aim, fires and takes out Benito's legs. Benito crawls in the street. He fires back. Out of bullets. 5 cop cars brake around him. When the smoke from the burning rubber breaks, he is surrounded.

--TUNNEL: TOP OF LADDER: Mary Kay opens the hatch. Spots the van. Then keys labeled "van" hanging on the left breast of a mannikin turned key rack.

--TUNNEL: The cart whirs backwards towards Mexico. Up ahead. The intersection.

--TUNNEL: Towards the U.S., El Wilson and Tito sight the intersection too.

--FLOOR HATCH: The coast clear, Mary Kay and Olivia scramble out of the hatch. Mary Kay grabs the van keys.

MARY KAY

C'mon!

--WAREHOUSE: Mary Kay, holding Olivia's hand, break for the van.

--VAN: Key in the ignition. The van turns over.

MARY KAY

Don't look back, Olivia.

Mary Kay steps on it, out of the \$5 Discount Store warehouse and into the parking lot.

--TUNNEL: El Wilson and Tito spot the empty cart whizzing towards them in reverse. Their eyes saucer.

TITO

Oh shit.

--THE BORDER. MEXICAN SIDE: A family of Guatemalan immigrants pray on their knees to God Almighty.

OLD IMMIGRANT WOMAN

(in Spanish)

Por favor, Maria, La Virgen de Guadalupe Hidalgo, virgin mother of Jesus Christ, our savior, help us cross safely to America.

--TUNNEL: El Wilson tries to brake under the *Bienvenido a Los Estados Unidos* sign. Too late.

-- As the cart speeds backwards towards them. They shriek.

--THE VAN: Mary Kay babies the van out of the parking lot, turning the knob on the radio.

OLIVIA
Hurry, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
I'm trying to find my station.

There: 94.7 The Wave. She smiles. Ever the safe driver, puts on her turn signal and makes a left onto the empty street.

--TUNNEL: ECU: El Wilson and Tito. Screaming.

--TUNNEL: The carts collide. A pressure packed fire-ball races all four directions.

--AS MEXICO: It explodes. Really. Mexico.

--A mushroom cloud red as hibiscus rolls up the sky.

--THE VAN: rocked by the explosion--the \$5 Discount Store sucked into the ground behind them.

--BORDER. Like an earthquake, the land buckles--the series of tunnels collapsing under the blow.

--Now three more huge and final explosions--**as two miles of the border sinks 100 feet in smoke and fire**, mangling and sucking the steel boarder fence with it.

--IMMIGRANTS: Still on their knees as the border in front of them crumples in a fiery ball of dust forming a downward sloping path right into the United States--their prayers answered.

IMMIGRANT WOMAN
Gracias O Dios Mio!

--and they make a run for it to the other side.

--THE VAN: Mary Kay, driving. Olivia holding her hand.

OLIVIA
Are we safe now?

MARY KAY
Yes, we're safe. We made it.

--BORDER PATROL HELICOPTER. A **pilot** looks down through the smoke:

HELICOPTER PILOT
I wouldn't say it's backup we're
gonna need. More like a giant net.

--HIS POV: **Hundreds of immigrants** pour across the crevasse into the U.S., whooping and hollering for joy. No one will be chasing them today.

--VAN - HEADING NORTH ON I-5:

MARY KAY
You know what I do when I've had a
crap day like today?

Olivia shakes her head no.

MARY KAY
I just try to forget all about it
and go home and enjoy the evening
with my boys. So let's just
pretend this never happened and
we'll never tell a soul.

OLIVIA
Okay, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
How about we stop at Ralph's and
get some stuff for a nice dinner.
Doesn't that sound nice?

Olivia smiles and nods.

MARY KAY
But first we'll stop in at the
office. I'll show you where I work.

INT. CENTURY 21 OFFICE. 5:00 P.M.

Battered and bloodied, Mary Kay storms through the office, Olivia in tow, turning the heads of the other agents. Jacqueline pops out from behind her desk.

JACQUELINE
Jesus Mary Kay, take some pride.

Mary Kay stops, turns, and to the shock of everyone, slaps Jacqueline across her face.

MARY KAY
That's for being a two-faced bitch.
Now get back to work.

Mary Kay turns again and camera follows as she walks into Ernie's office...

INT. ERNIE'S OFFICE. CONT'D

...and slams down the bloody stack of \$100s.

MARY KAY
Century 21 is my life. Don't you ever try to tell me I'm not good at my job. Even if I am having a hard time.

Ernie looks at the money.

ERNIE
Mary Kay, there must be 50 thousand dollars here.

MARY KAY
Count out eleven, Ernie. That's your reward for being a nutless broker. The rest, that's going to my Mexican daughter's college fund.

Mary Kay picks up the rest of the money and storms out.

ERNIE
Mexican daughter? You don't have a daughter!

INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET. MOMENTS LATER

Muzak: the international music of peace and safety. And it sounds good. Bloodied but not broken, Mary Kay and Olivia shop the spice aisle.

MARY KAY
How about some chicken paprikash?
Does that sound good?

Olivia smiles. The clean floors, the fluorescent lighting--after the ugly business in Mexico, we could spend our lives in this supermarket, shopping for nice food and nice things.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
Mary Kay?

Mary turns. Robert stands in the aisle with his cart.

MARY KAY
Robert!?

ROBERT
Jesus, Mary Kay. You look like shit. What happened to you?

MARY KAY

Well, let's see. Last night I went on an internet date with an asshole and this morning he sent me a computer virus that got me fired and one thing led to another and I ended up in Mexico running a suicide mission for a drug lord and having a meltdown on the corpse of a priest. I polished off my day fighting my way out of Mexico with my new Mexican daughter.

ROBERT

Mexico? Didn't you hear? The whole border blew up. That's what all that craziness is out there.

MARY KAY

Yeah, I heard about that.

ROBERT

Mary Kay, I don't know what to say except, you look so *alive*.

MARY KAY

Olivia, get a good look. This is an asshole. If you ever bring home a man like this, I'll throttle you.

ROBERT

Very nice, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY

I don't have time to chat, Robert. I have to get groceries and my boys are probably wondering where I am. Have a nice life, jerk.

Mary Kay turns and heads towards the check out, leaving Robert, cart in hand, looking emasculated and confounded.

EXT. RALPH'S. MOMENTS LATER

Not half-way across the parking lot with her cart, Robert rushes out of the supermarket. The skies are filled with helicopters racing south towards the border.

ROBERT

Mary Kay, wait!

Behind them in the southern sky blooms the dust cloud of what was once the Mexican/American border. Mary Kay stops, turns to face down Robert.

ROBERT

I um...I want to apologize. I think I was wrong about you. D'ya think maybe we could start over? Maybe do that dinner again at The Claim Jumper. But different this time.

MARY KAY

You're kidding me, right?

ROBERT

No. I'm not. I would actually love to see you again.

MARY KAY

Don't you ever try to contact me again, understand?

ROBERT

But...

MARY KAY

Fuck off.

MARY KAY

Back in the store, Robert. Now. You've got groceries.

Mary Kay emphatically points back to the Ralph's. Finally, Robert retreats, nodding--game, set, match Mary Kay.

EXT. MARY KAY'S TRACT HOME. RANCHO SAN DIEGO. 6:30 P.M.

Mary Kay and Olivia pull up in the van. Mary Kay clicks the garage door opener. It opens. She's home.

MARY

See, isn't it nice?

Given Olivia's broad smile, yes, it is nice. Mary Kay pulls the van into the garage and clicks the door closed to safety.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay and Olivia enter the living room to find Billy and Gil playing World of Warcraft. Neither Billy nor Gil turn to greet their mother.

GIL

Geez! 'Bout time. We're only starving.

BILLY

Yeah, and thanks for picking me up. If I'm high as a kite on a gateway drug it's cause I am.

(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
I had to get a ride home from a
bunch of burnouts.

MARY KAY
Kids, stop it. I've had a rotten
day.

GIL
(mocking her)
I've had a rotten day.

Billy and Gil snicker and laugh. Mary Kay smiles. She's home.

MARY KAY
Boys, stand up, turn around, and
don't you ever talk to your mother
like that again. There's a new
sheriff in town.

The boys finally turn, catch a glimpse of Olivia. They quickly stand and turn to their best behavior.

BILLY
Oh my gosh! Mom, what happened to
you? Did you get in a fight?

GIL
And who's this?

MARY KAY
Gil, Billy, I want you to meet your
new sister. This is Olivia.

GIL
Wait, what?!

BILLY
New sister?

OLIVIA
Hola. Hello.

GIL
Mucho gusto. Como estas?

OLIVIA
Mucho gusto. Bien. Gracias.

MARY KAY
(to Olivia)
You see, Gil speaks Spanish.

GIL
 Yo estoy en Espanol uno en escuela.
 You're probably more like in
 Spanish 4 which I don't know how to
 say in Spanish.

Olivia smiles, charmed.

MARY KAY
 Boys, I was in Mexico today. And
 that's where I got Olivia.

BILLY
 Mom?! Are you crazy? There was a
 big narco shootout in TJ and they
 blew up the whole border.

GIL
 Billy started freaking out so bad I
 had to turn off CNN.

MARY KAY
 I heard all about it but it has
 nothing to do with us, Billy. And
 stop saying, *narco*. Here, I got
 you something.

Mary Kay hands him the ceramic Bart Simpson bank.

BILLY
 Cool. Thanks mom.

OLIVIA
 Are you the one they call *Little
 Gray Boy*?

BILLY
 Mom!? God! Why did you tell her
 that?

MARY KAY
 I didn't, honey. I swear.

OLIVIA
 I heard about it at school in
 Juarez. I thought it was an urban
 myth.

GIL
 Ha ha!

BILLY
 Kids in *Mexico* are making fun of
 me?

Olivia nods. Smiles sympathetically.

GIL

Mom, you can't just go to Mexico
and bring home a Mexican girl.

MARY KAY

If all those illegals can come up
here and get on welfare, I can
adopt Olivia if I want. End of
discussion. Now you boys show
Olivia the house. Gil, she'll take
your room until we can figure
something out. And turn off that
video game. You can watch a DVD or
find something you like on pay-per-
view and I'll start dinner.

GIL

(to Olivia)

Una pelicula.

OLIVIA

Yes, I know what pay-per-view is.

INT. MARY KAY'S KITCHEN. ONE HOUR LATER

Cleaned up now, Mary Kay has found a kind of mechanical but
blessed solace in cooking.

The land line rings and Mary Kay looks out her window to see
her neighbor, **VICKY BANOKEY (30s)** in her kitchen with a phone
to her ear. Vicky motions for Mary Kay to pick up the phone.

MARY KAY

Hi, Vicki.

VICKY

Jesus, the world's gone crazy out
there.

MARY KAY

I know, I heard.

VICKY

That poor cab driver in Tijuana.
They had his family on. And all
those Federales killed. Even the
President said on TV they're doing
everything to find out who blew up
the border and bring them to
justice here in America.

MARY KAY

The president?

VICKY

Get your head out of the sand.
We're on Red Alert. The *highest*
alert. It's terrorism.

MARY KAY

Oh for cripes sake. It's not
terrorism! Believe me. And I for
one am gonna go on with my life.

VICKY

This whole thing even cancelled The
Bachelor.

MARY KAY

Who cares? That Marsha is such a
witch.

VICKY

I know. I hate her, too. Hey, I
totally forgot to ask about your
date with that guy Robert last
night. Was he okay?

MARY KAY

He took me to the Claim Jumper.

VICKY

How nice. Those portions are huge.
Maybe all this killing and mayhem
and violence will bring you two
closer together.

MARY KAY

Oh, I don't know.

VICKY

I'll bet we're gonna have illegals
running everywhere tonight. I
wouldn't be surprised if they tried
to barge into our houses.

MARY KAY

Vicky, let's not get hysterical.
Illegals are just people too.

VICKY

They just said on the news someone
saw a white van driving away from
the \$5 Dollar Store in San Ysidro.

MARY KAY

Huh?

VICKY

Where they found the end of the tunnel. They think whoever was in that van had something to do with the bombing. So now everyone's out looking for it.

Mary Kay looks ashen. She opens the freezer, takes out a carton of Chunky Monkey and starts shoveling ice-cream into her mouth.

VICKY

They're saying that with all this space technology and robots and whatnot they're likely to track it down in no time.

MARY KAY

Robots? How does a robot find a van based on an eyewitness account?

VICKY

I don't know. But they do. I saw one do it on TLC.

BILLY O.C.

Mom! Mom!

MARY KAY

Vicky, I gotta go.

Mary Kay hangs up and quickly heads out of the kitchen.

BILLY O.C.

Mom!

We follow into her bedroom where she stops at the closed bathroom door. She opens it.

MARY KAY

What the hell are you doing?!

ON BILLY: hair dye streaking down his face and neck, all over his hands, his hair a dark red.

BILLY

Kids in Mexico, mom! Frickin' Mexico!

Billy starts to cry. Mary Kay grabs a wash cloth and tries to wipe the dye off his face and neck.

MARY KAY

Watch your language, young man.
That's my hair dye, honey.

(MORE)

MARY KAY (cont'd)
You're supposed to use the plastic
gloves that come in the box.

BILLY
I didn't know. I didn't know.

MARY KAY
You should've asked me. Look at
this mess.

Gil and Olivia arrive at the bathroom door and Gil starts to
laugh.

MARY KAY
That stuff is for women's hair.
Who knows what that's gonna look
like.

GIL
What an idiot! What a total idiot!

BILLY
Shut up!

GIL
You use ladies' hair dye!

BILLY
Shut up, dick!

MARY KAY
Billy! Gil! Stop it.

BILLY
No way I'm going to school. No
way. Never again.

MARY KAY
We'll go to Fantastic Sam's
tomorrow. See if Kayla can fix you
up, okay?

Reassured, Billy nods, hugs his mom, then starts to laugh at
himself in the mirror, the tears and streaks of dye still
streaming his face. Now even Mary Kay begins to laugh.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. HOUR LATER

A feast of chicken and noodles before them, everyone is
laughing at Billy's burnt-red hair. He seems to be in good
spirits about it. The scene is warm and Olivia seems to fit
right in--though in it all, Mary Kay catches Olivia's eye--

It almost seems too good to be true: this end to this day
that started in a pink shack in San Ysidro.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM. 10:00 P.M.

Mary Kay tucks in Gil, who rapidly moves his head back and forth on the pillow.

MARY KAY
Stop that with your head.

GIL
It feels good.

MARY KAY
I'm sorry you missed your appointment today. I called the doctor. The soonest he can squeeze us in now is day after tomorrow. We'll get that cast off, by hook or by crook, okay?

Gil nods. Mary Kay kisses him on the forehead. She then moves to Billy, who climbs into a sleeping bag on the floor.

BILLY
Is Olivia really gonna be our sister?

MARY KAY
Yes, she is.

BILLY
That'll be so cool.

GIL
Not really. She's totally hot. How about she's *not* my sister?

MARY KAY
Don't you dare have any thoughts, mister. You'll treat her like your real sister.

GIL
Whatever.

MARY KAY
I love you guys. More than anything in the world.

BILLY
I love you too, mom.

GIL
Me, too.

MARY KAY

Now get some sleep. Tomorrow is a new day.

INT. GIL'S ROOM. 5 MINUTES LATER

Olivia holds onto Mary Kay and sobs.

OLIVIA

Please don't let them take me away from you. I want to live here with you and Billy and Gil. You'll be my new mom, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY

Don't you worry about a thing. I'll be your mom and that's all there is to it. You know, I always wanted a daughter. There's this place I've wanted to go at the Parkway Plaza Mall where you dress up in these old fashion hats and dresses and they take an old fashion picture and you get your own table for a tea party and they give you all the stuff to make your own authentic Victorian potpourri basket. We'd have so much fun just us girls.

OLIVIA

They're going to come for us. I know it.

MARY KAY

Shhh. We're safe now. Remember, this is a good neighborhood. And those people have no idea where we live.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY KAY'S BEDROOM. 2:00 A.M.

Wringing her hands, Mary Kay sits on the edge of her bed in sweatpants and sweatshirt. She rocks back and forth, sweating a little, trying to think her way out of this mess.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY KAY'S BEDROOM. 3:30 A.M.

Mary Kay glances at the clock-radio, tying her jogging shoes.

INT. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay steals through the dark and stops at Billy's room. She looks in: Olivia is sound asleep. She continues down the hall, stopping at Gil's door: both Gil and Billy sleep peacefully.

INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

In the dark, Mary Kay grabs a bottle of Windex from underneath the kitchen sink. She then tears off two paper towels and sprays them.

INT. GARAGE. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay opens the garage door, wet paper towels in each hand, gets into the van, grabbing the steering wheel with the paper towels, starts the engine and glides down the driveway.

EXT. STREET. MOMENTS LATER

Through the tranquilized tract home community, not a soul astir, the van makes its way down the hill.

EXT. RANCHO SAN DIEGO REC. CENTER. MOMENTS LATER

Undetected, the van pulls into the parking lot of the rec. center/community park under the breezy eucalyptus trees.

INT. VAN. CONT'D

Mary Kay wipes down the steering wheel, the radio dials, the door handles with the wet paper towels.

She gets out of the van, wipes down the outer handle of the door, then bolts.

EXT. THE HILL. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay runs as fast as she can on the sidewalks through the sleeping neighborhood. Out of breath, she stops for a second and hides behind a neighbor's fence.

A motion sensor light lights up the patio. A small dog begins to bark.

Mary Kay takes off up the sidewalk again, tears streaming down her cheeks. She's practically blubbing now.

EXT. MARY KAY'S HOUSE. 5 MINUTES LATER

She hurries across the lawn, still in tears. But she's made it. She's made it.

INT. MARY KAY'S BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay washes her hands vigorously in the sink and looks at herself in the mirror--her eyes are puffy and red.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY KAY'S BEDROOM. 8:00 A.M.

Fitfully resting in bed, Mary Kay is awakened by the phone. She sits up to find Olivia curled up on the edge of the bed.

OLIVIA
I was afraid.

Mary Kay picks up the phone.

MARY KAY
Hello?

VICKY ON PHONE
Turn it to Channel 4. Now.

MARY KAY
Huh?

VICKY ON PHONE
Channel 4.

Mary Kay grabs the remote, turns the TV to channel 4:

A helicopter shot of the van in the rec. center parking lot surrounded by S.W.A.T team vans. A small bomb defusing **ROBOT** on four wheels is slowly approaching the van.

NEWSCASTER V.O.
Again this is live coverage from the community of Rancho San Diego where earlier this morning police discovered what could be the van eye-witnesses saw leaving the \$5 Dollar Store in San Ysidro, the van many suspect could hold clues to yesterday's border bombing.

VICKY ON PHONE
I told you robots would find that van. And right in our rec center. There goes my Zumba class.

NEWSCASTER V.O.
We have an update on the owner of this van.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER V.O. (cont'd)
 If the license plate we've able to
 read from our eye in the sky is
 correct, our Action News sources
 believe the van is registered to a
 Mr. Jeff "Margaritaville" Munson...

Inset on TV: Margaritaville's mug shot from Lake Havasu
 City, Arizona.

NEWSCASTER V.O.
 ...a known felon and sex offender.

Mary Kay sighs relief.

VICKY ON PHONE
 Jesus, get a load of *that* creep.
 You just know he did it.

MARY KAY
 I guess they're out looking for
 him, huh?

VICKY ON PHONE
 Are you kidding? I'll bet they've
 already got him on the ground in a
 headlock somewhere if he didn't
 already blow his brains out.

MARY KAY
 But if he blew his brains
 out...they'd never know who did it.

Mary Kay brightens. Olivia smiles. They're out of the woods.

VICKY ON PHONE
 I guess not.

MARY KAY
 (to Olivia)
 Everything's going to be okay.

Billy comes running in.

BILLY
 Mom, the car's gone!

MARY KAY
 It's in the shop. We're going to
 take a cab today.

BILLY
 Oh, cool!

CUT TO:

INT. GRAFFITI HOUSE. SAN YSIDRO. 10:00 A.M.

Manny Grijalva blows through the living room, past the blaring TV and through the curtain. We follow as he storms down the hall to a door with a huge hole kicked into it.

INT. JERRY'S ROOM. CONT'D

Half-naked, Jerry sleeps off a coke binge.

MANNY
Get up! Get the fuck up!

Manny rips off the NFL blanket draped around Jerry's body. Jerry groans. Barely opens his eyes.

JERRY
Are you fer real?

MANNY
Yeah, I'm for real. You're responsible for this shit. You let her in. You brought her in!

JERRY
What?

MANNY
The agent. Century 21. She's the one. She killed El Padre. She killed them all. And you brought her in, Jerry. Shit's gone wild.

JERRY
C'mon, bro. Shit's done.
(Jerry grabs his head)
Aw, we did so much blow last night.

MANNY
I'm here to reorganize, Jerry. The Duran Cartel is in disarray and won't run itself. We need a new boss.

Jerry looks confused momentarily, but then it dawns on him.

JERRY
Manny? Are you kidding? You mean like...me?

MANNY
Yeah, Jerry. You.

JERRY
I...I'd fuckin' love it.

Manny pulls out his .45 and blasts Jerry in the crotch, then again in Jerry's tattooed face, then one in the chest for good measure.

Manny pivots into the hall, opens a door and fires three times into another room. Down the hall he reloads, turns at another door and squeezes off more rounds into the bodies of sleeping narcos.

INT. FANTASTIC SAM'S. NOON

Kayla (20s), a stylist, rinses Billy's hair in the sink while Mary Kay, Olivia and Gil watch.

KAYLA

And did you hear about the raid in Ocean Beach?

MARY KAY

No. There was a raid?

KAYLA

That Margaritaville guy who blew up the border? Well, they raided his bungalow out in O.B.. He wasn't there, but they found all this stuff that was reported stolen from Jimmy Buffett's house in Key West. Guitars, personalized flip-flops, his Margarita machine. I heard Jimmy Buffett on the radio. He was almost in tears he was so happy to be getting all that stuff back.

MARY KAY

You see that Billy, something good can come from every misfortune.

She smiles at Olivia and winks.

KAYLA

It's so weird how the border blows up in Tijuana and Jimmy Buffett gets his flip-flops back in Key West.

MARY KAY

I guess that's the nature of things these days.

Kayla rigorously dries Billy's hair in a towel.

MARY KAY

Makes you feel like something's right with the world.

Kayla removes the towel and turns Billy around to look at himself in the mirror--his hair is deep brown and perfect.

BILLY
Mom, look!

Olivia hugs Billy.

OLIVIA
You look so handsome, Billy.

GIL
Yeah, for like a week. Then he's back to *Little Gray Boy*.

MARY KAY
Stop it. Now, let's call the cab.
We're all going to Coco's!

INT. CHOP SHOP. SAN YSIDRO. 2:00 P.M.

Manny Grijalva bursts through the doors of the garage.

There: Mary Kay's P.T. Cruiser on blocks: no doors, no windows, no hatch, no hood, no engine. **3 MEN** continue to dismantle the car.

MANNY
Carlos, give me the registration on the Cruiser.

CARLOS
Burned it, boss. Filed down the VIN numbers, melted the license plate. She's clean as a whistle.

MANNY
Get away from the fucking car.

Carlos and the two others move away from the Cruiser. Manny checks the glove compartment: completely empty.

CARLOS
You hear they're looking for Margaritaville? Can you believe that shit?

MANNY
Yeah. I heard.

Manny checks the ash tray. Nothing. Fishes his hand under the passenger seat. Nothing. Now the driver's seat. Nothing.

Until his eye catches a piece of paper hanging from under the seat frame. He reaches up and under the seat and pulls out a **magazine** stuck in the frame:

Mary Beth's Bean Bag World Monthly

His eyes click down to the paper-label address on the cover:

Mary Kay Curly
2262 Mound Glen Lane.
Rancho San Diego, CA

MANNY
Rancho San Diego. Well, well.

Manny flips through the magazine, mildly interested in page after glossy page of Beanie Babies and Beanie enthusiasts.

MANNY
You believe they've got a whole
magazine for this shit?

CARLOS
Who's that belong to?

MANNY
A reader, Carlos. A very dangerous
woman. But I assure you, her
mutilated body and the bodies of
her children will soon hang from
the Tijuana Tower for all to see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY KAY'S BATHROOM. 10:30 P.M.

Mary Kay relaxes in a bubble-bath with an aroma-therapy eye mask over her face. Chuck Mangioni plays optimistically on The Wave.

INT. MARY KAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER

In her pajamas, Mary Kay picks up her Nora Roberts paperback right where she left it, puts on her Save-On brand reading glasses and settles into bed.

Peace at last and everything in its right place.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY (SAME TIME)

A U.S. Air Force RQ-170 Sentinel unmanned drone flies into frame. Below, an unforgiving, wrinkled mountain range.

Card: Tora Bora mountains. Afghanistan.

Over it we hear the mixed up chatter of cell phone conversations in Arabic--lots of screaming and yelling.

SPECIALIST KRIEGER O.C.
Lieutenant? I need an assist.

EXT. A NONDESCRIPT BUILDING. DAY

Card: Kandahar, Afghanistan

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMUNICATIONS CENTER. DAY

Specialist Scott Krieger (20s) sits at his computer monitoring the airwaves.

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
Mariquekurli. I'm hearing a lot of it over chatter about the Mexico bombing.

Lieutenant Ferrell (20s) takes the earphones.

LIEUTENANT FERRILL
Mariquekurli?

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
It's not Arabic. You think it's code?

LIEUTENANT FERRIL
Whatever it is, what I don't understand is why the hell would a bunch of terrorists in a dirty cave get so riled up about the Mexican border bombing? Dari dictionary.

Krieger brings up a window on his computer, leans into a microphone:

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
Mariquekurli.

ON COMPUTER: *No Matches Found.*

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
It's not Dari.

LIEUTENANT FERRIL
Pashto.

Krieger changes his screen, leans in again into the mic.

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
Mariquekurli.

ON COMPUTER: *No Matches Found.*

SPECIALIST CARVER
Sir? We got a match on a cell
transmission in Yemen. What the
hell is Mariquekurli?

LIEUTENANT FERRILL
Google it.

Krieger does so. Gets: *Your search - mariquekurli - did not
match any documents.*

LIEUTENANT FERRILL
Mariquekurli. Try it phonetically.
Could be a someone's name. "Mary
Kay" and then, well, that's an
unfortunate last name.

Krieger types in a search.

SPECIALIST KRIEGER
There's a Mary Kay Curly in San
Diego, California. With Century 21
Real Estate.

ON SCREEN: Mary Kay, big glasses, big smile and air-brushed
hair in her official Century 21 photo beneath the caption:

"Your House is as Good as SOLD!"

MAJOR CLEMENS
Jesus Christ. Well that ain't it.
Keep working.

CUT TO:

INT. CONDO. MISSION BEACH. 3:00 A.M.

Omar stares at his computer. Real Chance of Love 4 plays on
VH1 in the background.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: People Finder: MARY KAY CURLY with
her address and phone number.

OMAR
There you are, neighbor.

INT. MARY KAY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 3:32 A.M.

Mary Kay has fallen asleep with her book over her chest.

INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM. SAME

All's quiet here. Olivia sleeps soundly in the aqua light
and gurgle of Billy's fish tank.

INT. GIL'S ROOM. SAME

All's well. The boys sleep peacefully. Faintly then, somewhere in the night, we hear a car door shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM. 3:33 A.M.

Through the curtains we can make out **two shadowy figures** on the lawn.

INT. GIL'S ROOM. CONT'D

Through the blinds we can now see **a man in a black suit and mask**--looking much like a ninja peering into the window.

MAN'S VOICE O.C.

Vamos.

The man peering in the window ducks down and disappears.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SECONDS LATER

Dark. Silent. Until: someone on the other side of the door tries the doorknob. Now the sound of metal in the lock. Someone is trying to pick the lock.

Picked, the dead-bolt knob turns. Click. Now the knob turns. Now the door. Which opens. Slowly.

INT. GIL'S ROOM. 3:35 A.M.

Billy, asleep. A shadow creeps across his face. His eyes open. Wide.

BILLY

Narcos!

He screams. Down the hall we hear Olivia scream.

INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM. CONT'D

Two MEN, also dressed in black try to corral Olivia. Finally they pin her down to the bed but it only sets her off screaming and kicking.

INT. MARY KAY'S ROOM. CONT'D

Mary Kay scrambles from her bed as **two figures** in black flank her with guns.

MAN #1

Get down on the floor! Put your hands behind your head.

MARY KAY

Leave us alone! Please!

A female FBI agent, **Sandra Del Negro (32)** flashes a badge.

SPEC. AGENT DEL NEGRO
FBI! Get down on the floor.

MARY KAY
What? Who?

Del Negro pushes Mary Kay to the floor and hand-cuffs her.

SPEC. AGENT DEL NEGRO
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and
will be used against you in a court
of law. You have the right to an
attorney. If you cannot afford an
attorney, one will be appointed to
you...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. SAN DIEGO FEDERAL BUILDING. 9:00
A.M.

Mary Kay sits in a chair surrounded by far too many **agents
from the CIA, FBI and Homeland Security**. Currently, **agent
Simon Richards (40s)** is questioning her.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
You expect us to believe that a
clearly out of shape mother of two
with no tactical training or combat
skills whatsoever and, from what I
can gather, a below average
intelligence, infiltrated the most
powerful and dangerous drug cartel
in Mexico and took out "El Padre"
Duran and his top lieutenants all
by herself?

MARY KAY
Maybe it's what I'm good at.

she mutters, recalling her conversation with Robert.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Excuse me?

MARY KAY
I said maybe it's what I'm good at.
I just never knew it.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
You just happen to be good at doing
what the combined efforts of CIA,
the FBI, the U.S. Coast Guard, the
Border Patrol, the DEA and the
Mexican military could not do?

MARY KAY
You never know until you try.

Exasperated, Richards gets right in her face.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Ms. Curly, we know it was you who
blew up the border.

Mary Kay looks up. Oh shit.

MARY KAY
Oh gosh. Are you gonna make me pay
for it?

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
For what?

MARY KAY
The border. Cause I can't. I'm
already in debt up to my gills.

SPEC. AGENT DEL NEGRO
You're funny, Ms. Curly, if that's
your name. But you're in a lot of
fucking trouble. And we're trying
to help you.

Del Negro, crouches down, looks Mary Kay in the eye.

SPEC. AGENT DEL NEGRO
(whispers)
Don't embarrass us here. We don't
want to step on any toes. If
you're black ops, you've gotta tell
us now which agency you're with.

MARY KAY
I'm with Century 21.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Century 21. Good name. War on
terror. 21st century. Makes
sense. Who trained you?

MARY KAY
Del's Real Estate School. You pass
the test you get the gold jacket.

SPEC. AGENT DEL NEGRO
You're just a real estate agent?
You expect us to believe that?

MARY KAY
Well, I'm also a good mom and a
very nice person.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - FEDERAL BUILDING

General Dylan Hawk (50s), a barrel-chested mountain of a man and head of Homeland Security, stands before **General Miguel Ibarrez (50s)**, a highly decorated Mexican General and Hawk's Mexican counterpart.

GEN. HAWK
A sleeper cell? Are you sure?

General Ibarrez nods.

IBARREZ
Sleeper cell.

General Hawk bursts into a larger than life smile.

GEN. HAWK
Hot damn, bring it in here *H-
eneral.*

Hawk most inappropriately hugs General Ibarrez and pats him on the back. He then turns to **Special Agent John Balaban (30s)** a bespectacled, thin man.

GEN. HAWK
I'd like an up close and personal
with our border bomber.

INT. HALLWAY. FEDERAL BUILDING

Camera tracks with Hawk as he walks swiftly down the hall with Balaban.

GEN. HAWK
You ever been in a Tijuana
interrogation room with a Mexican
Federale?

BALABAN
No sir.

GEN. HAWK
Your Federale, he's not bound by
the rules of interrogation that
hand-cuff our boys. It's a hell of
thing.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and in walks General Hawk and Agent John Balaban.

GEN. HAWK
You a-holes believe every word she
says. She's not one of ours.
(MORE)

GEN. HAWK (cont'd)
 This woman is a civilian. Average
 in every way. A single mom. Tract
 home owner. American consumer. A
 bona fide hero. Ms. Curly, my name
 is General Dylan Hawk. I'm head of
 Homeland Security. It is an
 absolute honor to meet you.

The General leans over and hugs her to the confused looks of
 Richards and Del Negro.

MARY KAY
 Nice to meet you, too.

GEN. HAWK
 M'am, you must have been on one
 hell of a ride. They tell me you
 were really in the shit.

MARY KAY
 Oh, I've been in that for years.

INT. CONDO. MISSION BEACH. MORNING

Omar carefully addresses a package wrapped in brown paper.
 With much care to not disturb its contents, he places the
 package in a plain blue duffle bag.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CONT'D

GEN. HAWK
 Those other men who paid a visit to
 El Padre yesterday. Well they
 caught one of those fellas running
 through the streets of TJ shot up
 and bleeding. I guess that was
 your handiwork. And they took him
 into one of their Tijuana
 interrogation rooms and went to
 work on him. And you know what
 they found out?

Mary Kay shakes her head no.

INT. CONDO. MISSION BEACH. MORNING

Omar has detached the shell from his computer. He pulls the
 hard-drive from the tower inside.

He places a round **electromagnetic degausser** on top of the
 hard drive and switches it ON.

The computer screen goes dead--the hard drive erased clean.
 With a Sharpee Omar then writes "**FUCK YOU**" on the hard drive.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CONT'D

GEN. HAWK (CONT'D)

See, those men were from Afghanistan and Syria. More specifically, they were al Qaeda operatives who'd spent the last six years in Mexico blending in with Mexican society. Three months ago they made contact with Duran and cut a deal. El Padre would get them safely into the United States with enough explosives to blow up San Onofre nuclear facility and turn Disneyland into the *damndest* place on earth. In exchange, El Padre would get a cut on the heroin trade flowing from Afghanistan into Europe.

Spec. Agent Richards turns ashen at the news.

BALABAN

They called their little operation *Art Ocho*. The name lead us to a schizophrenic homeless man living behind a 7-11 in Mission Beach.

MARY KAY

Oh my gosh.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS

El Padre was involved in this? Is that true?

GEN. HAWK

True as the red, white and blue. And we missed it blind. 'Til the day I die I'll carry but one regret. That I wasn't there to see the look on their faces when Ms. Mary Kay Curly opened up a barrel and killed every last one of those mother-fuckers. Your rampage saved thousands of American lives, Ms. Curly. The people of the United States of America thank you. You're a national hero. Hell, I wish I had a whole god damn nation of Mary Kay Curlys!

MARY KAY

Am I going to be on Oprah?

BALABAN

Ms. Curly, for your own safety,
it's best that no one knows you're
that hero.

GEN. HAWK

You made road kill of some would-be
martyrs for Allah and your name is
now echoing throughout the caves of
Tora Bora. They're screaming it in
terrorist camps from Yemen to
Somalia. Understand? You fucked
al Qaeda's number one in the ass.

BALABAN

You gave him a Dirty Sanchez, Mary
Kay.

MARY KAY

Oh my gosh, I did?

GEN. HAWK

It's a new world for you and your
family, Ms. Curly. And it's a
dangerous one.

INT. CONDO. MISSION BEACH. MID-MORNING

From his closet Omar pulls out an Ab Cruncher, the type you
see advertised on late-night TV. Omar does two or three ab
crunches, tires and gives up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. CONT'D

GEN. HAWK

This is Special Agent John Balaban.
He's the best eraser in the
business. He's gonna give you a
new deal date of birth on up.

MARY KAY

You mean like an extreme make-over?

BALABAN

More like an extreme do-over. For
your protection.

GEN. HAWK

If you want to live and I mean
live, Mary Kay Curly has to die.

MARY KAY

You mean, like fake my death?

BALABAN

More like erase every aspect of
your old life, your kids' life.
Whole she-bang.

MARY KAY

Can I change my name?

BALABAN

Name. Physical appearance. Life.
You won't recognize yourself when
you leave our facility in Arizona.

Balaban pulls out a three page print-out.

BALABAN

I've taken the liberty to remove
from the public record all
information pertaining to you and
your children from databanks online
and off. As though you never
existed.

MARY KAY

Can I change my name to Angelina?

BALABAN

Whatever you want.

MARY KAY

Can I get a stylist to change my
look? I've kind of let myself go
lately.

BALABAN

We'll provide you a stylist, a
plastic surgeon and a trainer to
assist you in your transformation.

MARY KAY

But can I still work as a licensed
realtor and live in a nice tract
home community with good schools?
I have to make a living and provide
for my kids, you know.

Gen. Hawk wipes the tear that rolls down his cheek.

BALABAN

Once you've established a new
identity, I don't see a problem
with that.

GEN. HAWK

Ms. Curly, pardon me. But you're
an inspiration to all Americans.

(MORE)

GEN. HAWK (cont'd)
After what you've been through for
your country and it doesn't even
occur to you to go looking for a
gov'mint hand-out.

MARY KAY
Can I adopt the girl?

BALABAN
Consider it done. But she too will
have to change her name, her
appearance and erase her past.

MARY KAY
That all sounds great! Can we go
to Arizona right now?

BALABAN
Someone hacked into your computer a
good hour before we could get to
it. They know where you and your
children live.

GEN. HAWK
The narco who kills you and your
family will most likely be in first
position to take over El Padre's
empire. Not to mention any sleeper
cell asshole who wants to jerk
Osama's dead woody and slaughter
you and your family and martyr
himself to boot. You've managed to
piss off just about everyone, m'am.

MARY KAY
But we can be safe in Arizona by
noon.

Hawk sighs. Smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. FEDERAL BUILDING

Hawk and Balaban escort Mary Kay, Gil, Billy and Olivia down
a hallway, Billy and Olivia clinging to her sides.

GEN. HAWK
Kids, take a good look at your
mother. And when you do,
understand that she saved a lot of
American lives yesterday.

GIL
 No shit? I heard a lady out here
 say you like blew up the whole
 border. There's like illegals
 everywhere.

BILLY
 (trying to be brave)
 Yeah, it's pretty cool.

MARY KAY
 Oh, stop it you two.

GEN. HAWK
 Ms. Curly, your country needs you
 for one more mission.

Mary Kay grabs her kids and holds them tight.

MARY KAY
 No way. I'm never going to Mexico
 again.

GEN. HAWK
 This is more of work-at-home kind
 of deal. We'd like to see what
 kind of flotsam and jetsam floats
 up to your house tonight.

INT. OMAR'S CONDO. LATE AFTERNOON

Omar carefully sets a homemade bomb into the bottom of a
 flower arrangement.

INT. OMAR'S BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

In front of a mirror Omar ties his tie to compliment his
 Armani suit. He then sprays on some Axe cologne.

He turns towards a video camera set up on a tripod, sits on
 his bed and with a remote, starts to record.

OMAR
 (in Arabic, subtitled)
 My name is Omar Khalidi...and
 tonight I will look into the face
 of treachery...and...and fuck.
 Again. Take 2. My name is Omar
 Khalidi and tonight I will look
 into the face of treachery and I
 will encounter and kill the most
 dangerous of Americans and the
 blood of the American of all
 Americans will...spill. If I am to
 die... Again.
 (MORE)

OMAR (cont'd)
 My name is Omar Khalidi and tonight
 I will spill the blood of
 infidels...as I am to meet and
 greet treachery...*Meet and greet*
 fuck. Why don't I just put on a
 fucking name tag?! Take 4...

There's a knock at the door. Omar hits pause and opens the door to find **MINK (20s)**, quintessential San Diego surfer.

MINK
 Dude, we're starting a Madden
 tourney.

Omar looks across the hall and through the open door of the apartment across the way: **four 20-somethings** sit around a 42" computer screen playing Madden 2010.

SKAGGS
 Omar! Get your ass in here.

OMAR
 Not today, Skaggs. Thanks.

MINK
 Omar, we'll give you Buffalo again.
 They still got T.O. in this
 version.

OMAR
 Not today, Mink. Maybe next time.
 Thanks.

MINK
 Just thought I'd ask. You going
 out to chase tail, bro? AHHHH!

Mink smiles and points like he's caught Omar red-handed.

INT. OMAR'S BEDROOM. 2 HOURS LATER

Still in front of the camera, Omar is still trying to get it right.

OMAR
 (in Arabic, subtitled)
 Mother, if I should die, do not
 shed a single tear for your
 martyred son. By the time you see
 this video, I will be showered in
 riches unimaginable in the next
 life. Okay, good-bye for now. Now
 I must edit.

Omar sighs. Not exactly what he wanted, but close. He turns off the camera, attaches a fire wire cable to it and starts for his computer.

Which he spots, guts spilled, hard-drive erased clean of everything.

OMAR

Fuck me.

CLOSE ON: A COMPUTER SCREEN

In iMovie, Omar edits his terrorist video for performance, the sound of which is filtered through ear-buds.

ON VIDEO:

OMAR

(wildly passionate and
persuasive)

And the blood of the infidel who
killed my brothers shall spill and
her children will choke on their
own blood in the name of Allah!

Click. He hits pause. His hand reaches for his Starbucks. He sips. We can now see that he wears ear-buds.

ANOTHER ANGLE: reveals we are in a busy **Kinkos**:

Omar, at a rental computer editing his video, which, I might add, is convincing, terrifying, and no joke.

He drags another clip up to the edit screen then chooses a nice soft dissolve for a transition. Clicks play.

OMAR ON VIDEO

...will choke on their own blood in
the name of Allah!

(soft dissolve to:)

And in the name of almighty Allah,
infidel America will drown in blood
also! Die Mary Kay Curly! Die
America! Die! The flames of Hell
are upon you!

INT. MARY KAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Spec. Agent Richards and Special Agent **Dale Montes (20s)** enter the house.

MONTES

Ms. Curly?

MARY KAY

Call me Mary Kay. And these are my
boys. This is Olivia.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Now, you just relax. You won't be
in any kind of danger.

MARY KAY
Agent Montes? Do you need
something? Coffee? I'll put out
some Sun Chips for you boys.

MONTES
Thank you, m'am. I'm fine.

Montes moves to the front windows and closes the blinds.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
What are you doing?

MONTES
I don't like the sight lines from
that hill across the street. We
could get picked off.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
This is Montes' first job. He's a
little nervous.

BILLY
Don't you think it's pretty stupid
having us here? My mom, maybe.
But geez, we're sitting ducks.

Richards laughs.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
You'll be alright. I happen to
know you all have a walk-in attic?

INT. SPEARMINT RHINO

Omar knocks back his 4th whisky while getting a double lap
dance from two hot strippers, **Candi** and **Sky**.

EXT. SPEARMINT RHINO PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Omar vomits in the parking lot--all the while he's laughing.

OMAR
Oh fuck. Oh man.

INT. CUL-DE-SAC HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET. STAGING OPERATIONS.

A make-shift operations center of sorts. Del Negro, Hawk,
Balaban and various agents and military personnel stake out
Mary Kay's house. **A SHARPSHOOTER** watch through scopes beside
them, their fingers at their triggers.

INT. MARY KAY'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LOFT. AT THE ATTIC DOOR

Richards opens the walk-in attic door. His flashlight illuminates a bunch of junk and pink insulation.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Okay, boys. You'll be safe in
here. Don't come out until I tell
you.

But the boys look scared.

MARY KAY
Go ahead. You boys are always
begging me to sleep up here. Now's
your chance.

GIL
I love you, mom.

BILLY
Me too.

Olivia hugs Mary Kay.

OLIVIA
I love you, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
I love you, too. Everything will
be alright.

BILLY
Mom, after this is over, can we go
to Legoland?

MARY KAY
I thought you were too old for
Legoland.

Billy just shakes his head "no."

MARY KAY
Sure.

INT. MARY KAY'S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Mary Kay and Richards enter the living room to find Montes sitting in the Lazy Boy by the window.

MONTES
You know, I will have some Sun
Chips.

Mary Kay turns towards the kitchen.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Ms. Curly, before you go about
serving refreshments, I wanted to
give you something, for your
protection in case things get hot.

Richards pulls out a Glock 23 and attaches a silencer to its
barrel.

MARY KAY
Oh no, I couldn't. Not in my
house.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
I know you can handle yourself.
The Duran cartel found out the hard
way. If I may say so, you're my
hero, Mrs. Curly. Thwarting a
serious terrorist threat to this
great country. It makes me sick to
my stomach to learn that El Padre
sold out the values shared by
Mexico and America to some dirty
jihadists. What would his poor
mother think?

Richards turns the gun on Montes and casually fires. Pumping
twice. Belly then head. Mary Kay screams. Montes' body
sits up in the Lazy Boy, only dead, blood streaming down his
head, soaking the chair.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Stay calm, Mary Kay. Everything
will be okay now.

MARY KAY
Oh my God. How did you know? He
was one's of El Padre's men?

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
No. He was FBI. A good man, I
think.

MARY KAY
Then why did you shoot him?

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Because Mrs. Curly, I am one of El
Padre's men. And I will be his
successor.

Richards unscrews the silencer.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
You didn't think the Duran Cartel
would let you and your family live
after you took out El Padre?

MARY KAY
But you're an American.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Do you think El Padre was so stupid
as to recruit only sad sack
Mexicans? In a short minute the
Duran Cartel will whisk us away to
Mexico where I assure you, you and
your children will be killed
immediately.
(he yells up to the attic)
Manny! Ulises!

MARY KAY
You won't get away with this.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
I will because you and your
children are my insurance.

INT. ATTIC. CONT'D

Gil, Billy and Olivia huddle in the dark like feral cats.

Manny Grijalva and Ulises rise up out from under the pink
insulation guns pointed at the kids.

MANNY
Los ninos, not a peep from you.

INT. MARY KAY'S LIVING ROOM. CONT'D

Mary Kay eyes the gun holstered against Agent Montes' now
bloody shirt. Her hand slowly moves to reach for it.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Put your hand on that gun it'll be
the last thing you do.

Headlights swim the room as a small **U-Haul \$19.95 a Day!** van
pulls up to the house. Richards peeks through the blinds.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
What the fuck is this?

MARY KAY
You should know, Mr. Drug Lord.
You run the big show, don't ya?

Not humored, Richards points the gun at her head.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Lady, shut the fuck up, I swear.

INT. UPSTAIRS ACROSS THE STREET. CONT'D

Hawk and Del Negro watch the Van come to a stop.

GEN. HAWK
U-Haul. Right out of the terrorist
playbook.

THROUGH A SCOPE: **a sharp shooter** tries to get a bead on the driver but the driver disappears inside the van.

SHARP SHOOTER
I lost him. I didn't get a look.

The van rocks back and forth a little.

GEN. HAWK
I'll bet that thing's packed to
blow to Kingdom Come. Here we go,
boys. Take him out as soon as you
get a shot.

--THE VAN: its double doors open wide to ominous emptiness.
Huge speakers pack the inside of the doors.

ON: A hand pushing in a CD into the stereo. Ominous strains
of a piano begin, then electric guitar.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
What the hell *is* that?

--UPSTAIRS ACROSS STREET: Hawk and Del Negro strain to hear
the music.

SHARPSHOOTER
Is that...*Jethro Tull*?

BALABAN
"Locomotive Breath." Off the
Aqualung album if I'm not mistaken.

--THE LAWN: Standing before the open doors of the van, the
music ramping up behind him, Robert holds up a bouquet of
roses--this is his *Say Anything* moment.

ROBERT
Mary Kay! Mary Kay!

INT. MARY KAY'S LIVING ROOM. CONT'D

Richard peeks through the blind.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Who the fuck is that?

Mary Kay takes a look.

MARY KAY
Robert?

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Who's Robert?

MARY KAY
My eHarmony date. From the other
night.

--ACROSS THE STREET

BALABAN
Something about an eHarmony date.
Don't shoot.

--LAWN:

ROBERT
Mary Kay?! I'm ready to push the
yes button. For real and for good.

--MARY KAY'S LIVING ROOM:

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Tell him to get the hell out of
here!

Mary Kay *slides open the window* through the blinds.

MARY KAY
Robert, you need to go home. Right
now.

ROBERT
Mary Kay, you don't know what I've
been through since seeing you again
the other day. I can't eat. I
can't sleep. All I could do was
watch The Office on DVD and think
of you and how awfully I treated
you.

MARY KAY
I love The Office.

ROBERT
I know. It's such a good show.
Pam and Jim are such a great
couple. They had a baby.

MARY KAY
Robert, you have to go. Now. This
is a bad time.

Now Omar's Cadillac pulls up to the curb and parks.

INT. OMAR'S CADDY. CONT'D

Still dressed to the nines and carrying the basket of flowers
in one hand, the detonator in the other, Omar Khalidi gets
out of the car and starts towards the front door.

ROBERT
You...you've got another date
tonight?

--ACROSS THE STREET:

BALABAN
I.D. the guy on the lawn! Who's
the other guy with the flowers?!

AGENT ON HEADSET
Apparently another eHarmony date.

BALABAN
Jesus Christ. Tonight?

Sharpshooter tries to sight him through the scope but the van
is blocking his view.

SHARPSHOOTER
I don't have a shot.

--ON LAWN: Omar staggers on the lawn with the bouquet of
flowers.

OMAR
Mary Kay Curly?! Mary Kay Curly?!

--MARY KAY'S LIVING ROOM: ON STAIRS: Manny and Ulises stand
in the middle of the stairs with Gil, Billy and Olivia, guns
to their heads.

MANNY
What the fuck is going on?

Mary Kay turns.

MARY KAY
You! You let those children go.
Come down here and fight me you
coward.

MANNY
 (to Richards)
 Get this shit under control.

--ON LAWN

As Omar staggers across the lawn, Robert steps up to him:

ROBERT
 Not tonight, pal.

And throws an uppercut, cold-cocking Omar onto the lawn. Omar's flowers drop at Robert's feet. Tull's *Locomotive Breath* is really ramping up now. And it's loud. Everyone has to yell over it.

MARY KAY
 Oh my gosh!

ROBERT
 See? I still got it. I'm gonna fight for what I love, Mary Kay.

MARY KAY
 Robert, this isn't the best time.

ROBERT
 You surprised me, Mary Kay. And I love you. You're so cool. I want to share the rest of my life with you.

Omar stirs. Points to the flowers.

OMAR
 Mary Kay Curly...

But a **border patrol helicopter** appearing over the roof of the house drowns him out. Robert kicks Omar in the ribs.

--MARY KAY'S HOUSE

RICHARDS
 (re: helicopter, to Manny
 and Ulises)
 They're here for us. Get ready.

--LAWN

Robert continues to kick Omar in the ribs, the helicopter whipping up debris in a swirl around him.

ROBERT
 You know what you can do with your flowers, asshole?

--HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

GEN. HAWK
Who called in the border patrol?!
What in God's name is going on down
there?!

--LAWN

Omar glances up at the helicopter--is this a trap? He rolls across the lawn, down a bank of ice-plant.

Robert picks up Omar's flowers, turns towards the street, winds up, goes to throw them--too late:

Omar hits the detonator: then the FLASH, the EXPLOSION:

blowing twenty feet of earth into the air from the crater it just blew up to chew up the helicopter, which sputters and banks.

--LIVING ROOM:

--where the blast through the screen blows Mary Kay across the room and into her shelf of Beanie Babies.

--where the glass from the *closed* window slices Richards to pieces.

--where Gil throws himself in front of Billy and Olivia, glass shards knifing into his body cast.

--LAWN: or above it. The helicopter, shot full of holes and choking on dirt, tilts and crashes into the roof.

--LIVING ROOM: where the copter crashes through the ceiling and through the loft, busting the staircase and throwing Manny and Ulises over the railing

along with Billy, Gil and Olivia, who screams.

--where Manny and Ulises recover, grab Billy and start to make their way out the door.

BILLY
Mom!? Mom?!

--where Spec. Agent Richards recovers. Points his gun with an arm full of glass.

SPEC. AGENT RICHARDS
Kill them all!

--where Mary Kay finds Montes' body laying across hers, blown back from the blast. His gun within her grasp.

--which she grabs.

MARY KAY
Not in *my* house, jerk!

And boom, boom, boom. Three shots. Three bullets--one each in the foreheads of Richards, Manny and Ulises. Dropping them dead.

GIL
Holy shit, mom!

MARY KAY
We gotta go!

Mary Kay grabs Gil and Olivia and Billy and even Mr. Bears and they run through the kitchen and into the garage just as:

the helicopter bursts into flames. The house crumbles behind them just as they make it out to the street:

--where the neighbors have spilled out of their homes.

--where Mary Kay shouts to Hawk and company in the smoldering ruins of the house across the street:

MARY KAY
What's wrong with the you people?!
You're useless! Useless! You let
them into my house! You let them
bomb my front yard! I just shot
three narcos in front of my kids!
They'll be scarred for life!

GIL
Mom!, no we *won't*.

MARY KAY
Why?! Why can't everything just be
nice!?

--Omar's car starts. He's alive and behind the wheel. The Caddy peels out doing a 180 and speeding away down the hill.

--HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET:

Dust, fire, smoke and broken glass from the blast. Gen. Hawk pulls a piece of glass from his arm, turns. The sharpshooter is still in position.

GEN. HAWK
He's getting away. Fire on that
mother-fucker.

The sharpshooter goes for the tires. Misses. Misses again. The Caddy takes off down the inclined street.

--STREET: where Mary Kay, with Mr. Bears in one hand, raises the gun in her other. The Caddy is almost down the hill and out of sight.

She fires. One shot takes out the *front* driver's side tire. Another shot: the back tire. Two shots. Two tires. The car skids to a stop.

MARY KAY
(to herself)
I *am* good at this.

--HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

Through the sharpshooter scope, Omar pops the trunk and pulls out the blue athletic bag.

SHARPSHOOTER
He's got another bomb!

Mary Kay steps into his sight line, raises her gun.

She shoots. Omar buckles as he takes one in the leg. Wounded, he takes off limping down the street.

Mary Kay turns to Vicky, who looks on in a state of shock.

MARY KAY
Vicky, watch my kids.

And Mary Kay drops Mr. Bears and takes off down the street after Omar who is now running on foot.

--HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET.

Del Negro watches Mary Kay tracking Omar down the street through binoculars.

DEL NEGRO
Somebody get that woman out of there!

GEN. HAWK
Let her go. My money's on Mary Kay
Curly.

EXT. RANCHO SAN DIEGO NEIGHBORHOOD. MOMENTS LATER

Omar trucks down a bank of ivy, towards a redwood fence.

EXT. UP THE STREET. CONT'D

Not far behind, Mary Kay spots him climbing over the fence ahead. Neighbors having heard the explosion spill out of their houses.

MARY KAY
 (waving her gun)
 Get back in the house!

A woman screams and we can hear a man complain:

NEIGHBOR MAN O.C.
 God damn illegals!

--AT THE FENCE now, Mary Kay spots a streak of fresh blood. She moves along the side of the fence, comes to the gate, reaches over, unlatches the latch enters the back yard.

EXT. BACK YARD. CONT'D

Through a labyrinth of Toys 'R Us crap: a bright pink plastic playhouse, plastic slides, etc., Mary Kay stalks through the yard. When **CARLA (32)** opens the patio door:

CARLA
 Mary Kay?

MARY KAY
 Oh hi, Carla.

CARLA
 What are you doing in my back yard?

MARY KAY
 Guy tried to blow up my house. I saw him jump over your fence.

CARLA
 These fucking people. And wouldn't you know Dan's on a fishing trip. These husbands, where are they when you need them?

MARY KAY
 Tell me about it.

Mary Kay spots a trail of blood leading up to a plastic tree house.

CARLA
 Let me call the police.

MARY KAY
 No, no, no. We were expecting this guy. The government's in on it...the whole thing. They were supposed to protect me but what a bunch of screw ups. You should see my yard.

Mary Kay slowly starts towards the tree-house, motioning Carla to keep talking.

CARLA

Well, just look at the way they run the DMV.

MARY KAY

Good one, Carla.

(directs her voice to the tree house)

Now it turns out, I'm pretty good with a heater in my hand. And I think this fella knows it. I've already had to kill more than once tonight. Just think what his terrorist buddies will think when they find out I took him out after he failed and ran.

Omar bursts through the back of the tree house.

OMAR

You won't take me alive, sluts!

And back over the fence he goes. Mary Kay bolts for the gate.

MARY KAY

Gotta go, Carla.

EXT. THE STREET. MOMENTS LATER

Omar ducks along a bank of ivy, crosses a street and heads down an embankment towards the rec. center.

EXT. AT REC. CENTER

Omar kicks in the door and enters the dark. Left and right he turns, finally entering the main room to find:

INT. REC. CENTER. MAIN ROOM

The remnants of a little girl's birthday party: decorated in a unicorn and rainbow theme, balloons and streamers with posters of Justin Bieber to boot:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY CHELSEA! 9!

Frantically he looks around. There, under a table. He hurries across the room and places the athletic back under the table.

MARY KAY O.C.
Come out of there! With your hands
up.

Omar scrambles across the wall, glances out the window, spots the pool lit up and blue.

He ducks under the table, grabs the bag and slips out the sliding glass door towards the pool.

ON MARY KAY: heart racing, stealthily she moves through the entrance way and into the dark rec. center hall. She hears the sliding door shut. Gun leading the way, she enters the rec room.

The screech of a patio chair sliding across cement turns her gaze toward the pool.

EXT. AT THE POOL. MOMENTS LATER

Gun drawn, Mary Kay enters the pool area to find Omar standing at the pool's edge holding an iron patio chair.

Omar throws the chair into the pool and watches it sink to the deep end where it lands upright.

MARY KAY
My Homeowner's Association paid
good money for that chair, mister.

OMAR
You are Mary Kay Curly?

MARY KAY
Who are you? Why did you blow up
my house?

OMAR
But you are nothing but a fat
whore.

MARY KAY
I am *not* fat. And what did I ever
do to you?

OMAR
What have you ever done? Look at
yourself. You've done it *all*.

MARY KAY
So you go around ruining things and
hurting people you don't know?

Omar smiles.

OMAR
Like all Americans, you're nothing
but a stupid cow, aren't you?

Omar reaches for the blue athletic bag on the patio table.

MARY KAY
Don't move! Step away from the
bag!

It's a stand off. Omar won't move.

OMAR
I wouldn't give you the pleasure of
killing me. And don't you touch
that bag. It's for my mother.

And with that, Omar jumps into the pool. Mary Kay circles to the deep end, gun drawn on Omar as he swims to the bottom, sits down in the chair and locks his arms under the arm rests to drown himself.

THREE FBI AGENTS lead by Spec. Agent Del Negro enter guns drawn.

MARY KAY
He's right down there.

DEL NEGRO
Good work, Mary Kay! What the
hell's he doing down there?

MARY KAY
Looks like he's throwing himself a
pity party.

Del Negro gestures to the two other agents.

AGENT #1
(annoyed)
Aw Christ.

Both agents jump into the pool, swim down to the deep end and wrestle against gravity, oxygen and Omar to unlock his arms and fight him back up to air.

They break the surface, Omar gasping for air. The two agents force him out of the pool under Del Negro's aim.

OMAR
Let me die! Let me die you fucking
infidels!

Dripping wet, Omar is shoved to the cement and hand-cuffed. General Hawk and several others enter from the rec center.

GEN. HAWK
I knew it! That's one god damn
terrorist hunter!

OMAR
Shoot me, Mary Kay! Kill me now!

MARY KAY
Oh, I don't think so. I've been
out of bullets since I shot your
leg. Six shots, that's all you
get, like on those cop shows.

OMAR
We will find you wherever you are!
You will die, Mary Kay Curly! We
will find you! When you least
expect it, you will die!

As they carry him away, Mary Kay steps over to the blue bag
and reaches to unzip it.

GEN. HAWK
Mary Kay! No!

Too late. Mary Kay unzips it. Hawk and Del Negro break for
cover against the explosion. But there is none.

On Mary Kay: she stares in the bag: a package wrapped in
brown paper, tied with a string, addressed to Saudi Arabia.

She tears open the package to find: A **SNUGGIE**. One of those
blankets with sleeves for couch potatoes.

"AS SEEN ON TV" and "MADE IN USA" mark the packaging of a
woman cozy in her Snuggie watching TV.

MARY KAY
It's a Snuggie. For his mom.

GEN. HAWK
A Snuggie?

MARY KAY
A Snuggie. Now get me and my kids
the f out of here.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK SCREEN:

Card: One year and 2 days later

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. MONTPARNASSE. PARIS, FRANCE. DAY

Angelina Lauren clicks the remote, muting the news of the one-year anniversary of the Duran Cartel implosion.

Angelina takes Sylvia in her arms as they stare at the footage on TV.

SYLVIA

Mama, is everything going to be okay?

ANGELINA

It's a dangerous world out there, honey. We stick together as a family and everything will turn out. Okay? Now get your math homework done and later we'll watch Eurovision. That Danish band you like is on.

SYLVIA

Okay, mom.

Comforted, Sylvia smiles. The land line **rings**--Angelina stares at the ringing phone a moment, then picks up.

ANGELINA

Allo?

MAN'S VOICE ON PHONE

It's been one year, Ms. Lauren.

The voice is ominous.

MAN'S VOICE ON PHONE

Your time is up.

Angelina's nervous gaze turns to the images of mayhem in Tijuana continuing on TV.

MAN'S VOICE ON PHONE

We found you a nice tract home for you and your family outside Denver, Colorado. The Century 21 office there is awaiting their new top agent.

Click. Angelina smiles and hugs her daughter close. Her eyes fixate on the Bart Simpson piggy bank across the room.

ANGELINA

(in French)

Our new house is ready. Isn't that nice?

Now **Jean-Claude (10)** (Billy, who now has dyed brown hair) and **Michel (14)** (Gil) race into the room.

MICHEL
(in French)
We have to go now? I was just
starting to like it here.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Where are we going?

ANGELINA
Denver, Colorado. To a nice safe
neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR FORCE DEBRIEFING FACILITY. COLORADO SPRINGS,
COLORADO. DAY

General Hawk is here with Special Agent Balaban. Balaban
leans in to Major Hawk.

BALABAN
Jesus, she really cleans up.

THEIR POV: as the new and improved "Lauren" family
approaches them.

GEN. HAWK
Welcome home. Agent Balaban will
escort you to your new house. I
think we've done everything we can
to throw the bad guys off the
trail. We owe you that much.

ANGELINA
Thank you.

GEN. HAWK
Ms. Lauren, there's a lot of
bastards out there. They'll come
in all shapes and sizes. And
they'll say and do anything to
close in on you. Be on guard.
Always.

ANGELINA
I will.

GEN. HAWK
I've got something for you.

Balaban hands her a garment box. Angelina opens it: her
Century 21 Gold Jacket, dry-cleaned, pressed and mended.

GEN. HAWK
Let me help you with that.

Angelina beams as he helps her into the jacket.

BILLY
Mom, you look great!

GEN. HAWK
Now go forth and sell houses.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BAR. DENVER, COLORADO. 3 MONTHS LATER

Two men (40s), one Caucasian, the other racially ambiguous (could be Latino, could be Middle Eastern), both dressed as businessmen but looking more like coconspirators, sit at a table casing a woman in a red dress alone at the bar.

AMBIGUOUS MAN
Ready to do this thing?

The Caucasian man, a forgettable face, call him **David**, nods.

DAVID
Here we go.

David gets up from the table and bellies up to the bar beside the woman, who, it turns out, is Angelina looking like a million bucks.

DAVID
Bartender. Gimme a Jack and
Ginger.

On her guard, Angelina turns and regards the man, then turns back to her drink.

DAVID
And another for the lady. A cosmo
is it?

ANGELINA
Oh, thanks, but no. One is quite
enough.

DAVID
Do I detect a slight French accent?

ANGELINA
It comes out when I don't trust
someone.

DAVID

Well, there you have it. I'm David.

ANGELINA

Angelina.

DAVID

I'm ah...just here for one night on business. I don't get to this part of the country much. Colorado. But I can tell you this, from what I've seen, you don't look like your average Denverite.

Angelina smiles, then glances down at David's hands.

ANGELINA

What? No ring on your finger? I would think a smart fellow like you would be taken.

DAVID

(laughs)

Nope, can't say that I am.

ANGELINA

Oh, you're one of *those*. You have something against marriage?

DAVID

Been down that road.

ANGELINA

(she laughs)

I see. I was married. Frankly, it suited me. Things are never perfect but you've got to stick together and work things out. Especially with kids--I have two sons and a daughter. We could have been happy, you know? Well, he didn't see it that way.

DAVID

His loss, my gain.

ANGELINA

Now tell me you're not one of those who snuck out on his wife in the middle of the night and never came back--leaving nothing but a note on the refrigerator door.

David smiles uncomfortably. He takes a quick nervous glance back at his buddy across the room.

DAVID
Nope. Not my style.

ANGELINA
C'mon, every man has his refrigerator note tucked deep somewhere in the back of his head. You know, *"I'm leaving. You're nothing but a big fat bore. The horror. The horror. I hate you. Good-bye forever."*

David begins to sweat. He's losing traction here.

DAVID
(stammering)
No, no, not me. Not the type.
(he recovers)
I respect women too much to do something like that.

ANGELINA
Good, because those men are cowards. And cowards are the least attractive men in the world. I, for one, will have nothing to do with a man like that.

David swallows hard. Tries again.

DAVID
Look, this is gonna sound really cheesy and I'll bet you hear it all the time, but I actually came over here because I wanted to say that you possess a unique beauty I've never seen before.

ANGELINA
Thank you. And that's all you wanted to say?

DAVID
(laughs)
Okay, you got me. Actually, on top of that I was hoping we could...

ANGELINA
No thank you. I'm not interested.

Angelina turns back to her drink. Shot down, David looks paralyzed. He shoots a look back to his partner.

The Ambiguous Man flashes cryptic **hand-signals**: two fingers, then what looks like an "OKAY" sign, then a table tap like a "stand pat" sign as in blackjack.

When Angelina turns to catch him in the act, the Ambiguous Man stares forward trying to look inconspicuous.

Desperate now, David becomes more emphatic.

DAVID

Listen, I'd like you to take a walk with me. Maybe outside somewhere. I must say, I'm really quite taken with your beauty...and I'd do just about anything to get to know you.

ANGELINA

Is that so?

DAVID

Yes. That is so.

A more handsome man, **Bradley (40)** walks into the bar, looking around as though to meet someone.

ANGELINA

I believe my date is here. Have a nice night. *David*, did you say?

DAVID

That's right. Listen, are you staying at this hotel?

ANGELINA

I have to go. Good-bye.

David shoots a look back to his partner. His partner motions with a nod to step away. David slyly heads back to the table.

ANGELINA

Bradley?

BRADLEY

Yes. Angelina?

ANGELINA

It's so nice to finally meet you. I've got a table in the restaurant.

Angelina now has shed her French accent and sounds a little more like the Mary Kay we once knew, only more worldly and more sure of herself. The two of them exit the bar and head into the restaurant.

AT TABLE: David takes his seat.

AMBIGUOUS MAN

So?

DAVID
Shit. She got away.

AMBIGUOUS MAN
You didn't have a chance?

DAVID
I didn't have a chance.

David pulls out a \$20 and slaps it on the table. The Ambiguous Man holds up the \$20 and kisses it.

AMBIGUOUS MAN
(laughing)
Hello 20 bucks! I told you she was way out of your league. She had you pegged, *playah*.

DAVID
(concedes)
You're not kidding. She read me like a book--cover to cover. Christ, am I that transparent? And believe me, she's even hotter up close. I tell ya, I'd kill for just one night with a woman like that.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. MOMENTS LATER

It's clear from the start that there's a real chemistry between Angelina and Bradley. Both can't stop smiling.

BRADLEY
When my sister told me there was a new agent in her office I should meet I thought *here we go again*. She means well, you know. But I have to say for once my sister came through. She said you were stunning. As *advertised*. She also said you were capable of great things.

ANGELINA
That's so sweet. But *I'm* the one who should thank your sister.

Bradley laughs.

ANGELINA
Everyone in the office is so nice. We moved into the third tier of Puerto Del Sol so I'm only two minutes from the office. And the kids love it that we're so close to the pool.

(MORE)

ANGELINA (cont'd)
I couldn't be happier and here
tonight, I finally meet the
mysterious Mr. Bradley Summers.

BRADLEY
Excuse me, but, speaking of our
meeting tonight, I was a little
worried you'd doubled up on me when
I walked into the bar. From the
looks of it, I thought maybe that
guy was date number one.

Angelina laughs.

ANGELINA
Oh no. No, that wasn't my date.

She smiles.

ANGELINA
That was my ex-husband.

Bradley furrows his brow. But Angelina just grins. And
grins. And WE:

CUT TO BLACK. THE END