

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DAY

Endless ranks of Saguaros stand vigil over rolling parched hills. A COWBOY rides a ridge on a tired bay, its hoofs picking through the rocks. The wind kicks up and a dust devil whirls past. Pelting his leathered face with sand. The horse stops. The Cowboy spurs it on. But it balks, nostrils flaring. The wary Cowboy SNAPS open his bullhide scabbard.

A RATTLESNAKE, seven feet long and thick as an arm winds through the mesquite.

The Cowboy hefts a high-tech AR-10 rifle and puts a laserdot on the rattler's head.

BAM! He decapitates the snake. The Cowboy slides the rifle back in the scabbard and spurs on the horse.

The dead snake coils in spasm.

NEW ANGLE

A foot away, at ground level, hidden by burlap and brush, a PAIR OF EYES stare at it...

INT. OBSERVATION POST - DAY

The eyes belong to JOE HARTWIG, a sharp young Recon Marine hidden in a well camouflaged foxhole. Their hole in the ground is packed with military rations, radios, bags of urine. Joe grins at LONSDALE, 19, green, anxious. Joe gives him a reassuring smile and returns to his spotting scope.

INSERT SPOTTING SCOPE -- We see distant runway and a hanger full of several small aircraft.

Lonsdale types on a military laptop linked to a satphone. Then dust falls on him as the ground shakes...

A growing ROAR. Joe looks up...

WHAT JOE SEES

A big Airbus on final, low over the deck...

SCENE

WHOOSH! It shakes their hole, blasting them with jetwash, dust and debris. The plane lands hard on the tiny runway. Stopping abruptly. World class piloting.

Joe and Lonsdale trade looks. Then Joe REACTS...

THE COWBOY STANDS ABOVE THEM...

BRDDDDDDDT! He empties a magazine into the foxhole...

EXT. DESERT CANYON - SUNSET

It's beautiful here. We find a thick column of fire ants, washing over a large scorpion. The scorpion stings in vain at the red warriors with fierce jaws swarming it...

FOLLOW the ant column to a boot. A dogtag threaded in its laces. Fire ants crawl up the boot, onto a leg.

WIDE TO:

A pile of corpses, six lean males with military haircuts and tats, battered, all shot in the head. We recognize Lonsdale, dead.

A bloody hand stirs. Then another. It's Joe, clawing his way out. Driven by sheer will. Eyes swollen shut. He frees himself from his dead comrades. He tears off his shirt and rolls in the sand, clawing at biting fire ants, HOWLING in agony.

FADE TO BLACK. Then...

A card reads: TWO YEARS LATER

EXT. MEXICO CITY - DAY

Morning gridlock. The financial district. Glass and King office towers line a wide boulevard. NOW THIS CRAWL:

With U.S. resources stretched thin in the War on Terror, an older forgotten war still rages next door. In Mexico, two rival cartels fight for control of the drug trade. The Ybarra Cartel, an old money family, and the Sonora Cartel, a tough ranching syndicate leave the streets slick with blood from their gunbattles. After a brazen Ybarra Cartel attack on rivals in El Paso, Texas, the President orders the extreme rendition of the Luis Ybarra, head of the Ybarra Cartel to face American justice...

NEW ANGLE

The mirrored windows of an anonymous commercial building reflects smog stained skies.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

VERNON NELLIS, a tall black guy in an immaculate suit. Exits the elevator and crosses to a door labeled: PAN-LATIN BROKERS. He hits a keypad and opens the door.

INT. PAN-LATIN BROKERS - RECEPTION - DAY

The cute RECEPTIONIST smiles at Nellis.

RECEPTIONIST
Buenos diaz, Señor Nellis.

He places his thumb on a scanner hidden behind the light switch and is BUZZED through a vault-like door.

INT. PAN-LATIN BROKERS - INTEL CENTER - DAY

Nellis enters a secret American intelligence operation. Hundreds of intercepted SPANISH PHONECALLS are recorded to a bank of harddrives. Charts, electronic spy gear. Files marked SECRET and TOP SECRET. Secure phones. ANALYSTS in suits work high tech consoles watched by an armed SECURITY GUARD. Soft CHATTER from various radios. Nellis strides through the office.

NELLIS
Morning, people.

INT. PAN-LATIN BROKERS - NELLIS' OFFICE - DAY

Nellis enters, checks his in-basket. Doesn't find what he's looking for, frowns and exits.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - INTEL CENTER - DAY

Nellis crosses to a cubicle. It's empty. He hits JOE on his speed dial. He hears a silly RINGTONE. Nellis finds Joe's cell buried under papers.

NELLIS
Where's Hartwig?

An ANALYST holds out a matchbook. A girlie club.

ANALYST

We tried to get him in a cab, but
he punched Jack and ran back in.

Nellis scowls.

NELLIS

Clear out his cubicle. I'm giving
you his taskings. Have Gerald book
him a flight to D.C.

Nellis crosses to the exit. The Analysts suppress smirks.

EXT. ZONA ROSA - DAY

The naughty part of town. Night clubs and hot sheet hotels
patrolled by the morning shift HOOKERS. Nellis hunting an
address, steps over a MAN sleeping in puke and enters:

INT. BAR MIS PENAS - DAY

An OLD WOMAN cleans the floor. She SEES Nellis standing in
the doorway and knows. She points up the stairs.

INT. BAR MIS PENAS - BACK ROOM - DAY

Nellis enters and REACTS. Joe Hartwig sleeps soundly coiled
with a fine HOOKER.

NELLIS

Joe.

(no response)

Joe. Wake up.

Joe is dead to the world. Nellis touches Joe's ankle...

Joe spins awake, traps Nellis' arm with his legs, hurls him
to the floor and shoves Glock in Nellis' face. Nellis
REACTS.

NELLIS (CONT'D)

Joe, stand down. You don't want to
kill your boss.

Joe squints at Nellis. Lowers his Glock.

JOE

Uh, sorry, sir. My bad.

Joe lets him up. Reaches for a beer, takes a swig. The Hooker lights him a cigarette. Checks her cell messages.

JOE (CONT'D)
Who told you I was here?

NELLIS
Let's go. And leave the gun. No one authorized you to carry.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

20th floor. Three heavyset men in suits walk the hall with briefcases. Tough, former military. Cold killers, named MIKE (Irish), HANS (German) and RATKO (Serbian.) Mike pulls a battery powered lock pick. ZZZZZZZ! CLICK. Yanks open the door. The three barge inside...

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - BUSINESS SUITE - DAY

An accounting office. Where the surprised SECRETARY looks at the three men. Reaches for a phone...

Mike pulls a silenced pistol...

PFFFT-PFFFT! Kills the Secretary. Hans leaps over her desk. Hits a BUZZER. Opening an INNER DOOR. Fast, deliberate, the three men pour inside...

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - BUSINESS SUITE - OFFICES - DAY

PFFFT-PFFFT! Mike shoots a BUSINESSMAN AT A DESK...

Hans karate kicks a BUSINESSMAN MAKING COFFEE, then...

PFFFT-PFFFT! Shoots him in the back...

EXT. ZONA ROSA - DAY

Joe walks with Nellis. Joe slips a large bill to an OLDER HOOKER. Stops at a taco stand, shakes hands with a couple OLD MEN who give him coffee. As Joe reaches for it, Nellis SEES the Glock in Joe's waistband. As does a rough COP with a machine gun. He quickly crosses to Joe. Who sees him and... Smiles. They hug, old buddies. Nellis is nervous as a cat.

COP

Mira cabron, cuando vamos a
hecharnos unas buenas viejas?

JOE

Al rato, mi jefe. Pero las quiero
buenas.

Joe and Nellis keep walking.

NELLIS

Look, I know who you know in D.C.
and I don't care. Your tenure here
is over. You were sent here for
work, not Spring break. No more
second chances.

Joe REACTS, devastated. BOOP-CLICK! Nellis pops the trunk
with the remote.

NELLIS (CONT'D)

Put the gun in the trunk. You're
an analyst, not an operator.

Joe reluctantly slips the Glock behind the spare.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - BUSINESS SUITE - DAY

Ratko sweeps a desk clear. They open their three briefcases.
Revealing slabs of high explosives with cellphone detonators.
Mike stands on a desk and glues the explosives to the ceiling
with an adhesive gun.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

Nellis' Towncar enters the garage. Passing Mike, Hans and
Ratko as they cross to a black Escalade.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe and Nellis walking. Joe enters the restroom. It takes
Nellis a beat to realize he's not following him anymore.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - RESTROOM - DAY

Joe washing his hands, face. Nellis enters.

NELLIS

C'mon. Let's get you signed out.
The new guy can drive you to the
airport.

BAWOOMP--!

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

A huge EXPLOSION. The upper floors erupt in flame, smoke and dust. A neighboring tower's windows SHATTER with aquatic ripples...

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - RESTROOM - DAY

The floor bucks. Throwing the water from the toilets. Tile pops off the wall. Joe bounces against the stall. Nellis knocked off his feet. The lights FLICKER, go out...

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

Several stories of broken safety glass waterfalls to the street. Bouncing. Ricocheting. Hitting cars. People SCREAM, cower and run...

BAM! THUD! Heavier things fall; desks, files, bodies. Then it's over. Everything but the SCREAMS.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe kicks open the restroom door. They REACT.

WHAT THEY SEE

Half their floor is gone. A giant scoop has been blown from the building. At their feet; jumbled, twisted I-beams, SPARKS from wires. Fluttering paper.

SCENE

Joe and Nellis stare at the destruction. The floor shifts, GROANS.

JOE

We need to move, sir. Now.

Both men run for it.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY

Joe and Nellis race down the flights.

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - PARKING LEVEL 1 - DAY

Joe and Nellis reach the Towncar. Nellis pulls out the keys. Joe snatches them, hits the remote. BEEP. Unlocks the trunk, grabs his Glock. BEEP-BEEP. Unlocks the doors.

JOE
I'm driving.

Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS
No way.

The building GROANS, shifts. Concrete dust falls. Lights flicker. Nellis relents, gets in the passenger seat.

NELLIS (CONT'D)
Then drive.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Joe at the wheel, flattens the pedal to the floor. The car rockets up a parking garage ramp. Engine SCREAMING.

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

The Towncar exits the garage. Hits a curb. Whips around a minibus. Swerves into traffic... HONKING. Passing a black Escalade parked nearby.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE - DAY

Ratko behind the wheel. He watches the Towncar depart. Mike has their pictures in a flip book.

MIKE
They're on the list. Go. Go.

Ratko quickly pulls out.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Joe pulls into a tire shop. Drives right through a work bay. Exits into an alley. Turns onto a street of apartments. Nellis looks back at the burning commercial building.

NELLIS

Lookit that. Half the building's gone.

JOE

We got hit. As in took the fuck out. That was a professional demo job. Least a hundred pounds of RDX, you smell it? That chemical smell.

NELLIS

Everyone was in today. The whole office. Gerald, everyone. They were all there. Thirteen people. Good people. Who did it? Who hit us?

JOE

C'mon, sir. Do you have to ask?

NELLIS

Ybarra.

JOE

Goddamn right it was Ybarra. America's most wanted on crack.

Joe makes a turn. SEES the black Escalade in the Rearview. Joe makes another quick turn. Sees the Escalade still follows. Joe speeds up.

JOE (CONT'D)

Shit. Badguys.

NELLIS

How do you know? You sure?

Joe jumps a curb to make a left. The Escalade does the same. Vindicating Joe.

JOE

Clean up hitter. Making sure no one gets away. Hold on.

Joe whips the wheel. Right in front of a garbage truck.
Missing by inches.

NELLIS
Don't crash. Please. Don't crash.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Towncar races down the street. The Escalade gaining fast. Joe drives on the sidewalk. Back onto the street. Then Joe drives on the wrong side of the street. Swerves around a taxi. The black Escalade stays close.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE (MOVING) - DAY

Hans leans out the window with a shotgun. KABOOM!

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nellis REACTS to the gunfire. Ducks in the seat. Joe pulls his Glock.

NELLIS
They're shooting. They're shooting
at us.

JOE
No shit. Keep your head down.
You're not in the office anymore.
Be ready for anything. Stay loose.
We might have to run for it.

Joe stomps the E-brake. Does a SCREECHING 180. Now facing the black Escalade. Joe leans out his window and fires his pistol... POP-POP-POP-POP!

INT. BLACK ESCALADE (MOVING) - DAY

Bullets splinter the windshield. The pursuers duck as bullets ZIP over their heads. CURSING Joe.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Joe hits the gas, jukes around the Escalade. And disappears into an alley. Gaining speed. Nellis white knuckles the armrest.

NELLIS
I don't wanna die.

JOE
What happens, happens. Gotta think
positive. We crash, it'll happen
so fast you won't feel shit. So
don't anticipate.

Joe hits a street, makes a left. Blows a red light. Makes
another left. Pulls onto a busy road.

NELLIS
Watch it!

Joe brakes -- SCREECH! An old truck piled high with used
furniture almost nails them. Drops a chair in the street.
They trade looks.

JOE
Good looking out.

Joe speeds up and blends into traffic. No one follows. They
got away. Nellis looks at Joe. Joe smiles. Nellis relaxes
a notch. Then...

INSERT REARVIEW -- The Escalade suddenly appears...

BRDDDDDDT! Hans opens up with an Uzi...

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

The side mirror is SHATTERED by bullets. Joe runs the light.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Escalade runs the light...

WHAM! And gets T-boned by a pick-up. Airbags. Glass
breaks. Metal crumples. The Escalade comes to rest on the
sidewalk. Totaled. Steaming.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Joe makes a turn. They got away. Sighs of relief.

NELLIS
Where'd you learn to drive like
that?

JOE
Fallujah.

Joe pulls onto a busy freeway.

NELLIS
Hey. What are you doing?
Embassy's that way. Joe, turn
around. Other way, buddy.

JOE
Who said we're going to the
embassy? Cartel has a deep bench.
Be assured they got a crew waiting
there. We need to escape and
evade.

Nellis takes out his Blackberry.

NELLIS
I'm calling the embassy. Their
security people can bring us in
safely.

JOE
Turn that off, sir. Now. Think
the cartel can't track that shit?
Freakin' half their guys used to
work for us.

Nellis knows he's right, turns off his Blackberry.

NELLIS
So where do we go?

JOE
That safe house on Calle Puebla.

NELLIS
No way, Joe. We're not supposed to
go near there. That's strictly for
emergencies.

JOE
And how would you qualify our
situation? Sure ain't status quo.

Nellis looks at COLD FACES in surrounding cars. Anyone could
be a threat.

NELLIS
You're right. Let's get off the
street.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Mike, Ratko and Hans emerge from the wreckage of the Escalade. A police Suburban SCREECHES to a stop. A half dozen FEDERALES in Swat gear jump out with machine guns trained on Hans, Mike and Ratko. The three carefully pull badges.

MIKE
Somos oficiales. Tenemos un
amparo de ministerio publico.

The Federales REACT and lower their weapons.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

A modest apartment. Nellis stands there looking at the TV.
INSERT TV -- Mexican CNN is showing their building burning.

NELLIS
Take a look at this. We made CNN.

Nellis hears SMASHING O.S. Crosses angrily.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Nellis enters and REACTS. Joe has ripped open a false wall and is dragging out a footlocker.

NELLIS
You need to stop this before you
get yourself into a lot of trouble.
That's government property.

Joe ignores him, opens the footlocker revealing Glockes, machine guns. Gas grenades. Flashbangs. Body armor and helmets. Nellis REACTS. Joe loads weapons with scary expertise. Pauses to admire a sniper rifle. He kisses it.

JOE
Now this here's a fine piece.
Carried one in the Corps. Named it
the Ghostmaker. I miss whacking
people.

Joe realizes Nellis is staring at him oddly.

JOE (CONT'D)

What? When guys like you sign the paper, how do you think guys like me make it happen?

NELLIS

Look, we need to get out of Mexico alive. Not start a war.

JOE

Then we ought'a keep moving. Cartel knew about the office they probably know about this place. We'll head south out of the city. Then we'll call the embassy on this. It's secure.

Joe shows him a satellite phone.

NELLIS

Okay.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Joe loads suitcases into a cheap Korean sedan. Next to it the Towncar smokes, dented and bullet ridden. Nellis enters.

NELLIS

What about my car, Joe? I signed for it, you know.

JOE

It was a fucking war machine. It died honorably.

Nellis takes his briefcase from the Towncar. Joe offers him a Glock. Nellis hesitates, then takes it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Remember, point the hole at the bad guy.

NELLIS

I had a concealed carry permit when I was a Miami D.A. I took all the safety classes.

JOE

Alright, then gunslinger. Time to pop smoke.

Off Nellis' blank look.

JOE (CONT'D)
Uh, let's roll, sir.

They get in the cheap sedan.

EXT. MEXICO CITY - EXTERIOR MINISTRY - DAY

A classic marble building. The Mexican State Department.

INT. EXTERIOR MINISTRY - ROCHA'S OFFICE - DAY

An ornate, epic room. CLIFFORD HOLCOMB, the US Ambassador, has a brandy with MARTIN ROCHA, the Mexican Secretary of State. Bixel, the Ambassador's Chief of Station sits with GENERAL RIVERA. General Rivera opens his briefcase and hands Rocha an ornate envelope with wax seals.

MARTIN ROCHA
Our President is livid. He ordered
me to hand deliver this demarche
for your President.

Holcomb accepts the envelope, hands it to Bixel, who locks it in his briefcase and trades receipts with the General.

HOLCOMB
Martin, sometimes you gotta draw
things real big in crayon for me.
Does he really believe we blew up a
building?

MARTIN ROCHA
No. The Ybarra Cartel bombed the
office. The problem is we
recovered surveillance equipment
and illegal recordings of Mexican
officials discussing State
business. You were spying on
Mexicans in Mexico. You understand
how sacred our sovereignty is to
us. Our President feels there
would have been no bombing had your
people been registered with the
Interior Minister. We believe your
government should bear all
financial responsibilities for
damages caused by the explosion.

Bixel leans over, whispers in Holcomb's ear. Holcomb REACTS.

HOLCOMB

Hit me with some more of your
granddaddy's finest, if you please,
Martin.

Rocha refreshes his glass.

HOLCOMB (CONT'D)

We pay that bill, we'd be admitting
they were our people. They had no
connection to the U.S. Government
whatsoever.

MARTIN ROCHA

You're denying any affiliation?

HOLCOMB

Sorry. Wasn't us.

Rocha frowns. They both know he's lying.

INT. US EMBASSY - AMBASSADOR'S FOYER - DAY

Bixel and the Ambassador unwind. Holcomb pours a scotch.
Another for Bixel. They sit, relax. Holcomb trusts Bixel.

HOLCOMB

I'm too old for this fire drill. I
came to old Mexico to dance with my
wife and drink margaritas. My
oldest boy's in Congress. They're
grooming him. I have a legacy.
Now the shitstorm of the century
hits on my watch.

BIXEL

This operation was the President's
baby. National Security Advisor's
been calling for updates. No one's
pointing fingers at you, sir.
We'll make sure you're on the
President's next duck hunting trip.

Bixel's cell RINGS.

BIXEL (CONT'D)

(into cell)

Bixel.

(listens a beat)

I'll be right there.

Bixel hangs up.

BIXEL (CONT'D)
Good news, sir. Looks like two of
our people made it out. Explains
why the Mexicans only recovered
thirteen bodies. I'll keep you
posted.

Bixel crosses to the exit.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bixel looking at the wall and footlocker Joe ripped open.
They look at surveillance video from the safehouse.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sir...

NEW ANGLE

A SECURITY OFFICER stands by the video surveillance suite.

INSERT MONITOR -- Joe and Nellis driving away.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
That's Nellis, he ran the office.
Don't know the other guy.

BIXEL
Joe Hartwig. The man knows his
tradecraft, but he's a stone
shooter. We need to bring them in
before he starts stacking up
bodies.

SECURITY OFFICER
Yessir. That's going to tough
until we get a fix on them.

BIXEL
Hartwig's former recon. He'll stay
off the radar until its safe to
ping us. I want our best people on
this.

Bixel dials his cell.

INT. CLUB BRAVO - DAY

Mexico City's latest rage. A dance floor throbs with
affluent bodies, music POUNDING. Hips, skirts, eyes, hair,
whirling lights, strobes, fog. Wild and disorienting.

Now we see a dark side to this party. The doors have been locked for two days. Gunmen among the crowd. Partiers sleep in booths. The Dancers are exhausted.

NEW ANGLE

LUIS YBARRA holds court over martinis, the vastly powerful twenty something druglord with an MBA. A trio of ennui stricken NOVELA ACTRESSES by his side. EL CUBANO, his vicious right hand man, gives thugs a bad name. Ybarra is hard selling General Rivera. [Subtitled Spanish]

YBARRA

When the gringos locked down the Caribbean, the Colombians came to Mexico with their product and hired hillbillies and cowboys to smuggle their product North. On the other side, it was returned to Columbian hands. Mexican's were just couriers. Compare that to my organization, with buyers in Columbia, financiers in Panama, transporters in Guatemala. We buy our own product, transport to the United States where my distributors wholesale it. I take all the risk, yet most of the money goes to Mexico City. Where those who do the least profit the most. We control the routes through Mexico, we control the border, now it's time to control our wallets.

The General REACTS to Ybarra's seditious talk. The CLUB OWNER nervously crosses to Ybarra. Interrupts.

YBARRA (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you want now?

CLUB OWNER

Sir, please. My staff is exhausted. They have families. Children. Then they'll return. And we party some more. Okay?

YBARRA

How much more you fucking want?

Ybarra tosses a brick of money on the floor.

CLUB OWNER

Please, no. It's not that. You've been very gracious. My people need to rest.

El Cubano pulls a gun, lays it on his knee.

EL CUBANO

You're gonna let this piece of shit fuck with your business.

YBARRA

Take the money.

The Club Owner bends over, reaches for it.

EL CUBANO

Not with your hand, with your mouth, dumbass.

The Club Owner doesn't hesitate to kneel and pick up the money with his mouth. Then...

BAM! El Cubano Shoots the club owner in the head. Ybarra and El Cubano laugh. SCREAMS from the girls. Ybarra's men yell for them to shut up. Ybarra has the General's full attention.

YBARRA

Next week I'm stopping the bribes to Mexico City. I expect them to react with force. My question for you, General Rivera, is where will you stand when the shooting starts?

GENERAL RIVERA

I'll stand with you, my friend.

The General shakes with Ybarra.

YBARRA

Thank you, General.

Ybarra and El Cubano stand and cross the room, people move aside. Wolves among sheep. They near a door. A Guard opens it...

REVEALING DAYLIGHT. SOUNDS of city TRAFFIC.

EXT. MEXICO CITY SKYSCRAPER - HELIPAD - DAY

Ybarra and El Cubano enter a sleek corporate helicopter. It powers up and climbs into the gray haze.

INT. YBARRA'S HELICOPTER (MOVING) - DAY

El Cubano sits in back with Ybarra. Hands him a water. Mike sits across from them, with detailed dossiers on Nellis and Joe.

MIKE

These are the fish that got away.

He hands Nellis' file to Ybarra.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This one is a minnow, just a bureaucrat. He managed the office.

YBARRA

So his knowledge makes him dangerous. He may know everything.

Now Mike hands him Joe's file.

MIKE

This one is a shark. A combat experienced, highly trained, special forces operator. We already had a taste of his skills.

El Cubano studies the pictures of Joe and Nellis.

EL CUBANO

How do you get all this shit?
You're like the fuckin' CIA.

MIKE

Everyone has a price. Even the CIA.

YBARRA

Can you take them alive? I'd like to ask them some questions.

MIKE

Yessir. My men can deliver.

YBARRA

Can or will? The distinction is important. Because it's his head or yours. Don't fail me again.

Mike REACTS.

INT. CHEAP SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Joe drives South on a pine tree lined highway. He and Nellis are outfitted like tourists.

NELLIS

No one's following us. It's time to call the embassy.

Joe reaches into his backpack, takes out the satellite phone and a GPS. Joe sets up the antenna, hands it to Nellis.

JOE

Here. Keep it brief. Maybe they can't decrypt it but they sure can direction find the signal.

Nellis dials.

NELLIS

(into phone)

I need the Security Officer please. This is Vernon Nellis.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - BIXEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bixel reads a cable, his phone rings.

BIXEL

Bixel.

(reacts)

Connect him.

(a beat)

Mr. Nellis?

NELLIS

Yessir. There's a codeword I'm supposed to tell you. Uh...

JOE

Lost quail.

NELLIS
Lost quail, sir.

BIXEL
That's fine, Mr. Nellis. We need
to get you to safety. Where are
you?

NELLIS
Where are we?

JOE
Tell him to send a Pavehawk to grid
twenty one four zero five.

Nellis didn't get that. Joe grabs the phone.

JOE (CONT'D)
Sir, you need to send a Pavehawk to
grid twenty one four zero five.
We'll be there at twenty one
hundred Zulu.

BIXEL
Grid twenty one four zero five. At
twenty one hundred Zulu, roger
that. Is this Hartwig?

END INTERCUT:

Joe hangs up. Chucks the phone out the window. Nellis
looking at Joe.

NELLIS
Well?

JOE
We're set. Don't worry. They'll
extract out by helicopter.

NELLIS
You sure?

JOE
It's all good. We got a couple
hours driving. Enjoy the ride.

Joe looks in the rearview, REACTS.

INSERT REARVIEW -- A POLICE CRUISER right behind them has
it's LIGHTS ON. It WHOOPS the siren.

Joe studies the cop car a beat. Sighs, slows. Pulling over.

JOE (CONT'D)

There's two. Shouldn't be two.
These guys always ride alone. I'm
dumping 'em. Stand by.

Joe lays a hand on the MP5 under a newspaper by his thigh.
Joe stops the car. Puts it in park. The police cruiser
stops behind them. Car doors SLAM. Boots CRUNCHING gravel.

NELLIS

Don't do it. You're not murdering
a cop for doing his job.

JOE

Who said he's a cop?

Joe's hand slides under the newspaper and grips his machine-
gun. CLICKS off the safety...

Nellis is jumping out of his skin, he can't sit still. Joe
focuses, stone cold, about to make his move.

The Mexican highway PATROLMAN arrives at Joe's window. Joe
about to bring up the MP-5...

When Nellis reaches across him with a twenty dollar bill...

The Patrolman regards the bribe a beat. Then takes it with a
gloved hand. And walks away. CRUNCHING gravel recedes O.S.

Joe watches him in the mirror a beat, then pulls out, drives
fast, utterly unapologetic.

JOE (CONT'D)

That was a good move, sir. You
saved that guy's life.

Nellis glares at him.

NELLIS

What the hell? Are you for real?

JOE

I'll do what it take to stay alive,
if that's what you asking. Never
killed a man who didn't deserve it.
Criteria's this; wrong place, wrong
time. Whatever. You're going
down. I call it suicide by Joe.

NELLIS

Catchy. Look, don't do anything
unless I tell you. I'm serious.

(MORE)

NELLIS (CONT'D)

We don't need to compound our troubles here. I need to run the show.

JOE

No problem, boss.

Joe approaches a fork in the road. Stops the car, looks at Nellis. Who REACTS.

JOE (CONT'D)

Right or left? Want me to turn right or left? Which way? Your call, sir.

Nellis sighs. Joe has made his point. Joe resumes driving, turns left.

NELLIS

You're not right, Joe. But you know that. You know that.

Joe does.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

A MAN has hung a body from a tree. Naked pink flesh. The Man, an outdoorsman walks away from the body. A .357 Magnum in a shoulder holster. He spins...

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Blasts massive holes in the body. In a cloud of gunsmoke.

WIDER

This is J.D. He's leathery, scary, a woodsman. He crosses to the pig carcass he has just decimated. Studies the holes. He's testing ammunition. He crosses to a workbench. Where a couple tough REDNECKS assist man a chronograph.

REDNECK 1

Fifty feet per second faster.

J.D.

Measure them wound cavities.

J.D. empties the six empty cartridges on the bench.

J.D. (CONT'D)

X-ray 'em for cracks. Loads are damn hot.

NEW ANGLE

A plain fed sedan pulls up. Two AGENTS get out in Polo shirts and dockers. Buzzcuts. Oaklies.

YOUNG AGENT

Sir, you need to come with us.

J.D. eyes them as he reloads his magnum. He spits tobacco juice in their direction.

J.D.

Y'all arrestin' me?

OLD AGENT

No, sir. Bixel sent us.

J.D.

Fellow could get himself ventilated creepin' up without calling.

OLD AGENT

Noted, sir. Please, this is a high latency situation.

CLACK! J.D. snaps shut the cylinder and holsters the magnum. He turns to his boys.

J.D.

Butcher up what's left of that hog.
Throw it in the smoke house.

J.D. crosses to the sedan with the Agents.

EXT. TOLLBOOTHS - DAY

The cheap sedan waits in line. Rows of booths span several lanes. MEXICAN SOLDIERS posted up behind sandbags. POLICE with Uzis eye the cars. Joe pulls up to the TOLLTAKER, hands her fifty pesos. She counts his change slowly. Nellis notes the alert Soldiers.

The Tolltaker reaches out to hand Joe his change. Something's wrong. Nellis realizes two Soldiers stare right at him. Tension. Their SERGENTO comes running. Shouting, pointing.

SERGENTO

Detenlos! Detenlos!

Joe drops the coins, grabs his MP5, SNICKS off the safety...

Nellis grips the Glock in his waistband...

More Soldiers running. Shouting.

TWO MEN in the car next to him jump out and run.

BRDDT! A Cop fires a warning burst from his Uzi. The Men stop and grab the sky. Just hapless scumbags. A cop finds liquor in their car. Joe stands down. The Tolltaker motions for Joe to move on. Joe does.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Moving fast. Nellis watches the tollbooths recede.

JOE

Saw you going for your shit, back there. Would you have shot it out? Squeezed some off?

Nellis, shaken, wipes his forehead.

NELLIS

Yeah. I was gonna dump 'em. Then I was gonna cap the girl in the booth and mow down some soldiers for good luck.

Joe looks at Nellis, laughs.

NELLIS (CONT'D)

What?

JOE

Ain't that easy, Mr. Nellis. Anyone can shoot. Takes a killer to aim. When it's nut cutting time most folks drop their mud.

NELLIS

I had an Uncle like you. He's in prison.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Empty countryside. The sedan is parked on a dirt road. Hidden by trees. Nellis unscrews the license plates. Joe studies the canyon below with binoculars.

EXT. USS HOWARD - HELO DECK - NIGHT

The large destroyer sits off the Mexican coast. A PAVEHAWK special operations chopper warms its TURBINES, blades spinning slowly. The PILOTS do pre-flight checks.

NEW ANGLE

The door to the Helodeck opens. J.D. steps out in blue jeans and cowboy boots, ballcap, body armor. He's escorted by an INTEL OFFICER. J.D. carries a heavy duffel.

INT. PAVEHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT

J.D. straps in. SAILORS pull chocks. The Pave Hawk powers up and smoothly climbs, clears the ship, then heads into the night sky. Blacked out. The Pilots fly with night vision goggles fast and low over dark waves. The CREW CHIEF writes in his flight log.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Joe, expertly camouflaged, wearing a large backpack, moves through the trees like he was born in the woods. Nellis trudges in mud soaked shoes, holding an MP-5. Nellis stumbles. Joe stops, helps him up.

NELLIS

I know you pulled some heavy duty ops in the Corps. I bet this is nothing to you.

JOE

Goddamn cakewalk.

NELLIS

Cakewalk? People are dead. People we worked with, Joe.

JOE

They were big boys and girls. They were briefed on the dangers. They signed the waivers and got the extra insurance.

NELLIS

Some had kids. That bother you?

JOE

You feel guilty to be alive. I
don't. And I won't.

Joe checks his GPS.

JOE (CONT'D)

We're close.

Joe's foot catches a root. He trips. Falls down the hill.
His leg wrenched hard. Joe turtled on his back, his foot
facing backwards. Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS

Gimme your hand. Gimme your hand.

Nellis holds a hand out to Joe. Joe ignores it, rolls over.
Shucks off his pack. Pulls himself onto the trail. Nellis
grabs the backpack, amazed by its weight. Joe pulls a knife,
slits open his pantleg. Revealing a high-tech prosthetic
leg. Joe unscrews the straps. Pulls it off. Massages the
stump of his thigh, it clearly causes him great pain.

NELLIS (CONT'D)

I had no idea. You don't limp.

JOE

Least not in front of you.

NELLIS

Falluja?

JOE

Nope. Right here in good ol'
Mexico.

Nellis watches as Joe re-installs his leg.

EXT. CANYON - EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

A wide clearing beneath tall canyon walls. Joe CRACKS and
shakes a handful of infrared chemlights. Joe arranges them
in a circle. In the center he places an infrared strobe,
invisible to the naked eye...

JOE'S NIGHT VISION POV

In the enhanced green optics the chemlights and strobe glow
brightly.

SCENE

JOE

A big ass helicopter is gonna come through that gap and take you away to the land of coffee and donuts. All you gotta do is get on board.

Joe offers his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's been good working with you, sir.

NELLIS

No way. You're not hitting the wind. You're a material witness to a major criminal matter. You're coming with me. That's an order.

JOE

An order? You fired me. No more second chances, remember.

Joe walking away.

NELLIS

Hartwig. It's time to go home.

JOE

Fuck home. I got no home.

Joe vanishes into the vegetation.

INT. PAVEHAWK HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Weaving through the canyon. Fast. A bat in the night. J.D. stuffs a plug of tobacco in his jaw. He studies pictures of Joe and Nellis.

PILOT'S NIGHT VISION POV

Eerie green. Canyon walls race past. Then open into a broad clearing where the infrared markings glow brightly.

SCENE

PILOT

I have visual of the L.Z. One man for recovery.

CO-PILOT

Roger, I see him. One minute out.

The Crew Chief checks the winch controls. J.D. keys his mike.

J.D.
There's another man out here. Keep
a look out.

J.D. COCKS his rifle. Scans the trees with its thermal sights.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

Nellis alone in the dark. Checks his watch. Hears a HUMMING from the far end of the canyon. The HUMMING grows louder. Then fades into echoes. Nellis sees nothing. Then...

Turbine WHINE and BLADE THWOP as the stealthy chopper materializes directly overhead, surprising Nellis.

INT. PAVEHAWK HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Crew Chief slides open the door. Lowers the winch.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

Nellis shields his eyes from rotor wash and moves toward the penetrator seat being winched down. Nellis grabs the seat. Unfolds it and sits.

INT. PAVEHAWK HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Crew Chief raises the winch. J.D. looking through the scope, REACTS.

J.D.'S THERMAL POV

A HOTSPOT in the canyon, a vague silhouette.

SCENE

J.D.
Skipper, I got hotspots at three
O'Clock in the trees. Two hundred
yards. Might be our other man.
Might be a deer.

PILOT
Roger that.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Joe watching the chopper through night vision binocs.

JOE'S NIGHT VISION POV

Nellis being winched up. J.D. looking at something to his right...

BAM! Several yards away someone fires...

INT. PAVEHAWK HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

SCHWACK! A bullet hits J.D.'s ceramic chestplate. He drops his rifle and is knocked against the bulkhead. J.D. gasps for breath, dust pours from the pulverized ceramic trauma plate.

The Crew Chief hits the SHEAR button. Cutters chop the cable. Nellis falls...

CREW CHIEF
Sniper at three O'Clock! Cable
sheared. We're clear. Go! Go!

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

WHAM! Nellis hits the ground hard. Cable whips down on him.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Rounds tear into the chopper as it banks hard. The Pilot takes evasive action...

The Pavehawk speeds away at full power...

INT. PAVEHAWK HELICOPTER (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Crew Chief takes off J.D.'s vest. No blood. J.D. COUGHING. The Crew Chief checks for broken ribs.

CREW CHIEF
You okay, sir?

J.D.
Get your goddamn dickgrabbers off
me. I'm fine.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

THWOPPING blades fade. Then silence. Nellis sits up, stunned from the fall. Alone, bewildered.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Joe runs through the brush. Raises his MP5...

SOMEONE THERE...

In a burlap sniper's suit. Swinging a weapon on Joe...

FDDDDT! Joe cuts him down with a burst of silenced 9mm slugs.

A bush comes to life, another MAN in sniper's camouflage...

WHACK! Joe smacks him with the MP5. Flips it around and...

FDDDDT! Kills him. Joe stands there panting. Then does a quick sweep. Finds no one else. He kneels by the bodies and searches them. Both have British passports.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

Joe looking for Nellis. Finds him hiding behind some rocks.

JOE

Nellis. Area's secure. Come out.

Nellis stands, shaken.

NELLIS

They cut the cable. And left.
They left me.

JOE

That's what they do when they get
fired on.

NELLIS

Why the hell did you shoot at my
rescuers?

JOE

Hey. Check that shit at the door.
We're on the same team. There were
two yahoos in the treeline. Cartel
people. Here.

Joe hands him the passports. Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS

I'm sorry, Joe. How'd they find us? We went through channels.

JOE

Must of followed us. Probably picked us up at the safehouse. Had a rotating surveillance on the highway. Or a GPS tracker in the car.

NELLIS

Now what?

JOE

We need to move. C'mon.

NELLIS

What about your leg?

JOE

What leg? I got no leg.

They walk into the brush.

INT. PAVEHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT

J.D. digs in the ruined chest plate with a knife as he talks on a satphone.

INTERCUT:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - BIXEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bixel on his phone. The Ambassador stands by his side.

J.D.

(into phone)

Mr. Bixel, packages are not, repeat not secure. Hartwig ambushed us. No casualties, just a few holes in the bird.

J.D. digs out the bullet. Frowns. Pockets it.

BIXEL

Understood. Return to ship and stand by.

END INTERCUT:

Bixel hangs up. Looks at the Ambassador.

BIXEL (CONT'D)

Rescue went South. Hartwig fired
on the chopper. It was an ambush.

HOLCOMB

Why would he do that?

BIXEL

Must be working for the cartel.
Pay's a lot better. Dimes for
dollars, he's the one who gave up
the operation in the first place.
I'm going to brief my betters.
Something tells our rescue party is
about to become a hunting party.
And we'll need to bring in the
locals on this. That's your end,
sir.

Holcomb nods.

HOLCOMB

I'll start working the food chain.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Joe and Nellis walk through the tall stalks. Joe is quick
and quiet, an experienced soldier, weapon high in his hands.
Nellis strains just to keep up.

JOE

I gotta buddy, lives down the
coast. Gunny King. Hardest
motherfucker alive. Taught me how
to walk, talk, fight and fuck. He
can get you fake ID's and transpo
out of Mexico. Man's wired down
here.

NELLIS

Trust him?

JOE

With my life.

NELLIS

Are we walking there?

JOE
We'll commandeer a vehicle at the
next village.

NELLIS
That a nice word for carjacking?

JOE
Yep. Whatever it takes.

NELLIS
Sure, Joe. We'll jack a car, crash
through some checkpoints, shoot it
up with the Federales. Cakewalk,
right?

Joe spins, gets in Nellis' face. Softly:

JOE
Look, Vernon. I could'a let those
guys do you. And walked away
clean. And I didn't. I'm not
saying we have to date each others'
sisters, here. But how about a
little cooperation?

Nellis REACTS. Realizing he's not in charge anymore.

NELLIS
Sure, Joe. Just get me home.

They resume walking...

CRANE UP

To reveal the vast size of the cornfield. A half moon hangs
yellow and fallow among bright stars. Joe and Nellis vanish
into the sea of cornstalks.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - BIXEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Bixel, J.D. and the Security Officer pour over files.

J.D.
Hartwig's got some history. I
think he's dirty.

J.D. tosses Bixel the bullet he dug out of his vest.

J.D. (CONT'D)

Here's your proof. Centerpunched my trauma plate at two hundred yards. Helluva shot. Putting that Marine training to work.

BIXEL

Thank God he didn't bring that bird down. We could kiss twenty treaties goodbye. How do we find him?

J.D.

Where's a man turn when he's on the run.

BIXEL

Family.

J.D.

If he's got none?

BIXEL

Friends.

J.D.

Bingo.

J.D. spins a file around, taps a photo of a stoic Marine Gunny Sergeant.

J.D. (CONT'D)

I need choppers and men.

BIXEL

Mexican's are on board. General Garcia's air assault squadron is all yours.

J.D.

I appreciate that, Mr. Bixel. Tell him to kick start his birds.

INT. GUNNY KING'S - DAY

Dedicated to all things Marine. Smoke hangs in the air, a tired juke plays Patsy Cline. Wallpapered with uniform patches, trophies, photos of Marines. A memorial with candles is dedicated to four dead Marines. At the bar FITZ, a bigmouth, and MAC, a wall of muscle, hunch over beers. KING bartends, the former Gunny Sergeant we recognize from the photo is fit as the day he retired.

A tough Mexican named JOSE enters, built like a boxer with a face to match. King pours him coffee with a hit of brandy, slides it down the bar to him.

FITZ

When are the ladies getting here?

KING

Five P.M. sharp. We call it "very happy hour." Guys on vacation?

FITZ

Sort of. We work gangs, dope in Detroit. We're using vacation days to pick up a prisoner.

KING

Oh, yeah? What'd he do?

MAC

Stole my Navigator.

FITZ

Greaseball stole The Mac's Navigator. Drove it all the way to Mexico before getting caught. The balls.

MAC

It was pimped too. Spinners, custom paint. DVD.

Jose listens to the conversation. He pulls out a cellphone and dials.

KING

He Mexican?

FITZ

Bingo.

KING

How old?

FITZ

Eighteen.

KING

Why come all the way here and drag a kid back to Detroit over a stolen truck? Don't you got insurance?

MAC

Yeah, but It's about respect.

FITZ

Homeboy can tell everyone in the Detroit House of Corrections how he got there. Don't fuck with the Mac. That's the message.

Mac and Fitz tap fists. King notes Jose TALKING QUIETLY on his cell. Fitz pulls out a leather billy club. Shows King.

FITZ

Lead filled. He talks smack, he gets bitch slapped--

WHACK! King punches Mac in the jaw. Mac goes down, out cold. Fitz throws a punch. Jose kicks him in the balls. Fitz drops to his knees. Mac and Fitz are down and not getting up. Jose grabs their arms and drags them outside like recalcitrant livestock.

FOLLOW JOSE OUTSIDE:

EXT. SANTA ROSA - GUNNY KING'S - DAY

WE SEE the bar is on a beautiful tropical beach in Mexico. Jose pulls a .45 Colt. And a badge...

JOSE

I called the prison. You're not taking nobody with you. Go home.

Jose throws the men against his police cruiser. King leans out the door, watching with a grin. Jose searches the men. Finds the Mac's badge. Tosses it in the sand.

BAM! Puts a hole clean through the center.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Next one's through your head.

Mac grabs his badge and the two scared men run to their rental. Jose crosses to King who claps his back and they enter the bar.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Nellis counts money. Dollars and pesos. Joe buries gear and weapons. Both are battered from hiking tough miles.

NELLIS
Three hundred and seventeen pesos.

JOE
That's plenty. We're close.

EXT. CLUB MED RESORT - DAY

A bright sun-burned beach. TOURISTS cavort. Happy. Clean. They sunbathe and surf. Drink cervezas with limes on white sand. Joe grabs a coconut from a VENDOR's cart. Sucks milk from it. Nellis grabs one too, pays. Another Vendor hands Joe a bucket of iced beers. Joe and Nellis find a piece of sand and sit. They CLINK bottles.

JOE/NELLIS
Cheers.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

Through remote mountains. A taxi careens around jagged green peaks.

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - DAY

The DRIVER is fast, aggressive. Up front, Joe scans a couple Mexican newspapers. Nellis in back, looking over Joe's shoulder.

JOE
Cartels're still beating the shit out of each other. Sonora Gunmen dumped a couple of Ybarra's Captains in Juarez. So Ybarra gunmen hit a Sonora Cartel wedding, ten dead. It's fuckin' ping pong. Back and forth.
(reacts)
Okay, here we go. The bombing. Says we were a nest of evil gringo spies. Shit. We get blown up and were the badguys? Fuckin' Mexico.

Joe hands Nellis the papers. Nellis REACTS, worried.

NELLIS
The Ambassador issued a denial. Says we had nothing to do with the U.S. government.

JOE
He has to say that. Disavowal.
You know the drill.

NELLIS
Tough to see in black and white.

The taxi swerves around a herd of goats. Joe tries to cheer up Nellis.

JOE
You'll be back in D.C. driving a
desk in a week. I promise.

EXT. SANTA ROSA - NIGHT

Joe and Nellis walk the edge of the tiny seaside village. Boats and nets on the beach. A cluster of bars and taco stands lit with strings of bulbs.

INT. GUNNY KING'S - NIGHT

The evening crowd. RETIRED MILITARY, SURFERS and several smoking hot BARGIRLS. Joe and Nellis enter. Take stools. DANIELA, gorgeous, bartending, smiles warmly.

DANIELA
Quieren cerveza?

JOE
Yes, ma'am.

King returns from the back, lugging two blocks of ice with tongs. He drops them into a cooler.

JOE (CONT'D)
Gunny King.

King turns, SEES Joe. He grins, comes around the bar and bearhugs Joe. Nellis can see they have a history.

KING
I missed you, brother. About
fuckin' time you showed up.
(to Daniela)
This sonufabich is like a son to
me, only closer. So don't let him
pay for anything.

JOE

Never thought you'd punch out of
the Corps.

KING

Me neither. God I miss it.

JOE

I'm sure they miss you. Look at
this place. It's beautiful here.

KING

(shrugs)

Another day in paradise. C'mon,
check out the back. You look good,
Joe. Walking tall.

(to Nellis)

Sorry. Dan King. You fish?

They shake. Walk through the bar.

NELLIS

Vernon Nellis. Never fished.

KING

We'll teach you how. Gotta boat,
tackle. Scuba gear, spearguns.
And a bay full of tarpon and fat
yellow tail asking to be filleted.
You're welcome to stay as long as
you want.

INT. GUNNY KING'S - VIP HUT - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Overlooking the beach. Chairs, a pool table, under a
thatched palm. Joe, King and Nellis watch moonlit waves.
Touched by the simple beauty. Daniela carries out a platter
of goat meat and fresh tortillas. Joe loses himself in her
smile. Daniela squeezes Joe's hand and leaves quickly.

KING

She likes you. She doesn't like
anyone.

A beat. King nails Joe with a look.

KING (CONT'D)

So, Joe. You got a brass pair
coming back to Mexico. Facing your
demons?

JOE
I guess. Got a job. Mexico City.

KING
Really? You operating?

JOE
No, man. Nothing heavy. Office
work. It's legit. Vernon'll vouch
for me, he's my boss.

Nellis nods in confirmation.

KING
I'm glad you're finally getting it
together. You had some rough
patches there. Figured you'd be
contracting in Iraq racking up
kills and paychecks.

King pours shots. The men CLINK glasses and down them. King
grabs a photo off the wall. Hands it to Nellis.

KING
That's me and Joe in Fallujah with
D-team, our old unit. Good times.

INSERT PHOTO -- D-Team. A seven man Marine Recon team.
Loaded for war, coated with desert dust. Joe takes the
picture from Nellis. Gets misty eyed.

JOE
Didn't know you had this. They
took all my pictures of D-Team.
It's hard to remember their faces.

KING
Not for me. I still get letters,
get calls from wives and parents.
We did a little website.

Joe gives King a look.

JOE
No one's writing me.

KING
No, Joe. Truth be said, half of
'em want you hung. Can't say I
blame them.

Joe glares at King. Both men darken. Nellis wonders what's
going on. Joe hands the picture to King and stands.

JOE
I need to wash off the road grime,
you got a shower?

KING
Through there.

Joe exits. King carefully rehangs the picture.

NELLIS
Stay in touch with them?

KING
Not without a fuckin seance.
They're all dead. Except for me
and Joe.

Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS
I better get some sleep.

King waves a BARGIRL over.

NELLIS (CONT'D)
Yeah, alone.

INT. KING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stone and tile, nicely built. Joe inside the glass shower. Eyes closed. Relishing the steam. A KNOCK on the glass door startles him. Through the steam, we see his Glock in hand. He REACTS, sets aside the weapon. Daniela stands there with an ice cold beer. Joe opens the door. Daniela smiles, enters the shower.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE - BEACH - NIGHT

Later. A firepit burns. Joe smokes a cigar, his leg off, watching the rollers. King sitting next to him. Relaxed, Joe lights a cigar.

JOE
Thanks, King. For everything.
You're the fuckin' man down here.
How many hours have I sat in a
foxhole with you listening to about
how you were gonna build a Marine
bar on the beach. Every detail,
just like you said.

KING

Cut the shit. You roll in looking like eight pounds of shit in a six pound sack. All bug bit and cat scratched.

(a beat)

There something I should know?

JOE

We're in a little trouble. I need help getting him over the border.

KING

What kind of trouble?

JOE

Cartel trouble.

KING

Worst kind.

CLICK! -- NEW ANGLE

Jose cocks his pistol from the shadows, steps into the firelight. Joe shows his hands, calm.

JOE

Calmado. No traigo arma.

KING

Hey. He's my guest.

JOSE

He's a terrorist.

Jose is dead serious, he hands King a newspaper...

INSERT NEWSPAPER -- A photo of the bombed office. Joe and Nellis' photos and the caption TERRORISTAS in huge letters.

KING

(reacts)

Lovely. And you came here why?

Joe looks at King, hurt by that. A beat.

JOE

King. It's me, brother. You said you'd always have my back.

KING

Paper says you planted the bomb.
You lose your shit on me, Hartwig?
You go to the dark side?

JOE

Negative. We were working for the
President. Trying to snatch
Ybarra. Guess he found out. Me
and Nellis missed getting blown to
dogshit by seconds. We called in a
helovac and some cartel shooters
lit it up. That's why we're here.
To regroup.

King thinks, "Why me." Nods for Jose to relax and pours
shots. Jose holsters his gun, sits across from Joe with
crossed arms. Ready, wary.

KING

My papa said never pet a burning
dog. And Joe; you're a burning
dog. This place is all I have. I
don't need the heat. I've already
heard too much.

King unwraps a Cohiba. Trims it. Methodical. Some roosters
CROW O.S. Palm fronds flickering in the breeze.

KING

Joe, your problem is you're a fuck
up. You're gonna fuck up my life
too. Jose can drive you to
Veracruz in his black and white. I
got some waterfront connects. You
and your buddy can hop a freighter
out of Mexico.

JOE

I'm not going.

KING

Sure as shit ain't staying here.

(a beat)

Oh no. You got that look in your
eye.

Joe leans forward. So Jose can't hear.

JOE

I got a little mission for us.
Let's me and you go hot. Hear me
out. We had Ybarra cold.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

His movements. His security
profile. Cell calls. Faxes. Shoe
size, dick size and the floorplans
to his house. Got it all right
here.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out a flashdrive.

KING

Oh, God.

JOE

Me and you, we infiltrate his
hacienda. Set up a hide hole.
Wait for him. You spot. I shoot.
And take his fucking head off at a
quarter mile.

King realizes:

KING

So that's why you're in Mexico.
Recon work for your little
vengeance fantasy. You won't bring
back D-team by dumping Ybarra. And
Joe, you're the last guy I'd pull
an op with. No fuckin way. You're
a mess.

Joe is crushed. Then...

JOE

The Gunny King I knew would be all
over this. What would D-Team think
of you now? This is how you honor
them? By sitting here like a
sack'a shit drinking and whoring
until your liver explodes.

Now King is wounded. Joe regrets saying that. Quietly:

KING

Wake your friend and grab your
shit. You're leaving. Now.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAWN

Overlooking a row of modest houses. TWO MEXICAN COMMANDOS
lay in the brush observing the VIP hut through powerful
binocs.

EXT. SANTA ROSA - DAWN

King, Joe and Nellis climb in King's big, shiny Ford pick-up on chrome rims.

EXT. KING'S HOUSE - DAWN

Daniela sleeps in a hammock. Suddenly two SOLDIERS appear, cover her mouth, and restrain her. Six more SOLDIERS appear, crisp and professional. WHAM! They kick the door and enter.

INT. KING'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAWN

King drives the unpaved road.

THEN...

Four SOLDIERS appear from the brush. Assault rifles aimed at the truck. King REACTS. He slows the truck.

KING

Shit. What do these boys want?

JOE

Don't stop. Run 'em over. Do not stop.

King stops. Joe has his Glock in hand. Nellis sees Joe slipping into kill mode.

NELLIS

C'mon, Joe. Just be cool.

King looks the Soldier in the eye, and sees murder. The Soldier brings his rifle up to shoot King...

King REACTS. Reaches out and grabs the chinstrap of the Soldier's helmet and hits the gas. Nellis REACTS.

The pick-up accelerates. King holds the Soldier's head tight against the door.

NELLIS

You're as crazy as Joe.

The other three Soldiers aim at the fleeing pick-up. Hesitant to shoot...

EXT. SANTA ROSA - ROAD - DAY

King lets go of the Soldier, he hits the dirt, his legs crushed by the back tire.

The other three Soldiers open fire...

BRDDDDDT! Their heavy slugs rip into the truck...

The back window shatters...

The front window too...

INT. PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAWN

Bullets ZIP through the truck. Accurate fire from military weapons. Shards fly. King, Joe and Nellis scrunch behind the dash...

Bullets TICK and PING through the cab. It looks grim...

EXT. SANTA ROSA - DAWN

The three SOLDIERS firing...

BEHIND THEM

Is Jose in his cop car. Approaching fast...

WHUMP! Jose clips a soldier, sends him flying. Scattering the other two...

King's pick-up enters the dense forest. BUMPS along violently...

Careens and BASHES through a series of palm trunks.

Jose follows in the cop car.

One of the SOLDIERS keys his Motorola.

CORPORAL

Paso una troca. Escaparon Los
sujetos. Mataron al Chivo.

A military approaches fast overhead. THUMPING loudly.

INT. J.D.'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - DAWN

We hear a cacophony of SPANISH RADIO VOICES from the radio networks. A Mexican Army REACTS. Punches a bulkhead.

CAPITAN

A soldier is dead. My men are in
pursuit.

J.D. takes out his pouch of Redman and shoves a wad in his cheek as the Blackhawk whips around.

INT. KING'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAWN

King, Joe and Nellis sit up. Grateful for Jose's intervention. King floors it, swerves onto a muddy path leading straight up the rugged hill.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

King races along a ridgeline. A narrow trail sheltered by a canopy of trees. His engine smoking. Jose's car follows close behind.

A fallen tree ahead...

King swerves. WHAM! Hits it. Sending the tree into a steep gorge below...

King swerves back onto the trail. Joe and Nellis hold on for dear life.

INT. KING'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY

King drives with amazing skill. King REACTS.

WHAT KING SEES

The road is washed out.

SCENE

King stands on the brakes. Tires lock, SKIDDING across dirt.

The pick-up slides off the road, tilts on its side, about to roll...

King LAUGHING, works the wheel. The pick-up somehow stays upright. Joe holding on for life, grins at Nellis.

JOE
Now I know how it feels.

NELLIS
Shut up, Joe.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Jose's cop car swerves to avoid rear ending King's pick-up...

WHAM! Jose loses it and his Cop Car wraps around a tree...

POW! Jose gets an airbag in the face.

Joe jumps from the cab. Runs to Jose, helps him up.

JOE
C'mon.

Jose and Joe run to the pick-up and jump in the bed. King takes off. The pick-up bouncing out of control through brush and trees.

Jose and Joe holding onto the roll cage, riding it out. A sharp turn. The road narrows. Really narrows...

Until the truck falls off the road...

INT. KING'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY

King and Nellis brace themselves. The truck SCRAPING trees.

CRASH! They careen off a tree, the pick-up noses hard into a stump...

The bed lurches, flinging out Joe and Jose...

Joe and Jose crashing through branches...

THUD! They hit the ground hard. Stunned.

The pick-up rolling over. Once twice...

Joe and Jose roll out of the way...

The truck just missing them...

CRASH! Large rocks stop it.

INT. J.D.'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - DAWN

Treetops whiz by. The Pilot glimpses the dirt road. No sign of the truck. The lush hillside has swallowed it. The Pilot banks hard, circles back. J.D. turns to the Capitan.

J.D.
Shoot 'em, goddammit. Just shoot them.

The Capitan agrees, grabs his mike.

CAPITAN
Abren fuego.

The PILOT and DOORGUNNER give thumbs up.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ! The Doorgunner opens up with a mini gatling that sounds like the world's largest hornet. Bright tracers carve away branches, even entire trees. Hitting King's truck...

WHOOOMP! The truck explodes.

J.D. watches the fireball with approval. Turns to the Capitan.

J.D.
Good work. I need to get in there and recover the bodies.

The Captain nods, grabs his mike.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Minutes later. J.D., the Capitan and four SOLDIERS work through the underbrush. Ahead King's pick-up is a mangled, burning hulk. They cautiously approach. The cab is clearly empty. No sign of Joe, King, Nellis or Jose. J.D. looking around, wary.

J.D.
Capitan, can your boys sweep this ravine?

EXT. DEEP RAVINE - DAY

Nellis drinks water from a stream. Exhausted. Jose sits in the shade.

KING

Stay here. Me and Joe are going to
see what the fuck is going on.

(to Joe)

How's your leg?

Joe looks at King and charges effortlessly up the mountain.
Distant THUNDER. Black storm clouds approach from the sea.

INT. GUNNY KING'S - VIP HUT - DAY

J.D. looking at the picture of Joe, King and D-Team. He
opens the back, takes it out, folds and pockets it.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Wind picking up. Lightning. Santa Rosa lies a couple miles
away. King and Joe lie against the ridge. King watches his
bar and house burn through binoculars.

KING

Fifteen working girls. Booze. No
U.S. taxes. I would have handed
your ass over in a heartbeat to
spare my home and business.

WHAM! He punches Joe in the face. Joe glares.

JOE

Sorry about your bar and
everything, but you got your free
shot. That was it. Put your hands
on me again and I'll shoot you.

WHAM! King cold cocks Joe again.

KING

Well? What are you waiting for.
Shoot me.

Joe backs down. King is clearly top dog. King throws the
binocs at Joe.

KING

Take a look. Some bad-ass hombres
down there. Mexican special
forces. Latest gear and weapons
systems.

INSERT BINOCULAR POV -- Joe finds J.D. and REACTS.

Joe hands back the binocs.

JOE

There. At two O'Clock. In the Stetson. He's one of ours. Saw him in the Pavelow the embassy dispatched. Took a round in his breadbasket. Thought he was dead.

King finds J.D.

KING

Oh yeah, he's an operator. So why's he burning my house? Bet he thinks you shot him. Think about it. You call for a helo and it gets Swiss cheesed. I would say you are no longer on friendly terms with the Government.

Joe realizes he's right. Then...

A NOISE behind them. King and Joe spin around. Surprised.

WHAT THEY SEE

A SOLDIER scrambles from the brush. REACTS, equally surprised.

SCENE

King lunges. Joe hesitates. King grabs the soldier's neck and twists. CRACK! Snaps it. King snatches his rifle. And runs into the brush.

Joe FOLLOWS King Through the trees. Leaves and branches slap his face. There's King...

Looming over another SOLDIER, beating him with a rifle. CRACK-CRACK! King finishes him. Joe grins, awed.

JOE

Now that's the Gunny King I know.

King gives Joe an incriminating look, searches the Soldier, taking ammo, his radio.

KING

You hesitated back there.

Joe REACTS.

EXT. DEEP RAVINE - DAY

Joe and King emerge from a wall of vegetation wearing combat vests, carrying assault rifles.

NEW ANGLE

Jose and Nellis about to blow them away, lower their pistols. King doesn't stop. Keeps hiking.

KING
Mexican Army's hunting us. I
dropped a couple. So expect a
hearty response. We gotta move
while this weather keeps their
choppers down.

THUNDER rolls across the mountains. The wind picks up. Jose and Nellis trade looks, grab their things and follow King.

NELLIS
Where are we going? Hiking across
Mexico is getting old.

KING
We're going away from here.

Jose turns to Nellis.

JOSE
My village. We're going to my
village. We'll be safe there.

Jose takes the lead.

EXT. JUNGLE RAVINE - NIGHT

Raining hard. King and Joe, Jose and Nellis trudge through endless vegetation. Miserable. Nellis slips in the mud, slides a bit. Jose helps him up.

KING
You led them right to me, Joe.

JOE
You taught me better'n that.

KING
We have a history, dumbass. They
run your name, my name comes up.

JOE

Okay. I'm sorry. King, you're right. I fucked up. But here we are. How long you gonna keep rubbing my nose in it?

KING

Today. For starters.

King shoves Joe aside and keeps marching.

INT. US EMBASSY - SECURITY ANNEX - DAY

Two spit and polish MARINES escort J.D. down the hall. Passing radio, code and telex rooms. They stop at a vault-like door and KNOCK. The Marines stand at attention. J.D. enters, anxious.

INT. US EMBASSY - BIXEL'S OFFICE - DAY

J.D. takes a seat across from Bixel. Who frowns over steepled fingers.

BIXEL

I thought you were the best.

J.D.

I am the best, Goddammit. But these boys are extra squirrely. Killed three of Mexico's finest.

J.D. shows the photo of D-Team to Bixel.

BIXEL

I'm adding King to your target package.

J.D.

Just so we're clear, I'm not bringing these folks in. I'm gonna kill 'em.

Bixel REACTS.

BIXEL

Understood.

EXT. JOSE'S VILLAGE - DAWN

Small, remote. A remote mountain oasis of gardens and trees. A dozen rock and tile houses and a tiled church. Joe, King and Nellis watch from a cluster of pines as Jose approaches a modest house. He WHISTLES. Dogs BARK. A MAN exits the house. Crosses to Jose and hugs him; Jose's cousin LEO. Leo'S WIFE and four little CHILDREN exit.

EXT. JOSE'S VILLAGE - DAY

Joe, Nellis and King have a beer outside the tiny cantina. KIDS, WOMEN, OLD MEN and WOMEN gather. King loves the place.

Joe REACTS. Daniela approaches him, smiling, hair flowing.

JOE

How'd you get here?

DANIELA

I took the bus. Next question?

Joe tries to hug her, Daniela chastely shakes his hand. OLD WOMEN watch.

DANIELA

I'll find you later. Take a bath,
you smell like a goat.

Daniela smiles and runs to her grandmother's house. Jose's cute sister ROCIO brings them beers. Jose nods for her to go. King gets up, tends the fire.

KING

It's beautiful here. These
mountains. You can see forever.
We got the high ground.

Joe agrees.

JOSE

You're welcome. All of you. Mi
madre says you have good hearts.

NELLIS

How do we clear our name's Joe? I
haven't done anything.

KING

Your friend doesn't get it, does
he?

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

(to Nellis)

You can't. You're on the list.

NELLIS

What list?

KING

The shit list. Prove you didn't blow up your office.

NELLIS

I... I can't. The burden of proof isn't on me.

KING

It's not? Situations like this are adjudicated by a bullet. Not a jury. And once the machine is in motion, you can't stop it.

NELLIS

I was a federal prosecutor. I can clear this up.

KING

They'll kill you. The second you touch U.S. soil. Time to start house hunting in Costa Rica.

Nellis realizes King is right.

NELLIS

I have to try. It's my country.

KING

Time to punch out of Mexico. Can you get us to Veracruz, Jose?

Done. Jose and King tap fists.

INT. OLD STONE STEAM HOUSE - DAY

AN OLD WOMAN stirs coals and places herbs on hot rocks. Joe sprawls in the heat. King hits a bottle of tequila, hands it to Joe. It's the first time we've seen Nellis relax.

NELLIS

Where's all the men, Jose? I only see females, kids and old folks.

JOSE

The men here were miners. Ybarra hired them to dig a tunnel under the border. Killed them to keep it secret. My Uncles, brothers, cousins. Killed them like dogs.

OLD WOMAN

Ybarra es el Diablo.

NELLIS

(bitter)

How do evil men like Ybarra get away with it?

KING

Money. He's paying off half the damn government. And got a gun to the other half.

JOE

Problem is guys like us are kept on a leash. King, think'a the times we could have dropped some tier one bad guys but couldn't 'cause of orders.

KING

Roger that. Remember the shittiest day ever?

JOE

The most epically shitty day ever.

KING

Me and Joe were in a foxhole watching this militia checkpoint. This family gets pulled from their car by these drunk-ass militiamen. Bastards broke every commandment and then some. And we're watching this, losing our minds, dying to whack these assholes. They stop another car. Another fuckin' family. With little kids. Babies. Gave 'em the same treatment. And we couldn't do a damn thing about it. Because of Orders. "Do not engage under any circumstances."

JOE

Saw the face of evil that day. I can still hear those kids scream.

Nellis looks at Joe with new appreciation.

NELLIS

You have a strong soul.

(a beat)

I've seen the face of evil too.
Had a case once, spent six months
on it. This municipal busdriver
kidnapped a couple little girls off
his route. And did... And did
heinous things. For days. And
killed them. Sat on their chests.
And the photos. Hundreds of them.
And video. Had to catalogue
everything. He wouldn't plead.
Wanted a trial. He relished
reliving his crimes. And putting
an entire courtroom through hell.
He hung himself hours before the
guilty verdict came in. Cheated
justice. I had to know he was
dead. I went to the morgue. And
his face, my God. He had... He
had the biggest damn smile I've
ever seen. That was the face of
evil.

King pats Nellis on back. Jose hands Nellis the tequila.

JOE

You're a good man, Vernon.

KING

Amen to that. Hey, can we talk
about pussy and sports now?

JOE

No shit. I need a cold one.

Joe stands and exits.

KING

Believe it or not, back in the day,
Joe was the Deionne Sanders of the
Marines Corps. He was awesome.
Six feet of pure death. Cocked,
locked and ready to rock. Then he
went and fucked it all up.

NELLIS

Grapevine says he got some guys
killed in Iraq.

KING

It was Mexico. And they weren't some guys, they were my guys. D-Team. We got tasked with watching one of Ybarra's runways. Day before deployment I blew out my knee on a run. So Joe ends up commanding D-Team for the first time. They jumped in from thirty thousand feet. Then missed the chopper home. Team just vanished. No distress pingers, nothing. Month later Joe crawls out of the desert all by his lonesome with a missing leg, a bullet in his skull and no recall of what happened. Socom investigators crawled up his ass with a microscope. Never charged him.

NELLIS

What happened out there?

King burns, indignant.

KING

Broke the first rule of recon, don't get caught. Joe set up too close to the objective and got jumped by Ybarra's people. I went in with a recovery team and brought their remains home. Bawled my eyes out I saw them. Finest men I've known. Tortured. Mutilated. Shot to pieces. Joe had no business running the show without me. Man's a follower, not a leader.

Nellis REACTS, King follows his eyeline and REACTS too.

NEW ANGLE

Joe stands in the doorway with his beer. Livid.

JOE

You're a fuckin' asshole, King.

KING

Nothing I haven't said to your face.

JOE

You weren't there. You can't put it all on me.

KING

No shit I wasn't there. If I was, my men would be alive and you'd have two legs. Bank on that. When you're in charge you own the consequences. They're dead. Own it. If I hadn't intervened with the battalion CO, your ass would be breaking rocks in Leavenworth. And you know I'm right or you wouldn't have such a hard on for splattering Ybarra's brains. It's your twisted way of making amends.

JOE

Me and you outside. Right now.

Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS

C'mon, you're being pretty harsh on him.

KING

A civilian can't understand our rules.

King grabs his clothes and stands.

EXT. JOSE'S VILLAGE - DAY

King exits the steam house...

Joe is right there, he throws a kick with his graphite leg. WHACK! King blocks it. Then King throws boxer's combos.

Nellis and Jose exit and watching.

Joe grabs King's shirt, pulls it over his head. Punches his ribs. King tackles him. Chokes Joe, who then digs his thumbs into King's eyes. King relents his choke. Joe flips King and goes for an arm bar. King slips the hold. Gains his feet and...

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK! Knocks Joe out cold with a combo. King pokes Joe with a toe.

KING

He likes to play possum.

WHACK! Joe suddenly kicks at King in the crotch, doubling him over. He kicks King in the face and jumps to his feet. Joe spins and back kicks...

WHACK! Knocking King against the wall. Joe lines up to finish King off...

King drops to one knee, hauls back and...

CRACK! Punches Joe's bad leg. Joe goes down, his prosthetic leg collapsing beneath him. Nellis about to step in. Jose stops him.

JOSE

They need this.

King kicks Joe in the ribs. Joe stays down, in serious pain, he covers up. King kicks Joe harder.

NELLIS

King, stop. He's down. You got him.

KING

(between kicks)

You. Don't. Know. Joe. Won't quit. I have to. Do this.

Now King stops. Backs off. He and Joe looking at each other, exhausted. Joe grins through bloody teeth.

JOE

That all you got?

King about to kick Joe again. Jose intervenes.

JOSE

Se acabo. No mas.

Spent, King sits by Joe, spits blood. Then King offers Joe a hand. Joe accepts, sits up. They look at each other. And break into stupid grins.

KING

I missed you, Joe.

JOE

I know.

Nellis shakes his head. Daniela runs to Joe's side. Tsks at him and King.

DANIELA
Los dos estan locos.

EXT. JOSE'S VILLAGE - NIGHT

A garishly painted cargo truck has a hidden door open to reveal a smuggling compartment. Nellis gets in the truck's compartment. Then King.

ANGLE ON

Joe and Daniela hug. Daniela cries. Joe kisses her goodbye, crosses to the truck. Squeezes into the compartment.

JOE
Can we spoon, honey?

KING
Go to hell.

JOSE
See you in Veracruz.

NELLIS
Hey, I don't do good in tight spaces.

WHAM! Jose drops the flooring. WHISTLES. And Cousin Leo bury them under a couple tons of onions from a hopper.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Jose drives the truck, heavy with onions struggles along the shoulderless blacktop above sure death drops.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - CHECKPOINT - SUNSET

A line of little oil filled cans burn. A SOLDIER flags down the truck. A heavily manned checkpoint. Jose REACTS. Slows. Stops. Grim Soldiers approach. One has a dog.

INT. CARGO TRUCK - SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Joe's eye pressed against a tiny hole, a tiny shaft of daylight hits his retina.

WHAT Joe SEES The highly polished boots of the Soldier using a pole and mirror to inspect beneath the truck.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CHECKPOINT - DAY

Jose watches the Soldier. A tough looking SERGENTO crosses to him. Jose is ready with a forged license and manifest.
[Subtitled Spanish:]

SERGENTO
Seen any gringos?

JOSE
Here? No, man.

SERGENTO
We have to inspect your cargo for contraband. We have to unload your trucks.

The dog smells the hidden men. Starts BARKING. Jose stays cool.

JOSE
Go screw yourself, you're not dumping ten tons of onions on the side of the road. Who's gonna put them back? You? You'll be unloading some other sorry fucker's onions.

SERGENTO
My boss wants all trucks searched.

NEW ANGLE

A passenger bus pulls up to the checkpoint. Packed to the gills with an American church group, luggage supplies. The Sergento eyes the busload of Gringos.

SERGENTO
Got any coffee?

Jose hands the Sergento a thermos. Who WHISTLES for his Soldiers to search the bus instead.

SERGENTO
Get the fuck out of here.

Jose does, cracking a slight smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The sun kisses the horizon, layering of golden light across the sky. The cargo truck lumbers across the stunning landscape.

INT. CARGO TRUCK (MOVING) - SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT - DAY

They made it. Joe sighs.

THE SCREEN IS BLACK -- OVER: The diesel DRONES steadily.

INT. CARGO TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jose REACTS. Downshifts and brakes. Another CHECKPOINT. FEDERAL COPS in slick swat uniforms and skimasks, machine guns. Black Suburbans and Navigators block the road behind a row of flares.

A FEDERAL COP jumps on the truck's sideboard.

WHAT JOSE SEES

A fist with brass knuckles coming at his face. WHAM!

SCENE

Jose is knocked out cold. The Federal Cop opens the door and pulls Jose from the cab. Then pulls off his skimask... It's Mike.

Hans jumps behind the wheel, puts the truck in gear and lumbers forward, escorted by the big black SUVs

INT. SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

CLICK. Joe's flashlight reveals him and King looking at each other with trepidation. They know something's up.

JOE

What the fuck just happened?

KING

Something bad. Turn that shit off.

CLICK...

THE SCREEN IS BLACK -- Then VOICES. The SOUND of the onions being unloaded.

INT. CARGO TRUCK - SMUGGLING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Blinding sunlight spills in as the compartment lid is opened. Joe, King and Nellis squint into the brightness.

WHAT JOE SEES

Mike, Ratko and Hans all aiming machine guns at him. And several SUVs full of MEXICAN FEDS on their payroll.

SCENE

Nellis raises his hands. Outgunned and outnumbered, Joe and King grip their Glocks and trade looks as they mull over shooting it out.

MIKE

Mr. Hartwig, Mr. King. The decision is yours.

NELLIS

Don't guys. Please.

JOE

I dunno, King. I swore I'd never go out like this.

King drops his Glock raises his hands. Joe reluctantly follows suit.

EXT. TRASH PIT - DAY

A big deep pit. Full of appliances, tires. A pair of toxic looking fires billow black smoke. Buzzards and dogs fight for scraps. Clouds of BUZZING flies. The empty cargo truck in B.G.

King, Joe, Jose and Nellis are on their knees, handcuffed before the pit. Guarded by Mike, Ratko and Hans. And a dozen other Mexican Feds. Mike studies his captives, holding a machete. Nellis looks resigned to death. Praying to himself. Jose too.

KING

Guess this is it. We should'a shot it out.

Mike taps Joe on the cheek with the machete's back.

MIKE

The two Brits you killed were my mates. My squaddies in the boat service.

Joe maddogs Mike.

JOE

Quit singing Danny Boy and do what you have to do.

MIKE

Hurts to lose a mate. I'll show you.

Mike gives Hans a nod. Hans steps forward, pulls a pistol. Shows Joe. Then holds it to King's head...

KING

(to Hans)

Kiss my ass--

--BAM! Hans fires...

ON KING

Surprised he's not dead. Hans and Ratko LAUGH. Mike holds his machete to King's neck.

MIKE

The boss has invited you to lunch. Don't respect his hospitality you go in there. Slowly. So keep your lads in check, old man.

NEW ANGLE

Mike points his machete at a woodchipper. Smeared with dried blood. Macabre.

KING

You guys hungry?

NELLIS

I could eat.

KING

We'd love lunch.

MIKE

(to the men)

Llevenlos!

Hoods are put on their heads. A black Navigator pulls up. And they are unceremoniously heaved inside.

INT. NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - DAY

The Navigator heads down a miles-long dirt road. Joe, King, Jose and Nellis are in back. Hooded and cuffed. The Navigator comes to an abrupt stop. Doors open. And the four men are brusquely dragged from the vehicle.

INT. HACIENDA - ROOM - DAY

Still hooded, Joe's handcuffs are removed. The door SLAMS SHUT behind him. Joe takes off his hood. Joe REACTS. He's in an elegant guest bedroom. With a kingsize bed, widescreen, jacuzzi. And a beautiful woman, ELSA, she smiles. She pours Joe icewater from a Waterford pitcher. She offers Joe the glass. He downs it.

ELSA

I'm, Elsa.

JOE

Joe. More.

She pours another. Joe downs it. Water spills down his face, washing away rivulets of grime. He's filthy.

JOE

Thanks. Where are we?

ELSA

There's fresh clothes on the bed.
Shower is in there. I'll come back
when lunch is ready.

Elsa exits. Alone, Joe wonders what to do. Then crosses to the shower.

EXT. HACIENDA - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe and Elsa walk a long colonnade. Joe is cleaned up, in slacks and a blazer. Joe and Elsa are escorted by a couple of SECURITY MEN.

EXT. HACIENDA - GARDEN - DAY

Amidst the expansive grounds of the centuries-old Hacienda Ybarra.

King, Nellis and Jose, in suits, sit at a long table under a gazebo having drinks. Elsa nods for Joe to join them. He does. In distant B.G. a large MARIACHI BAND plays for a wedding party.

JOE

Hey, brother. Where the fuck are we?

KING

Ybarra's stomping grounds. Try some of this Tequila.

King pours him a stiff one. Joe downs it.

JOE

Jeez that's smooth.

Joe looks over the vast grounds, the pools. SEES peacocks and horses.

JOE

What a shithole.

KING

I need you guys to keep your mouths shut. That means you, Joe. Check your rage at the door. We're not dead for a reason. Let me find out why.

JOE

No problem. Take point.

Jose and Nellis REACT.

WHAT THEY SEE

Luis Ybarra, happy, relaxed, dressed for a wedding. Walking with six ELDERLY WOMEN in formal dresses.

SCENE

King REACTS.

KING

Holy shit. Big Dog walking.

Jose glares at Ybarra. Joe too.

KING

Jose, I know you want to rip his throat out and you have every right to.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

And someday you'll have your day.
But today is not that day. Not
today.

Jose looks at King. He'll be good. Ybarra says goodbye to the Elderly Women and crosses to the table. He sits, smiles. Picks up the tequila bottle and pours himself a shot. And one for King.

YBARRA

My great-grandfather made this
tequila with his own hands. Over
one hundred years ago. We found
seven casks clearing out a cellar.
Salud.

They clink glasses. King sips it.

KING

It's wonderful. It tastes like
history.

Ybarra likes King. He's hard not to like.

YBARRA

Men are looking for you. Military
people, intelligence people. The
gringos want you dead. Terminated
with prejudice as they say.

El Cubano hands them U.S. intelligence notices listing them
for death. King, Joe and Nellis REACT. Pass them around.

KING

These are the real deal.

YBARRA

You're men without a country.

KING

How'd you find us?

Ybarra just smiles. Ybarra looks at Joe, who looks away.
Clearly out of his league.

YBARRA

You were a sniper?

JOE

Among other things.

YBARRA

Kill anyone?

JOE
Couple bad guys.

YBARRA
Ninety eight confirmed kills. The
First Marine Division record.

Nellis looks at Joe, had no idea.

YBARRA
Killing a man from a distance is
one thing. Feeling his last
breath, smelling his blood. That
is another.

JOE
Been there done that.

YBARRA
You were also a Marine? A leader.

KING
I skippered Joe's unit. Who do you
think taught him how to shoot?

El Cubano jealously hovers near the table. Ybarra waves him
away, takes a cigar from a silver tray.

YBARRA
Cuban. I have them flown in.

KING
May I?

King takes a cigar. Smells it, REACTS. King lights his
cigar. Joe takes a cigar, then Jose, rising to the
situation. Nellis hesitates, then takes a cigar.

NELLIS
Why not. Not everyday you get to
have a cigar with a druglord.

You could hear a pin drop. Ybarra looks at Nellis.

YBARRA
Enjoy that cigar. I've killed men
for less.

Nellis REACTS. King bemused, enjoying his cigar.

KING
This is a damn fine smoke.

Ybarra pours King another shot.

YBARRA

For the King. El Rey. You are a man who knows who he is.

(re: Jose)

And this man is a friend?

KING

Yessir. He's a good friend.

Ybarra accepts that for now. King nails Ybarra with a look.

KING

Now that we're all buttered up, there's some business you want to discuss with us, Mister Ybarra?

Ybarra REACTS, then smiles, relaxes. King nailed it. The ice is broken. Ybarra pats King's shoulder.

YBARRA

Let's be clear about something. I can be your best friend or your worst nightmare. With men like you, I could do incredible things. I can protect you. Even from the gringos. I have businesses in Europe. In Asia. Networks. Enterprises. I can give you new lives elsewhere. Lives you can't imagine. No problem. These things are easy.

KING

So you're offering us work?

YBARRA

Yes. Work. Contracts.

KING

What do you want us to do?

YBARRA

I want you to rob a train for me. It is a very old custom here in Mexico.

King and Joe trade knowing looks.

JOE

We might know a little something about that.

YBARRA

Certainly you do. You removed enriched uranium from a Ukrainian interior ministry train. Anti-aircraft missiles from a train in Pakistan. Gold from a Venezuelan train. All heavily guarded. And without stopping them. Seems to be your forte.

Joe and King are shocked Ybarra knows that.

KING

That... never happened.

YBARRA

Of course. Discretion. I like discretion.

JOE

What's on this train, Mr. Ybarra.

YBARRA

Five metric tons of weapons. It's a military train. Protected by one hundred soldiers.

JOE

What kind of soldiers? We talking draftees or experienced troopers? Bug difference.

YBARRA

Regular Mexican Army. Teenagers with little training. I will provide you with whatever weapons, tools and equipment you request. Others have told me it is impossible.

Ybarra shoots Mike a disparaging look.

YBARRA

That is why I am coming to you.

King REACTS. Looks at Joe. It's agreed.

KING

We'll rob your train, Mister Ybarra. But it's going to cost you ten million Euros deposited in a double blind account in the Zurich branch of Credit Suisse Bank.

YBARRA

Consider it done. You have three days to prepare.

King REACTS, shakes on it. Ybarra stands and is escorted away by Mike and Ratko. King and Joe trade looks.

NELLIS

You just sold our souls. God help us.

JOE

No shit. We just got in business with the black pope of dope.

KING

Definitely the heaviest shit we've been involved with. But we're damn short on options. You saw the kill orders.

JOSE

Ybarra's, the Devil. I'm going to see him bleed.

KING

Not yet. We're doing this. All of us. Together. Alone, we don't have chance one. We'll get paid start over. Nellis?

NELLIS

Why not? We can't go back.

KING

Jose, you back us on this run then you can go kick Ybarra's head around like a soccer ball for all I care. Shit, take Joe with you and play one on one.

JOSE

For you, I'm in.

KING

Joe?

JOE

I'm all over this, boss. Get Ybarra some weapons so he can blast the shit out of the Sonora Cartel.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Make some real coin and get
reestablished. Nice symmetry to
it.

NELLIS

I guess we're bad guys now.

KING

Welcome to the darkside.

They CLINK glasses.

INT. YBARRA'S HACIENDA - EQUIPMENT GARAGE - DAY

A machine shop and farm equipment repair center with new
equipment.

NEW ANGLE

King, Joe, Nellis and Jose stand before a topographic map and
satellite photographs, train specs, blue prints. Timetables.
More photos. Everything they need.

KING

Look at this. Better than any
intel package the Government ever
gave me.

JOE

No wonder the fuckers are winning.

KING

Ybarra's got someone in the inside
feeding him this shit. Someone at
the top if he knew about the
Pakistan and Ukraine ops. Sure he
pays more than the KGB ever did.

King unrolls a blueprint of an armored railcar.

KING

Here's our target. Armored and
blast resistant. Here's the
manifest. Machine guns,
explosives. Grenade launchers.
Anti-armor, anti-air missiles.
Night vision. Body armor. Secure
comms. Lasers, scopes. Really
high speed shit. There's five
shipping casks. They weigh over a
ton each. One stays. Four go.

He hands Joe photos of the shipping casks.

JOE

We can pop the track. Derail the train. Unload them with a crane.

KING

We stop the train, the Mexican troopers riding shotgun will dismount and kill us. Long as the train's moving at speed, we're safe.

JOE

Uh, King. How we gonna unload five tons of shit goes boom from a moving train at night? Sling load it out with a chopper?

KING

There's going to be an anti-aircraft gun on a flat car behind the engines. We'll get splattered.

NELLIS

So what happens when we tell Ybarra it's impossible?

JOE

We get mulched.

It looks grim. King looks over a map of the train's route.

KING

There's a road here. Alongside the track. I got an idea.

INT. YBARRA'S HACIENDA - EQUIPMENT GARAGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

King and Joe armor plates inside the cab of a panel truck.

Jose cuts open one side of the truck with a grinder, throwing sparks.

Joe, in coveralls and facemask sprays a Suburban with police colors.

Nellis examines a black police uniform.

King tests the signal of a GPS receiver.

Joe helps Nellis try on an armored vest.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Rugged, unconquered desert. A police Suburban races up the highway, following the white anonymous panel truck.

INT. PANEL TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Nellis drives. King rides shotgun. King hands him a cigar. Nellis takes it.

NELLIS

You know, I've done nothing but serve my country faithfully and tirelessly. And now they want me dead.

KING

Leave it alone for now.

King likes his cigar.

KING (CONT'D)

How the hell you get involved in all this shit?

Nellis looks at him says:

NELLIS

Joe.

King LAUGHS. Then he's suddenly serious.

KING

Vernon, you ever kill a man?

Nellis shakes his head: no. King processes that.

KING (CONT'D)

Think you could?

NELLIS

I don't know.

KING

You may have to. Remember, amateurs kill in the heat of passion. Professionals just kill. Whatever happens, don't panic. Panic will kill you. I'll have your back every step of the way.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

And don't fight the adrenaline,
ride it. Own it.

NELLIS

Okay, thanks. I got it. I made it
this far.

KING

We got a long way to go.

King reaches for a radio...

INT. POLICE SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Jose drives in black police fatigues. Joe in the passenger
seat, also in police uniform.

KING'S VOICE

(filtered)

We're thirty clicks out. Standby
to standby.

JOE

(into radio)

Roger, that.

INT. ADOBE HOUSE - J.D.'S LISTENING POST - SUNSET

A TECHNICIAN REACTS to a new signal spiking on his screen.

TECHNICIAN

Sir. I have covert comms to the
West. Running a decrypt.

He hits some buttons. J.D. stands, excited. The garbled
static becomes:

KING'S VOICE

(filtered)

We're about thirty clicks out.

TECHNICIAN

It's King. Got a voiceprint match.
Grid reference one three seven four
niner niner zero four.

J.D. looks at the map and finds the grid.

J.D.

They're on this road here. We hit
it and work North.

CAPITAN
My men want blood.

J.D. looks at the Capitan. Soldier to soldier. J.D. pours them shots of Wild Turkey.

J.D.
I understand. Tell your boys to put 'em down hard. Just bring me their hands so I can I.D. 'em. Salud.

They down the shots.

CAPITAN
(into radio)
Preparense para la batalla. Nos desplegamos en cinco. Fuera.

J.D. and the Capitan grab their gunbelts and exit.

EXT. ADOBE HOUSE - J.D.'S LISTENING POST - SUNSET

Four Blackhawks warm their TURBINES. Soldiers board the helicopters. Ready for battle J.D. and the Capitan run to their Blackhawk.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

The police Suburban is parked at a steep angle. Jose alone in the driver's seat. Beneath the their position on the steep hillside, railroad track exits a tunnel. Nearby Joe has a sniper rifle set up. Waiting.

JOE'S RIFLE SCOPE POV

Night vision. Revealing empty train track. MOVEMENT on the track -- A jackrabbit. Crosshairs track it a beat.

SCENE

Joe hears a TRAIN WHISTLE. Swings on the noise...

JOE'S RIFLE SCOPE POV

The headlights of an approaching train FLARE OUT Joe's scope.

JOE
(into radio)
Eyes on target. Standing by.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

The special military train moves fast. Wheels CLATTER against the track. The headlights of the THUNDERING green engine cut the night. A couple SOLDIERS man the engine rails. Behind the engine is a flatcar with a big quad-fifty machine gun manned by two more soldiers. We enter the...

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

Packed with bored SOLDIERS, weapons and gear. Playing cards. Reading. Writing letters. Sleeping.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

We see flatcars loaded with armored vehicles. Some boxcars. Then the caboose. With a SENTRY posted on top.

THWACK! A bullet hits him. He falls to the tracks.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Joe aims at the Soldiers on the engine. Cold. No apologies. Squeezes the trigger... POW!

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - NIGHT

A Soldier lights a cigarette -- THUMP! A bullet hits his chest. He drops, falls off the train. Tumbles under the train and is mauled by the wheels...

THUMP! Another Soldier is hit. Slumps, entangled on the rail.

THUMP! THUMP! The two Soldiers manning the machine-gun go down next.

EXT. HILLSIDE - TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The train enters the tunnel.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Above the tunnel's exit the perched Suburban waits. Joe scrambles to the Suburban and jumps in...

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Joe, all business, straps in. Jose is impressed.

JOE
(into radio)
All targets are down. Continuing mission.

KING'S VOICE
Roger all.

Jose waiting for the train to exit the tunnel. His boot hovers over the gas pedal...

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Light hits the tracks. Any moment. The train engine exits the tunnel...

Jose stomps the gas. The Suburban's tires spray dirt. The vehicle heading down the hill, right at the train...

INT. SUBURBAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jose and Joe hold on as they approach the moving train below. The Suburban catches air...

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - NIGHT

WHAM! Lands solidly on a boxcar. Brakes lock. SCREECH!

It careens a beat. Then the Suburban stops on the roof of a boxcar. They made it. Joe gives Jose an impressed look.

JOE
(into radio)
We're on the objective. Repeat, on the objective.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Parked by the side of a desolate desert road. Nellis at the wheel. King smiles, grabs the radio.

KING
Roger. Continue mission. We're commencing, time now.
(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

(to Nellis)

Okay, let's roll.

Nellis pulls out.

KING

You know what, Vernon?

NELLIS

What that?

KING

You're alright.

Nellis smiles, that means a lot to him.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jose and Joe jump from car to car with heavy backpacks on their shoulders.

EXT. TRAIN - ARMORED BOXCAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jose and Joe find the armored car.

JOE

This is it.

Joe hands Jose a gas-powered rotary saw. EEEEEEEEE! Jose cuts bolts on a roof vent. Throwing off a plume of sparks.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nellis drives fast, approaching a side road that parallels the train tracks. Nellis puts on night vision goggles and the headlights.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

EEEEEEEE! Jose cuts bolts with the powerful saw. Joe stands guard, watching the front of the train. Jose cuts the final bolt. He kicks off the vent and drops inside the railcar.

JOE

(into mic)

We're in.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The side of the truck rolls up to reveal King and a forklift. King climbs the forklift, starts it. Tests the controls. Skilled, confident.

KING
(into mic)
Standing by. Two mikes out.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

Five weapons containers are chained to the floor. Jose has placed a cutting charge on the door's locking arm. BOOM! CLANG! The locking arm is blown off. Jose slides back the heavy steel door. Desert wind pours into the car. Jose REACTS. Smiles.

Nellis' truck is right there, Nellis driving, parallel to the train. Side by side at 50mph. Perfect. King on the forklift, grinning at Jose. He extends the forklift's boom across the gap.

KERSHACK-KERSHACK! Jose releases the chainlocks holding one of the containers.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nellis drives rock steady, parallel to the boxcar.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

The forklift's tines slide beneath the container. King withdraws the boom, spins, sets it in the truck.

KING
(into mic)
One is secure. Two up.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - MACHINE GUN CAR - NIGHT

A FAT SOLDIER brings coffee to the machine gun crew.

FAT SOLDIER
(subtitled Spanish)
Wake the hell up!

The Fat Soldier SEES they are dead. REACTS.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

The Fat Soldier enters, frantic.

FAT SOLDIER
Estan asaltando al tren!

SOLDIERS REACT, drop what they're doing and grab weapons.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nellis drives even and steady with the train. King slides the tines under container two. Telescopes it back across the gap, rotates the forklift and gently sets it down in the truck.

WHAT KING SEES

Jose, on the train, has the third container ready.

SCENE

King deftly snags it. Reels it in with ease. Sets it down in the truck.

KING
(into radio)
Package three's secure.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - MACHINE GUN CAR - NIGHT

Soldiers pour from the Passenger Car. A SERGEANT orders them onto the Passenger Car's roof...

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

Two SOLDIERS climb up. BAM! Joe drops one. The second Soldier fires -- BRRRRDT! Joe takes cover.

JOE
Contact front! Taking fire!

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT

A Soldier leans out the window. Aims at the truck...

BRDDDDT! Fires a long burst...

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The truck's windshield SHATTERS. Nellis REACTS.

NELLIS
(into radio)
They're shooting at us! What do I
do!

Nellis ducks down, moving the wheel...

KING'S VOICE
Just drive!

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

The truck jerks away as King lifts the third container.
Nellis oversteers the truck back into the train...

WHAM! The heavy container drops. Almost crushing Jose.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

More bullets DING into the cab. PINGING as they ricochet
around Nellis.

KING'S VOICE
(filtered)
Hold her still. You almost killed
a man.

Nellis grabs a body armor vest, puts it on the dash and
scrunches behind it so he can see.

NELLIS
(into radio)
I'm steady. Sorry.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - DAY

King works the forklift controls. Lifts the fourth container
off the train. Pivots. And sets it safely on the truck.
All are relieved.

KING
(into radio)
All packages are secure. Get back
here. Joe, disengage and recover.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

BRDDDDT! Joe is busy emptying a clip at some Soldiers as he runs. He reaches the opening and jumps inside...

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

Joe sees Jose has wired the fifth container to explode. Joe checks his work. Looks good. Jose moves to the door. Where King waits on Nellis' truck. Waving him on.

KING

Jump!

Jose jumps. King grabs his hand, pulls him aboard.

Joe throws across his sniper rifle. King catches it. Joe about to jump. Then...

The truck suddenly whips away as road and rail diverge.

Joe stranded in the boxcar's doorway. Watching the truck get further away as the road curves around a hill. The train enters a tunnel.

JOE

(into radio)

Get me off'a here!

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

King and Jose REACT.

KING

(into radio)

Roger. Wait one, big dog.

King grabs the map. SEES road and rail meet again briefly before diverging for good.

KING

(into radio)

After the tunnel we'll recover you.
You got one shot at getting off
that train. Don't fuck up,
princess.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

Joe in the doorway, waiting for the truck to come back.

BRDDDDT! Bullets ZINGING all over the place as Soldiers shoot through the vent.

Joe dives, rolls. Pulls his pistol, aims at the vent...

POP-POP-POP! Joe buys precious seconds.

EXT. TRAIN (MOVING) - ARMORED BOXCAR - NIGHT

Four Soldiers gather around the vent. One has a grenade. Pulls the pin...

UP AHEAD -- THE ENGINE ENTERS A TUNNEL

WHAM! The Suburban on the train hits the tunnel arch. Is pushed along the box cars. SCRAPING. Bouncing, rolling...

The four Soldiers turn, REACT. The Suburban coming at them. One jumps from the train...

WHACK! The rolling Suburban hits the other three men. Including the Soldier with the grenade...

BOOM! It goes off in his hand as he falls...

The caboose enters the tunnel. Allowing the wrecked Suburban's hulk to drop to the tracks.

INT. TRAIN - ARMORED BOXCAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Joe looking up, wonders what the racket was. At least the shooting stopped. Joe checks the charge on the fifth container. Seconds to go. And the train still in the tunnel. Joe still trapped.

JOE

Shit.

Joe about to stop the timer. Then the tunnel wall gives way to open desert. Joe REACTS.

WHAT HE SEES

The truck. King and Jose waving him aboard.

SCENE

Now or never. Joe runs for the door and leaps...

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The train veers away...

Joe lands hard on his stomach. King and Jose pull him in. King, Jose and Joe sit there. Exhausted.

KING
Well done, Joe. You win the
Heisman for that one.
(into radio)
We got him.

Then...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

KABOOM! The armored railcar explodes. Shaking the desert. Throwing bent steel plates high into the air...

WHOOOMP-WHOOOMP! Secondary explosions rip apart the night as ammunition and explosives cook off. The train locks its brakes. SCREECHES to a stop.

INT. J.D.'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT

J.D. sits in the open door. Notices the side of a distant mountain painted with light from the explosions. J.D. shoulders his rifle. Looks through its high power scope.

J.D.
Looks like secondaries from that
railstock. Sir, let's vector in
for a look-see.

The Capitan orders the Pilot to approach the train.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Nellis' truck has been covered with camouflage netting. Jose works under the hood patching bullet wounds, adding oil. King and Joe pry open a weapons cask with crowbars.

KING
Look, Joe. I was dying in that
damn bar. Rotting alive. Thanks
for getting me out of there.

Joe REACTS. Smiles. The seals SNAP. They set aside the lid. King, Joe and Nellis REACT.

WHAT THEY SEE

A pirate's bonanza of powerful high tech weapons from around the World. Swat equipment. Body armor. Grenades. Miniradios. Rockets and missiles. Wireless detonators.

SCENE

King and Joe trade amazed looks.

JOE
Ten times better than any shit
Uncle Sam gave us.

Then they hear helo blades THUMPING (O.S.) King and Joe REACT.

JOE
Hear that? Blackhawk inbound.

King grabs a shoulder fired missile from the weapons container.

KING
Grab a flare.

Joe knows the drill. He grabs a road flare from the safety kit. King and Joe jump off the truck. Joe lights the flare and throws it. King readies the missile.

INT. J.D.'S BLACKHAWK - NIGHT

The Capitan SEES the flare, points it out to J.D.. Clearly visible a mile away.

J.D.
It's them. They want us to see
them.

CAPITAN
Maybe they surrender?

J.D.
These boys don't know the word.

The Blackhawk noses toward the flare.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

King readies the missile to fire. Shoulders it. Swings on the Blackhawk now racing towards him. Nellis watching, freaking out. Joe has a big smile. King gets TONE.

POW! WHOOSH! Fires the missile at the chopper...

INT. J.D.'S BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT

J.D. looking through his scope REACTS.

J.D.'S SCOPE POV

The flash of the launch blinds the scope.

SCENE

J.D.
Missile inbound!

The Blackhawk Pilot evades...

PILOT
Rojo Dos. Emergencia. Emergencia.
Misile atacando.

J.D. and the Capitan are thrown to one side.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Blackhawk drops bright anti-missile flares...

The missile ignores the flares. Corkscrews toward the Blackhawk...

BOOM! Explodes beneath the Blackhawk's nose...

INT. BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The cockpit breaks apart. The Pilot vanishes into the night...

The Co-Pilot loses his legs...

ALARMS and LIGHTS on the panels. The Co-Pilot flies valiantly until he loses consciousness...

The craft shakes as it THWOPS out of the sky...

J.D. holds on calmly. The Capitan leaps across the seats, grabs the stick and opens the throttle.

CAPITAN
Agarrense!

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

King, Nellis, Joe and Jose watch the chopper crash behind a hill. King tosses the empty launcher to a dumbstruck Nellis.

JOSE
Vamanos.

Jose slams the hood. The four men jump in the truck.

EXT. DESERT - BLACKHAWK CRASH SITE - NIGHT

J.D. pulls the injured Capitan from the wreckage. The distant sky is aglow from the burning train.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Nellis truck races across the dirt road...

Out of nowhere, two sinister blacked out Humvees stuffed with well armed Special Forces Soldiers appear alongside.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Nellis drives, King sits next to him. Joe and Jose sit behind them. Nellis spots the Humvees.

NELLIS
Our escort's here.

Nellis waves. A Humvee DRIVER waves back.

KING
The border's just a couple miles
North of here.

NELLIS
Might as well be a million.

Joe looks at Nellis, noting his change. He's clearly harder, tougher. Joe offers his hand.

JOE

Hey, brother. That was a damn
solid mission we pulled off.

Nellis shakes.

KING

It's not over until the check
clears.

EXT. ARMY BASE - MAIN GATE - DAWN

Establishing. A small and neat special forces base near the
border. Little houses for the officers with neat yards.
Enlisted barracks. A landing field, a couple choppers,
training grounds, shooting range. A couple warehouses.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Nellis' truck and the two Humvees enter the base. Tough
looking Soldiers close the gates behind them.

NELLIS

Here we go. Belly of the beast.

EXT. YBARRA'S ARMY BASE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The black humvees lead the truck to a large warehouse.

INT. NELLIS' TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Nellis stops, sets the parking brake. A Soldier opens the
driver's door. More Soldiers stand by, with weapons ready.

SOLDIER

Leave your weapons inside.

Joe, King, Nellis shed their weapons.

ANGLE ON

Jose too. But, unseen to the others, hides a small grenade in
his pocket.

EXT. ARMY BASE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The men jump down out of the truck. A Soldier jumps behind the wheel. The warehouse door opens. The truck and weapons are driven inside.

Leaving King, Nellis, Jose and Joe looking at eight surly Soldiers. Who look back at them. Joe and King trade looks.

JOE

What the fuck? Where's our loot?

NEW ANGLE

Ybarra exits the warehouse with a grin. Accompanied by Mike and Hans, Ratko and El Cubano.

Ybarra hugs King. Joe and Nellis REACT. Jose glares at Ybarra, waiting for his moment.

YBARRA

Mr. King. You have done what everyone said couldn't be done. I'll need men like you when I lead this country. One day I will wear the presidential sash.

King about to answer. Then...

Jose reaches into his pocket. El Cubano SEES that.

EL CUBANO

Trae arma. Agarrenlo!

The Soldiers rush Jose. Grab him and quickly, restrain him. They search him. Find the grenade. King, Joe and Nellis trade looks. They raise their hands.

KING

Jose, that was a bad move.

Ybarra crosses to Jose. Takes the grenade, shows Jose.
[Subtitled Spanish:]

YBARRA

This is going up your ass.

JOSE

Fuck you, I will fucking kill you.
On my father's honor. I swear.

YBARRA

I know who you are, what trash you are. Your father had no honor. Or your whore mother.

(to his men)

Take him inside. Let's give this dirty sonofabitch a bath.

El Cubano and a couple Soldiers drag Jose into the warehouse. King, Joe and Nellis watch, powerless. Ybarra looks at King. The warmth gone. King wonders if he's about to die.

YBARRA

He made his choice. The responsibility is his. I will respect our deal. There is honor in business well done.

Ybarra waves up Mike, who hands an envelope to King.

YBARRA

Your monies have been deposited. Here's the numbers, confirmation letters and a cash card. Congratulations you are now Canadian citizens.

He hands King three Canadian passports.

An armored black Suburban pulls up with tinted windows. Its heavy doors open. Ybarra motions for King, Joe and Nellis to get in. They reluctantly do.

Ybarra waves over Mike, carrying a leather bag. He reaches in. King and Joe expect a gun. It's a bottle of tequila. Ybarra hands it to King.

YBARRA

One day I will call on you again.
Adios.

Ybarra shuts the door and the Suburban pulls out.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Joe, King and Nellis sit in the center seat. A DRIVER and SECURITY MEN up front. A soccer match plays on the various flat panels. A WEAPONS LOCKER in back. Nellis looks through the envelope of banking and identity materials.

King is being ripped apart inside, grinding his teeth in stoic silence. He looks at the bottle in his hand. YBARRA etched on the glass. He uncorks it. Takes a swig.

NELLIS

What's gonna happen to Jose?

KING

They're gonna torture the shit out of him. While we just walk away.

JOE

Let it go, King. It's between them. Their families have been slugging it for centuries.

KING

He's my friend.

JOE

So what are you gonna do about it? Go back and get him? Forget it. Adjust and troop on, Marine.

KING

Jose saw his chance and took it. He stepped up. He was about something. He could have walked away. Instead he made his move.

Something in Joe shifts. His eyes harden, he looks at King.

KING

What would D-team do?

JOE

There's no question.

KING

We're going back.

Nellis sees King isn't kidding.

NELLIS

What do you mean we're going back? There's the airstrip.

Sure enough, in the distance. A black G5 sits on the runway.

JOE

We're going back for him. He'd do the same for you.

King knows it's the right thing to do.

KING

Let's do it. Nellis, you
understand what we're saying here?

Nellis looking at his picture in his forged passport. He
looks at King and Joe.

NELLIS

Will it make us good guys again?

King nods: yes.

NELLIS

Then I'm in.

King hands him the bottle. Nellis swigs, hands it to Joe,
who swigs. And returns it to King...

King's eyes flash. WHACK! He smashes the bottle against the
Driver's head...

Then King grabs the Driver's head and twists... CRACK!

Joe punching the Soldier in the passenger seat. King pulls
the Driver from his seat, jumps in himself.

Nellis helps Joe with his man. Who pulls a gun...

POP! The rearview mirror shatters. Joe twists away the gun
and CRACK! Pistol whips him. The Security Man is out cold.
Joe and Nellis drag him into the back.

King driving, in control of the vehicle. Joe searches the
men and shares their pistols and ammo with King and Nellis.
King driving slowly. He sees their takeover has gone
unnoticed. He does a U-turn.

JOE

This thing's a tank.

King turns off the soccer match, turns up the AC.

KING

A very nice tank. Get that locker
open.

Nellis takes keys off a belt, tries the locker's padlock.
Bingo. Finds several assault rifles and clips. KERCHACK!
Joe loads them, passes assault rifles up to King and Nellis.

JOE

We scored, brother. Lock and load.

King nearing the warehouse.

KING

We shoot our way in, snatch Jose
and race for the gates. Hard and
fast. Hostage rescue style.
Nellis Remember; the best place to
shoot a man is in his back. Fair
play's for suckers.

JOE

Amen.

King and Joe tap fists.

NELLIS

You guys are fucked up. But in a
good way.

EXT./INT. ARMY BASE/ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

The Humvees are gone. The door is open slightly. King
swings the truck around and speeds up. Aiming for the gap in
the open door.

KING

Stand the fuck by, people. We're
going kinetic.

NELLIS

What's that mean?

KING

It's body dropping time.

The Suburban is only yards from the warehouse. Where a
Soldier lights a cigarette in the doorway...

WHAM! And is crushed by the Suburban as it enters the
warehouse.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

SCREECH! King slaloms over the concrete inside the
warehouse.

KING

Things'll kill you.

INT. ARMY BASE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse contains a few vehicles, pallets of bottled water and rations. And the now empty truck from the train robbery. And a forklift. The containers nowhere in sight.

Six Soldiers caught off guard run for firing positions. The Suburban locks its brakes...

Two Soldiers raise their weapons. And open fire...

BRDDDDDDT! Their bullets chew up the surface of the vehicle.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Nellis REACTS to the bullets SMACKING into the vehicle. Realizing it's bulletproof. Relaxes. King guns it, floors it towards the two Soldiers firing...

WHAM! The Suburban crushes both of them against a Humvee.

Joe cracks his window. Aims with the M4 carbine...

BRDDT-BRRDD! Drops two Soldiers running for the door...

Nellis REACTS. He grabs King's shoulder and points.

WHAT JOE SEES

Several oil drums in the corner.

SCENE

JOE

The corner. We'll post-up there.

King steers toward the corner.

KING

Nellis, stay behind the doors. If we get hit, take the wheel and drive us out of here if we're worth saving.

NELLIS

Got it.

KING

Standby, Joe.

King stops the Suburban by the barrels. Doors open, Joe and King jump out. Flanks a Soldier hiding under a truck, King prone out and shoots under the truck's chassis...

BRDDDT! Killing the Soldier...

POP-POP! Joe drops another Soldier. Wearing a chemical suit and rubber gloves. Joe sees that, REACTS.

JOE
What the hell?

Joe looks in a barrel and turns away in disgust.

IN THE BARREL -- Body parts dissolved in acid.

JOE
King, he's melting people. Don't
breathe the fumes. It's acid.

King hears COUGHING. Runs to a barrel and REACTS.

KING
Found him.

King sees Jose's condition is grave. The acid has destroyed him from the waist down. Jose looks up at King. Tragic, melting alive.

JOSE
I knew you'd come back.

KING
I'm sorry, amigo.

JOSE
There's a tunnel. Ybarra's in the
tunnel.

KING
A tunnel. Where?

JOSE
(fading fast)
The fire extinguisher... Estan en
el tunel. Arranque el extintor...
(then)
Matenme. Por favor.

Jose slides deeper into the acid as he dissolves. He slumps face first into the acid. Writhes in agony. King aims his pistol...

POP! He ends Jose's misery.

NEW ANGLE

Nellis sees a Soldier man run into the warehouse with a rifle.

POP-POP! Nellis drops him. Amazing himself...

NELLIS
I just shot a man.

KING
You want a medal? Stay sharp.
There's more where he came from.
(to Joe)
Look for a tunnel. A false floor
or something.

That's when King SEES a fire extinguisher mounted to the column and freezes. Something clicks in his mind, King crosses to it and pulls it off the wall. King examines it. Perfectly normal. Tosses it aside. He runs a thumb along the mounting bracket. One of the screws is a disguised switch. CLICK.

Hydraulic motors WHIR O.S.

NEW ANGLE

A large section of the cement floor rises on hydraulic pistons. Joe, Nellis and King watching in amazement.

As the entrance to a large underground room is revealed.

JOE
Holy shit.

Joe, King and Nellis cautiously enter...

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - DAY

Tunneling equipment, boring machines to one side. At the far end is an entrance to a large tunnel, wide enough to drive a tractor trailer through. Quite an engineering feat. King checks his compass watch.

KING
Runs North towards the border.
Which is just a couple miles away.
Ain't shit for one of these boring
machines.

NELLIS
You can drive a truck through here.

KING
They did. Smell the diesel exhaust?

JOE
Wait, listen...

They listen. Hear TRUCK ENGINES laboring deep in the tunnel.

KING
The weapons, they're heading for the United States.

King, Joe and Nellis trade looks. All thinking the same thing. Joe says it first:

JOE
What the hell have we done? I don't want those weapons on the streets of Hometown U.S.A.

King running out of the chamber...

KING
Let's go. We're rolling.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

King drives through the tunnel. Headlights on. Watching the odometer.

KING
This thing's huge. Already gone a half mile.

JOE
King. Hit the wipers. There's blood on the windshield.

King does. That's better.

NELLIS
See how big that warehouse was? And this tunnel isn't new. This is major. Major. We have to get the word out.

JOE
Copy that. See anything?

KING

Something's up ahead. Aw, shit.

King stops. They face a fork in the road. Nellis rolls down the windows, listens.

NELLIS

I hear a vehicle. To the right.

King turns the wheel about to enter the righthand tunnel when...

A black Humvee erupts from darkness.

WHAM! It crashes into the Suburban head on. Breaking the headlights. It is pitch black.

A quiet beat. Then...

INT. SMUGGLING TUNNEL - DAY

Humvee doors open. Three Soldiers step out and open fire...

Their muzzle flashes strobe in the darkness, spooky...

King throws the Suburban in reverse. The tires just spin, it's hooked on the Humvee's bumper. Bullets tear into the windscreen.

JOE

Forget it, it's caught up. Let's take these jokers.

King agrees, they open the doors and use them as shields.

BRDDDDT! BRDDDDT! They hit two Soldiers, drop them...

Joe jumps out. Crosses to the front of the Suburban...

BRDDDDT! The Humvee Driver fires at him...

BRDDDDT! Joe firing back...

As do Nellis and King...

Producing a strange strobing in the tunnel. Disorienting. Joe firing. The Soldier rolls out of the Humvee, grabs Joe. Joe pulls a knife, kills him. Joe checks the Humvee.

JOE (CONT'D)

Clear!

He turns the Humvee's headlights on.

KING
How many we get?

JOE
Three. But who's counting?

Joe wipes his knife clean on the dead Soldier and sheathes it. He grabs the Soldier's rifle, notes a tattoo on his forearm. That gives him pause. He takes a closer look, REACTS.

JOE (CONT'D)
This guy's not Mexican.

KING
What are you talking about. Looks like freakin' Pancho Villa.

JOE
I'm telling you. He's got a Syrian prison tattoo. I saw enough of 'em in Iraq to know.

KING
Keeps getting worse.

Joe hops behind the wheel of the Humvee. Puts it in reverse and rips off the Suburban's front bumper, freeing it.

KING (CONT'D)
Okay! Get in.

Joe does. He lights the tunnel with a flashlight.

JOE
See that? The tracks go to the left.

King heads into the lefthand tunnel. Gaining speed.

NELLIS
Heavy weapons. And Syrians. Ybarra's into a lot more than dope.

KING
Roger that. We're two miles in. We should be under the border now.

NELLIS
Faster, we gotta stop those trucks.

KING

I can't see shit. Joe, hold the flashlight still. Use both hands or something.

Nellis leans over, hits some buttons on the dash. And the vehicle's night vision camera turns the day to night on the flat panels.

KING (CONT'D)

Thanks.

A beat. No end in sight.

JOE

Looks like it keeps on going.

KING

And going. We're three miles in.

NELLIS

It's going down. Can you feel that? The angle change?

JOE

Slow down. We're gonna end up down a mineshaft. This was a bad call.

KING

Smell that? Fresh air.

King REACTS. Stomps the brakes. The Suburban grinds to a stop. The tunnel dead ends at a large steel door. Joe jumps down. Looks around with a flashlight. Finds a switch. CLICK.

KERTHUNK. The door opens. Sunlight spills in around the edges. Joe backing up as the door rotates into the wall. Revealing...

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

EXT. GRAVEL QUARRY - DAY

At the base of a tall mountain. The shot-up and bloodied Suburban exits a quarry wall. There are piles of gravel. Rock sorter machines. Bulldozers. It's quiet. Closed today.

NEW ANGLE

The Suburban comes ROARING out of the tunnel.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

King, Joe and Nellis looking around, with weapons ready.

JOE

Where are we?

They approach the quarry's exit and a highway marker. The signage is clearly American.

KING

New Mexico. We are in the U.S.

Nellis breathes a sigh of relief. The closed gates ahead. A paved two lane highway in front of them. King sees muddy tracks turn left onto the highway.

King hits the gas and SMASHES through the gates. A GUARD in the shack REACTS.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - HIGHWAY - DAY

The Suburban races down the highway. At incredible speed.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

King is pure focus.

KING

They can't be more than a few minutes ahead.

JOE

We don't know what we're looking for. We don't know what kind of vehicle they loaded the weapons into.

King is undaunted.

KING

We'll know.

They approach a hill. Races over it.

The Suburban catches air. Comes down hard. King REACTS. SCREECH! Slams on the brakes.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - HIGHWAY - DAY

The Suburban slides to a stop. Almost rear ending a pick-up with kids in the back. Cars up ahead, traffic is backed up.

JUST AHEAD

The town of Columbus lies before them. The streets are blocked for a festival. Food booths, lawnchairs. Barbecues and balloons.

INT. ARMORED SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

The kids in the pick-up staring at the battlescarred Suburban. King smiles, waves at the kids.

WHAT JOE SEES

Two large gravel trucks head into town.

JOE

Hey, twelve O'Clock. See that?
The gravel trucks up ahead?

NELLIS

It's them. We came out of a quarry. The guys would have to camouflage their smuggling activity with daily business. Something that blends in.

King pulls out onto the wrong side of the road. Passing the line of waiting cars. Dismayed motorists HONK at his audacity.

They near the center of town. They can hear a BAND play. People everywhere.

King pulls behind the huge gravel trucks. Piled high with gravel, or so it appears... Joe studies the tires.

As the DRIVER nervously talks on a radio.

JOE

See how high they're riding?
Pretty light for gravel.

NELLIS

Gravel might be hiding false compartments. Worked enough drug cases to know that trick.

KING
Think you're right. Get ready for
the take down.

EXT. COLUMBUS - MAIN STREET - DAY

A parade is in full swing. The local High School MARCHING BAND followed by SHRINERS on lawnmowers, classic cars. VETERANS in vintage uniforms. SPECTATORS clap and cheer.

EXT. COLUMBUS - SIDE STREET - DAY

The gravel trucks are stuck in traffic. The Suburban right behind. Tension. Up ahead a YOUNG COP untangles an intersection. He waves the gravel trucks through.

POP-POP-POP-POP!

King and Joe REACT. Then relax. Just KIDS lighting firecrackers. The shot-up Suburban gets the Cop's full attention as shot-up Suburban approaches him.

YOUNG COP
Hey! Hold it right there.

Before he can draw his gun, King has his rifle trained on him. The Young Cop raises his hands.

KING
Get on your radio and get your Swat
and bomb squad out here. Those
gravel trucks contain enough
explosives to flatten this town.
Understand?

The Cop nods: yes. King punches the gas and pulls away. The Cop grabs his radio.

SIRENS. A cop car slides to a stop in front of the lead gravel truck. The LEAD DRIVER hits the gas and pushes it aside like a toy...

The Suburban pulls alongside the lead truck, swerves around the cop car. Joe aims his rifle out the window and...

BRDDT-BRDDDT! Begins shooting tires...

The Lead Driver pulls a machine pistol. Aims at Joe...

BRDDDT! Nellis drops him. The gravel truck careens into a row of parked cars, taking them out before coming to a stop.

The second gravel truck lurches past the wreck. Joe aims at the Driver as it passes...

BRDDDDDT! Joe blows him out of his seat...

The gravel truck careens, swipes a parked school bus then jackknifes and rolls over onto it's side...

NEW ANGLE

King, Joe and Nellis exit the Suburban with weapons...

They cross to the truck on its side. Look in amazement at the gravel. It hasn't spilled. Joe hits it with his buttstock. Making a hollow THUD.

JOE

The gravel it's epoxied in place,
on a fiberglass shell or something.

KING

Wonder of wonders. Open the gate.

Joe and Nellis unlatch and pull open the back gate.

WHAT THEY SEE

Indeed the truck is hollow. And there are the four weapons containers. Laying on their sides.

SCENE

JOE

Found 'em. All four.

KING

Then what's in the other truck?

ANGLE ON THE SECOND TRUCK

The back gate drops open. Ten COMMANDOS with scary weapons body armor civilian clothes boil out like angry hornets. Followed by Ybarra, Hans, Mike and Ratko. They spread out

EXT. COLUMBUS - MAIN STREET - DAY

Panic as COPS on bullhorns try to clear the street.

BULLHORN COP

The parade has been canceled.
Please clear the area immediately.

PEOPLE running. The Shriners abandon their lawnmowers.

EXT. COLUMBUS - SIDE STREET - DAY

A block over from the parade route. The Commandos fan out and take defensive positions.

A cop car comes to a SCREAMING stop. Before the two COPS inside can get out...

BRDDDDDDT-RAT-AT-AT-AT! They are cut to pieces by a hail of bullets from four of the Commandos.

ON YBARRA

Hiding behind a car with Mike, Hans, Ratko and El Cubano.

YBARRA

Get me back to the tunnel.

His men prepare their weapons.

MIKE

(into radio)

Give us some covering fire. Moving in two.

The Commandos open fire on Joe, King and Nellis.

NEW ANGLE

King, Joe and Nellis hide behind the overturned gravel truck as bullets DUNK into its steel sides.

KING

We're pinned. Get in there and get some of that ordinance.

Joe enters the back of the gravel truck. Shielded by the heavy gate.

ON THE GRAVEL TRUCK

Joe exits with a couple antitank rockets, grenade launcher and a bandoleer of grenades.

Tosses the launcher and bandoleer to King.

KING

Nice party mix.

King prepares the grenade launcher as Joe SNICKS open a rocket tube and arms it.

JOE

Ready?

King shucks a grenade into the launcher.

BRRDDDT! Nellis drops a Commando trying to sneak around the front of the overturned gravel truck.

KING

Joe! Now!

BLOOP! King launches a grenade. It flies in a high arc...

BOOM! Explodes on the wall of the four Commandos. Knocking them down.

Joe steps around the trucks gate, launcher tube on his shoulder, drops to one knee...

FOOSH! Launches the rocket at the four Commandos before they can regain their feet.

BOOM! The rocket hits the car they hide behind. Flipping it over on top of them.

Joe grins at King.

JOE

Problem solved.

King points. Joe looks, REACTS.

WHAT JOE SEES

Ybarra, El Cubano, Mike, Hans and Ratko run across the street in the parade's direction...

The remaining six Commandos have taken up positions to protect them. They fire on the gravel truck...

BRDDDDDDDDDT! King, Joe and Nellis hug the street as rounds hit the asphalt around them and DUNK into the truck.

Ybarra, Mike, Hans and Ratko disappear between a couple buildings...

King loads the launcher. Aims...

KING

On the way!

BLOOP! BOOM! Takes out two Commandos behind a mailbox.

Joe readies the second launcher.

SIRENS. A cop car comes screaming around the corner and slides to a stop behind the second gravel truck.

Two Commandos using it as cover spin as the Cops jump out...

POP-POP! The Cops open fire. Their bullets bounce off the Commandos body armor. They return fire...

BRDDDDDT! And kill both cops. Then...

NEW ANGLE

Joe has the second launcher on his shoulder...

JOE
Fire in the hole!

FOOSH! Sends a rocket on its way...

BOOM! The explosion sends the two Commandos pinwheeling through the air...

KING
Let's move. Ybarra's hitting the
wind. Nellis you good?

NELLIS
Stellar.

King, Joe and Nellis run towards the parade...

NEW ANGLE

A Commando tracks them with his scoped rifle...

POW! Joe is hit in the calf. He tumbles to the ground.

King spins and fires...

BRDDDT! Stitches the Commando in the face, knocking him through the plate glass window of a hardware store.

Joe holding his calf, Nellis and King help him up...

KING
C'mon.

JOE
I'm good. Hit my fake leg.

They run down the sidewalk, PEOPLE fleeing the parade run past them.

The last Commando materializes from amidst the running people REACTS with surprise...

WHAM! King punches him in the face. CRACK. And breaks his neck without missing a beat...

EXT. COLUMBUS - MAIN STREET - DAY

The crowd runs down the street.

CAMERA FINDS

Ybarra and his four escorts. Blending in. No weapons visible.

MIKE
We need a vehicle. Hans! Over there!

ANGLE ON

A SOCCER MOM loading her three KIDS into a mini-van. Hans rushes her, pulls a pistol, holding it low...

HANS
Your keys.

She REACTS, hands them over. Hans motions for the Kids to get out. They do. Soccer Mom shepherds them away. Hans jumps in and starts it. People running past.

A Cop walks toward Hans, gun drawn...

COP
Hey!

Hans aims fires...

POP-POP! Hits an innocent MAN. He drops.

POP-POP-POP! The Cop kills Hans. He tumbles out onto the street...

POP! Ratko shoots the Cop in the back of the head.

WHACK! An OLD VETERAN in a paratrooper's uniform clubs Ratko with his M-1 drill rifle...

BRDDDT! Mike kills the Old Vet with his machine pistol. He hauls Ybarra toward the Minivan, El Cubano guarding their backs...

KING, JOE AND NELLIS

Shoving their way through the crowd. People SCREAM when they see their weapons...

KING
Outta the way!

JOE
C'mon! Follow the gunfire!

They break into a run...

ON THE MINIVAN

Mike behind the wheel. El Cubano and Ybarra get in and SLAM the sliding the door...

Mike pulls out. And hits the gas. THUNK-DUNK-DUNK. Running over several fleeing Parade-goers...

KING, JOE AND NELLIS

See that. Run towards the van...

KING
It's them! Spread out!

King aims at the Minivan...

POP! King didn't fire...

NEW ANGLE

Ratko did. Laying there on the street, bleeding from his scalp grinning maliciously...

JOE
King!

King has a bewildered look on his face. He drops his rifle. Something is gravely wrong. Blood pours from his mouth. Ratko shot him in the back. King falls to his knees...

BRDDDT! Joe shoots Ratko. Then runs to King's side. Joe and King looking at each other.

KING
 Forget about me. Kill Ybarra.
 That's an order.

King dies right there. Joe staggers with grief. Then rage.
 He looks at Nellis.

JOE
 C'mon.

Joe takes off running. Nellis follows.

THE MINIVAN

Plows through the running crowd. Mike pounds the HORN.

Then...

BRDDDDT! Joe opens fire through a clearing in the stampede
 of terrorized townfolk...

ON THE MINIVAN

The gas tank ruptures. The back of the minivan is engulfed
 in flames...

Ybarra and Mike jump out...

Joe changing magazines...

Mike spins and fires...

POP! Hitting Nellis' arm. He drops the rifle...

Joe starts running toward Mike, finished reloading...

BOOM! The minivan explodes. The back doors flies at Joe...

WHAM! Knocks Joe down hard. Stunning him...

Mike runs over to Joe, his rifle out of reach. Mike aims at
 Joe's face...

MIKE
 This is for my mates.

POP! Mike flips back, dead. Crumpled in the street.

REVERSE ON

Nellis, a pistol in his good hand. He runs to Joe.

NELLIS
Joe. You alright!

Joe climbs to his feet.

JOE
Thanks.

He grabs Nellis pistol and takes off running.

YBARRA

Running through the crowd. Panicked. No longer in control.

Joe runs after him. Tackles him. They tumble along the street. Joe elbows Ybarra in the face.

YBARRA
Okay! Basta! No mas. Anything
you want. Name your price.

Joe hauls Ybarra to his feet. Smiles. Scary.

JOE
My price? Name my price?

YBARRA
Anything. Name it.

JOE
Death.

BAM! Joe shoots Ybarra in the heart. Lets him drop to the street.

BEHIND HIM

Is Nellis. He and Joe trade looks.

NELLIS
Well done, Joe. Well done.

SWAT COP
Get down! Get down!

NEW ANGLE

Six SWAT COPS have M-16's and shotguns trained on Joe and Nellis.

JOE
'Bout fuckin' time.

Joe and Nellis get on their knees. Then lay face down.

The Swat Cops cuff and search them. SCREECH! O.S.

ANGLE ON

Two black Navigators stop alongside them with blue flashers. The doors pop open and eight FEDERAL AGENTS exit in raid jackets. A ninth man gets out...

It's J.D. He flashes a badge to the Swat Cops.

J.D.
Homeland Security. We'll take it
from here.

The Swat Cops back off. J.D. crosses to Ybarra's body. And takes his Blackberry.

Agents grab Joe and Nellis and throw them in the Navigator. J.D. crosses to the Navigator with Nellis and Joe and climbs in the driver's seat. He puts it in gear and takes off.

SWAT COP
Hey, where they going? What the
hell?

The eight Agents stand there like the BYU defensive line.

AGENT
National security matter.

INT. NAVIGATOR (MOVING) - DAY

J.D. drives. Joe and Nellis sit in back, bewildered. Then Joe realizes who J.D. is.

JOE
You gonna kill us now?

J.D.
Have every right to. You shot me
out of the sky. Mighty unfriendly
of you.
(a beat)
King's dead?

JOE
Yeah.

J.D.
Shame. He was a good man. You
kill Ybarra?

JOE
Yep.

J.D.
Uncle Sam owes you a big check.
Man had a twenty million dollar
bounty on his head. Dead or alive.

J.D. tosses a handcuff key in the back seat. Joe unlocks
himself. And Nellis.

JOE
Where you taking us?

J.D.
To get you two patched up for
dinner.

JOE
Dinner? Lemme guess. Our last
meal?

J.D.
Negative. President wants to meet
you. Y'all are heroes.

Nellis and Joe REACT. J.D. pulls onto the local football
field where a U.S. Army Blackhawk with red cross insignia
waits.

INT. U.S. ARMY BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - DAY

THUNDERING high over the New Mexican desert. J.D., Joe and
Nellis sit in back. A CORPSMAN bandages Nellis arm, another
checks out Joe. Nellis and Joe trade looks and smiles.

FADE OUT:

THE END