

"A MAN APART"

DIABLO

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&

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DIABLO

1 EXT BORDER AERIAL - DAY

1

The camera swoops in low over the lazy swells of the Pacific, moving rapidly shoreward. A STEEL FENCE appears from beneath the waves, rising as it climbs from the sandy ocean floor to the coastline, where it bisects a single beach, dividing a simple stretch of sand into two vastly different countries.

The camera continues inland along the unbroken STEEL BORDER FENCE. On the left, hills crisscrossed by dirt roads, BORDER PATROL TRUCKS keeping vigil on every hilltop. On the right, the squalid, crowded slums of Tijuana, Mexico.

Two different worlds. The width of a fence apart.

2 EXT BORDER - DAY

2

Two MEN stand on a dusty vista on the American side of the rusting steel fence, looking over at the uncontrollable urban sprawl on the other side, less than 100 feet away.

"DEA" is inscribed in yellow across their flak-jackets. Beneath, the BULGE of KEVLAR VESTS and 9MMs is seen.

DEMETRIUS HICKS is 29, lean, black and cool, with the quick eyes of someone accustomed to watching their own back. His gold chain, beeper, and tight fro make him look more OG than cop, which is exactly the point.

And next to him is SEAN VETTER, 29, buzzcut, muscular build, cauliflower ears. His intense eyes, his gait, everything about him says one thing - "don't fuck with me."

SEAN(V.O.)

Memo Gamboa, the Godfather of the Mexican Cartels, once said, "Thank God cocaine isn't legal." I'd have to agree, because if it was, I'd be out of a job...

3 CREDIT SEQUENCE:

3

DEA File Tape--Infrared video: off-loading packages of coke from a sailboat under the cover of night in the Florida Keys. The camcorder date reads: 6/21/83...

SEAN (V.O.)

In the 80's, it all came through South Florida. That was the route of choice for the Colombians and the Medellin Cartel.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

Miami Channel 9 News--a shirtless Cuban kid lying face down on the steamy midnight street, his blood running down the stormdrain...a Mercedes full of bullet-ridden corpses.

SEAN(V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was coming in by the boatload.

Video clips-- Len Bias' basketball highlights...DEA Agents with shotguns storm a yacht on the high seas...the same Agents burn thousands of brown packages in a massive INCINERATOR.

SEAN(V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it wasn't until 1989, when the DEA scored a 21-ton bust in Sylmar, California, that they realized there was a whole new front in their war. It was the biggest cocaine bust in American history. Enough to provide a line of cocaine to every man, woman, and child on this planet...And it had all come through Mexico.

CNN--A WAREHOUSE FULL OF COKE is seen. From floor to ceiling.

4 EXT COLOMBIAN JUNGLES DAY 4
TITLE: "Cali, Colombia."

Raw cocaine. Literally mountains of it, stored in a jungle shack. The coke's duct-taped, then packed into export crates that read COFFEE, CAMISAS, TELEFONAS by PEASANTS.

SEAN(V.O.)
The Mexican Cartels had 1,500 miles of porous border lying between them and the greatest drug-consuming nation on earth.

5 INT AIRPORT CARGO DAY 5
TITLE: "Bogota International Airport, Colombia."

The crates are loaded into the cargo hold of a 727, which waits in an airport hangar. A security GUARD stands nearby.

The 727 taxis behind other commercial jets - *United Airlines, Aviateca, Aeromexico, Lufthansa.*

SEAN(V.O.)
So the power shifted, and the Mexican Cartels became the new czars, vying for control of a \$20 billion a year business.

6 EXT DESERTED AIRSTRIP DAY 6

TITLE: "Todos Santos, Baja California Sur."

The 727 is unloaded by STATE POLICE who place the crates of cocaine into a SEMI with "Coca-Cola" emblazoned on its side.

The "Coke" Semi cruises onto Highway 1, followed by two cars full of State Police.

SEAN(V.O.)

And with the Mexicans spending 10% of that a year in bribery, the bottom line is, the guys at the top are virtually untouchable.

7 EXT US/MEXICO BORDER DAY 7

TITLE: "US Border."

All the methods of transport are seen:

- Two MESTIZOS ferry huge backpacks across the RIO GRANDE.
- A SUBTERRANEAN DRUG TUNNEL is teeming with cocaine couriers that scurry back and forth like an army of coke-bearing ants.
- The "Coke" Semi steams across the border, a large "NAFTA" sticker on the front bumper.
- A GOLFER tees off down a fairway, screams "four" when he sees his ball heading directly for the SAME TWO MESTIZOS as they sprint across the fairway, the heavy packs on their backs.

8 EXT LOS ANGELES COUNTY DUSK 8

QUICK-CUTS THROUGHOUT THE CITY--"South Gate": A Latino man wearing a 10-gallon Stetson, HONDO, watches as the "Coke" Semi unloads into a USED-CAR-LOT GARAGE.

Hondo dials on his cell-phone:

HONDO

I got tickets to the Laker game, my friend. 10th row. Seat 14.*

*Subtitles read: *I've got the new shipment. Ten kilos. 14,000 per kilo.*

"South-Central": OVERDOSE, 22, a black, high rollin' OG, gold chains, Hilfiger sweats, rolls down Crenshaw Blvd. An old "N.W.A." track bumps from his speakers. Shoreline Crip Gang is tattooed on his arm. On his cell-phone:

(CONTINUED)

OVERDOSE

Good shit. I'm down. See you at the game.*

*Subtitles read: *Fabulous. We have a deal. I'll send my people to pick up the shipment.*

END CREDITS:

9 INT CLUB MERMAIDS NIGHT 9

TITLE: "Chapultepec, Tijuana."

Amidst the Tijuana squalor, behind a massive wall of marble and vine, is a night club for the top 1% of the top 1%.

A classy, opulent place that only extraordinary third-world wealth can afford: European, tuxedo-clad waiters, original works of art adorn the walls, and WOMEN--the kind that are only attracted to the powerful, and the kind that only the super-rich can pay for. Sultry Brazilians, olive-skinned Spaniards, platinum-haired Scandinavians.

The GAMBOA CREW, surrounded by ARMED BODYGUARDS in FEDERALE UNIFORMS, owns the place. They get loaded, dance with the beautiful women. GUILLERMO "MEMO" GAMBOA, 57, heavyset, with a gut that connotes a life of luxury, grins ear to ear. His presence is unmistakable. He hollers a toast with a bottle of Krug 1989 Vintage--the kind of champagne that makes Crystal look like Thunderbird in comparison.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)

NAFTA's the best thing to happen to product distribution since Nike signed Michael Jordan!

The men laugh their asses off.

GAMBOA CREW

Arriba, abajo, al centro!

SEAN (V.O.)

And here they are. Memo Gamboa was the first drug trafficker to ever be put on the FBI's "Most Wanted List". He ran the cartel like a Fortune 500 company, and he was their Bill Gates.

INSERT: A mugshot of Guillermo "Memo" Gamboa in an FBI "wanted" poster is seen.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN(V.O.) (CONT'D)

The problem was, he never slept in the same place twice, he had dozens of aliases-- nobody ever knew where he was. So catching the son of a bitch was practically impossible. But when we finally tracked him down, it was the score of our lives.

Beside Gamboa sits MARCELLO SANTOS, 48, an intense man who's fiercely loyal. He has the dark-skinned, weathered look of a Ranchero. He's glued to a satellite-fed TV. It's a soccer match between Brazil and Mexico. The score is 2-0, for Brazil, when the Brazilians score again. Spittle starts flying from his mouth:

SANTOS (SPANISH)

What is that idiot coach doing? I'll have him killed!! Poison in my eyes!

(NOTE: ALL SPANISH THROUGHOUT IS SUBTITLED)

RAMON CADENA, 60, distinguished Federal Prosecutor of Baja, is a little tipsy. He taps Gamboa on the shoulder.

CADENA (SPANISH)

Look who's here.

Cadena motions across the room to a young, gorgeous woman. She returns the men's lustful gaze. In a room full of 10's, she's an 11. She is ASSIA.

Gamboa grins.

GAMBOA

Hola, Assia.

10 INT VAN #1 NIGHT

10

A BAY OF SURVEILLANCE SCREENS provide 6 different views of Club Mermaids. One one screen: Gamboa and Assia alone in a private suite. They start to go at it.

Pull back to reveal Demetrius, Sean, and several MEXICAN OFFICIALS staring in awe at the image of this stunning woman writhing in bed. Demetrius' jaw drops as he shakes his head:

DEMETRIUS

I'm in the wrong profession.

The senior DEA official, TY FROST, 48, glares at Demetrius. He's crew-cutted, cut from the same mold as Daryl Gates. A tough, hard, law and order guy.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Hicks, keep you're dick in your pants...
We all set?

Frost looks at Sean. Sean nods.

FROST (CONT'D)

Just remember. Leon makes all arrests.

He motions toward a granite-faced, mustachioed, Marlboro Man type who nods in approval. He picks at his teeth with a toothpick. This is GUSTAVO LEON, the toughest cop in Baja. His baseball cap reads, "GRUPO TACTICO" - Baja's counter-narcotics force. Gustavo is their chief.

FROST (CONT'D)

All right. Let's move. And don't forget,
this is their turf, right Vetter?
(glares at Sean)

SEAN

Right.

Frost points to the butt of a 9mm in Sean's belt.

FROST

-you think I'd let you get away with
that? You know the rules. Give it up.

Frost motions for Sean to hand him his gun. Sean frowns, then pulls the 9mm from his waistband, slides out the clip.

SEAN

It's a lot of fun storming unarmed into a
night-club full of drunken Cartel gunmen,
Frost. You should try it some time.

FROST

Come on, give it up.

Sean reluctantly hands Frost the empty gun.

11 EXT TIJUANA STREETS NIGHT

11

As Sean and Gustavo move toward a dark backstreet, Gustavo pulls out a 9mm, hands it to him. He and Sean share a look.

LEON

Bureaucrats.

Sean smiles, then slams in his old clip.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

Sean and Gustavo approach a DOZEN GRUPO TACTICO COMMANDOS hidden in the shadows of a shanty, 30 meters from the back of Club Mermaids, prepping their MP-5s.

Sean speaks into a lip-mic.

SEAN
Eight ball in the corner pocket?

12 INT VAN NIGHT 12

Demetrius controls the surveillance, ZOOMS IN screen #1.

Screen #1: an IMAGE INTENSIFIER CAMERA provides an almost X-RAY IMAGE of Gamboa and Assia making love.

DEMETRIUS
(into secured radio)
The Pimp is in the house...

Demetrius pans the night-vision scope over to the back of Club Mermaids. Four BODYGUARDS mill about.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
...and we're clear. Execute at your discretion.

Through the secured line, Sean's voice crackles:

SEAN
We're movin' out.

13 EXT CLUB MERMAIDS BACK ALLEY NIGHT 13

Sean gives GRUPO TACTICO a go-ahead "thumbs up." They move out.

ON GAMBOA'S BODYGUARDS: as they stand out back. One hears something.

He looks up in time to see six BLACK-BALACLAVA-CLAD COMMANDOS materialize from the shadows, armed with MP-5 sub-machineguns. The Bodyguards SURRENDER WITHOUT A SOUND.

14 EXT CLUB MERMAIDS ROOF NIGHT 14

Gustavo leads 6 GT Commandos silently across the roof. They quickly REPEL DOWN to a balcony. They enter, MP-5's drawn.

15 EXT CLUB MERMAIDS BACK ALLEY NIGHT 15

Santos steps outside, lights up a cigar. Santos squints his eyes, NOTICES THAT THE BODYGUARDS ARE GONE.

(CONTINUED)

8.
15 CONTINUED: 15

He quickly hurries back inside, tries to find Memo...

16 INT MERMAIDS HALLWAY NIGHT 16

9mm in hand, Gustavo leads the group down the hallway. He checks the suite door. Locked. A SILENT THREE COUNT, and the door is kicked in.

17 INT SUITE NIGHT 17

Gustavo rushes in, gun drawn. His Commandos follow. Assia screams, naked and hysterical. But Gamboa's nowhere to be seen.

LEON (SPANISH)
What the fuck?
(into lip-mic)
He's out! Somebody give me a visual!

18 EXT BACKSTREETS NIGHT 18

Sean's ear-mic crackles.

DEMETRIUS
(over secured mic)
THE BACK STAIRWELL! THE BACK STAIRWELL!

Sean sprints toward the back of the club.

19 EXT CLUB MERMAIDS NIGHT 19

Gamboa emerges from the back stairwell. A BODYGUARD pulls Gamboa into the crowded Tijuana streets. Sean spots them, tears after them.

20 EXT TIJUANA STREETS NIGHT 20

The crowds are heavy. Sean loses sight of them. He searches frantically. Suddenly, he spots the Bodyguard yanking the DRIVER out of a taxi. He throws Gamboa in back. This guy's a pro.

The taxi peels out. Sean races down the sidewalk alongside, weaving through the crowd. The taxi is slowed by traffic. Sean closes in.

The Bodyguard spots him. Sean's eyes grow wide as the Bodyguard aims a weapon out the window.

21 INT TAXI NIGHT 21

The Bodyguard slams on the brakes. A traffic jam.

(CONTINUED)

BODYGUARD (SPANISH)
SHIT!!
(to Gamboa)
STAY DOWN!!!

Gamboa sinks down in the back seat.

GAMBOA
Who are they!?

The Bodyguard's head is on a swivel, looking everywhere.
Around them, a confusing sea of cars and people.

The Bodyguard slams another clip into his gun, starts to open his door. THE DOOR SLAMS BACK IN ON HIM, pinning him. He drops the gun.

The door is ripped back open. Sean.

The Bodyguard lunges at Sean. Mistake. IN A FRIGHTENINGLY QUICK AND FLUID MOVE, Sean takes the bodyguard's arm, bends his wrist back and SNAPS IT.

Before the bodyguard can even scream, Sean cracks the butt of his gun across the bodyguard's skull, knocking him out cold. He drops straight to the ground.

Sean spins, turns his attention to Gamboa. Gamboa quickly puts up his shaking hands.

SEAN
(smiles)
Smart move, motherfucker.

22 INT DEA HEADQUARTERS DAY

22

TITLE: "Monterrey Park. DEA HQ. Next day."

Dozens of people crowd into a small conference room to watch DEA CHIEF THOMAS CONSTANTINE as he drapes MERITORIOUS CONDUCT MEDALS around the necks of numerous DEA AGENTS. Constantine goes to the podium.

CONSTANTINE
Gentlemen, this arrest marks the
culmination of years of hard, hard work.
We've made the dent that the naysayers
said we couldn't make. It took us seven
years, but we did it. The Mexican cartels
know now that the U.S. will not stand by
idly while they pollute our soils with
their narcotics. I salute you, gentlemen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Enjoy the accolades. You've certainly earned them.

Applause. Constantine shakes the agents' hands. An OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of the "stand-ins."

REVEAL Sean, watching anonymously from the audience. His wife, STACEY, 27, blond and beautiful, stands beside him. A SILVER CRUCIFIX hangs from her neck.

STACEY

Ever wish it was you up there?

SEAN

(shrugs)

Those guys live for this shit. Let'em have it. Plus, it'll keep me alive.

She squeezes his arm.

STACEY

Everybody knows it was you.

He looks at all the agents on stage--to a man they're clean-cut, coat-and-tie G-men.

SEAN

Funny thing is, I used to hate cops.

STACEY

Still missing the days of *throwin' down* eses at a kegger in Carson?

SEAN

Sometimes...like right now.

She laughs. They embrace. She squeezes him tight. They kiss.

They continue kissing, oblivious to the fact that Ty Frost, Demetrius, and the rest of the real DEA CREW are congregating around them. They jump onto Sean and Stacey for a group hug, tease and heckle them, "get a room", "what's with the affection, I thought you were married."

Frost comes up to Sean, extends his hand. Sean takes it.

FROST

You've come a long way, punk.

SEAN

Fuck you, pig.

Sean yanks him forward. They hug.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

Sean and Demetrius share a dawning realization that all the stiff UNIFORMED LAPD COPS, CITY OFFICIALS, and DA's are staring at them. Like they're freaks.

And when looking at it from a distance, it becomes quite clear why. None of them are clean shaven, most have long hair or shaved heads, they wear earrings, goatees, tats. They all look like career hoods.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Let's get the hell out of here.

Their entire crew moves out, cutting a path through the smattering of clean-cut law enforcement types, who look on with a touch of disdain, and a great deal of awe.

23 EXT 727 PASSENGER JET DAY 23

A PILOT guides a 727 PASSENGER JET as it lands on a pot-holed, desert dirt runway in the middle of nowhere. A RODENT scurries in front of the plane as it comes to a halt. Southwest Airlines to Oakland this is not.

The Pilot waves to a GROUP OF MEN beside the runway who quickly push a GANGWAY up to the plane.

The PILOT unlocks the door, opens it to find a GUN in his face. A single gunshot ends his life. The MEN look into the passenger hold of the plane. Instead of seats, they find huge VEGETABLE CRATES filled with cocaine.

24 INT MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE DAY 24

The SAME GROUP OF MEN burst into a warehouse, a sea of meat carcasses hanging from hooks. They assault the dozen or so WORKERS milling about, throw them to the ground, guns to the back of their heads.

The men rip open refrigerated boxes of meat. Brown-taped PACKAGES of cocaine spill out.

25 EXT OCEAN / TRAWLER NIGHT 25

TITLE: "Ensenada, Baja California Norte."

A lone FISHING TRAWLER steams northward alongside the Baja coast. At the helm: a focused Mexican FISHERMAN, 41. Next to him, two DECK HANDS. They're sweating like hell, and it has very little to do with the humid night.

A CIGARETTE BOAT appears in the distance, quickly gaining ground on the trawler, it's powerful engine whining.

(CONTINUED)

The fisherman eyes the cigarette boat nervously. He quickly pulls a SHOTGUN out, his hands shaking as he loads shells. He shouts at his deck hands to do the same. They scramble for a couple of RIFLES.

The cigarette boat catches the trawler, CIRCLES IT MENACINGLY. The fisherman is terrified. He tries to make out anyone on board. He can't see.

Suddenly the cigarette boat lurches forward, SLAMS INTO THE TRAWLER. The fisherman and deck hands are thrown to the ground by the impact. Their guns skitter away across the deck.

Two men jump onboard, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS in hand.

As one of the deck hands reaches for his rifle, a BLAST of automatic gunfire obliterates him.

The two men come into the light: one is BAT, 30, gold-capped teeth, chest ripped from endless days under the County-Jail weightbench, a TATOO above his eyelid that reads, "VN."

The other is JACK SLAYTON, 30's, a gringo whose tanned, unshaven face could be mistaken for Mexican if it weren't for the piercing blue eyes. You get the feeling that this guy can blend in in a lot of places.

The deck hand lunges for the other rifle. Too late. Bat fires.

26 EXT UNDERWATER NIGHT 26

Muzzle-flashes illuminate the hull of the boat as the BODY of the deck hand lands in the water. Blood seeps from bullet-holes as the body drifts downward toward CAMERA.

27 EXT TRAWLER NIGHT 27

Jack moves for the hold of the boat, looks inside. Once again, literally TONS of COKE, neatly packaged and ready for the marketplace.

Bat mans the helm as Jack presses a 9mm to the fisherman's temple, forces him to the edge of the boat.

JACK (SPANISH)
(to fisherman)
Tell your people, this is the Devil's
territory now. Now and forever.

The fisherman's eyes plead for Jack to spare his life.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Out! You have 3 seconds before you die.

The fisherman looks below at dark waters passing by. Only 300 meters from the shore, maybe he has a chance.

The fisherman swallows, then spills into the ocean.

The trawler chugs away, leaving him alone in the midnight sea.

28 INT PRISON PHONE ROOM DAY

28

TITLE: "Super Max Federal Penitentiary."

Rows of small cubicles, each occupied by a PRISONER in an orange jumpsuit. The din of jail banter pervades the room as corn-rowed CRIPS, skinheaded NAZI LOWRIDERS, and SALVADORE TRUCHA CHOLOS talk on payphones in the private cubicles.

Memo Gamboa sits in the farthest cube, his ankles and wrists shackled. On the other end of the line, Ramon Cadena's voice:

CADENA (SPANISH)

(over phone)

...they've hit the entire network in the last two days. They're staging a coup, Memo.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)

Who do you think it is?

CADENA (SPANISH)

(over phone)

I don't know yet.

29 INT OFFICE DAY

29

On the other end of the line, Cadena sits at his desk in a government office. Mexican flag on a standard in the corner. AIDES scurrying by in the hall outside.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)

(over phone)

You got to get me out of here, Ramon. I can't spend the rest of my life in a prison cell.

CADENA (SPANISH)

We're exhausting every option, Memo. Political or otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

GAMBOA (SPANISH)
(over phone)
Patch in Marcello.

Cadena dials a second number, conferences it in.

30 INT. COLONIAL MANSION - DAY

30

Santos slowly descends a marble spiral staircase that circles the courtyard of his opulent 200-year-old home. A PHONE is pressed to his ear.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)
(over phone)
...until we know exactly who it is, we
have to watch our backs. It could be
anyone.

SANTOS (SPANISH)
Memo, it's you I'm concerned about.
They'll come for you. I'm sure of it.

31 INT. PRISON PHONE ROOM - DAY

31

Gamboa looks around briefly - at the sinister-looking fucks that surround him.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)
That may be...but I want you to promise
me one thing, Marcello.

SANTOS (SPANISH)
(over phone)
Anything, patron.

Gamboa looks up. Sees the PRISON GUARD approaching. Phone time's up. The Guard motions for the phone.

GAMBOA (SPANISH)
Promise me you'll take care of my family.
Promise me that -

The Guard clicks off the phone before Gamboa has a chance to hear the answer.

32 EXT GAMBOA FAMILY COMPOUND DAY

32

A sprawling old-money estate in the hills of Chapultapec.

TWO BODYGUARDS emerge from the front doorway, ushering GAMBOA'S WIFE and TWO TEENAGE KIDS toward a waiting Cadillac Escalade.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Bodyguard #1 guides Gamboa's family into the backseat of the Escalade, then climbs in behind them, locking the heavy bulletproof doors.

Bodyguard #2 hops behind the wheel. A sense of safety inside the armored executive vehicle. Bodyguard #2 reaches to turn on the ignition.

He starts to turn it over, then freezes halfway. He looks down at the HAIR ON HIS FOREARM. IT STANDS ON END, BRISTLING WITH STATIC ELECTRICITY.

Just as a look of terror starts to cross his hewn face, AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE CADILLAC, killing everyone inside.

33 EXT TIJUANA SUBURBAN STREET MORNING 33

TITLE: "Tijuana."

Ramon Cadena drives to work. He pulls to a stoplight. Hears a voice calling from the sidewalk:

VOICE
Señor Cadena. Señor.

He looks to his left. A 16 year old KID casually approaches his car. Ramon squints his eyes, tries to recognize him.

KID
Hola, Señor.

With that, the Kid pulls out a .22, aims it right at Cadena's head, and fires away. Cadena's head slams back from the impact. The Kid unloads the entire clip into him.

Like that, Cadena's assassinated. The Kid sprints off, drops the gun in a trash-can, and disappears into an alley.

34 INT HANGAR / DESERT AIRSTRIP DAY 34

TITLE: "Mexicali."

A sleek, black 18-WHEEL SEMI pulls up to a remote hangar. The hangar doors slide open. Reveal Bat.

The Semi pulls in. Jack hops out. He unlocks the rear cargo doors. The BROWN COKE PACKAGES are staked wall to wall. He tears one open, peers inside. Pure cocaine. His eyes widen.

JACK
There's a new sheriff in town.

35 EXT DEMETRIUS' HAWTHORNE HOME DAY

35

TITLE: "Hawthorne."

A Bar-B-Que is in progress. Coors Lights flowing. The ICING on a big cake reads, "100th Bust. Congrats Sean and Demetrius." At the grill, Demetrius flips burgers. His son, JELANI, 8, wears a Kobe Bryant Laker jersey and helps Dad man the grill.

Amidst the crowd dominated by law enforcement types are a few distinct HOODLUMS. Regardless, everyone seems to get along remarkably well.

One of the hoods, BIG SEXY, 36, 350 lbs, shoots the shit with Demetrius. When Sean enters, Sexy gives him a big hug:

BIG SEXY

Number three on the FBI top ten!
Whaassuup with that, big dog?! You're the
shit now.

SEAN

You better watch out there, slim, you
might be next.

BIG SEXY

Why you gotta come at me like that,
little bro? I'm already nervous as hell.
I've never been in a room with so many
cops in my life. Shit.

Suddenly, Jelani tackles Sean's leg. They tumble to the lawn.

SEAN

Uh-oh. The little man's comin' to get me.
He's comin'. He's gonna tap me out.

Jelani laughs hysterically as Sean lets him beat him up.

DEMETRIUS

Don't teach him any more of those funky
arm-locks, all right? He already used it
on some kid at school. Last thing I need
is somebody suing me.

JELANI

But Dad, you said I could kick his ass!

DEMETRIUS

Hey! What did I tell you? Watch your
mouth.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Ty Frost and SIGNIFICANT OTHERS arrive. GREETINGS all around. Everybody's in a great mood, but it's pretty clear Frost is a little uncomfortable around Demetrius' gangster buddies.

Demetrius calls to Jelani, whispers in his ear:

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
Shake everybody's hand, now. Be a gentleman.

Jelani does.

SEAN
I'm starving. Let's eat.

Sean loads up a heaping plate of food.

DEMETRIUS
(to Jelani)
You want to be big and strong you have to eat like him. Man eats like a Viking.

36 INT KITCHEN DAY 36

Stacey and Demetrius' wife, CANDICE, 29, black, cook in the kitchen, juggling 10 things at once. Sean approaches Stacey, gives her a peck on the cheek.

STACEY
And you're still going to tell me you want to wait to have kids...Dad?

SEAN
Jelani's my little guy. I love him. You know that.

STACEY
(sighs)
...uh-huh.

She looks away, returns to stirring the pot of boiling pasta.

SEAN
Soon.

STACEY
I've heard that before.

SEAN
What's the matter, Stacey?

(CONTINUED)

STACEY
(still staring into the pot)
Nothing.

SEAN
Come on. I know you. It's not nothing.

STACEY
I...I worry, Sean. I worry.
(she looks up)
What if it doesn't go so perfect one time?
You get with the guys and you all act so
bad-ass. Like you're invincible...Well,
what if you...mess up...once?

Sean puts his arm around her, looks her in the eye.

SEAN
Really soon.

STACEY
Really?

He kisses her on the forehead.

SEAN
Really.

Demetrius interrupts them, calls to Sean:

DEMETRIUS
Yo, yo! Check this out! Hurry!

Sean goes to the big-screen TV.

On CNN: DEA Chief Constantine speaks at a news conference:

DEA CHIEF CONSTANTINE
...we're sending an emphatic message to any
group that has designs of filling the void
left by Gamboa. Effective today, you're
business in Southern California is over.

CNN clip: Gamboa being led to a police car by Gustavo Leon
and a figure whose face has been digitally altered. Sean.

CNN
The operation was run by a small, elite
group within the Drug Enforcement
Administration known as "the Gunslingers".
With their unorthodox, streetwise style,
the Gunslingers are the most successful
narcotics crew in Southern California.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRIUS

That's what I'm talking about.

Demetrius smiles, clasps hands with Sean.

Suddenly, everyone's attention turns to the living room where Jelani has emerged, wearing a flannel buttoned at the top, gangster style. He's confronted by his little sister, RACHEL, 6, who wears her Dad's OVERSIZED COP GEAR-- kevlar vest, DEA cap, big-ass aviator shades.

RACHEL

(play acting)

I've noticed you've been involved in some suspicious activity. Are you trafficking narcotics?

Jelani sways back and forth like a drunk gangster. He sips a bottle of snapple like it's a 40 ounce. He's a real performer, loving the spotlight.

JELANI

Yo, occifer, why you sweatin' me?

Jelani makes a quick move for a toy gun in his waistband. Rachel shoves him to the ground, pulls her own squirtgun.

RACHEL

DEA, MOTHERFUCKER!! DON'T YOU MOVE BITCH,
OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

For a moment, nothing but silence. Candice, Sean, and Demetrius look at each other with wide eyes. Did she just say that? After a moment, everyone busts out in wild LAUGHTER.

37 INT DEMETRIUS' HOUSE NIGHT - LATER

37

Handful of people left - Sean, Stacey, Ty, his wife, Demetrius. They're drunk, having a blast, dancing to Donna Summer.

Demetrius and Stacey break into "the hustle."

DEMETRIUS

Damn, woman. You got some fries with that shake?

Ty joins in, tries to dance hip. He looks like an idiot. Sean and Demetrius look at each other and laugh their asses off.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

(over music)

Yo, Ty. Looking good, whiteboy.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

FROST
I've got rhythm, Lieutenant. Rhythm.

Sean saunters over to Stacey. She dances for him, playfully, sexy as hell. He grabs her ass. She slaps it away.

STACEY
(waves her finger)
Uh-uh-uhhh, naughty boy.

SEAN
Playing hard to get, huh?

STACEY
Oh, you think you're gonna get some tonight, Mr. Bad-Ass?

SEAN
You better believe it.

He grabs her ass, holds her tight.

SEAN (CONT'D)
'Cause Mr. Bad-Ass wants to make babies.

They kiss, slow and sensuous.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Love you.

And they dance.

38 EXT DEMETRIUS' HOUSE NIGHT 38

The party is finally breaking up. Demetrius, Sean, Stacey and the others embrace drunkenly, stumble to their cars. Big Sexy regards all the drunken cops as they climb behind the wheel.

BIG SEXY
I knew y'all drank and drove. I knew it!
See, I knew it!

The others wave him off, disperse into the night streets.

39 EXT VETTER HOME NIGHT 39

The modest house looks over the SANTA MONICA AIRPORT. Planes land, takeoff in the background.

Sean pulls into the driveway. He and Stacey climb out, drunken arms around each other.

40 INT VETTER HOME/BEDROOM NIGHT

40

Sean stands in front of the sink, shirtless, brushing his teeth. Behind him, Stacey undresses, getting ready for bed.

He regards himself in the mirror for a moment. A legion of bruises and scars on his torso and arms. A man that's been there and done that. More than once.

Stacey comes up behind him, clad in nothing but the silver crucifix. She wraps her arms around him, tracing her fingers over his bruises and scars.

She kisses his neck. Whispers:

STACEY
I'm so proud of you.

Then just silence. They stand that way for a long time, together.

41 INT VETTER HOME/BEDROOM - LATER

41

Sean and Stacey lay together, sleeping comfortably.

A SOUND, somewhere in the house. Sean's eyes snap open.

Another SOUND. Impossible to tell where from.

Sean climbs out of bed. In doing so, he awakens Stacey.

STACEY
What is it?

SEAN
Nothing. Don't worry.

He goes out into the hall.

42 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

42

Sean moves through the darkened house, looking around, nerves alive, listening.

He senses something. A person, in the hallway behind him -

Just as he starts to spin, a BASEBALL BAT SLAMS DOWN HARD ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

43 CU-- WRISTS

43

Blood drips from fingertips. CAMERA TRAVELS up the rivulet of blood to a pair of hands, to wrists bound together by BARBED WIRE.

CAMERA TRAVELS up the arms, starting to move now. TRAVEL over the right shoulder and camera comes around to face:

CU-- SEAN

Face distorted by a plastic bag over his head. His breaths mist against the plastic as he awakens. Hears a MOAN and looks over to --

44 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

44

Stacey, mouth gagged with a sock, sits on the sofa, her hands bound behind her back. She does a bad job of concealing her terror as her eyes lock with Sean's.

Sean looks up and around for his assailants. His vision is misted into disconcerting blurs of lightness and darkness.

A FIGURE stands behind him, barely visible in the peripherals of Sean's vision.

SEAN

Whatever you want...leave her alone. Let her walk out of here.

FIGURE

You know that's not the way it works.

Sean's POV: FIGURE #2 appears from the shadows on the far side of the room. It's impossible to make out his features through the plastic, but the shape of the GUN in his hand is unmistakable.

A terrified gasp comes from Stacey's throat. Instinctively Sean moves to protect her, but he's bound tight, nearly topples to the floor.

SEAN

Don't you fucking touch her -

FIGURE

This is the wrong time for pride, gunslinger.

He lays a hand on Sean's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

FIGURE (CONT'D)

Three minutes. That's all this is going to take.

Sean's breaths come quick. The bag sinks into his mouth. He coughs, spits it away.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

One of two things will happen when I walk out of here. One: you and I will be in business. Or two: your wife will be dead.

SEAN

Whatever you want, I'll do it. (to Stacey) Don't listen, Stacey, don't listen. I'm not gonna let them hurt you, I promise.

Sean hears the sound of the SILENCER being screwed on to the pistol in Figure #2's hand.

FIGURE

I need to believe you, Sean. You understand what we're proposing, don't you? Names of undercover agents, the investigations and who you're targeting, the safety of our shipments on this side of the border. I need to stress that the most important thing here is that when you answer...I need to believe you.

Figure #2 puts the muzzle of the silenced pistol to Stacey's temple.

SEAN

Please. Yes. Yes I'll do it. I'll do it. Anything...don't hurt her, please...

Figure #1 digests Sean's answer. Then:

FIGURE

I don't believe you.

Then suddenly and unceremoniously, THE SILENCED PISTOL KICKS.

Stacey's body crumples, dead before she hits the living room floor.

SEAN

NO!

(CONTINUED)

Sean freaks, struggling wildly, capsizing the chair. He kicks and thrashes, tries to free himself, but the barbed wire only digs further into his flesh.

Sean and the chair are yanked violently back upright. He's broken, helpless, his rage for the moment impotent.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll kill you motherfucker...I'll kill you...

Figure #1 stands over Sean, the baseball bat in his hand. If Sean could see his face through the bag, there'd be a thin grin there.

FIGURE

You can't kill the Devil, Sean.

SLAM! The baseball bat crashes down on Sean's skull, the impact so violent, the bat shatters.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

45 INT INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATER

45

SEAN'S POV: A succession of disjointed images - day and night. Doctors, EKG machines, old friends, IV drips, the buzzing fluorescent lights above...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

46 INT INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

46

Sean's eyes open. For a moment, he doesn't move. Blinks once or twice. He's lucid.

He slowly realizes where he is. He looks around the room quickly. Left, right - no one.

Then his eyes fall across Demetrius, who stands quietly in the corner by the window.

DEMETRIUS

How you feeling?

SEAN

Where's she?

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRIUS

Sean, you've been unconscious for -

SEAN

Where - is - my - wife?

Demetrius can't bring himself to say it. He slowly approaches, lays something in Sean's palm. STACEY'S SILVER CRUCIFIX.

DEMETRIUS

She was buried two days ago.

Sean's fingers wrap around the crucifix. His eyes glaze over. His head sinks back to his pillow. He lays that way for a long time, staring at the ceiling with empty eyes. Demetrius stands in the corner and says nothing.

47 INT SUPERMAX PRISON DAY

47

A PRISON WARDEN stands with Sean. Both look down into the prison yard. Hundreds of inmates mill around.

PRISON WARDEN

...he's down on the yard and he refuses to come see you. He said if you want to talk, you have to go to him. There's nothing I can do about that. And I don't need to remind you that down there we've got America's Prison-system All-stars. So, if you want to go down there, that's on you buddy.

Sean is impassive.

SEAN

Take me down.

48 EXT SUPERMAX PRISON YARD DAY

48

A PHALANX of burly PRISON GUARDS escort Sean into the yard. As they enter, the CATCALLS and WHISTLES start.

PRISON GUARD

Without question he's the king in here, man. Respected by Nuestra Familia and La Eme, and those guys don't respect any of the same people, except maybe the Virgin Mary.

As they move further into the yard, the catcalls increase. The Guards don't seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Even the Nazi Lowriders respects the guy. It's not like they like him particularly, but they don't have to. There's one thing you learn in here real quick, and that's to respect power. And to these pieces of shit, he's a nuclear-fucking-bomb.

The place is on the verge of riot. The Guards approach a seating area that's surrounded by 10 EME ENFORCERS--prison's equivalent of the secret service. And Gamboa's the President.

The Prison Guards shove the Enforcers apart. Sean walks through, and there's Memo Gamboa, casually sitting at a bench, reading the Bible.

Everybody in the yard tries to get a glimpse of what's about to go down. The Prison Guards hold inmates at bay. SNIPERS loom above.

SEAN LUNGES AT GAMBOA.

SEAN

YOU KILLED MY WIFE, YOU FUCK!!

Just inches from grabbing Gamboa, the Eme Enforcers drag Sean back. A Prison Guard grabs ahold of him. A wall of tattooed men hold the two sides apart.

SEAN (CONT'D)

THAT WAS MY WIFE!!

The wild banter gets louder. Profanities, general insanity.

SEAN (CONT'D)

-YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD, MOTHERFUCKER.
UNDERSTAND?!

The din of the yard crescendos.

Gamboa barks one word:

GAMBOA

CALLATE!

Immediately, the noise diminishes.

Sean's chest heaves. The fury in his eyes burns into Gamboa. Gamboa looks back at him, and says calmly:

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

They got my wife too...And my two children.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

Sean's breathing slows. He doesn't know what to say.

49 INT SEAN'S CAR DAY 49

Sean drives aimlessly through the South Bay streets, beer in his lap. A 9mm rests on the seat beside him.

He turns down a residential street. Rows of one story, lower middle-class homes. Sean takes it all in - his old haunts.

He passes a PARK. WHITE TOUGHGUYS play hoops, smoke weed, loiter around. Sean slows to a crawl. Two of the older toughguys, late 20's, recognize Sean. They shout to him:

WHITE TOUGHGUY
'Sup Vetter.

Sean stares at them, his hand resting on the 9mm. He acknowledges them with a slight nod.

50 INT SEAN'S CAR LATER 50

Artesia Blvd. Sean is fucked up. He weaves slightly.

As he drives, his eyes become transfixed by the ONCOMING TRAFFIC. His hands grip the steering wheel. He squeezes tight.

But his car still drifts, until he CRASHES INTO A PARKED CAR. The horn blares incessantly. His hood is buckled. Smoke rises from the engine.

He opens the car door, slowly gets out, and just walks away.

51 INT DEMETRIUS' BEACHHOUSE DAY 51

Demetrius dials his phone. The other end rings. No answer. He dials again. Nothing.

DEMETRIUS
Shit.

52 EXT VETTER HOME DAY 52

Demetrius' car screeches into Sean's driveway. He jumps out, knocks on the front door. Nothing. He kicks it open, enters.

53 INT VETTER HOME DAY 53

Demetrius walks through, looks for Sean. He's nowhere.

54 EXT CEMETERY DUSK

54

Demetrius winds through the headstones. Spots Sean, standing over Stacey's grave.

He comes up behind Sean slowly. Stands there silently. Sean senses him. Sean's voice is gravelly, hardly more than a whisper:

SEAN

The stone. Who picked it?

DEMETRIUS

We all did.

Sean looks over the stone, the freshly dug dirt that covers the body of his wife.

SEAN

Just like that. (shakes his head) Never got to see her body. The coffin, funeral, none of it.

DEMETRIUS

Maybe, you know...maybe it's better that way.

SEAN

Maybe it isn't.

Sean looks back down at the headstone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Her and her goddamn faith. She kept chipping away at me 'til I finally caved.

(laughs)

She told me to have faith in the war I fought every day. Told me to have faith in risking my life for what I believed in. Faith in God, that I was doing his work, that this shit we're doing is actually right...

He looks up from Stacey's headstone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

And now...

His voice trails away as he looks around the cemetery at the thousands of other headstones.

He doesn't finish the sentence.

55 INT DEMETRIUS' CAR DAY

55

TITLE: "Venice."

Demetrius and Sean roll down Lincoln, dressed in street attire.

Demetrius holds a TAPE in his hand that reads, "Property LAPD Narcotics." He pops it into the car stereo. They're in mid-conversation:

DEMETRIUS

...I swooped it from narcotics at Parker Center. They had some more of those pay-phone wire-taps going in Ghosttown. If Parks found out about it, everybody in the department would've gotten fired, so I figured I'd help'em out, get rid of the evidence.

Demetrius turns up the volume. The tape plays:

PAY-PHONE CONVERSATION

(first voice)

...everything's dried up. You gotta hook me up...

(second voice)

I know I know. It's taken care of. OD took care of some business for these new players, ya know, took care of that narc's old lady, so, now the shit's gonna be rollin' in...

Sean turns it down.

SEAN

Whose "OD"?

DEMETRIUS

Overdose. Ghosttown's neighborhood hero. He runs it there. Don't know exactly where he is, but, we find his shit, we find him.

SEAN

How are we gonna do that?

56 EXT GHOSTTOWN STREETS DAY

56

TITLE: "Ghosttown, Venice."

The rear doors of a tricked-out Chevy Yukon pop open. Inside, a massive RED-NOSE PITBULL growls. This is CAPONE.

(CONTINUED)

A sharp WHISTLE makes Capone jump out of the car immediately. He walks up to his master, Big Sexy. Sexy looks to Sean and Demetrius who stand next to him.

BIG SEXY
Homey'll sniff out a dime bag in a sewer.
(slaps Capone on the ass)
Go get'em boy!!

Capone tears off around the Ghosttown corner. The streets are lined with old California, blue collar WW2-style bungalows-- doors and windows covered with protective bars. "SLCG" (Shoreline Crip Gang) and "V-13" (Venice 13) are spray-painted everywhere.

BIG SEXY (CONT'D)
Check this out

They all watch as Capone rabidly sniffs out the entire block. An olfactory Terminator.

Capone zeroes in on a black Monte Carlo, stops, and PISSES ON THE TIRE.

BIG SEXY (CONT'D)
Got it.

Big Sexy dials a cell-phone:

BIG SEXY (CONT'D)
(into cell-phone)
Black Monte Carlo. On the 500 block of
Brooks street.

57 EXT BROOKS STREET DAY

57

A sassy METER MAID with big hair, long Flo-Jo fingernails, and a shit-load of make-up saunters down Brooks street. She stops at the Monte Carlo and writes a ticket, slaps it on the windshield. She then notices the car's parked more than 18 inches from the curb. Another ticket. Checks the registration. Another. When she's done, there are 5 TICKETS ON THE WINDSHIELD. She leaves, ignores the car parked right in front of a fire hydrant.

30 SECONDS LATER -

An OPG (Official Police Garage) TOW TRUCK pulls up to the Monte Carlo. Big Sexy hops out. He whistles a tune as he hooks up the Monte Carlo.

(CONTINUED)

An OLD BLACK LADY watches from her porch, none too pleased. She gets up and storms down toward Big Sexy, fire and brimstone fury in her eyes:

BIG SEXY
(mumbles to himself)
Oh shit.

OLD LADY
You assholes don't have anything better to do than harass innocent, hard-working citizens with this bullshit?! This is an honest, blue-collar neighborhood! Why don't you get your fat ass up to the Palisades?! They can afford it, dammnit-

DEMETRIUS
-Excuse me, ma'am. I'm sorry to interrupt, but, is this your car?

The Old Lady is startled by the sudden appearance of Sean and Demetrius.

OLD LADY
Yes it is.

Demetrius motions to Big Sexy. Sexy pops the trunk. Inside: about 6, 7 kilos of cocaine. And three shotguns.

DEMETRIUS
Are you sure about that?

Demetrius shows her his badge. Her eyes widen.

OLD LADY
I've never seen that car in my life, now that I think about it...But, I think I know who's it is.

DEMETRIUS
And who would that be?

She points across the street to a non-descript house.

OLD LADY
Monroe.

DEMETRIUS
Boys around here wouldn't call him Overdose, would they?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

OLD LADY
(realizing)
As a matter of fact they do...I always
knew he was no good.

58 EXT OVERDOSE'S HOUSE DAY 58

Demetrius and Sean cautiously approach the front porch. Sean carries a RIOT SHOTGUN.

Sean sniffs the air. Something's rancid. He looks at Demetrius.

Barely visible on the planks of the sagging wooden porch are 3 DROPS OF BLOOD.

Demetrius unholsters his gun. Raps on the door with the butt. The unlocked door slowly swings open.

No answer. Sean nods to Demetrius. They enter, guns drawn.

59 INT VENICE BUNGALOW DAY 59

Shades are drawn, other windows covered with tinfoil. The place is dark. No movement. The place is strewn with crushed cans of King Cobra, cereal boxes, Nintendo, AK-47's, a police scanner.

FLIES BUZZ throughout the room. The stench is overbearing.

A young black BANGER lies on the kitchen floor, his throat slit wide open, and his tongue pulled out through the wound.

Demetrius gags. At a table sits the body of a YOUNG GANGSTER, propped up in a chair, with so many bullets pumped into his face that his features are unrecognizable.

Demetrius inspects the young gangster's corpse.

DEMETRIUS
Check this out.

He nods to the gangsters wrists that are bound behind his back. BARBED WIRE digs into the flesh.

Sean and Demetrius look at each other.

A SOUND from another room.

Sean spins. The door is shut. Sean puts an ear to it. The sound again. Sean kicks in the door.

60 INT BUNGALOW BEDROOM NIGHT

60

An unmade bed. On a nearby table: cash-counting machines, bottles of pills--growth hormones, steroids, eight-ball baggies of cocaine. Otherwise empty.

The SOUND again, from above. Demetrius looks up, sees a TRAP DOOR in the ceiling. He slowly pulls it open. A set of wooden stairs folds down.

The SOUNDS are definitely coming up there. Demetrius looks at Sean. Sean steps away across the room, aiming the shotgun up at the ceiling, ready to fire through it.

Demetrius ascends the stairs. Just as his head is about to peek into the attic, A GUNSHOT GOES OFF, shattering the wood around the jamb of the trap door.

Demetrius falls back.

DEMETRIUS

JESUS!

A young voice sounds from the attic.

VOICE

(from attic)

Stay the fuck away!

Sean and Demetrius catch their breath. Demetrius puts his gun in his belt. He pulls out his badge. Slowly puts his hands over his head, reaching the badge and his empty hand into view in the attic above.

DEMETRIUS

It's the police. We're hear to help. See, I'm unarmed. I'm coming up. Everything's cool, all right? Just chill...

Demetrius slowly steps up, peeks his head into the attic. Sees OVERDOSE, 22, cowered in the corner in his Jockeys. He's got a GLOCK in his shaking hands.

Just as Demetrius starts to step in, Overdose fires wildly again. Demetrius slumps back.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

Goddammit, motherfucker! I'M TRYING TO BE COOL! I asked you not to do that. I ought to smack the shit out of you. Almost blew my goddamn head off.

(beat)

You think you're the shit, don't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

You and your boys all think you're the bomb, don't you? Why, cuz you move a couple of keys here and there? Cuz you got your 18-inch woofers, your 200-CD disc changers, your gold Dayton's, bling bling hanging from your neck? Let me tell you something. You're nothing but a bitch. And as you can see, you've already gotten fucked like a bitch by the real motherfuckers that run you. They don't move a key, they move 50 metric tons. A month. All you been doing is funding them, and for all your efforts, look where it got you. Sitting in your attic in your tighty-whities, shooting at cops. You got to get your shit straight. It ain't worth it. I'm here to help you. (beat) Now. I'm coming up again.

All the while, Demetrius' eyes have been guiding Sean to the far corner of the room. Sean stands directly under Overdose, the shotgun aimed at the ceiling, his finger tensed on the trigger.

Demetrius slowly climbs the stairs again.

61 INT ATTIC DAY 61

Overdose's eyes bulge with fear. Around him, stacks of duct-taped packages. The Glock trembles in his hand.

DEMETRIUS

Now you want to do the right thing here, brother. All right? Put the gun down.

Overdose is shaking, sweating, scared. He doesn't put the gun down.

OVERDOSE

Fuck you. I don't know who you are.

Demetrius tries something else.

DEMETRIUS

What high school you go to?

Overdose is confused, squints.

OVERDOSE

Say what?

DEMETRIUS

What high school you go to, nigger?
Answer the question-

(CONTINUED)

OVERDOSE

Leuzinger.

DEMETRIUS

No shit. I went to Dorsey. We beat your ass in football every year.

OVERDOSE

Ain't my fault. I didn't play football. I box.

DEMETRIUS

You box, huh? Cool. You still ain't gonna put that gun down, now are ya?

Overdose is calming down a bit. He eases his grip on the gun.

OVERDOSE

I ain't shit. Why don't you just leave me alone, man? I've had a really bad fucking couple of days.

DEMETRIUS

(ignoring)

You know, I grew up in the hood just like you. I used to roll Crenshaw Sunday nights just like I know you do. Cause that's where the bitches are at. Right?

OVERDOSE

...Yeah.

DEMETRIUS

I was one poor, black, angry nigger, because the motherfuckin' police would fuck with me every single goddamn day. And I wasn't even a gangbanger. I just lived on 108th and Hoover with all the boys from Eight Trey, so they figured I must of been slangin' rock, or some bullshit. Shit used to piss me off. Eventually, I got so sick of all those motherfuckers coming down on my ass, that I said, fuck it. "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." And that's exactly what I did. So you see, I'm the exact same as you. I just chose a slightly different career path. Now, with that in mind, do me a favor, and put the gun down. Because you're right, you ain't shit. But I bet you could help me out. And if you do, I'll make sure you get off easy. Sound good, young brother?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

Overdose is speechless. Never before has an encounter with the police gone quite like this. He sets the gun down.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

Good choice, young brother. 'Cause I was about to shoot your ass.

62 INT BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM DAY 62

The bungalow's been cordoned off by police tape. A crime scene investigation in full progress with CORONERS, COPS, etc. Sean rifles through closets, drawers. Demetrius sits with Overdose, speaking quietly with him.

DEMETRIUS

The way I see it, you're the victim here. Right? You saw "Jerry Maguire". "Help me help you."

OVERDOSE

It was Tré, all right? It was Tré.

DEMETRIUS

Who's Tre?

Overdose points to the bullet-riddled gangster. The one sans face, with the barbed wire around his wrists. Sean and Demetrius watch as the CORONER zips up his remains in a BODY-BAG, wheels it outside.

OVERDOSE

Since everything went down with...you know...the big man...things been slow. It was up to 25 a key. But then this new guy was gonna hook us up, get us back in business, know what I'm saying?

DEMETRIUS

No, I don't know what you're saying.

OVERDOSE

I don't know him, ite? But this dude contacted me, said he'd hook me up. 14 a key. Said he's part of this new outfit. Some motherfucker called "Hollywood Jack". But, part of the deal was, to get in business with them, we had to take care of some business for them. So Tre hooked it up, went with this Mexican dude, took care of that cop's lady. Then after the hit, they were supposed to hook me up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OVERDOSE (CONT'D)

But instead, these motherfuckers rolled through and blasted everything. Guess we're not in business anymore.

Sean reaches a hand under the couch, searches.

SEAN

Why are you alive and all your boys dead?

OVERDOSE

I was in the attic.

SEAN

Doing what?

OVERDOSE

Hiding.

Sean pulls something out from beneath the mattress.

SEAN

You were in the attic, hiding, while all your boys were getting shot up? Whassup with that? What're you so scared of-

OVERDOSE

What am I scared of!? Nigger, you happen to notice homeboy over there has his tongue pulled through his neck?! Uh-uh. Fuck that. Those will guys will come down on me way harder than you ever will. You ain't gettin' any more shit out of me.

SEAN

We already did.

Demetrius and Overdose turn to Sean, who holds a PAGER in his hand. Demetrius comes over to have a look.

Sean shuttles through the recent numbers. ALL TEN ARE THE SAME.

Demetrius dials the number on his cell. A WOMAN'S VOICE answers. He and Sean listen over the cell's speaker:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hollywood Tanning.

Sean and Demetrius look at each other. Demetrius hangs up.

DEMETRIUS

I don't think nigger needs much of a tan.

63 INT AIRPORT CUSTOMS DAY 63

LAX International Terminal. Teeming with Angelenos returning from summertime vacations.

Jack Slayton weaves through the crowds, a crooked grin on his face. Now he looks like a fraternity president - beige Polo shorts, nice belt, clean cut hairdo, and a "Rush Sigma-Chi" T-shirt. AC/DC's "Back in Black" roars from his walkman.

Up ahead, he sees people being directed to the Customs desks. Armed CUSTOMS OFFICERS await. A perky-eared GERMAN SHEPHERD eyes the passengers.

Jack rolls his neck, steps into the men's room.

64 INT MEN'S ROOM DAY 64

Inside a stall, he pulls down his bermudas, sits on the toilet seat. Beneath his bermudas: SWEAT-SOAKED BICYCLE SHORTS. He pulls them down, revealing 4 large packets of COCAINE. They're covered in motor oil and ace-banded to either side of his thighs.

He checks to make sure the sweat hasn't breached the plastic. It hasn't.

He wipes away the sweat with a ball of toilet paper, pulls up his shorts, and flushes the t.p. down the toilet.

He washes his face in the sink, cools off, takes a deep breath, then winks at himself in the mirror:

JACK
Sure beats nine to five.

65 INT LAX CUSTOMS DESK DAY 65

As Jack approaches the Customs OFFICERS, they indicate that he should put his bag and passport on the counter. Jack hands his papers to the Officer.

OFFICER
Business or pleasure?

JACK
Cabo's always a pleasure, sir.

Immediately, the German Shepherd approaches him, begins to sniff at his leg.

The officer looks down at the dog. Then locks eyes with Jack.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Anything to declare, Mr. Slayton? Plants,
food, pharmaceuticals?

JACK

No, sir. Just shot down for a bachelor
party with some old fraternity brothers
of mine.

Jack pets the dog's head affectionately, as his snout goes
directly against his thigh and the cocaine beneath.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey pup? You're a good dog, yeah? (to
officer) What's his name?

The officer looks over Jack's passport. The dog sniffs Jack.

OFFICER

Max.

JACK

"Max"? You're kidding, right?

The officer looks down at the dog, which Jack vigorously
scratches behind the ears.

OFFICER

No, why?

JACK

I used to have a dog named "Max", too. A
lab.

OFFICER

Really...

JACK

Great dog. Got hit by a schoolbus.

The officer looks at Jack for a long time. Then down at the
dog pressed tightly against his thigh. Loyal old Max.

OFFICER

Interesting.

The officer stamps Jack's passport:

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Welcome back to Los Angeles, Mr. Slayton.

66 INT LAX TERMINAL DAY

66

Jack strides resolutely toward the baggage claim.

He's sweating like hell now, but grinning all the same.

As he nears baggage claim, something loosens. The ace bandage.

Suddenly, one of the packets SLIDES OUT FROM BENEATH HIS SHORTS, HITS THE TILE FLOOR, SLIDES AWAY.

JACK

Shit -

Jack's eyes widen. The packet of coke comes to a halt in front of a NUN, who stands holding a "Donations for Children with AIDS" basket full of change and 1 dollar bills.

The nun looks down at the packet curiously.

50 feet away: AIRPORT SECURITY LOOKS OVER. Jack approaches the Nun, heart pounding.

NUN

I think you dropped something, sir.

JACK

Yeah. Excuse me.

He casually scoops up the packet and slips it into his bag.

HE DROPS A \$100 BILL INTO THE NUN'S BASKET.

JACK

(smiles)

Have a nice day.

The Nun stares at the \$100 and gasps. She looks up to thank Jack but he's already stepped out into the L.A. afternoon.

67 EXT HOLLYWOOD STREETS DAY

67

Sean sits in a sedan just up the street from the HOLLYWOOD TANNING SALON. A sign hangs in the front window: "For the Look of Wealth". A little further up the street, on the other side, Demetrius sits in another unmarked vehicle.

A HOTTIE with a porn-star body jogs across the street. Demetrius looks up. A look assaults his face that can only be described as a combination of awe, frustration, and self-pity. He brings a TWO-WAY RADIO up to his lips.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

** INTERCUT BETWEEN VEHICLES FOR CONVERSATION **

DEMETRIUS

SWEET JESUS, THERE IS A GOD-
(he hits the car ceiling really
hard)

Now imagine if she was like us and just
wanted to fuck. Like, right now, this
second, in the back of these goddamn
cars. Why can't that just be?

Sean's listens idly; his eyes never leave the tanning salon.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

I can't help from thinking, all women
would benefit from sitting with us, right
here, listening and taking notes. I've
tried to explain it as simply as I can
and they still don't get it. Men-just-
aren't-built-to-be-with-one-woman. We are
here on earth to do one thing. Propagate.
Ensure the survival of the species. Now
why can't they understand that?

SEAN

Got me.

DEMETRIUS

We're programmed to impregnate...many...
and often. And then we're programmed to
get the fuck out of there, hunt down some
food, and get some more pussy while they
take care of Junior. Am I wrong?

Sean shakes his head, manages a chuckle.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

Furthermore, when I tell her, "Baby, I
love you. I really...love you." It's
true. I do. Love. Pure and beautiful. But
that doesn't mean I don't want to hunt
some down and tap that ass. 'Cause with
the bitch that just walked by, it ain't
about love. It's a whole 'nother thing
called fuckin'. And a man needs to do
some fuckin' sometimes without the love
gettin' in the way.

SEAN

You should be a marriage counselor.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETRIUS

Funny you should say that. I was thinking that very thing.

SEAN

You gonna go home now and have this conversation with Candice?

DEMETRIUS

Hell no. 'Cause she'd whoop my ass -

Sean's head snaps up.

SEAN

I think we got our boy.

Demetrius looks up the street, sees what Sean sees--JACK, heading up the sidewalk, whistling. His appearance has changed again. Now it's the Sunset Plaza look. Gelled 'do, BCBG sunglasses, Prada shoes.

As he's about to enter the salon, he notices Sean sitting in the sedan. He nods to him.

JACK

How you doing today?

Sean gives him a "thumbs up", but says nothing. Jack disappears inside.

SEAN

(into radio)

Think he's an actor?

Demetrius chuckles.

DEMETRIUS

Swear to God, everybody walking down the street in this goddamn town thinks they're living in the greatest movie ever written.

68 INT HOLLYWOOD TANNING SALON DAY

68

Jack nods to the beautiful WOMAN working behind the register, reading a copy of "People" magazine.

WOMAN

Hi, boss. How's it going?

JACK

Good, good. Hey, how long's that clown been here?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

What clown?

JACK

Are you blind!? That clown. Mr. Clean!

He impatiently gestures toward Sean outside.

WOMAN

I don't know.

Jack shakes his head. He quickly heads into the back, passing the tanning bays.

69 INT BACK ROOM DAY

69

Jack steps in, stops cold. There's CARRIE, 17, replete with size-D silicone, cutting lines of coke on a pocket mirror. Beside her sits another GIRL, probably 20.

JACK

How you kitty-cats doing?

Carrie stops cutting the coke, tries to smile. Jack nods to the other girl politely:

JACK (CONT'D)

Could you pardon us for a moment?

The girl scurries away. Jack shuts the door, then explodes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you off your fucking rocker, or are you just that dumb?!

Jack frantically cleans up the coke, washes it down the sink.

CARRIE

What?

JACK

Carrie! Do you realize there's a fucking Fed sitting out in front right now!?

CARRIE

No there's not.

JACK

...you're kidding, right?

CARRIE

Oh relax, Jack, it's not like you haven't-

(CONTINUED)

JACK

-SHUT UP! One day they're going to show up with a warrant, and they're gonna come back here, and they're gonna see Carrie-Miss-fucking-Fake-Bake doing a couple cables, and bamm, whose ass is going to prison? Mine! So don't tell me to relax. All it takes is one idiot to stop playing by the rules and the whole fucking pyramid crumbles. (pause) It's kind of like Amway in that respect.

Carrie stares at Jack with blank eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

And tell your buddy to go cruise Ventura in her Camaro or whatever the fuck she does. Just get her out of here.

He turns, leaves the room, slams the door.

CARRIE

(mumbles)

Paranoid asshole.

70 EXT HOLLYWOOD STREETS DAY 70

Jack peeks his head out, looks around. Sean's sedan is nowhere to be seen. He goes to his Porsche, hops in.

Unbeknownst to him, Demetrius and Sean wait up the street in different locations.

71 INT JACK'S PORSCHE DAY 71

Jack checks the rearview. All clear. Turns left. Checks the mirror again:

JACK

Put a!

Through the tinted-rearview: he recognizes Sean. Sean waves to him. Further back is Demetrius' car, though Jack doesn't see it.

Jack bangs a quick, but legal, right turn. Then another. And another. And another.

72 INT SEAN'S CAR DAY 72

Sean's right on his ass through all the turns.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

SEAN
(into radio)
What the fuck is this? NASCAR?

73 INT DEMETRIUS' CAR - DAY 73

Demetrius cranks his wheel, right with them:

DEMETRIUS
(into radio)
Those are left turns.

74 INT JACK'S PORSCHE DAY 74

Jack leans out the window, shouts back at Sean:

JACK
YOU'RE WASTING TAXPAYERS' MONEY!

75 EXT CITY STREETS DAY 75

The Porsche's back bumper is littered with Sheriff's Dept. decals, and a "Say Nope to Dope, Ug to drugs" bumper sticker.

Jack times it perfect, runs a yellow light just as it turns red. Sean runs it anyhow.

Demetrius is cut off by the cross traffic.

76 INT DEMETRIUS' CAR - DAY 76

Demetrius shakes his head. Brings the radio to his lips:

DEMETRIUS
(into radio)
Looks like I'm out. Get him on something.

77 INT SEAN'S CAR - DAY 77

Sean's right behind the Porsche. Jack guides the Porsche along cleanly - not too fast, not too slow, good lane position.

SEAN
(into radio)
I'm working on it.

He squints. Grins slightly.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Mud flaps are too high.

He hits the siren.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DEMETRIUS
(over radio; chuckles)
Damn. That's cheap.

78 EXT CITY STREETS DAY 78

Sean approaches the Porsche.

SEAN
License and registration, please.

Jack hands over the papers, glaring.

JACK
I didn't run that red light. You did.

SEAN
I know.

JACK
Then may I ask what I did?

SEAN
Yes, you may. Your mud flaps are 5 or 6
inches higher than the legal limit.
You're kicking up rocks.

JACK
....ooohhh. The mudflaps, right. (snaps
his fingers) Darn. Told my girlfriend to
fix those.

SEAN
Is that right?

JACK
...Dude. My mudflaps?! Are you for real?

SEAN
You better believe I'm for real, jackass.
Stay put.

Sean walks back to his car, gets on the CB radio:

SEAN (CONT'D)
3VEF370. License number, C6186739.
Anything outstanding?

POLICE DISPATCHER
(over c.b.)
...Registered to a Jack Slayton.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

POLICE DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
Subject has a warrant for a 40508--
failure to appear on a 21954. Palm
Springs. February of '97, over.

Sean pauses.

SEAN
21954? What the hell's a 21954?

The SOUND of keystrokes on the other end of the line, then:

POLICE DISPATCHER
(over c.b.)
Jay-walking, sir.

79 INT DEA HQ DAY 79

Sean peers through a ONE-WAY MIRROR, checks on Jack who sits alone in a stark white, box of a room. Jack's fidgety.

SEAN
He's getting nice and twitchy. You dig up
his jacket yet?

Demetrius hands him Jack's file - there's little more than a brief bio and a single unpaid jaywalking warrant.

DEMETRIUS
What can you possibly do with this?

Sean looks around, grabs a STACK OF PAPER from his desk, sticks it in the folder. Jack's file just grew by two inches.

80 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY 80

Sean steps into the room, sits, glances over Jack's monstrous file. Jack looks at the file nervously.

Sean reads it aloud:

SEAN
"Jack Slayton. Born February 9, 1965.
11722 Tahiti Way, Marina Del Rey,
California."

JACK
Would you mind telling me what the fuck
that is in your hand?

SEAN
(Sean puts his finger to his
mouth)
Shh. I'm reading.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

What is this, the fucking CIA? You got a dossier on me?

SEAN

Watch your language.

JACK

Excuse me? I have the constitutional right to say whatever I fucking please. I also have the constitutional right to not answer any of your asinine questions.

SEAN

"Asinine." Hmm. Impressive. SAT word.

Sean looks over a legitimate part of Jack's file. It reads, "U.S. Marines, 1987-1991. Stationed at Camp Pendleton. F-14 pilot. Military intelligence, 1991-1992. Discharged 1992."

Demetrius watches from behind the one-way mirror.

JACK

This is ridiculous, I was out of the country and forgot to pay a jaywalking ticket. I'll write a damn check.

Jack gets up to leave. Sean grabs him by the shoulder, slams him back down into his seat.

SEAN

What's the name Overdose mean to you?

JACK

Over-who?

SEAN

Overdose.

JACK

There's a human being named Overdose?

SEAN

Just answer the question.

JACK

No. I want my lawyer here, damnit-

SEAN

-you want to tell me why you paged a drug trafficker 17 times in a row?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I didn't page anyone.

SEAN
The calls all came from your salon.

JACK
That doesn't mean I did it. I'd say 90% of my clientele do narcotics. They all use that phone.

SEAN
He also claims you're his supplier. He referred to you as "Hollywood Jack."

JACK
Come again. I'm in here because some jig drug dealer called "Overkill", or "Oreo" or whatever the fuck his name is, mentioned a guy named "Hollywood Jack"? Do I follow correctly?

SEAN
You do.

JACK
Fuck you, call my lawyer.

SEAN
If you've never heard of him, how'd you know Overdose was black?

JACK
What?

SEAN
You called Overdose a "jig." Correct me if I'm wrong, but generally speaking, that term is slang for an "African-American."

Jack is stuck.

JACK
Call my lawyer, pal.

Suddenly, the door flies open. Frost storms in, and he's pissed off. He shakes his head in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

FROST

Let me get this straight. You hauled him all the way in here because he hasn't paid a jay-walking ticket? Is that correct?

SEAN

And his mudflaps were 5 inches too high. But that's not the point. My bullshit detector is going apeshit with this guy-

FROST

-and how do you think you're bullshit detector will hold up in court?! Let me answer that for you. IT WON'T!! YOU'RE FUCKING UP, VETTER! Now get this pip-squeak asshole OUT OF HERE!!

Frost slams the door behind him. Sean stands there, dumbfounded.

JACK

Man. Sucks to be you.

81 EXT DEA HQ / PARKING LOT DAY

81

Jack smirks as he crosses the parking lot for his Bronco.

PULL BACK to reveal Demetrius, slouched down in the front seat of another sedan.

His walkie-talkie crackles to life:

DEMETRIUS

He go for it?

Demetrius watches the oblivious Jack.

SEAN

(o.c.)

Frost should get an Oscar.

Jack climbs into the Bronco. Demetrius can hear the 8-cylinder engine roar to life.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Keep your distance. Let's see where he goes.

DEMETRIUS

Roger, Roger.

(CONTINUED)

Another 20 seconds pass. The Bronco idles, but does not move. Demetrius cocks an eyebrow. Something's not right.

He slowly gets out of the sedan, cautiously approaches the Bronco, staying out of sight.

Nothing can be seen through the Bronco's blacked-out windows.

He swings around the passenger side. THE PASSENGER DOOR IS SLIGHTLY AJAR. The Bronco is empty.

Demetrius searches the streets. An MTA BUS cruises past. A TAXI pulls away from the curb. Dozens of different cars zoom through the busy intersection.

Jack is gone.

Demetrius shakes his head.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
Clever motherfucker.

82 EXT BAR NIGHT

82

TITLE: "South Gate."

Jack steps from the sidewalk into a seedy-looking bar. The faded neon sign over the door reads "Jolly Jack's". Once again, he looks drastically different. Like a trucker - boots, dirty jeans, wifebeater, "CAT Power" hat. The guy's a chameleon.

And at the moment, he's livid.

83 INT JOLLY JACK'S BAR NIGHT

83

The crowd is exclusively Latino. Soccer on big-screen TV. Lots of smoke, Spanish chatter. Red light cascades over long banquet tables. The place feels like Rosarito, not LA.

Jack enters.

Hondo comes up to him. As usual, he's outrageously dressed - huge Stetson hat, open silk shirt, cowboy boots. He's got a couple of beers in his hands.

HONDO
Que pasa, mericon?

Jack responds in fluent, perfect Spanish:

JACK (SPANISH)
Get in back. We got heat.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

Jack grabs Hondo's arm, pulls him in the back room.

84 INT STORAGE ROOM NIGHT

84

Walls are lined with boxes full of liquor, cologne, cigars, TVs, everything. Duty Free in Downey.

Hondo and Jack enter. Bat and another MAN stand before a fold-out table with HEAPING PILES OF CASH lined in neat rows. They funnel the cash through a CASH-COUNTING MACHINE. The machine seems to whir forever. Millions in every denomination.

Jack nods to the man -- POMONA JOE, 40, Nazi Lowrider. Tats run up and down his arms. Shaved head. Thick, long mustache. He's one mean-looking son of a bitch.

Jack goes straight to Bat. Bitch-slaps him hard.

JACK
What the fuck?!

BAT
What the fuck what?

JACK
What the fuck are you doing paging some ghetto rat's crack pad from the tanning salon?! Ten fucking times! Are you on angel dust? Didn't they teach you that on day one of Advanced drug trafficking?! THAT'S FUCKING AMATEUR TIME, MAN! YOU GOT ANY IDEA WHERE I'VE BEEN THE LAST 4 HOURS?

Bat's taken aback. He doesn't know what to say.

JACK (CONT'D)
I been with cops, that's where. And I don't like cops...You slipped up.

Jack shoots Bat point blank in the head. Like that. Bat collapses in a lifeless heap, his limbs slapping against the cement floor.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Hondo & Pomona)
Don't slip up.

Pomona and Hondo look at each other. What the fuck?

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Hondo)
As if this moment, all systems are go.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
We're gonna start moving shit in now. I'm
talking heavy weight.

HONDO (CONT'D)
But we don't have buyers set up yet.

Jack looks at him coolly.

JACK
Find'em.

Jack slides Hondo the bag of coke he smuggled in at LAX.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wet their palate with that. I'll be in
TJ.

He turns and walks out the door.

85 INT SUPERMAX PRISON/VISITING ROOM DAY 85

The Prison Guard leads Sean into a visiting room. Gamboa
waits for him there. The Guard leaves.

GAMBOA
Find the man who killed your wife?

The two men stare at each other.

SEAN
...what do you want?

GAMBOA
I think I can help you.

SEAN
How the hell could you possibly help me?

GAMBOA
It's too bad you have that attitude,
because you and I are looking for the
same man.

SEAN
And who would that be?

Gamboa doesn't answer.

GAMBOA
I need to talk to you about my living
conditions. I don't particularly care for
them.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

You're in prison. What do you expect?

GAMBOA

I didn't expect to eat my meals next to low class, foul-mouthed 18-year-olds who think they're far tougher than they really are. You and I both know I don't belong here.

SEAN

Tough shit.

Gamboa pauses.

GAMBOA

If you got me out of here, I'd give you the man who killed our families.

Sean doesn't say anything.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

You do something for me, I do something for you.

SEAN

This isn't Mexico.

GAMBOA

Sean, don't you understand what I'm trying to tell you? Your only chance is if you stop thinking like a cop. I hope your not naive enough to think things are straight here.

SEAN

I hope your not naive enough to think you can manipulate me.

GAMBOA

Think about it. You put a bullet in his head, and I walk. Easy.

SEAN

Okay. Where is he?

GAMBOA

Prison walls have a way of slowing the dissemination of information.

SEAN

Bullshit. Not for someone like you.

(CONTINUED)

Sean starts to get up.

GAMBOA

Your wife's killer is out there, walking free as we speak. Tonight, he'll probably go home and fuck his wife, his mistress, whatever. Lie with her in bed, enjoy her by his side. But you, you're going home alone...What do you say, Sean?

Sean tried not to listen, but he heard it all. He turns and leaves. But Gamboa knows, he's got him.

86 INT GYM DAY

86

"Redondo Beach PD Grappling Club" is emblazoned across the cinder-block walls. Cops lift weights, spar in rings.

Sean and Demetrius grapple on the mats. Sean manhandles him. Demetrius taps out, his ass thoroughly kicked. Out of breath:

DEMETRIUS

You're the only motherfucker that can kick my ass. You know that, right? The only one.

87 INT GYM SHOWERS DAY

87

Sean leans his head against the tiled wall, water running down his face. Demetrius shaves.

SEAN

...growing up, we used to break the law all the time. And if it helps me get closer...I don't know. They don't play by the rules. Why should we?

DEMETRIUS

Brother. What you're talking about? That's Rampart-style. We're not punk-ass gangbangng kids anymore. We made a choice.

SEAN

The more I look at it, the more I think the difference between us and them is...

(holds his thumb and forefinger
an inch apart)

It could've gone either way for me.

DEMETRIUS

No shit. Same here-

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

-it took us seven years to get Gamboa...I don't know if I can wait that long-

DEMETRIUS

-but we can sleep at night, dog.

SEAN

...you can sleep at night.

That hits Demetrius hard.

DEMETRIUS

Sean. You don't think it kills me to see you like this. And you don't think it kills me to see them, breaking the law and living a better life for it. All that cash, all their cars, fine bitches everywhere...but at the end of the day, I don't want to watch Jelani grow up through an inch thick glass partition with a Sheriff's department goon breathing down my neck.

Sean's listening.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, we don't need to compromise. We'll get them on our own.

Sean nods. Demetrius stands, pats Sean on the back.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

Hungry?

SEAN

Na.

DEMETRIUS

What's the matter with you? You're always hungry.

SEAN

I don't know. Ever since this whole thing, just lost my appetite.

88 INT GAMBOA'S CELL DAY

88

Gamboa reads the Bible.

The PRISON GUARD taps the cell bars. Gamboa looks up.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

The Guard hands Gamboa a folded up newspaper. Inside, Gamboa finds a CELL-PHONE. The Guard winks at Gamboa, quietly leaves.

89 INT LOCKER ROOM DAY

89

Sean gets dressed. Demetrius throws on after-shave. Sean's cell-phone rings. He answers:

SEAN

Vetter.

A familiar voice on the other end of the line.

GAMBOA

(on phone)

It's Guillermo Gamboa.

Sean stops.

SEAN

How did you get this number?

GAMBOA

That's not important-

SEAN

-who gave you this number?

GAMBOA

-what's important is, I've found the man we're looking for. His people are looking for buyers. (pause) If you can come up with enough money, you can flush him out.

Sean doesn't respond.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Think of it as an act of good faith.

Long pause. Sean locks eyes with Demetrius.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I work with you, you work with me, right?

90 INT STRIP BAR NIGHT

90

TITLE: "The Jet Strip. Norwalk."

Red-lit, smoky shithole with an island theme. STRIPPERS with big fake tits undulate on the stage.

(CONTINUED)

Sean's goatee has been trimmed Lucifer style, his hair slicked back; he wears a baggy shirt and a gold watch. He sucks down cocktails with Pomona Joe.

Pomona stirs his drink with a mini-umbrella. Demetrius sits nearby, checking out the strippers.

SEAN

...we've been hurting for product ever since they took down the big man. I hear all kinds of crazy shit about "Diablo". I don't want to get in anybody's way. No drama, you know what I'm saying? I just need to get back into business.

Pomona looks around. The music is loud. No one's within earshot.

POMONA

Diablo's making some bold moves. Really bold. He doesn't give a fuck about any of the niggers or the lower level guys. His boys are just cutting them out. Bamm, gone. Streamlining the pipeline. But when it comes to us, they gotta be careful. If they fuck with our business, they'll have problems in the jails. We'll kick their fuckin wet-back ass in every jail in the state. It's an insurance policy for'em. They don't want to get whacked if they get pinched. So, we got Central and Nor-Cal. They got So-Cal. Simple.

SEAN

You don't have to worry about me. I'm not even dealing with California.

Pomona leans into Sean, whispers into his ear:

POMONA

Then let's talk business.

Sean nods toward Demetrius.

SEAN

We want a shipment like this first one every month.

Pomona raises his eyebrows.

POMONA

You know how big this one is?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Sure.

Pomona sizes up Sean and Demetrius. Finally:

POMONA

He'll do nineteen-five per.

SEAN

What? No way. Too much.

POMONA

Too much? You got some nuts on ya.

SEAN

I'm just trying to make a living, man.

Pomona runs his hand over his bald dome, thinking.

POMONA

All right, eighteen. He can do eighteen. You know how tight it's been around here lately. Any less than eighteen isn't good business.

SEAN

...Done.

Pomona nods.

POMONA

Here's the deal. Get a car - something clean, registered - stick the cash in the trunk, bring the car and meet me at 2 o'clock on Friday. The In N' Out in Diamond Bar, just off the 60. My people will be there. You switch keys with them, and that's it.

Sean looks Pomona in the eye.

SEAN

I'm trusting you're a good businessman. Don't forget, this could lead to more deals. But you fuck with me, you'll find yourself some trouble.

Sean and Demetrius stand.

POMONA

You don't worry about that, tough guy. You just do what I told you, don't bring no one, and you'll be fine...

91 INT DEA HQ DAY

91

The War Room. Video screens with diagrams, slide projections, photographs. "OPERATION INFERNO" is written across the coverpage of the notebooks distributed on every desk.

50 OPERATIVES look up from the notebooks to Sean, who speaks from the podium:

SEAN

...nailing Gamboa is turning out to be more cosmetic than anything else.

The Operatives wear their respective agency logos on their shirts or baseball caps: US CUSTOMS, JUSTICE, LAPD, LASD, SDPD, and DEA on Sean and Demetrius' hats.

SEAN (CONT'D)

The problem is, when we nailed him, we cut the head off of a monster, and that monster is growing new heads in its place. Now everybody is trying to get a piece of the Corridor. But one group is making the strongest play. And whoever's running it is being referred to as "Diablo."

He brings up a slide on the screen behind him. A SURVEILLANCE PHOTO OF JACK SLAYTON.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe that this is our guy. His group's first big move was to hit Gamboa's ring, where they managed to steal tons of coke. With that, they're going to make their second big move, which is to flood the L.A. streets with it in a straight-up hostile takeover. And if that happens, we're right back where we started. (pause) We do this right, we can nip it in the bud, shut it down before these guys become the next cartel...

92 EXT DEA HQ WALKWAY DAY

92

Frost and Sean walk down the hallway from the War Room.

FROST

Sean, don't think I don't know exactly what your motives are on this one. If you weren't so good at what you do, I'd never have agreed to this.

Frost stops in front of his office, points a finger at Sean.

(CONTINUED)

FROST (CONT'D)
Don't fuck it up.

Frost disappears into his office, leaving Sean standing alone in the hallway.

93 INT VAN DAY

93

Sean and Demetrius sit together in the back of the van. Sean carefully tapes a MINIATURE BROADCAST MIC to the inside of Demetrius' waistband. Demetrius eyes Sean as he works:

DEMETRIUS
You made a deal with Gamboa, didn't you?

Sean doesn't say anything.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
You don't back out of a deal with that guy. You don't deliver, you're a dead man.

Sean finishes taping him. Slaps him on the shoulder.

SEAN
We'll cross that bridge when we get there.

94 EXT IN N'OUT BURGER / PARKING LOT DAY

94

TITLE: "Diamond Bar."

In N'Out Burger. 100° heatwaves ripple across the thousand-car parking lot that stretches away to Vons, TGIF, etc.

Demetrius waits alone, next to a nondescript FORD THUNDERBIRD.

Pomona Joe pulls up in a lowered El Camino, leans out the window.

POMONA
How's it goin'?

They shake hands. Demetrius wipes sweat from his upper lip.

DEMETRIUS
It's too goddamn hot.

POMONA
Good practice for hell.

Demetrius manages a chuckle.

DEMETRIUS
We cool?

(CONTINUED)

POMONA
Yeah. The big man will be here in a
minute. You all set?

Demetrius nods, pats the trunk of the Thunderbird. Pomona
grins, pulls his car around into nearby a parking space.

Demetrius casually speaks into his shirt:

DEMETRIUS
You hear all that?

SEAN
(in earpiece)
Loud and clear.

95 INT SEDAN DAY 95

30 meters away, Sean and Frost sit slouched in a parked car.
A RIOT SHOTGUN rests on Sean's lap. His eyes are alive.

SEAN
How we feeling?

DEMETRIUS
(over mic)
Like one, hard, pipehittin' motherfucker.

Frost watches through mini-binocs as Pomona climbs out of the
El Camino. POMONA DIALS A CELL-PHONE. Frost takes the mic.

FROST
(into VHF mic)
There's the call. Our boy should be on
his way now. So stay alive. And make sure
that when he takes the keys, we wait
until he opens the door. When he opens
the door - boom - we nail em.

96 EXT PARKING LOT DAY 96

JUMP CUT around the parking lot; reveal UNDERCOVER AGENTS
everywhere:

At the bus stop, 2 MEN wait, tiny mics in their ears.

In the drive-thru, 3 AGENTS sit in a car, ordering.

Ten cars down from Demetrius, a MAN and WOMAN put groceries
into their trunk.

2 AGENTS shoot the scene from the Vons roof with 500mm lenses.

(CONTINUED)

From a blacked-out van, Demetrius' every move is videotaped.
Pomona turns. A LINCOLN TOWNCAR ROLLS INTO THE LOT.

FROST
(in earpiece)
We've got a car pulling into the lot...a
Lincoln. Stay sharp.

Demetrius looks up. The TOWNCAR pulls up and parks nearby.

The telephoto lenses' MOTORDRIVES whirl as they take dozens of
pictures of the scene.

A man steps out of the Towncar, faces Demetrius. Hondo.

HONDO
You got my shit?

DEMETRIUS
Yup.

HONDO
Then let's see what you got.

Demetrius leads Hondo to the Thunderbird. Demetrius puts the
keys in the lock.

Sean and Frost watch every move.

FROST
(in Earpiece)
Stay alive, people.

Demetrius pops the trunk open. Looks inside.

It's crammed wall-to-wall with \$100s. MILLIONS IN CASH.

HONDO
Is that all of it?

DEMETRIUS
To the penny.

Hondo surveys the surrounding parking lot, pauses. His EYES
go to a MEXICAN standing in line at In N' Out. The Mexican
nods almost imperceptibly, then deliberately turns the
BASEBALL CAP on his head backwards.

Demetrius closes the trunk, hands Hondo the Thunderbird's
keys. Hondo doesn't take them.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
You got my keys?

Hondo just stares at him.

97 INT SEDAN DAY 97

From Sean and Frost's POV: Hondo and Demetrius are face-to-face.

SEAN
What's he doing?

98 EXT IN N'OUT PARKING LOT DAY 98

Hondo's eyes are still on the Mexican. The MEXICAN'S EYES go to a YOUNG PREGNANT WOMAN on the far end of the parking lot, pushing a shopping cart. She subtly acknowledges his gaze, pulls out a cell-phone, hits "SEND". She pauses until it connects, then enters a NUMERIC PAGE.

99 INT CHEVY IMPALA DAY 99

A PAGER BEEPS. The DRIVER checks it. Across the LCD screen, three digits appear -- "911".

The Driver pauses for a moment, then looks over his shoulder at TWO VARRIO NORWALK GANGSTERS in the backseat.

100 EXT IN N'OUT PARKING LOT DAY 100

Hondo nods to Demetrius.

HONDO
Take off your glasses, bro.

Demetrius pauses, then peels off his shades.

HONDO (CONT'D)
Where do I know you from?

DEMETRIUS
I don't know. Played football at Arizona State.

HONDO
No. That's not it. I don't forget a face.

101 INT SEDAN DAY 101

Sean grits his teeth:

SEAN
...Give him the keys...

102 EXT IN N'OUT PARKING LOT DAY 102

Hondo just stares at Demetrius. Finally, he hands Demetrius a set of KEYS.

HONDO

It's the black Towncar over there.

He points toward the Towncar parked 100 feet away.

HONDO (CONT'D)

Enjoy.

Hondo circles around the front of the Thunderbird. Demetrius walks quickly toward the Towncar. He whispers into his shirt:

DEMETRIUS

Second he opens the door, jump his ass.

At the Thunderbird's front door, Hondo stops. Doesn't put the keys in.

103 INT SEDAN DAY 103

Frost pounds his fist on the dash. Through clenched teeth.

FROST

Come on, asshole! Open the door!

Sean sits up. ACROSS THE LOT, A CHEVY IMPALA CRUISES SLOWLY TOWARD DEMETRIUS.

SEAN

Wait a minute. Who's in that car?
Demetrius...

104 EXT IN N'OUT PARKING LOT DAY 104

The Impala's window rolls down as it approaches Demetrius.

Sean jumps out of the sedan, blows his cover.

SEAN

DEMETRIUS, BEHIND YOU!

Demetrius spins. A VATO levels a sawed-off Mossburg SHOTGUN at him:

VATO

You ain't gettin' shit, ese.

THE SHOTGUN ROARS. Demetrius flies back. His blood splatters against the side of a car.

(CONTINUED)

Total chaos. AGENTS come out from everywhere. Deafening gunfire roars in the parking lot. Hondo takes cover behind the Thunderbird.

The Vato jumps out of the car, stands over Demetrius. HE PRESSES THE BARREL OF THE MOSSBURG TO DEMETRIUS' HEAD.

VATO (CONT'D)
Varrio Norwalk, puto.

As his finger tenses on the trigger, A SHOT RIPS INTO HIS CHEST. He crumples to the ground immediately. Dead.

SEAN RUSHES UP TO DEMETRIUS. Fires over the hood at the passing Impala.

2 VARRIO NORWALK GANGSTERS unload their Mac-10s from the Impala, spraying wild gunfire at Sean and Demetrius.

The Impala skids to a halt next to the Towncar. Hondo runs for the two cars, as the gangsters empty their Mac-10 clips. The agents are pinned down.

Hondo makes it to the cars under the cover of the Mac-10 fire.

Pomona, cowering behind a minivan, tries the same. Two steps into the open, A SHOT RIPS INTO HIS KNEE. He collapses onto the cement, writhing.

The Towncar and Impala fly out of the parking lot. GUNFIRE SHATTERS THEIR WINDOWS, TEARS INTO THEIR SIDEPANELS.

Sean turns to Demetrius. Demetrius gasps for breath. Sean tears Demetrius' shirt open to reveal a KEVLAR VEST beneath.

The only problem is that the shotgun blast STRUCK TOO HIGH - TEARING A GAPING HOLE INTO DEMETRIUS' SHOULDER AND CHEST. Blood runs freely; life is ebbing from his eyes.

SEAN
GET AN AMBULANCE OVER HERE, NOW!

Demetrius' eyes glaze over. He's going into shock. COPS rush over.

COP
Vetter. We're here. Just relax buddy-

SEAN
-Don't tell me to fuckin' relax! Where's the fucking ambulance! Help him!

(CONTINUED)

COP
Vetter, take it easy! They're here.
They're coming.

An EMT TEAM rushes over. They clear an area around Demetrius, begin working on him.

Sean's pushed back to the where he can only watch helplessly. The EMTs try to stem the flow of Demetrius' blood.

A SEDAN SKIDS TO A HALT BEHIND HIM. Inside: Frost.

FROST
Vetter!

105 EXT INLAND EMPIRE STREETS DAY 105

The Towncar and Impala fly through traffic at 90+ mph, followed by 2 COP CARS. Frost's SEDAN rips around the corner, catches them. Awesome, VIOLENT GUNFIRE ERUPTS.

The back window of the Impala shatters. Suddenly, the MUZZLE OF A MAC-10 APPEARS from the Towncar. Frost watches in horror as it OPENS FIRE on the three agents behind.

COP CAR #1'S WINDSHIELD EXPLODES RED. Everyone inside is wasted. The car careens sideways against the flow of traffic, collides into a ROW OF PARKED CARS.

Frost blasts away at the Towncar. 9mm holes rip into the side.

AHEAD: A BLIND INTERSECTION. The Impala and Towncar fly through, crank left. Everywhere, cars lock up brakes.

But FROST GUNS IT...slides sideways...and makes it through JUST AHEAD OF A HUGE SUV.

COP CAR #2 tries to shoot the gap...and SLAMS HEAD-FIRST INTO THE SUV.

EVERYTHING GOES UP IN A HUGE FIREBALL. Shop windows shatter.

The Towncar and Impala skid into a barrio alley.

Frost's sedan right on them.

106 EXT BARRIO ALLEY DAY 106

The Impala races through the 12-FOOT WIDE ALLEY first, followed closely by the Towncar and sedan.

More MAC-10 fire roars from the Towncar. FROST'S WINDSHIELD EXPLODES. Shards of glass implode in on Frost and Sean.

(CONTINUED)

The MAC-10 GUNMAN RELOADS. Sean yanks the 10-GAUGE PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN from the dash rack.

The Gunman levels the MAC-10 at Sean just as Sean slides the pump action. Sean UNLOADS again and again through the open windshield.

The REAR TIRE of the Towncar EXPLODES. It fishtails wildly, slides sideways down the alley, FRONT AND BACK BUMPERS GRINDING ALONG THE ALLEY WALLS.

It jerks to a halt. Frost JAMS ON THE BRAKES. TOO LATE. He T-BONES THE TOWNCAR at 65 mph.

The Towncar LURCHES FORWARD from the impact. Frost's GRILL DIGS INTO THE TOWNCAR'S SIDEPANEL.

The momentum causes the rear of Frost's sedan to leave the ground, GET AIRBORNE...

THE SEDAN STARTS TO FLIP. 45° ANGLE AND RISING FAST.

Frost's seatbelt is secure. But SEAN'S ISN'T...

The sedan passes the 90° angle...

The SHOTGUN FLIES FROM SEAN'S HANDS, tumbling away through the broken windshield...

135°. SEAN FALLS...reaches vainly...his FINGERS GRAB THE BROKEN EDGE OF THE WINDSHIELD as he falls past...

His FINGERS DIG IN. Blood flows. He DANGLES FROM THE CAR, PULLS HIMSELF BACK INSIDE, just as...

The SEDAN SLAMS DOWN INVERTED ATOP THE TOWNCAR.

Together, the 2 CARS SLIDE TO A HALT.

Sean looks down. The Driver of the Towncar, a VARRIO NORWALK VATO, looks up at him through the Towncar's OPEN SUNROOF.

The Vato shakes the cobwebs out of his head, reaches for his Tec-9.

He aims up, squeezes off a wild shot. It punctures the Towncar's roof, hits the head-rest RIGHT NEXT TO FROST'S HEAD. SEAT CUSHIONING EXPLODES.

FROST

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

With lightning-quickness, Sean reaches down, YANKS THE VATO UP THROUGH THE SUNROOF.

He slides his forearm under the Vato's jaw, crook of the elbow under the Vato's chin. He locks it tight around his neck. A VICE-GRIP.

The Vato's face turns bright red and he passes out.

With his other hand, Sean relieves the Vato of his Tec-9. The Vato collapses down into the Towncar.

Sean slides down, DANGLES HIMSELF UPSIDE-DOWN THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE TOWNCAR. Sweeps the interior with the Tec-9.

The MAC-10 gunman lies slumped unconscious in the backseat. Blood runs from his temple.

Sean and Frost peel themselves out of the wreckage. Frost pops open the Towncar's trunk. EMPTY.

Sean looks up the alley. The Impala is nowhere to be seen.

107 INT MEDIVAC HELICOPTER DAY

107

The helicopter races west toward LA.

L.A. County MEDICAL PERSONNEL work frantically on Demetrius. The helicopter floor is awash with blood.

Demetrius' body convulses.

The TECH pulls out the DEFIBRILLATOR. Slams it against Demetrius' chest. His body jumps. Nothing. The vital signs indicator shows no pulse.

Sean watches his friend helplessly through dazed eyes.

MED TECH
We're losing him!

They shoot him with A FULL SYRINGE OF ADRENALINE. All the muscles in Demetrius' body tense. His eyes bulge.

THE VITAL SIGNS INDICATOR JUMPS BACK TO LIFE. It quickly races back up to 180 bpm.

108 INT LA COUNTY HOSPITAL DAY

108

MEDICS burst through the doors, rush Demetrius into the ICU. They prep him for surgery. An army of doctors surround him.

Demetrius' eyes are closed. Sean stands over him.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
Come on, dog...come on...

Then, slowly, Demetrius' eyes open, bloodshot and glazed.
He blinks slowly, acknowledging Sean's presence. He mouths
two words:

DEMETRIUS
...hungry yet...?

Sean drops his head in relief. He grabs Demetrius' hand, smiles.
An OXYGEN MASK is placed over Demetrius' mouth just as a weak
smile crosses his face.

109 INT HOSPITAL HALLWAY DAY 109

Candice wails hysterically in the hallway. Several NURSES
restrain her. Jelani and Rachel stand beside her, scared and
confused.

Sean pardons his way to her, pulls her away from the Nurses.
She screams and thrashes in Sean's arms.

CANDICE
- Sean what's the matter with him I don't
want him to die please tell me he won't -

Sean squeezes her tight.

SEAN
He's okay, Candice. He's going to be
okay.

Candice looks into Sean's eyes, searching.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I promise.

The look in Sean's eyes calm her. He sits her down, pulls
Jelani and Rachel near.

Rachel is quiet. Too young to fully comprehend what's going
on. Jelani, however, is scared as hell.

SEAN (CONT'D)
How's my little man doing?

SEAN (CONT'D)
Are your Dad and I going to see you play
some ball next week or what?

(CONTINUED)

JELANI
I got a game this weekend.

SEAN
You do? How many sacks you gonna get?

JELANI
Did Dad tell you? Last week I got seven.

SEAN
He sure did, my man. Your dad's so proud of you.

Sean picks Rachel up, sets her on his lap.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You know, your Dad and I were fighting a bunch of bad guys today. It got pretty rough, but, you should've seen your dad. He kicked a lot of butt.
(to Jelani))
Just like you're gonna do in this Saturday. Right?

Jelani looks up at Sean. Finally, a shy smiles crosses his face.

JELANI
Right.

Sean rubs Jelani's head, puts his arm around Rachel. Looks at Candice. The four of them lapse into silence, sitting together, waiting...

110 INT WAITING ROOM NIGHT 110

The waiting room is now full--several task-force members have arrived. A SURGEON approaches Candice and Sean.

SURGEON
Mrs. Hicks. Your husband lost a lot of blood, but he's going to make it. He's now in stable condition.

Candice hugs the Surgeon.

CANDICE
Oh praise God. Thank you. Thank you.

Frost approaches. He looks like he's at the end of his rope.

FROST
Vetter.

111 INT HALLWAY NIGHT

111

Sean and Frost walk out of ear-shot of the others.

FROST
You've been talking to Gamboa.

SEAN
What about it?

FROST
What about it? This was a disaster. 4
officers and 3 civilians are dead. There
were no drugs in the Towncar. Nada.

SEAN
You're point being-

FROST
Point being this ain't working. You need
better intel.

SEAN
Since when is a sting an exact science?

FROST
Can't you see what's going on here?
You're doing Gamboa's dirty work for him.
You're too hot in the head and he's using
that. You're his fucking errand boy!

Sean pauses, thinking. Then:

FROST (CONT'D)
Here's what we're going to do. Everything
is going to be run through me from now
on. I mean everything. No more long
leash. No more leash at all for that
matter. I'm doing you a huge fucking
favor here, Vetter. Now do me a favor -
stay off the streets, stay home, and I'll
call you when we've got something.

Sean digests it. Then:

SEAN
I'll do you a favor.

He slaps his BADGE into Frost's hand. Then turns and walks
resolutely up the hall.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

FROST

Vetter, dammit! What are you doing? Don't go rogue on me now, Vetter!

Sean keeps walking, leaving Frost standing alone in the hallway.

112 INT VETTER HOME DAY

112

Sean walks into his quiet, empty home. He stands in his living room, alone, and looks around. The place is a mess.

He sifts through weeks of mail. He suddenly stops, looks down at one envelope. A cell-phone bill. It's heading reads; "MRS. STACEY VETTER."

Sean just stares at the letter with vacant eyes.

He looks up to a photo on the wall: he and Stacey on the beach in Hawaii. The silver crucifix hangs from her neck.

Sean's head drops. He brings his hand to his face. It's shaking. He shuts his eyes, and sinks into his couch. His whole body starts to shudder.

Finally, Sean breaks down.

113 EXT COURTYARD DAY

113

An exquisite Spanish Colonial mansion. A party is in progress. Marcello Santos weaves through the 3 dozen POLITICIANS and their wives in attendance. They nibble on caviar, chat away, occasionally take a drag of a Cuban cigar.

The motif today is WHITE--immaculate white suits on the politicians, broad-brimmed white hats on the stately women, white flowers on the buffet tables.

Santos approaches Armando Rodriguez.

SANTOS (SPANISH)

You wanted to talk?

Armando's eyes are hidden behind sunglasses:

ARMANDO (SPANISH)

You heard about the incident in Los Angeles, of course? In Diamond Bar.

Santos nods.

(CONTINUED)

ARMANDO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)

It made Headline News on CNN. They did a special on what they called "the Mexican Cartel's growing presence in Southern California." Five people were killed.

SANTOS (SPANISH)

And what does this have to do with me?

ARMANDO (SPANISH)

This does not look good for us. At all. Our President has been on the phone with the Americans for the last 2 days. They aren't happy. This is very bad press. Very bad.

Armando stares Santos in the eye.

ARMANDO (SPANISH) (CONT'D)

We used to keep things quiet. What happened?

SANTOS (SPANISH)

Why do you look at me? I'm as much in the dark as you are. I had absolutely nothing to do-

ARMANDO (SPANISH)

-be quiet! You're insulting my intelligence. I don't care who was involved. As long as you run the corridor, it is you're responsibility to control it. We wanted everything quiet. And it isn't. So figure out what is going on and put and end to it.

Armando turns away. One of the Politicians leans toward Santos:

POLITICIAN (SPANISH)

We cannot upset our trade agreement. For now, business is over. Understood?

The Politician's stare burns into Santos. That wasn't just an order. It was a threat.

POLITICIAN (SPANISH) (CONT'D)

Understood?

Santos and the Politician lock gazes. Santos seethes.

SANTOS (SPANISH)

...Yes.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

POLITICIAN

Good. You may go.

Santos slowly leaves.

114 INT SUPERMAX/GAMBOA'S CELL DAY 114

White walls, buzzing fluorescent lights, constantly panning video surveillance cameras. We're in the highest security cell of the highest security prison in the world. The place is immaculate, surreal in its sterility. Straight out of a Kubrick movie.

Sean enters, finds Gamboa sitting on his bed, a book in his lap.

GAMBOA

So how did it go?

SEAN

You know exactly how it went. You set me up. What kind of "good faith" is that?

GAMBOA

Take it easy, my friend -

SEAN

- cut the shit. They knew we were cops.

GAMBOA

Look, you wanted an in. I got you an in. The fact that you screwed it up is entirely none of my affair.

Sean locks eyes with him.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I have nothing to gain by setting you up.
I have everything to gain by having you
on my side.

For a few intense moments, nothing is said. Gamboa looks back at him simply.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

So tell me about this woman that makes
you do all this.

Sean lets out a long sigh--the sigh of a man with nowhere to turn.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

What's to tell? She was my savior. If I didn't meet her, I would've been dead by the time I was eighteen...

GAMBOA

It makes you ill...in your soul. Doesn't it? Like her blood is on your hands, and you can never wash it off.

He looks across at Sean.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

That feeling...that's what I'm forced to live with now. It's the only thing that keeps me company in here. And the worst part is that I can do nothing about it.

Sean looks around the place.

SEAN

You're the last person I ever thought I'd have anything in common with.

GAMBOA

We might've been friends, maybe.

SEAN

...maybe.

Gamboa studies Sean for a moment.

GAMBOA

I can't do anything about him. But you can.

(pauses)

What would you say if I told you I've come across something that will help us enormously?

SEAN

I'd say you have to be a little more specific.

GAMBOA

What is the one thing that a man in my position will touch in this business? The end product. The end result.

SEAN

...the money.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

GAMBOA

If you get to the money, you can follow it back. You follow it back, you find our man.

(pauses)

I know where the money's being safehoused.

He sits back.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

What would you say if I told you that?

SEAN

I'd say I'm listening.

GAMBOA

That's as far as I'm willing to go. Unless you agree to the terms we discussed earlier. You put a bullet in his head. I walk away.

The wheels are spinning in Sean's head.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

And I want to see the look on his face when he knows he's going to die.

A long silence as the two men regard each other. Finally:

SEAN

Tell me where it is.

115 EXT JOLLY JACK'S NIGHT

115

The place is teeming with Mexican men. Cartel Cowboys in their white hats and multi-colored cowboy boots pour in and out of the place. One of them walks away from the others, speaking in rapid-fire Spanish on a cell-phone. Hondo.

Across the street: Sean watches the whole scene. There's a lot of men over there. Way too many.

116 INT HOSPITAL ROOM DAY

116

Demetrius sits propped up in his bed. Soap Operas drone on the TV bolted to the wall.

Sean sits beside him.

DEMETRIUS

...man, I don't know about this one.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

All I need is four guys...just four guys
to cover the room.

DEMETRIUS

Dog, in case you didn't notice, I'm lying
in a bed in a hospital because there's a
big fucking bullet hole in my shoulder.

SEAN

What about Sexy? Where is he?

DEMETRIUS

Oh no. You're going ghetto on me...before
you do anything stupid, let me talk to
Frost. I can -

SEAN

-that's over!

The two friends stare at each other in silence. An impasse.
Sean shakes his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I thought you'd see it my way.

Sean heads for the door.

DEMETRIUS

Dog.

Sean stops.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

He's still over there on Prairie.

The hint of a smile forms on Sean's lips. He nods thanks and
leaves.

117 EXT INGLEWOOD STREETS NIGHT

117

A row of simple one-story homes, with small, neat yards and
bars over windows. 3 OGs lean against a burgundy Cadillac
Seville parked in one of the driveways. A deep hip-hop beat
drones from inside the Caddy. WE'RE DEEP IN THE 'HOOD.

Sean's car rolls up. He climbs out. The OGs eye him warily.
One of them restrains a PIT-BULL by his chain leash.

Sean heads for the front door. The Pit-bull struggles against
his chain. As Sean passes, OG #1 exhales a plume of dope
smoke in his direction.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

OG #1

'Sup?

Sean nods to him.

118 INT INGLEWOOD HOME NIGHT 118

Sean enters, moves through the dark hallway. A low-lying layer of dope smoke pervades the place.

There's virtually no furniture in here, other than the 48" PLASMA BIG SCREEN in the living room. A few BROTHERS lounge on the couch, drinking Alizae, watching the Laker game. They don't even notice Sean.

He moves into the kitchen. Big Sexy stands there in a tanktop, a big gold anchor necklace around his neck. He turns and sees Sean.

BIG SEXY

What up, little bro?

He embraces Sean.

BIG SEXY (CONT'D)

You ready to do this?

Sean nods. Sexy crosses to a nearby door. He swings it open.

119 INT BEDROOM NIGHT 119

Inside: 3 HOOD RATS sit on the edges of a bed. One loads slugs into a 10-GAUGE, the next a clip into an AK-47, and the last hollow-points into a .44 caliber HAND-CANNON.

Big Sexy looks at Sean.

BIG SEXY

No turnin' back now, homey.

120 INT CHEVY YUKON NIGHT 120

Big Sexy guides his tricked-out Yukon through the streets of South Gate. Sean rides shotgun. In the backseat, HOOD RAT #1, #2, and #3 pull ski-masks over their heads.

Ahead, Jolly Jack's can be seen.

BIG SEXY

These niggers did your girl...it's time to roll, bring the 'Hood down on these motherfuckers.

121 EXT JOLLY JACK'S PARKING LOT NIGHT 121

The Yukon rolls up the far side of the parking lot.

Sean, Big Sexy and the Hood Rats climb out, move through parked cars, crouched low.

As they pass between two Dodge Vans with murals painted on the side, a FIGURE steps out in front of them. All 5 guns go to him.

Demetrius.

Clutched in either hand: TWO 9MMs.

Sean looks at him in muted shock.

DEMETRIUS

Assholes blew half my shoulder off. You think I was gonna let 'em get away with that shit?

122 INT JOLLY JACK'S NIGHT 122

A handful of CARTEL COWBOYS line the bar. Hondo sits at the far end.

THE FRONT DOORS BURST OPEN. Big Sexy enters first, sprays the ceiling with AK-47 FIRE. The fluorescent light over the pool table comes crashing down on the felt.

BIG SEXY

Get the fuck down on the floor!

Everyone hits the deck.

Sean and the others pour in. The Hood Rats cover the Cartel Cowboys.

Sean racks his shotgun, stalks the bar, scanning faces.

Demetrius spots one of the Cowboys as his fingers slide furtively for the PEARL-HANDLED .45 in his waistband.

Demetrius stands over him, both 9mms aimed at his head.

DEMETRIUS

Reach for that shit. Do me the favor.

The Cowboy thinks for a half a second. Pulls his hand away.

Sean's eyes quickly go from Cowboy to Cowboy. His eyes stop on Hondo's WHITE STETSON.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

Sean goes over, yanks him to his feet.

123 INT WALK-IN REFRIGERATED STORAGE ROOM NIGHT 123

Hondo is slammed against dozens of BEER CASES. Bottles crash to the floor, shatter next to STACKS OF MONEY, literally millions of dollars.

Sean aims the shotgun at Hondo. His breaths MIST in the refrigerated interior:

SEAN
When are you dropping the money?

HONDO
I don't know.

SEAN
When are you making the fucking drop!?

No answer.

Sean fires. Cases of beer disintegrate. Fury in his eyes.

HONDO
As soon as I make the call.

SEAN
Make the fucking call.

Hondo weighs his options. The room's 4-feet wide. Zero margin of error for a 10-Gauge.

SEAN (CONT'D)
And about your smuggler talk. Keep in mind, I speak that language. Fluently.

Hondo dials a cell-phone. A familiar voice on the other end of the line. Jack's.

JACK
(over the phone)
Domino's.

HONDO
We're having a party. I'd like to order a pizza.

JACK
(over the phone)
Now?

(CONTINUED)

HONDO
(slow and deliberate)
Yes. The party has started.
(Hondo eyes the barrel of
Sean's shotgun)
We have some very hungry people here.

124 INT INDUSTRIAL OFFICE NIGHT

124

TITLE: "Mexicali, Baja."

On the other end of the line, Jack sits in a small industrial office. A black & white TV plays Mexican reruns. Jack sits up excitedly:

JACK
(to himself)
...Nice fuckin' work, Hondito.
(into phone)
What would you like on your pizza, sir?

HONDO
(over phone)
Everything.

Jack glances out at the stacks of VEGETABLE BOXES sitting in the hangar.

He pauses for a second.

JACK
Will that be cash, check or charge?

HONDO
(over phone)
Cash.

JACK
Okay. Your address?

HONDO
(over phone)
Devil's Playground.

JACK
Ooooh. That's gonna take a little longer
than 30 minutes. Give us...say...3 hours?

HONDO
(over phone)
See you then.

Jack hangs up, steps out of the office, into:

125 INT OLD HANGAR NIGHT

125

The 18-WHEEL Semi is parked across the way. Jack whistles. A few tired-eyed YOUNG MEXICANS look up. They range in age from 12 to 14.

JACK (SPANISH)
Let's go. Load her up.

The Young Mexicans get up, hump the VEGETABLE BOXES to a JET SABERLINER that waits on the far side of the hanger.

Outside the hangar doors a dirt runway can be seen. Wind gusts across its dusty expanse...

126 EXT DESERT WASH DAY

126

Hot desert wind whips across the wasteland. The moonless sky looms black over this flat strip of sand.

TITLE: "Devil's Playground. East Mojave."

Sean's sedan, the Yukon, and the Caddy cut across the parched desert floor. They roll to a halt in front of a SHOT-UP STOP SIGN that sticks halfway out of the sand.

Sean emerges from one of the cars, pops open the trunk. Hondo is hog-tied inside. Sean rips off the DUCT-TAPE over his mouth. It tears off part of Hondo's mustache.

Sean pulls Hondo out of the trunk, nods to the stop sign.

SEAN
That it?

Hondo nods with scared eyes. Sean looks at his watch.

HONDO
You need to turn on headlights, face them south. One set only. You know--a landing beacon.

Sean looks over at Demetrius in Big Sexy's Yukon. Demetrius flips on his headlights. Big Sexy and the other Hood Rats wait in the other cars in silence.

Sean looks at the headlights illuminating a wide arc of desert floor. He turns to Hondo.

SEAN
The headlights wouldn't be an abort signal, would they?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

HONDO

No no, my friend. No way.

Sean pauses.

SEAN

Demetrius. Turn'em off.

Demetrius does.

127 EXT DESERT SKIES DAY 127

The Saberliner flies low over the barren terrain. Lights off. Maybe 75 feet off the ground. Radar invisible.

128 INT COCKPIT DAY 128

Inside, Jack's all full of piss and vinegar. Probably a little high. He blasts Led Zepplin's "Kashmir."

His eyes scan the instrument panel. A Global Positioning System pinpoints his exact location over the desert. The altimeter shows a gradual descent. 50 feet. 40 feet. 30 feet.

JACK

Ladies and Gentlemen, please make sure your seatbacks and tray tables are in the upright and locked position. We're now making our final descent into the middle of fucking nowhere...

Outside, darkness. He's flying blind. And couldn't be more comfortable.

129 EXT DESERT FLOOR DAY 129

The 3 cars wait as the SOUNDS of the Saberliner's engines near. At the last minute, THE SABERLINER'S RUNNING LIGHTS SNAP ON, illuminating a makeshift SAND RUNWAY.

Touch-down. The Saberliner bounces along the rickety runway, decelerates. Turns off its lights.

The plane stops. Jack swings open the cockpit door. He spots the cluster of 3 cars in the darkness.

A SILHOUETTE approaches the Saberliner. Jack squints his eyes to make him out.

JACK

Hondo. Hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

MAN
Shut off the engine.

Jack shakes his head with a smile.

JACK
No no. Touch and go. Just like always.

MAN
Nope. Different this time.

The man steps forward. He's illuminated by the interior lights of the plane.

Sean. In his hand, a 9mm.

SEAN
Get the fuck out of the plane, Jack.

Jack can't believe his eyes. Sean moves closer.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Man. Sucks to be you-

JACK GUNS THE ENGINE. The Saberliner lurches forward. It rips up the dirt runway.

Headlights illuminate the plane. Demetrius floors it after the fleeing plane.

The Yukon gains on the Saberliner. 50 feet back, and closing fast...

...but Jack's almost reached take-off speed...

130 INT COCKPIT DAY 130

Jack pulls back on the Saberliner's steering column. He's livid:

JACK
MOTHERFUCKER! GODDAMMIT!

Then the weightless sensation as the wheels first leave the ground...

The Saberliner's landing gear rises. 3 feet off the ground. 4 feet.

He's airborne, when...

The Yukon's headlights appear suddenly to the right.

131 EXT DESERT AIRSTRIP DAY 131

The Yukon blazes directly at the plane.

THE YUKON UNDERCUTS THE SABERLINER'S LANDING GEAR, SENDING IT CRASHING BACK TO THE DESERT FLOOR.

132 INT COCKPIT DAY 132

Everything turns over again and again. Glass shatters. The Saberliner's fuselage groans.

Jack's face slams into the windshield. The plane grinds to a halt.

Blood flows from a cut above his eye. He struggles to open the twisted cockpit door, falls out onto the hot desert sand.

133 EXT DESERT FLOOR DAY 133

Jack collapses, stares at the THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COKE that have fallen out onto the desert floor beside him.

6 MEN approach, stand over him. Sean, Demetrius, Big Sexy, the Hood Rats.

The wind whips dust into Jack's eyes, blows white wisps of coke from the torn packages across the ground, and into the desert blackness.

JACK

Fuck me.

134 EXT DESERT DAY 134

Jack is dragged roughly across the desert hardpan. In the distance, the runway and Saberliner wreckage can be seen.

JACK

What're you doing? Where you taking me, man?

Sean tosses him to the ground. Throws a SHOVEL at him.

SEAN

Dig.

JACK

What?

Sean's eyes are empty, cold.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

SEAN
Start fucking digging.

Jack hesitates.

JACK
Come on, man. I swear to God, you don't
want me-

SEAN
DO IT!

Jack picks up the shovel, starts digging. But he can barely
break the hardpan with the shovel.

JACK
I can't. It's too hard.

Sean aims his 9mm at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck, man! It's too hard! Look!

Sean presses the 9mm to the back of his head.

SEAN
SHUT-THE-FUCK-UP-AND-DIG!

Jack sighs, then complies.

The desert wind whips sand around them.

135 EXT DESERT RUNWAY DAY 135

Demetrius can hear Sean's yells across the darkness. He
squeezes his eyes shut.

136 EXT DESERT DAY 136

Jack struggles to dig. He throws down the shovel.

JACK
Fuck it. You gonna kill me, you fuckin'
dig!

Sean pulls back the hammer on his 9mm. Jack is scrambling.

JACK (CONT'D)
You think I'm the guy? Look at my skin.
What color is it? I'm just a fucking
courier, man. I'm nothing.

Sean kicks Jack viciously in the ribs.

(CONTINUED)

Jack curls into fetal position. Sean picks up the shovel, throws it at him again.

Jack doesn't touch it. Sean steps forward, he puts the gun to Jack's forehead. He's had it.

Sean's finger tenses on the trigger.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! Fuck. Just hold on a sec...I swear to God man, I'm not your guy...

He looks up at Sean.

JACK (CONT'D)

...but I know who is.

SEAN

You'd say anything to save your ass-

JACK

-listen, I'm not bullshitting you! I'm making the drop tomorrow! You want Diablo, you put the gun down and I'll take you right to the motherfucker.

Sean doesn't respond. He's gauging Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on man, give me a chance here...I mean, you already thrashed my brand new Saberliner. Least you could do.

Sean looks down at the bloody wreck that is Jack. He almost laughs.

SEAN

Get the fuck up.

137 INT MOTEL 6 NIGHT

137

Jack sits handcuffed to a bed frame. Hondo is visible in the bathroom, sitting on the toilet, handcuffed to the pipes beneath the sink.

Sean and Demetrius sit in front of Jack.

SEAN

...you've never seen this guy, you don't know his name - he's just a phantom to you, is that right?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

JACK
That's exactly right.

SEAN
And yet you run his drugs?

JACK
Look man, that's the way it works. The guy
pays well and you don't question him. What
can I tell you? I just drop the cash and
walk.

Big Sexy and the Hood Rats walk in, carrying bags of Taco
Bell.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, hell ya. I'm fuckin' starving. Could
I get-

Big Sexy suddenly turns to Jack, screams in his ear:

BIG SEXY
-HELL NO!

Jack flinches backward.

JACK
Jesus Christ, man, all right...Don't have
to bite my head off.

Sexy tosses Demetrius a bag. He opens it, starts eating, then
looks at Sean:

DEMETRIUS
Hungry yet, dog?

Sean shakes his head. Demetrius looks at Sean's gaunt face.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)
Come on, man. You gotta eat something.

Sean ignores him.

SEAN
(to Jack)
-then what? What happens after you do the
drop?

JACK
Then I don't know, man. I don't know the
guy's daily fucking itinerary.

Jack nods to an unwrapped taco on the table.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

JACK (CONT'D)
Seriously, can I get a bite of that? I
mean, if nobody else is eating it, what's
the difference?

Big Sexy gets up, grabs the taco.

BIG SEXY
You ain't gettin' a goddamn thang.

He puts the whole thing in his mouth, walks away. Jack
watches him go.

JACK
(whispers to Sean)
That guy's a dick.

SEAN
-assuming the Devil's Playground thing
worked out. What was next?

JACK
Tomorrow at eleven a.m. I'm supposed to be
in the men's room of the Mexicana Terminal
at Tijuana Airport. With all the cash,
obviously. I drop it, he walks with it, and
it'd be a done deal. (pause) Anyways,
that's how it was supposed to be.

SEAN
...It's still gonna be.

Sean slides Jack the last taco.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Have a fuckin' taco.

138 EXT SEAN'S HOUSE DAY

138

An unmarked sedan rolls up. Frost climbs out, approaches
Sean.

FROST
What the fuck is it, Vetter?

SEAN
I need a favor.

FROST
I seriously hope you're kidding.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

I need you to authorize a transfer order
for Gamboa. I've got to move him to Club
Fed.

Frost laughs at him.

FROST

Absolutely not.

Sean looks at him for a second, then slides up his garage
door. Inside, the whole shipment of coke, stacked from floor
to ceiling. A NARCOTICS COP'S JACKPOT.

Frost's eyes are wide. He turns to Sean.

FROST (CONT'D)

What was that you needed?

139 INT DEA HEADQUARTERS NIGHT

139

A dozen local NEWS REPORTERS gather around Frost. The ton of
coke is displayed for the TV cameras.

FROST

...this represents the end of months of
hard effort on behalf of the entire DEA.
With this bust, we have reason to believe
we've shut down a fledgling, but very
dangerous, cocaine Cartel in
California...

Demetrius and Sean listen from the audience. Sean hands
Demetrius a COURT DOCUMENT. It reads, "Court Order: Federal
Facility Prisoner Transfer Request." It's signed by Ty Frost.

Demetrius looks up to Sean, a hint of trepidation in his
eyes.

SEAN

Good luck.

Sean leaves.

140 INT "EL BIG" RESTAURANT NIGHT

140

A massive BOB'S BIG BOY and fries lays half eaten on the
table. Gustavo León, the granite-faced, Marlboro Man leader
of Grupo Tactico, picks at the fries.

TITLE: "El Big. Boulevard Agua Caliente, Tijuana."

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

We're in "El Big" - Bob's Big Boy, Tijuana-style. The place is crawling with spies, informants, undercover cops and criminals. All gather here to plot schemes, hear gossip, and plan assassinations over burgers and fries.

Sean sits across from Leon.

SEAN
...look, we've got all the information we need to nail this guy. But red tape and all that bullshit will make it impossible from my end-

LEON
So you want our firepower.

SEAN
That's why I'm here.

Leon takes a bite of his burger. Smiles.

LEON
You really are a gunslinger. How firm is this information?

SEAN
It's a lock. It's from the courier himself.

Gustavo looks Sean over.

LEON
Look, I know how these guys operate. If they sense anything's off at the drop - even the slightest bit - they're out of there. They'll arrange another time.

SEAN
You're the pro. What should we do?

LEON
Well, first off, never take eyes off the bag man. Second, the money's got to be there. If it's not, your courier dies right there and then. You secured the money, right?

SEAN
Yeah.

Sean looks at Leon.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You comfortable with this?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

LEON
(chuckles)
This is Tijuana. We do this every day.

141 INT SUPERMAX DAY 141

The Prison Warden signs his name below Ty Frost's on the TRANSFER ORDER. Hands it back to Demetrius.

In the b.g. Gamboa is being completely bound and shackled - thick chains around ankles and wrists, a blacked-out metal visor locked over his eyes. He can do little more than shuffle his feet.

WARDEN
Club Fed, huh? BBQs and big screen TVs.
You're a lucky son of a bitch, Gamboa.

He nods to Demetrius and 2 PRISON GUARDS. They lead Gamboa up the cell block.

142 INT GRUPO TACTICO SUBURBAN DAY 142

A duffelbag is clamped in Sean's hand. He sits in the back seat of the Suburban with Jack.

GRUPO TACTICO SHOOTERS sit in front. Visible through the windshield is a convoy of Suburbans, speeding up a rear access road toward Tijuana International Airport.

Jack looks over at the duffelbag, then up at Sean.

JACK
Wouldn't have any interest in going halvesies on 7 extra large would you? We could ditch these guys, hit Costa Rica-

SEAN
Cold day in hell, pal.

JACK
Never hurts to ask.

The convoy roars toward the airport.

143 INT AIRPORT HANGAR DAY 143

TITLE: "Tijuana International Airport. 10:33 a.m."

The place is secure. GRUPO TACTICO SHOOTERS everywhere.

The Suburbans roll in. Sean climbs out. Leon approaches from across the asphalt.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

LEON

The airport is covered. I've got 50 men
out there. There's no getting out.

144 EXT AIRPORT DAY 144

Throughout the airport, the huge, but invisible, presence of
Grupo Tactico is seen:

SNIPERS on rooftops. AGENTS hiding behind ticket counters.

A SPOTTER waits on a rooftop. He watches the airport through
a 500mm lens.

The place is crawling with cops.

145 EXT SUPERMAX HELIPORT DAY 145

Gamboa is led onto the roof, where a BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER
gunship awaits. The deafening sound of the helicopter's
massive rotors makes it impossible to talk.

Demetrius nods to the Warden and Guards, yanks Gamboa onto
the Blackhawk, which then slowly lifts off and accelerates
away from Supermax.

146 INT MEN'S ROOM DAY 146

Sean does a sweep of the bathroom. Checks the stalls for any
possible escape routes, bugs, weapons.

147 INT TERMINAL DAY 147

Sean emerges from the men's room, checks his watch. 10:54
a.m. He speaks into his shirt--a tiny MIC is hidden within.

SEAN

All clear. Move him in.

148 INT HANGAR DAY 148

Leon finishes wiring Jack, hears Sean's voice over the
SECURED-RADIO. To Jack:

LEON

Get your ass in there.

Jack takes a deep breath, picks up the DUFFELBAG OF MONEY.
Throws on a pair of sunglasses. He exits the hangar, heads
for the domestic terminal.

149 INT TERMINAL DAY

149

Sean slips into a phone booth, waits. Leon's voice crackles in his ear.

LEON
(over mic)
The bull is in the ring.

SEAN
(into mic)
Roger that.

He peers out, spots Jack moving through the crowded terminal.

Ahead, the men's room. Jack beelines for it. Goes inside.

Sean checks the clip of his 9mm. He looks in the palm of his right hand--STACEY'S SILVER CRUCIFIX. He grasps it tight.

150 INT MEN'S ROOM DAY

150

Jack closes the stall door behind him. Sits down on the toilet seat. Places the duffelbag on the floor - within reach of the adjacent stall.

151 INT TERMINAL DAY

151

Sean whispers into his lip-mic:

SEAN
He's in.

REVEAL Leon and a DOZEN GT AGENTS in baggage claim. To the untrained eye it seems like just another day at the airport.

The waiting game has begun. Sean eyes are alive, watching everybody in the terminal.

A balding, shifty-eyed MAN sits near the bathroom, his foot nervously tapping the ground. He holds a briefcase close...

A tough-looking LATINO flips through a magazine at the newsstand. He scans the terminal with the eyes of a caged lion.

152 EXT AIRPORT DAY

152

The Spotter's lens falls upon a MERCEDES as it rolls up to the curb.

The lens swings left...a BLACK SUBURBAN sits in the parking lot. Someone waits behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

2 TAXIS roll up simultaneously. 4 MEN climb out.

153 INT AIRPORT TERMINAL DAY

153

Sean's eyes fall across the 4 men. 3 of them wait by the front of the terminal. One enters.

IT'S SANTOS, carrying an IDENTICAL DUFFELBAG to the one Jack carries. He weaves through the terminal, subtly scanning the crowd as he makes his way to the men's bathroom.

Sean's heart pounds in his ears. He's been waiting for this.

LEON

(over mic)

No movement...wait 'til he's out...he's got to have the bag...

Santos enters the men's room.

154 INT BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER DAY

154

The Mojave desert zooms by far below. Demetrius sits across from Gamboa, looking at the steel visor that covers his eyes.

Demetrius stands, slowly moves for the cockpit. He taps the PILOT on the shoulder.

When the pilot turns, DEMETRIUS' 9mm IS IN HIS FACE.

DEMETRIUS

Get below radar. Nape of the earth.

The Pilot looks at him, shocked. He hesitates.

DEMETRIUS (CONT'D)

DO IT, goddamnit!

The pilot guides the helicopter in a sharp descent. It levels off, hugging the earth, contouring the dunes at 50 feet altitude. The pilot swallows, nervous.

PILOT

Where we headed?

Demetrius looks back at Gamboa, then:

DEMETRIUS

South.

155 INT MEN'S ROOM DAY

155

Jack hears footsteps slowly cross the tile floor. Whoever it is sits down in the stall to Jack's right. Jack waits, sweat forming on his upper lip.

The SOUND of a bag being rustled across the tile.

Jack looks down. A matching duffelbag slides next to his. Then a hand reaches over, pulls Jack's duffelbag into the adjacent stall. A moment later, the sound of footsteps leaving the stall.

Jack leans down into his concealed mic:

JACK
(into mic)
He took it. He took it!

156 INT TERMINAL DAY

156

Santos emerges from the men's room, walks briskly for the front exits, the duffelbag in his hand.

Santos looks back over his shoulder, quickens his pace toward the exit.

SEAN
IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM!

SUDDENLY GRUPO TACTICO AGENTS COME OUT OF NOWHERE, DESCENDING ON SANTOS. THEY GRAB HIM BY THE ARMS AND QUICKLY RUSH HIM TOWARD THE EXIT.

The 3 bodyguards outside are similarly swarmed. Everything is under control...

WHEN WORLD WAR 3 BREAKS OUT.

The 2 GT Agents on either arm of Santos are hit. They drop.

THE FRONT PLATE GLASS WINDOW SHATTERS WITH GUNFIRE.

A HALF DOZEN MEN SPRAY BURSTS OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE INTO THE TERMINAL FROM THE LOADING ZONE.

Santos dives for cover. Everyone hits the deck.

The cacophony of gunfire echoes deafeningly through the terminal as GRUPO TACTICO RETURNS FIRE.

In the chaos, a HUGE CHEVY TRUCK JUMPS THE CURB. SMASHES THROUGH THE PLATE-GLASS WINDOW.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

Pinned behind a planter, Sean empties his clip, riddling the truck's sidepanels.

The Chevy Truck fishtails across the terminal floor, comes to a stop directly between Sean and Santos.

Santos CLIMBS INSIDE.

The Chevy Truck throws it into REVERSE, floors it. The tires scream and smoke as they tear over broken glass.

Sean gets up, sprints after it. He empties his clip into the WINDSHIELD.

But the BULLET-PROOF glass doesn't give.

157 EXT AIRPORT DAY

157

The Chevy Truck races toward the exit.

3 GRUPO TACTICO TRUCKS skid to a halt in its path, sealing off the exit.

The Chevy Truck slams on the brakes.

A thunderous COLLISION as the Chevy Truck crushes a TAXI - and its GAS TANK.

THE TAXI EXPLODES.

Smoke billows inside the crippled Chevy Truck.

The Henchmen emerge, AK-47's in hand. They fire wildly.

THE GRUPO TACTICO SNIPERS SYSTEMATICALLY TAKE THEM OUT WITH ONE-SHOT KILLS.

Sean spots Santos through the smoke. He slips out of the far side of the truck, sprints away. Clutched in his hand, THE DUFFELBAG.

Sean bolts after him. Santos, choking from the smoke, stumbles ahead.

A stray bullet hits the duffelbag. ITS CONTENTS EXPLODE INTO THE AIR. Pieces of newspaper and a few bills rain down.

Sean catches Santos. Tackles him into the side of a car.

Santos, disoriented by the collision, can do nothing as Sean pounds down on his face.

Santos is barely lucid. Sean grabs him by the throat.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

SEAN
Ready to die, motherfucker?

Santos manages to lift his eyes to meet Sean's. Sean stares into them.

The two men stare at each other in silence.

158 EXT AIRPORT TARMAC DAY 158

Santos' hands and ankles are shackled. His face is bruised, eye swollen. He's escorted into the GT Suburban by Leon.

Government officials and Federales swarm the area.

An excited Mexican BUREAUCRAT gives Leon and Sean the run down:

BUREAUCRAT (SPANISH)
...Capitan Leon, you will escort Señor Santos downtown. We'll have a press conference there and he'll stand for indictment first thing tomorrow morning. Any extradition effort by the American will not be tolerated. We clear?

The Bureaucrat looks to Sean:

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)
Hey, you can smile now, my friend. He'll be locked up forever.

SEAN
Forever isn't long enough.

BUREAUCRAT
It is in our jails.

Leon nods, gives the Bureaucrat a quick salute.

LEON
See you there.

The Bureaucrat heads for one of the Federalé Suburbans, jumps in.

Sean and Leon hop in the GT Suburban.

159 INT GT SUBURBAN DAY 159

A GT DRIVER guides the Suburban behind the CARAVAN of Federalé vehicles heading into Tijuana.

(CONTINUED)

Leon and 3 other GT Commandos surround Sean and Santos. Sean faces Santos, sitting directly across from him in the rear bench seating.

They stare at each other, Sean's eyes burning into him. Santos is weak and beaten. SILENCE as the truck bounces over the pot-holed third-world streets.

Outside, the traffic of Tijuana gets thick. The Caravan struggles to maintain it's tight formation. Leon taps the GT Driver on the shoulder. Momentarily cut off from the Caravan, he bangs a hard left, floors it up a DIRT SIDE-STREET, makes a series of back road turns.

Leon turns at Sean, smiles slightly:

LEON
Bureaucrats.

160 EXT DESERT AIRSTRIP / HANGAR - DAY 160

Salt flats. The Suburban barrels across the hardpan, bound for a familiar desert airstrip and hangar.

The place is deserted. Except for the BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER that sits next to the hangar, rotors spinning.

161 INT BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER - DAY 161

Demetrius watches the approach of the Suburban. The Suburban comes to a halt 50 feet away. Sean climbs out. Demetrius turns to Gamboa, unshackles him.

162 EXT DESERT AIRSTRIP / HANGAR - DAY 162

Leon and a GT Commando escort Santos from the Suburban. Uncuff him.

Then Leon nods subtly to Sean. He and the GT Commando climb back into the Suburban, and drive off, leaving the airstrip in its dust.

Santos looks at Sean. Sean pulls the 9mm out of his belt and glares back at him.

50 feet away, GAMBOA STEPS OUT OF THE BLACKHAWK. Santos' jaw drops. Demetrius hangs back by the Blackhawk as Gamboa slowly crosses the hardpan toward them.

SANTOS (SPANISH)
What...What's happening?

Gamboa approaches.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

SANTOS (CONT'D)
Memo...what are you doing here?

THEN GAMBOA SPITS IN HIS FACE.

Far off, the whine of an AIRPLANE engine can be heard.

A CESSNA APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE, descending for the airstrip.

It lands, taxiing to a halt. Gamboa looks to Sean.

GAMBOA
See you around.

SEAN
...maybe.

Gamboa looks back to Santos one last time, then turns, starts for the Cessna 100 feet away.

Sean's grip tightens on the 9mm.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(to Santos)
Get on your knees.

Santos starts shaking.

Santos calls out to Gamboa, almost pleading:

SANTOS
(in Spanish)
Patron, what are you doing?! Please. I
did everything you said!

Sean steps forward, aims the muzzle of his gun to Santos' head.

SEAN
Shut the fuck up!

Santos drops to his knees.

Santos' eyes slowly go from Gamboa to Sean. Santos' eyes water. He closes them tight.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Look at me...LOOK AT ME!

Santos won't. He mutters unintelligible words in Spanish. He presses his hands together in front of his face.

(CONTINUED)

He's praying.

Sean's pulls back the hammer of the 9mm...when his eyes fall across SANTOS' WRISTS clasped in front of his face.

EACH WRIST IS ENCIRCLED BY RAGGED SCARS. SCARS FROM BARBED WIRE BEING TIGHTLY WOUND INTO FLESH.

Sean's mind reels. He hesitates. Then:

SEAN (CONT'D)

Walk away.

Santos' eyes open. 20 feet away, Gamboa pauses.

SANTOS

What?

SEAN

I said walk away.

Santos collapses in relief. SEAN TURNS TO GAMBOA.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Memo.

Gamboa slowly turns, looks at Sean. His expression tells us he knows the game's up, but he maintains that unflappable confidence.

An eternal silence between two men that were almost friends.

GAMBOA

You're going to have to shoot me in the back, gunslinger....Because I'm not stopping.

He locks eyes with Sean one last time, then turns and starts slowly for the Cessna again.

Sean watches motionless as Gamboa walks. 10 feet away.

20 feet away. Still, no movement from Sean.

30 feet away. Sean raises the gun. PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The single GUNSHOT echoes across the desert.

And Gamboa falls.

Sean lowers the gun. Just stands there. Looks at Gamboa's fallen form and the blood that pools on the silty ground, slowly draining into the cracks of the hardpan.

(CONTINUED)

The Cessna quickly lifts off, diminishing into the sky. Then, silence. Only the SOUND of the wind as it whistles across the expanse of the desert.

Sean looks down in his hand. STACEY'S SILVER CRUCIFIX. He holds it in his open palm for a long time. Then, slowly, his fingers wrap around it, squeezing it tight.

He turns, moves toward the Blackhawk. The rotors come to life, whipping around loudly as Sean approaches.

Demetrius waits by the copter for Sean. A knowing moment between them, then:

DEMETRIUS

Hungry?

SEAN

...yeah.

They climb into the Blackhawk. It lifts off from the hardpan, leaving the desert airstrip below.

It swings north. Back to the States.

THE END