

Rockets' Red Glare

By

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Original Film

All empires are created of  
blood and fire.

-- Pablo Escobar

I am like any other man.  
All I do is supply a demand.

-- Al Capone

FADE IN:

TITLES -- OVER A RIPPLING US FLAG:

*Since 2008, the United States has spent \$5 billion in Mexico to fight the War on Drugs.*

*Last year, the Drug Cartels recorded record profits.*

THE FLAG -- fades away....

EXT. US/MEXICO BORDER CROSSING, EL PASO, TEXAS - SUNDOWN

Sundown. A day ending... Change coming...

The glow of brake lights bathe the US/MEXICO BORDER CROSSING in a bloody haze.

Two US patrol HELICOPTERS circle on the American side, scrutinizing the backup of hundreds and hundreds of cars.

IN THE HELICOPTERS --

-- pilot and spotter wear smoke black reflective helmet visors; can't see their eyes, just grim expressions and the occasional muttering of information into headsets.

THE SUN -- has just set.

IN THE LONG LINE OF CARS -- the drivers wait, some impatiently; others who cross every day know the drill. People read, do crosswords, clip nails. Until --

The dull rattle of GUNFIRE echoes through the night.

Drivers turn nervously to see --

-- FOUR CARS speeding toward the US border. Something chasing them --

A MAKESHIFT ARMORED TANK, what's known as a "narco-tank," a vehicle favored by drug lords. A big rig covered by reinforced steel; windshield bullet-resistant -- mere slits where the driver can see; .50 caliber on top. A cross between a Mogadishu "technical" and an Abrams tank.

ON THE TANK -- there is an emblem with two rattlesnakes encircling the letters D and C: Dos Culebras Cartel.

FOUR DRUG SEDANS -- packed with rival drug gang members -- head for the border, trying to outrun this behemoth as --

-- IT FIRES THE .50 CALIBER, a former Guatemalan Special Forces SOLDIER accurately blasting away.

THE .50 CALIBER -- takes out the first sedan.

THE WHITE -- beat-up Ford EXPLODES in a sudden, shocking blast of gasoline and body parts. Men are flung from the car, the vehicle flipping over on its roof, sliding and --

-- CAREENING into the long line of American and Mexican citizens waiting to cross the border.

THE OTHER SEDANS --

-- have men armed with AK-47s leaning out and FIRING back at the Narco tank. Bullets bounce off the metal hull.

RICOCHETS -- SLAM into civilian vehicles. One DRIVER slumps over the wheel of his SUV, his WIFE screaming.

THE SEDANS - head into ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

EXT. US BORDER CHECKPOINT, EL PASO - SUNDOWN

BORDER AGENTS see the distant explosion and gunfire.

BORDER AGENT

What the hell is that?

HIGH POWERED BINOCULARS -- go up to the HEAD AGENT'S eyes. He tracks the violence. Mutters:

HEAD BORDER AGENT

Narco Tank. Heavy weapons,  
reinforced steel. Unstoppable...  
(focuses the binos)  
Looks like cartel on cartel  
violence. Deal gone bad, maybe.

THE GUNFIRE - echoes toward them. Getting louder.

ANOTHER AGENT

And it's comin' this way.

AN ALARM -- wails to life. The Agents MOVE.

AT THE GUN ARSENAL -- hands of US BORDER AGENTS pull heavy weapons from the armory cage. There's no time to check the guns out in an orderly fashion: red alert.

THEY PREPARE FOR: THE NARCO TANK -- coming into view in the dusky haze. A juggernaut.

EXT. MEXICO SIDE/NEARING THE US BORDER, EL PASO - CONT.

THE NARCO TANK -- relentless, takes out the next sedan. Big .50 caliber slugs find their mark.

DRUG RUNNERS -- are lost in the haze of ruined metal, glass. KEYS OF COCAINE spill from the trunk and kick up a massive white cloud; street value: \$3 million.

US LAW ENFORCEMENT -- see the chase coming at them. Walkie talkies chatter instructions, voices rising.

AGENT VOICES (V.O.)

Prepare to fire. Prepare to fire.

INT. NARCO TANK - CONT.

THE NARCO TANK DRIVER -- sees they've almost reached the point of no return -- the US BORDER. Quick decision -- FUCK IT, he's going after those cars. He's got orders.

EXT. EL PASO BORDER STATION - CONTINUOUS

BORDER AGENTS -- train guns on the narco tank, which shows absolutely no intention of stopping at the border for inspection.

WALKIE TALKIES (V.O.)

Open fire! Fire at will!

BORDER AGENTS -- unload on the approaching vehicles. Firing in controlled bursts from H&K automatic rifles.

WINDSHIELDS -- of the vehicles spiderweb and crack. Blood sprays on the glass. The men in the back seat of the vehicle lean out and FIRE at the border crossing.

TWO US AGENTS -- are hit in the fusillade.

THE NARCO-TANK'S -- .50 caliber bullets zip over the weaving target vehicles and take massive chunks out of the cement inspection booths.

THE LAST FLEEING DRUG SEDAN -- survives the onslaught and RACES past the checkpoint and -- CROSSES THE BORDER.

It's now on US soil.

EXT. IN THE SKIES OVER US SOIL - SUNDOWN

TWO BORDER PATROL HELICOPTERS perform a tight turn, rotors whining, arcing after the tan sedan.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)  
Tracking a tan, late-model Ford  
that just breached the US border.

EXT. EL PASO BORDER CHECKPOINT STATION - CONT.

THE NARCO-TANK -- comes RIGHT AT the Border Agents.

BORDER AGENTS FIRE with everything they've got. Bullets  
PING off the metal monster uselessly.

THE TANK KEEPS COMING. Engine roaring, it's not stopping.

.50 CAL BULLETS -- sweep across a row of Border Agents.

THE TANK -- BLASTS right past the checkpoints, SLAMMING  
into a Border Patrol truck that has just pulled up as a  
barrier, CUTTING the truck in half.

THE NARCO TANK -- revs after its last quarry. The sedan.

THE MACHINE GUN -- barks, huge flame arcing from its  
muzzle as it punches holes in the blacktop.

US HELICOPTER PILOTS -- watch helplessly overhead as the  
Narco Tank finds its mark.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)  
Never seen 'em cross the border.  
This is a goddamn first.

THE DRUG RUNNING SEDAN -- is finally hit and detonates  
like a bomb. Cocaine in the trunk blossoms upwards in a  
mushroom cloud, hanging over the stunned freeway.

The men inside aren't just dead. They've been erased from  
the face of the Earth.

HELICOPTER CO-PILOT (V.O.)  
Bastards keep getting more brazen.

THE NARCO TANK -- turns, taking its sweet time, and heads  
BACK toward the border crossing.

IT IS FIRED ON RELENTLESSLY AGAIN by the Border Agents.  
The armor deflects every round. Nothing can stop it.

IT SMASHES -- through a phalanx of Government vehicles  
and ROARS back onto Mexican soil.

And is soon lost in the warren of streets leading in and  
out of Ciudad Juarez... Unchallenged, uncaught,  
unstopped. Leaving behind carnage...

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

Gonna be hell to pay...

The SUN -- has set completely, a dark night to come...

BLACKNESS.

INT. REYNOLDS HOME, FORT HANCOCK, TEXAS - DAWN

Moving around a modest home, family photos on a wall, an outdated TV, kitschy snow globe collection, and --

-- A holstered handgun and a US BORDER PATROL badge sitting high on a crammed bookshelf.

GERRY REYNOLDS -- a man in his late thirties whose face is weathered by the elements and his job, has fallen asleep at the kitchen table in their home.

He has Prosser On Torts, 12th Edition, open in front of him -- studying for night school law exams. Next to that is French for Dummies. Battered iPod on the table, earbuds still in his ear.

Gerry's wife, AMANDA, brings in their nearly one year-old son, MILES. She gently pulls out an ear bud and whispers to her sleeping husband:

AMANDA

*Bonjour.* Diaper changing time.

A slow grin spreads across his tired face.

REYNOLDS

Guess I fell asleep studying.

He reaches for Miles and kisses him on the cheek. The baby coos up at him, doesn't cry.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

So tough. Just like his --

AMANDA

Mother.

REYNOLDS

Exactly what I was gonna say.  
Coffee?

She looks over his shoulder at what he's studying.

AMANDA

Rights of Search and Seizure.  
You'll nail that part.

REYNOLDS

It's Torts that screw me up. How did you remember all those cases?

AMANDA

Flashcards and coffee. Hint, hint.

REYNOLDS

I'll brew. You make it too light.

AMANDA

You do the diaper, I'll do the coffee. Dark.

REYNOLDS

Deal. Way I figure, we only have about 400 days of diapers remaining. At five or six per day, I have, let's see...4,000 diaper changes left.

He works on the diaper, looking lovingly at his boy.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

This makes 3,999. Counting down.  
(then:)

Whoa! We got a code brown. *Merde!*

AMANDA

Still on this French kick?

REYNOLDS

*Oui*. How does Noyan, Vermont catch you? On the Quebec border. They need a new Chief Patrol Agent. "Must speak passable French."

AMANDA

Vermont?

REYNOLDS

Maple syrup. No more desperate people crossing the border. A quiet post.

He kisses her cheek. She gets coffee ready. Says gently:

AMANDA

Sounds like a place to run away.

(grinding beans)

You made a judgement call, Gerry. And it was six --

REYNOLDS

Five.

AMANDA

-- Five years ago, okay. Come on. Don't you think it's time you let yourself off the hook?

REYNOLDS

I don't know... Just wanna give us a better life, Amanda. For you and Miles. And me.

AMANDA

We have a better life already.

REYNOLDS

Really. I bust poor immigrants looking for the American Dream; more come back the next day. And more. And more....

(finishes the diaper)

I'm in the minor leagues, here. Can't make a difference here.

AMANDA

Vermont. You hate the cold.

(looks evenly at him)

Genius is never appreciated in its own lifetime.

REYNOLDS

Wait. It's too early for me to understand what you're saying.

AMANDA

I'm saying: keep doing what you're doing, right here. You make a difference. Every day. Okay?

He nods, finally pours two mugs of coffee. Still unsure.

EXT. REYNOLDS HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Reynolds loads up his olive drab Border Patrol truck. Wears his uniform, kevlar vest, gun holstered on his hip.

AMANDA

What do you want for dinner?

REYNOLDS

Got a border sweep tonight.

AMANDA

Breakfast burritos tomorrow at The Glenwood, I guess. Be careful.

REYNOLDS

Always am.

AMANDA

So. What are you gonna do today?

REYNOLDS

Come on. Don't make me say it.

AMANDA

Can't say it, honey, can't do it.

REYNOLDS

Make some kind of...difference.

AMANDA

Say it like you mean it, Gerry.

REYNOLDS

I'm going to make a difference.

She kisses him once on the cheek, then lips, the other cheek: a good luck ritual. Smiles.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Gotta go. I hope today does.

(off her blank look)

Make a difference.

AMANDA

Time will tell.

He starts the engine. Backs away, eyes on his family. Turns the car onto the road and puts it in gear.

AMANDA -- watches him go. Concern she couldn't show him before now all over her face. She finally kisses her son on the forehead and takes him inside their modest house.

INT. REYNOLDS' TRUCK - DAY

Reynolds pulls up to the small Fort Hancock Border Patrol Station; a far cry from the state-of-the-art El Paso Border Patrol Center attacked by the narco tank.

He has no idea what's in store for him over the next 72 hours. Starts his "Intro To French CD" and guns the gas.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds walks through the busy station that is badly in need of updating. He sees a dozen Border Patrol AGENTS doing paperwork from previous border busts.

REYNOLDS

Why is it so hot in here?

LAFONTAINE, an eager 29 year-old originally from Montreal, calls over the din of the busy station.

LAFONTAINE

AC was out. Oh, phone system crashed again, too.

REYNOLDS

Where's the geek, what's his name?

A pale agent, FARIS, peeks from behind an outdated computer monitor.

FARIS

I'm here, sir. I heard that.

REYNOLDS

Mean it as a compliment, Faris.

FARIS

"Geek" is a compliment?

REYNOLDS

'Course. Nerd is an insult. "And the Geeks will inherit the Earth."

LAFONTAINE

Might be misquoting, sir.

REYNOLDS

Phones working now?

FARIS

And the AC. Thanks to me. Might help if the Government updated these things. Bet they don't have these at the El Paso Station.

He holds up an outdated phone system from the 90s as if it's a three day-old fish.

REYNOLDS

Yes, I'm sure they have hot towels and chocolates on the pillow. Quit your bitching.

(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

(peers at him)

Gotta get out in the sun, Faris.  
You're so pale you're translucent.

FARIS

Sir, you really know how to build  
a guy's confidence. Thanks.

REYNOLDS

(moves off:)

Better to be feared than loved.

FARIS

Oh, don't you worry about that.

EXT. RIO GRANDE, MEXICO - NIGHT

Ten impoverished Mexican hopefuls stare across the Rio Grande at the other side: America.

Border crossing in progress, near what is called "The Valley of the Beheaded," outside Ciudad Juarez.

Fifty miles West, the lights of Fort Hancock twinkle like distant, welcoming stars.

A "COYOTE" ushers them halfway across, using inner tubes as rafts. He turns at the invisible border in the river and paddles back to Mexican soil, with their money.

THE CURRENT -- carries the would-be immigrants from Mexico toward the rocky shore of America.

THE LAST BORDER CROSSER -- is markedly different from the others. This man winces as he gets into the cold water. His clothes are impeccable.

This is RUIZ.

Ruiz succumbs at last to the current and kicks his legs like the others, heading for the other side, for America.

ABOVE THEM -- something black and buzzing whirs overhead. One of the crossers shouts:

BORDER CROSSER

*El Mosco!* (The Mosquito!)

A PREDATOR B DRONE -- flies 500 feet overhead, cameras and infrared scopes aimed downward, tracking them...

COYOTE

*Mas rapido, rapido!*

INT. BORDER PATROL TRUCK - NIGHT

A calloused hand brings a Styrofoam coffee cup up to a pair of lips.

PULLING BACK -- Reynolds is watching the Predator drone feed on a bank of monitors. Infra-green shows "crossers" nearing the riverbank. Closer to America.

REYNOLDS (INTO RADIO)  
Ten crossers. Bravo, in position?  
Pete, you fat bastard. There, yet?

EXT. IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

FIFTEEN BORDER PATROL AGENTS move, silent.

One thickset man huffs into place, his team behind him, stopping, quiet. PETE, we assume, smirks and says into walkie as he struggles for breath:

PETE  
Been here for ten minutes.

We HEAR Reynolds's voice in his ear.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)  
On my count, zap 'em with light  
and sound.

BACK IN THE TRUCK -- Reynolds sips his coffee, waits. Watches the screens. LaFontaine watches next to him.

REYNOLDS  
What's in this cup? Have you ever  
made coffee before?

LAFONTAINE  
Pan boiled. Yankees stole the  
recipe from French Trappers,  
called it "cowboy coffee."

REYNOLDS  
*Merde, ne comprenez-vous?*

LAFONTAINE  
You can use the informal tense in  
that case. Your accent sucks.

REYNOLDS  
Workin' on it. Gimme a break.

FARIS -- is watching the monitors, headphones on:

FARIS  
 (indicates monitor)  
 They get on land, they run.

REYNOLDS  
 Bust em in the water, they'll turn  
 around, wait a few hours, then try  
 and cross five miles down river.

ON SCREEN -- they see the images of the border crossers  
 coming closer. Closer.

ONE INFRA GREEN BLOB -- makes it. The first. Starts  
 RUNNING. Right toward --

-- TEAM BRAVO. Reynolds sighs and keys the radio:

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 Show time. Bravo, hit 'em.

EXT. IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Fifteen BORDER PATROL AGENTS stand, 10,000 candle-watt  
 flashlights beaming the first wide-eyed border crosser.

BORDER AGENTS  
 FEDERAL AGENTS! FREEZE!

THE CROSSERS -- turn and RUN, right toward --

-- A NATURAL PATHWAY, leading them all up to REYNOLDS AND  
 THE TRUCKS.

Reynolds is out of the truck, another team of fifteen,  
 Alpha Team, already beaming their flashlights, truck and  
 ATV headlights, illuminating the wet and scared Crossers.

AN ATV -- takes after a rogue Crosser who has squirrelled  
 under a bush. Another wheels around to cut him off.

THROUGH IT ALL -- Reynolds walks calmly forward, hand in  
 the air, shouting:

REYNOLDS  
*Mantenga la calma! Calma! Se ha  
 terminado! Terminado!*

He walks up to a kid in his late teens, T-shirt soaked,  
 boots wet, eyes wild; knows he's caught.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
 Relax. It's over.

EXT. THE RIO GRANDE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

A HOMELAND SECURITY HELICOPTER - whirs overhead, spotlight shining down on the scene of the bust.

REYNOLDS -- walks down the line of border crossers. All flex-cuffed. Each one looks more pathetic and desperate than the last. No one makes eye contact with him.

REYNOLDS

(in Spanish:)

*You are in the custody of United States Officers. We will not harm you. You will not be mistreated.*

Reynolds sees a teenage GIRL, no more than 14, shivering in the cold night air. Wearing a T-shirt and jeans.

Reynolds snatches a blanket from a truck and puts it around the girl's shoulders. Casts a reproachful look at the thickset Pete, who shrugs.

Reynolds passes a crosser with a sloppy appearance.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

*Hola, Tomas. What's this, third time this month?*

TOMAS, the heavysset man, shrugs and speaks English:

TOMAS

Fourth, *el jefe*. If at first you don't succeed, Agent Reynolds. Just want to work and send money home to my family.

REYNOLDS

(pats his shoulder)

I understand. But I'm gonna catch you every time.

TOMAS

Not every time.

Tomas grins, gold dental work gleaming. Reynolds finally stops at -- RUIZ. The final crosser. Looks at his clothes -- business suit, nice shoes, all now soggy and rumped.

RUIZ -- makes eye contact. Keeps it. Reynolds announces to the bedraggled group:

REYNOLDS

(in Spanish:)

*You will be detained, processed,  
and returned to Mexico in the  
morning.*

Ruiz keeps Reynolds' eye contact. Reynolds whispers to LaFontaine in French (in case Ruiz speaks English):

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

*Assurez-vous d'obtenir de assez  
photos de cet homme.*

LAFONTAINE

*Bonnes photos.* But I got it, boss.

RUIZ

*Je comprends tout ce que vous  
dites.* You must think we're all  
uneducated idiots south of the  
border. *Comprende, jefe?*

Reynolds and LaFontaine look at Ruiz. Definitely no ordinary border crosser.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - NIGHT

Reynolds walks past the crappy TV in the break room -- CNN showing the PRESIDENT, a newscaster intoning gravely:

CNN NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...Was a cartel "Narco Tank"  
chasing drug running vehicles. The  
President announced that this kind  
of aggression by cartels on US  
soil is unprecedented, and will  
not be tolerated....

Reynolds comes up to Faris, speaks quietly:

REYNOLDS

Run facial rec on that one guy.  
FBI and Interpol Databases.

FARIS

Which guy, boss?

REYNOLDS

The one with the nice shoes.

FARIS

It's expensive. We're already over  
budget this quarter.

REYNOLDS

Do it. Got a feeling.

INT. PROCESSING SECTION, FT. HANCOCK STATION - NIGHT

FARIS -- photographs RUIZ. Runs the digital photo through the NSA's facial recognition program.

REYNOLDS -- monitors security cameras that line the border. Using controls to zoom and pan.

LATER -- as facial recognition software churns through possibilities, LaFontaine uses his binoculars to look out the window at a bird. Checks his Sibley's Guide. Mutters:

LAFONTAINE

Yellow bellied sapsucker. Knew it.

He glances up at the screen. The program has a candidate.

LAFONTAINE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God...

He LEANS FORWARD to see -- RUIZ'S PHOTO, with his particulars spelled out in detail.

*CONFIRMED TO BE NUMBER THREE MAN IN DOS CULEBRAS CARTEL.  
ARREST ON SIGHT AND DETAIN.*

INT. REYNOLDS' OFFICE - NIGHT

LaFontaine pops his head into Reynolds' office.

LAFONTAINE

When you're right, you're right,  
boss. You're not gonna believe it.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Reynolds unlocks the holding cell. Sees Ruiz sitting there. Calm, contained. Not afraid.

RUIZ

I've been waiting for you. Took a  
little longer than I planned. I  
wish to cooperate, fully.

REYNOLDS

I can safely say that no one who  
has crossed the Rio Grande  
illegally has ever said those  
words to me before.

(looks at a file)

Antonio Ernesto Ruiz.

(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Doctorate in International Finance from Harvard. Wow. Returned to Mexico in '96, began working in an up and coming industry: drugs. Started with the Nogales Cartel. Then you moved to Dos Culebras in '08.

(looks up)

Antonio. May I call you Tony?

RUIZ

Antonio is the name my mother and father gave me. You may call me Mr. Ruiz if you prefer.

REYNOLDS

May I? You're not denying it?

RUIZ

Would you deny your name?

REYNOLDS

Maybe if I was a drug dealer.

RUIZ

I am not a drug dealer.

REYNOLDS

Armani suit, Italian loafers, speak French. You had fifty grand in cash, three cell phones, two passports on you. So what the hell are you? Tourist who got off the sightseeing bus one stop late?

RUIZ

I'm a CFO for a corporation with international interests.

REYNOLDS

One that beheads people by the dozen. Buries them with two rattlesnakes as a message.

RUIZ

CEO's decision. Not mine.

REYNOLDS

Okay, I can see you don't want to talk straight. Maybe later.

Reynolds knocks on the door. It unbolts from outside.

RUIZ

Wait. I want to make a deal.

REYNOLDS

A deal. For what?

LaFontaine opens the door. Reynolds stops.

RUIZ

That's for me and my phone call to Washington.

REYNOLDS

Oh. Anything else? Omelette, maybe? *Con queso*? Chorizo?

RUIZ

I'm not negotiating with a low-level gringo on the border.

REYNOLDS

Consider this your own personal Guantanamo Bay, *Mr. Ruiz*. No one has to know about you. I can have you back on a bus into Mexico within 2 hours.

Ruiz considers Reynolds. Decides to talk.

RUIZ

I have vital -- tools, shall we say, that can deal an enormous blow for what you call the war on drugs. But they are only available to me for the next 72 hours. I want to speak to the politician most responsible for continuing this so called conflict -- Senator John T. Anderson.

REYNOLDS

And I wanna go to Tahiti.  
(closing the door)  
Nighty-night.

He sees Ruiz staring back at him through the thick square of safety glass in the steel door.

LAFONTAINE

What next?

REYNOLDS

Gonna call HSI in Washington.

LAFONTAINE

Plasco?

Reynolds tosses the cup into a garbage can, overflowing with two days of trash.

REYNOLDS

Yeah. Plasco.

He heads toward his closet-sized office, desk covered in paperwork. Grabs the phone. Starts dialing.

INT. CHARLOTTE, NC - DC-9 JET - DAY

FBI and Homeland Security are making a major bust on a DC-9 jet that has landed at the busy Charlotte, NC airport.

ON THE TARMAC -- law enforcement vehicles everywhere, sirens strobing, lighting up the inky black night.

A WHITE PANEL VAN -- pulls up next to the plane. This is one of a fleet of fifty of Homeland Security's Z-Backscatter X-ray vans.

INT. IN THE X-RAY VAN - NIGHT

Two TECHS watch the monitor as the van slowly cruises down the length of the aircraft.

HOMELAND SECURITY TECH

Hold it. Right there.

INT. THE DC-9 - NIGHT

IN THE CARGO HOLD OF THE PLANE -- FRANK PLASCO, a man with a swagger and the permanent smirk that comes from years of distrusting his fellow members of mankind, heads further into the belly of the aircraft.

He trails drug sniffing dogs and remote X-ray monitor feed from the van until his right hand-man, VANCE, hears the Techs from the truck --

VANCE

Plasco, X-ray truck got a hit.

Plasco pops an Omega-3 pill in his mouth, swallows dry.

THE DRUG DOG -- is indicating, scratching at the crates until his handler backs him off with a reward.

PLASCO

What am I standin' on?

VANCE

Fish. Two tons. Imported from  
Canada. That's dry ice.

Plasco looks at the handheld screens. Sees --

PLASCO

There it is.

VANCE

Whoa. Mother lode.

-- ON SCREEN: the CACHE of cocaine, brick after brick,  
key after key; 5.7 tons.

PLASCO

Yeah. Coke, guns, and the third  
part of the unholy trinity...

THE SCREEN -- swings to show the outline of AUTOMATIC  
WEAPONS. And something else. Rectangular objects.  
Hundreds of them. More AGENTS pour in: this is big.

PLASCO (CONT'D)

...cash.

(cell phone rings)

God. Virtual office never sleeps.

INT. PLASCO'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Plasco looks at a laptop screen with the face recognition  
photo of Ruiz from Interpol. Then at the information.

PLASCO (INTO PHONE)

Reynolds, I know you think it's a  
big deal down there in Arizona --

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Texas.

PLASCO

-- but if I started jumping up and  
down with every call like this I'd  
die from exhaustion. Just guard  
this guy and wait.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Wait for what? This is time  
sensitive, Plasco.

PLASCO

I am not asking you.

INTERCUT -- with Reynolds in Texas:

REYNOLDS

Border station isn't exactly a supermax. Whoever he's runnin' from will want this guy back. We should move him. Now.

PLASCO

Look, just babysit him until we can get a unit there to move him.

REYNOLDS

There's more to it. A clock.

PLASCO

What clock?

REYNOLDS

Ruiz told me he's on a 72-hour time frame. This guy has something major. I know it.

PLASCO

Baby-sit, Reynolds. Don't think.

He hangs up. Click.

INT. RUIZ'S CELL - NIGHT

Reynolds opens Ruiz's cell. Ruiz's eyes snap open.

REYNOLDS

I got nothing but time. You -- do not. So. Full disclosure, or a nice ride back to Ciudad Juarez.

Ruiz seems to sag. Then he starts talking...

RUIZ

How much do you know about money laundering? Foreign bank accounts? Swift codes?

REYNOLDS

A little bit.

RUIZ

I know all there is. I've set up a way to siphon money from the Cartel. A lot of money.

REYNOLDS

How much?

RUIZ

All of it.

REYNOLDS

What do you mean, all of it?

RUIZ

All of it.

REYNOLDS

I need more specifics if you want  
your call to Washington.

Ruiz realizes he has to give Reynolds something.

RUIZ

*Eight billion* dollars.

REYNOLDS

Bullshit.

Reynolds looks at Ruiz. Somehow, Ruiz's eyes betray no  
artifice, no subterfuge.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

You're fucking serious.

RUIZ

I want my phone call.

EXT. MEXICO, DOS CULEBRAS CARTEL COMPOUND - DAWN

Flying over the surprisingly verdant, rolling hills a  
short ride from bustling Mexico city, we find a sprawling  
estate nestled in the hills. A single road leads to  
triple-perimeter fencing.

To say the Dos Culebras compound is "guarded" would be an  
insult. The place is impregnable: Six armed watchtowers;  
electrified fences; video surveillance; infra green  
detectors; ground sensors; patrolling German Shepherds;  
even a moat and drawbridge. A city within the fences.

INT. COMPOUND - EQUESTRIAN AREA - DAY

MR. HECTOR GALLARDO, whom everyone calls "Mr. Hector,"  
the 35 year-old leader of Dos Culebras, juts his jaw out  
when he speaks:

MR. HECTOR

How long has he been gone?

His top Lieutenant, COSTILLA, sits uneasily next to him in a gold plated golf cart with glimmering diamonds on the silver rims. A familiar emblem in silver on the side: two rattlesnakes encircling the letters D and C.

COSTILLA

Long enough, Mr. Hector.

MR. HECTOR

We sure he isn't with his family?

They breeze through the compound, Mr. Hector driving, passing legions of armed men and a confederacy of servants and grounds-keepers.

COSTILLA

Checked flight manifests. He sent them away, but we don't know their final destination. Then he vanished.

A half dozen sleek Doberman Pinchers run alongside, tongues lolling. Hector tosses bits of prepared meat to the dogs, part of his ritual.

MR. HECTOR

What's the worst-case scenario?

Mr. Hector wears a polo outfit as he floors the golf cart toward the equestrian area of the compound. A polo field glimmers like a green jewel in the foreground.

COSTILLA

Worse than we thought.

Hector parks. They get out of the cart and walk. Pass stables of prized polo horses. Hector pauses to pat some of them. Feeds others fresh apples from a barrel.

COSTILLA

All the liquid assets. All our gains from the past six years.

This stops Hector in his stride. Costilla watches his boss' back, muscles there tightening under the polo outfit. Hector coils, almost imperceptibly, a cobra in a corner. Then -- he continues feeding a horse.

MR. HECTOR

So take possession again.

TREJO

Can't for three days. Ruiz locked us out. Requested a code change.

Costilla's Deputy of Intelligence, TREJO, hands Hector the documentation. Hector looks it over, eyes intense.

MR. HECTOR

Unrequest it!

Trejo flinches. Mr. Hector reaches his favorite stallion. Opens the gate. Guides the horse out, admiring its strength, beauty. Trejo nervously continues:

TREJO

Banks won't listen. Has to come from the secure account holder.

MR. HECTOR

(stops, annoyed:)

But that's *me*.

TREJO

No, *senor*. You are protected. Your name is nowhere.

COSTILLA

Without our liquid assets, we'd be unable to continue our supply line; pay mules; bribe officials. Our enemies would know, they'd move in, secure our territories. We'd end up in a ditch.

MR. HECTOR

Do you think I would let this -- *man*, undermine my empire. An empire that I found in bricks and will leave in marble? Is this what you truly believe?

COSTILLA

We should not underestimate Ruiz --

Hector controls his anger. Takes deep breaths. Finally:

MR. HECTOR

He should not have underestimated me. My reach is as long as my memory. And I do not forget.

Hector gets on his horse. Dons his polo helmet. Starts taking practice swings with his mallet. Whoosh! Costilla and Trejo have to step back. *Whoosh!* WHOOSH!

MR. HECTOR (CONT'D)

Find Ruiz's location. Send assassins to eradicate him.

COSTILLA

Who do you want me to send, senor?

The sunlight, blood red, illuminates his face.

MR. HECTOR

Send them all.

Mr. Hector rides off toward the polo field, swinging the mallet, the horse hooves thundering.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MORNING

The most ruthless ASSASSINS and murderers get the call. They are "activated."

COSTILLA

Bounty is \$10 million: US dollars.  
Another two million to bring  
Ruiz's head to Mr. Hector.

THE ASSASSINS - scramble to prepare. We don't see them yet, just glimpses in shadows, reflections in mirrors, shots of hands preparing weapons, returning texts, checking bank accounts.

EXT. BAJA CALIFORNIA - MOTORBOAT - DAY

AN ASSASSIN with a half-burned face from a battle injury in the past is catching fish off the coast of Baja California. His phone rings. The screen reads: COSTILLA.

Has a brief conversation. Hangs up. Tosses the phone overboard. He reels in his deep sea lines. Heads to shore in his 15 foot motorboat.

QUICK CUTS -- of Burned Face getting ready. Getting photos of RUIZ and his stats. Burned Face prepares his U.S. Passport. Makes sure his arsenal is in order.

He makes a final stop -- at his son's SCHOOL.

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL, MEXICO - DAY

Half-Burned Face waves to the BOY through the fence. The BOY waves back.

The boy's MOTHER picks up Half-Burned Face's son, takes him to the car. Casts an angry glance at her ex-husband.

But he's already gone...

EXT. LOS ANGELES HOUSE, EAGLE ROCK - DAY

A Los Angeles GANG LEADER with a barbed-wire NECK TATTOO gets the call. Puts down his tools and stops fixing up his maroon 1967 classic Pontiac GTO. Shouts to his men:

NECK TATTOO

Gather 'round: board meeting.

HIS MEN - come out from under the car to watch as Neck Tattoo sees the photos of Ruiz, then reads the text about the bounty. He smiles -- gold grilles catching sunlight.

INT. MEXICO, TORTURE SHACK - MORNING

AN ASSASSIN with a faux-Mohawk takes a break from TORTURING some poor bleeding and incoherent MAN in a metal chair.

A car battery and wires are hooked up to the chair. The Man hears an electric VIBRATION. Winces, waiting for the pain that doesn't come. It's a CELL PHONE, vibrating.

MOHAWK, as he's known to us, picks up his phone from the a metal table. Scans the job particulars, then the amount of the reward. Says in Spanish:

MOHAWK

Mr. Hector wants you tortured very slowly, but something has come up.

Tortured Man sighs in relief, thinking he's free. But --

MOHAWK (CONT'D)

So I'll make this quick.

-- Mohawk flips the switch on the car battery and leaves, closing the door on the awful sounds of the Tortured Man being electrocuted.

INT. TEXAS GANG HOUSE - MORNING

IN THE U.S. -- A GANG that moves Hector's drugs gets the call in Texas.

THEIR LEADER -- is a Caucasian, Texas A&M former baseball jock. Those days are behind him. He's covered in prison tats, big JESUS SAVED ME inked on the back of his bull neck. A CRUCIFIX hangs from a necklace.

CRUCIFIX

Oye. Listen up!

THE DRUG GANG -- is currently pulling up keys of cocaine from an elaborate TUNNEL SYSTEM that comes up right into the living room of this small border house.

CRUCIFIX (CONT'D)

A job has fallen from the sky like  
a blessing. A good one.

Fifteen GANG MEMBERS, who have spent most of their lives  
in and out of prison, get ready to go to war.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF FT HANCOCK STATION, TEXAS - MORNING

Reynolds scans the landscape surrounding the border  
station, holding 10x60 Swarovski binoculars to his eyes  
as he speaks on the phone with Plasco.

REYNOLDS

You're not listening. Dos Culebras  
cartel is gonna want Ruiz back. We  
have got to move him.

INTERCUT -- Plasco is annoyed and harried in --

PLASCO (ON PHONE)

First, Senator Anderson's office  
has to okay the conference call --

-- THE HOMELAND SECURITY HQ in WASHINGTON, D.C.

REYNOLDS

Then get him on the phone!

PLASCO

-- Then we have to get  
authorization to move him. That  
means channels, -- and that takes  
time.

He hurries down the halls toward the DEPUTY AGENT IN  
CHARGE'S OFFICE. Knocks on the door. An ASSISTANT waves  
him in. Plasco can see the DEPUTY AGENT on a call.

PLASCO (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Just sit tight and do your job --

REYNOLDS

My job. Baby sitting?

Plasco hangs up, annoyed.

IN TEXAS -- Reynolds heads back --

-- INSIDE THE STATION. Moves down the hallways, roiling  
with anger. Sees LaFontaine, growls:

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Call everyone in. I mean everyone. I don't care if they're sick, on vacation, at a little league game or half in the bag. They got a working trigger finger, I want em.

LAFONTAINE

On it.

FARIS

Gonna mess with overtime budgets.

REYNOLDS

Screw the budget. I want this place invulnerable.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MEXICO CITY - MORNING

A NARCO TANK cuts a swath through the morning traffic. Everyone gets out of the way. Even police cars.

MR. HECTOR (ON PHONE)

Update: Ruiz.

COSTLLA (V.O.)

There's no sign, yet, Mr. Hector.

MR. HECTOR

Find a sign. Find it fast.

COSTLLA (V.O.)

Si, Jefe.

INT. MR. HECTOR'S NARCO TANK - MORNING

As Mr. Hector's plush Narco tank moves through tight streets of the small town, he speaks into his sat phone.

MR. HECTOR

I want a few other tasks taken care of in the states. Call him.

COSTLLA (ON PHONE)

Call who, *Senor*?

MR. HECTOR

You know who.

COSTLLA (ON PHONE)

...Si, Mr. Hector. I know who.

EXT. COCAINE PROCESSING PLANT, MEXICO - DAY

Mr. Hector gets out of the vehicle, his security detail loosely surrounding him, intimidating. Mr. Hector cuts through the crowds to the plant, still on the phone:

MR. HECTOR (INTO PHONE)

Tell him he'll get three million  
for assignments tangential to the  
hit. Then if he wants to go after  
the main bounty, it's his choice.

Mr. Hector walks into the cocaine processing warehouse, the armed GUARDS moving aside. Hector is king here.

INT. CROWDED ART GALLERY - MORNING

WE SEE -- one particular assassin, the baddest of them all. He is called, simply, ZERO.

This is the man Hector was reluctant to mention by name. Zero has no tattoos. No identifying marks. Looks like any other person. Anonymous. Forgettable.

But his eyes are dead.

ZERO - finishes bidding on a painting at an art AUCTION. Checks his vibrating phone. Abruptly gets up and LEAVES.

The gavel drops. The AUCTIONEER points at --

-- an empty chair where Zero was a moment before.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION, TEXAS - DAY

Reynolds watches photos of Amanda and Miles scroll by on his computer screen saver. Makes a decision....

Snatches up the desk phone. Checks his government directory, frayed with age. Dials a number.

EXT./INT. MEXICO - VARIOUS - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS - of the assassins getting weapons, false documents and passports. Using their intelligence networks to try and find Ruiz. They know they're up against a ticking clock. Questions remain: is Ruiz in Mexico? Has he fled the country?

THE ASSASSINS - are shown questioning the Coyotes who run the usual infiltration routes into the US. Then contacts at Ciudad Juarez Police; airports; train stations.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds hisses into the phone:

REYNOLDS

I know I've called four times.  
It's urgent! That's why I've  
called four times. If it wasn't  
urgent, I'd have called once.

(listens, fumes)

You have my number! Look, look.  
Just tell the Senator: "Red Route  
68 Smash." Got it? "Red Route 68  
Smash." Do it.

He slams the phone down.

EXT. TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

CRUCIFIX - pulls up in his Ford truck. Gets out.  
Abandoned highway except for --

-- ANOTHER VEHICLE. A sleek black sedan with discrete  
sirens over the back seat. A government car. Crucifix  
gets in the passenger seat.

INSIDE -- a HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT looks at Crucifix.

HOMELAND SEC. AGENT

Called around. Got a hit.

Crucifix waits. Then realizes. Hands over a stack of  
cash. Homeland Security Agent counts it. Nods.

HOMELAND SEC. AGENT (CONT'D)

Guy you want is in custody at the  
Fort Hancock Border station. But  
you'll never get in there.

Crucifix scoffs at the man. Gets out of the car.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION, TEXAS - DAY

Reynolds is in his office. LaFontaine watches. The  
private line RINGS. Reynolds snatches it up.

REYNOLDS

Agent Reynolds.

SENATOR ANDERSON (V.O.)

As far as I know, Agent Reynolds,  
Red Route 68 Smash is a play that  
hasn't been used in 40 years.

REYNOLDS

Yes, Senator, I know. It's the end-around play you used to win the Gator Bowl. The team retired it.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Reynolds can be heard on the speaker phone in SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE. Plasco, pissed at Reynolds for breaking protocol, paces as he listens.

SENATOR ANDERSON

End-around with a flea flicker back to the QB, me. I passed for the TD. You have an old playbook or something? Want an autograph?

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Texas Tech Red Raider, free safety, Senator. Your play was legendary with us.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Did my due diligence on you, too. You made the interception to take the team to the Southwest Conference Championship in '94. I remember. *Helluva* play.

REYNOLDS

Just doing my job, Senator. Nothing as spectacular as yours.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Well, consider me flattered, son, but I've got an Agent Plasco in my office who thinks you're doing an end-around right around him.

INTERCUT - Reynolds swears under his breath. Then:

REYNOLDS

He'll get over it, sir.

SENATOR ANDERSON

You two lovebirds sort that out amongst yourselves. Plasco's briefed me on this drug dealer -- what's his name? -- Ruiz. Let's hear your end of the story.

REYNOLDS

He'll talk only to you, Senator.  
Ruiz has limited time. I believe  
him, and I think it's big.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Everyone needs something from me.  
What's this drug dealer want?

REYNOLDS

Witness protection for life in  
exchange for what he's offering.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Talk turkey. What's the *get*?

REYNOLDS

The Dos Culebras Cartel's bank  
account, sir. The king of the heap  
for the past six years; the  
bloodiest, most ruthless cartel of  
them all. Ruiz has eight billion  
dollars of their money.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Would you -- repeat that number?

INT. REYNOLDS' OFFICE, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - DAY

MOMENTS LATER -- RUIZ, cuffed to a chair, talks to the  
speaker phone, picking up the conversation:

RUIZ

*Eight billion dollars*, Senator.  
That's with a "B."

SENATOR ANDERSON

How do we know you're for real?

RUIZ

Are you a gambling man?

SENATOR ANDERSON

I'm a politician. All we do is  
gamble, all the time.

RUIZ

You can roll the dice with me, or  
you can send me to Mexico. With my  
eight billion.

SENATOR ANDERSON

...We need to discuss amongst  
ourselves. We'll get back to you.

RUIZ

Senator, I don't have time. And you don't have time.

Anderson's finger stabs the speaker button. Anderson is 64, but the former Texas Tech college football star still looks like he could beat the shit out of a 21 year old.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Agent Plasco. Your opinion.

PLASCO

If it's real, we can destroy the most powerful cartel in Mexico.

SENATOR ANDERSON

If it's real.

Anderson swivels in his chair, looking out the window. A small smile comes to his lips.

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We will tell the American people the United States has struck the biggest blow ever in the War on Drugs. And for that, I'm willing to stake my career. You with me?

PLASCO

No, Senator. I'm ahead of you, waiting for you to catch up.

INT. FORT HANCOCK U.S. BORDER STATION - DAY

Ruiz is on the speaker phone, Reynolds behind him:

RUIZ

New face, new identity. My wife and kids flown to a safehouse in the US. I want us to live in a suburb. With a minivan. Middle America. For what I'm prepared to give, I don't ask for much. Just a life outside the drug world.

INTERCUT -- with the Senator's Office, now half-filled with Aides and assistants.

Anderson, Plasco, Agent Vance encircle the speaker phone on Anderson's antique cherry Chippendale desk, which he unconsciously wipes with a sleeve as he speaks.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Lemme tell you how this goes --

RUIZ

No, I tell you. When I get confirmation that my deal will be honored and that my family is safe, I will move the money into US accounts. I want this agreement in writing and ironclad.

SENATOR ANDERSON

That'll take time. Transfer the money now, in good faith, and we'll hold up our end of the bargain. You have my word, son.

RUIZ

I'm afraid your word and a handshake will not be good enough. I spent the last year planning this. A constant shell game, so complex and intricate; I won't let that \$8 billion get touched without my control. This is my game, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

(whispers to Plasco)

Find out who can make this deal go through. Get me the best.

Plasco nods, goes to the corner and calls on his cell.

RUIZ

This is 93% of Dos Culebras' net worth, hidden in numbered accounts in dozens of foreign and offshore banks, with shell companies as fronts. I can move the cash to new accounts for another 62 hours. After that, I have nothing.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Not to look a gift horse in the mouth, but -- why?

RUIZ

Because sooner or later, I knew he was going to kill me and my family. Maybe not this year or next year, but the moment would have come. No one survives long in this business. No one.

(then)

(MORE)

RUIZ (CONT'D)

If this brief window of time  
closes due to your incompetence,  
you can send me back to Mexico,  
where I will be killed in a slow,  
painful way. Believe me, I know.

Ruiz nods to Reynolds, who hangs up.

EXT. GANG HOUSE - DAY

Crucifix and his crew of THIRTY GANG MEMBERS pile into  
vehicles. Head off in a spray of gravel and dust toward --

-- a cloud-choked horizon. A storm coming.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds looks at Ruiz in a new light.

REYNOLDS

You wanted to get caught.

RUIZ

I wanted you to catch me.

REYNOLDS

Me? What can you know about me?

RUIZ

I did my research. On everything.  
You're an honorable man.

REYNOLDS

Honorable....

(unsure)

Should've just run with the money.

RUIZ

(smiles)

That amount draws attention.

(shakes his head)

Looking over my shoulder forever;  
wife and children never safe? No,  
that's no life. But in America,  
with a deal -- we have a future.

REYNOLDS

Why not fly them here? Why Europe?

RUIZ

If this fails, I'll be dead. But  
they could still get away.

REYNOLDS

I don't get it. Give the money to charity; the poor. Do some good.

RUIZ

Do you love your country?

REYNOLDS

I'd die for it.

RUIZ

And I love Mexico. But my country, my homeland, has become a war zone. Since 2006, 47,000 people have been killed in drug war violence. *Forty-seven thousand*. More than your country lost in the Vietnam war. Mexico has become a place where my daughter cannot walk the streets alone because of kidnapers. I played a part in creating a nation of fear. I am a cause of that downfall.

(beat)

This is how I can help Mexico. May sound stupid, but I believe one person can make a difference.

Now Reynolds believes him. He glances at the photo of his wife and baby boy on the desk. Finally says:

REYNOLDS

Doesn't sound stupid at all.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Mr. Hector and Costilla have Ruiz's nervous INVESTMENT VP in Hector's compound, overlooking the private zoo.

INVESTMENT V.P.

He'll be using half dozen or more intermediary institutions to carry out transactions. He punches in the Swift codes, they make the --  
(hears a tiger roar)  
-- uh, wire transfers.

COSTILLA

Contact the intermediaries -- tell them not to make the transfers.

INVESTMENT V.P.

We use over eighty intermediaries worldwide, but I know for a fact Mr. Ruiz has his own connections.

MR. HECTOR

Why hasn't he transferred the money yet?

INVESTMENT V.P.

Perhaps he is unable at this time.

MR. HECTOR

How much did he promise you? Five percent? Ten? You can tell us.

INVESTMENT V.P.

Senor, please. Nothing. I knew nothing. I was promised nothing.

COSTILLA

Stop the transfers.

INVESTMENT V.P.

I can't. I would, I swear. Please. I have children.

MR. HECTOR

So do my tigers.

INT. MR. HECTOR'S TIGER PIT - DAY

THE INVESTMENT VP falls into the pit. CRACK goes his thighbone on impact.

THE INVESTMENT VP -- tries to stand, in agony, but too scared to feel it; eyes wild. He sees --

-- two BENGAL TIGER CUBS, through the bushes. Cute, playful, almost adorable. Then he sees -- MOTHER AND FATHER. The largest cats in the world, all 600 and 750 pounds each of them, now stalking toward him.

INVESTMENT V.P.

Back! Basta! STAY BACK!

The tigers LUNGE forward.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY, OUTSIDE OF EL PASO - DAY

Crucifix and his convoy drive just over the speed limit. Not too slow, not too fast. They pass a sign that reads:

FORT HANCOCK, 34 MILES.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Plasco and Anderson are in a conference, now Anderson's room half-filled with his AIDES and ADVISORS.

PLASCO

Secure accounts are being set up, but we still can't get the Director of the FBI to sign off on the deal. He's on a goddamn golf trip in Scotland and "doesn't want to be annoyed."

Anderson takes Plasco aside, meaty hand on his arm.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We can't get the President's people to sign off, either. They say I can't meet with him until he returns from London and Berlin, three goddamn days from now. We're gonna have to do this on our own.

PLASCO

Yes we are, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We need the best US Attorney, a real ball-buster. One who can work this deal and make it airtight.

Plasco doesn't smile. He knows just the attorney.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - U.S. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

We go INSIDE the new, high-tech courthouse to find --

-- A secure hearing room with a three-member REVIEW PANEL sitting behind a table. The LEADER speaks:

PANEL LEADER

You realize that if we release you to El Salvadorian custody, you'll serve time there for other crimes?

REVERSE -- A manacled PRISONER stands before them.

PRISONER

I just want to go home and pay my debt. I regret my actions. I have disgraced my countrymen.

There is derisive clapping from a chair in the corner.

COOPER (O.S.)

Very noble.

REVERSE to reveal MADELINE COOPER. Her eyes have an intense wickedness; her mouth is a cruel weapon.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Seven years ago my husband and I were coming out of a restaurant in Georgetown when that man --

(points)

-- fired point blank. The first bullet shattered my husband's skull, killing him instantly.

She stands, file folder in hand, and approaches the panel. Puts crime scene photos on the table. Panel members wince at the gruesome photos.

COOPER (CONT'D)

He put three more rounds into his chest for good measure.

She starts unbuttoning her blouse. People get nervous. The STENOGRAPHER looks confused.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I instinctively leapt on top of my husband to protect him. The man before you fired three more times.

She takes off her shirt, just wearing a bra, now, and turns around. There are three hideous scars there.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I was in a medically induced coma for two weeks. Infection from the gunshots had made my brain swell. I had a 25% chance to live.

The panel watches, mesmerized. She puts her shirt back on, facing the prisoner.

COOPER (CONT'D)

This man was the brother of a dealer my husband sent to a supermax prison. It was a revenge killing: brutal, efficient.

Her phone buzzes with a text: CALL SEN. ANDERSON'S OFFICE. URGENT. She glances at it and pockets it.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Entrust him to El Salvadorian custody: he's out in a week, and back in America within the month, moving drugs to the US public.

(puts on her jacket)

Make the right decision.

As she walks out, the Prisoner grins at her, makes a gun out of his thumb and forefinger, and pulls the "trigger," making a gunshot noise as he does. Then he laughs.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

IN THE HALLWAY of the vast courthouse, Cooper is on the phone with Senator Anderson.

SENATOR ANDERSON (V.O.)

Your boss horse traded your temporary services if I agreed to be the keynote speaker at his yearly fund raiser for some kind of endangered rainforest flower.

COOPER

Yes, Senator. The *Cattleya percivaliana*. Sadly, I know all about it. He loves his orchids. I'm glad to know I'm being traded like a commodity.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Don't sound down in the mouth. This case could be a career maker. You in or out, Miss Cooper?

COOPER

I'll be there in fourteen minutes, Senator. Please have an Aide with a security pass waiting for me.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LOCKUP - DAY

Cooper signs out her Glock-17 from lockup. Puts it into her holster and buttons her business jacket over it. Uses a discrete bottle of Purell for her hands.

EXT. U.S. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jogs to the corner of 3rd and C Streets. Hails a cab. Uses a folded handkerchief with the initials HC stitched on the silk to open the cab door.

EXT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION, TEXAS - DAY

POV - THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE -- we look out at the surrounding buildings through a Zeiss lens. See ACTIVITY at surrounding buildings. Vehicles coming in and out.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

What's that warehouse used for?

REVERSE -- Reynolds uses his rifle to scour the landscape. His foot goes through the worn roof that needs repair. He swears, yanks it out. Moves to the left.

LAFONTAINE - next to him, watches through his own scope. Sees -- trucks coming in and out of a complex.

LAFONTAINE

They do something with chemicals there, I think. Plastics.

THROUGH SCOPE -- cars pull behind the warehouse. MEN get out and move crates and boxes inside. It's hard to make out from this distance who they are, what they're doing.

REYNOLDS

Hasn't that warehouse been empty the last few months?

LAFONTAINE

I jog by there sometimes. Cell phone recycling place. Think the company folded in February.

REYNOLDS

Stay here and keep an eye on it.

REYNOLDS -- climbs down the fire escape ladder. He knows they're vulnerable to attack.

Checks his watch, annoyed; cell phone. No calls. Reluctantly hurries back toward the front entrance. Nods at the GUARDS stationed there.

REVERSE -- from 2,000 yards away, the tiny form of Reynolds is seen walking back into the Border Station.

IN THE RUN-DOWN WAREHOUSE -- that Reynolds was watching, CRUCIFIX lowers his binoculars. His men behind him are breaking out heavy weapons. Preparing. Waiting to strike.

INT. SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Plasco and Cooper avoid eye contact as Anderson paces.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Cooper, what I need from you is a legal basis to pocket this \$8 Billion. Can we, as a nation, legitimately seize this money? Is it stealing? I want our asses covered. And I want those funds.

COOPER

This money was made by selling drugs in our country and destroying millions of American lives. Even if we were opposed on the fact that it was drug money, Ruiz knowingly laundered vast funds, violating Title 18 of the US code and the Money Laundering Control Act of 1986.

Plasco gives Anderson a look that says: Did I find the right person or what?

COOPER (CONT'D)

The fruit of that poison tree is ours to harvest, whether there's a legal precedent, or --  
(unsmiling)  
-- I have to make one up.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Great. Now, I'm not some crazy ass cowboy who thinks it would be a neat idea to rob a cartel blind. But by next year we'll be over \$5 billion in expenditures in the War on Drugs. Five fucking *billion*.

(lets this sink in)

We come back to the President and the American people with this bag of cash to cover our expenses, we could write a new chapter in the war on drugs. A positive one.

COOPER

Before we start grabbing each other's dicks and downing shots of Cuervo, we need to know one thing: is this guy for real?

SENATOR ANDERSON

One way to find out: get the cash.

COOPER

FBI wanted the entire amount moved  
or they won't sign Ruiz's deal.

PLASCO

Ruiz will never go for it.

COOPER

But, I got an Assistant SAC who  
has a crush on me to agree that  
they would sign the deal if they  
got "a taste."

SENATOR ANDERSON

A taste. How much?

COOPER

Hundred million.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Will this drug dealer go for it?

COOPER

He better. 'Cause I told the ASAC  
I'd go on a date with him next  
Tuesday to the Olive Garden.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds is checking his map. His finger finds --

-- AN ARMY AIR BASE, close by. He taps the map as Faris  
comes in, motioning with his thumb --

FARIS

Boss. The call.

INT. BORDER STATION/SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Reynolds is getting more and more impatient as he sits in  
his office with Ruiz. Senator Anderson is on the speaker:

SEN. ANDERSON (ON PHONE)

I want our new Government accounts  
to show positive cash within the  
hour. Then you get your signed  
deal. Not a moment before.

RUIZ

Impossible. The second I make the transaction, an automatic e-mail will be sent to Dos Culebras, with the name and address of the transfer request bank. Mr. Hector will know my wherabouts.

SEN. ANDERSON

No way around this, son.

RUIZ

*He'll know where I am.*

REYNOLDS

He's right. As I said, we should move Ruiz to a secure location.

INTERCUT - with Anderson and Plasco in the busy office.

PLASCO

You letting prisoners call the shots for you, now, Reynolds?

REYNOLDS

We're sitting right in Hector's backyard.

SENATOR ANDERSON

They're not the CIA. They're a *drug cartel* in goddamn Mexico.

RUIZ

(looks to Reynolds)  
Can they be so naïve?

REYNOLDS (TO PHONE)

Senator, we are standing before not a tornado of drugs and violence, but a hurricane. These cartels are sophisticated, organized, and lethal.

RUIZ

They can find out anything.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We cannot move forward without some *bona fides* to take to the powers that be. End of story.

Anderson hangs up.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds buzzes LaFontaine, who opens the door.

LAFONTAINE

Yeah, boss?

REYNOLDS

Lock and load. We're heading to the bank. Be ready for anything.

REYNOLDS

(to Ruiz:)

How likely is it? That we get hit after you make the transfer?

RUIZ

Likely.

EXT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

A secure VAN that looks like a Brinks' Truck pulls away from the Border Station, followed by two desert tan SUVs.

POV, BINOCULARS --

-- watching the caravan move through the fences and out onto the surrounding highway.

REVERSE - Crucifix lowers his 7x50 military binoculars -- more expensive and accurate than Reynolds'. Shakes his head to a GANG MEMBER.

CRUCIFIX

Can't confirm he's in the van.  
Revolving tail. Move.

He motions for two Gang Members to go. They hustle off outside and get on Ducati motorcycles.

EXT. HIGHWAY, FORT HANCOCK - DAY

LaFontaine Drives. Reynolds watches Ruiz, cuffed in the back of the secure van. Then Reynolds' eyes scan the surrounding traffic, watchful. Vigilant.

He registers two men on black MOTORCYCLES, a few hundred feet back, moving through traffic. The men are wearing helmets with reflective visors; robots in pursuit.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

Reynolds and LaFontaine are with Ruiz in a local Bank of America branch. They have a suit jacket over his handcuffs, which are kept in front of him.

A BANK MANAGER - stands by to send the transfer request information; Ruiz is on the phone with an offshore Fund Officer.

RUIZ

Sending encrypted password and  
Swift Codes now. One hundred  
million to a new account. Add your  
usual commission.

The Wells Fargo Bank Manager's jaw opens in shock. He mouths "*One Hundred Million?*" Then he sends the info.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Trejo looks like he's wired on an endless supply of cocaine. He gets a phone call. His eyes narrow slightly. He thanks the caller, hangs up. Picks up another phone.

TREJO

Got a hit: Ruiz made a fund  
transfer from a BofA branch at  
North Mesa Street in Fort Hancock.

INTERCUT - with Costilla in the Cartel War Room.

COSTILLA

Let all of our assets know, now.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK, FORT HANCOCK - DAY

Reynolds, LaFontaine and SIX BORDER AGENTS with shotguns hustle Ruiz back in the van.

Reynolds stops when he sees --

-- THE TWO MEN ON MOTORCYCLES, across the street. One of them shoves a cell phone into his helmet and speaks quickly. The two men rev their throttles and take off.

REYNOLDS -- watches the sunlight glint off one of the motorcycle helmets. Then they're gone.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY NEAR FORT HANCOCK - DAY

Ruiz is uneasy as he watches the countryside go past out the small reinforced window of the border transfer van.

Reynolds looks for the two men on motorcycles. No sign of them, now. He still doesn't relax.

FROM HIGH ABOVE -- the van moves through traffic, snaking along the roads. The convoy heads toward the Border Station. No one follows.

THEY FINALLY STOP -- at the Fort Hancock Border Station.

IN THE VAN -- It now looks small and unfortified to Ruiz's eyes. An easy target.

EXT./INT. SECURE LOADING BAY, BORDER STATION - DAY

Agents unlock the back doors of the secure van. LaFontaine gives Ruiz a firm nudge back to the station.

Reynolds is behind them, hand on his weapon. He takes a last look outside the cavernous loading area.

The skies around the station are gray, ominous. Reynolds heads inside. Takes a last look at the stretch of country around the station. Then closes the door.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. - SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

BERGER, Anderson's squirrely chief of staff, is on a phone in the nearly packed office -- Treasury OFFICERS, FBI and DEA AGENTS. Berger has to raise his voice:

BERGER

Paperwork showing the wire transfer confirmation of \$100 million has gone to the FBI.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Excellent. Get the FBI to finish Ruiz's contract. Now.

AN AIDE answers a phone. Her eyes widen. She whispers in the Senator's ear. Anderson looks at her. Is he serious?

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Plasco -- get NSA to trace this.

Plasco gets on to his NSA contacts.

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Everyone quiet down! Someone claiming to be the head of the Dos Culebras is on line friggin' two.

The room quiets. An FBI TECH gives the thumb's up.

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

This is United States Senator John Anderson. Identify yourself and the nature of your business.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Mr. Hector is on his scrambled satellite phone:

MR. HECTOR

Hector Gallardo; I'm a businessman in the country just south of yours: it's called Mexico.

SENATOR ANDERSON

What the hell do you want?

MR. HECTOR

You have an employee of mine. He stole my money. I'd like him back.

SENATOR ANDERSON (V.O.)

How did you get this number?

MR. HECTOR

Traced calls from the Fort Hancock Border Station, where my employee is being held. Wasn't difficult.

SENATOR ANDERSON (V.O.)

Don't break your arm patting yourself on the back. He's no longer your employee.

INT. NSA OFFICES - DAY

Two NSA techs trace the call, seeing it bounce between satellites and substations. Hector's voice is analyzed.

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

He left without his severance package. I want him to get it.

SENATOR ANDERSON

'Fraid that's not happening.

Techs watch as voice recognition matches a previous series of intercepted calls on file: GALLARDO, HECTOR. FBI and Mexican Intelligence files come onscreen.

TECH (INTO PHONE)

Agent Plasco, voice confirmed.

INT. SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Plasco nods to Anderson -- it's really him on the line.

MR. HECTOR

Simply give him back, and we will spare you a world that you'd rather stay south of the border.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Oh? What world is that?

MR. HECTOR

One your country was founded on, but you seem to have forgotten: war on your own soil.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Are you actually threatening the United States? A drug dealer?

MR. HECTOR

You sing about it before sporting events: "Bombs bursting in air; rockets' red glare." Just words. I wonder if you even know what you're singing about. Now you can all experience it. For real.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We're not sending him back. We don't negotiate with criminals, terrorists, or -- whatever you claim to be.

MR. HECTOR

After a time...I think you will.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We will protect our borders.

MR. HECTOR

We seem to be at an impasse.

SENATOR ANDERSON

There's no impasse. You're wrong. We're right. End of discussion.

MR. HECTOR

Then you have brought hell down upon yourselves.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Bring it on.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION, TEXAS - DAY

Reynolds and LaFontaine are on the roof, scanning the horizon with rifle scopes, watching the warehouses.

REYNOLDS

Now there's *nothing*. No movement at all.

LAFONTAINE

What do you wanna do, boss?

REYNOLDS

Prep the van and Ruiz. We're going to the military base. Now.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Hector paces smoothly back and forth while he eats a fig from one of the trees in his lush garden.

MR. HECTOR

I want to send a big message to the people of the United States: we are a world power, now, too.

He snaps his fingers at Costilla: make it happen.

EXT. FORT HANCOCK U.S. BORDER PATROL STATION - DUSK

More AGENTS arm themselves, putting on vests.

One AGENT gets out of his car, and we recognize him as the thickset Pete. Pete shouts at a colleague:

PETE

This a joke? First day off in three weeks!

BORDER AGENT

No joke. Saddle up. We all had plans. I was gonna go --

-- he never finishes the sentence as his head ROCKS back. A rifle report ECHOES. The Agent collapses.

PETE -- pulls his gun, runs to his comrade and pulls him through the dirt toward the station.

THE WORLD OPENS UP WITH GUNFIRE. Pete dodges bullets, finally takes a ROUND in the vest. Slumps through the doorway, trying to catch his breath.

THE REST OF THE AGENTS -- guarding the front of the station are stunned. Then --

-- GUNFIRE RAKES the line of AGENTS, mowing them down. Men pile back into the station, others writhe in heaps.

ALONG HIGHWAY 375 --

Crucifix and his gang come out of the gloaming, 50 strong, armed with AK-47s and high powered automatic weapons of every variety.

They FIRE on the station, taking out windows, chunks of concrete, wood. The gunfire is deafening. The violence sudden, stunning, unrelenting.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION - DUSK

CHAOS. LaFontaine ducks as bullets WHIZ and ZING past his head. He crab walks back toward the holding cells, agents running to defend the station.

LAFONTAINE

REYNOLDS!

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Agents return fire. The night is cordite and muzzle flashes. Spent casings litter the linoleum floors of the station. Agents FALL back, shot. Men SCREAM.

OUTSIDE -- Crucifix's men are HIT. A half dozen of them taking fatal and serious bullet wounds. Some wear body armor, taking bullets directly into Kevlar.

EXT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Crucifix and two of his men MOVE around toward the back of the building. To the weak points. Searching for a way in, firing into windows as they go.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Automatic weapons from outside rake into the border station. Reynolds and LaFontaine RETURN FIRE, shooting out into the night. Reynolds hits two targets, just dark blurs outside. The attackers fall.

MORE GUNFIRE - rages into the station. Reynolds and LaFontaine duck as plaster and wood splinter all around them, glass showering everywhere. Phones, desks, cheap cubicle walling are destroyed in the onslaught.

TWO AGENTS inside are HIT. They groan in pain.

THE FRONT DOORS -- are in danger of being blown off. The firepower from outside is overwhelming.

INT. HOLDING CELL, FT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Reynolds uncuffs a wide-eyed Ruiz.

REYNOLDS

Wanna see tomorrow, come with me.

Splintering ceiling tiles, pulp and sheetrock blizzard around them. Reynolds points at LaFontaine:

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Keys, transport van. Now.

INT. GARAGE AT FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Ruiz gets in, hesitating for a moment -- the back of the truck is reinforced steel, but windowless. A tomb.

REYNOLDS

Get your ass in there.

Reynolds helps Ruiz with a kick to the ass. Then slams the doors shut and locks Ruiz in.

IN THE VAN -- Plasco is on the phone with Reynolds.

PLASCO (ON PHONE)

Your play, now. Base knows you're coming. SWAT chopper en route.

REYNOLDS

I thought I was just supposed to babysit.

PLASCO

Protect the asset, Reynolds.

Reynolds hangs up. Hits the automatic garage door button. The reinforced doors roll up to reveal --

-- CRUCIFIX and his MEN, scrambling around to the back of the building, realizing too late Reynolds's plan.

FARIS

REYNOLDS!

FARIS is FIRING at Crucifix and his men. Nails one.

THEY FIRE BACK. Faris is HIT. Crawls back in the station, arm bleeding. Kicks the door to the station shut.

CRUCIFIX'S MEN FIRE -- on the transport van. Bullets PING into the reinforced steel, a blizzard of lead against metal. Big holes start to punch through as Reynolds --

REYNOLDS

HANG ON!

-- FLOORS IT.

THE TRANSPORT VAN -- ROARS out of the Border station.

EXT. HIGHWAY 54 - DUSK

Reynolds and LaFontaine haul ass over the Texas landscape, chased by Crucifix's men.

CRUCIFIX -- and what remains of his gang speed after them in several vehicles. It's like Mad Max out here. Gunfire flying over Texas hardpan, no law or order.

POLICE CARS -- and Federal sedans join the chase, only to be blasted into pieces by the heavily armed gang.

EXT./INT. REYNOLDS' VAN - DUSK

The van is being RIDDLED with bullets.

LaFontaine HOWLS in agony next to Reynolds as Crucifix's bullets explode through his door and into his neck, where his vest can't protect him.

Reynolds tries to stop the blood as he's driving, dashboard spattered red.

REYNOLDS

Hang on! LaFontaine, hang on!

But the blood is flowing through Reynold's fingers. He vaguely sees blurs of Crucifix's vehicles race alongside them in the dirt next to the road, FIRING AND FIRING.

Gang Members hang out SUV windows, SHOOTING at the van.

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - DUSK

Soldiers run to grab rifles.

A COBRA helicopter whirs to life.

AT THE PERIMETER -- soldiers line up and train their weapons out at the night.

A base COMMANDER is walking the line, shouting orders:

COMMANDER

Warning shots at anything but law  
enforcement vehicles! If drivers  
do not comply, take em out!

EXT. ROUTE 375 - DUSK

Blood-red sun on the horizon.

Reynolds races with Ruiz toward a military airfield.  
LaFontaine finally gasps and dies in the seat next to  
Reynolds. Eyes open in a forever stare.

REYNOLDS

LaFontaine? Shit. SHIT!

REYNOLDS'S FOOT -- is all the way down on the gas pedal.

Reynolds grabs his shotgun with one hand. Racks a round  
as he's driving: speedometer at 90 MPH.

Reynolds smashes the remaining glass on the driver's side  
window. Sees the vehicle next to him. Gaining.

REYNOLDS ABRUPTLY -- slams on the brakes.

IN THE BACK -- Ruiz goes flying as --

THE VAN -- is suddenly RIGHT NEXT to a gang vehicle.

Reynolds sees surprised gang members. He OPENS FIRE as  
they flash past him at high speed.

The gun kicks. Buckshot scatters glass and flesh in the  
SUV next to him. Reynolds hits the gas. Catches up. FIRES  
AGAIN. Hits the driver this time.

THE SUV -- spins out, tumbling over the dirt and grass  
next to the highway. Bodies are flung from the vehicle.

REYNOLDS CAN SEE -- the Army AIRFIELD, coming up.

INT. CRUCIFIX'S SUV - DUSK

Crucifix sees the airfield too. Time is short. He and his  
men FIRE on the armored transport van. He rasps into a  
Motorola Walkie to his men:

CRUCIFIX

They're going for the base.  
Intercept and annihilate.

INT. THE VAN - DUSK

Reynolds HOWLS in pain as Crucifix's round BLASTS into his shoulder. Blood sprays on the windshield.

BACK OF THE VAN -- Ruiz is spread-eagled, face pressed to the floor as rounds PUNCH THROUGH the weakening metal.

THE BULLETS - get closer and closer to his head. He tries to make himself even thinner. THE ROUNDS -- keep coming.

EXT. ROUTE 375 - DUSK

THE GANG -- is right alongside the van. These guys are so well armed -- they shoot the cop cars to ragged heaps.

A POLICE HELICOPTER - with a SNIPER on the struts cruises low. The Sniper FIRES, again and again. An amazing shot, the Texas native takes out two Gang Members driving SUVs. The cars spin out and tumble into metal heaps.

CRUCIFIX -- is balancing a wicked-looking tube on top of the moving car. We realize it's a LAWS rocket.

Crucifix FIRES the rocket launcher at the helicopter.

THE POLICE COPTER -- explodes in a violent fireball, illuminating the barren Texas countryside.

REYNOLDS -- sees Crucifix is preoccupied. Reynolds wrenches the wheel --

CRUCIFIX -- ducks back inside before he's crushed, Reynold's truck SMASHING into Crucifix's SUV.

CRUCIFIX - tries to hold the wheel steady. Sees Reynolds, the double barrels of the shotgun aimed right at him, blurry at this speed --

-- BA-BOOM! Both barrels unload as Reynolds pulls the trigger.

CRUCIFIX -- is blasted apart.

THE BLACK SUV -- ROLLS out of control behind Reynolds.

REYNOLDS - glances in the rear view mirror in time to see Crucifix's vehicle EXPLODE. Fire licks skyward.

EXT. NEAR BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Reynolds hauls ass for the front gates of the airfield.

THE OTHER GANG VEHICLES -- are FIRED upon by something wicked in the sky -- the COBRA HELICOPTER, minigun whirring.

THE SOLDIERS ALONG THE FENCE LINE -- FIRE their M-16s at the approaching gang vehicles. Big slugs crack into windshields and take out tires. Blood sprays.

Crucifix's remaining gang members are cut to ribbons.

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

IN THE ARMORED VAN -- Reynolds barely makes it to the airfield, van shot to hell, one tire flat. Not an inch on the vehicle is unscathed; bullet pockmarks everywhere.

EXT. ON THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Watching through binoculars, arriving too late, is HALF-BURNED FACE. He frowns. Gets in his car and drives off.

He'll try again...

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIR BASE - NIGHT

LATER -- the airfield is surrounded by hundreds of cops, FBI Agents, ICE and HSI Agents, and the BATTALION of the 1st Armored. Soldiers man the perimeter.

THROUGH THE CHAOS, we find -- Reynolds doing his own field dressing on his shoulder. Watches, numb, as LaFontaine's body is zipped into a body bag.

REYNOLDS

Who the hell were they?

ICE AGENT

Dos Culebra associates in Texas.

Both men are silent as LaFontaine's body is carried past. Reynolds watches the body bag go into an ambulance.

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIR BASE - NIGHT

Plasco, Senator Anderson and Cooper land in a Government G-5 Jet. Anderson starts shaking soldiers' hands, congratulating them on a job well done.

Plasco sees Reynolds, bloody bandage on his shoulder. Reynolds is hanging up with Amanda.

REYNOLDS (ON PHONE)

I'm fine, honey. I'm positive.

Yes. I love you. Gotta go.

He hangs up. Sees Plasco walking toward him.

PLASCO

Soon as the C-130 gets here, we're moving him.

REYNOLDS

Nice to see you, too. We got a secure spot right here.

PLASCO

Can't wire \$8 billion from an Army Airfield in Texas. Need a secure building with a computer system that can handle international banking wire protocol. Thanks to you, we can move Ruiz. Good work. Go home to your family.

He extends a hand for Reynolds to shake.

REYNOLDS

This is my case, Plasco.

PLASCO

Your job is done. Ruiz is now the property of the US Government. Go home to your wife.

Senator Anderson comes over, Cooper and others in tow. The Senator shakes Reynold's hand.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We owe you a debt of gratitude.

REYNOLDS

Just doing my job, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

More than that. You protected our asset, repelled a coordinated attack. Gave us a fighting chance. You're a hero, son.

Plasco fumes in the background as the two men bond.

REYNOLDS

Senator. We took casualties. Some good men were killed for this.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Let's make this worth it. You broke this wide open and we won't forget.

(MORE)

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We could use a hero on our team. I want you on this case all the way through, understand?

REYNOLDS

Yes, Senator.

Reynolds' glance at Plasco says: "Eat shit." They hear the sounds of an AIRCRAFT.

BERGER

Senator, the C-130 is coming in.

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

THE GOVERNMENT C-130 MILITARY TRANSPORT FINALLY comes in, massive jet engines whining.

INT. THE C-130 AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Senator Anderson is on his cell phone as the modified transport plane whispers through the night. He and his staff sit in the utilitarian "office" of the plane.

SENATOR ANDERSON (INTO PHONE)

-- Mexico didn't hit that Border station. It was a local drug gang.  
(listens)  
Hell yes, there's a difference!

COOPER -- takes in the satellite feed on the outdated TV.

ON SCREEN -- CNN is running a story on the Border Station attack. Headlines scroll: "DOZENS DEAD IN BORDER ATTACK."

IN THE BACK OF THE PLANE -- Ruiz is cuffed to a seat. Reynolds three rows behind, keeping an eye on him. Plasco is across the aisle, returning emails on a Blackberry.

REYNOLDS

Wanna tell me where we're going?

PLASCO

Need to know.

Reynolds is in no mood to be fucked with.

PLASCO (CONT'D)

Houston FBI offices are under construction. That leaves three Federal installations with computer systems powerful enough to make large international wire transfers: D.C., Chicago, and L.A.

(MORE)

PLASCO (CONT'D)  
 (beat, motions)  
 Senator wanted to get away from  
 the piranhas in Washington.

REYNOLDS  
 Or you wanted an LA tan.

EXT. LAX - FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING

Ruiz is transported from LAX to the Federal Building in Westwood, an FBI convoy moving him in a show of force. Sirens move traffic aside.

PLASCO (V.O.)  
 Feds here are working on getting  
 secure banking systems online...

IN THE TRANSPORT SUV - Ruiz is handcuffed, taking in the sights of LA with a dull expression on his face.

Reynolds is next to him. As promised: right at his side.

INT. LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - DAY

Reynolds makes sure Ruiz is secure, guarded by six FBI Agents. Ruiz sits in the chair, hands cuffed before him.

RUIZ  
 How long does it take for your  
 Government to satisfy my simple  
 demands? Every minute we waste is  
 another minute Mr. Hector could  
 find me again.

Reynolds says nothing. Just shuts the door on Ruiz.

RUIZ (V.O.)  
 Agent Reynolds! He will find us!

IN THE HALLWAY - Reynolds checks the security here. Sees there are keycard elevators only, emergency exits -- alarmed, security cameras every twenty yards.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Busy conference room. Senator Anderson deals with red-tape on the phone to Washington. He sees Reynolds.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
 Get this hero some new clothes,  
 people! He's got blood on em.  
 Anyone who works hard enough to  
 get blood on his clothes, that's a  
 good man in my book.  
 (MORE)

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(hangs up the phone)

When is the FBI getting us our  
goddamn deal papers for Ruiz?

Cooper covers her phone and growls:

COOPER

Legal is still crossing i's and  
dotting t's. Glacial.

REYNOLDS

This is insane. We should be  
transferring the money right now.

PLASCO

It's the US Government. Grow up.

EXT. STAPLES SUPPLY DISTRIBUTION CENTER, LA- DAY

Half-Burned Face puts pallets of something into the back  
of a STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLY truck. He covers the pallets  
with loads of paper products.

ON THE PAPER PRODUCTS -- Half-Burned Face covers a DEAD  
BODY. Eyes staring lifelessly upward.

The Assassin has an authentic Staples delivery uniform  
and a work order and ID.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Madeline Cooper is standing at a fax machine as it spits  
out pages. She examines each page when she looks over to  
see Plasco stealing a glance; can't help staring.

COOPER

Fuck you, Plasco. Stop staring.

PLASCO

Maddie. You look great.

COOPER

Just here to handle this case.

PLASCO

I'm not the same guy I was.

COOPER

You're exactly who you were.

PLASCO

Come on. Dinner after this? Know a  
great romantic place in Malibu.

COOPER

I'm married.  
           (corrects herself)  
 Was.

PLASCO

Rain check, then.

She grabs the finished document, a thick stack of pages, and walks away. His eyes follow her.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Cooper comes in and slaps down the huge stack of legal documents on the desk before Senator Anderson.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Well?

COOPER

Ironclad.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MINUTES LATER -- Ruiz looks over his contract.

RUIZ

New identity, new life for my family. Money to live comfortably.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We did our part, now you do yours.

RUIZ

When I know my family is safe. Not a moment before.

SENATOR ANDERSON

(restrains himself)

As soon as we have confirmation they're on the flight, you will transfer the full amount. Or your wife will go to jail, you'll go back to Mexico, and your kids will be raised in a State Home.

(sticks a pen out)

Sign it.

Ruiz considers. Finally nods. Takes the pen.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Reynolds still has no change of clothes.

PLASCO  
Starting to stink, Reynolds.

REYNOLDS  
You've always smelled bad.

Senator Anderson quiets the room:

SENATOR ANDERSON  
While we're waiting to get Ruiz's wife and kids on the plane, I gotta do what politicians do best -  
- kiss some ass above me. Let's reconvene in a half hour.

Everyone stands. Reynolds groans in frustration. Buttonholes the smarmy-faced Berger:

REYNOLDS  
What's the deal with the family?

BERGER  
They're in protective custody. We got them a commercial flight from Hong Kong, connecting through Auckland, to L.A.

REYNOLDS  
Why not a government plane? We must have them on foreign bases.

PLASCO  
(comes over)  
Flying a C-4 to Hong Kong from Germany and refueling would take more time. Commercial was quicker.

REYNOLDS  
So when the hell do they take off?

PLASCO  
An hour.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - STREET

A gleaming new Cadillac pulls up outside a power-lunch spot in Georgetown. A VALET opens the car door, helping out an attractive woman in her early 60s.

VALET  
Good afternoon, Mrs. Anderson. How's the Senator these days?

MRS. ANDERSON  
Fighting the good fight, Javier.

She heads toward the restaurant when -- BOOM!

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT TAKES MILLISECONDS -- a hole appears in her Chanel blouse, blossoming red. Her necklace bursts apart, pearls scattering in front of the restaurant where she was going to meet her friends. She is HURLED forward, arms splayed backward.

THE BULLET -- that went through her chest SHATTERS the pane-glass restaurant window. Patrons SCREAM. People run and hide on the street.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET, GEORGETOWN - DAY

On a rooftop 100 yards away, ZERO breaks down his rifle and scope. It takes four seconds. Puts it in a backpack. He's wearing a Georgetown University jacket.

He shoulders the backpack. Heads into the building through the rooftop exit.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, GEORGETOWN - DAY

Zero calmly moves down the fire escape stairs. Heads out into the street. Sees the chaos he's created.

THE VALET - is hovering over the dead form of Senator Anderson's wife, shouting for help. It's too late.

ZERO -- moves away, blending in to the noon crowd. He makes one phone call on his cell:

ZERO

It is done.

He hangs up and tosses the phone into a sewer grate. It skitters into the sewer, forever lost.

INT. WESTWOOD GAP STORE - DAY

Reynolds grabs a shirt and pants from the Gap. Doesn't try anything on. Just gets his size.

Reynolds sees a happy FAMILY walk past him, smiling. The WIFE kisses the HUSBAND on the cheek. His face goes slack. Obviously misses his family.

Finds a present for his son, a tiny onesie and a bib that say "California" on them. Grabs a Hollywood snow globe for Amanda. Speed dials on his cell phone.

INT. REYNOLDS' HOME, TEXAS - DAY

Amanda is rocking Miles to sleep for his nap in the bedroom, the door half open.

Amanda's CELL PHONE vibrates in the foreground.

EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

Reynolds walks as he leaves a voice mail.

REYNOLDS

Kiss Miles for me. And give  
yourself one, too. I miss you  
both. I'm safe. I love you.

He ends the call. Walks toward the Federal Building.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

A Staples Delivery truck has to negotiate a throng of PROTESTORS waving flags for Tibet.

Finally gets through and enters the front gates of the Federal Building. The driver -- Half-Burned Face, shows his ID and work order to the GUARD.

GUARD

Where's Jeremy?

HALF-BURNED FACE

Honeymoon.

GUARD

Poor bastard. Gotta look in back.

The Guard does a halfhearted inspection of the truck, sees the paper products. Opens a box. Sees copy paper. Pulls a few boxes off, looks in those. All seems fine. Nods - the driver is free to deliver his goods.

Half-Burned Face drives down the ramp and into the black maw of the parking garage and delivery area.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING BASEMENT - DAY

Half-Burned Face has a GPS locator, using it to line up coordinates -- finding the weakest part of the structure.

The GPS pings. He parks next to a support beam. Kills the engine. Gets out. Tosses the keys in a garbage can.

Walks away. Takes the elevator up to the lobby to exit.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - DAY

Half-Burned-Face gets off the elevator. Sees a long line curling around to go through the metal detectors and Guards. He heads toward the exit.

Half-Burned Face turns a corner in the busy building and accidentally bumps shoulders with --

-- REYNOLDS, knocking the bag with his kid's onesie out of his hands. It falls on the polished floor.

Half-Burned Face bends down and picks it up, his hat pulled low on his head.

HALF-BURNED FACE

Sorry.

REYNOLDS

Don't sweat it.

Reynolds keeps walking. Something makes him stop and look back. The Staples guy is heading out the exit doors.

Reynolds's senses are alert. He may be paranoid, but -- he follows the guy. Past the metal detectors and the citizens waiting to get in the building.

Out the doors and into the sunshine.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Reynolds follows the Staples guy through the growing group of protestors. Loses his target in the crowd.

Reacquires him. Sees the man with the half-burned face jog across Veteran toward a parked blue Mustang.

Now Reynolds is really suspicious. He watches the guy ditch his Staples hat and uniform as he jumps in the car. Parked in the red zone. Ticket ignored on the windshield.

Reynolds sees the man take off into traffic.

INT. SECURE OFFICE - DAY

FINGERS TYPE OUT a surreptitious text:

PacAir #122 Departs Hong Kong,  
Transfer: Auckland to flight #23  
Arrive 1 PM PST LOS ANGELES.  
Have my money deposited TONIGHT.

PULLING BACK -- to see BERGER, LOOKING AROUND to make sure he's alone. Hits "send."

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Half-Burned Face is about to head for the freeway when --

-- THE PROTESTORS storm across Wilshire Blvd, stopping traffic, chanting and holding signs. A megaphone blares slogans. Police start to gather. The crowd grows.

HALF-BURNED FACE - can't move forward or back. Stuck.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everyone is talking over one another. Vance rejoins the room. A few moments later, Berger comes in.

VANCE

An, uh, interesting development from the NSA via Homeland Security. They've got the facial rec software that's constantly churning through airport cams, ATM machines, everything.

PLASCO

Spied on by our country. Go on.

VANCE

Computers just identified these men in different parts of the U.S. Some entering at borders. Some already here.

He goes down the list, showing the photo of each:

VANCE (CONT'D)

Toll Booth camera in Arizona.

Grainy photo of a grim man. Then another photo.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Crossing over yesterday from Canada to the US via the Rainbow Bridge in Niagara Falls, New York.

SENATOR ANDERSON

I suppose there's a point?

PLASCO

(looking at photos)  
All of them are stone cold killers on Interpol's Most Wanted.

VANCE

Assassins. All with ties to Dos  
Culebras. And all --

HE CALLS UP MORE information onscreen - photos of OTHER  
SECURITY CAMS. All near the LA area.

VANCE (CONT'D)

-- have arrived in Southern  
California.

The room is quiet.

SENATOR ANDERSON

They're coming for Ruiz.

FBI DIRECTOR

We're in a Federal Building with  
over four-hundred armed Special  
Agents. No one is going to come in  
here with a gun.

SENATOR ANDERSON

It's not a gun I'm worried about.

Reynolds hustles back in the room. Sees the photo arrays  
on screen. Quickly connects the dots.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Half-Burned Face starts to HONK his horn along with other  
drivers. The protesters don't move. Gridlock.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

All eyes on Reynolds. Plasco's arms folded.

REYNOLDS

Enlarge the third guy's photo.

Berger does. Grainy pic: a half-charred face. More hair,  
the guy is younger, pudgier. Years ago, but...

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Put out an APB for a late model,  
blue Mustang, California plate --  
last numbers were 221.

Vance stares back, confused.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Do it!

(Vance does)

(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

We need an armored vehicle to move  
Ruiz, now.

The FBI guys start shouting that he's crazy, they aren't  
moving, this is stupid. Anderson whistles for quiet.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Reynolds. Why?

REYNOLDS

(re: photo onscreen)  
'Cause I just bumped into that guy  
walking through the lobby.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Police finally start to corral the protestors and move  
them off the street.

Half-Burned Face inches along. Almost out of the crowd.  
He's about to get out when a cop STOPS HIM with an open  
palm. Escorts a hundred protesters in front of the car.

Half-Burned Face sighs and sits back. And waits.

INT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Plasco is leaning over the table at Reynolds.

PLASCO

What else? Come on!

REYNOLDS

Let me think, Plasco!

SENATOR ANDERSON

Let him think, for crissakes!

REYNOLDS

Scarred face, dark hair, late 30s.  
...He was wearing a uniform.

He closes his eyes, tries to think. Then opens them.  
Looks over at the Xerox 7700. Boxes next to the machine.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

That's it.

EVERYONE -- follows his gaze: STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLIES.

MOMENTS LATER -- Vance is on the phone, shouts:

VANCE

Staples Truck came through the  
delivery gate ten minutes ago.

PLASCO

A truck.

INT. HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A woman and two children board a nearly full PacAir 777 aircraft. They sit in First Class. We recognize them as RUIZ'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Two US FEDERAL AGENTS sit behind them. They refuse beverages; keep an eye on everyone boarding the plane.

Ruiz's wife -- looks nervous. She's not sure what's going on. Kisses both her children. Sees the plane doors close. The Agent behind her hands her a phone. She takes it.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Cooper hands the phone to Ruiz. He speaks in Spanish:

RUIZ

Hello, my love. Are you well?

(listens)

I know. It's for the best. In a short time I will see you and the children. In America. Stay safe.... I love you.

Eyes watery, he hands the phone back to Cooper. Nods.

COOPER

Okay. Our side of the deal is done. Let's see the cash.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING SUBBASEMENT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

MINUTES LATER -- The FBI SAC and his men are zooming in with the basement cameras on the grainy image of --

-- THE STAPLES TRUCK, parked in the third sublevel.

INTERCUT -- with the CONFERENCE ROOM, everyone watching the security camera feeds. They see the parked truck.

REYNOLDS

Good enough? Let's move.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Ruiz is at the banking network computer system, accessing the first account. Takes a deep breath. This is it. There's no turning back. He's signing his death sentence and declaring war all at once.

Cooper watches as Ruiz gets to work.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Half-Burned Face finally breaks free of the crowd of protesters. Inches through traffic toward --

-- the FREEWAY ONRAMP.

INT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Reynolds and Plasco argue as they move through hallways:

REYNOLDS

I'm taking the prisoner. This location is no longer secure.

PLASCO

What if they're flushing us out? They want us to leave? Hit us in transit? It could be a trap.

REYNOLDS

Not gonna let your protocol get Ruiz killed. We leave. NOW.

PLASCO

This isn't Texas; some damn border station where you're in --

Reynolds slams Plasco against the wall. Elbow at his neck. Leans into him, cutting off his oxygen.

REYNOLDS

You. You think I don't know all you've *done* for me? Blocking my transfer requests? Actively shutting them down? You coulda pulled me up with you. Wouldn't have taken much. I never asked for a hand, but you didn't even fucking try.

(leans, scoffs:)

Plasco. "Rising star in Homeland Security." Is it guilt? Did you *forget*? Well, I didn't forget.

PLASCO  
 (chokes out)  
 Let -- go, asshole.

REYNOLDS  
 I took the fall; you climbed. I  
 bust border crossers; you're a  
 self-serving bureaucrat. Try to  
 remember who you used to be. Do  
 something right for once.

Plasco shoves Reynolds away. Reynolds leaves Plasco there  
 against the wall. Jogs for the staircase.

Plasco rubs the spot in his neck where Reynolds had him.  
 Then mutters as he realizes Reynolds is right:

PLASCO  
 Shit.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

THE BOMB SQUAD arrives. Heads to the subbasement parking.  
 Move carefully down, level after level.

THEY SPOT THE STAPLES TRUCK - near the support beam.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Half-Burned Face is almost to the freeway onramp. Big  
 line of cars. He looks at his cell phone -- sees a  
 readout: DISTANCE TO DESTINATION: 0.5 MILES.

Minimum safe distance. He's too close. He waits. Fingers  
 drumming on the steering wheel.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - DAY

Reynolds charges into the banking computer room.

REYNOLDS  
 We're going.

COOPER  
 He's just about to start the first  
 transfer.

Ruiz is at the terminal for the secure BANKING COMPUTER.

RUIZ  
 Just need five minutes.

REYNOLDS  
 We don't have five minutes.

He cuffs Ruiz and moves him quickly into the hall.

IN THE HALL -- Reynolds sees FBI employees at their desks. Everyone working. A building full of people.

He stops and stares: Mothers, fathers. Innocent people.

Makes a decision.

PUNCHES the fire alarm glass. YANKS THE HANDLE.

The fire alarm BLARES, building-wide. People almost immediately start filing into the halls. They move to elevators, stairwells, grumbling but evacuating.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Half-Burned Face sees the sign: ONE CAR PER GREEN on the onramp. It's taking forever. Cars ahead of him. No one knows how to merge correctly.

IN HIS HANDS - he holds a cell phone. Screen reads: DISTANCE TO DESTINATION: 0.4 MILES.

He finally sighs in disgust and wrenches the wheel. Gets out of the freeway onramp snarl. Waits to turn right on Sepulveda. Traffic flies by in front of him. He waits.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING PARKING BASEMENT - DAY

THE BOMB DETECTION ROBOT -- wheels in. Sniffing for traces of a bomb scent. It gets a hit.

THEY X-RAY THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. See no wires or leads.

A BOMB SQUAD MEMBER -- snips the lock with lock cutters. The Bomb Squad Leader slowly raises the back cargo door of the delivery truck. One inch. Two.

BOMB SQUAD TECH

Stop there.

They snake in a camera with its lipstick-sized lens.

BOMB SQUAD TECH (CONT'D)

Getting hits off the board.

There's ammonium nitrate in there.

BOMB SQUAD CAMERA POV -- a CELL PHONE waits for a signal.

BOMB SQUAD TECH (CONT'D)

We got the trigger!

THE CELL PHONE IS CONNECTED -- to 50-gallon barrels filled with ammonium nitrate -- 3,000 pounds of it, next to barrels of diesel fuel -- the accelerant.

The cell phone is in a shock-tube packed with PETN (pentaerythritol tetranitrate): essentially a high-tech blasting cap that will initiate the explosion.

The phone display on the bomb waits patiently for the triggering call... could happen at any second.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

Foam this truck! Then evacuate!

BOMB SQUAD TECH

(into his walkie:)

Foam it! Everyone else OUT! NOW!

The Bomb Squad's UTILITY TRUCK sprays a high-pressured blast of polyurethane foam from its tank. The orange goo encases the Staples truck in a protective shell.

The goo hardens almost instantly. The Bomb Squad utility truck quickly backs out of the garage, tires squealing.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, 21ST FLOOR - DAY

Reynolds kicks open the stairwell door. Heads down the stairs with Ruiz. Cooper, confused, follows them.

IN THE STAIRWELL -- Ruiz tries to keep up as Reynolds nearly yanks him from the 21st floor down the staircase.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The alarm is BLARING, Anderson, Plasco, Berger, Vance and others confused. Should they leave?

Anderson's cell vibrates. He answers. Can barely hear.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Paul, what's up? Little busy --

(face turns ashen)

-- What? She what?

An FBI Agent runs in and shouts:

FBI AGENT

Evacuate! They found the bomb!

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Crowds are herded by law enforcement a safe distance away. Wilshire Blvd is shut down. Rush-hour nightmare.

EXT. WILSHIRE AND SEPULVEDA - DAY

Half-Burned Face turns on Sepulveda.

REAR VIEW MIRROR -- the Federal Building recedes.

THE PHONE SHOWS -- DISTANCE TO DESTINATION: 0.2 MILES.

He has barely taken the turn when he looks up to see -- CONSTRUCTION. A FLAGMAN holding up a STOP placard.

Half-Burned Face thinks about blowing past the man but a CEMENT TRUCK blocks the way. He screeches to a halt.

Looks in his rearview mirror, sees a MOTORCYCLE COP. The Cop is speaking into his headset microphone.

HALF BURNED FACE

*Shit.*

He can see the Federal Building behind the cop, still too close: not even 1,000 feet away. He considers entering the detonation code into his cell phone.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds moves Ruiz quickly down, floor after floor. They pass 19. Cooper keeps up behind them.

He keeps going, nudging Ruiz to move faster.

EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD - DAY

Half-Burned Face watches as the cement truck nearly moves aside, then backs up once again. The driver is having trouble. The Assassin slams his hand on the wheel.

THE COP BEHIND HIM - seems to be getting some information. Nods into his headset. Half-Burned Face sees MUCH MORE police activity in the background.

He realizes: they know about the bomb.

The Motorcycle Cop hits the SIREN and heads at Half-Burned Face, who --

-- FLOORS THE MUSTANG'S GAS PEDAL.

ROCKETS around the cement truck in his rented Mustang. THE COPS chase him, sirens wailing.

IN THE MUSTANG -- he guns the gas, speedometer climbing. He hits 70, 80, 90 miles per hour.

HIS PHONE -- reads: DESTINATION REACHED. A smiley face next to the information.

HALF BURNED FACE -- hits a series of buttons on his cell phone. HIS FINGER -- presses SEND, just as --

-- HE RUNS A RED LIGHT.

A BIG RIG -- fills his windshield. Becoming everything. There is the sound of metal and steel and fire.

THE MUSTANG -- is obliterated by the 18-wheeler.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

The Staples truck EXPLODES. Over one ton of ammonium nitrate detonates with apocalyptic force.

SUPER SLOW MOTION -- oxygen in the vast basement parking garage sucks inward for .3 milliseconds, seems to hold there in a tight ball of coiled force, and then --

-- BLASTS OUTWARD at a velocity of detonation (what they call VOD) of 15,000 feet per second. The vast garage becomes a kelvin kiln of white-hot energy; a supernova.

EXT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Half the Federal Building is sheared away in the initial blast. The foundation SHUDDERS. The world is fire and smoke and white-hot blast-waves.

Immense chunks of steel and concrete are ejected from the structure and sent spiraling into Westwood.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

REYNOLDS -- loses his grip on Ruiz, who is thrown down the stairs and SMACKS into the wall with a sickening THWACK! He is knocked immediately unconscious.

Cooper is HURLED into the air. Tumbles down the staircase. Tries to get to her feet as --

-- HALF THE STAIRCASE -- eats away, the side of the building deteriorating.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - 17TH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The entire world ROCKS. Windows blast out. Desks are hurled through the air. People go flying. Flames and smoke fill the air.

PLASCO -- is lifted and FLUNG against the far wall.

BERGER -- Senator Anderson's annoying assistant is wiped away by the force of the blast, sent into the void where half the building once existed.

SENATOR ANDERSON -- watches in horror as half the room is SHEARED AWAY, desks and tables falling into open space.

Two FBI Agents, arms flailing, fall into the abyss, seventeen stories down. The building keeps SHUDDERING.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

REYNOLDS -- gathers up Ruiz's body. Hauls COOPER to her feet. She nods at him as they --

-- RUN, stairs sagging and crumbling underfoot, Reynolds carrying Ruiz over his shoulder. The wall next to them YAWNS OPEN -- exposing sunlight, flames and dust.

They CHARGE through the door marked -- 17TH FLOOR as --  
-- THE STAIRCASE TUMBLES AWAY behind them.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The front face of the Federal Building is gone.

Dozens are dead. Hundreds wounded. It's a massive, disturbing statement indeed.

It could have been 100 times worse had the foam blast retardant not absorbed some of the force, and had the building not been mostly evacuated.

INT. SEVENTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

Reynolds hauls Ruiz toward the conference room -- now half gone. He lays Ruiz's body down gently.

He helps the Senator to his feet. Anderson is shaken.

Reynolds staggers to the open maw of what was once the 17th story. Looks out at the carnage and acres of shattered glass and concrete littering Wilshire Blvd.

Plasco sees Cooper, her forehead bleeding.

PLASCO

Maddie, you okay?

COOPER

I think so.

He takes off his Armani jacket and presses it to Cooper's head, oblivious that his nice suit is now ruined.

PLASCO

Just leave it there, willya?

She finally relents. Lets him stop the bleeding.

REYNOLDS -- his new clothes tattered and ripped by the flying cement in the blast, face bleeding from dozens of small cuts, looks out into the void. Sees the devastation below, sees the confused people, covered in ash and soot.

In one millisecond of violence and bloodshed, the war on drugs just got a lot closer to home...

INT. AMBULANCE - DUSK

MINUTES LATER -- Ruiz is hooked up to IVs. Paramedics working on him. Reynolds in the ambulance. Sees the FBI convoy through the ambulance's rear window.

EXT. KAISER HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Mr. Hector's Deputy of Intelligence, Trejo, now stateside, tails the fourteen-car FBI convoy as it turns into the hospital.

TREJO -- takes high-powered photos through a massive lens from across the street. Snaps shots of Senator Anderson, Cooper, Plasco, and Reynolds.

TREJO (INTO PHONE)

Not sure. Could still be alive.

COSTILLA (V.O.)

He needs to be dead.

INT. HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Plasco, Reynolds and dozens of FBI Agents take over a hospital wing, angering the tittering Hospital ADMINISTRATOR. Vance shoves a BADGE in her face:

VANCE

We own this wing. Got a problem with that? Bring it up with the President of the United States.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Armed guards stand in the doorway.

Everyone is gathered around Ruiz's bed. There is bandaged spot on his scalp where they've drilled into his skull to relieve pressure on his brain.

Reynolds's face is still streaked with glass cuts and blood spatters. The room is quiet, the CNN news on the TV muted, anchor showing the images from Westwood:

CNN ANCHOR

-- it was not terrorists, but a Mexican Drug Cartel that attempted to assassinate a high-level witness in Federal Custody.

PLASCO

You're lucky.

(Reynolds looks up)

Wife and kid. You're a lucky man.

Reynolds is about to say something cutting when Plasco walks into the hallway to check on security.

Reynolds thinks about what Plasco said. Abruptly leans forward and grabs his cell phone.

INT. BORDER PATROL TRUCK - NIGHT

Faris, one arm bandaged, drives through the night, Amanda in the seat behind him, Miles buckled in a car seat.

AMANDA (ON PHONE)

This is silly, Gerry. We're fine.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Yeah, well, I want you to be safe. Just stay at your cousin's until this is all over, okay?

INTERCUT - with Reynolds in the hospital room.

AMANDA (ON PHONE)

God, that means Craig's venison every night. Mac and cheese.

REYNOLDS

Hey. How is he?

AMANDA (ON PHONE)

(looks at Miles)

Sleeping. Happy. Misses you. Me, too.

REYNOLDS

Miss you, too. Faris will stay with you. Posted outside your cousin's place.

AMANDA

That's not necessary.

REYNOLDS

No chances. Love you.

AMANDA

Be careful. Love you, too.

They both hang up. Amanda kisses the sleeping Miles on his head as Faris drives toward the Dallas skyline.

INT. EMPTY HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Senator Anderson has his head in his hands. He looks like a man who's lost the will to live. Looks up at Reynolds.

SENATOR ANDERSON

They shot her like a dog.

REYNOLDS

I'm sorry, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

I brought this on us. My wife's death, the deaths of innocents...

(looks up)

There's no choice. I'll recommend to the President that we use military force to destroy them.

The Senator's eyes are burning with hate and pain as he says through clenched teeth:

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We will level their compounds;  
burn their drug labs; melt their  
empire to slag.

EXT. HOUSE IN CULVER CITY - NIGHT

A trim SURGEON in his mid-30s, head shorn, jogs to his Mercedes in the driveway. He wears his lab coat and ID. Late for the night shift. Looks up just in time to see --

-- a MAN, standing a few feet away, smiling at him.

DOCTOR

Can I help you?

THE MAN -- is the assassin we've seen before: MOHAWK.

INT. RUIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Reynolds waits for Ruiz to wake up. He isn't. Just lying there, unconscious. Reynolds' eyes go to the TV news:

VARIOUS NEWS OUTLETS - CNN shows reaction at the border towns. Civilians armed with rifles, waiting for a target.

REBEL GUY (ON TV)

One of those drug-pushing bastards  
puts a toe on my AMERICAN SOIL, I  
will blow his head clean off.

Cops hear this, and relieve the man of his weapon. The crowd turns on the cops. Rocks are thrown. Cop cars are turned over. The war on drugs turns America in on itself.

Reynolds looks at the prone Ruiz, can't help but wonder --

REYNOLDS

Was this your plan? Start a war?  
(whispers)  
You might just get one.

Ruiz's vital signs beep away like a metronome...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Hospital has become a fortress. Cops, FBI Agents, SWAT Team. No one who doesn't belong is getting in here.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Senator Anderson moves toward his waiting limo, the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE roaring at him through the phone:

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (ON PHONE)

Are we supposed to invade Mexico,  
now, Senator? The President will  
look weak if we don't, but like  
some kind of imperialist if we do.  
You have screwed us. SCREWED US!

Anderson dabs at the wounds on his face.

SENATOR ANDERSON

How dare you! I just found out  
they killed my wife. My wife!  
Gunned down in the street, like it  
was some third world country.

INT. HOSPITAL - RUIZ'S ROOM

A SURGEON is annoyed at Plasco:

SURGEON

Could be an hour. Could be a week.

PLASCO

We've got to wake him up! It's a matter of National Security.

SURGEON

He is unconscious. And will remain that way until his brain decides to stop being swollen.

The Surgeon huffs away. Plasco kicks a chair.

PLASCO

Goddammit!  
 (to Cooper and  
 Reynolds:)  
 What?!

REYNOLDS

We didn't say anything.

Plasco storms out the door.

COOPER

What's up his ass?

REYNOLDS

His career. His precious career.

COOPER

So. You gonna tell me?  
 (he looks at her)  
 What the hell's between you two?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MOHAWK -- has cut his hair. Wears glasses. Now looks presentable. Puts on the last piece of the puzzle over his hospital scrubs - a DOCTOR'S JACKET.

IN THE CAR -- Mohawk screws a SILENCER on the end of his 9mm. Puts it in his waistband under his lab coat.

EXT. HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Mohawk's laminated ID is scrutinized, his own photo on the counterfeit ID. He and other employees are waved through by the Police.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mohawk makes his way into the corridors. Searching. With his doctor's jacket, clipboard and stethoscope, no one notices him. He moves from floor to floor. Hunting.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Plasco gets his coffee. Sips it. Too hot. Swears under his breath. He's a walking cauldron of anger and rage. On the cell phone, he barks at someone on the other end:

PLASCO

Have they transferred planes yet?  
 (listens, then:)  
 Good. Do me a favor. Got a credit card?... Yes, I'll reimburse you!

INT. RUIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds tells Cooper.

REYNOLDS

Plasco and I were working the border together, 2002. Patrolled all day. It was the end of a long shift. We saw a guy crossing the border with what looked like a weapon. Plasco told him to drop it. Guy turned -- so we both fired. Split second....

(beat)

He had a shovel in his hand. Working irrigation. Got lost.

Reynolds takes a breath, eyes distant.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Plasco was already under investigation for a previous incident, so I told him to beat it. We never knew whose bullet killed the guy; forensics was inconclusive. But I took the fall. Told them I was by myself.

Reynolds straightens, his voice softer:

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Eduardo Silvio Corrales. That was the name of the guy I shot.

COOPER

Might have shot. You weren't sure.  
Plasco might've shot him.

Reynolds and Cooper look over at Ruiz's form on the bed.  
Reynolds checks the clock.

REYNOLDS

If he doesn't wake up in the next  
20 hours, it's all over.

EXT. TOP OF PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

FROM THREE BLOCKS AWAY -- a gang leader we recognize as  
BARB WIRE NECK TATTOO pulls up with his crew of ten. Some  
pile out of Neck Tattoo's gold H2 Hummer.

They look DOWN at all the security encircling the  
Hospital: FBI outside the front entrance. Cops. SWAT.

BARB WIRE NECK TATTOO

Live hard, die young. Tonight we  
make money or we all go.

His hardened group doesn't need convincing. This is their  
path. Jail, riches, or the grave. All the same to them.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Barb Wire Neck Tattoo's crew take crude homemade pipe  
bombs and carry them toward parked cars.

THEY PLACE THEM -- under cars. Ready to blow.

INT. MR. HECTOR'S COMPOUND - DAWN

Hector's Intel Officer hangs up a phone, tells Costilla:

CARTEL INTEL. OFFICER

Senor: the flight details.

He shoves a piece of paper in front of him.

COSTILLA

*Mierda.* Hardly enough time.

Costilla sends a text with the information.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RUIZ'S ROOM -

Mohawk comes down the hall toward the FBI Agents.

FBI AGENTS

Authorized personnel only.

MOHAWK

They called for an fMRI  
specialist. I have the paperwork.

He hides his right hand under the clipboard. The FBI  
Agents are wary, reaching for weapons -- too late.

Mohawk plugs the FBI men with bullets from the silenced  
Beretta 9mm. *PHWUT! PHWUT!* They go down.

Mohawk moves toward Ruiz's room, when --

PLASCO (O.S.)

Hey!

Mohawk turns, sees --

-- PLASCO, coffee in one hand, Omega-3 pill in the other.  
The two men freeze for a moment. Staring at each other.

INT. HOSPITAL, RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds mutes the TV: two political pundits arguing  
about the state of Mexico and the drug world.

COOPER

Taking down Dos Culebras might  
help me think of my husband  
resting a little more in peace.

Reynolds puts a hand up. Cooper goes silent. He whips out  
his gun just in time as --

-- THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Plasco runs forward, shouting into his walkie talkie--

PLASCO

Agents down! Third floor!

He FIRES his handgun --

-- TAKING OUT chunks of wall above Mohawk as he charges  
into Ruiz's hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL, RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mohawk aims the gun at Ruiz, in his bed when --

-- REYNOLDS'S ELBOW comes up hard into his jaw.

Silenced bullets go wide, PHWUT!PHWUT! -- punching holes in the wall. Reynolds SNAPS the gun from Mohawk's grasp, cracking a wrist bone.

Mohawk growls in agony. Knees Reynolds in the solar-plexus. Punches with his good hand.

Cooper SMASHES Mohawk over his back with a hospital chair. Sends him staggering to the wall.

REYNOLDS -- is up and on the assassin, both of them tumbling out into the hallway.

Massive hand-to-hand fight. Reynolds is street-fight tough to Mohawk's lethal expertise.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A CAR EXPLOSION -- rocks the outside of the hospital. Fire blossoms skyward.

FBI Agents, LAPD and SWAT take cover. Is this another attack? More than half the authorities charge into the parking lot, taking up positions.

ANOTHER PIPE BOMB -- detonates under a sedan. A fireball illuminates the night.

Barb Wire Neck Tattoo watches the fireball. He hits a button on a cell phone. ANOTHER PIPE BOMB.

NECK TATTOO

Lure's set. Let's catch a fish.

AS they watch the FBI agents scramble to check out the burning and exploding cars, the crew --

-- DRIVES A STOLEN AMBULANCE into the ER, right through the front doors. GLASS AND METAL SHATTER.

Law Enforcement personnel are HURLED AWAY. People scatter, terrified.

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

THE CREW -- has piled out of the ambulance. They make no attempt to disguise themselves.

They SHOOT the remaining FBI AGENTS and LAPD, taking them by surprise. The gunfire is deafening in the hospital. Patients SCREAM and scatter. Pandemonium.

THE CREW -- moves toward the main entrance. NECK TATTOO flashes a photo of Ruiz to a terrified ADMITTANCE NURSE.

## NECK TATTOO

*¿Donde Esta?*

She hesitates. He presses his pistol to her forehead. She points upward with a shaking finger.

## ADMITTANCE NURSE

*Segundo piso.*

He removes the pistol and KISSES the little white circle where the gun muzzle was a moment before.

## NECK TATTOO

*Gracias.*

## INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Reynolds and Plasco are still in a hand-to-hand fight with Mohawk. Brutal. Fists, head-butts, kicks.

COOPER -- wheels Ruiz's gurney out into the hall and away. She's got IVs trailing the gurney.

Plasco whips out a retractable nightstick and WHIPS the steel bar into the Assassin's head.

Knocked to the ground, Mohawk yanks out a backup gun -- takes a shot at Plasco. The round hits him square in the chest. Plasco is HURLED backward.

Mohawk is up, catlike, face covered in blood, but gun leveled at Plasco, still on the ground, when --

-- Reynolds FIRES. Six rounds, center mass.

The .38 caliber Smith and Wesson lifts the Assassin and throws him ten feet. Exit holes from Reynolds's blossom tip slugs create crude, ragged holes.

Mohawk is dead...

## INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR

THE OTHER ASSASSINS are coming up the elevator. They watch the light DING at floor 3. The doors open.

## INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

COOPER AND REYNOLDS -- help Plasco. The round hit him square in the kevlar vest. He stands, wheezing:

## PLASCO

I'm okay. Gotta catch my breath.

Plasco's WALKIE TALKIE squawks:

FBI AGENT  
Six bangers headin' your way. Get  
out of there! Get out!

PLASCO  
Where's the backup?

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

The FBI Agent on the walkie talkie is dealing with the  
bloodbath in the main lobby.

FBI AGENT (INTO WALKIE)  
Coming back, but it's too late.

MORE FBI AGENTS start to run from the explosions outside,  
realizing the real issue is back at the hospital.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

DOWN THE HALL -- a lone VANCE leans out with his gun.  
Whispers into his walkie:

VANCE (INTO WALKIE)  
I'll slow em down. Get the target  
out, Plasco. Now.

PLASCO (V.O.)  
Don't be a hero, Vance.

VANCE (INTO WALKIE)  
Just protect the asset.

Vance clicks off, seeing the gang coming closer, checking  
each room as they move slowly toward us --

VANCE (CONT'D)  
FEDERAL AGENT! HALT!

They do not halt. They do not slow. They FIRE on Vance.

Vance ducks back as the hallway comes alive with bullets.  
He takes a deep breath. Leans out and RETURNS FIRE.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY STAIRWELL

Plasco and Reynolds carry the unconscious body of Ruiz  
down the staircase.

REYNOLDS  
You got him?!

PLASCO

Don't go so fast!

REYNOLDS

You're dropping his legs!

PLASCO

Watch his head! All the codes are  
in his head! Not his goddamn legs!

Cooper follows behind, hearing muffled gunfire from the hallway they've just left.

COOPER

Guys, hurry up.

Gunfire, closer, now.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT

Plasco and Reynolds hustle Ruiz onto a gurney and wheel him down the dimly-lit corridors. Heading toward the staircase at the opposite end of the wing: the parking lot where the ambulances are parked.

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Neck Tattoo steps over the dead body of Vance.

Goes to Ruiz's hospital room. Finds it empty.

NECK TATTOO

*Chinga.*

Sees the emergency exit door ajar. Heads for it, when --

FBI AGENT

-- FREEZE!

-- they turn to see SIX FBI AGENTS running, guns aimed.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS - in the hospital hallway. Gang members shot, FBI Agents hit. Gang firepower vs. Quantico training. Brutal and ugly. Bodies fall.

Neck Tattoo and three of his men escape down the stairs as the other gang members hold off the FBI Agents.

INT. HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An EMT is loading his ambulance. Plasco shoves his badge in his face.

PLASCO

I need the keys, now.

MOMENTS LATER -- Ruiz is loaded in the back. Reynolds gets behind the wheel. Plasco and Cooper shut the back doors, about to get in the ambulance when --

-- GUNFIRE ERUPTS.

NECK TATTOO'S GANG -- has found them, Neck Tattoo and four of his men, bloodied but still determined, start SPRAYING THE AMBULANCE with AK-47 ROUNDS.

Cooper and Plasco get cut off from the ambulance. They duck behind a parked ambulance and return fire. Plasco shouts to Reynolds:

PLASCO (CONT'D)

GO!

REYNOLDS -- puts the ambulance in gear and drives RIGHT at the gang members. The windshield spiderwebs and cracks as bullets rake across the glass.

Reynolds nails a gang member at 30 MPH.

NECK TATTOO -- FIRES on the ambulance.

IN THE BACK -- bullets slice through the metal and nearly hit Ruiz's unconscious form.

REYNOLDS -- wrenches the wheel, speeding toward a parking retainer half-wall. Hears AK-47 rounds punching through metal, side-view mirror exploding into glass splinters.

He FLOORS the gas and bashes through the cinderblock wall, sending five hundred pounds of shattered concrete and various plants and soil onto La Cienega Boulevard.

NECK TATTOO -- and his gang fire on Plasco and Cooper, keeping them behind the cars.

ON PLASCO - keeping his head down. Frustrated:

PLASCO (CONT'D)

Shit!

Plasco covers Cooper with his body, hearing the deadly rounds ZING and whistle past their head.

NECK TATTOO -- runs for his vehicle. Gets in to a tricked-out gold Hummer. Has one other gang member with him. They go after Reynolds.

PLASCO -- comes up behind the remaining gang members and takes them out with three accurate shots. The men go down, wounded or dead. He runs out in the open as --

-- an unseen remaining GANG MEMBER leans out from behind a wall, takes aim at Plasco --

COOPER

PLASCO!

She whips out her handgun. FIRES without thinking, *BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!* Hits the guy in the arm, the shoulder. The other round hits concrete above his head.

THE GANG MEMBER -- staggers. Cooper's shots give Plasco enough time to turn and FIRE. He hits the man twice in the chest, once in the head.

Plasco's surprised, grateful eyes find Cooper's.

EXT/INT. AMBULANCE, ON THE FREEWAY - NIGHT

Reynolds weaves in and out of traffic, siren on, the ambulance full of bullet holes. Driving to get away, retreat, buy time. Just getting the hell away.

WHAM! -- Reynolds's neck SNAPS BACK as the ambulance is HIT from behind by a gold hummer, engine roaring. WHAM! The hummer hits again. AGAIN.

THE AMBULANCE --

-- almost goes skidding off the freeway. Sideswipes an SUV. A huge accident follows, cars smashing into one another on the 10 Freeway.

INT. FBI CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT

Plasco and Cooper are in a commandeered FBI car, racing onto the freeway ramp, siren on and flashing. Plasco takes the sedan up to 80 MPH. Cooper holds on.

PLASCO

You shouldn't be here!

COOPER

Where should I be? Taking depositions? I can handle it.

PLASCO

Better hang on, then.

And now he really hits the gas. Weaves in and out of traffic. Grazes bumpers. Tires squeal. He's going 110 mph. Cooper hangs on, eyes widening. She points ahead --

COOPER

What's that?

A huge smoke cloud on the freeway. The accident left in Reynolds's wake. Plasco drives RIGHT AT IT.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus.

HE SWERVES into the emergency lane. Just misses the burning wreckage and shattered glass and metal.

PLASCO

Why did you break it off with me?

COOPER

You wanna talk about that now?!

PLASCO

I got your full attention.

He WEAVES around other cars. They see the Ambulance taillights coming into view, far ahead.

COOPER

Because we were both just using each other, and you know it.

Plasco glances at her. The truth hurts. He doesn't ask her any more questions. Just SWERVES around another car.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY, WESTBOUND - NIGHT

Neck Tattoo leans out of the Hummer, firing an AK-47 at the ambulance. Civilian cars are hit in the chaos. Terrified citizens smash into other cars. More wrecks.

Reynolds wrenches the steering wheel at the entrance to the 405 -- a long, winding overpass that seems to rise into the night sky.

THE AMBULANCE -- rips across four lanes of traffic, car horns blaring in anger. Reynolds SMASHES into a Prius, knocks it out of the way.

Makes the entrance just in time, sparks flying off the side of the Ambulance where it meets overpass cement.

THE HUMMER -- follows.

EXT. 405 OVERPASS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Reynolds floors it, but the Ambulance doesn't have the guts the H2 Hummer has. The gold car SLAMS into the passenger side of the Ambulance. LOCKS ON. Metal on metal. Stuck.

MOVING AS ONE, NOW, at 70 MPH, the two vehicles are like Siamese twins. Can't break loose.

Reynolds looks to his right, sees Neck Tattoo RIGHT THERE, AK-47 rising up, aimed at him when --

-- THE GANG MEMBER'S HEAD SNAPS BACK.

Reynolds -- sees PLASCO, gun out the window of his sedan, on the right of the Hummer. Plasco empties his clip into the gang car. Then falls back.

Reynolds hits the brakes, no use.

IN THE HUMMER -- Neck Tattoo's dead foot SPASMS on the gas pedal.

IN THE AMBULANCE -- Reynolds sees the TURN coming. Can't control the locked vehicles. They're going to hit the guardrail at 90 mph.

Reynolds SLAMS THE HUMMER -- into the other side of the on-ramp. WHAM! SPARKS FLY. The two vehicles break apart at the last second as --

-- REYNOLDS HITS THE BRAKES, wrenching the steering wheel. He's free! He looks up to see --

-- THE HUMMER FLASH PAST out his windshield and HIT the stone and metal guardrail at the apex of the on-ramp.

The Hummer BLASTS through at 90 mph, skying into the void like a NASA capsule, gold paint catching moonlight, stone and metal debris surrounding it like a halo.

THE AMBULANCE -- can't hold the turn, crashes on its side. CRUNCH!

IN THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE -- poor Ruiz's unconscious body, strapped to the gurney, falls to the side.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT -- Reynolds sees sparks flying right next to his head as the ambulance slides along at 50mph.

FINALLY -- it slows. Stops. Reynolds's breath comes in ragged gasps. It's over...

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAWN

Reynolds, Plasco, and Cooper help transport the still-unconscious Ruiz to a new location. They pull up through barbed wire gates and are met by waiting Law Enforcement. A convoy sixteen vehicles long trails them.

REYNOLDS

Should be safe enough.

PULLING BACK - we see a sign above them -- LOS ANGELES MEN'S DETENTION FACILITY.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COASTLINE - MORNING

Zero is in a 40-foot Fountain 38X, triple Mercury engine power boat, 1,000 yards offshore, right under --

-- THE FLIGHT PATH of jets from across the Pacific.

POV - 10x50 SWAROVSKI BINOCULARS - Zero sees the tail number on the PacAir jet. It's the correct aircraft.

He takes a reading with a scope, programs something into the handle of a device. We don't see what it is, yet. Finished programming, Zero shoulders the 36-pound device.

ZERO aims a Raytheon manufactured FIM-92 STINGER: a shoulder-fired surface-to-air (SAM) missile. Zero has plugged target coordinates into the ROM in the small computer, located on the handle.

ZERO AIMS - at the distant aircraft, getting closer. Colors on the logo become visible. Then the tiny dots of windows on the Boeing 777-300 fuselage.

HE FIRES - the sixty-inch missile WHOOSHES! out of the tube and STREAKS into the sky. Gone in an instant.

INT. PAC AIR 777 AIRCRAFT - DAY

The PILOT and COPILOT jerk back in surprise as something WHOOSHES past the cockpit. Missing the plane by yards. The pilot YANKS the controls.

INT. AIRCRAFT FUSELAGE - DAY

DING! The seat belt light comes on. Ruiz's wife has her children next to her. She tightens their seat belts. They hold hands as the aircraft bumps along.

EXT. ZERO'S BOAT, OFF THE COAST - DAY

Zero sees through his binoculars -- the missile has just missed. Not a problem. He calmly reloads the tube. Usually a two-man job. He handles it proficiently.

Aims and fires. Nothing. Negative function.

ZERO  
(in Russian:)  
American piece of shit.

Now Zero works quickly. Has to reach into the case on the boat seat and pull out a new Battery Cooling Unit (BCU).

THE AIRCRAFT - is passing directly overhead. It'll be out of range in a few moments.

ZERO -- ejects the spent BCU into the boat hull. Slaps in the backup. Hears the functioning hiss of argon gas and the wheeze of chemical energy. Stinger is powered up.

ZERO - raises the missile once again. Aims. LOCKS ONTO the target. Dwindling, now. Is it too late? HE FIRES.

*PHWHOOOSH!*

THE MISSILE -- streaks away, IR and UV enabled.

IN THE BOAT - Zero waits. His face is impossible to read. Nothing rattles this man.

IN THE SKY - there is a flash of light. Then a plume of red flame coming from the back of the aircraft. The plane seems to be fine, flying along again, when --

-- THE PLANE lists in the sky. Then it does a slow turn.

Zero can see debris flying off the aircraft as it does a barrel roll. He can faintly hear the engines howling.

THE JET EXPLODES. Fuel and particles of metal are showered over the coastline. There is a strange silence over the ocean, as if the entire destruction of the massive airliner was on mute.

ZERO -- ditches the stinger rockets over the side. Calmly starts the boat engine and heads for shore.

No one has seen him. No one knows who he is.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES HOTEL - DAY

Sen. Anderson walks from the Bonaventure Hotel to his waiting limo, FBI Guards with him.

A GROUP OF REPORTERS - has somehow found out everything. They start shouting at Senator Anderson:

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Did the cartels kill your wife?

REPORTER  
Is it true we're putting American lives at risk for Cartel cash?

REPORTER #3  
Are we at war with Mexico, sir?

Anderson, shaken, bereft, shouts as he heads into car:

SENATOR ANDERSON  
Maybe we should be!

News cameras ZOOM IN. Anderson's face is livid:

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Maybe we should invade Mexico and fix what they can't or won't fix!

INT. CAR, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Zero gets a call on his disposable cell phone. Answers:

COSTILLA (V.O.)  
There's one more task. Then you're free to pursue the main target.

ZERO  
Every hit puts me at more risk.

COSTILLA (V.O.)  
We'll double your previous fee.

ZERO  
...Triple it. Give me the target.

Zero listens, driving toward the skyline of DOWNTOWN L.A.

INT. MR. HECTOR'S COMPOUND - MORNING

Hector paces back and forth like one of his pet tigers.

COSTILLA

Ruiz still hasn't moved the money.  
Either he's stalling for his own  
demands or he's injured or dead.

MR. HECTOR

We have to make sure.

Costilla watches his angry boss pace. Back and forth.

EXT. LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Senator Anderson's cell phone rings as the limo heads  
toward LAX. He answers:

SEC. OF STATE (ON PHONE)

The President is trying to find a  
diplomatic way out of declaring  
war on Mexico! Do you have any  
idea what you've done, Senator?

SENATOR ANDERSON

I'm going home to bury my wife.  
She will not have died for  
nothing! We will see this through.

SEC. OF STATE

You have put our nation at risk;  
cost lives; and may have cost us  
the reelection!

Anderson hangs up with an angry stab of his finger. The  
cell phone RINGS immediately.

SENATOR ANDERSON

What?!

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

As I said before, hand Ruiz over  
to me. Or the next target will be  
your son, William, who attends  
Brown University. Or your  
daughter, Shelby, a senior at  
Columbia High. Their fight song  
is: "Go Cougars!"

Anderson, pale, can barely respond. Finally bellows:

SENATOR ANDERSON

You can't intimidate us, you  
monster. YOU FUCKING MONSTER!

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

You are upset. I will call you  
back in five minutes, to let you  
achieve some level of composure.

Anderson hears Mr. Hector hang up as --

-- A BULLET shatters the limo windshield. The driver's  
head SNAPS BACK.

Anderson's three FBI detail move for their guns as the  
car goes careening toward the curb. BOOM! A shot takes  
out the engine block. The car lurches. Smoke bellows.

BOOM! A tire is shot out. BOOM! Another. The limo skids  
to a halt. Smashes into a telephone pole. Airbags deploy.  
Everyone goes flying. No one wearing seat belts.

Silence. The limo engine is starting to BURN. Smoke and  
flame lick upward.

Anderson's eyes are wide. He SEES --

-- A FIGURE - walking toward the limo, through the  
rippling, growing flames. A figure with a RIFLE.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- three more shots KILL the FBI Agents.  
Blood everywhere. Shattered glass. Anderson screaming in  
the backseat, covered in blood.

He reaches for the door handle. Somehow slides out,  
across the dead men, breathing labored.

Anderson watches in horror as Zero walks toward the limo,  
his face stoic through the rippling flames of the car  
fire. Zero reaches Anderson, the Senator crab-walking on  
the ground, terrified.

ZERO puts a pistol in his mouth. Anderson tries to  
scream. Puts a cell phone to his ear.

MR. HECTOR (ON PHONE)

Your answer?

INT. LA PRISON - DAY

Plasco is pacing in the break room. He sees Anderson on  
CNN, shouting at the camera. Words onscreen read: SENATOR  
SAYS INVASION OF MEXICO "A POSSIBILITY."

PLASCO

Jesus...

The story is interrupted by a shaky news camera showing AIRLINE DEBRIS in the ocean. A crawl reads:

*PLANE SHOT DOWN IN LOS ANGELES. ALL FEARED DEAD ONBOARD. TERRORISTS? OR A CARTEL?*

REYNOLDS

My God...

Reynold's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and answers.

INTERCUT -- with a shell shocked Senator Anderson, sitting in the back of an ambulance, Police everywhere, surrounding the burning limo.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Send Ruiz back to Mexico.

REYNOLDS

*What?*

SENATOR ANDERSON

I fold, gentlemen. I fucking fold.

Plasco comes in the room, sees Reynolds. Can tell by his face what's going on. Reynolds hits the speaker function:

REYNOLDS

We're not giving up, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

The President wants it to be over!  
It is over!

REYNOLDS

We're not stopping.

SENATOR ANDERSON

That's an order, Reynolds!

REYNOLDS

Not after how far we've come. If we don't stop Dos Culebras now, how many more people will they kill? How much more drugs will they bring across our border? All the lives they'll destroy... Senator, I'm not quitting now.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Agent Plasco, you there?

PLASCO

Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

If he won't listen, I am  
commanding you to send Ruiz back!

PLASCO

Senator --  
(looks at Reynolds)  
-- I'm with Agent Reynolds.

SENATOR ANDERSON

I can groom you for head of  
Homeland Security. Just say the  
word. Sign up with me and we ride  
together.

PLASCO

Senator --  
(he hesitates, then)  
-- consider this my resignation.

He nods to Reynolds, who hangs up. Looks back at Plasco  
with a new appreciation. Cooper has come in.

PLASCO (CONT'D)

We're on our own. Anything we do  
from here on out will be  
dangerous, foolish, and most  
likely -- illegal. Who's in?

COOPER

Shit. I was looking at Attorney  
General, someday.

PLASCO

I was looking at head of Homeland  
Security.

REYNOLDS

I was looking at Vermont.

They all take a moment. Then Reynolds checks his weapon.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

I started this.  
(chambers a round)  
I'm gonna finish it.

The PRISON DOCTOR pokes his head in the room:

PRISON DOCTOR

Come quickly.

INT. LA PRISON - DAY

Reynolds helps Ruiz sit up. Ruiz is holding his head.

REYNOLDS

Take it easy.

RUIZ

My wife? My children?

REYNOLDS

There was a plane crash.

Ruiz realizes in an instant. Whispers:

RUIZ

That bastard. Bastard...

He sits up, the Doctor looking him over. His eyes are watery, his mouth spasming. The Doctor hovers, taking his pulse, checking his pupils. Ruiz waves the doctor away.

RUIZ (CONT'D)

How long do we have?

REYNOLDS

Three hours.

RUIZ

Three hours?

EXT. LOS ANGELES CHOP SHOP - DAY

TREJO -- has accomplices waiting for him. Hands them a 10" stack of hundreds.

TREJO

*¿A mis especificaciones?*

The CHOP SHOP OWNER nods, his powerful, grease covered hands pulling back a huge tarpaulin to reveal --

-- a NARCO TANK. Built to specifications.

INT./EXT. LOS ANGELES BANK - AFTERNOON

Reynolds and Plasco flank Ruiz. Cooper behind. They move quickly from the FBI car up the steps and go --

-- INSIDE. Where a BANK MANAGER is waiting for Plasco.

BANK MANAGER

Agent Plasco, I couldn't get  
authorization from your superiors,  
so I'm afraid I can't --

PLASCO

Where's the bank's secure computer  
for wire transfers?

BANK MANAGER

The back office, but you can't --

Plasco raises his handgun and FIRES into the ceiling.  
BANG!BANG! There are SCREAMS of terror. Customers flee.

Reynolds disarms a SECURITY GUARD. Flex-cuffs him. Cooper  
herds everyone out of the bank. She has her weapon out.

COOPER

Everyone out! Thank you! We're  
Federal Employees! Thank you very  
much! This is official business!

The Bank Manager tries to leave, too. Cooper grabs him.

COOPER (CONT'D)

You stay.

INT. BANK BACK OFFICE - DAY

The Bank Manager sets up the computer for Ruiz. Gets out  
of the way. Ruiz sits, starts working the computer.

COOPER

One hour before the codes change.

AT THE FRONT OF THE BANK -- Reynolds and Plasco are at  
the locked front doors of the bank, watching the street.  
Cop cars start pulling up. Sirens wailing.

PLASCO

We're doing the right thing.  
Right?

REYNOLDS

...Time will tell.

EXT. SURROUNDING STREETS, LA - DAY

A SWAT Team van screeches to a halt. Back doors fling  
open. The team spreads out. Ready to take down the bank.  
Snipers take up positions. Streets are blocked off.

SWAT LEADER  
Secure the perimeter, keep  
everyone back until we ascertain  
how many gunmen and hostages!

THE BANK -- is surrounded by LAW ENFORCEMENT.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Ruiz is moving funds into new accounts set up by Plasco's connections at the Treasury Department. Ruiz has moved \$1 billion. It's time-consuming.

COOPER  
One billion down! Seven to go!

Reynolds pops his head in, growls:

REYNOLDS  
Can you move it all in time?

RUIZ  
If I'm left alone, yes.

REYNOLDS  
Hurry.

RUIZ  
Don't worry, Agent Reynolds. I  
have more motivation than you.

INT. HECTOR'S COMPOUND - DAY

Hector and Costilla watch a series of monitors showing real-time balances of various accounts. They see one billion dollars magically -- VANISH.

MR. HECTOR  
He's doing it! That piece of shit  
Ruiz is actually doing it.

Mr. Hector starts kicking a chair to pieces. He splinters it with his boot, keeps kicking it.

COSTILLA  
He doesn't have much time left.

MR. HECTOR  
A move like that leaves a trace.

COSTILLA  
(answers a phone:)  
We have the bank location.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Fifty gang members in various vehicles CLOSE IN FROM BEHIND the phalanx of Law Enforcement in front of the bank. The Gang Members are armed with automatic weapons, kevlar vests, helmets, grenades, laser sights.

Ready to go to war.

THE POLICE -- have no idea what's rolling in behind them.

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

GANG MEMBERS AMBUSH from behind, FIRING on FBI, SWAT.

Chaos. Law Enforcement turns AROUND. Fires on the Gang Members. The air is alive with rounds cracking and snapping past Cops' heads. Rounds SLAM into vehicles.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Reynolds and Plasco have taken cover as the Gangs FIRE into the bank. Glass shatters. Desks are pulped. A shower of ruined bank pamphlets rain down around them.

THE CLOCK -- ticks down.

IN THE BACK ROOM -- Ruiz finishes another transfer. Will there be enough time for them all? Bullets WHIZ and ZING into the bank. Ruiz flinches every time, but keeps going.

COOPER

Three billion down!

EXT. LA STREETS - DAY

The firefight intensifies. Gang members outgun Police by a mile. Cops have handguns, shotguns; Gang members have AK-47s, H&K assault rifles, .50 caliber sniper rifles.

Downtown has become a war zone.

COPS -- desperately call for backup.

SWAT -- fires at their targets, hitting everything, but --

-- GANG MEMBERS are so covered in armor that bullets don't stop them. They continue on up to --

-- THE BANK.

SWAT -- go for head shots. Take out five Gang Bangers.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Reynolds and Plasco have spread out near the front entrance. They see the first group of --

-- ARMORED GANG MEMBERS, approaching the front of the bank like futuristic machines, weighed down by armor.

Gang members toss SMOKE GRENADES. The smoke blocks the shots of SWAT and Police. There is a moment of eerie silence as the smoke creates a pale, hazy wall.

PLASCO

Wanna tell you something.

REYNOLDS

Now?

PLASCO

It wasn't your bullet.

Reynolds looks at him. Takes a moment for it to sink in.

PLASCO (CONT'D)

Forensics wasn't inconclusive. I covered it up. It was my bullet. I'm the one who should've paid, Reynolds. Not you.

(looks at him)

I'm not where I am because I'm a better cop than you are.... You deserve better.

Reynolds looks at Plasco, sees he's telling the truth. In a single moment, years of guilt lifts from Reynolds, like he's just cut loose a millstone from around his neck.

There's an expression on Plasco's Reynolds has never seen before -- repentance, vulnerability. It's there for an instant until --

-- GUNFIRE shatters the bank windows.

REYNOLDS -- opens FIRE through the haze. Six shots to the first Gang Member's body. The bullets hit the man in the chest. He merely staggers and OPENS FIRE.

AK-47 GUNFIRE -- rages into the bank. SPLINTERING WOOD, shattering glass, sending the foam interiors of courtesy couches fluttering into the air.

IN THE BACK ROOM -- Cooper has her gun out, in position at the door. Ruiz keeps working. Gunfire RAGES all around them. Bullets shatter picture frames above their heads.

IN THE MEN'S ROOM -- the terrified Bank Manager weeps as he lies on the tile floor in a stall.

PLASCO - hits a Gang Member in the head with a perfect shot. The man falls in a heavily-armored heap.

MORE GANG MEMBERS -- are coming up the steps.

INSIDE -- Reynolds and Plasco take cover behind overturned desks. Bullets just miss Plasco's head. The world has become gunfire and ricochets.

COOPER AND RUIZ -- have to hit the floor, rounds WHIZZING and splintering wood and plaster above their heads.

RUIZ

More time. I need more time.

Plasco and Reynolds move back. See the bullet holes everywhere -- Ruiz's frightened but determined eyes.

REYNOLDS

We gotta get some cover.

PLASCO

Okay. Where?

They both turn around to see --

-- THE IMMENSE BANK VAULT.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - DAY

There is an earth-shaking RUMBLE. Cops and FBI nearly stop fighting as they hear the ROAR OF AN ENGINE. Then --

-- THE NARCO TANK -- barrels down the street, coming out of the haze. Trejo is behind the wheel, his face barely visible in the twin slits that serve as a windshield.

TREJO'S MEN -- man the twin .50 Caliber turrets.

They OPEN FIRE. The guns are DEAFENING. Big .50 Caliber slugs turn cop cars into flaming heaps of metal.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?

COPS AND SWAT TEAM try to hold their ground, but the Narco Tank isn't stopping for shit.

INT. THE VAULT - DAY

Plasco and Reynolds move the computer and desk into the back of the immense bank vault.

Cooper has the scared Bank Manager with her. He points:

BANK MANAGER

Close the vault door, enter the code, then hit "Arm."

She shoves him away. Nods to Reynolds and Plasco. The Bank Manager RUNS for cover again.

Reynolds and Plasco begin to CLOSE the heavy vault door. They see Cooper and Ruiz staring back at them.

REYNOLDS

Finish it.

Cooper nods. The vault door CLOSES with a floor-vibrating CLANG. Reynolds enters the code from the Post-It note. Looks to Plasco, who hits ARM.

KA-CHUNK! Cooper and Ruiz are locked INSIDE.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The world is suddenly silent.

Ruiz is at the computer terminal again. The vault internal lighting is dim.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK - SUNSET

Cops are killed. Remaining Gang members fire high-powered rifles and machine guns. It's chaos on the streets. Citizens flee in horror. News copters whir overhead.

THE NARCO TANK -- SMASHES through cop car roadblocks. Twin .50 Calibers on top FIRE relentlessly. Deafening, horrifying, unprecedented -- the violence is unrelenting.

IN THE CHAOS -- of gunfire --

ZERO -- is here. A weapon called a FN40GL SCAR is in his hands. Ultra lightweight, with an underside grenade launcher; sleek and efficient.

ZERO -- calmly uses his rifle to create a path to head into the bank.

HE FIRES - the underside grenade launcher. *PHWUMP!*  
Reloads quickly. *PHWUMP!* Two cop cars EXPLODE, flipping  
over, shrapnel flying. Cops and SWAT scatter.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Ruiz finishes another wire transfer.

RUIZ  
One billion left.

COOPER  
Five minutes. Can you finish?

Ruiz gives her an uncertain look.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BANK - SUNSET

THE NARCO TANK -- revs right at the front entrance of the  
bank, engine ROARING heading up six steps and --

-- SMASHING through the main entryway, sending concrete  
and glass showering inward.

ZERO - fires another GRENADE - *PHWUMP!* It EXPLODES in the  
front lobby of the bank. Reaches for another round. He's  
out of grenades. Zero frowns. Moves calmly up the steps.

INT. THE BANK - SUNSET

Reynolds and Plasco are stunned by the grenade blast.

ZERO -- at the front entrance, SHOOTS Reynolds in the  
leg. Reynolds goes down. Plasco drags him to cover.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BANK - SUNSET

Plasco drags Reynolds into the ATM refill alcove of the  
bank. A small space. Reynolds is bleeding everywhere. The  
light of the setting sun washes them in amber.

REYNOLDS  
Protect Cooper and Ruiz. It's up  
to you, now, Plasco.  
(beat, sarcastic)  
Do something right for once.

PLASCO  
Eat shit, Reynolds.

Plasco grins, slaps Reynolds on the back. And goes.

INT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

Zero has searched the bank. Comes to a stop at the --  
-- LOCKED VAULT. He stares at the massive steel door.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Hector is going apoplectic as he and Costilla watch funds disappear from the accounts on their encrypted internet banking connection. Only one billion left.

COSTILLA

If we can hang onto that last  
money, we can borrow against  
assets. We can survive.

MR. HECTOR

One last billion...

INT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

Ruiz is finishing the final transaction. Enters the SWIFT code. A flashing prompt onscreen reads: ENTER PASSCODE.

RUIZ

For my family, and those lost in  
this senseless business.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

Trejo's narco tank ROARS up the front steps of the bank, scattering Cops, and --

-- SMASHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS of the bank.

INSIDE THE BANK -- the Narco tank doesn't slow, it PICKS UP SPEED, heading right toward --

-- THE VAULT.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Ruiz is about to press the return key when --

-- THE ONE-TON STEEL VAULT DOOR EXPLODES inward.

The FOUR-TON NARCO TANK barrels through like a charging rhinoceros. Steel shrieks and rends. Safety deposit boxes EXPLODE like popcorn, turning valuables into confetti.

RUIZ AND COOPER -- are sent flying, the entire vault JOLTING. Headlights cut through the gloom.

IN THE NARCO TANK -- Trejo has been sent SMASHING into the steering wheel. No seat belts or airbags in this beast. His twisted, bloody body writhes, then is still...

IN THE VAULT -- RUIZ staggers to his feet. Goes to the computer, about to finish it, finger on the return key --

-- He is SHOT in the upper chest. Goes down with a grunt. Cooper runs to him. Then she sees --

-- THE COMPUTER. Mere seconds left to make the transfer.

RUIZ

DO IT!

Cooper reaches for the return key. A SHOT RINGS OUT. A bullet SMACKING metal over her head.

Zero is standing there in the outer hallway. Walking forward, footsteps silent. Like a fucking ninja.

ZERO

Step away from the computer.

Zero has the FN40GL SCAR in his calm grasp. Aims it casually at her. Cooper's index finger is frozen over the keyboard.

ZERO (CONT'D)

They make these guns in Belgium.  
Best in the world. They do not  
jam. I will not miss.

COOPER -- looks at the gun barrel. Then at Zero. Then at the RETURN KEY. Her finger MOVES.

Zero is about to pull the trigger when --

-- Plasco appears, FIRING. Zero is hit in the back, the body armor taking the rounds. Plasco keeps SHOOTING.

Zero whirls, SHOOTS as he goes down, full auto.

Plasco is hit in the chest, neck, finally, the HEAD.

PLASCO -- is DEAD.

Cooper has her Glock out, FIRING into Zero's body. Zero is thrown backward, rifle blasted out of his grasp.

THE CLOCK -- ticks down. Ten seconds to make the final transfer. She runs back to the computer, as --

-- a rifle BUTT knocks her aside.

Zero, bleeding, snarling, unsteady, rifle heavy in his weak hands, reloads. Aims at the computer, but --

-- HIS HEAD KICKS BACK. A round goes through his brain.

Reynolds -- gun in his hand, barrel smoking, stands in the ruined hole where the vault door used to be.

He limps over to Cooper. She nods at the computer --

COOPER

You started this. Finish it.

-- Reynolds' finger depresses the Enter key. Leaves a bloody fingerprint behind...

The final billion is transferred...

EXT. LOS ANGELES, BANK - NIGHT

The fight is over. Gang members' bodies litter the streets. It looks like war-torn Baghdad. Windows shot out, vehicles smoldering. Blood and fire everywhere.

Reynolds limps, Cooper helping him. They make it to the first ambulance. Cooper's head is bloody. Medical personnel do what they can for Ruiz.

PLASCO'S BODY -- is covered in a sheet. Reynolds puts a hand on Plasco's chest. Then they wheel the body away.

REYNOLDS -- watches the gurney go. Then pulls out his cell phone. Calls Amanda.

REYNOLDS

It's me. It's over....

As Reynolds and Cooper are taken to the hospital, sun setting over Southern California, we cut to --

INT. MEXICO, CARTEL COMPOUND - SUNSET

Hector faces his private zoo and bodyguards. The sun holds its last blood-red grip on the sky, shining through the floor-to-ceiling windows. He hears the tigers ROAR, hungry for their next meal.

Costilla appears in the reflection in the window.

COSTILLA

We must leave, Señor Hector. Go somewhere safe. The other cartels will surely come for us.

Hector smiles at his own reflection. Knows his fate...

MR. HECTOR

There is nowhere safe.

As he says this, he turns to see --

-- his own bodyguards seemingly dissolving into the background. The writing is on the wall. Men leave in droves, fleeing for safer, greener pastures.

Soon, Mr. Hector is left alone. Even Costilla casts a sad glance back at his former boss. Then is gone.

BELOW MR. HECTOR -- his tigers growl and pace. The biggest cat licks his chops, big teeth exposed.

Hector is alone, facing a red sky.

INT. THE TIGER PADDOCK, DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - NIGHT

The two adult tigers are nearly asleep, their cubs next to them. One cub sees something, abruptly WHINES.

The male's ears perk up. The female RISES. Something is in the paddock with them. Parental defenses triggered, the male STANDS in an instant, all 750 pounds of him.

REVERSE --

-- MR. HECTOR has walked into the paddock. His eyes shine as bright as those of the tigers. He sits. Waits.

It doesn't take long...

Not with a bullet. Not with a noose. Not by the hand of his enemy. This is how he's going to go out. He closes his eyes. Takes a final breath, exhales. His eyes open.

MR. HECTOR

Let's get this over with. Come on!

THE MALE TIGER -- coils and LEAPS toward the human form in the moonlight, its claws extended, fangs exposed. The speed of the beast is terrifying.

RISING AWAY FROM THE SCENE -- we hear a human GRUNT. Tearing of flesh, then Hector's ungodly SHRIEKS of agony.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The PRESIDENT is on TV, talking about a new turn on the War on Drugs. Words on-screen read:

*President vows \$8 billion to fight War on Drugs.*

Ruiz is hooked up to IVs. His eyes widen when he sees --

-- REYNOLDS, limping into the room, with three people behind him: Ruiz's WIFE AND CHILDREN. The children run up to Ruiz, hugging him, shouting: "Papa!"

RUIZ

But?! How!

His eyes are filled with tears. He looks at Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Plasco was smart. Thought ahead.  
Had your family put on a different  
flight from Auckland.

RUIZ

And you brought them here to me.  
You didn't have to.

REYNOLDS

Just doing my job.

Reynolds watches as Ruiz's wife kisses her husband on the forehead. Ruiz waves Reynolds over. Wheezes, still severely injured, barely able to get the words out:

RUIZ

Like I told you. You are an  
honorable man.

Reynolds steps away as Ruiz's family hovers over him.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Reynolds holds Miles in his arms, Amanda next to him, as they listen to the PRIEST finish the sermon over Plasco's grave site.

REYNOLDS -- nods at a woman in the crowd. Cooper. She nods back to him. Then she moves forward, one of the first to let a handful of dirt fall onto Plasco's casket.

REYNOLDS -- lets the dirt fall as raindrops start to come down. Says to the casket, his words lost to the rain:

REYNOLDS

You did something right.

LATER -- Cooper doesn't go to her waiting car. Walks through the rain to stand before --

-- A GRAVESTONE: "Henry Cooper. Beloved Husband."

She puts a single flower on the grave, her tears blending in with the rain falling on her face.

EXT. MEXICO, VARIOUS LOCATIONS/WEEKS LATER - DAY

NEWS FOOTAGE - from CNN, BBC, reporting on:

CNN ANCHOR

A major victory in America's War on Drugs, as sources confirm that a high-level Cartel Associate worked closely with U.S. Government officials to topple the largest and most violent Mexican drug cartel in existence.

IMAGES: flash onscreen -- arrests Dos Culebras associates; Costilla in handcuffs; seizures of cocaine facilities; stacks of cash on a staggering scale.

BBC ANCHOR (V.O.)

...will be felt for a long time to come and on a worldwide scale, so says a US Presidential spokesperson. The banks, said the President, must be held responsible for laundering drug money on the scale of billions. Today in London, Geneva, and Switzerland, several established banks were hit with subpoenas.

IMAGES - of government auditors seizing banking computers and records. The Bankers stand back and watch, dumbfounded, as a legion of officials conduct raids.

BBC ANCHOR (V.O.)

There have been reports from cooperating British officials that arrests will be made at the banks, quote, "At the highest level..."

INT. UNKNOWN WAITING ROOM - DAY

Reynolds straightens his tie, looking decidedly uncomfortable.

REYNOLDS

Hate ties.

Amanda hands Miles to Reynolds. He holds his son as Amanda leans over and helps her husband with his tie.

AMANDA

You look great.

She kisses him once on the cheek, then lips, the other cheek: their good luck ritual. He smiles.

REYNOLDS

So do you.

A DOOR OPENS. A SECRETARY smiles at them and says:

SECRETARY

The President is looking forward to meeting you. You can go in now.

Reynolds and Amanda stand, Reynolds holding Miles. He sniffs the air. Says quietly to Amanda:

REYNOLDS

You brought diapers, right?  
(off her look)  
Kidding, honey.

AS THEY MOVE INTO THE OVAL OFFICE -- Amanda gives his arm a supportive squeeze. She whispers in his ear:

AMANDA

You made a difference.

The Secretary smiles as they pass her, then closes the door and goes back to her desk.

PULLING BACK -- we move through the windows of the Presidential outer office, over the green, rolling lawn.

RISING UP -- the White House gleams in the cool air, American flag on top, waving in the night.

FADE OUT.