

# Rockets' Red Glare

By

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COMMITTEE ON HOMELAND SECURITY  
UNITED STATES SENATE  
ONE HUNDRED ELEVENTH CONGRESS

"In the past fiscal year, we opened over 839 criminal cases involving Department of Homeland Security employees. Our investigations resulted in 313 arrests, 293 indictments, 281 convictions, and 59 administrative actions."

-- Testimony of Thomas M. Frost, office of Inspector General, U.S. Department of Homeland Security

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...

Glow of brake lights bathe the --

-- US/MEXICO BORDER --

-- in a bloody haze.

Two US HELICOPTERS patrol on the American side.

INT. US PATROL HELICOPTERS - DUSK

PILOT and SPOTTER behind smoke-black helmet visors,  
muttering of information into headsets.

THE SUN -- has just set.

US/MEXICO BORDER, EL PASO, TEXAS.

EXT. AT THE BORDER CROSSING - DUSK

LONG LINE OF CARS -- DRIVERS wait, some impatient; regulars  
know the drill; idle time: crosswords, clip nails, reapply  
mascara. Until --

The dull rattle of GUNFIRE echoes through the night.

FOUR CARS speed at the US BORDER. Something chasing --

-- A MAKESHIFT ARMORED TANK, what's known as a "narco-  
tank," a vehicle favored by drug lords. Big rig covered by  
reinforced steel; bullet-resistant slit for the driver; .50  
caliber atop the behemoth.

Love child of a Mogadishu "technical" and an Abrams tank.

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

EXT. HIGH OVER THE BORDER - DUSK

We track FOUR DRUG SEDANS -- packed with rival gang members -- trying to outrun this juggernaut, as --

-- THE NARCO TANK FIRES THE .50 CALIBER, a former Guatemalan Special Forces SOLDIER blasting away.

THE SEDANS -- men armed with AK-47s lean out and SHOOT back at the Narco tank. Bullets bounce off metal.

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

INT. US BORDER CHECKPOINT, EL PASO - SUNDOWN

BORDER AGENTS see the distant explosion and gunfire.

BORDER AGENT

The hell is that?

POV - 10X70 BINOCULARS -- four cars approaching, fast. A monster behind them -- black, squat, deadly.

HEAD BORDER AGENT

Narco Tank. Heavy weapons, reinforced steel. Unstoppable... Looks like cartel on cartel violence. Deal gone wrong, maybe.

THE GUNFIRE - echoes toward them. Getting louder.

ANOTHER AGENT

And it's comin' this way.

AN ALARM -- wails to life.

THE ARSENAL -- BORDER AGENTS arm themselves: red alert.

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

NARCO TANK -- takes out the first sedan. Tracer bullets zip through the dusk, and -- BOOM! -- find their mark.

DRUG RUNNERS -- vanish in the haze of metal, glass and fire. KEYS OF COCAINE spill out and kick up a massive white cloud: \$3 million street value -- lost.

EXT. US BORDER STATION - DUSK

US LAW ENFORCEMENT -- see the chase COMING RIGHT AT THEM. Walkie talkies chatter instructions, voices rising.

AGENT VOICES (V.O.)  
Prepare to fire. Prepare to fire.

EXT. EL PASO BORDER STATION - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS train guns on the narco tank, which SPEEDS UP.

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. The men in the back seats lean out and SHOOT at the border crossing.

TWO US AGENTS -- are hit in the fusillade.

NARCO-TANK'S -- .50 caliber slugs ZIP over the weaving target vehicles and eat up cement inspection booths.

THE LAST DRUG SEDAN -- survives the onslaught and RACES past the checkpoint and --

-- CROSSES THE BORDER.

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.)  
Border breach. Tracking a tan, late-model Ford.

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 uselessly PING off the metal monster.

THE TANK KEEPS COMING. Engine roaring, not stopping.

NARCO TANK -- BLASTS past checkpoints, SLAMMING into a Patrol truck used as a barrier, CUTTING it in half.

THE NARCO TANK -- revs after its last quarry: the sedan.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)  
Holy shit. It crossed the border. This is a goddamn first.  
(MORE)

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Drug chase from Mexico to the US and  
they don't care that we're here.

OVERHEAD -- US HELICOPTER PILOTS whirl in the air, SNIPERS  
on the skids, FIRING high powered rifles, but --

-- the Narco Tank finds its mark -- the .50 cal hits the  
sedan, slugs punching ham-sized holes in metal.

THE DRUG-RUNNING SEDAN -- detonates like a bomb. Cocaine  
mushroom-clouds upward, hanging over the freeway.

SNIPERS ON THE US HELICOPTERS - FIRE at the Narco Tank  
windscreen. Bullets ricochet off. Useless.

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

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

BORDER AGENT (V.O.)  
Here it comes again! FIRE!

IT IS FIRED ON RELENTLESSLY ONCE AGAIN by Border Agents.  
The amount of automatic weapons fire is staggering.

THE ARMOR -- deflects every round. Nothing can stop it.

THE NARCO TANK -- SMASHES through a phalanx of Government  
vehicles and ROARS back onto --

-- Mexican soil.

LOST -- in the warren of streets leading in and out of  
Ciudad Juarez...

Unchallenged, uncaught, unstopped. Leaving carnage...

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)  
There's gonna be hell to pay...

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

BLACKNESS.

EXT. RIO GRANDE, MEXICO - NIGHT

ON THE FULL MOON -- our view moves down to the border fence  
on the US side. The real border is -- THE RIVER.

ON THE FAR BANK -- fifteen impoverished hopefuls stare  
across the Rio Grande at the other side: America.

CIUDAD JAUREZ, MEXICO, aka THE VALLEY  
OF THE BEHEADED.

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

HIS BORDER CROSSERS -- are now on their own. If they can make it into America here, they're home free.

THE CURRENT -- weakly 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 whispers 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...

BORDER CROSSERS  
*Mas rapido, rapido!*

INT. BORDER PATROL TRUCK - NIGHT

A CALLOUSED HAND -- brings a mug up to a pair of lips.

PULLING BACK -- GERRY REYNOLDS, face lined by worry and time, watches the Predator drone feed on a bank of monitors: "illegals" approaching the riverbank.

REYNOLDS (INTO RADIO)  
Fourteen, no, we got fifteen  
crossers.... Bravo: you in position?  
Pete, I can hear you breathing from  
here. Sound like Lord friggin' Vader.

EXT. BUSHES NEAR THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

TWENTY BORDER PATROL AGENTS move, silent. One thickset man, PETE, huffs into place. Into Motorola walkie:

PETE

Been here ten minutes already.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Uh-huh. You gonna pass the yearly physical?

PETE

Cuttin' down on carbs, Boss.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

On my count, zap 'em with light and sound. No gunfire.

BACK IN THE TRUCK -- Reynolds sips his coffee, waits. Watches screens. Eyes shrewd. Done this 1,000 times.

SALAZAR, ten years Reynolds' junior, eager, bright, watches next to his boss.

REYNOLDS

Salazar. I want you to be straight with me about something.

(Salazar nervous)

Have you ever made coffee before?

SALAZAR

You're drinking my family recipe. Pan boiled. No Mr. Coffee crap for the Salazar clan.

REYNOLDS

Pan boiled?

SALAZAR

Yanquis stole the recipe from my forefathers, called it "cowboy coffee."

REYNOLDS

The Yanquis would formally like to return your recipe.

SALAZAR

An acquired taste, boss.

REYNOLDS

No, an acquired taste is sushi, or fois gras, or caviar. This will eradicate my stomach lining.

A TECH GEEK/computer whiz named FARIS -- watches the monitors, headphones on:



FARIS

Uh, ladies... These illegals make landfall, they scatter. Like bugs.

REYNOLDS

Bust 'em near the river, Faris, they'll swim back and wait. Try again down river. No. Gotta lead them right into the trap.

ON SCREEN -- they see the images of the BORDER CROSSERS.

Coming closer. Closer. Almost to the shore...

ONE INFRA GREEN BLOB -- makes it. Begins RUNNING.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Show time. Bravo, hit 'em.

EXT. BUSHES NEAR THE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

TWENTY 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 up to --

EXT. PATHWAY NEAR THE RIO GRANDE - NIGHT

-- REYNOLDS AND THE BORDER PATROL TRUCKS.

Reynolds leads Alpha Team: 10 agents beaming FORD TRUCK and ATV headlights -- X-raying wet, bewildered 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 teenager, his T-shirt soaked, eyes wild.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Relax. It's all over.

EXT. THE RIO GRANDE RIVERBANK - NIGHT

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

REYNOLDS -- walks the line of border crossers. Flex-cuffed. Each more pathetic and desperate than the last.

REYNOLDS

(in Spanish:)

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

Reynolds passes a GIRL, maybe 14, shivering. No shoes.

Reynolds snatches a blanket from a truck, puts it around her shoulders. Passes a MAN with a Dodger's Jacket.

REYNOLDS

Dodgers? Rangers not good enough?

TOMAS

Goin' to LA. Gonna root for the home team.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Come on. What's this, Tomas, third time this month? Wastin' my time. Taxpayer's money.

TOMAS

If at first if you don't succeed Agent Reynolds... Just wanna send money home to mi familia. And see a Dodgers game. American dream.

REYNOLDS

I'm your American nightmare: gonna catch you every time.

(pats his shoulder)

Pick a new team.

Reynolds finally stops at -- RUIZ. The one we saw before. He's -- different from the others. Not just clothes -- business suit, nice shoes, all now soggy and rumpled. It's something else, his bearing.

Imperious. Unafraid.

RUIZ -- makes eye contact with Reynolds. Keeps it.

REYNOLDS

(to the group:)  
*You will be processed and returned to  
 Mexico in the morning.*

RUIZ

I'm seeking political asylum.

Reynolds is taken aback by Ruiz's unaccented English.

REYNOLDS

Hey, Pete, we got any of that  
 "political asylum" at the station?

PETE

(cuffing suspects)  
 Fresh out, boss!

RUIZ

I don't belong with these others.

REYNOLDS

That's what they all say. Now get your  
 ass in that truck like everyone else,  
 or I'll use non-lethal force.

(holds up a taser)  
 Zap. Zap. Comprende?

RUIZ

Your casual racism is opprobrious.

REYNOLDS

Oppro-what?

RUIZ

Demeaning. Insulting.

REYNOLDS

That's me. An insulting asshole.  
 (fingers his badge)  
 With one a these... Truck. Now.

Reynolds holds up the taser and triggers it. CRACKLE!ZAP!  
 He smiles behind the electric current.

Ruiz waits a beat. Then turns and heads toward the Border  
 Patrol paddy wagon, where his countrymen are loaded up.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - NIGHT

"Illegals" are being processed. It's loud. Chaotic.

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

CNN NEWSCASTER (ON TV)  
...Sources call it a "Narco Tank." It was chasing drug-running vehicles when it crossed the border. The President announced that this kind of aggression by cartels on US soil will not be tolerated....

Reynolds comes up to Faris, speaks quietly:

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

FARIS  
Which guy, boss?

REYNOLDS  
Mr. Political Asylum.

FARIS  
We're already over budget.

REYNOLDS  
Got a feeling. Do it.

FARIS  
You can explain at the annual budget meeting. I'm not taking the fall.

REYNOLDS  
You will. That's why you're here.

He clasps Faris on the shoulder, squeezes HARD. Faris winces. Mutters as Reynolds walks away:

FARIS  
You're just an *asshole*...

INT. PROCESSING SECTION, FT. HANCOCK STATION - NIGHT

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

RUIZ'S FACE -- looks back from the photo...

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Ruiz, live and in the flesh, stares back at us, the same neutral, knowing expression on his face. Intelligence behind his eyes. He'll wait.

He's a patient man...

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 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.

Gerry's wife, AMANDA, brings in their nearly one year-old son, MYLES. She gently whispers to her sleeping husband:

AMANDA  
Diaper changing time.

A slow grin spreads across his tired face.

REYNOLDS  
Morning.

He reaches for baby Myles and kisses him on the cheek.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Doesn't cry much. Myles is so tough.  
Just like his --

AMANDA  
Mother.

REYNOLDS  
That's what I was gonna say.

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

REYNOLDS  
Gonna be tougher than both of us.

Myles coos up at Reynolds, delight on the boy's face.

Amanda watches her husband. Sees the exhaustion on Reynolds' face, new lines that weren't there a year ago.

AMANDA  
You are human. Right?  
(off his look)  
Working all day, up every night  
studying. Worried about you, Gerry.

REYNOLDS  
Get my JD and we can really move up in  
HSI. A raise. Promotion.  
(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
(knowing look)  
Transfer.

AMANDA  
I want you to be as careful as you are  
dedicated. Think like a daddy, now.

REYNOLDS  
I'm always careful.

She gets some of Myles' clothes out and folds them. Holds up the little onesie, as if to show him -- we're a family, now. This baby is more important. The most important thing.

He softens, says:

REYNOLDS  
Amanda, I heard you.

She nods. Unsure. Keeps folding. Silence. Then:

REYNOLDS  
Hey, you know me, I'm like my old man.  
He never even drew his gun, unless it  
was to shoot a broken-legged horse or  
a rabid skunk. He was cautious.

AMANDA  
Your dad was a small town Sheriff who  
broke up bar fights.

REYNOLDS  
There's right and wrong. No gray area.  
You take money, or you don't.  
(finishes the diaper)  
Simple guy. Guess I'm like him.

AMANDA  
You do enough good standing on the  
wall every day.

REYNOLDS  
(holds up his son)  
Myles, what do you think?

Myles coos, content. Reynolds smiles.

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  
Remember: think like a daddy.

REYNOLDS

I will. Love you both.

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

AMANDA -- watches him drive down the long dirt driveway of what could be graciously called their "ranch."

Concern she couldn't show him before now lines her face.

INT. THE TRUCK - DAY

Reynolds drives, listening to an audio book:

BOOK ON TAPE (V.O.)

"...was refused admission because of the color of his skin. This event would haunt and shape Thurgood Marshall for life...."

REYNOLDS' POV -- through the windshield: A COW, stuck in a wire fence, and a RANCHER trying to get it unstuck.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S RANCH - DAY

MIGUEL, 60s, sees Reynolds sauntering over, passing Miguel's beat up truck with the shotgun rack in the cab.

REYNOLDS

Again?

MIGUEL

Goddamn coyotes, and I ain't talkin' four-legged ones. Farm's becoming a highway for illegal immigrants.

He motions to his fence that has been clipped in places. Then at the muddy FOOTPRINTS on the ground.

MIGUEL

Musta run through here last night, night before, maybe. Whole mess of em. Where the hell were you boys?

REYNOLDS

Not enough funding. Manpower.

MIGUEL

Help me out? Two man job -- can't afford to pay hands these days.

REYNOLDS

I'll stomp, you push.

Miguel nods. Reynolds wedges his foot under the cow's head and STOMPS DOWN on the wire.

MIGUEL

Now, one good -- PUSH.

MIGUEL SHOVES the cow's nose backward, back into his ranch. The cow moos, and is free. She wanders off.

MIGUEL

Don't know what I'm complainin' about.  
My family crossed the border, too. A  
hundred years ago. Worked the land.  
Saved every penny. Got this patch of  
dirt. Farmed.... I'll fix the fence  
today. They'll cut it again. Over and  
over. That's how it goes.

EXT. FORT HANCOCK HIGHWAY - DAY

Reynolds sees police activity up ahead. People craning their necks up at --

-- A BILLBOARD -- someone has painted in big letters:

## ***PLATOO PLOMA***

Under the sign, a mannequin in a black suit and tie, hung from the billboard by a NOOSE. It almost looks real.

Reynolds pulls up to the POLICE CHIEF, who is trying to figure out how to get the sign and effigy down.

REYNOLDS

What's up, Steve?

POLICE CHIEF

Some son of a bitch put that up there as a warning. "Silver or lead."

REYNOLDS

Not easy to figure out who the target audience is.

POLICE CHIEF

Right about that. It's you and me, pal. Anybody in law enforcement. Take a bribe, or get a bullet...

(taps the hood)

Careful out there.

Reynolds puts the truck in gear and takes a last look up at the billboard: PLATA O PLOMO. Which will Gerry choose?



REYNOLDS

Yeah. You, too.

He pulls away, the mannequin still swinging above...

INT. REYNOLDS' TRUCK - DAY

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

A fellow AGENT pulls up in a new Dodge Challenger, the engine rumbling, throaty. The Agent gets out, nods:

BORDER AGENT

Mornin' chief.

Reynolds nods. The Agent walks past Reynolds and aims his key back at the Challenger, which chirps in response.

REYNOLD'S POV -- other cars in the lot are shinier, newer and fancier than his crappy pick up.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Dozens of AGENTS do paperwork from the recent bust. The busy station is badly in need of updating.

REYNOLDS

Why is it so hot in here?

SALAZAR (O.C.)

*En Espanol, por favor!*

Salazar, the eager 29 year-old with generations of Texans in his DNA strand, calls over the din of the station.

SALAZAR

You told me to grill you, Chief. I'm grilling. Come on, *Jefe*.

REYNOLDS

*Por que hace tanto calor aqui?*

SALAZAR

B-plus. You're gettin' there.

REYNOLDS

Answer the goddamn *pregunta*.

SALAZAR

AC crashed last night. Computers, phones. Everything.

REYNOLDS' POV - he sees RUIZ, sitting with the other border crossers, still in the HOLDING PEN. Ruiz stares back at Reynolds with the same intelligent gaze.

REYNOLDS

What about that face recognition?

SALAZAR

Hasn't bounced back from DC.

REYNOLDS

Dammit. Where's the geek?

Faris peeks from behind an outdated computer monitor.

FARIS

I heard that, sir. I'm here. Still.  
After six months. Feel like a  
character from "Catch-22."

REYNOLDS

From what?

FARIS

Can't leave this post until I update  
the computers, phones, bandwidth, and  
security systems, but Homeland  
Security won't send the new computers  
until the bandwidth is updated, which  
I can't do without the new computers --

REYNOLDS

(cuts him off)

Fixing everything or what?

FARIS

Computers, AC, phones online. Almost.  
Believe me, I want outta here more  
than you want me out.

REYNOLDS

Almost?

FARIS

Stone Age equipment, boss. They don't  
have this shit in the El Paso Station,  
you can be sure of that.

He holds an aging phone as if it's a three day-old fish.

REYNOLDS

I'm sure they have chocolates on the  
pillow.

(MORE)

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Now here's a Catch-22 for ya, get me my facial recognition report from last night or I'll stick my boot up your ass.

FARIS

That's not exactly a Catch-22, sir --

He smacks Faris in the back of the head. Holds up a boot.

REYNOLDS

No, it's a size 13. Do it.

FARIS

Ouch. FYI, my grandma said it's better to use honey than vinegar.

REYNOLDS

My granny said it's better to be feared than loved.

As Reynolds moves toward the break room, he catches the eyes of OTHER AGENTS, who watch him, some with outright disdain, others with flat expressions.

FARIS

(to himself:)

Your grandmother sounds like a bitch.

INT. BREAK ROOM, BORDER PATROL STATION - DAY

Reynolds pours last of the coffee in the coffee maker into his "I'M THE BOSS" mug. The thickset Pete comes in and points to a sign: "YOU KILL IT, YOU FILL IT."

PETE

Please. Boss. You always do this.

REYNOLDS

What? There's more in that pot.

Pete holds up the millimeter of coffee left.

PETE

A thimble full.

REYNOLDS

...Lotta new cars out in that parking lot, Pete.

PETE

Don't even go there.

REYNOLDS

If the shit ever comes down, you gonna have my back?

PETE

You know I'm clean.

REYNOLDS

How many other guys would say the same? Half this goddamn station could be in Zetas' or Dos Culebras' pockets.

PETE

I just wanna put in my twenty, get my pension. Fish in Florida for the rest of my days. That's it.

(aims a finger)

Lots of rumors swirling; an internal investigation. And you're the source.

REYNOLDS

Take money, you're going down. Simple. Gonna make sure of that.

PETE

A crusade, boss?

REYNOLDS

I heard that before.

He leaves. Pete sighs and starts making more coffee.

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Reynolds watches the busy room outside his office. His eyes scan the agents under his control: how many can he trust? How many are in the pockets of the Cartels?

EXT. LEON, MEXICO, BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A BASEBALL SMACKS - into a catcher's mitt. A crowd ROARS.

HECTOR GALLARDO, "Mr. Hector" to his associates and enemies, has just thrown the first ball of the season.

MOMENTS LATER - the most famous Narco Corridos band in Mexico, BuKnas de Culiacan, plays their hit.

BUKNAS (SINGING)

*The fury of the cartel,  
ain't no one escaped yet.*

Everyone loves the American hip-hop inspired music, which glorifies the Narco Cultura. People dance in the stands:

BUNKAS (SINGING)

*But that homie's dead.  
He just doesn't know it yet.*

MOMENTS LATER -- Mr. Hector on the microphone, trademark cream-colored sport coat gleaming in the afternoon sun.

MR. HECTOR

When I was a boy, I would sneak in to watch the Bravos. Didn't have two pesos, but I caught every game.

(the crowd cheers)

One of the first things I wanted to do when I reached financial independence, besides building the children's research hospital, safe parks, and the clean drinking water initiative, was to give back. Give the people fun. Give you baseball!

ROARS FROM THE 8,000 FANS rock the stadium as --

A man named COSTILLA, wraparound sunglasses, scar on his cheek, chiseled chin, is never far from his boss. Costilla is Chief of Security for the Dos Culebras Cartel.

Costilla, like a Secret Service Agent, eyes the crowd.

MR. HECTOR

You know what's great about our country, our beloved Mexico? Anyone can make anything of themselves.

(raises one arm)

I don't have to sneak in anymore because -- I OWN THE GODDAMN STADIUM!

The crowd goes nuts.

MR. HECTOR

They talk about the American Dream?  
I'm the Mexican Dream!

(wild applause)

Welcome to the new, state of the art ballpark for our Leon *Culebras*!

Mr. Hector beckons the team out onto the field. The young BALLPLAYERS charge out and wave at the crowd.

MR. HECTOR

PLAY BALL!

INT. REYNOLDS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Salazar pops his head into Reynolds' office.

SALAZAR

When you're right, you're right, boss.  
Facial recognition came back. You're  
not gonna believe it.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

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

RUIZ

Finally.

REYNOLDS

Oh, I'm so sorry for the delay. Would  
you like a snack? Fro Yo?

RUIZ

Clock's ticking, Agent Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

You're a clever one. I didn't tell you  
my name.

RUIZ

I know much about you, Gerry.

REYNOLDS

Equal footing, *Antonio*.

(looks at a file)

Antonio Ernesto Olivier Ruiz.

Doctorate in International Finance  
from Harvard. Fancy.

Ruiz doesn't react. Stares back. Reynolds continues:

REYNOLDS

Returned Mexico 1996, worked for Exxon  
-- then resigned. Musta figured you  
could make 100 times your salary by  
segueing into your country's number-  
one export: drugs. Recruited to Dos  
Culebras in '08.

(looks up)

So. Armani suit; Italian loafers;  
fifty grand in cash; three cell  
phones; everything wrapped in  
cellophane -- 'cause you knew you were  
going in the river. What's your plan?

RUIZ

I do not want much. But I have much.  
I'm willing to trade for it.

REYNOLDS

Trade what?

RUIZ

Details are for my phone call.

REYNOLDS

Phone call? What do you think this is, AT&T call center? Do I look an operator to you?

RUIZ

I want to speak to the man responsible for continuing the so called War on Drugs -- Senator John Anderson.

REYNOLDS

Sure thing. Anything else? Omelette, maybe? *Con chorizo?*

(shouts:)

Salazar! We got any more of that chorizo?

Salazar opens the door, confused. Tries to improv:

SALAZAR

Uh...I ate it, boss.

Reynolds seems disappointed at Salazar's ad-lib.

RUIZ

I can do enormous damage against the biggest drug organization in the world. But what I have is only available for the next --

(checks the clock)

-- 68 hours. I want to talk to Senator John Anderson. *Comprende?*

INT. HELICOPTER, MOVING OVER MEXICO LANDSCAPE - DUSK

Inside a Sikorsky S-92 corporate helicopter, rotor blades barely audible. Leather swivel seats; couch; wet bar.

COSTILLA

Checked flight manifests, trains, boats. Mr. Ruiz has vanished.

MR. HECTOR

I'm craving a bloody Mary. You?

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT in a short skirt hands him his drink.

MR. HECTOR  
Read my mind, Angelina.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I know you well. Extra spicy.

She smiles and walks off. He watches her go.

COSTILLA  
We have to take this seriously. He  
could be dead, or worse.

MR. HECTOR'S POV - out the window of the chopper -- he sees  
his vast ESTATE below. Enormous houses. Guard gates. Gun  
emplacements. Patrol dogs. Electrified fences. Pressure  
sensors along the perimeter.

AND -- beauty. A polo field. Verdant lawns. Sprawling  
stables. Glimmering swimming pools. A private zoo...

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - DAY

Hector looks down upon his domain as the chopper flares for  
a landing on the grassy helicopter pad.

GUARDS are at the ready, vigilant, AK-47s and AR-15s  
gripped in expert hands. Former military men. Trained  
soldiers. They do not move in the rotor wash. Statues.

Hector buttons his suit coat as he leaves the Sikorsky and  
walks toward --

-- his waiting horse, AUGUSTUS III. Hector pats Augustus's  
head and nimbly leaps into the saddle.

MR. HECTOR  
What's the worst case scenario?

COSTILLA  
Ruiz has stolen your money.

MR. HECTOR  
How much?

COSTILLA  
He's a financial genius. A wizard. You  
should know -- you hired him. The  
sky's the limit, Mr. Hector.

Hector considers this. For the first time, a flash of  
concern washes over his face. Then Hector gallops off on  
Augustus III. Calls over his shoulder:



MR. HECTOR

Find him.

COSTILLA - watches Hector race toward the setting sun, Augustus an incredible animal to behold. Costilla can't mask his own concern as he hurries back to the compound.

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

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 strobe-light the humid, inky night.

A WHITE PANEL VAN -- pulls up next to the plane. This is one 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. CARGO HOLD OF THE DC-9 - NIGHT

FRANCIS PLASCO, swagger and permanent smirk from years of distrusting fellow members of mankind, heads into the belly of the aircraft. He's right behind:

DRUG SNIFFING DOGS -- and a remote X-ray monitor feed from the van until his right hand man says --

VANCE

Plasco, X-ray truck got a hit.

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

PLASCO

(looking at monitor)

Yeah, I can see it.

THE DRUG DOG -- scratches furiously at some crates.

PLASCO

What am I standin' on?

VANCE

Fish. Two tons. From Nova Scotia.

Plasco peers at the handheld X-Ray feed. Sees large OUTLINES. They look vaguely familiar to us.

PLASCO

There we go. Fuckin' inventive. I'll give you that. Never know where they're going to stuff drugs next.

VANCE

The hell are those? Fish?

PLASCO

Sharks.

INT. DC-9 - NIGHT

Everyone wearing hip-waders, gloves, and face shields.

Plasco muscles out a FROZEN NINE-FOOT TIGER SHARK, pulling it by the tail out of the ice.

HE FIRES UP -- a Remington 18-inch chainsaw and --

-- CUTS directly into the shark belly.

The chainsaw ROARS in the aircraft hold as gristle and frozen viscera go flying.

PLASCO'S TEAM - watch as TWENTY PACKAGES pour out of the shark gut and spill onto the icy floor.

Plasco kills the chainsaw and picks up a package. Tosses it to Vance.

VANCE

Bingo.

VANCE'S POV - a key of cocaine.

MORE SHARKS - are cut open. Soon there is a STACK of cocaine keys, knee-high. Then waist high.

THE CHAINSAW ROARS -- in Plasco's gloved hands and --

-- more cocaine packages slide out.

LATER -- NO MORE SHARKS.

Plasco kills the Remington, face shield covered in shark glop. Filthy work.

Plasco's cell phone buzzes on his hip. He scowls and looks at the caller ID. Frowns. What the fuck?

EXT. ON THE TARMAC/PLASCO'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Plasco is on his cell in the Homeland Security Van.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

You're the only person I know with the connections and ability to keep this quiet. You think I wanted to call you?

Plasco looks at a laptop screen with --

-- FACE RECOGNITION of Ruiz from Interpol. Plasco scans Ruiz's information. His eyes widen. He shields the laptop screen from anyone else nearby. Whispers into the phone:

PLASCO

Are you absolutely certain that this is the guy you have in custody?

INTERCUT - with Reynolds in the station.

REYNOLDS

I know what I'm doing, Plasco.

PLASCO

You're 100 percent sure?

REYNOLDS

Goddammit. Gonna help me or not?

PLASCO

Okay, okay. Gimme a second here.

(mind whirring)

Can't just do this off the books. Gotta contact the Border Patrol Commissioner. And probably Deputy Secretary of HSI.

REYNOLDS

Fewer people involved, the better.

PLASCO

We could both get screwed if we don't use proper channels.

REYNOLDS

You do this right, this could make your career, Plasco. You wanna share that glory with some pencil pushers?

Plasco's eyebrows go up, Reynolds knows him well.

PLASCO

This is the real world, Reynolds. Not some border station. We gotta tell someone.

REYNOLDS

We both know how many ears the Cartels has in Homeland Security. And Ruiz says he'll divulge details only to Senator Anderson.

PLASCO

I can't go to the most powerful US Senator with your hunch. I need specifics. What's he got?

REYNOLDS

Won't spill it until the phone call. And he says there's a clock. Time's runnin' out. And -- whoever Ruiz is runnin' from will want him back. Need to move him somewhere secure.

PLASCO

Easier to hijack a few cars on the road than attack a defended position with 100 armed agents.

REYNOLDS

Fifty agents. Maximum. That's with the Agents on disability...

(hesitates)

...and who knows which side some of my guys are on.

PLASCO

If you get me specifics, I can coordinate with D.C. Let me talk to Senator Anderson.

REYNOLDS

I'm trusting you. I don't want to. But I am.

PLASCO

Makes two of us. Keep him there until further notice. That's how things work in the real world. You never understood that.

Click. Plasco hangs up. Reynolds smirks, pissed.

REYNOLDS

God. He is a such a dick.

INT. RUIZ'S CELL - NIGHT

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

REYNOLDS

Talk. Or go back to Mexico.

RUIZ

If I give you the details, I need to know you will get me that call to Senator Anderson. Need your word.

REYNOLDS

Could give you my word; might not be worth anything. Never know.

RUIZ

No. Your word is worth something.

REYNOLDS

If you say so. I give you my word.

RUIZ

How much do you know about international money laundering? Swift codes, offshore accounts?

REYNOLDS

Some.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN MEXICO - FLASHBACKS - DAY

A series of QUICK GLIMPSES of Ruiz's duties.

HUNDREDS OF POOR MEXICAN CITIZENS -- deposit Traveler's Checks at various Casas de Cambios (CDCs), in Mexico City.

RUIZ (V.O.)

We use travelers checks. Small enough amounts so they aren't noticed.

FAST PACED -- deposits, all amounts shy of something a bank would investigate.

RUIZ (V.O.)

Spread the deposits all over Mexico.

We watch HUNDREDS flash past our vision across Mexico...

POOR PEOPLE -- receive cash payments and are sent with ANOTHER check to a different bank. And another...

RUIZ (V.O.)

Get 10,000 people depositing these checks every day, it starts to add up. Get 100,000 -- that's serious money.

FOLLOWING A WOMAN -- deposit checks in ten CDCs.

THE CASHIERS -- don't look twice. Her checks are always for the same amount -- 250,000 pesos (about \$14,000 US).

RUIZ (V.O.)

And you're on your way to laundering  
your drug profits...

AT THE END OF THE DAY -- she is paid by a Cartel Employee:  
\$20 US currency.

EXT/INT. FOLLOWING THE MONEY - DAY/NIGHT

WE FOLLOW THE MONEY -- electronically going to shell  
accounts, then to offshore banks, then into --

RUIZ (V.O.)

That cash is deposited into bogus  
corporate accounts. Then I wire  
transfer into American and British  
banks.

-- AMERICAN AND BRITISH BANKS -- New York, London...

INT. BANKS - DAY

WE SEE -- American and British BANKERS watch transactions.  
Indifferent. All business...

RUIZ (V.O.)

Do they know where it's coming from?  
Yes. Do they care?

WE SEE -- cash being reinvested into GOODS.

RUIZ (V.O.)

We invest the money in food, textiles,  
real estate. Who's going to make a  
bust on 1,000 end tables or fifty  
miles of Burmese silk?

THE GOODS - are sold. And laundered MONEY -- piles up in  
various accounts.

RUIZ (V.O.)

Millions. Tens of millions. *Hundreds*  
of millions. And that's just on a  
Tuesday...

INT. RUIZ'S CARTEL OFFICES - DAY

QUICK CUTS -- Lording over the entire operation is Ruiz,  
and his dozens of financial wizard employees.

RUIZ (V.O.)

Sell the goods for a profit, and your  
drug money is now clean. Laundered.

Money laundering on a new and unique scale.

RUIZ (V.O.)

The amount of cash is breathtaking.  
Like some mutating creature, tentacles  
reaching outward, wanting more...

INT. HIGH TECH OFFICE, MEXICO CITY - DAY

Ruiz and his cadre of former international banking  
executives work the cash flow.

THE EXECUTIVES -- move around tens of millions of dollars  
to offshore accounts. Then hundreds of millions.

CASH -- is used to buy LEGITIMATE investments.

RUIZ (V.O.)

Profits are reinvested: stocks; soy  
futures; bonds; Yen. They liquidate  
investments in Russian GAZPROM  
territories. The money grows and  
grows. Do you know how much ten  
percent nets you on a billion dollars?

THE ENTIRE OPERATION -- is as high tech and professional as  
any successful firm on Wall Street.

RUIZ (V.O.)

It's unstoppable. Monstrous... And the  
Mexican government can't, or won't,  
stop it. Officials have been paid.  
There's no killing this beast.

AT THE END OF THE BUSINESS DAY --

RUIZ does something very different in his office, out of  
the prying eyes of his associates. But we see --

HE MOVES MONEY -- into thirty-some shell accounts.

INT. RUIZ'S CELL - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Ruiz and Reynolds, as they were:

REYNOLDS

How much did you take?

RUIZ

...All of it.

REYNOLDS

What do you mean, all of it?

RUIZ

All of it.

Reynolds watches Ruiz. Telling the truth? Holy shit.

REYNOLDS

One question. Why me?

RUIZ

I researched this station. You. Know your hours; vacation time you never use; what you drive; yearly income. Also know your colleagues are living beyond their means. But you aren't. That says something.

REYNOLDS

Says I'm stubborn. Or stupid. Doesn't mean you can trust me.

RUIZ

I'm putting my life and the lives of my wife and children in your hands.

REYNOLDS

I don't want that responsibility.

RUIZ

Don't worry. I checked you out. And I know for a fact we aren't paying you. You're clean. Unlike many other officers under your supervision.

Ruiz gives him a knowing look. Reynolds is tempted to ask who, but continues:

REYNOLDS

Why are you doing this? And don't give me some altruistic horse shit about making your country better.

RUIZ

He will kill me and my family. May not be this year, or the next. The time will come. No one survives long in this business. No one.

REYNOLDS

Want to talk to Senator Anderson? Gotta give me some ammo.



RUIZ  
*Eighteen billion* dollars.  
 Enough ammo?

INT. LEON, MEXICO: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT

The vast, new museum is filled with the elite of the town of Leon, Mexico, for the grand opening.

MOVING - through resplendently dressed patrons, past silver trays of champagne, we find --

MR. HECTOR -- with two tall WOMEN.

MR. HECTOR  
 -- it was their *impression* of the world. How they saw it.

The Women stare at a Cezanne. One cocks her head.

WOMAN  
 But -- it doesn't look real.

They move on to Monet's "Impression, sunrise."

WOMAN  
 Can't tell where the water ends and the sky begins.

He hails the MUSEUM DIRECTOR and points at a Monet -- *Le Baissin Aux Nymphes*.

MR. HECTOR  
 Please have this one ready for transport to my home.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR  
 Señor? I -- this -- this is a Monet masterpiece, on loan to us.

MR. HECTOR  
 I have the perfect spot for it.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR  
 It is valued at north of \$60 million Euros. There are considerations: the light, humidity, the, the --

Mr. Hector just smiles at the man until the Director seems to lose the ability to speak.

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 Mexican custody, you'll serve time there for other crimes?

REVERSE -- A manacled PRISONER stands before them.

PRISONER

I regret my actions. I wish to pay my debt to society.

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.

PANEL LEADER

Miss Cooper. Your statement?

COOPER (CONT'D)

Three years ago my husband and I were coming out of a restaurant in Georgetown when that man --  
(points)  
-- fired, point blank. The round sent skull fragments into my husband's brain.

She 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. Three more bullets hit me. I was in a medically induced coma for weeks. Surgeons gave me a 25% chance of survival.

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

COOPER (CONT'D)

My husband prosecuted members of the growing drug empire in the United States. This man is the brother of a dealer my husband sent to a Supermax. Part of Dos Culebras cartel.

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

COOPER (CONT'D)

If you entrust this man to Mexican custody, he'll be out in a week; back here within the month -- moving drugs.  
(puts on her jacket)  
And, he will kill again.

As she walks out, the Prisoner grins at Cooper, makes a gun out of his thumb and forefinger, and pulls the "trigger."

Then he laughs.

EXT. MEXICO, DOS CULEBRAS CARTEL COMPOUND - DAWN

Armed watchtowers; electrified fences; night-vision surveillance; ground sensors; patrolling German Shepherds.

INT. MR. HECTOR'S COMPOUND - DAWN

Mr. Hector moves through his vast main household, tastefully and professionally furnished. He stops at the --

-- MONET, hung where the sunlight won't reach it.

Mr. Hector takes a moment to appreciate the masterpiece.

THE TWO WOMEN - from the previous night are sprawled in a tangle of limbs on the enormous bed. Snoring away.

HIS EYES -- on the painting, we HEAR the next scene:

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

How long has he been gone, now?

COSTILLA (V.O.)

Long enough. He's not missing. Mr. Ruiz's intentions are now clear.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND EQUESTRIAN AREA - DAY

Costilla sits uneasily next to Hector in a gold plated golf cart with diamonds on the silver rims. Emblem in silver on the side: two rattlesnakes encircling the letters D and C.

MR. HECTOR

We have procedures in place for this kind of thing, don't we?

COSTILLA

Of course. Ruiz implemented them.

MR. HECTOR

*Fuck*. What else? What do we have?

COSTILLA

He sent his family away but didn't join them. Then -- he vanished.

They breeze through the compound, passing legions of armed men and a confederacy of servants.

MR. HECTOR

How could we have not seen this?

Doberman Pinchers run alongside the cart. Hector tosses bits of prepared meat to them. They fight for scraps.

COSTILLA

Ruiz has been moving funds for the last year, so we can deny money laundering should charges arise.

Mr. Hector steers toward the equestrian center. A polo field glimmers like a green jewel in the foreground.

COSTILLA

He liquidates assets and turns them into cash, then reinvests into hard assets again. No reason to think he was up to anything underhanded.

EXT. AT THE STABLES -- DAY

Hector walk past prized polo horses. He pats some, whispers and coos to others. Feeds them apples.

MR. HECTOR

Bottom line. How much?

COSTILLA

All the liquid assets, *jefe*. All our gains from the past seven years. Everything.

Mr. Hector goes from horse to horse, making sure they're ready for a polo match. He juts out his jaw and says:

MR. HECTOR

*Impossible.*

COSTILLA

He's got it in accounts that we can no longer access. We know the money is there, we can see it -- we just can't touch it.

This stops Hector in mid stride. Costilla watches his boss' back, muscles coiling, almost imperceptibly, a cobra in a corner. Then -- he continues feeding a horse.

MR. HECTOR

I don't like things I can't touch. I want to destroy those things.

Costilla's Deputy of Intelligence, TREJO, has jogged up from the main house. Hands Hector the documentation.

TREJO

Ruiz locked us out. He controls the money. For the next sixty hours.

MR. HECTOR

What happens then?

TREJO

We get a new code, and we take control again. If we can wait.

MR. HECTOR

Sixty hours. Anything could happen... Get the money sooner.

TREJO

Standard procedure: request has to come from the secure account holder.

MR. HECTOR

But that's *me*. It's my money.

TREJO

You are protected. Insulated. Your name is nowhere on the accounts.

COSTILLA

Mr. Hector, without our liquidity, we won't be able to ship our product; pay our mules or bribe officials. Our enemies would quickly surmise this and begin a hostile takeover.

Mr. Hector hands back the information. Silent. The two underlings watch. Hector guides his favorite stallion out of the stable. Stable nameplate reads: AUGUSTUS III.

MR. HECTOR

Augustus the Second was my father's stallion. Fastest I'd ever seen. Quicker than the original. My father started as a stable boy; I worked under him, shoveling shit, feeding horses. Then my father built his business, brick by brick: selling drugs. We killed our former employer and took his horses. Together.

(pats Augustus)

We bred them; raced them.... When I was just a teenager, Augustus II broke his leg. My father wanted to put him out of his misery. But, he indulged a passionate young man the way a good father should, and let me heal the horse. The leg eventually mended. And when my father refused to expand our modest drug business, I killed him, but -- I kept his horse. Augustus...

Costilla fidgets from foot to foot. Trejo is perspiring.

MR. HECTOR

Never thought there would be a faster stallion than Augustus II. But this Augustus...faster still.

(pats his neck,  
trails off)

...My father was happy with a tidy profit: a handsome slice of the dream. I was not. I had visions -- of empire. And so, my father had to go. It was an honor to send him on his way with my own hands. I think at the end, he expected it. Perhaps he would have been -- disappointed in me had I not...killed him.

(examines Augustus)

Each generation stands on the other's shoulders. Improving, becoming the perfect example of the species. And I will not see my business burn because of some *financial planner*.

(turns, eyes dark)

After a lifetime, do you think I would let this -- *man*, undermine my empire? A kingdom I found in bricks and will leave in marble?

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

MR. HECTOR (CONT'D)

Send teams to eradicate him. Make sure the violence used on Ruiz is what my father would call: "Distasteful, but memorable."

COSTILLA

Who do you want to send?

Mr. Hector rides toward the polo field, swinging the mallet, horse hooves thundering. Calls over his shoulder:

MR. HECTOR

Send them all.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MORNING

The most ruthless ASSASSINS and murderers are activated.

COSTILLA (V.O.)

Bounty is ten million US dollars.

ASSASSINS - prepare. We don't see them yet, just --

-- GLIMPSES IN SHADOWS.

-- REFLECTIONS IN MIRRORS. Body parts; weapons: hand loading gun/knife strapped to leg/kevlar to torso --

-- COUNTERFEIT IDs: snatched up in a grubby hand, fingernails dirty, antithesis to --

-- IMMACULATELY SCRUBBED NAILS, picking up a legit PASSPORT and a wad of cash. To each assassin his own.

All walks of life, all sets of skills, all with --

-- ONE TARGET. A photo and information: RUIZ.

EXT. BAJA CALIFORNIA - MOTORBOAT - DAY

AN ASSASSIN with a half-burned face from a battle injury in the past is catching Blue Marlin off the coast of Baja California. His cell vibrates. CALL ID: COSTILLA.

ASSASSIN (INTO PHONE)

I'm busy.

COSTILLA (ON PHONE)  
 Another five million to bring Ruiz  
alive to Mr. Hector.

The man hangs up. Tosses the phone overboard. Reels in his lines. Heads to shore in his 45-foot motorboat.

ASSASSIN  
 I'm not *that* busy.

QUICK CUTS -- of Half Burned Face getting ready. Getting photos of RUIZ. Stats; last whereabouts; destinations.

He prepares -- gets his forged US passport. Perfect.

HE WEARS - business attire. Just a US businessman with Mexican heritage about to cross the border.

HE CHECKS -- his arsenal. Personalized weapons. Custom hand grips on pistols. Explosive-tip bullets.

PACKS -- weapons into a special CASE, covered in x-ray blocking led. In the case -- he pours in E-WASTE -- motherboards, computer chips, wires, iPhones.

THE GUNS - are buried. Hard to detect on X-ray.

THE CASE - is wrapped in brown paper.  
 Goes in a box. We recognize the logo, of course.

FedEx.

EXT. MEXICAN FED/EX OFFICE - DAY

He FedExes the case to an address in San Diego, next business morning. To await his pick up.

Pays the yawning CLERK in cash.

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.



## NECK TATTOO

They just upped the ante. That's a challenge I like.

INT. MEXICO, TORTURE SHACK - MORNING

A car battery and wires are hooked up to the chair.  
AN ASSASSIN with a faux-Mohawk takes a break from TORTURING a bleeding and incoherent MAN in a metal chair.

The Man hears an electric VIBRATION. Winces, waiting for the pain that doesn't come.

It's a CELL PHONE, vibrating on the metal table.

MOHAWK scans the text: job particulars.

MOHAWK

My client wanted 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. *BRZZZZzzP!*  
He leaves the room as the man's SCREAMS echo.

INT. TEXAS GANG HOUSE - MORNING

A GANG LEADER -- Caucasian, Texas A&M former baseball jock, now covered in prison tats, big Crucifix with JESUS SAVED ME underneath inked on the back of his bull neck.

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)

"For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God...." Romans 3:23... A job has come from the sky. Want out of this life? This is it: *plata o plomo*. Silver or lead? I'm choosing silver.

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

EXT. ROOFTOP OF FORT HANCOCK STATION - MORNING

Reynolds scans the landscape surrounding the station.

REYNOLDS  
Agent Plasco call back?

SALAZAR  
(shouts from below:)  
No, *jefe*.

Reynolds climbs down the outside ladder. Heads --

REYNOLDS  
We have access to \$18 *billion dollars*  
and I can't get anyone to return a  
goddamn phone call?

INT. INSIDE THE STATION - CONT.

Moves through hallways, roiling. Growls over his shoulder:

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)  
Where the hell is everyone? If they  
got a working trigger finger, I want  
them here.

FARIS  
Called everyone on the active list.

REYNOLDS  
I don't care if they're on vacation.  
Get every agent under my command in  
here. Right now.

FARIS  
Some haven't called back.

REYNOLDS  
How many have reported for duty?

FARIS  
Not as many as you'd like.

REYNOLDS  
Make a goddamn list of agents who  
don't come in. We'll find out who's on  
our side, and who's in the pocket of  
Dos Culebras.

Everyone in the room is watching Reynolds. He doesn't care.  
He glares at each agent in the room.

REYNOLDS

Anyone who wants to go home -- go.  
Anyone who wants to take a stand with  
me can take a stand. If you're the  
cartels' bitch, get outta my station.  
Otherwise, get ready for a fight.

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - MORNING

Mr. Hector moves with his entourage in the Children's hospital. He's got toys and games in a huge bag.

THE CHILDREN - some very ill, some able to smile, perk up when Hector arrives: Santa in a cream-colored jacket.

MR. HECTOR

Mr. Hector is here! Toys and games and  
a little light for your day.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MEXICO CITY - MORNING

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

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

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

COSTLLA (ON PHONE)

Him who, *Senor*?

INT. MR. HECTOR'S NARCO TANK - MORNING

Hector's Narco tank interior is plush. Hector speaks into his satellite phone to Costilla, a volume of "The Chronicles of the Roman Emperors" open on Hector's lap.

MR. HECTOR

You know who. The best.

COSTLLA (ON PHONE)

...Si, Mr. Hector.

EXT. COCAINE PROCESSING PLANT, MEXICO - DAY

Mr. Hector gets out of the Narco Tank, security detail surrounding him, intimidating. Hector cuts through the crowds to the plant, still talking:

MR. HECTOR (INTO PHONE)

Three million for other assignments.  
After, he can go for the main bounty.  
His choice.

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

INT. AUCTION - MORNING

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

AUCTIONEER (O.C.)  
-- only six known in existence, the  
Russian "Inverted Jenny" --  
accidentally printed back to front.  
Dated 1886; very fine condition,  
excellent provenance.

This is the man Hector was reluctant to mention by name. Zero has no tattoos. No identifying marks. Anonymous. Forgettable. He looks...average. But his eyes are dead.

AUCTIONEER  
A centerpiece of any master  
collection. Bids begin at \$65,000.

MOMENTS LATER -- ZERO bids on the stamp, the price driving up. Then he checks the text on his cell.

AUCTIONEER  
Sold.

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 Myles scroll by on his computer screen saver.

He loads bullets into his backup Colt Python. Finishes loading, sees --

-- a NEWSPAPER ARTICLE, yellowed with age, sitting in the bottom of the drawer. Headline reads:

"MAJOR BUST PUTS BORDER AGENT IN THE  
LIMELIGHT."

There's a photo of PLASCO in front of stacks of cash and guns and drugs. His face is serious. He looks important.

Reynolds stares at the article for a moment. Then slides the door closed, locking it again. Makes a decision....

EXT./INT. US/MEXICO - VARIOUS - DAY

SEQUENCES in quick succession --

MOHAWK - gets a perfect US Passport replica from a forger in Ciudad Juarez.

HALF-BURNED FACE - shows his US Passport to a BORDER PATROL AGENT, who waves him through.

MOHAWK - crosses over the into the US at Nogales, Arizona. Unmolested. His passport is in order, but --

CLICK! - border cameras take photos of his license plate and his face, done to everyone crossing the border.

His face FREEZES in black and white.

CLICK! A photo of Half-Burned Face at the border.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds hisses into the phone:

REYNOLDS

It is urgent. That's why I've called ten times.

(listens, fumes)

You have my number. Look, look. Just tell the Senator: "Red Route 68 Smash." Write it down. Got it? "Red Route 68 Smash." He'll know.

He slams the phone down.

INT. US SENATE, JUDICIARY COMMITTEE SPECIAL SESSION - DAY

SENATOR WEIR, Democrat from New Jersey, speaks in measured tones alongside 20 other Senators.

SENATOR WEIR

It has become clear that we've lost the war on drugs. My report finds over \$3 billion dollars of taxpayers' money went to private contractors, who did little or nothing to stem the tide of drugs coming from Mexico. We found rampant spending for such strange and useless purchases as --

(she reads:)

"Meals in Bolivia: \$37 million dollars." Or this: \$20.1 million for "miscellaneous" in Mexico.

Her vitriol: aimed at the DEA CHIEF, on the hot seat.

SENATOR WEIR

*Miscellaneous?* Now you're asking impoverished American taxpayers to give you more? I'm here today to cut funding. We have lost this war.

Texas Republican SENATOR ANDERSON clears his throat.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Learned as my friends here are, they are not from Texas. Or Arizona, or New Mexico. Not one Senator here today is from a border state. Except me.

SENATORS sitting alongside grumble and roll their eyes.

SENATOR ANDERSON

My learned colleagues probably don't know what the most dangerous place in the world for Americans is now. Iraq? Afghanistan? Not bad guesses.... It's Mexico.

(glares)

We are on the brink of war. Not with Russia, or an African dictator, or Iran. No. War much closer to home. Closer with a foreign invader since Paul Revere saw the British coming. Revere wouldn't know how many candles to light today -- drugs come by land, sea, air, tunnel -- even human "mules." Cartels are more ruthless, violent, and well-funded than Pablo Escobar ever was. They have entire armies. *Armies*. Tanks, submarines, machine guns. Know where the guns come from? U.S. of A. Ninety percent of them. Know the worst part about these Cartel narco troops? We trained 'em. American special-ops soldiers gave Mexico's elite Airmobile Groups the education they'd need to become some of the world's best soldiers. Honed to a razor's edge.

Another Senator glances at her watch. Someone sighs.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Mexican army had 99,000 desertions. Who do these elite gunmen work for now? Cartels.

(stares at Weir)

(MORE)

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Mexican drug organizations have infiltrated 230 American cities. And we've got 2,000 miles of shared border with our violent neighbor to the south. This country was founded on the backs of immigrants. We can't slam the door behind us, but we do have to man the ramparts. We built that wall between America and Mexico not to stop immigration, but to control it. To manage it. But it has become a sorry symbol of much more than immigration. It now stands as a monument to defeat. As Senator Weir tried to put into words -- if we're not careful, the wall could stand as our gravestone, marking our loss in this war on drugs.

(pauses, then)

But I'm here today to remind you all -- this war is not over yet... Not by a long shot.

(insistant)

We must make that wall more impenetrable. We need guns at those checkpoints; drones; tanks; helicopters. Most important, we need highly trained personnel on that wall. Drug kingpins think they got elite warriors? America's got the best of the best. Let's use 'em. Because the fire next door will jump that wall and spread. If we are not proactive -- if we don't stop it, America will burn.

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)

Fort Hancock Border station.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION, TEXAS - DAY

Reynolds's phone line finally RINGS. He snatches it up. Before he can speak, he hears a gruff voice saying:

SENATOR ANDERSON (V.O.)  
Red Route 68 Smash is a play that  
hasn't been used in 40 years.

REYNOLDS  
It's the end-around play you used to  
win the Gator Bowl.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - MOVING - DAY

Senator Anderson has left the hearing and is walking toward his waiting car and driver --

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, sir. Your play  
was legendary with us.

Anderson waves off his limo and walks to his office. At 61 years of age, he's powerful, barrel-chested, and moves like an athlete. People get out of his way.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
Did my due diligence on you, too,  
Agent Reynolds. Made the interception  
to take us to the Southwest Conference  
Championship in '94. *Helluva* play.

INTERCUT - with Reynolds in the Border Station.

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

SENATOR ANDERSON  
Consider me flattered, son, but my  
assistant just informed me that I got  
an Agent Plasco waiting in my office  
who thinks you're doing an end-around  
right around him.

REYNOLDS  
He'll get over it, sir.



SENATOR ANDERSON  
He briefed me on this drug dealer,--  
Ruiz. Let's hear your end.

REYNOLDS  
He'll only talk to you, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
What's this drug dealer want?

REYNOLDS  
Witness protection for life.

INT. SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Anderson is staring out the window overlooking Second Street. Plasco fumes on the other side of the desk.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
I know you two got a history, some  
lover's quarrel, but put that crap  
aside, Agent Plasco. What's your take  
on this Ruiz?

PLASCO  
If he's got what he says he's got, we  
might be able to destroy the most  
powerful cartel in Mexico.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
If... We can tell the American people  
the United States has struck the  
biggest blow ever in the War on Drugs.  
I like the sound of that. You with me?

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

INT. FORT HANCOCK STATION HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

MOMENTS LATER -- RUIZ, cuffed to a chair, talks to the  
Senator on speaker phone:

RUIZ  
Are you a gambling man, Senator?

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

SENATOR ANDERSON  
I'm a politician. That's all we do.

RUIZ

You roll the dice with me, or send me back home with my \$18 billion. I want a new identity, and ones for my wife and kids. I want to live in a suburb. With a mini-van. For what I'm prepared to give, I don't ask for much. Just a life outside the drug world.

Anderson, Plasco, Agent Vance encircle the speaker phone on Anderson's antique cherry Chippendale desk.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Transfer the money now, and we'll hold up our end. You have my word, son.

RUIZ

I'm afraid words and handshakes will not be good enough. I spent a year planning this, and I won't let that \$18 billion get touched without my control. This is my game, Senator. I have 99% of Dos Culebras' net worth, liquid, in numbered accounts in dozens of offshore banks. My ability to move cash to new accounts lasts for only --  
(looks at a clock)  
-- another 55 hours. I'm the only one who has the code to make the transfers. Then the code changes, and control reverts to the Cartel.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Daddy said never to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I'm gonna. Why are you doing this?

RUIZ

Sooner or later, Mr. Hector will kill me and my family. There are no retirees in this business.

INT. SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Anderson looks at Plasco. Stands and turns to his big window, sees cherry trees blossoming in the distance.

SENATOR ANDERSON

As Reagan said about the Soviets:  
"Trust, but verify." Get on to Treasury and set up an account. Let's see if this drug accountant bastard is the real deal.

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. Did my research. You're an honorable man.

REYNOLDS

Honorable. Don't know about that.

RUIZ

You know how many law enforcement people we have on our payroll? How much cash is being thrown at them? Drugs bring in a sea of money, every day. We use the ebb and flow of these waters to sway men and women caught in riptides of debt and overspending, and we offer them a lifeline. People who can't afford a decent home; car; basic necessities of life for their kids. Then one day, they can. All they have to do is give us small pieces of information, or look the other way at key moments. It's irresistible. They're not bad. Just people like you.

REYNOLDS

I don't need the money that bad.

RUIZ

Yes, you do. We looked at over 14,000 US Law Enforcement Agents, searching for those we could bribe; agents with financial struggles.

REYNOLDS

That's everyone.

RUIZ

We put their finances in an algorithm. You were high on our list. But our data showed that you never skimmed drugs or cash from any busts you were involved in.

REYNOLDS

You checked me out?

RUIZ

Of course. This is not your daddy's drug cartel. This is business at light speed. We're like any other major corporation. Knowledge is power.

REYNOLDS

They caught 100 Customs and Border Patrol officers for corruption in the last five years. Makes you wonder how your buddy is driving a new car, going on vacation.... And how many haven't been caught. How can you be sure I'm not one of them?

RUIZ

Because I made the list.

REYNOLDS

(leans forward)

What list?

RUIZ

A detailed file of all the US Border and Homeland Security Agents who have taken bribes.

REYNOLDS

Where is this list?

RUIZ

Secure. With me.

REYNOLDS

I want it.

RUIZ

I have names, payout amounts, dates. Get me what I want, and I'll give it to you. But not before.

REYNOLDS

How do I know it's for real?

RUIZ

We know how much we're shipping back and forth; know the cash down to the penny, cocaine to the gram. Most of the money reported in busts are light by \$10 thousand here, \$100 thousand there. We make computer models. Know who's taking it, who's not. You -- you always turned in the cash and product.

REYNOLDS

Was there any other choice?

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY, OUTSIDE OF EL PASO - DAY

Crucifix and his convoy pass a sign that reads:

FORT HANCOCK, 34 MILES.

IN CRUCIFIX'S SUV - he blasts the Christian Metal band Underoath, Crucifix muttering along with the lyrics:

CRUCIFIX

"Death walks with me alone,  
tonight..."

He check his rifles and guns while he sings along.

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

Plasco and Anderson are in a conference, now Anderson's room is crammed with personnel.

PLASCO

Treasury has set up secure Federal wire accounts for our operation, but we still can't get the FBI Assistant Director to sign off. Says he doesn't want any part of it -- calls it "political plutonium."

SENATOR ANDERSON

President's in China the next three days, and his people are shielding him from this. Suddenly why do I feel like I have fewer friends than I did yesterday?

(glances at Plasco)

We're gonna have to do this on our own, aren't we?

PLASCO

Yes we are, Senator. Failure is an orphan; success has many parents -- they'll be your friends again in 50 hours when this all works out.

SENATOR ANDERSON

If I'm gonna risk my career on this, we need the best US Attorney, a ball-buster who can work this deal. Want it airtight.

Plasco smiles. He knows just the attorney.

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 scope. SALAZAR - next to him, watches through his own scope.

SALAZAR

Something to do with chemicals.

THROUGH SCOPE -- ANOTHER WAREHOUSE - cars pull behind the warehouse. MEN get out and move crates and boxes inside.

REYNOLDS

Hasn't that place been empty?

SALAZAR

Jog by there sometimes. Cell phone recycling place.

REYNOLDS

Still got twenty guys not checked in.  
Any word?

(off Salazar's look)

Didn't think so. But you're here.

SALAZAR

Wouldn't miss it, jefe.

REYNOLDS

If you know who's taking cash, how the hell can you work with 'em?

SALAZAR

Don't know everyone who is. Just hunches. Like you. But I get it, boss. They can't make ends meet and it's a lotta money in their face. All the time. Tempting.

(shrugs)

Can't judge these guys, sir.

Reynolds considers this, says nothing. Climbs down the fire escape ladder.

Checks his cell phone. No calls. Hurries back toward the front entrance. Nods at the Agents stationed there. Knows an attack could come at any time.

INT. SENATOR ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Anderson paces before Plasco and Cooper.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Can we, as a nation, legitimately seize that \$18 billion? Want our asses covered. I want those funds.

COOPER

Senator, this is what I do, day in and day out -- gather information on drug cartels and try to prosecute them. So trust me when I say this money was made by selling drugs in the US and destroying millions of American lives, and we have every right to take it. Dos Culebras used the U.S. as their own personal money laundering entity -- drugs for cash; profits bought goods for shipment back to Mexico, in turn sold for Pesos. Violating Title 18 of the US code, and the Money Laundering Control Act.

Plasco's look says: Did I find the right person or what?

COOPER (CONT'D)

Targeting illicit funds from drug trafficking may be the only way to destroy one of these cartels. Violence doesn't work. Giving aid to Mexico hasn't worked. Police are useless. Sure, Mexico has the Financial Intelligence Unit, but they prosecute barely 10 percent of the drug crimes, since they have to tie the funds to crimes, which is next to impossible. We don't have that legal burden. So, the fruit of that poison tree is ours to harvest. All of it.

SENATOR ANDERSON

By next year we'll be over \$5 billion in expenditures in the War on Drugs. Five fucking *billion*. We come back to the American people with this bag of cash and we could win a major battle.

COOPER

Before we start downing shots of Cuervo, we need to know if this guy is for real.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Right. There's one way to find out.

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, his eye always roving over the exterior perimeter security camera feeds, as Ruiz speaks with Anderson on speaker phone:

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

The second I do, an automatic e-mail confirmation will be sent to Dos Culebras accounts with the transfer bank's information.

SEN. ANDERSON

No way around this, son. You get me a taste, say \$100 million, and you prove yourself to us.

RUIZ

Senator, *he'll know where I am.*

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DAY

Reynolds buzzes Salazar, who opens the door.

SALAZAR

Yeah, boss?

REYNOLDS

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

(to Ruiz)

Ready?



RUIZ

I trust you. But know what you're up against. These are not kind people. They'll kill all of us.

REYNOLDS

I know.

EXT. THE BACK OF FORT HANCOCK STATION - DAY

A SECURE TRANSPORT VAN - wheels out from under a rolling one-ton steel safety door.

EXT. MOVING, TRANSPORT VAN: HIGHWAY - DAY

Salazar at the wheel. Pete and Faris in the follow car.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Reynolds watches Ruiz through the small observation window. He's cuffed in the back of the secure van.

REYNOLDS' POV - he then scans the surrounding traffic, watchful. Vigilant.

A SEDAN - pulls alongside the van. A MAN in wraparound sunglasses glances over. Then drives off.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

Reynolds and Salazar are with Ruiz in a local BofA branch. A BANK MANAGER oversees the transfer, smiling.

BANK MANAGER

And how much would we be transferring today?

RUIZ

One hundred million dollars.

The Bank Manager's jaw opens in shock. He stammers:

BANK MANAGER

Please, uh, enter your Swift Codes, then your ID code.

Ruiz blocks the keyboard with his body as he enters the information. Then enters the PIN codes. Hits ENTER.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

Trejo gets a call. Answers. Picks up another phone, says:

TREJO

He's in Texas.

TREJO - checks the e-mail from the Cartel's various shell companies. His eyes run down a list of transactions until he sees -- THE TRANSACTION.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK, FORT HANCOCK - DAY

Reynolds, Salazar, Faris, Pete -- all armed with shotguns, hustle Ruiz back in the van.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - DAY

Ruiz sits, uneasy as he watches the countryside go past out the small reinforced window.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY NEAR FORT HANCOCK - DAY

FROM HIGH ABOVE -- the vehicle moves through traffic, snaking along the roads.

IN THE VAN - Reynolds checks mirrors -- are they being followed? Will they get hit, right here on the highway?

EXT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION - DAY

THEY FINALLY MAKE IT TO -- the Ft. Hancock Station.

IN THE VAN -- it's better than being on the streets, but the Station now looks small and unfortified to Reynold's eyes. An easy target.

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

Confirmation of \$100 million was just received by Treasury Agents.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Get the Office of General Council to finish Ruiz's contract. Now.

Berger answers another phone. His eyes widen. He whispers in the Senator's ear. Anderson looks at him: seriously?

BERGER

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

Plasco points to an FBI TECH.

PLASCO  
Trace and verify.

ROOM - quiets. An HSI TECH gives the thumb's up. Anderson clears his throat. Stabs the speaker button.

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

INTERCUT - ANDERSON'S OFFICE: a HOMELAND SECURITY TECH sees the information scroll onscreen: "GALLARDO, HECTOR." FBI and Mexican Intelligence data appears onscreen.

TECH  
Voice confirmed.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
'Fraid that's not happening.

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)  
Reconsider. Think carefully.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
Don't have to reconsider anything. People like you have turned Mexico into a hellhole.

INTERCUT - with Hector in his compound.

MR. HECTOR  
Know what the murder capital of the world is right now? Mogadishu? Johannesburg? Not even close. It's Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. Five miles south of El Paso, Texas.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
That's why I vacation in Canada.

MR. HECTOR

Our countries share a border. Our problems become your problems.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Clean up your own backyard, son. Not our problem.

MR. HECTOR

Not your problem? We are your third-largest trading partner in the world. Americans buy \$40 billion dollars worth of our illegal products *annually*.

SENATOR ANDERSON

"Good fences make good neighbors." Well, we build a damn good fence. And it's just gonna get better.

MR. HECTOR

To restate: return Mr. Ruiz, and I will spare you a world that you'd rather stay south of the border.

SENATOR ANDERSON

What world is that?

MR. HECTOR

One your country was founded on, but you seem to have forgotten: war on your own soil. You sing about it before sporting events: "Bombs bursting in air; rockets' red glare." I wonder if you even know what you're singing about. Now you can live it. For real.

SENATOR ANDERSON

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

MR. HECTOR

My father once told me: "No military strategy can defeat the law of supply and demand."

SENATOR ANDERSON

We don't negotiate with criminals, terrorists, or cocaine kingpins. We will protect our borders with the full might of the US military.

MR. HECTOR

Then you have brought hell down upon yourselves.

Hector hangs up. The line goes dead for Senator Anderson.

INT. MEXICO - CARTEL COMPOUND - DAY

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

MR. HECTOR

I want to send a message to the people of the United States: we are now a world power. A message both distasteful, and memorable.

He bites into a fig, nodding to himself, as Costilla moves off to 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, heads toward the thickset Pete.

BORDER AGENT

First day off in three weeks!

PETE

Saddle up. We all had plans.

BORDER AGENT

Yeah, but 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.

INT. FT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION HOLDING CELL - DUSK

Reynolds hits the deck as automatic weapons fire RAKES through his office windows. Computer and desk PULPED.

Reynolds is up, FIRING his Colt Python out the window --

-- HITTING two moving dark forms. They fall.

EXT. FT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION - DUSK

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 EXPLODES INTO the line of AGENTS.

BORDER AGENTS -- pile back into the station, others writhe  
in heaps. Men dive for cover. GUNFIRE RAGES.

EXT. ALONG HIGHWAY 375 - DUSK

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.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION - DUSK

REYNOLDS CRAB-runs out of the office as MORE BULLETS rake  
through the windows just over his head.

INT. RUIZ'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Ruiz hears the gunfire. The time has come.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Border 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; most wear body armor.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER STATION - DUSK

Reynolds and Salazar RETURN FIRE, shooting out into the  
night. Reynolds hits three more targets, just dark blurs  
outside. The attackers fall. Colt Python is empty.

MORE GUNFIRE - rages into the station.

Reynolds grabs a shotgun. FIRES out a window.

He and Salazar duck as plaster and wood splinter around  
them. Phones, desks, cubicles are destroyed.

Reynolds ducks and returns fire. His eyes find --

FARIS'S -- under another desk.

REYNOLDS

Hold em off. Gonna get the asset out.

Faris nods and -- POPS UP, FIRING out a window.

REYNOLDS MOVES - bullets missing by inches. The firepower from outside is overwhelming. He takes a breath.

REYNOLDS

They wanna kill him? They'll have to catch us.

INT. SECURE 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.

RUIZ

You expect me to --

REYNOLDS

Get your ass in there.

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

INT. THE TRANSPORT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Reynolds in mid-conversation with Plasco:

REYNOLDS (INTO CELL PHONE)

Gonna try to make it to the base.

PLASCO (ON PHONE)

I'll let 'em know you're coming and get SWAT choppers airborne.

REYNOLDS

Gonna listen to me next time?

PLASCO (ON PHONE)

Maybe, if there is one. Protect the asset, Reynolds.

Reynolds hits the secure 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 at the Station's back door -- he opens fire at Crucifix and his men. Nails one.

THEY FIRE BACK. Faris is HIT.

He crawls back in the station, arm bleeding, limp. Kicks the door to the station shut, giving Reynolds enough time to hit the gas and --

-- THE VAN ROARS OUT OF THE GARAGE.

CRUCIFIX'S MEN FIRE -- on the transport van. Bullets PING into reinforced steel; blizzard of lead against metal.

REYNOLDS

HANG ON!

HE FLOORS IT. THE TRANSPORT VAN BELLOWS AWAY FROM the Border station, taking the turn so tight it's up on two wheels. Finally rights itself and heads off.

EXT. HIGHWAY 54 - DUSK

Reynolds and Salazar haul ass over the Texas landscape, chased by --

CRUCIFIX -- and what remains of his men, speeding after them in tricked out vehicles. 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 transport van is being RIDDLED with bullets.

Salazar HOWLS in agony as Crucifix's bullet pierces his neck, where his vest can't protect him. Blood sprays.

Dashboard splattered red, Reynolds tries to help.

REYNOLDS

Salazar! Press down, hard!

Salazar's eyes are wide. He tries to keep the pressure on his wound. It's no use.

Reynolds sees blurs of Crucifix's vehicles race alongside them in the dirt next to the road, FIRING AND FIRING.



EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - DUSK

At the massive Army base, an ALERT siren sounds. Soldiers run to grab rifles.

A COBRA helicopter whirs to life.

THE PERIMETER -- soldiers train weapons out at the night. A base COMMANDER walks the line, shouting orders:

COMMANDER

See anything but Border Patrol coming  
at us -- take 'em out!

EXT. ROUTE 375 - DUSK

Blood-red sun on the horizon.

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

REYNOLDS

Salazar? Shit. SHIT!

Reynolds grabs his shotgun with one hand. Racks a round.

Speedometer: 90 MPH.

HIS POV -- side mirror: vehicle gaining.

REYNOLDS ABRUPTLY -- slams on the brakes.

IN THE BACK -- Ruiz goes flying as --

REYNOLDS -- is suddenly RIGHT NEXT TO surprised gang members. He OPENS FIRE as they flash past.

Buckshot scatters glass and flesh in the gang SUV. Reynolds hits the gas. FIRES AGAIN. Hits the DRIVER.

THE SUV -- spins out, tumbling over the dirt and grass next to the highway. Bodies are FLUNG from the vehicle, rag dolls scattered in the sunset.

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

INT. CRUCIFIX'S SUV - DUSK

Crucifix sees the airfield too. Into his Motorola:

CRUCIFIX

They're going for the base.

He hits the gas: the van is in sight.

INT. THE VAN - DUSK

Reynolds HOWLS as Crucifix's round BLASTS his shoulder.

IN BACK -- Ruiz spread-eagled, face pressed to the floor as rounds PUNCH THROUGH the weakening metal inches away.

CRUCIFIX -- FIRES again and again.

THE BULLETS - get closer and closer to Ruiz.

EXT. ROUTE 375 - DUSK

A POLICE HELICOPTER - SNIPER on the struts, cruises low.

THE SNIPER -- takes out two Gang Members driving SUVs. Cars spin out and tumble into metal heaps.

CRUCIFIX -- balances a wicked-looking tube on top of the moving car. We realize it's a LAWS rocket. Crucifix FIRES the rocket launcher at the Police Helicopter.

THE HELICOPTER -- is reborn as a violent fireball, illuminating the barren Texas countryside.

REYNOLDS -- sees his chance.

CRUCIFIX -- sees Reynolds, double barrels of his shotgun aimed, blurry at this speed --

-- BA-BOOM! Both barrels unload.

CRUCIFIX -- is blasted apart.

EXT. NEAR BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Reynolds hauls ass for the front gates of the airfield.

THE OTHER GANG VEHICLES -- are FIRED upon by -- the COBRA HELICOPTER, minigun whirring. Complete destruction.

SOLDIERS ALONG THE FENCE LINE -- FIRE M-16s at approaching gang vehicles. Crucifix's remaining gang is eradicated.

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.

Reynolds stumbles out of the vehicle, covered in blood. The soldiers can only watch...

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 being helped by an EMT, field dressing his shoulder.

EMT

Bullet went right through. Didn't hit bone. You're lucky.

The EMT finishes stitching the wound. Reynolds watches, numb, as Salazar's body is zipped into a body bag.

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.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Gerry, isn't it time to come home?

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

REYNOLDS (ON PHONE)

I have more to do.

AMANDA (V.O.)

We need you. Alive.

REYNOLDS

If I don't do this, I can't ever look you or Myles in the eyes again. We have a chance to take them down.

Amanda is silent. She exhales. Says with a shaky voice:

AMANDA (V.O.)

I know better than to argue with you. You're so stubborn. It makes you -- you. But it drives me nuts.

(then)

Get home soon. I love you.

REYNOLDS

I love you. I will.

They hang up, more to say, but neither one able to say it. Gerry sees Plasco walking toward him.

PLASCO

If this Cartel has this kind of power,  
we can't go to any old bank. We need a  
secure building with a system that can  
handle international wire protocol.  
Thanks to you, we can move Ruiz. Good  
work. Go home.

He extends a hand for Reynolds to shake.

REYNOLDS

This is my case, Plasco. Wherever he's  
going, I'm going.

PLASCO

Ruiz is US Government property. Go be  
with your family.

REYNOLDS

Some of my men died for this.

PLASCO

I don't have to do this nicely.

Reynolds stands to face Plasco. Steps closer.

REYNOLDS

Please, don't do it nicely.

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

SENATOR ANDERSON

We owe you a debt of gratitude, Agent  
Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

(breaking away from  
Plasco)

Just doing my job, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON

You protected our asset, repelled a  
savage attack, gave us a fighting  
chance. If you're not a hero, I'm not  
sure what is.

Plasco fumes in the background as the two men bond.

REYNOLDS

We took casualties. Good men.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
 Agent Plasco is right. Let us handle  
 things now. Go be with your family.  
 You've been through enough.

Just then a handcuffed Ruiz is marched past the Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
 So, this is the man causing all the  
 trouble? Shorter than I imagined.

RUIZ  
 I don't trust any of these officers.  
 (motions to Reynolds)  
 Him, I trust.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
 Your civil rights and freedom of  
 choice are not my primary concern, Mr.  
 Ruiz. Getting your money is.

RUIZ  
 Reynolds comes with us, or no deal.

Plasco scowls. Anderson paces, then nods.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
 Hell, why not. We could use a hero.

EXT. BIGGS ARMY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

ON THE GOVERNMENT G-5 JET - they load Ruiz inside, Reynolds  
 right behind him.

INT. GOVERNMENT G-5 JET - NIGHT

Lights fade away beneath the aircraft as they climb to  
 34,000 feet. Senator Anderson is on his cell phone as he  
 and his staff sit in the sleek office area.

SENATOR ANDERSON (INTO PHONE)  
 -- Mexico didn't hit that Border  
 station, Madam Secretary. It was a  
 local drug gang.  
 (listens)  
 Hell yes, there's a difference! One is  
 a drug gang gone berserk, the other is  
 war with Mexico.

COOPER -- takes in the satellite feed --

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

RUIZ - is sitting across from her, in shackles, Reynolds next to him. She glances at Ruiz. He's looking at her. She speaks to him in fluent Spanish:

COOPER

*You better be for real, or I'll lock you up in Guantanamo Bay.*

RUIZ

(in English:)

A hint of a Mexico City accent.

COOPER

Sharp ear. Parents left when I was five, took me to DC.

(glances at him)

Let me guess: Harvard Business School.

RUIZ

Very astute.

(peers at her)

And you, let me guess -- Boston College.

COOPER

Try Georgetown Law. My parents saved their entire lives to send me there.

RUIZ

My parents were broke. Wealthy uncle.

COOPER

"Uncle." Mm-hmm... So, kind of a similar story: same chances, comparable education -- yet I didn't become a drug dealer. You did.

RUIZ

You're on that side of the law, I'm on this side. Congratulations. But will your pride keep me from crossing over?

COOPER

You can never cross over.

RUIZ

But you'll gladly take my toll.

ON REYNOLDS -- turns to face Plasco, who sighs:

PLASCO

Happy? Got your little airplane ride to the big city. I hear they have ice cream in the cities now.

REYNOLDS

Wanna tell me where we're going?

PLASCO

Need to know. You have clearance?

REYNOLDS

Ruiz has 54 hours. I need to know.

PLASCO

We need a federal installation secure enough for and with the ability to make international wire transfers.

REYNOLDS

Headed West: L.A? Maybe you want to get discovered. Get on a reality show.

PLASCO

This will be over in a few hours, and we can go our separate ways.

REYNOLDS

I'll see you again. But it'll be me, arresting you.

PLASCO

For what?

REYNOLDS

You seem to be doing well. How much did that suit cost?

Plasco looks at his suit, scoffs. Shakes his head.

PLASCO

We're done talking.

INT. 24 HOURS MAILBOXES ETC., SAN DIEGO - DAWN

Half Burned face signs for his FED/EX PACKAGE. A sleepy CLERK with loop earrings mutters a thanks.

INT. RENTAL CAR, SAN DIEGO - DAWN

HALF BURNED FACE -- gets in his rental car. Package on the seat next to him.

The sun is rising. He heads north. Guns the gas.

EXT. STAPLES SUPPLY DISTRIBUTION CENTER, LA- MORNING

Half-Burned Face puts pallets of something into the back of a STAPLES OFFICE SUPPLY truck.

COVERS - the pallets with loads of paper products.

Also covers a DEAD BODY. Eyes staring lifelessly upward.

Half Burned Face put on the Staples delivery uniform and ID from the dead man. Grabs delivery paperwork.

INT. STAPLES TRUCK - MORNING

Half-Burned Face finally shakes out the contents of his Fed/Ex box. His beloved guns. Locks and loads.

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.

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

Reynolds is right at his side.

INT. LOS ANGELES FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - MORNING

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

RUIZ

Every minute we waste is another  
minute Hector could locate me....

(the door shuts)

Agent Reynolds! He will find us!

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! Anyone works hard enough to  
get blood on his clothes, that's a  
good man in my book!

(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 glacial.

REYNOLDS

We should be transferring money now.



PLASCO

It's the US Government, not Applebee's  
in Waco. Can't just order up a deal  
like a cherry pie with whipped cream.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Reynolds, take five. We got this. You  
look beat. Wash up. Call home.

Reynolds nods, glum. Buttonholes the smarmy-faced Berger:

REYNOLDS

What's up with Ruiz's family?

BERGER

Protective custody. Got them a flight  
from Hong Kong, connecting through  
Auckland, to L.A.

REYNOLDS

We've got government planes on foreign  
bases everywhere. Use one.

BERGER

(shrugs)  
Commercial was quicker.

EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

Reynolds walks through mid-afternoon throngs. Sees a window  
display: men's suits, prices advertised. Keeps walking.

FARIS (V.O.)

Tell me we're gonna get these guys  
behind the hit.

REYNOLDS (INTO CELL)

We are.

INT. WESTWOOD GAP STORE - DAY

Reynolds grabs a shirt and pants from the Gap.

Reynolds sees a happy FAMILY walk past him. The WIFE kisses  
the HUSBAND on the cheek.

Finds a present for Myles, a tiny onesie and a bib that say  
"California Kid" on them.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

A STAPLES DELIVERY TRUCK -- negotiates through a throng of  
PROTESTORS waving flags for Tibet.

Finally gets through. Enters the front gates.

Half-Burned Face shows his ID and work order.

GUARD

Where's the regular guy?

HALF-BURNED FACE

Vacation.

GUARD

Oh, yeah? Where?

HALF-BURNED FACE

Down under.

GUARD

Lucky. Gotta check in back.

BACK OF THE STAPLES TRUCK -- the Guard does a halfhearted inspection: mountains of copy paper.

Nods - go ahead.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING BASEMENT - DAY

Half-Burned Face steers the truck down into the black maw of the Federal Building.

Parks next to a support beam. Kills the engine. Gets out. Tosses the keys in a garbage can.

Takes the elevator up to the lobby to exit.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

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

COOPER

Ironclad.

Senator Anderson turns to Ruiz.

SENATOR ANDERSON

We did our part, now you do yours.  
Sign it and transfer the money.

RUIZ

I will only transfer the money when I  
know my family is safe.

COOPER

The balls on this guy. You think you have rights here? We don't need your money. We can send you back.

RUIZ

I think you do need my money. I think you need it very much. It'll be -- a career maker. For all of you. And I believe it's an election year next year, Senator.

Anderson tries to look cool, but Ruiz has hit a nerve.

COOPER

(to Anderson)

Sir, my parents can't even go back to see their friends and relatives in Mexico City because they'll be killed for the work I do here. Why would this -- person, get more rights than an American citizen trying to stop crime and drugs?

SENATOR ANDERSON

This is how it's gonna be, Mr. Ruiz. Soon as we get confirmation your wife and kids are on the flight, you will transfer the full amount. Or we ship your ass back to Mexico, where you'll be tortured to death.

(sticks a pen out)

Sign it.

Ruiz considers. Finally nods. Takes the pen.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - DAY

Half-Burned-Face gets off the elevator.

Heads toward the building exit. 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 Staples hat pulled low on his head, mutters:

HALF-BURNED FACE

Sorry.

REYNOLDS

Don't sweat it.

Reynolds picks up his stuff. Walks toward the elevators. 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, and OUTSIDE.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

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

Reacquires the red hat.

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

Reynolds is really suspicious, now. 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 Half Burned Face take off into traffic.

INT. SECURE OFFICE - DAY

FINGERS TYPE OUT a surreptitious text:

PacAir #122 Departs Hong Kong,  
Transfer: Auckland to LA, Flight #23  
Have my money deposited TONIGHT.

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

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - DAY

Costilla' INTEL OFFICER hangs up a phone.

CARTEL INTEL. OFFICER  
Flight details just came in.

The Officer shoves a piece of paper in front of Costilla.

COSTILLA  
*Mierda.* Barely enough time.

Costilla sends a text with the information.

INT. HALF-BURNED FACE'S MUSTANG - DAY

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

-- PROTESTORS storm across Wilshire, stopping traffic.  
Megaphone blares slogans. Police gather. The crowd grows.

HALF-BURNED FACE - can't move forward or back. Stuck. Cops everywhere. He slumps lower in his seat.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everyone talks over one another. Berger comes in, trying not to look guilty. Smarmy bastard.

VANCE

(coming in)

We got an interesting development from the NSA. Facial recognition software constantly churning through airport cams, ATM machines, everything --

PLASCO

Spied on by our country. Go on.

VANCE

NSA computers identified these men in different parts of the U.S.

We recognize photos of MOHAWK, HALF-BURNED FACE, and the man with a BARBED WIRE NECK TATTOO.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Photo taken by a toll booth camera in Arizona, 16 hours ago.

(grainy pic; another)

Same guy, at a red-light camera in Altadena, four hours ago.

Vance shows more classified photos: Half-Burned Face.

VANCE

San Diego.

(another person)

Simi Valley.

SENATOR ANDERSON

The point?

PLASCO

They're all on Interpol's Most Wanted list. Assassins. Paid killers.

VANCE

All in Southern California.

PLASCO

They're coming for Ruiz.

The room is quiet.

FBI SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE  
We're in a Federal Building with over  
400 armed Agents. No one's going to  
get in this building with a gun.

REYNOLDS (O.S.)  
It's not a gun I'm worried about.

REYNOLDS -- in the doorway. Sees photo arrays. 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.

The grainy pic shows: a half-charred face. More hair, the  
guy is younger, pudgier. Years ago, but...

REYNOLDS  
Put out an APB for a late model, blue  
Mustang, California plate -- last  
numbers were 221. Do it!  
(Vance does)  
We need 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 in  
the lobby of this building.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Police finally corral the protestors.

Half-Burned Face is almost out of the crowd, when a cop  
STOPS HIM with an open palm. Lets PROTESTERS cross.

INT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Plasco leans 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 looks over at the boxes of copy paper near the Xerox.

REYNOLDS  
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

Ruiz's WIFE and TWO CHILDREN board a nearly full PacAir 777 aircraft. They sit in First Class.

Two US FEDERAL AGENTS sit behind them. The Agent hands her a cell phone. She takes it.

RUIZ'S WIFE  
*Hola?*

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

Cooper hands the phone to Ruiz. He

RUIZ  
*Hola, mi amor.... Are you safe?*

RUIZ'S WIFE (V.O.)  
Yes. We are. And we miss you.

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

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

COOPER

Let's see the cash.

Ruiz nods. He's at the banking computer system, accessing the first account. Takes a deep breath. This is it.

RUIZ

I can help Mexico. I can undo some of the damage that has been done.

COOPER

Undo? No. You can't undo anything.

RUIZ

Then I can stop violence to come.

COOPER

That might be too late.

RUIZ

I'm irredeemable? Is that it? And you're the exalted one?

COOPER

You're trying to cleanse your conscience with a few keystrokes. But I don't think even \$18 billion will be enough. Some things you have to earn. You can't just move dollars around and expect a pardon.

Ruiz watches her. He's silent, unmoving.

COOPER

You can't buy back your soul.

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

This location is no longer secure.

PLASCO

Could be flushing us out. A trap.

REYNOLDS

Not gonna let protocol get all of us killed. We leave. Now.

PLASCO

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

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

REYNOLDS

Plasco. "Rising star in Homeland Security." You screwed my chances. Now I'm gonna screw yours. When I get that list of corrupt Agents -- gonna see your name on the top.

PLASCO

(chokes out)

Let -- go, asshole.

REYNOLDS

If you can't do something right for once, I will.

Reynolds leaves Plasco against the wall. Heads for the stairs. Plasco rubs his neck where Reynolds had him.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

THE BOMB SQUAD arrives. Heads to the sublevel parking. Moves 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 -- readout showing: MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE: 0.5 MILES.

Too close. He'll have to wait...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, WESTWOOD - DAY

Reynolds charges into the banking computer room.

REYNOLDS

We're going.

Ruiz is at the terminal for the secure BANKING COMPUTER.

RUIZ

What? What's happening?

PLASCO

(charges in)

Don't listen to him! He doesn't know  
what he's talking about.

Ruiz is unsure.

REYNOLDS

They're here to kill you, Ruiz.

RUIZ

(pale)

I need five minutes for the first  
transfer.

REYNOLDS

We don't have five minutes.

He cuffs Ruiz and moves him quickly into the hall. Cooper  
comes with them.

PLASCO

Goddammit! It could be a trap!

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Reynolds sees FBI employees at their desks. Everyone  
working. A building full of people. He stops and stares:  
Mothers, fathers. Innocent people.

Looks at Cooper, then at Ruiz. Makes a decision.

PLASCO

Reynolds, don't!

HE PUNCHES the fire alarm glass. YANKS THE HANDLE.

The fire alarm BLARES, building-wide.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Half-Burned Face sees the on-ramp sign: ONE CAR PER GREEN.  
Taking forever. No one knows how to merge correctly.

HIS CELL SCREEN - MINIMUM SAFE DISTANCE: 0.4 MILES.

In disgust, he wrenches the wheel.

Gets out of the freeway on-ramp snarl.

Waits to turn right on Sepulveda, traffic flying past.

HALF BURNED FACE

Come on. Come on...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING PARKING BASEMENT - DAY

BOMB SQUAD - X-RAYS THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. No wires.

A BOMB SQUAD MEMBER -- bolt cutters the lock. Slowly raises  
the truck's cargo door. One inch. Two.

BOMB SQUAD TECH

Stop!

THEY SNAKE IN - a camera with a lipstick-sized lens. It  
probes around. As far as it can go.

BOMB SQUAD TECH

Nothing but boxes.

THE BOMB DETECTION ROBOT -- wheels in. "Sniffs" the air.

BOMB SQUAD TECH

Holy shit. Hits off the board. There's  
ammonium nitrate in there.

BOMB SQUAD CAMERA POV -- snaking FURTHER into the cavernous  
truck hold. They see --

-- A CELL PHONE waiting for a signal.

BOMB SQUAD TECH

We got the trigger! Soon as he calls  
or texts -- boom, baby.

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.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER

Jam the cell signal.

Tech activates the C-Guard EXP Cell jammer. No effect.

BOMB SQUAD TECH  
Must have jamming intercept.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER  
Shut it off, then.

BOMB SQUAD TECH  
Kill switch will trigger the bomb.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER  
Dammit. *Dammit!*

The phone display on the bomb waits patiently for the triggering call...

BOMB SQUAD TECH  
Triggering call could come at any  
second -- we'll be reduced to liquid.

BOMB SQUAD LEADER  
Foam it! Then evacuate!

BOMB SQUAD TECH  
(into his walkie:)  
Foam it! Everyone else OUT! NOW!

The Bomb Squad's UTILITY TRUCK -- WHEELS IN --

-- SPRAYS high-pressured blast of polyurethane foam. Orange  
goo encases the truck in a protective shell.

The goo hardens.

The Bomb Squad utility truck quickly BACKS OUT of the  
garage, tires squealing.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, STAIRWELL - 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 down the staircase.

RUIZ  
Even in Mexico we have elevators.

REYNOLDS  
Last place we wanna be.

RUIZ

What happens when we get out of this building?

REYNOLDS

Cross that bridge when we get there.

RUIZ

We'll be exposed, Agent Reynolds.

REYNOLDS

Better than being vaporized. Come on!

He yanks him down the stairs, faster. The steps flying by.

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, too close: not 1,000 feet away. He considers his cell phone.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds moves Ruiz quickly, down floor after floor. They pass 16. Cooper keeps up behind them. Reynolds keeps going, nudging Ruiz to move faster.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Senator Anderson, Berger and a phalanx of FBI Agents are escorting the Senator to a the staircase. Plasco arrives.

PLASCO

Reynolds has the asset.

SENATOR ANDERSON

*What?*

FBI SPECIAL AGENT

No cause for panic, but we need to  
evacuate in a calm manner.

SENATOR ANDERSON

Screw calm manner. Let's go.

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 - 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 --

HALF BURNED FACE -- FLOORS THE MUSTANG'S GAS PEDAL and --  
ROCKETS around the cement truck in his Mustang.

THE COPS chase, sirens wailing.

IN THE MUSTANG -- speedometer climbing: 70, 80, 90.

HIS PHONE CHIMES -- DESTINATION REACHED. Smiley icon.

HALF BURNED FACE -- presses SEND as -- HE RUNS A RED LIGHT.

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

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

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

IN THE TRUCK - THE SIGNAL from Half-Burned Face comes  
through on the cell phone, display lighting up and then --

-- 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.

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: Ruiz 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 HALLWAY - DAY

The entire hallway ROCKS. Windows blast out. Chairs are hurled. People go flying. Flames and smoke fill the air.

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

BERGER -- Senator Anderson's aide is sent into the void where half the building once existed.

ANDERSON -- watches in horror as half the hallway is SHEARED AWAY, desks and tables rocketing into open air.

Two FBI Agents, arms flailing, fall into the abyss. 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 stairwell door 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.

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - DAY

A BLUR - of white and brown, moving slowly toward us.

COMING INTO FOCUS -- Mr. Hector rides his polo stallion right at us. HIS MALLET swings down and --

-- HITS the polo ball. It flies INTO OUR VISION.

INT. FIFTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

Reynolds hauls Ruiz into the hallway -- now half gone. He lays Ruiz's body down gently on the floor.

Reynolds staggers to the open maw of what was once the 15th story. Looks out at the carnage and acres of shattered glass and concrete littering Wilshire Blvd.

Plasco arrives, sees Cooper, forehead bleeding.

PLASCO

You okay?

COOPER

Where's Ruiz?

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

REYNOLDS -- clothes tattered and ripped by the flying cement in the blast, face bleeding from dozens of small cuts, looks out into the void.

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

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET - DAY

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 -- BLAM!

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT TAKES MILLISECONDS -- a hole appears in her Chanel blouse, blossoming red. Her necklace bursts apart, pearls scattering. She is HURLED forward, arms splayed backward.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET, GEORGETOWN - DAY

On a rooftop 100 yards away, ZERO breaks down his rifle and scope. Exactly four seconds later, he puts it in a backpack. He's wearing a Georgetown University jacket.

He shoulders the backpack. Heads into the building through the rooftop exit and down the exit stairs.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Ruiz has paramedics working frantically on him.

REYNOLDS

Keep him alive!

He sees the massive FBI convoy through the rear window. They aren't taking chances.

EXT. KAISER HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES - DAY

The fourteen-car FBI convoy turns into the HOSPITAL.

A BLOCK AWAY -- a man in an SUV takes PHOTOS.

HIGH POWERED SHOTS -- of Anderson, Cooper, Plasco, and finally -- Reynolds, all moving into the hospital.

REVERSE - behind the lens: Trejo, now right here in Southern California, three GANG MEMBERS with him.

TREJO (INTO PHONE)

He could still be alive.

COSTILLA (V.O.)

We have to be sure.

INT. HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Ruiz is hurried into the ER, SURGEONS running.

INT. HOSPITAL, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Plasco, Reynolds and dozens of FBI Agents take over a hospital wing, angering the tittering ADMINISTRATOR.

ADMINISTRATOR

This is not your own private Homeland  
Security Office --

Plasco shoves a BADGE in her face:

PLASCO

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Armed guards stand in the doorway. Reynolds, Plasco and Cooper are gathered around Ruiz's bed.

SURGEON

Done everything we could. Stable but  
critical. If he's going to come  
through this, it's up to him.

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

She's gone: girl I met in college,  
mother of my children. I caused it....  
(fights emotions)  
Flying to DC to bury her. Then I'll  
recommend the President use military  
force. Destroy cartels. All of them.

The Senator's eyes are burning with hate, teeth clenched:

SENATOR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We will level their compounds; burn  
their processing labs; melt their drug  
empire to slag; Predator drone strike  
their lavish seaside getaways.  
(mutters to himself)  
Rockets' red glare, you bastards.

EXT. HOUSE IN CULVER CITY - DUSK

A SURGEON in his mid-30s jogs to his Mercedes. Lab coat and ID on: late for the night shift. Looks up to see --

-- a MAN, a few feet away, smiling.

DOCTOR  
Can I help you?

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

MOHAWK  
I need a doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Reynolds and Plasco watch Ruiz in the infirmary. Waiting.  
Cooper paces. Plasco finally speaks, confused:

PLASCO  
They killed her: Anderson's wife.  
(then)  
How'd they know where to find her?

REYNOLDS  
...Surveillance.

COOPER  
Ruiz said they can find out anything.  
If they knew about Anderson's family --

REYNOLDS  
They might know about ours.

INT. REYNOLDS' HOME, TEXAS - SUNSET

Amanda is getting Myles ready for bed when there is a KNOCK  
at the front door. Another KNOCK, louder.

AMANDA  
Who is it?

HOMELAND SEC. AGENT  
Homeland Security! Open up!

KNOCK! She cocks her head: odd. Picks up Myles.

AMANDA  
Just a second!

She's moving to the door when -- HER CELL PHONE VIBRATES on  
the table. Gerry's ring tone. She answers.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Hi, honey, are you keeping safe --

REYNOLDS (V.O.)  
Amanda, listen! Miguel is coming to  
take you and Myles next door.

AMANDA  
What do you mean? What's going on?

She hears a TRUCK ENGINE outside.

REYNOLDS  
He'll keep you both safe until Faris  
can get to his place. Do it!

She HEARS the clunk of a truck door OUTSIDE. Goes to the  
window and opens the curtains a crack --

HER POV -- Miguel, from next door, getting out of his  
truck. The Homeland Security Agent starts toward him.

AMANDA  
Miguel just got here. He's talking to  
the Homeland Security Agent.

REYNOLDS  
I didn't call anyone but Faris.  
Amanda, do NOT open that door!

Reynolds yanks up the LAND LINE. Starts dialing Faris.

AMANDA'S POV - BOOM! Miguel is SHOT by the Homeland  
Security Agent. He slumps to the front yard, face down,  
shotgun dropping from his grasp.

AMANDA  
Oh, my God! He shot Miguel!

AMANDA - sees the Agent turn from Miguel's truck and head  
toward the front door, handgun out.

REYNOLDS  
Amanda, take Myles, go to the laundry  
room in the basement, and get the  
shotgun, now! RUN!

INT. THE BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - SUNSET

Amanda hustles down the stairs, phone to her ear, Myles in  
hand. She can hear the man POUNDING on the door.

She closes the door. Puts Myles down in a LAUNDRY BASKET  
full of clean blankets. The boy coos, delighted.

AMANDA  
Be quiet for mama, okay, baby?

She sticks the pacifier in his mouth.

INTERCUT - with Reynolds, going insane, powerless, as he shouts into another phone, a LAND LINE, at Faris:

REYNOLDS

Faris, they're gonna kill Amanda!

INT. OPEN ROAD, TEXAS - SUNSET

Faris in a Border Patrol Cruiser, siren wailing, going 100 mph. It takes a hill and all four tires leave the pavement

FARIS (INTO PHONE)

Two miles away! Flooring it!

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amanda steps on a stool and grabs the SHOTGUN. The gun looks enormous in her small hands.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I hate guns. You know I do.

REYNOLDS

Load it just like I taught you.

FISHING TACKLE BOX -- she dumps out the lures. Sees SHOTGUN SHELLS. Grabs them as --

-- UPSTAIRS, the frosted glass door EXPLODES INWARD.

THE "HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT," grim-faced, determined, bursts through the front door. Handgun out.

AMANDA

He's inside!

IN THE BASEMENT -- Amanda's hands are shaking as she loads the shells. She SNAPS the double barrels in place.

Hears HEAVY FOOTSTEPS above. The Assassin searching.

REYNOLDS

You know that sign you made me move  
from the living room when we got  
married, the one you hate?

AMANDA -- confused, terrified, sees the gaudy LONE STAR BEER neon sign on the back of the laundry room door.

AMANDA

I'm so scared, Gerry --

REYNOLDS

Point the gun at the sign, dead  
center. Do it. Focus on my voice.

She crouches against the cold basement wall. Aims as --  
FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON THE BASEMENT STEPS, coming down.

AMANDA

(whispers)

*Gerry, he's coming down.*

OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- the Assassin takes each step. Gun  
outstretched before him.

HOMELAND SEC. AGENT

Miss Reynolds? Just tell me where you  
are. You're safe, now.

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM -- Amanda hears Reynolds whispering:

REYNOLDS

Let him get to the door first. Make  
certain. Then, and only then -- shoot.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR -- the Agent reaches for the doorknob.

AMANDA

*He's right outside.*

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM -- CLOSING in on the Lone Star Beer  
sign. The doorknob RATTLES. She sees the knob turn.

REYNOLDS

Shoot!

AMANDA -- FIRES! Both barrels, BA-BOOM!

THE DOOR -- splinters, Lone Star sign obliterated, the  
Assassin flies BACKWARD, haloed in blood.

INT. HOSPITAL, LATER - NIGHT

LATER -- Reynolds is on the cell phone with Amanda.

REYNOLDS

I'm coming home, first flight.

AMANDA (V.O.)

No. I'm going somewhere safe.

INTERCUT - with Amanda, Faris driving her in a Border  
Patrol caravan, sirens on. Myles in a child seat.

REYNOLDS

They can find anyone. Anywhere.

AMANDA

Second cousin Tammy-Jean's ex-husband's ranch outside Austin? No one is that good.

(he tries to argue:)

You have to end this now. You put us in this position, Gerry.

Reynolds hears the conviction in her voice. Is she right?

REYNOLDS

Amanda... Don't say that.

AMANDA

You know it's true. You can't stop until you arrest them, or...

REYNOLDS

I'll be home soon. How's my boy?

AMANDA

Waiting for you. If you don't come home in one piece, we'll kill you.

INT. RUIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds waits for Ruiz to regain consciousness. He hasn't. Reynolds' eyes go to the TV news:

CNN ANCHOR

-- a Mexican drug organization tried to kill a witness in US custody.

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 relieve the man of his weapon. The crowd turns. Rocks thrown. Cop cars turned over.

REYNOLDS -- looks at 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.

Cooper is pacing the hall, on her cell phone:

COOPER

(in Spanish)

Papa, there are Federal Agents coming to take you and Mama to a hotel, where you'll be guarded.... I know, I know. I'm sorry. Order room service, okay? Watch TV.

(listens)

I will. I love you, too.

INT. HOSPITAL, RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

Plasco is pacing. He growls at a SURGEON.

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 the swelling in his brain reduces.

The Surgeon huffs away. Cooper comes in and sees the antibacterial pump on the wall. Takes a hit and rubs it on her hands. Plasco kicks a chair.

PLASCO

Goddammit!

(sees Cooper and Reynolds:)

What?!

REYNOLDS

We didn't say anything.

Plasco storms out the door. Cooper finishes disinfecting.

COOPER

So. You gonna tell me what the hell's between you two? You're like an old married couple.



EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MOHAWK -- has trimmed his hair. Wears glasses. Now looks presentable. Puts on the last piece of the puzzle over his hospital scrubs - the 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 photo on the counterfeit ID. He and other employees are waved through.

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 coffee. Sips it: too hot. Swears. He's a walking cauldron of anger. Shouts into his cell:

PLASCO

Have they transferred planes yet?  
(listens, then:)

Good. Got a credit card? I want you to buy three plane tickets. I'll give you the names. Yes, I'll reimburse you!  
What Superbowl debt?!

INT. RUIZ'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds tells Cooper:

REYNOLDS

Plasco and I shared a confidential informant. He told us when and where we could make a major bust. Mother lode -- we'd both become rock stars.  
(smiles)

My day off, Plasco does the raid. Big news: cameras, reporters. Plasco in front of millions in drugs, guns, stacks of cash. Plasco rose up the ranks, and I was left behind.

(takes a breath)

Now I'm a pariah because I want to nail corrupt agents. And when I get that list from Ruiz, I bet I'll see Plasco's name on the top. Then I'll settle our score.

COOPER

Why are you so hung up on justice? The world is an unjust place. Accept it and move on.

REYNOLDS

Funny world view from an attorney. Guess I'm my father's son. Taught me these goddamn values I can't shake for the life of me. What about you?

COOPER

What about me? Mexican by birth, American through and through. But, somewhere, there's my roots. Can't even go back to my birthplace: too dangerous. What's happening down there, and here, makes me sick.

REYNOLDS

So you are hung up on justice, just like me.

COOPER

Said it me sick, didn't say I wouldn't keep fighting.

Cooper almost smiles. Reynolds looks over at Ruiz.

REYNOLDS

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

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Plasco is barking orders at Vance --

PLASCO

Get a team at LAX. They're gonna try something, might try to take out Ruiz's family as they deplane.

VASCO

Got it, boss.

PLASCO

I want SWAT snipers, LAPD, FBI. Get everyone you can get.

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

I want that bonus. We get him back  
alive: we are set for life.

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 place crude homemade pipe  
bombs under cars. Ready to blow.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE RUIZ'S ROOM -

Mohawk comes down the hall toward the FBI Agents.

FBI AGENTS

Authorized personnel only.

MOHAWK

Called for an MRI specialist.  
Paperwork's right here.

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

Mohawk plugs the FBI Agents 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 them down might help me think  
of my husband resting a little more in  
peace. I don't know...

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

EXT. THE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

POV - HOSPITAL HALLWAY FLOOR -- Super slow motion -- a coffee cup and an Omega-3 pill come whirling down toward us. The coffee SPLASHES as --

-- MOHAWK OPENS FIRE AT PLASCO. Silenced bullets  
*PHWUT!PHWUT!* just over the diving form of Plasco.

PLASCO  
Agents down! Third floor!

He FIRES his handgun -- TAKING OUT chunks of wall above Mohawk. Mohawk is gone. Disappearing around the corner.

INT. HOSPITAL, RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Silenced bullets go wide, *PHWUT!PHWUT!* --

Reynolds SNAPS the gun away. Mohawk's wrist SNAPS.

Mohawk growls, knees Reynolds in the solar-plexus.

Cooper SMASHES Mohawk with a hospital chair.

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

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELLS - CONTINUOUS

FBI Agents CHARGE up the stairs toward the third floor.

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTSIDE RUIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

Reynolds HURLS Mohawk into a vacant hospital room. Mohawk springs to his feet.

Ducks Reynolds' fist and delivers his own crushing blow to Reynolds' jaw.

This just seems to anger the former football star turned Border Patrol cop. Reynolds CHARGES Mohawk and TACKLES HIM like a free safety out for blood.

SENDS MOHAWK SPRAWLING. Reynolds tees off on the assassin's head. Four quick punches -- Mohawk staggers backward, elbow SHATTERING a window.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

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

FBI Agents, LAPD and SWAT take cover. Another attack?

ANOTHER BOMB -- detonates. A fireball in the darkness.

NEARBY -- 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.

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

NECK TATTOO'S CREW -- SHOOT FBI AGENTS and LAPD, taking them by surprise. The gunfire is deafening in the hospital. Patients SCREAM and scatter. Pandemonium.

THE ASSASSINATION CREW heads --

-- INSIDE. NECK TATTOO flashes a photo of Ruiz to a terrified ADMITTANCE NURSE.

NECK TATTOO

*¿Dónde Esta?*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THIRD FLOOR ROOM

Reynolds and Mohawk -- fists, head-butts, kicks. Mohawk picks up a shard of the broken window and -- WHOOSH! -- swings at Reynolds, just nicking his hand. Blood drawn.

IN THE HALLWAY -- COOPER wheels Ruiz's gurney out into the hall and away. She's got IVs trailing.

HOSPITAL ROOM - Plasco appears, whips out a retractable nightstick and WHIPS the steel bar into the Assassin's head. The shard of glass falls from his hand.

Knocked to the ground, Mohawk --

-- yanks out a backup gun -- takes a quick 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 THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Mohawk's body hurtles toward earth. SPLAT.

IN THE WINDOW - high above, we see Reynolds looking down.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR

THE OTHER ASSASSINS are coming up the elevator. They watch the light DING at floor 3. The doors open.

They move quickly down the hall, toward the turn. They just missed seeing --

-- Cooper. She's got Ruiz under a sheet. She's in another hospital room, waiting for them to pass.

THE ASSASSINS - walk quickly past the room. Take a turn in the hallway of the sprawling hospital.

COOPER -- leaves, wheeling Ruiz. Takes a left and RUNS down another hallway, toward the employee elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

REYNOLDS -- helps Plasco. Plasco checks his Kevlar.

PLASCO

I'm okay. Gotta catch my breath.

(then:)

Where's Ruiz?

EXT. FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Cooper pushes the gurney with Ruiz toward the back EMERGENCY ONLY doors. Toward the waiting bay of ambulances. She whips out her cell phone. Speed dials.

COOPER (INTO PHONE)

Ambulance. Ground floor. Now.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A lone VANCE leans out with his gun. Sees Neck Tattoo's gang coming at him. Whispers into his walkie:

VANCE (INTO WALKIE)

Protect Ruiz. I'll slow them down.

PLASCO (INTO WALKIE)

Don't be a hero. Wait for backup.

Vance clicks off, seeing the gang rushing closer, Vance the only thing between them and the ambulance bay --

VANCE (CONT'D)  
FEDERAL AGENT! HALT!

They do not halt. They do not slow. They FIRE.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cops and FBI agents swarm the stairwells. Heading up to the sound of GUNFIRE on the third floor.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

Plasco and Reynolds help Cooper load Ruiz into the back of an ambulance.

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

Neck Tattoo and his gang -- FIRE -- their shotguns and automatic weapons tearing up the hospital walls as --

-- VANCE fires, on his belly. Takes out one of the gang members before bullets TEAR INTO HIM.

COPS AND FBI AGENTS - come around the corner and OPEN FIRE. Halls alive with the report of weapons, combined with the xylophone percussion of spent cartridge casings on the floor, create a bizarre symphony of violence.

It's an all out fire fight on the third floor of the hospital. Vague screams of distress echo from inside hospital rooms as bullets tear chunks out of walls and nail overhead lights.

Gang members are shot, FBI Agents hit. Gang firepower versus Quantico training. Brutal and ugly. Bodies fall.

Neck Tattoo fires his AR-15, calmly loading a new magazine. He doesn't see --

-- THE SWAT TEAM SNIPER - watching from across the street. Neck Tattoo comes into the view of the big picture window overlooking the parking lot.

The SWAT SNIPER is briefly seen in the darkness on the roof across the street. The muzzle of his sniper rifle flashes. There is a CRACK of glass and --

-- NECK TATTOO'S HEAD whips back, blood spraying.

SILENCE - as the FBI Agents and cops come forward, all the gang members dead now, hundreds of spent shell casings on the floor, hallways filled with cordite.

AN AGENT -- checks Vance for a pulse. He's gone.

INT. AN AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Reynolds drives, Cooper in the back with Ruiz. Plasco in the seat next to Reynolds.

PLASCO

The hell are you going? With these people, there is nowhere safe.

REYNOLDS

Got a place in mind.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAWN

Reynolds pulls the ambulance through barbed wire gates. They are met by waiting Law Enforcement.

REYNOLDS

Should be safe enough.

PULLING BACK - we see a sign above them -- LOS ANGELES MEN'S DETENTION FACILITY.

EXT. LAX TARMAC - DAWN

A steel reinforced, bullet-resistant glass Ford E-350 comes toward us, sirens flashing on the metal front grille. Flanked by FBI Sedans and Los Angeles Police.

A sequestered landing area. Awaiting the plane with Ruiz's family. Vehicles roll to a halt, far from the regular LAX terminal. An army awaits the aircraft.

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 coordinates into the handle of a device. We don't see what it is, yet. Zero shoulders the 36-pound high-tech object. AIMS --



-- A RAYTHEON FIM-92 STINGER: a shoulder-fired surface-to-air (SAM) missile. Zero has put the target coordinates into the ROM in the 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 STREAKS past the cockpit. Missing the plane by yards. The pilot YANKS the controls.

PILOT  
Mayday, we are under attack!

INT. AIRCRAFT CABIN - 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, streaking off into the distance.

Not a problem. He calmly reloads. Makes an adjustment. 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 PLANE - will be out of range in a few moments.

ZERO -- ejects the spent BCU. Slaps in the backup. Hears the hiss of argon gas and the wheeze of chemical energy.

ZERO - raises the missile. Aims. LOCKS ONTO the target.

HE FIRES. *PHWHOOOSH!* Is it too late?

THE MISSILE -- streaks away, IR and UV enabled.

IN THE BOAT - Zero waits. Face is impossible to read.

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 AIRCRAFT lists. Does a slow turn.

Zero can see debris flying off the aircraft as it barrel rolls. He can faintly hear the engines howling.

THE JET EXPLODES.

Fuel and particles of metal shower the coastline.

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.

INT. L.A. PRISON - MORNING

Plasco sees Senator Anderson on CNN. Words onscreen:  
SENATOR SAYS INVASION OF MEXICO "A POSSIBILITY."

SENATOR ANDERSON (ON CNN)

If the President doesn't have the guts  
to take down those in charge of the  
Narco terrorist state we call Mexico,  
then I'll take this to the Senate!

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 stares at the screen.

REYNOLDS

Oh my God...

INT. MR. HECTOR'S COMPOUND - MORNING

Hector paces back and forth like one of his tigers. Wipes the sweat from his brow from riding Augustus III.

COSTILLA

Ruiz still hasn't moved the rest of  
the money. Either he's stalling for  
his demands, he's injured, or dead.

MR. HECTOR

I didn't get to where I was by hoping  
or wishing. Make certain.

Costilla watches his angry boss pace. Back and forth.

EXT./INT LIMO, MOVING, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Senator Anderson's cell phone rings. He growls:

SENATOR ANDERSON

What?

MR. HECTOR (V.O.)

Hand Ruiz over, or the next target  
will be baby, William, at UCLA. Or  
your daughter, Shelby, at Columbia  
High. "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.)

I will call back in five minutes, to  
let you achieve some composure.

Anderson hears Mr. Hector hang up as --

-- A BULLET shatters the windshield.

The driver's head SNAPS BACK.

Anderson's three-man FBI detail move for their guns as the  
car careens toward the curb. CRACK! A rifle shot takes out  
the engine block. Smoke bellows.

CRACK! A tire is shot out. CRACK! Another.

THE LIMO -- SMASHES into a power pole. Airbags deploy.  
Everyone goes FLYING. No one seat belts.

Silence....

The engine starts to BURN. Smoke and flame lick upward.

IN THE LIMO -- Anderson's eyes are wide. He SEES --

-- A FIGURE - walking toward them, through the rippling,  
growing flames. A figure with a RIFLE.

ZERO...

BANG!BANG!BANG! -- three more shots KILL the FBI Agents.  
Blood everywhere. Shattered glass. Anderson in the  
backseat, dead men all around him.

The Senator reaches for the door handle. Somehow slides out, across the dead FBI agents, breathing labored.

Anderson watches in horror as Zero, face stoic through the rippling flames of the car fire, nears.

Zero reaches Anderson, crab walking away.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
(stunned, confused)  
Monsters... Monsters...

ZERO puts a pistol in Anderson's mouth. The Senator tries to scream. Zero puts a cell phone to Anderson's ear.

MR. HECTOR (ON PHONE)  
Your answer, Senator?

INT. LA PRISON - DAY

Plasco'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.

PLASCO  
*What?*

SENATOR ANDERSON  
I fold, gentlemen. I fucking fold.

Plasco hits the speaker button:

SENATOR ANDERSON  
He's gonna kill my kids. My kids!

PLASCO  
We can't give up, Senator.

SENATOR ANDERSON  
You want to get my entire family murdered? Shut it down. That's an order, Agent Plasco! SHUT IT DOWN.

PLASCO  
We stop, and how many tons of drugs cross our border? How many people die?

SENATOR ANDERSON

Agent Reynolds. Send Ruiz back and you got yourself a promotion. Come work in Washington with me.

(Reynolds hesitates)

I'll make sure you're set. Just gotta do one thing. Send one scumbag drug dealer back home.

REYNOLDS

(looks at Plasco)

I'm with Agent Plasco on this.

Plasco looks surprised. Reynolds hangs up the phone.

REYNOLDS

We're on our own.

Cooper comes in, realizes what's happened. As -- the PRISON DOCTOR pokes his head in the room:

PRISON DOCTOR

There's been a change.

INT. LA PRISON - DAY

Reynolds helps Ruiz sit up. Ruiz is holding his head.

RUIZ

How long have I been out?

REYNOLDS

A while.

RUIZ

My wife? My babies?

Reynolds thinks about lying, wants him to transfer that money. Can't do it. Says quietly:

REYNOLDS

There was a crash. A plane crash. No one knows who or why...

Ruiz realizes in an instant. Whispers:

RUIZ

That -- lunatic...

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?

(stands, unsteady)

Get me to a fucking bank.

REYNOLDS

You can't even walk, Ruiz.

RUIZ

I have nothing left!

He stands up, nearly falls. Reynolds catches him.

RUIZ

Let me do this last thing.

Reynolds' thinks for a moment, turning over all the possibilities, dangers, in his head. Nods.

REYNOLDS

Okay. Let's go.

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 --

-- WE DON'T SEE IT. But Trejo smiles, whatever it is.

INT./EXT. CHASE BANK, DOWNTOWN L.A. - AFTERNOON

Reynolds and Plasco flank Ruiz. Cooper behind. They move quickly from the sedan and up the steps and go --

-- INSIDE. Where a BANK MANAGER is waiting for Plasco.

PLASCO

Where's the bank's secure computer for international wire transfers?

BANK MANAGER

In the rear, but we 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

Everyone out! Federal Agents! Thank  
you! 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.

RUIZ

One hour before the code change.

OVER THIS, we PRELAP:

LAPD DISPATCH (V.O.)

Two-eleven in progress: Chase bank,  
6th and Figueroa.

EXT. THE BANK'S SURROUNDING STREETS, LA - DAY

LAPD UNITS -- screech to a halt at the street corners. Move  
pedestrians away. We HEAR the radio chatter:

LAPD SERGEANT (V.O.)

Robbery-Homicide and SWAT en route. I  
want snipers on rooftops; perimeter  
around 6th and Fig. No one in or out.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Reynolds and Plasco are at the locked front doors of the  
bank, watching the street. Cop cars screeching up.

PLASCO

I never took a bribe, Reynolds.  
(Reynolds stares)  
Come on. I may be an asshole, but I'm  
not working for the cartel.

EXT. SURROUNDING STREETS, LA - DAY

A SWAT Team van screeches to a halt. Back doors fling open.  
The team spreads out. Snipers take up positions.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Ruiz moves funds into new accounts set up by the Treasury Department. He's finally moved \$1 billion.

COOPER

One billion down. Seventeen to go.

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 alive. He's taking MY MONEY.

COSTILLA

Señor. We have the bank location.

MR. HECTOR

Double the bounty -- get everyone to the bank. EVERYONE.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

Fifty gang members in vehicles CLOSE IN FROM BEHIND the phalanx of Law Enforcement watching the bank.

GANG MEMBERS -- armed with automatic weapons, Kevlar vests, grenades, laser sights. Ready for 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.

RETURNS FIRE on Gang Members.

INT. THE BANK - DAY

Reynolds and Plasco take cover. Glass shatters. Desks pulped. Deposit slips rain down around them.

THE CLOCK -- ticks down.

IN THE BACK ROOM -- Ruiz finishes another transfer. Bullets ZING all around them. Ruiz flinches.

COOPER

Keep going! Six billion down!



EXT. LA STREETS - DAY

The fire fight intensifies. Gang members outgun Police.  
Cops: handguns, shotguns.

Gang members: AK-47s, H&K assault rifles, .50 caliber  
sniper rifles. Not even a fair fight.

EXT. LAPD HELICOPTER POV - DAY

Looking down from the Police helicopter, it's clear --  
-- Downtown has become a war zone.

SWAT -- fires at their targets, hitting everything, but --  
-- GANG MEMBERS are covered in armor. Bullets don't stop  
them. Reminders of North Hollywood '97 -- multiplied.

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.

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.

REYNOLDS

Gotta get you some cover.

PLASCO

Where?

They both turn around to see -- THE IMMENSE BANK VAULT.

EXT. LA STREETS AROUND THE BANK - DAY

Earth-shaking RUMBLE. Cops and FBI nearly stop fighting as  
they hear the ROAR OF AN ENGINE. Then --

-- A NARCO TANK -- barrels down the street, coming out of the haze. Trejo is behind the wheel.

TREJO'S MEN -- man the twin .50 Caliber turrets on top.

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 into the immense bank vault. Cooper has the scared Bank Manager with her.

BANK MANAGER  
Close the vault door, enter the code,  
then hit "Arm."

COOPER  
And the network works in there?

BANK MANAGER  
It's not only our safe, it's our panic  
room. It has to work.

She shoves him away. Nods to Reynolds and Plasco. The Bank Manager RUNS for cover in the employee bathroom.

Reynolds and Plasco begin to CLOSE the heavy vault door. They see Cooper and Ruiz staring back at them.

REYNOLDS  
Finish it.

The vault door CLOSES with a floor-vibrating CLANG.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The world is suddenly silent.

Ruiz is at the computer terminal again. The vault internal lighting is dim. He fires up the banking network.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BANK - SUNSET

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 hand.

ZERO -- walks behind the Narco tank, using it to create a path to 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 transfer.

RUIZ  
Three billion left.

COOPER  
Five minutes. Can you finish?

RUIZ  
Have I paid enough of a price? Or am I  
still buying my soul?

She looks at him. Ruiz is a mess, his family is dead. He's a broken man. She shrugs,

COOPER  
Guess you gotta start somewhere.

INT. THE BANK - SUNSET

Reynolds and Plasco are stunned by A GRENADE BLAST.

ZERO -- at the front entrance, SHOOTS Reynolds in the leg. A precise hit. Not to kill. Zero does not miss. He hit him right where he wanted to hit him.

Reynolds goes down. Plasco drags him to cover.

INT. THE VAULT - DAY

Ruiz finishes another transaction, Cooper urging him on.

RUIZ  
One last billion left.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BANK - SUNSET

Plasco drags Reynolds into the ATM refill alcove. 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 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. Only one billion left.

COSTILLA

If we hang onto that last billion, we  
can borrow against assets. We survive.

MR. HECTOR

(checks his watch)

Sixty seconds...

EXT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

Trejo's narco tank ROARS up the front steps of the bank --  
-- SMASHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS. Cops scatter.

INT. LOS ANGELES BANK - DAY

Ruiz enters the SWIFT CODES.

A prompt onscreen reads: ENTER PERSONAL ID CODE.

RUIZ

For those lost in this war.

INT. INSIDE THE BANK - DAY

The Narco tank doesn't slow, it PICKS UP SPEED toward --  
-- THE VAULT.

PLASCO FIRES at the Tank: useless. LEAPS out of the way --

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Ruiz has entered the code, is about to press Enter when --  
-- THE ONE-TON STEEL VAULT DOOR EXPLODES inward. A --

-- FOUR-TON NARCO TANK barrels in like a 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. Slit headlights cut through the gloom.

IN THE NARCO TANK -- Trejo HURLED into the steering wheel. No airbags. His bloody body is still...

INT. IN THE BANK - DAY

Plasco gets up, sees the devastation. Ears ringing.

INT. THE VAULT - DAY

RUIZ staggers to his feet. Goes to the computer, about to finish it, finger on the return key --

-- He is SHOT. Goes down with a grunt. Cooper sees --

-- THE COMPUTER. Seconds left. Ruiz shouts, hurt:

RUIZ

Do it! DO IT!

Cooper reaches for the return key. A SHOT RINGS OUT. A bullet SMACKING metal over her head.

ZERO -- is framed in the ragged hole in the vault.

ZERO

Step away. Don't be foolish. A bullet travels faster than the time it takes your finger to move.

Cooper's index finger is frozen over the keyboard.

ZERO

FN40GL is made in Belgium. Not mass-produced. Best in the world. They do not jam. And I will not miss.

COOPER -- looks at the gun barrel. Then at Zero. Then at the RETURN KEY. Her finger is FROZEN in place.

ZERO

Don't be a hero. No one remembers them anymore.

Cooper stands stock still. In place. Defiant. This is how she's going to go out of this war.

Zero is about to pull the trigger when --

-- PLASCO appears, FIRING. Cooper DIVES for cover.

Zero is HIT in the back, his body armor taking the rounds.

Plasco keeps SHOOTING. Zero whirls in midair, SHOTS as he goes down: full auto.

Plasco is hit in the chest, neck, finally, the HEAD.

PLASCO -- falls. Doesn't move.

He's DEAD.

Cooper 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 --

-- A BULLET goes through the back of his skull.

Reynolds -- gun barrel smoking, limps into the vault. Hobbles 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.

EXT. MEXICO, CARTEL COMPOUND - SUNSET

Hector faces his compound and bodyguards. The sun holds its last blood-red grip on the sky.

COSTILLA

Señor, the other cartels will surely find out, and come for us.

Mr. Hector reaches up to the branches of a tree and pulls down a fig. Considers it. Costilla watches.

MR. HECTOR

When Emperor Augustus was nearing the end of his life, his wife gave him a graceful exit -- poisoned the figs he was so fond of eating.

COSTILLA

Mister Hector, we have to go!

MR. HECTOR

You understand, this was a man who  
conquered the known world. Killed by a  
fig. Know his last words?

"Have I played the part well? Now  
applaud as I exit."

(knows his fate)

There is nowhere safe. All that  
remains...is a good exit.

As he says this, he turns to see --

-- his own BODYGUARDS dissolving into the background. Men  
leave in droves, fleeing for greener, safer pastures.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, BANK - NIGHT

Gang members litter the streets. A war zone...

Reynolds limps, Cooper helping. They make it to the first  
ambulance. 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 -- pulls out his cell phone. Calls Amanda.

REYNOLDS

It's over....

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Mr. Hector rides Augustus III, hooves thundering as --

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND FRONT GATES - NIGHT

-- A RIVAL CARTEL bashes through the front gates of the  
compound. Their own NARCO TANKS ROAR.

Fifty Cartel soldiers pour into the compound, heavily  
armed. They spread out, searching.

EXT. DOS CULEBRAS COMPOUND - NIGHT

Mr. Hector readies his arsenal atop his horse. Shotgun  
strapped to his back; grenades on his hip; AR-15 loaded,  
extra magazines taped to the sides. He sees --

-- HEADLIGHTS, of the rival Cartel Narco tanks, coming  
toward him. Hears GUNSHOTS and voices, searching for him.  
They've come to take over, to erase the competition.

He gives Augustus a final KICK, and the horse CHARGES,  
right at us. Mr. Hector begins FIRING his AR-15.

MR. HECTOR  
*Have I played the part well?*

He heads right into a fusillade of automatic weapons...

INT. LOS ANGELES HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The PRESIDENT'S PRESS SECRETARY on TV.

PRESS SECRETARY  
The President will be pleased to give  
details of a major victory on the war  
on drugs at five PM.

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 to Ruiz, hugging him, shouting: "Papa!"

RUIZ  
But?! How!

His eyes are filled with tears. He looks at Reynolds.

REYNOLDS  
Plasco. Had your family put on a  
different flight from Auckland.

RUIZ  
And you brought them here. I told  
you...you're an honorable man.

Reynolds watches Ruiz's wife kiss her husband. Ruiz waves  
Reynolds over. Wheezes, still severely injured:

RUIZ  
Fulfilling my promise.

Hands him a slip of paper.

RUIZ  
You have my Motorola phone in your  
evidence locker. That's the code to  
access the file. List of every bribe.  
Every Homeland Security, Border  
Patrol, and ICE agent.

INT. FORT HANCOCK BORDER PATROL STATION - DAY

Reynolds enters the code into the phone. A file comes up --  
a HUGE LIST OF NAMES. Reynolds scans them, going down  
alphabetically. He gets to "P." Scrolls...



REYNOLDS  
Plasco. You weren't lying...

Plasco's name is not there....

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - GRAVEYARD - DAY

Reynolds holds Myles, 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.

She steps away. About to wipe the dirt off her hand with a handkerchief. To scrub her hand clean. Then -- she stops.... Leaves the dirt right where it is.

REYNOLDS -- lets the soil fall as raindrops start to come down. Says to the casket, his words lost to the rain:

REYNOLDS  
You did something right for once.

EXT. MEXICO, VARIOUS LOCATIONS/WEEKS LATER - DAY

NEWS FOOTAGE - from CNN, BBC, reporting on:

CNN ANCHOR  
A high-level Cartel Associate worked with Homeland Security Officials to topple a Mexican drug dynasty...

IMAGES: flash on screen -- arrests Dos Culebras associates; Costilla in handcuffs; seizures of cocaine facilities; stacks of cash on a staggering scale.

BBC ANCHOR (V.O.)  
...the President released a statement, claiming the banks must and will be held responsible for laundering drug money on the scale of billions.

IMAGES - of government auditors seizing banking computers and records. Dozens of raids.

EXT. VARIOUS HOMES - MORNING

BUSTS of dirty and corrupted Homeland Security Agents.

They arrest DOZENS of Agents on the Cartel's payroll.

INT. REYNOLDS' HOME, TEXAS - DAY

Reynolds watches the newscast as he and Myles play:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 ...names came from a cartel source  
 cultivated by an anonymous Border  
 Patrol Agent, whose list of Cartel  
 payouts led to 215 US arrests and  
 another hundred pending investigation.

Amanda comes up behind Gerry, puts a hand on his shoulder.  
 He reaches up and takes her hand in his.

INT. BORDER PATROL STATION, FT. HANCOCK - MORNING

Reynolds walks through the station. Skeleton crew. Reynolds  
 sips coffee. Someone shouts from the kitchen:

BORDER AGENT  
 Who drank the last of the goddamn  
 coffee? You kill it, you fill it!

Reynolds hides his mug. Faris walks next to him:

FARIS  
 Heard rumors you got an offer to head  
 up the San Diego office.

REYNOLDS  
 I'm considering it.

Reynolds gets his bullet proof vest on, puts on his Border  
 Patrol jacket. Holsters his weapon.

REYNOLDS  
 Feel like doing a little bit of a  
 patrol, just for the hell of it.

FARIS  
 It's midnight.

Faris grabs his gear. Reynolds holds the door open for him,  
 bemused, as he hustles.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STATION - NIGHT

They head toward the waiting Border Patrol SUV.

FARIS  
 Amanda know about the San Diego job?

REYNOLDS

I'll tell her tomorrow. Right now, I  
wanna enjoy your company.

FARIS

Romantic. How long we gonna be? Should  
probably hit the bathroom, first.

REYNOLDS

Get in the goddamn truck.

IN THE TRUCK -- Reynolds pulls the vehicle under the  
rippling American flag. Drives toward the Rio Grande, and  
the border, where the wall awaits him.

FADE OUT.