

SABOTAGE

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August 2012

Racing up a Suburban Atlanta street about to bring hell.

In back are six **DEA AGENTS** with body armor and machine guns. Their eclectic weapons and gear reflect their indomitable individuality. This is one of the best assault teams on the planet -- *The DEA SOT (Special Ops Team)*.

The driver is **JOHN "BREACHER" WHARTON**, he's the boss, his silver hair in a close-cropped "fuck you" haircut, tattoos on his neck. Square-jawed and intense, he's at the end of a career hunting the Drug War's biggest game.

BREACHER

Three out. Arm the charge.

Next to Breacher is **JIMMY "MONSTER" MICHAELS** -- He looks like a skinhead, the last guy you would expect to be a Federal Agent. He checks the *BREACHING CHARGE* in his lap.

BREACHER (CONT'D)

Don't blow your balls off.

MONSTER

Don't worry. They're brass.

BREACHER

They big as your wife's?

Monster gives him the finger...

6000 square feet of bad taste in a quiet cul-de-sac in a new Atlanta development. It's day 2 of a hard party -- Cocaine, booze, **WHORES**. Hosted by six **CARTEL GUNMEN**, guys who cut off heads. Weapons everywhere.

LIZZY, 30, is here to entertain. An edgy beauty, she snorts meth off a CD case. Her bright devilish eyes shine. *Some GHETTO BASS comes on the stereo...*

LIZZY

Hell yeah. C'mon, bump that shit so I can drop it.

The big dog here is **SAPO**, 6-feet of ugly, he nods for a henchman to turn it up. Lizzy goes off, dancing, working that ass. Driving these scumbags insane. She straddles Sapo, licks his meth-slick face. Whispers in his ear...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Gonna keep staring like you wanna
fuck me? Or you gonna do something
about it. Scared, papi?

Sapo fears nothing. Not even Lizzy. He takes her
upstairs...

3 INT. CARTEL MCMANSION - BEDROOM - DAY 3

Sapo stands there unbuckling his pants. Lizzy on the bed,
unwraps a condom with a grin -- Sapo slaps it from her hand.

SAPO
No. Queiro sentir todo.

Lizzy shrugs. She doesn't give a fuck...

CLOSE ON HER EAR -- A tiny EARWIG TRANSMITTER is hidden in
her earcanal. *She's a DEA AGENT on Breacher's team...*

4 INT. DEA ARMORED VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY 4

Breacher nears the projects. Keys his radio...

BREACHER
L.Z. you copy me?
(nothing)
L.Z. radio check.

Monster gives Breacher a worried look...

5 INT. CARTEL MCMANSION - BEDROOM - DAY 5

Lizzy only hears *static* over her earwig. She's pulling
Sapo's pants down. Perfectly playing the role of whore.

6 INT. DEA ARMORED VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY 6

Monster getting anxious...

MONSTER
Bad call, boss. Sending her in.

BREACHER
Take a deep breath. She can handle
her business.

9 CONTINUED:

9

From an upstairs window -- **LOOKOUT 1** aims a huge scoped rifle. *It can punch through armor plate like butter...*

10 INT. OVERWATCH HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

10

The next street over with a view of the cul-de-sac. A **DEA SNIPER** proned atop a stack of furniture fires at **LOOKOUT 1...**

SPLACK! -- Taking the man out...

11 INT. CARTEL MCMANSION - DAY

11

ANOTHER GUNMAN charges into the bedroom -- At the window he SEES Lizzy running across the lawn -- Aims his AK at her...

BOOM-SPLACK! -- He's centerpunched by the DEA Sniper...

12 INT. ARMORED VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY

12

Breacher locks up the tires -- **SCREECH!** -- The armored behemoth bounces onto the lawn -- Not of the Cartel McMansion but the neighboring house...

BREACHER

Go! Go!

Monster and Breacher jump out...

13 EXT. TARGET MCMANSION - DAY

13

The back of the vehicle opens and the six other agents rush out -- **PYRO, NECK, TRIPOD, SUGAR, GRINDER** and **SMOKE...**

Monster slaps the breaching charge on the front door...

Here comes Lizzy running full tilt in her hooker clothes...

LIZZY

Where's my shit? I'm going in.

BREACHER

You're not going in.

LIZZY

I know where the money is. Do you?

Breacher relents. Sugar tosses her an M-4 Carbine -- Lizzy runs to the back of the vehicle. Slips on black coveralls, zips on her boots...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Breacher and his team stack up on the door. Gives Monster the nod. Monster hits the detonator...

MONSTER
Fire in the hole!

KABOOM! -- The charge blasts open the door. Breacher pulls the pin of a flashbang stun grenade -- Tosses it in...

BREACHER
Flashbang out!

BOOM! -- Breacher is first in, his team a step behind. Lizzy finishes snapping on her body armor and joins them...

14 INT. TARGET MCMANSION - FOYER - DAY

14

The way is blocked by a scissor gate -- Installed to slow down cops. It gets worse -- *The place is fortified* -- The bad guys have built a CINDERBLOCK BUNKER inside the spacious house! *They're protecting something important...*

BREACHER
Lizzy! There's a gate!

Lizzy comes running in with a pair of bolt cutters...

LIZZY
No shit.

TACK! -- She cuts the padlock, slides it open. Then...

RATATATATATATAT! -- Armor piercing rounds punch through a cinderblock wall -- Huge geysers of dust erupt before them. The team hits the floor...

A line of bullets snakes back and forth over their heads...

BREACHER
Impulse charge!

Monster tosses him an IV bag wrapped with explosive detcord. *Breacher slaps it on the wall the bullets are coming through!* He rolls clear and hits the detonator...

BOOM! -- The explosively driven liquid acts as a battering ram punching a 20-inch hole in the wall -- The firing stops.

Breacher tosses a flashbang in the hole...

BANG! -- TRIPOD, an awesome assaulter and former SEAL like Breacher, aims his M-4 carbine through the hole and...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

BRDDDT! -- He zips off a tight burst...

TRIPOD
Target down!

Ahead are two STEEL DOORS...

BREACHER
Which door?

Lizzy points to the right -- Breacher swings the shotgun off his back, loads a SHOCK-LOCK round. His team stacks up in assault formation...

KERCHACK-BOOM! -- Breacher blows the lock out. Transitions to his primary weapon. Gives Monster a nod -- Monster boots the door open -- *Breacher is first in...*

15 INT. TARGET MCMANSION - BUNKER HALLWAY - DAY

15

BRDDDT! -- Breacher drops a **CARTEL GUNMAN**. His team moves shoulder to shoulder in formation -- Gliding down the hall as one deadly entity...

LIZZY
Hold! Hold dammit!

Lizzy points at a hole knocked in the ceiling. The team stops -- Right as a **CARTEL GUNMAN** fires an AK through it from the floor above!

BRDDDDDT! -- AK rounds ricochet around the hallway. Monster angles for a shot into the hole. He fires...

BOOM! -- Headshot. Blood cascades from the hole. Monster and Smoke cover the hole as the team slips past. At the end of the hall is a VAULT-LIKE DOOR with three big padlocks.

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Money's in there.

Breacher grabs his shotgun and...

BOOM-KERCHACK-BOOM-KERCHACK-BOOM! -- Shatters the padlocks. Monster and Tripod pull the door open...

16 INT. TARGET MCMANSION - MONEY ROOM - DAY

16

The team pours inside, clears the corners. It's hard not to notice the giant cube of cash in the center of the room, about \$200 million -- It stops the team cold...

(CONTINUED)

MONSTER

...Holy shit...

LIZZY

Beautiful, isn't it?

SUGAR

Damn, girl. They showed you this?

MONSTER

Guess you blew the right scumbag.

LIZZY

Guess I did.

Another hallway leads away from this room -- Blocked with heavy steel bars. SMOKE sets up his acetylene torch and begins cutting the steel bars -- **SHOWERS OF SPARKS...**

NECK and SUGAR cover him, aiming down the hall -- Monster opens a door -- It's a BATHROOM. Monster pulls a socket wrench from his vest and begins unbolting the toilet...

BREACHER

Hurry up.

MONSTER

I'm not a plumber, boss.

Lizzy begins pulling the money apart. Grabbing bricks of money and sealing them in ziploc bags. Grinder joins here. *Let's state the obvious-- The team is up to no good...*

FLOYD MORGAN (V.O.)

Breacher, Watcher. What's the delay?

This is "Mission Control" where **SUPERVISORS** watch the raid unfold on video monitors. "Watcher" is a suit named **FLOYD MORGAN**. With him are two **DEA OFFICIALS** from DC.

BREACHER (V.O.)

Sir, we're cutting through an obstacle. Gonna take time.

FLOYD MORGAN

Roger that. Need some help?

17 CONTINUED:

17

BREACHER (V.O.)

Negative. We have active shooters.
Everyone hold until it's clear.

18 INT. TARGET MCMANSION - MONEY ROOM - DAY

18

Monster pulls the toilet off the floor revealing the SEWER LINE. Lizzy and Grinder toss packs of sealed cash at Monster.

Monster pulls rope and duct tape from his pack. He begins taping the cash to the rope and stuffs it into the sewer, washing it down with the toilet's water line. He works as fast as he can but money is piling up around his feet...

Smoke finishes cutting a thick bar -- **KTANG!** -- It falls, he starts cutting the next one...

BRDDDDT! -- A **CARTEL GUNMAN** opens fire from down the hallway.

THWACK! -- Hits Smoke in the neck. He goes down. Breacher and Tripod return fire...

BRDDDDT! -- Dropping the bad guy...

BREACHER

Man down! Neck! Render aid!
Tripod, get on the rig.

Neck runs to his wounded comrade...

SUGAR

Take my bleeder kit!

Sugar tosses Neck a first aid kit. Tripod takes over cutting the bars. Breacher covering the hallway...

NECK

We gotta evac him!

BREACHER

Negative. Slap on a blowout patch.
We're Charlie Mike.

Neck tears open a bandage with his teeth. Begins treating Smoke's wound. Lizzy and Grinder bagging cash. Monster stuffing cash in the sewer. Grinder SEES blood pooling from Smoke's wound...

GRINDER

Breacher, dude's fucked up!

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

Grinder. Stay on task.

LIZZY

Not getting paid won't help him.

GRINDER

What the fuck are we doing?

Lizzy glares at Grinder and hisses...

LIZZY

Shut the fuck up. It's our day.

Another bar falls. Tripod begins cutting the next one, the gap almost big enough for them to get through...

BREACHER

Monster?

MONSTER

Almost, boss.

BRDDDDT! -- A Cartel Gunman sticks his AK around the corner and opens fire...

BRDDT-BRDDT-BRDDT! -- Breacher fires short bursts down the hall to keep the Gunman's head down. He's focused. Casual.

INT. SURVEILLANCE TRUCK - DAY

Floyd Morgan looks at the various video feeds showing the Target McMansion's exterior...

BREACHER (V.O.)

We're in contact! Taking fire!

The mood is tense. As expected. They have no idea anything other than a standard raid is underway...

INT. TARGET MCMANSION - MONEY ROOM - DAY

K-TANG! -- Tripod drops another bar. *The gap is now big enough for them to pass through.* He tosses aside the acetylene rig and joins Breacher in firing down the hall...

BREACHER

Lizzy! How much?

LIZZY

Alot. About ten million.

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

Ten's enough. Help Monster.

Lizzy joins Monster at the sewer line, she helps him tape and stuff money. Then Lizzy lays a tongue kiss on Monster...

MONSTER

Was that a snowball?

LIZZY

Asshole.

The last pack of cash goes down the sewer. Monster feeds in more rope, flushing the cash down with water. Once the rope reaches a certain length he loops it around a mounting bolt and reseats the toilet...

BREACHER

We're moving!

Monster bolts down the toilet as fast as he can. Breacher and the others pass through the bars. To Grinder...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

Get him out of here. Now.

Grinder doesn't need to be asked twice, Neck helps clip Smoke's vest onto Grinder's back. Grinder exits wearing the wounded man like a backpack...

The rest of the team continues down the hall. Sugar tosses a flashbang around a corner -- **BANG!** -- They round the corner and engage THREE CARTEL GUNMEN!

BRDDDT-BRDDDT-BRDDDT! -- All three Gunmen are blown to pieces. *Splashing blood on Lizzy's goggles...*

LIZZY

Clear! That's the last of 'em!

Breacher grabs the welding rig and tosses it on the money pile. **Then pulls a single ARMOR PIERCING TRACER ROUND from his vest** -- He kisses it, loads it into his assault rifle. *Aims at the ACETYLENE TANK on the money pile and fires...*

POW-KABOOM! -- The tank explodes! A massive fireball engulfs the money! Breacher steps safely around the corner as the shockwave of flame washes past...

21 EXT. TARGET MCMANSION - SURVEILLANCE MONITOR - SAME TIME 21

The side of the house erupts with a plume of smoke and cash. \$100 bills swirl through the air...

FADE TO BLACK -- THEN A CARD: "6 MONTHS LATER"

22 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN 22

An alarm goes off. Breacher is already sitting on the edge of his bed. He turns it off.

23 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 23

Breachers shaves. He's different now. Serious. Solemn.

24 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 24

Breachers eats a can of tuna for breakfast. He pounds fistfuls of supplements. He opens the fridge, grabs one of his finely tuned lunches weighed to the half gram.

Breachers pauses from his disciplined routine to stare at the huge lake outside his window. The sun rising above its calm waters. He's suddenly lost in the past. *The fucking past...*

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE -- His wife **KAREN** writes E-mails on her Macbook. Cute reading glasses perched on her nose. She looks at Breacher and smiles with love filled eyes...

Breachers snaps out of it. *That was just a memory. She's not really there.* He opens a box of Poptarts. Stuffs two in the toaster -- *Poptarts?*

25 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - DAY 25

Breachers exits in workout gear, he crosses to a black sedan parked outside -- Two **DEA AGENTS** inside. *They have been watching him all night.* He gives them the Pop Tarts.

BREACHER
Morning guys.

AGENT 1
Thanks, Breach.

26 EXT./INT. I-85 SOUTH/BREACHER'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY 26

Breacher drives toward Midtown Atlanta. The sedan follows.

27 INT. FITNESS CLUB - DAY 27

YOGA MOMS ride stationaries and run on treadmills. Breacher doing curls. Methodical. Scientific. Pausing only to make entries in his workout logbook. The two bored Agents read Sports Illustrated.

28 INT. FITNESS CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 28

Breacher ties his tie in the mirror. He *hates* wearing a tie.

29 EXT. ATLANTA FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY 29

Breacher swipes his ID and pulls into the employee parking garage. The DEA sedan follows.

30 INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY 30

Atlanta Police Investigator **CAROLINE BRENTWOOD**, a focused workaholic with an aristocratic face sits on a plastic covered couch with her partner Investigator **TYLER RYGAARD**. Across from them is **EMMA CURLEY**, a distraught young mother and her husband **JOE JOHN**. His T-shirt has a photo of **DAKOTA**, their 8 year old daughter, it's captioned "*MISSING*".

CAROLINE

Honey, hope is good and miracles happen. But it's time y'all accept and prepare for the possibility little Dakota is not coming home.

EMMA CURLEY

You ain't nobody's mama are you?
(touching her heart)
See, I can feel her. Right here.

JOE JOHN

And them ladies that can't have no babies? That take people's kids. And raise 'em up. See, I'm thinking Dakota's gotta new name now. Bet she's in Second Grade somewhere. Maybe Alabama.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA CURLEY

You checked all the children in the schools, ma'am? I mean really checked?

RYGAARD

We've pursued every reasonable avenue.

Caroline quiets Rygaard with a hand on his arm. He's too "urban" for these backwoods trailer folks...

CAROLINE

I'm organizing another search. We'll bring in special dogs and cover some old territory and some new territory.

EMMA CURLEY

You keep doing what you want. Ain't none of it been no good.

CAROLINE

Joe John, I want you to reconsider taking a polygraph exam.

JOE JOHN

Y'all can't do your job so you go pointing fingers. Got your scapegoat all lined up. I love Dakota with all my heart and soul. I'm her daddy. Never hurt her.

CAROLINE

So step up and prove it.

EMMA CURLEY

Y'all can get on now. Just get on.

A rusty swing. Old tires. A Big Rig is parked in the yard among the rusting Cadillacs. Caroline and Rygaard walk to their Crown Vic.

CAROLINE

God I like him for the murder.

RYGAARD

No body, no murder.

Caroline REACTS, heads towards the woods. Rygaard follows.

(CONTINUED)

RYGAARD (CONT'D)

Stop.

She points into the trees -- *At a trash pile with most of Dakota's toys and clothing...*

CAROLINE

He checks into rehab the week she goes missing. Tosses her stuff in the woods.

RYGAARD

Wanna pop him for illegal dumping? Because that's all we got.

CAROLINE

His alibi's his wife. She can't open her mouth without looking at him first. C'mon, Tyler.

RYGAARD

He's an evil man. I can feel he did it. You feel it too. But we can't convict on a feeling. I'm praying every night for that little girl's soul. And yours. Find your peace, Caroline.

CAROLINE

Don't get all John three-sixteen on me, partner.

RYGAARD

Why another search? He's a trucker running a hundred thousand miles a year. Her body's anywhere in the lower forty eight.

CAROLINE

Why? Because it pisses him off.
(then)
Let's hit that Vietnamese place.

RYGAARD

I hate that place.

CAROLINE

I'll order for you. They have sandwiches.

RYGAARD

No they don't. They're baguettes with salad in them.

32 INT. DEA FIELD OFFICE - DAY

32

Breacher sits in his cubicle, plastered with photos of his WIFE and TEENAGE SON. *Where are they?* He does busy work. Spreadsheets. Alone in the corner. Empty cubicles surround him. A different pair of AGENTS watching him now. When he gets up, one follows. Breacher shoots him a look...

AGENT 3

We hate it as much as you do.

Breacher enters the MEN'S ROOM. Agent 3 waits outside. How the mighty have fallen -- *Exiled to an office wearing a suit. Being watched. It's punishment plain and simple...*

33 INT. DEA FIELD OFFICE - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

33

Breacher washing his hands. **AGENT SPOLCHECK** exits a stall. A total douche, we instantly dislike him...

SPOLCHECK

Ah, it's the tactical God.

BREACHER

Wash your hands.

SPOLCHECK

Why rock the off-the-rack JC Penny shit when you can afford Armani? In fact, why aren't you chilling on some yacht in the Cayman's?

BREACHER

I know what you're doing. The jabs. The jokes. Tell them I won't bite.

SPOLCHECK

You'll bite. Watch this.

Spolcheck locks eyes with Breacher and smirks...

SPOLCHECK (CONT'D)

What'd you tell Smoke Garcia's wife at the funeral? Her husband died for a good cause? Making you rich?

Breacher rips the Glock from Spolcheck's holster. Spolcheck recoils in fear. Breacher strides over to a stall drops it in the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

SPOLCHECK (CONT'D)
Really, Breacher?

BREACHER
Tell them you let me disarm you.

Spolcheck won't do that. Breacher exits.

34 INT. BREACHER'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY 34

Breachers drives home. He looks in the rearview -- SEES the DEA sedan following him. As usual.

35 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 35

Near the lake. Breacher pulls in. The DEA sedan pulls in. Agent 1 gets out and enters. Breacher waits for him to fill his thermos with hot coffee. He returns to the sedan and Breacher pulls out. A routine courtesy.

36 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 36

Breachers exits his house. Crosses to the DEA sedan with some DVDs.

BREACHER
I got Netflix.

Agent 2 happily takes them...

AGENT 2
Good looking out, Breacher.

37 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 37

Breachers sits at his dining room table. Head bowed in grace over poached chicken breast and arugula.

LATER -- Breacher moves through the house turning off lights before bed. He pauses at a room. He hears a crash. Quickly opens the door...

38 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT 38

His son **JACOB**, 17, stands there in boxers practicing his batting swing, he knocked a lamp over. A gifted athlete, the room is a shrine to all things baseball. He smiles sheepishly at his father...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

JACOB

Sorry, dad. Practicing my swing.

REVERSE ON BREACHER -- Enjoying the memory of his beloved son. That's all he has. Memories. The room is empty. *Where is his family?* Breacher closes the door.

39 EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 39

Adrift on a sea of overgrown crabgrass, it's a massive antebellum mansion in disrepair. Dark and empty.

40 EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT 40

A mechanic's worklight hanging in a brick gazebo. No furniture. The pool covered with leaves. Caroline glides naked beneath the surface. She surfaces by a wineglass and a bottle of red. Empties the glass. Refills it. Submerges and glides back the other way. Her ritual.

41 INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT 41

Once magnificent, now its hallways are empty. Steadily stripped of its contents over the years, the furniture and paintings gone. Leaving creeping water damage and decay.

42 INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 42

Lit with candles. Caroline sits in the single remaining chair at her massive oak table. Eating frozen lasagna and drinking a fresh bottle of wine, reading case files and depositions. The endless work of a homicide investigator.

Above her is an oil painting. A solemn family portrait. Her MOTHER and FATHER and a 9 year old Caroline in riding clothes. *She's a dead ringer for Dakota Curley. Haunting.*

43 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 43

It's morning. Another day of Breacher's monastic routine. Tuna. Supplements. Poptarts.

44 INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 44

Caroline rolls the evening's wine bottles in newspaper.

FLOYD MORGAN (CONT'D)

That is you. Every nook and cranny
of your life. It's over.

BREACHER

I'll clean out my desk.

FLOYD MORGAN

I'm not firing you. We tried that,
remember? Investigation's over.
OPR shut it down.

BREACHER

It's over?

FLOYD MORGAN

For now. Nobody's been exonerated.
DC lost their appetite. What's
your secret? Got a picture of a
Senator fucking a goat?

BREACHER

Maybe we didn't do it.

Floyd scoffs. He KNOWS they did it. Everyone knows.

FLOYD MORGAN

All anyone has in law enforcement
is their credibility. It's like
virginity, once it's gone it's gone
forever.

BREACHER

When did you lose yours?

FLOYD MORGAN

Want your team back?

BREACHER

My team?

FLOYD MORGAN

Where else can I put you? Could
you show some leadership this time?

BREACHER

Is that an allegation? Do I need
my rep with me?

FLOYD MORGAN

It's just you and me, John. I'm
tired of dancing.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

He tosses a stack of DEA credentials on the desk.

FLOYD MORGAN (CONT'D)
You're back in the game. Play at
your own risk.

Breacher grabs the creds. And quickly leaves -- Stripping
off his tie as he goes...

51 EXT. SOT FACILITY - DAY 51

A down and dirty shooting range and tactical training
facility where killers sharpen their claws. Shipping
containers. Mock buildings. Steel targets. Shot up cars.

Breacher pulls up hot and fast in his pick-up truck. He gets
out in crisply starched fatigues -- DEA embroidered across
his back. His Oakleys and boots shine like mirrors. A Glock
on his hip. Breacher has been reborn. He picks up a piece
of litter soiling his beloved parking lot...

52 INT. SOT FACILITY - TEAM ROOM - DAY 52

A frathouse with guns. *6 months without Breacher has not
been good.* Monster and Sugar play Xbox. Lizzy, in a manic
phase, lifts weights with frenzied urgency. Grinder, in
motorcycle leathers, tattoos a smiling skull on Pyro's back.
Neck, in hunter's camo, cleans his deer rifle.

NECK
Why's he tattooing a dick on your
back?

PYRO
It's a skull, asshole.

LIZZY
It does look like a dick.

NECK
The expert has spoken.

LIZZY
Baby, you gonna defend my honor?

MONSTER
You'd need some honor first.

PYRO
Bro, I see a dick in the mirror,
you're dead.

(CONTINUED)

GRINDER

It does not look like a dick.

NECK

Hold on, you might wanna listen to Lizzy. She has seen all the dicks.

LIZZY

That's right. Every last one. And there ain't none here worth writing home about.

MONSTER

Sweetheart. Shut up. Seriously.

SUGAR

Obviously you ain't seen me in the shower. You'll be buyin' stamps. "Dear Mom and dad, you wouldn't believe the big ass dick I saw at work today."

LIZZY

You talk it, Sugar. Whip it out.

PYRO

You can take the whore out of the whorehouse...

LIZZY

Fuck you, Pyro. All you do is talk shit up in here. You have the balls to go where I go, do what I do? I'll out-fight, out-fuck and out-work you on my worst day.

PYRO

Lovely mouth, princess. Wanna bring it to Sunday supper? Be a real treat for my red-letter-Bible packin' mama.

LIZZY

Please? Can I? So I can slap your mama's Bible packin' teeth outta her face for having you?

Pryo stands. Grinder grabs his belt, hauls him back down.

GRINDER

Hold still, dumbass. You fucked the line up.

(CONTINUED)

NECK

"Up in here". Who says "up in here?" The hell's it even mean?

SUGAR

That's straight up black shit. I'll use it in a sentence. "I'm raping Monster in Call of Duty - *wait for it* - up in here."

PYRO

It's a piece'a shit thing.

SUGAR

Easy, P. You flipping it racial?

PYRO

Company she keeps is rubbing off. All the piece-a shit-ness.

NECK

Goddamn. You mean us?

Lizzy walks over to Pyro. Stands there arms akimbo with her iron legs and drug hardened body. Her big flashing eyes...

LIZZY

You were slightly amusing in the field, here you just suck. Let's do it. Let's go motherfucker.

PYRO

I don't wanna bang you Lizzy. Crackwhores ain't my thing.

MONSTER

Whoa! That's my wife asshole.

It's true -- They're married...

PYRO

That's your problem. Buying the cow when the milk's free.

LIZZY

C'mon pussy. Let's go bareback. Or wear a mouthpiece and headgear if you want. I'll still fucking dismantle you.

Lizzy can be very, very scary. Pyro doesn't want to fight her. He looks away.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY (CONT'D)
Thought so. *Bitch.*

Lizzy crosses to a heavy bag and lights it up with a wicked series of kicks and punches -- *Back at the Xbox...*

SUGAR
Boom! Headshot motherfucker!

MONSTER
That was bullshit. I was drinking my beer.

WHAM! -- The door is kicked open -- *It's Breacher in all his pissed off glory...*

BREACHER
What the fuck! This place looks like a crackhouse.

MONSTER
What are you doing here?

BREACHER
Investigation's over. We're back in business.

Breachers begin tossing them their credentials. Amazed looks are traded...

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Suit up and hit the shoot house in five mikes. We're gonna breach and clear until sundown.

Breachers tosses Sugar a set of keys.

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Unlock the armory. Time to knock the rust off.

Breachers stares at Pyro's new tattoo...

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Is that a dick?

The team straps on body armor and helmets. Load magazines. Pyro checks his tattoo in a window reflection. Breacher crosses to Lizzy -- SEES her blown out pupils. *Quietly...*

BREACHER
You promised to use the down time
to work on yourself.

LIZZY
I'm fine.

BREACHER
Gimme your weapon.

LIZZY
...I can train...

BREACHER
Lizzy.

LIZZY
Breacher. I'm training. Go play
daddy somewhere else.

That hits him hard. As intended. He walks away...

54 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - DAY

54

VARIOUS SHOTS -- In full assault gear, the team exercises to warm up. Push-ups. Crunches. Flutter kicks...

MINUTES LATER -- Monster, Pryo, Lizzy, Sugar, Grinder and Neck are stacked outside a doorway. Breacher holds a stopwatch.

BREACHER
Go!

Monster kicks the door -- WE FOLLOW the team inside...

55 INT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - SAME TIME

55

They pour inside -- There's a paper bad guy with an AK...

MONSTER
Target front!

BRDDDDT! -- They all open fire -- Shredding it. They continue through the structure. Clearing the rooms.

BREACHER
Secure from the exercise! Get in here!

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

His team joins him in the first room -- He gestures at the shredded target...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

He's down. What about him..?

Breacher moves the door aside -- Revealing another paper bad guy target behind it...

MONSTER

We're dead.

NECK

Up in here.

Breacher realizes his finely tuned tactical machine is broken. His disappointment is searing to his people...

56 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - DAY

56

Breacher takes Monster aside. Quietly...

BREACHER

What happened? We used to be good at this.

MONSTER

Six months of finger-pointing and recrimination happened. We're not a team anymore. The trust is gone.

Breacher absorbs that. Then:

BREACHER

We'll get it back. We're still a family.

57 EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - SUNSET

57

The end of a long day searching. Caroline and Rygaard walk in a line with 50 **COMMUNITY VOLUNTEERS** -- Good decent people. There's two **K9 HANDLERS**. And several uniformed **COPS...** Including **HAYES** and **RICHARDS** -- *Who we'll see a lot of.*

The volunteers poke the long grass with sticks -- Looking for the remains of little Dakota Curley. **JOE JOHN CURLEY** catches Caroline looking at him and gives her a creepy smile. Caroline just stares back until he looks away -- *We hate him.*

MOMENTS LATER -- A VOLUNTEER almost trips over a body! Dried sinew and skin over a shock white ribcage...

(CONTINUED)

VOLUNTEER

I found her! I found her!

Everyone comes running -- When the K9 handlers approach their dogs go nuts! Officers move in to hold everyone back...

OFFICER HAYES

... Calm down ... Stay back ...

OFFICER RICHARDS

... Y'all get back ...

Caroline cautiously approaches the body, taking deliberate steps. Rygaard hands her latex gloves. She SNAPS them on. Takes a knee by the remains. *Then she picks up the skull and holds it up high to **SHOCKED GASPS** -- The skull isn't human...*

CAROLINE

It's a dog. It's just a dog.

The disappointment is palpable. *Especially Caroline's.* Through the crowd she glimpses Joe John leering at her...

58 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

58

The search over, carloads of volunteers drive away. Caroline shakes with Officers Hayes and Richards...

CAROLINE

I appreciate the help guys.

They cross to their cruisers. Caroline checks E-mails on her cell. Looks up -- There's Joe John right there looking at her. She takes a step back, rests a hand on her gun...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You drift in on little cat feet.

JOE JOHN

Heard the Cops talking. Saying you're wasting your time.

CAROLINE

I know what they say. Tell me, Joe John. She die easy? Or she go hard? She give up or fight back? You raped her didn't you?

Joe John REACTS -- An honest flash of rage. He regains his composure, lasciviously looks her up and down...

(CONTINUED)

JOE JOHN

Your problem is you ain't been
fucked right in ten years.

CAROLINE

Try fifteen. Have a nice night.

Caroline stands there -- Hand on her gun. Loving that she got under the asshole's skin. Joe John turns and stalks off. Rygaard joins her. They watch him cross to his pick-up.

RYGAARD

Shoot him. Right between the
shoulder blades.

CAROLINE

Only in a perfect world.
(then)
Am I wasting my time?

Rygaard purses his lips -- *He thinks she is.* Then:

RYGAARD

If it was my daughter, I wouldn't
want anyone else on it. He will
get his. God's justice is perfect.

CAROLINE

Wanna get drunk?

RYGAARD

Can I bring my kids to the bar?
Cassie's at her sister's.
(then)
The grape has felled many a strong
man, Caroline.

CAROLINE

I'm stronger than a man. Bye.

Caroline gets in her Crown Vic. Rygaard watches her pull out. He worries about her...

The team is circled up around Breacher. He lights a cigar.

BREACHER

So now you don't trust each other.
What we do, there is only trust. I
trust you. All of you. With my
life. And I'll prove it.

59 CONTINUED:

59

Breacher enters the shoot house -- Pauses at the door.

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Kick the door. Kill the badguys.
Try not to kill me.

The team trades worried looks...

60 INT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - DAY

60

BOOM! -- A flashbang explodes. The six man team charges in. They clear the hallways and rooms -- In the last room...

Breacher stands there. Two BAD GUY MANNEQUINS flank him.

POP-POP-POP-POP! -- Without hesitation Monster and Neck take out the "bad guys". *Bullets fly inches from Breacher's head. Punching through a curl of his cigar smoke!* It's all over. Breacher smiles. He's just fine.

BREACHER
Good job.

Monster breathes a sigh of relief. Trades relieved looks with the others. We can SEE the connection being reestablished -- *They're back...*

61 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

61

LATER IN THE WEEK -- Breacher and his team stand in a line, dressed for war. They each face a target 50 yards away, aiming their assault weapons...

BREACHER
Hit it!

BRDDDD-BRDDDT-POP-POP-POP! -- A crescendo of gunfire. They approach their targets, firing. Reloading. Fire. Reload. Fire. They transition to pistols -- Empty their mags...

Reload, shoot. Reload. Shoot until empty. *All this with incredible speed and synchronization.* Breacher checks their targets -- And smiles. *Damn they're good.* Breacher crosses to Lizzy, throws an arm around her.

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Your gum.

She spits her gum in his hand...

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Get your death-stick.

62 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

62

Breacher, Monster, Sugar, Pyro, Grinder and Neck all peer through various binoculars and spotting scopes. They scan the distant woods for any sign of Lizzy. Between Breacher and Monster is a table with a knife stabbed into it. Fixed atop the knife handle with Lizzy's gum is a **SHINY NEW DIME...**

BREACHER
See your wife anywhere?

MONSTER
Negative, boss.

63 EXT. WOODS - DAY

63

Lizzy wears a Ghilli suit as she stares through the scope on her .338 Lapua Sniper rifle -- *A shark's mouth painted on the stock gives her a predatory smile in sideview.* Lizzy settles behind the scope. Inhales. Exhales. Takes the slack out of the trigger. Zen...

64 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

64

TACK! -- The dime is shot off the knife handle. A beat later the **CRACK** of the shot rolls in from the distant woods. *Breacher reaches for the quivering knife...*

K-TANG! -- It's shot off the table, Breacher grabs his radio.

BREACHER
Stop.

65 EXT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - NIGHT

65

The team prepares for another entry. Monster loads a clip. Breacher talks to him quietly on one knee. The disciple absorbs his master's words...

BREACHER
It's just reps. We'll keep doing
reps. I won't be around much
longer. Learn to be a leader.

(CONTINUED)

IN B.G. -- Three Team Members move shoulder to shoulder practicing movement -- Another Member doing push-ups to stay limber. *Note that we don't see their faces...*

CAMERA FINDS -- Lizzy in a dark corner. Making out with someone, his gloved hands all over her ass. *We don't see his face in the shadows...*

MONSTER

Let's go! Line up!

Lizzy breaks the embrace, holds a finger to her lips -- *Shhh.*

MOMENTS LATER -- The team is stacked up...

MONSTER (CONT'D)

We're gonna breach-bang-clear.
Stay in your lane and call your
targets. I want good violence of
action. Here we go, weapons hot.
And standby...

The team packs their equipment -- *To Breacher's dismay...*

BREACHER

Bullshit. Nobody called it. Stack
up and run it again.

MONSTER

We're hammered, boss.

NECK

When you gonna join the pain train,
Breach?

SUGAR

Our skills got a shelf life and
yours don't?

GRINDER

He was a Navy SEAL. God's only
perfect creatures.

LIZZY

Scared to suit up, sir?

Breach looks at his rebellious children. Chews on his
cigar. Spits. Smiles...

BREACHER
I'm a bad guy. Arrest me.

67 INT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - NIGHT

67

MOMENTS LATER -- Breacher lays his burning cigar on a window ledge and cracks his neck...

WHAM! -- Monster kicks the door and they race inside...

BREACHER IS RIGHT THERE! -- *This happens crazy fast...*

They mob him -- Six against one. We can't tell what's going on -- It's just an explosion of flying fists and kicks.

Damn if it's not full-on dirty street fight! -- Suddenly from the chaos there emerges order. Breacher grabs Sugar by his vest and hurls him into a wall...

WHAM! -- Breacher punches Monster's face. Grinder lunges at him -- Breacher stops him with a well-timed knee to the crotch. Neck throws a punch -- Breacher blocks it...

WHAM! -- Lizzy high-kicks Breacher in the face. Breacher shrugs it off and drives an elbow into Neck's chin, dropping him. Monster does a knee-slide and sweeps Breacher's legs...

Taking him down hard -- Breacher yokes Monster around the neck and uses him as a human shield as he chokes him out. *Lizzy launches a spinning back-kick...*

WHAM! -- Missing Breacher -- She kicks Monster's head. Breacher traps her leg and pulls her down...

WHAM! -- Breacher elbows Lizzy. Here comes Sugar from the side -- Breacher launches a boot into his groin. Sugar drops. Then Breacher punches Pyro because he was *thinking* about making a move. Breacher regains his feet -- Here comes Lizzy for another attack...

WHAM! -- He straight punches Lizzy in the face. Knocking her back several feet...

LIZZY
Okay okay okay!

She raises her hands in submission -- Then from nowhere she throws an epic left hook...

CRACK! -- Clipping Breacher on the jaw -- He kicks her square in the stomach -- Launching her right out the door.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

She lands hard, rolls to her feet and charges back in.
She'll never quit -- Breacher loves that about her...

BREACHER

Okay. Exercise is over.

Lizzy stops in her tracks. The switch flips off. She helps up Monster. Gives him a kiss.

LIZZY

You okay, honey?

Make a note: it's her first real display of affection.
 Monster melts. He truly loves her despite her legion faults.

MONSTER

I'm good baby.

ON GRINDER -- His face dripping blood...

GRINDER

You broke my nose.

BREACHER

Line it up. We got one more scenario.

The team GROANS. Breacher recovers his still-burning cigar and exits. Leaving his team looking like a train hit them...

68 INT. SOT FACILITY - SHOOT HOUSE - NIGHT

68

BOOM! -- A flashbang explodes. The team charges in. They clear the rooms. **BRDDT-BRDDDT!** -- Shoot their targets. Leaving the "hostages" unscathed. In the last room...

IS BREACHER -- Arms raised in surrender. A big grin on his face. A cooler of beer at his feet.

BREACHER

It's Miller time.

Hoods and masks are peeled off. Big smiles spread across sweaty, exhausted faces.

69 INT. FOXXY LADY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

69

A black place with serious "patina". The team is deep in their cups. Breacher grabs pitchers of Pabst off the **WAITRESS'** tray.

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

Who's got this round?

EVERYONE

Pyro!

Pyro hands her a couple 20's.

WAITRESS

Why do they call you Pyro, honey?

PYRO

I hucked a flashbang in a meth lab once. Burned down a whole fucking apartment building.

NECK

That's why we don't let him huck bangs no more.

Everyone guffaws. The Waitress smiles tightly, and gets away from the drunk feds. Lizzy checking her out as she goes...

LIZZY

I'd hit that.

GRINDER

Hell yeah. Here's to Lizzy. My favorite evil bitch.

LIZZY

Fuck that. Let's drink to Smoke Garcia. That motherfucker died for us. Straight up.

Glasses are somberly raised...

BREACHER

To Smoke Garcia.

LATER -- Lizzy dances on the bartop, we expect no less. Pyro and Neck slam shots. They're wasted and deep in "I love you man" territory. Sugar and Grinder reenact war stories of Christmas past. Breacher and Monster share a table...

MONSTER

You're the heart and soul. We missed you.

BREACHER

They almost won.

(CONTINUED)

MONSTER

Bullshit, John. We got this. We held out.

Breacher smiles. Sometimes even he has doubts. Then...

Lizzy kicks a pitcher of beer onto several PATRONS. The **BARTENDER** is pissed. She taunts him.

BREACHER

Get her home.

Monster stands. Looks at his wife. Now laying on the bar, laughing. Absolutely mad. Absolutely sexy...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

You still love her don't you?

Monster nods: yes. She's his cross to bear. Breacher finds Sugar and Grinder and shakes their hands...

SUGAR

Outta here boss?

He finds Pyro and Neck. Shakes.

BREACHER

I'm done.

PYRO

Later, boss.

NECK

Glad you're back.

BREACHER

Don't get a DUI.

Breacher pauses to watch Monster and Lizzy argue at the bar. He's had a long day. Fuck it. He's going home. He exits.

Later that night -- The 35-foot vehicle was Pyro's weekend toy. After the latest divorce, it's his home. Pyro out cold in bed. A train's distant AIRHORN rouses him. He sits up. Still half drunk. "*How the hell did I get home?*" He picks hair off his tongue.

Pyro staggers into the kitchenette and pisses in the sink. There's that TRAIN HORN again -- *Closer now.*

(CONTINUED)

That's when he SEES A BRIGHT LIGHT shining through the window. Getting brighter. And closer. Then...

THE TRAIN'S AIRHORN -- So loud Pyro realizes a train is heading his way. But that makes no sense -- *How? Why..?*

The light reflects off twin steel ribbons. **Pyro's RV is parked on a rail crossing!** He drops his beer and runs to the driver's seat -- No keys in the ignition! **Shit!** He checks his pockets -- *He has no pockets he's in Boxers!* **Shit!**

He bolts back to the bedroom -- Grabs his Levis. Finds his keys. *Thank fuck.* He runs forward to the driver's seat...

THE LIGHT IS RIGHT THERE! ITS AIRHORN A CONTINUOUS WAIL...

PYRO

Fuck!

Time to bail out -- Pyro dives for the door -- **It's locked!** He unlocks it -- Grabs the handle...

WHAM! -- THE FREIGHT TRAIN'S LOCOMOTIVE slams into the big RV scattering it like a box of toothpicks. The train's brakes **SCREECH** -- Sparks shoot from its steel wheels. The diesel beast pushes the RV's carcass down the tracks...

INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caroline sleeps in a huge maple bed with Gothic columns. Full of casefiles. Pics of murder victims and suspects on her silk sheets. A wineglass on the nightstand. Her cell **RINGS.** She stirs, checks the caller ID -- It's work...

CAROLINE

Investigator Brentwood.

(listens, then)

Text me the address.

She grabs her work log. Notes the time. And gets up.

EXT. RAIL CROSSING - NIGHT

A lonely dirt road. *It looks like a bomb went off.* Officer's cruisers. Ambulances. Coroner's vehicles. Headlights illuminate the debris and silhouette the **RESPONDERS.** Flashlights bounce through the night...

DOWN THE TRACKS -- Caroline walks with an Officer, they carry little red flags, planting one wherever they find body parts.

(CONTINUED)

AT THE CROSSING -- Breacher flashes his badge to a OFFICER and steps under the tape. He crosses to **CAPTAIN WALTHER** a muscular cop, head of Special Operations for the City. They hug. With Walther are OFFICERS HAYES and RICHARDS, they also work SWAT. All have man-crushes on Breacher...

BREACHER

Frank. What the hell? Why you guys here?

CAPTAIN WALTHER

There's Hazmat on the train. Heard you were back in the field.

BREACHER

They got sick of waterboarding me. Why do you think this is my guy?

Captain Walther holds up a plastic bag with Pyro's DEA CREDENTIALS inside. Walther points out Caroline...

CAPTAIN WALTHER

Lead investigator's over there. The good looking female.

DOWN THE TRACKS -- Breacher approaches Caroline...

BREACHER

Miss..?

CAROLINE

Hi.

BREACHER

Tom worked for me.
(offers his hand)
John Wharton.

CAROLINE

Caroline Brentwood. Homicide. You help me with the next of kin?

BREACHER

There's some ex-wives to fight over the insurance. What happened?

Caroline is in the zone. She doesn't want to be bothered.

CAROLINE

Train versus Winnebago. Train won.

Breacher looks around -- *No shit.*

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

Why's homicide on this? Looks like an accident.

CAROLINE

Someone's gotta write it up.

BREACHER

You recover his weapons?

CAROLINE

Weapons? Plural?

Breacher reads from a notepad...

BREACHER

M4 carbine. Sig pistol. Glock forty. Remington 700. 870 shotgun. Kriss Super Five. 40 millimeter launcher. Teargas and smoke grenades.

Caroline blinks. He has her full attention...

CAROLINE

You guys some kind of special unit?

BREACHER

Something like that.

CAROLINE

(into radio)

Captain, I need some additional bodies to do a sweep for the victim's firearms.

Caroline realizes he's staring down her shirt...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

They're fake.

He points at the ground by her feet -- One of Pyro's fingers is curled there -- That's what he's staring at. *Oops.* Caroline marks it with a plastic flag.

BREACHER

Anything I can do?

She hands him some little plastic flags.

CAROLINE

Start marking body parts.

(CONTINUED)

RYGAARD (O.S.)

Caroline. Found him.

Caroline and Breacher join Rygaard, he's found the RV's engine block -- Pyro is wrapped around it like bacon around a Vienna sausage. Caroline leans over -- Smells...

CAROLINE

Alcohol. Your man was drinking.

BREACHER

We had a team celebration.

CAROLINE

Once I get things locked down, I need to interview you.

Breachers sighs. Here comes more trouble. He walks away. Rygaard watching him go...

RYGAARD

You know who that is?

CAROLINE

Another fed whose shit doesn't stink?

RYGAARD

Breachers Wharton. The guy who arrested the head of the Rios-Garza Cartel. He's a Drug War God.

CAROLINE

He looks a little down, Tyler. Why don't you go suck his dick?

RYGAARD

That's not cool.

CAROLINE

You were making cow eyes at him.

RYGAARD

Asking him to mark his subordinate's remains.

Caroline watches Breacher toss the flags aside. She shrugs.

CAROLINE

I've always been a little tone deaf.

Caroline takes off after Breacher.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. That was in bad taste.
Asking you to...

BREACHER

Lady, I was chasing badguys before
you had your first period.

CAROLINE

I'll take that as a compliment. It
has to be the botox. Sorry about
your colleague. Who saw him last?

BREACHER

Special Agent Jordan. They closed
the bar. Look, you're not my Arab
wife. Stop following me around.

Wow. Caroline stops walking. She watches Breacher join
Captain Walther. Who throws a consoling arm around him.

73 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - DAY

73

Caroline pulls up in a Crown Vic. There are several vehicles
outside -- Pick-ups, muscle cars, a Harley. All bear FUNERAL
stickers. Caroline crosses and POUNDS on the front door.
Old School Rock blares from the house. She POUNDS louder.
Lizzy answers -- drunk and high. She looks Caroline up and
down -- Shouts to everyone inside...

LIZZY

Stripper's here!
(to Caroline)
Aren't you a little old for this
shit?

Caroline opens her suit jacket -- Flashing her badge.

CAROLINE

Investigator Brentwood. I'm
looking for Eddie Jordan.

LIZZY

The fucker kill someone?

74 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

74

Overlooking the beautiful lake. The team has an Irish wake
for Pyro. Tubs of beer. Breacher grills pork ribs. Lizzy
and Caroline join them -- Breacher gives Caroline a curt nod.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

Lovely house. Look at the water.

Sugar, Monster, Neck and Grinder sit in lawn chairs. Grinder wears his assault vest -- Beers stuffed in the mag pouches. Neck swigs from a bottle of Jack. Offers it to Caroline...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

No, thank you.

NECK

Have a fucking drink. For my friend. We buried him today.

CAROLINE

That's what I'd like to talk to you about. There somewhere private?

NECK

Fuck that. We're all family. Get the fuck over here. Turn around for Uncle Daddy and lemme see that ass. Make it clap, girl.

MONSTER

Hey dumbfuck. Investigator Brentwood's the lead on Pyro's accident.

NECK

Where's the stripper?

LIZZY

There is no stripper. She's an APD Investigator.

Monster gets up, shakes with Caroline...

MONSTER

You'll have to pardon *idiot* here. Agent Jordan is intoxicated.

GRINDER

Me too. I'm so drunk I can't feel my hands. Someone spit beer in my mouth like a momma bird.

Monster smiles at Caroline. Like all this idiocy is normal.

MONSTER

I'm not sure you'll get what you need today. Investigator, you met my wife Lizzy...

(CONTINUED)

SUGAR

Watch it. Homegirl's got more confirmed kills than the Enola Gay.

MONSTER

That's my associate, 'Sugar' Edmund. And Grinder.

CAROLINE

Sorry to rain on your *bro-down*. I just need a quick statement.

NECK

Ain't got nothing to say. Wasn't there. Didn't see shit.

SUGAR

Lawyer up, Neck. Don't say a fucking word. I'm serious.

GRINDER

He's scared of cops since the Columbian police beat the shit out of him for not paying a trannie.

NECK

Got worse PTSD from a dude in heels than anything I did in the Army.

SUGAR

Yo, how could you not clock it was man ass when the G-string came off looking like a pipe cleaner?

NECK

Stop! Shut-up. Y'all said there was a stripper.

LIZZY

I'll strip for you.

NECK

Oh fancy. You're beat ass again. Let's get a gal with less mileage.

LIZZY

I'll knock you smooth the fuck out.

NECK

Where you hide your gun when you're fucking all those drug lords?

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY

My Victoria's Secrets body armor.

Grinder stands -- Caveman drunk. Pulls a beer from his vest. Offers it to Caroline...

CAROLINE

Really. I'm good.

GRINDER

Pull your panties outta your ass and take the beer. It's a party.

CAROLINE

If you put it that way.

Caroline takes the bottle. Puts her thumb over it and shakes it. She stuffs it back in Grinder's vest. It erupts foam all over him. Grinder just sits back down.

Breacher wipes his hands with a towel. Crosses to Caroline. Grabs her elbow and leads her to the house...

BREACHER

Let's go inside.

NECK

Hell yeah, Breacher. Git some.

75 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - DAY

75

Caroline pulls away, whirls on Breacher angrily...

CAROLINE

What the fuck is wrong with you people? This the kind of team celebration you were having the night Agent Roberts died?

BREACHER

Don't judge them. Or me.

CAROLINE

Don't you dare let them drive. I don't need another three A.M. roll out because of you.

Caroline looks over a wall of plaques and awards. Photos with Presidents, foreign honors. A lifetime of over achieving. She notes the fresh paint on the wall...

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
So you're kind of a big deal?

BREACHER
Not me. My team.

CAROLINE
I've been chasing Agent Jordan
three days for a five minute
interview.

BREACHER
I'll talk to him -- They're good
people. They don't like outsiders.

CAROLINE
What are they Amish? Jordan talks
to me tomorrow or I get a bench
warrant.

BREACHER
I'll make it happen.

Caroline shows herself out. Breacher watches her go.

76 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - NIGHT 76

It's a cubefarm no different from any corporation. Caroline
and Rygaard eat Thai for dinner. They review case files...

CAROLINE
Liquor store's cleared by arrest.
We present to Nichols on Tuesday.

RYGAARD
Suspect's plea-ing out.

CAROLINE
Who says?

RYGAARD
Nichols' office.

CAROLINE
Funny how they do that when they're
on video. Have Nichols' office
copy me on the memorandum.

RYGAARD
Done. Dakota Curley? It's time we
can punt this down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

Not happening. I'll drive her
daddy to jail if it takes me ten
years.

RYGAARD

Keeping Curley. Train versus RV is
cleared. Ruled accidental. So...
it's not our problem.

He tosses aside Pyro's file. Caroline slips it in her
briefcase.

CAROLINE

I have an outstanding interview.
I'll knock it out tonight.

RYGAARD

It's accidental. Who cares?

CAROLINE

Right. Why talk to the last guy
who saw him alive?

RYGAARD

Perfectionist.

Caroline gets a text...

CAROLINE

It's Breacher. Gotta go.

RYGAARD

Breachers?

CAROLINE

He's sexting me.

RYGAARD

Go away.

Caroline drives. Breacher rides shotgun.

CAROLINE

I've known a few cops in my day.
Your people don't seem like cops.

BREACHER

Good. They're the best undercover agents in the DEA. And the best shooters.

CAROLINE

Work hard. Play hard, right?

BREACHER

C'mon. You enjoy your cups.

CAROLINE

(crisply)

Why do you say that?

BREACHER

Your skin.

CAROLINE

Wow. Just wow.

BREACHER

Make a right here.

Caroline and Breacher approach the front door. The lights are off. She KNOCKS. Nothing. She KNOCKS one more time.

CAROLINE

If this asshole stood me up again.

BREACHER

He's here.

Breacher dials Neck's cell -- *They hear it RINGING inside.* Caroline KNOCKS HARDER...

CAROLINE

He's probably passed out drunk.

BREACHER

Probably.

CAROLINE

Agent Jordan it's Investigator Brentwood!

Nothing. So Breacher opens the door and enters...

BREACHER

It's Breacher. Don't shoot!

79

INT. NECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

Caroline follows -- It's pitch black. Breacher reaches for a light switch. Nothing.

BREACHER

Fuck. You got a flashlight?

CAROLINE

Don't you? You're supposed to be this tactical God.

BREACHER

Even God took a day off.

Caroline unclips the Surefire from her belt. She draws her Glock, stabilizes it with her flashlight hand...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

You don't need that.

CAROLINE

I'm a cautious girl.

She sweeps the bright beam around the HALLWAY. Everything seems in order. They move in deeper...

BREACHER

Eddie! C'mon.

Silence. Breacher tries another light switch -- Nothing.

CAROLINE

This is getting creepy.

Breachers must agree because he yanks the big .45 from his holster. Side by side they approach the glass French doors leading to the study -- No one inside. Breacher and Caroline continue to another door. Breachers gives her a nod -- She opens the door, he quickly enters. *They make a good team...*

80

INT. NECK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

80

Now approaching the inner lair -- A forest of empty beers. Unopened mail. Alcoholic splendor. Breacher and Caroline move through, covering the shadows with their guns...

Their instincts tell them something is wrong -- Ahead is the kitchen, the living room beyond...

81 INT. NECK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

81

Breacher and Caroline enter. Sweep the corners. The tension rising -- **BANG!** -- Caroline's light whips on the sound.
Finds the pot of chili she just knocked to the floor...

CAROLINE

...sorry...

Breacher rolls his eyes. Then HEARS something -- *Just a whisper. A change in air pressure.* It makes the hair on his neck stand up. Game time -- He and Caroline lock eyes on the living room -- And enter...

82 INT. NECK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

82

The furniture is pushed to one side. An open door leads to the back yard -- Curtains RUSTLE in the night breeze...

Breacher and Caroline trade looks -- *This is weird.* She steadies her grip on her Glock as they push deeper -- Her flashlight beam sweeps the shadows -- **SOMETHING taps Caroline's shoulder...**

CAROLINE

Fuck!

She spins -- Her flashlight beam raking the walls -- She SLIPS. Goes down hard...

BREACHER

Talk to me.

CAROLINE

Something touched me.

Her flashlight rolling away -- She reaches for it -- Her hand slips out from under her -- **Her face hits the WET FLOOR...**

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Something's on the floor. Omigod.

BREACHER

What's up?

CAROLINE

You don't smell it? That egg yolk smell?

Breacher picks up the flashlight -- Swings it on her...

(CONTINUED)

HOLY SHIT! -- *The floor is covered with a lake of blood.*
Caroline is drenched in blood. A dark drop hits her cheek.
 She looks up with dread and her EYES GO WIDE. Breacher aims
 the light at the ceiling...

**There he is -- Neck. Nailed to the rustic wooden ceiling
 with hundreds of large nails --** Spread eagle with his stomach
 slit open, intestines hanging like a curtain (*That's what
 brushed Caroline's shoulder*).

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Mind giving me a hand?

Breachers reaches out. Takes her hand. Helps her up...

Police cruisers and Coroner's vehicles parked around the
 house. Caroline sits on the hood of her Crown Vic smoking a
 cigarette. Her business suit and hair soaked with blood.
 Breacher crosses to her. Worried.

BREACHER

You smoke?

CAROLINE

Only when I find people nailed to
 ceilings.

Caroline stares at Breacher a beat. Realizes:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You've seen this before.

Breachers says nothing.

Caroline, Breacher, Rygaard, Officers Hayes and Richards
 stare at Neck's body nailed to the ceiling.

OFFICER RICHARDS

Think he's dead?

CAROLINE

On a scale of one to ten guess
 where my sense of humor is right
 now. Keep in mind I'm covered in
 the victim's blood.

OFFICER RICHARDS

Sorry, Ma'am.

Officer Hayes about to snap a cellphone pic of the body...

CAROLINE

Don't. Go away. Both of you.

(to Rygaard)

Find me the Medical Examiner.

Rygaard and the two Officers exit. Caroline looks at Breacher. *Sees his mind is going a 1000 miles an hour...*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Will you fucking say something?

Finally Breacher looks at her. Deadpans:

BREACHER

We can rule out suicide.

Despite everything Caroline laughs. The **MEDICAL EXAMINER** enters and REACTS...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

How am I supposed to get him down?

CAROLINE

I got an idea.

85 INT. NECK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

85

Four **FIREFIGHTERS** on ladders use **LOUD CHAINSAWS** to cut out a large section of the ceiling...

86 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

86

Agent Jordan and a section of ceiling rest on a pair of exam tables. The Medical Examiner and an **ASSISTANT** perform the autopsy as Caroline and Rygaard take notes. The Assistant photographs and catalogues each nail. The Medical Examiner's gloved fingers probe Jordan's exposed heart...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Okay. I have a cause of death. Massive hemothorax. From a right ventricular stab wound. Everything else is post mortem. The nails, the evisceration.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

He was stabbed once in the heart?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yes ma'am, single wound channel.
Guy who did it knows his stuff.

CAROLINE

Victim was stabbed, nailed to the
ceiling and gutted. In that order?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

That's how I'll write it.

ASSISTANT

Boo-yeah. Got some hairs. They're
not the vic's. Here's some more.

He points out two nails -- BLACK HAIRS caught on them.

CAROLINE

Bag 'em. I'll take them to the lab
myself.

Minutes later -- Caroline and Rygaard walking.

RYGAARD

That's some ninja shit. Taking out
a federal agent with a perfect
knife thrust to the heart.

CAROLINE

Who does that? Nails people to
ceilings? It's a message.

RYGAARD

In Northern Ireland the IRA nailed
snitches to their kitchen floors.

CAROLINE

Put a BOLO out for the Lucky Charms
guy. Breacher's all hinked up.

RYGAARD

As expected. He lost two guys in a
week.

A beat. Caroline looks at the BLACK HAIRS inside the
glassine evidence bags she holds...

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE
Take a criminalist with you and
sweep the RV's cab.

RYGAARD
What am I looking for?

CAROLINE
Linkage.

Breacher has just finished telling his team what's going on.
Lizzy, Monster, Sugar and Grinder stare at him in shock...

LIZZY
They're dead. We're not. So what
are we doing?

BREACHER
We D-up. Present a hard target.

SUGAR
Like take showers in body armor?

MONSTER
For starters. C'mon. This is
serious shit.

LIZZY
We need intel on these guys. Who
are we looking for?

MONSTER
Who do you think, babe?

GRINDER
Any of this a surprise? It's that
goddamn money.

MONSTER
Leave it, Grinder. Six months of
ripping the shit out of each other
wasn't enough?

GRINDER
We had to go fingerin' the Devil's
pussy.

BREACHER
It's an occupational hazard. When
you fight the cartel's.

GRINDER

See any other feds getting smoked?

BREACHER

It could happen to anyone.

GRINDER

You believe that, chief? Or's it just bullshit you're spitting in case the place is bugged?

Breacher grabs Grinder by his throat and pins him to a table.

BREACHER

...always assume someone's listening. So shut the fuck up...

Bingo -- So Breacher isn't in denial about what's going on.
Lizzy picks up a carbine. Checks its scope, laser and flashlight. She slaps in a mag -- **CLACKS** the bolt home.

LIZZY

Bring it. I'm ready.

89 INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

89

Caroline wears a surgical mask as a **TECHNICIAN** preps hair samples for DNA analysis. Her cell rings. It's Rygaard...

CAROLINE

What's up?

INTERCUT:

90 EXT. POLICE IMPOUND YARD - DAY

90

Rygaard stands by the pile of wreckage that was once Pyro's RV. He holds an evidence baggie with **SEVERAL BLACK HAIRS**.

RYGAARD

More black hairs. And a beautiful thumbprint off the steering column that's not our victim's.

CAROLINE

Boo-yeah. Linkage.

RYGAARD

Boo-yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE
That's my thing. Don't jack my
thing.

RYGAARD
Bullshit. The Coroner's Assistant
said it first.

CAROLINE
I didn't hear it.

RYGAARD
You are such a liar.

91 EXT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY 91

A surprisingly normal and middle class tract home in a generic suburb. A neat lawn. The gutters painted. Caroline crosses to the front door. *Hears this along the way...*

MONSTER (O.S.)
You fucking bitch! You're not
going anywhere!

92 INT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 92

We jump inside to watch the fight -- Lizzy in a miniskirt and heavy make-up. Monster in sweats. He grabs her arm...

LIZZY
Get your fucking hands off me!

MONSTER
Where you going with the stripper
shoes and your rack hanging out?
It's Tuesday night.

LIZZY
Put your hands on me again,
asshole. I'll shoot your face.

MONSTER
You're gonna cop an eightball.
Then I gotta watch you bounce off
the walls for three days.

LIZZY
It ain't your business. Maybe I'm
selling pussy. Maybe if you knew
how to fuck I'd stay home.

92 CONTINUED:

92

Monster lunges at her. She easily sidesteps him, chops his throat and sends him **CRASHING** into an end table. She loves torturing him. She's laughing. She's insane. **KNOCKING.**

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Get up faggot. We got company.

93 EXT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

93

Caroline clears her throat. The door opens. It's Lizzy.

LIZZY

It's the stripper. Wassup?

CAROLINE

Can we talk inside?

Lizzy smiles and lets her in...

94 INT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

94

Monster brushes off shards from a lamp he took out. Caroline looks around -- It looks like a Swat truck threw up weapons, ammo, body armor. Empty vodka bottles. Lizzy revels in their dysfunctional glory. Monster is embarrassed.

CAROLINE

Is everything okay?

MONSTER

We're great.

(to Lizzy)

Why'd you let her in?

Lizzy shrugs. Crosses her arms and glares at Caroline.

LIZZY

So what the fuck do you want?

CAROLINE

Some background on your unit. To help me develop some suspects.

Lizzy hikes up her skirt. Sits on a coffetable. Uncomfortably close to a submachine gun.

MONSTER

You know what we do right? The Special Operations Team?

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

I'll be honest. I have no idea.

MONSTER

We're the Seal Team Six of law enforcement. We go where cops can't. We'll covertly penetrate drug organizations. I'm talking their strongholds. Juarez slums. A compound in Medellin. We slide in undercover, throw on our shit and *surprise*. There's a Swat team up your ass.

CAROLINE

I'm sure you've made enemies. Any one come to mind? Who'd nail Special Agent Jordan to his living room ceiling?

LIZZY

Are you really this stupid?

CAROLINE

Excuse me? I'm not your husband. And I'm not your colleague. Don't bully me or I'll slap you with a forty eight hour jail hold. And from the looks of it, you can't hack a day without your favorite controlled substance.

Lizzy looks away. Monster smiles. Lizzy snatches up the machine gun and begins field stripping it.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

And yes. Assume I'm stupid. Draw me a picture. Please.

MONSTER

Who nails people to ceilings, to walls and shit like that?

Monster pulls out his iPhone -- Shows Caroline pictures of bodies nailed to walls and ceilings. Dozens of them.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

I took these in Juarez. It's how the Rios-Garza Cartel indicates you've pissed them off.

Caroline looking at the images. Horrified. Amazed. *Lizzy is amused her distress...*

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY

Look sweetheart. You're so fucking in over your head. You need more than a Glock and sensible shoes.

95 INT. DEA FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

95

Caroline and Rygaard sit on one side of the big table. On the other side is FLOYD MORGAN, his #2 **ASAC PHELPS** (Assistant Special Agent in Charge). His **GENERAL COUNSEL**. A **US ATTORNEY** and a **STENOGRAPHER**. All stone-faced. It's tense.

CAROLINE

Due to the staging of Special Agent Jordan's body we believe there's a connection to the Rios-Garza Cartel.

FLOYD MORGAN

D-T-O. The Rios-Garza *Drug Trafficking Organization*. We don't use the term cartel.

CAROLINE

It appears Special Agent Roberts' death wasn't an accident. We recovered physical evidence linking the two crime scenes.

She's talking to a wall. It's everything she can do to keep from snapping her fingers in their faces. Finally:

ASAC PHELPS

What physical evidence?

CAROLINE

Hairs from the same Hispanic male.

Everyone just stares at her. It's unnerving.

LEGAL COUNSEL

Investigator Brentwood, what exactly do you want from us?

CAROLINE

Learning about the victims can help me find the suspects. The murders may be blowback from a case they worked.

GENERAL COUNSEL

You want to access DEA case files?

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE
For starters. I'd like some help.

ASAC PHELPS
I'm sorry. I'm a little confused.
Are you asking for investigatory
support or access to our records?

Caroline is getting confused herself. It's getting surreal.

CAROLINE
Both, I suppose. Is there someone
I can liaise with? Who can answer
questions?

The General Counsel leans in, whispers in Floyd's ear...

FLOYD MORGAN
Why don't you tell her, Doug?

GENERAL COUNSEL
Investigator Brentwood. Your
agency needs to draft a formal
letter requesting assistance. Any
documents you want access to will
need to be specifically cited.

FLOYD MORGAN
Just have the Chief fire off a
letter. We'll see if we can do
anything. Thank you for coming in.

That's her cue to leave. She gathers her files. Smiles
tightly and stands...

Caroline and Rygaard walk to their Crown Vic...

CAROLINE
What the fuck was that?

RYGAARD
Classic fed brushoff. They want
everything we generate and give
nothing back. I've sent in reports
and been told later I can't have
copies of my own stuff.

CAROLINE
A fucking US Attorney and their
General Counsel? They're scared.

RYGAARD

Of what?

Here comes Agent Spolcheck on an intercept course...

SPOLCHECK

You the guys working the Breacher thing?

CAROLINE

Sure. Hi.

SPOLCHECK

Don't work too hard. They got it coming.

CAROLINE

Excuse me?

SPOLCHECK

DEA's one big dysfunctional family. No one's gonna talk family business with you.

CAROLINE

I'm realizing that. You have a card?

SPOLCHECK

No. Remember. There's a reason for everything. Peace out.

He keeps walking. Caroline and Rygaard trade looks -- *"What the fuck was that about?"* They get in the their car. Caroline shifts in her seat -- Pulls a THUMBDRIVE out from under her thigh. Caroline and Rygaard trade knowing looks. *The drive was planted for them to find...*

COMPRESSED BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO -- Monster sits in the Spartan room with two **DEA INVESTIGATORS**.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1

Who rendered aid to Special Agent Garcia?

MONSTER

Special Agent Jordan.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1

You got a man down with a massive bleeder and only one of you helps?

MONSTER

We were kind'a busy. In a firefight. With active shooters.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1

You spent a long time in there. Six minutes. With the money.

MONSTER

We had to torch cut a barrier.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1

Special Agent Morgan, what were you doing for those six minutes?

MONSTER

Returning fire.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1

How many rounds did you fire? From the money room?

MONSTER

I wasn't exactly counting. I was busy gunfighting barricaded suspects with automatic weapons.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2

If you were returning fire, how come we didn't find any brass from your weapon at that location?

MONSTER

I want an attorney.

JUMP CUT -- Bryce "Tripod" McNeely shoots to his feet. Stabs an angry finger at the Investigators (we haven't seen him since the raid). He's outraged by the allegations...

TRIPOD

Fuck you and fuck you! We took out seven cartel shooters. Guys who behead people. I lost a friend in there! And you think it was a swindle, a ruse, to swipe dope money? Everyone says sooner or later this agency eats its own. Here. Take my creds, take my gun and shove 'em up your ass. I quit.

(CONTINUED)

JUMP CUT -- Now it's SUGAR'S turn in the hot seat...

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
You've been having money problems,
right? Some issues with personal
debt. Things not in your financial
disclosures.

SUGAR
I owe a little money.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
Must be tempting right, to fill
your pockets? With two hundred
million in the room.

SUGAR
Is that what this is? You think I
dipped in the pile?

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
Ten million's missing.

SUGAR
Explosion blew money all over that
neighborhood. And I ain't gonna
lie, I shed a tear.

JUMP CUT -- LIZZY now in the chair. She smokes a cigarette.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
Put it out.

LIZZY
Fuck you.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
You're rather close to your team
members aren't you?

LIZZY
Ah - The rumors I'm fucking
everybody? C'mon. Ask it.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
Are you having a sexual
relationship with any members of
the Special Operations Team?

LIZZY
Yes. Special Agent Michaels. My
husband. Strictly missionary.
Hole in the sheet. No eye contact.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY (CONT'D)
For procreation only. As God
intended. Next question.

IT'S PYRO'S TURN...

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
What caused the explosion?

PYRO
Oxy-Acetylene cutting rig took a
round and went off like a bomb.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
Right in the middle of two hundred
million in US currency. Pretty
convenient.

PYRO
Search my house. Dig up my yard.
I don't give a fuck.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
Will you take a polygraph?

PYRO
No poly. You can fire me first.

NOW IT'S NECK'S TURN -- He sits there impassively.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
First one to cut a deal walks.
Everyone else burns at the stake.
You know this.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
It was Wharton's idea, wasn't it?
You were just following the lead of
a respected supervisor.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
What if I said one of you already
cut a deal with us?

NECK
I'd say you were telling porkies.

JUMP CUT -- Now it's Grinder...

GRINDER
Both of you can go to hell. I want
a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
What kind of message does
lawyering up send us?

GRINDER
It sends the '*find someone else to
throw under the bus*' message. Bye.

Grinder stands and exits. SLAMMING the door.

JUMP CUT -- Breacher's turn. The Investigators are more
respectful toward this old lion of the DEA.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 1
It does not matter how exalted your
tenure has been this agency. Why
lose your freedom and pension
protecting subordinates?

BREACHER
I'd take a bullet for them.

DEA INVESTIGATOR 2
Would you take ten million?

BREACHER
Lawyer. Now.

98 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - NIGHT 98

Caroline and Rygaard have been these videos on her computer.
They trade amazed look. Caroline grabs her purse...

99 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 99

Caroline POUNDS on the door. Breacher opens it.

BREACHER
I have a phone.

CAROLINE
So answer it. Why the fuck didn't
you tell me you were under
investigation for stealing from the
Rios-Garza Cartel or DTO or
whatever you guys call it?

BREACHER
You move fast. Get in here.

100 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

100

Caroline stares at him. Breacher crosses to the bar. Pours himself a whiskey neat, one for her.

CAROLINE

Thanks. Let's hope this peels me off the ceiling. John, I need you to be straight with me.

BREACHER

You be straight with me. Why'd I have to find out through the grapevine you linked Tom and Eddie's deaths? Can you keep me in the loop? For you it's a case, for me it's my life.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry. They're linked. My turn. Did you steal the money?

BREACHER

No. And fuck you for asking.

CAROLINE

Don't be such a girl. Clearly your agency thinks you did. And so does the cartel.

BREACHER

Get enough time on the job, the job bites back.

She SEES a backpack and several automatic weapons stacked on a cooler of drinks.

CAROLINE

Going somewhere?

BREACHER

One of my guys quit the team and went native. He's off the grid. No phone. No power. Gotta warn him.

CAROLINE

I'll drive.

101 INT. CROWN VIC (MOVING) - NIGHT

101

Caroline drives. Breacher relaxes with an M4 in his lap.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

Where's Mrs. Breacher? Away or something.

BREACHER

Or something. She's gone.

CAROLINE

You guys have a fight? She walk out. Her stuff's everywhere.

BREACHER

She's dead.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry.

(then)

So why's everyone think you stole the cartel's money?

BREACHER

You're awesome on a roadtrip.

CAROLINE

I've heard that before.

BREACHER

Where's Mr. Investigator Brentwood?

CAROLINE

I get everything I need from a Kindle and a good vibrator.

BREACHER

Not enough hugs growing up?

CAROLINE

What's a hug? -- Hey, fun excursion from my question. *The money.* Tell the tale, John.

BREACHER

We hit a Rios-Garza cash house. And accidentally blew it up. Some Treasury quacks reconstructed the money. Said it was short.

CAROLINE

They can do that?

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

My supervisors think they can.
Lost six months of my life. While
they played their games.

CAROLINE

Last year an eight year old girl
vanished from her bed in the middle
of the night. I got no leads.
Only her dad's bullshit about
seeing a black male. Then a
Hispanic male. Father's a heavy
drinker. Joins AA after her
disappearance. He profiles.
Domestic abuse. Everything. But
my case is too thin for the DA to
file. See where this is going?
Just because you're not in jail,
doesn't mean you didn't do it.

BREACHER

That's why you're not married.
Right there.

CAROLINE

Were you about to propose? Did I
just fuck that up? Subtle's not
working so I'll try brute force. I
saw the DEA Inspector General
interviews. Refusing polys.
Lawyering up. Walking out. You
guys sure act dirty.

Breacher looks at her. Shakes his head in amazement.

BREACHER

Know I was happy to see you at my
door? What the fuck was that?

Caroline looks at him. Startled. Thrown. He closes his
eyes, leans against the window pillar for a nap.

BREACHER (CONT'D)

Shoot me the details on your
missing person thing.

We see skin on skin. Languid movement. We see Lizzy's face.
Her head pushed into the bed. Biting against the gag in her
mouth. Beaded with sweat. In agony. Or ecstasy. Or both.

CAMERA FINDS SUGAR -- He lights a Newport as he regards her with his hard predatory stare. Then he unties the elaborate bondage knots binding Lizzy. Rope burns cover her skin.

LIZZY

Holy shit. I can't breath. That was fucking amazing. I never came that hard.

SUGAR

You can't know life until you know the edge of death.

Sugar kisses her face. Hands her the cigarette.

LIZZY

Fucking menthol. Why do black dudes love menthol?

SUGAR

The shit that comes out of your mouth.

LIZZY

When do we tell Monster?

SUGAR

I ain't telling him shit. You're telling him. And you're telling him when I tell you to do it.

Lizzy will. It's shocking to see her under his spell. Lizzy grins at her lover. *She's so wicked. So seductive...*

LIZZY

Again. Take me further.

Sugar looks at her. She's insane. He's deciding. He reaches in a backpack, puts something on the bed -- An IV bag and tubing.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

SUGAR

Just in case. Say your good-byes. In case I can't bring you back.

103 EXT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - SUNRISE

103

In the mountains. Idyllic and isolated. Caroline and Breacher drive a dirt road until they reach a locked fence. They get out. Look around. Breacher's M4 over his shoulder.

CAROLINE
It's beautiful.

BREACHER
Watch for booby traps.

CAROLINE
Bullshit.

He points out a tripwire leading to a shotgun shell...

BREACHER
Take your leg off.

CAROLINE
Why's he so paranoid?

BREACHER
Maybe he doesn't want to get nailed
to his ceiling.
(shouts)
McNeely! It's John!

They approach the cabin -- Breacher freezes -- Unslings his M4 and crouches. Caroline pulls her Glock...

CAROLINE
What?

BREACHER
Dunno. Something's off.

Breacher slowly approaches, weapon ready. Caroline follows. They near the open door. And hear a sudden CLATTER of cooking pots -- Breacher tenses...

SOMETHING EXITS THE CABIN -- RUNS RIGHT AT THEM! -- Breacher about to shoot -- It's a deer. Just a deer. Breacher and Caroline continue to the cabin...

104 INT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - DAY

104

There was a major gun battle here. Breacher and Caroline enter. Find a carpet of empty shellcasings. Blood trails. Bloody bandages. Empty clips. *An AK-47 ruined with bullet damage.*

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

IN THE KITCHEN -- They discover Tripod in a pool of dry black blood. Shot to pieces. His skull shattered. Breacher mourns for his friend...

BREACHER

He was magnificent. He really was.

Caroline on her cell...

CAROLINE

It's Caroline. Roll some uniforms and the medical examiner to my location.

105 EXT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - DAY

105

Caroline studies the bulletholes around the door. She crosses to a large pine. Breacher follows. She finds bullet holes in the trunk. Empty AK mags. **A tripwire** -- It leads to a fired shell -- Blood spatters on the pine needles. Bandage wrappers. Caroline rebuilds the event in her mind...

CAROLINE

Three men came. They hit this tripwire. Injuring one. And giving McNeely a heads up...

106 EXT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - FLASHBACK - DAY

106

Just after sunrise. Three **CARTEL HITMEN** approach through the woods. These are trained, disciplined men with body armor and camouflage -- A boot hits a tripwire...

BOOM! -- Hitman 1 is peppered with birdshot in the thigh, he winces and takes a knee -- Hitman 2 quickly renders first aid. Hitman 3 aims his AK at the cabin...

107 INT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - FLASHBACK - DAY

107

Tripod cooks breakfast -- blackening catfish -- A pistol in his hip holster. **BOOM!** -- He HEARS the shotgun shell. He runs to a closet, slips on his assault vest. Grabs an M4 from a rifle rack. Then approaches the door...

BRDDDDT-BRDDDDT! -- Tripod immediately receives AK fire. He dives and rolls out of the way. He crawls to the wall where he has cut out a FIRING PORT -- He aims his weapon through the port and returns fire -- **BRDDDDT!**

110 CONTINUED:

CAROLINE
I don't like it when you get quiet.

Breacher shoulders his M4, scans the trees with its scope.

BREACHER
They're watching us.

CAROLINE
How do you know?

BREACHER
They're too good not to.

SIRENS -- Two Police Cruisers arrive. Hayes and Richards exit the lead car. Caroline motions for them to stay back.

CAROLINE
Get your long arms and set up a perimeter.

111 EXT. TRIPOD'S CABIN - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 111

HOURS LATER -- More cop cars have arrived. Cops with AR-15s patrol the area. *An armed camp in a hostile wilderness.*

112 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - DAY 112

Caroline opens a large envelope, finds infrared aerial photos of the Georgia countryside. A small spot is circled, a Post-it reads "*Try here, Breacher.*" Confused, she calls him...

BREACHER (V.O.)
Wharton.

CAROLINE
What's with the weird pictures?

BREACHER (V.O.)
It's infrared photography we use to find meth labs and pot grows. It also sees fresh graves. Turns out we flew a pass the week your girl disappeared.

Caroline grabs her keys. She can't leave fast enough...

113 EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY 113

Caroline uses her phone's GPS to guide her...

114 EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY 114

Caroline sits alone a clearing amidst the pine and ash trees. Tears stream down her face. She is truly devastated. She's staring at Dakota Curley's remains -- A little white skull. A little ribcage. Little pink tennis shoes...

115 EXT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT 115

Captain Walther, Richards and Hayes escort Joe John Curley from his trailer. He's drunk and shirtless. Caroline and Rygaard watching this. *Joe John makes eye contact with Caroline.* She stares back, stone faced. He's not worth a victorious smirk. She turns to Rygaard...

CAROLINE

A long time ago an old Homicide Investigator said this job would break my heart.

RYGAARD

You know what this means?

CAROLINE

We cleared a case you wanted to punt?

RYGAARD

Means you owe Breacher big-time.

116 INT. KILL ROOM - CARTEL VIDEO - DAY 116

A **TERRIFIED MAN** is taped to a chair. Surrounding him are four **CARTEL KILLERS** in black ski masks. One pulls a knife...

CARTEL KILLER

De aqui te vas, puto.

He cuts the Terrified Man's throat -- **WIDE TO:**

117 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - NIGHT 117

Caroline watching this. It's horrible but she can't look away -- **A hand lands on her shoulder!** Scaring the shit out of her -- It's just Rygaard.

CAROLINE

Don't sneak up on me. Wanna get shot?

(CONTINUED)

RYGAARD

Easy, sister. Why do you watch that nasty shit?

CAROLINE

I want to know what we're up against.

RYGAARD

Special Agent Michaels is here.

Monster stands there looking tired, hunted. Caroline nods for Rygaard to take off. Monster sits backwards on a chair. His jacket falls open revealing TWO GLOCKS in shoulder holsters. A THIRD gun in an ankle holster.

MONSTER

Having a good time? Now that you got sucked into our world?

CAROLINE

All I know is I got three Hispanic males armed with AK-47's. What else can you tell me about them?

MONSTER

They're Kaibiles. Guatemalan Special Forces. The Rios-Garza Organization loves them for high power hits. Look, McNeely was a fucking Navy SEAL. He's ten times the operator I ever was. What chance you think I got?

CAROLINE

Three federal agents are dead and the DEA's in no hurry to help. Is it the allegations?

MONSTER

They're bullshit. Not to get all conspiracy on you, but it's like this. The government's a business. With different departments. Sometimes we work together. Sometimes we don't. The shit we've seen working international dope would make your head explode. We hunt tier one kingpins. With billions in resources and whole countries in their pockets. What we know could topple governments.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

Let me recap. The DEA is sitting on its hands because your team has information that threatens world governments? I'm dying to know, was 9/11 an inside job?

MONSTER

Fuck you.

CAROLINE

I worked gangs for eight years. The streets have rules. You steal money, it doesn't matter if you're a cop. They'll get you. Obviously you guys did something to attract the negative attention. I have three murders to solve.

MONSTER

I'm trying to help you.

CAROLINE

Riiight. You're trying to steer me. Where's Breacher in all this? He's hard to read.

MONSTER

He'll hunt these fuckers down and kill them. I didn't say that.

CAROLINE

I know I'm out of my depth, but I'm finding these guys and arresting them. If Breacher kills them in my city, I'm arresting him.

MONSTER

Pray you don't pull them over on a lonely road somewhere. Leave 'em to Breacher. Let him get some payback. It'll be therapeutic.

CAROLINE

What's that mean?

Monster clams up. *Regrets saying that.*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Let's hear it. I'll keep it private.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

117

MONSTER

Two years ago we arrested Edgar Rios in Juarez. It was a big deal.

118 INT. DEA BLACKHAWK (MOVING) - MONSTER'S FLASHBACK - DAY 118

Breacher and the team -- Including Smoke and Tripod. Race through the skies of Northern Mexico. Breacher is loving life. A cigar in his teeth. **EDGAR RIOS**, in an orange jumpsuit, pinned to the flight deck by Breacher's boot.

MONSTER (V.O.)

He was an old school drug lord, and ran all the trafficking operations.

119 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - MONSTER'S FLASHBACK - DAY

119

Breacher and Monster haul Rios off the Blackhawk. A group of **MEXICAN MARINES** in tactical gear is ready to receive him...

MONSTER (V.O.)

We're handing him over to the Mexicans. One dude pulls his shit and dumps him.

A Mexican Marine pulls his pistol and shoots Rios in the face killing him. He drops the gun and immediately surrenders. Rios' blood on Breacher's face...

MONSTER (V.O.)

Cartel didn't want him debriefed by our intel people. Problem solved. But they had another problem. They wanted the guy who can get the guys nobody can get.

Right then Breacher's phone RINGS. He answers with dread...

MONSTER (V.O.)

John gets a call. From the bad guys. They kidnapped his wife and kid, right out of his house on Lake Lanier. They got them in Juarez. They want a straight swap. If John surrenders himself to them. His family lives.

Breacher REACTS -- Honest helplessness on his face. He drops his vest and weapons right there and walks away...

(CONTINUED)

MONSTER (V.O.)

John was married forever. And after all the fertility treatments Jacob was a miracle baby. At seventeen he threw a 95 mile an hour fastball. Every college in the country was throwing scholarships at him. The kid was John's best friend.

Breacher argues with Monster -- Who nods for the team to help. The entire team piles on Breacher -- Stopping him from surrendering to the cartel. Breacher fights back. Desperate to save his loved ones. **To trade his life for theirs.** *If you've never seen a man soul's ripped out, now you have...*

120 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - NIGHT 120

The memory haunts Monster. The guilt.

MONSTER

Obviously John didn't show. They tortured Karen and Jacob death. There's video. Of evil shit. They mailed pieces of them to his house for weeks. It broke him. He's a different guy now.

Caroline absorbs that. *Holy shit* -- This rabbit hole she's fallen down is getting deeper. SOMEONE standing over her cubicle. It's Breacher. Scowling -- *What did he overhear?*

BREACHER

Go home. Go home now. Don't talk to these people without an attorney present. Copy me?

MONSTER

Roger that, boss.

BREACHER

Don't look at me. Take the fuck off. We'll talk later.

Monster quickly bails.

BREACHER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

CAROLINE

I didn't realize your big swinging dick privileges extended here.

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

Do not jam my people. Do not talk to them. Do not look at them. You need something, come to me.

Breacher storms out of there. Caroline follows...

CAROLINE

John. Wait up.

He's not stopping -- She grabs his arm...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your family. I didn't know--

He pulls away violently. Spins on her. His nose an inch from hers. *Pure rage.* He tries to speak. But chokes on the words. He turns and walks away. Leaving Caroline amazed. And frightened. *She's just glimpsed something primal...*

121 EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

121

Caroline glides through water blanketed by leaves. She surfaces by her wineglass -- Wipes the water from her face and REACTS. **She SEES a pair of boots...**

With her heart in her throat, she looks up -- It's Breacher.

CAROLINE

Go ahead. Let yourself in.

BREACHER

Your phone's going to voice.

CAROLINE

It's called 'me time'.

She downs her wine. Pours more.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

This isn't creepy.

BREACHER

Don't you have patio furniture?

CAROLINE

I sold it. Someone else get killed?

BREACHER

No. I brought a peace offering.

(CONTINUED)

He's holding something behind his back...

CAROLINE

Booze?

BREACHER

Better. Intel.

He reveals an ICE intelligence file -- Intrigued, Caroline gets out of the pool. Naked. Breacher turns his back.

CAROLINE

Oh, please. You're always staring down my shirt. Free shot.

BREACHER

You lied to me.

CAROLINE

Did I?

BREACHER

You said they were fake.

She picks up her robe and towel. Drying off.

CAROLINE

I was being a bitch.

She leads Breacher through the empty rooms and hallways.

BREACHER

Big house.

CAROLINE

Been in the family I forget how long.

He pauses -- There is a hospital bed in the living room. Cancer meds. Equipment.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Moved back in when momma got sick. She passed from a brain tumor. Right there holding my hand. Wait for it - she was a brain surgeon.

BREACHER

If you're waiting for a hug you might wanna pack a lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE

Try it and I'll break your arms.

(then)

What happened to your family is not the World's fault. Or yours.

BREACHER

I look like a victim to you?

CAROLINE

Why's it a knife fight every time we meet?

Because he likes her. And she reads it on his face in that unguarded instant. Which scares her...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm not a nice person, Special Agent Wharton.

BREACHER

Neither am I.

They pass one of the few decorated walls -- Underwater photos from Caroline's many reef diving trips.

BREACHER (CONT'D)

You dive?

CAROLINE

Every chance I get.

BREACHER

I was a SEAL. Barely spoke English when I came to the US. I was nineteen. But I could swim. Water's the only place I feel safe.

She looks at him. Understanding perfectly.

Caroline pours Breacher a Scotch, still in her bathrobe. Breacher picks up a photo from the DAKOTA CURLEY file. He compares it to Caroline's family portrait...

CAROLINE

Freaky, huh?

(then)

Thank you for what you did.

Breacher shrugs, lays the ICE intel file on the table. It's full of surveillance reports, photos of the three **HITMEN**.

BREACHER

Your shooters are Guatemalan Special Forces. They crossed the Nogales Port of Entry with stolen visas. ICE alerted and ran surveillance. Lost them outside Atlanta. You said you had prints?

CAROLINE

From the RV and the AK in McNeely's cabin. No NCIC hits.

Breacher pulls out a card with prints on it.

BREACHER

See if these match. ICE took them off beercans in their hotel room.

CAROLINE

Am I supposed to have this?

BREACHER

No.

CAROLINE

Why are you giving it to me?

BREACHER

You see these guys, run the other way. I'm serious.

He worries about her. *She likes that.* She looks at his huge hands resting on the oak table. She puts her delicate hand on his. He looks at her. She looks at him. *They kiss...*

124 INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

124

Caroline, naked, flushes a condom down the toilet. She looks in the mirror -- *And not with any pride.* In B.G. we see Breacher asleep in her bed.

125 EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE - DAY

125

Sunrise. Rygaard heads up her long driveway in a Crown Vic. He passes Breacher's pick-up getting out of there fast.

(CONTINUED)

Rygaard pulls up to Caroline's decaying mansion. She gets in with a bad hangover. Rygaard hands her Starbucks. Gives her an admonishing look...

RYGAARD

No. Way.

CAROLINE

Don't say a word.

RYGAARD

What happened to 'I'll never date a cop'?

CAROLINE

It wasn't a date. And stop looking at me like I'm a harlot doomed to hellfire.

RYGAARD

I can't. Drink your coffee.

She flips open the intel file from Breacher -- The faces of the THREE HITMEN stare back with ice black eyes.

CAROLINE

Look. Badguys.

RYGAARD

Hey it's Mario from Donkey Kong. And that dude doesn't have a forehead, he has a five-head.

126 INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

126

Caroline and Rygaard shoulder surf a TECHNICIAN comparing fingerprints.

TECHNICIAN

They match.

Rygaard and Caroline trade looks -- *Bingo*.

127 INT. CRIME LAB - HALLWAY - DAY

127

Caroline and Rygaard walking fast...

CAROLINE

I'll write a warrant affidavit. In the meantime put out a BOLO. Armed and dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

RYGAARD

What do we tell the judge? We got slipped a secret squirrel ICE file and matched our prints to stolen beercans?

CAROLINE

Exactly. Once they're in custody we can get all the print cards we want. Doesn't matter how we get there as long as we get there.

RYGAARD

I'm gonna brief Captain Walther. I want SWAT ready to roll.

CAROLINE

Fine. Go kick it with the jocks while I sit in the office and type.

Rygaard smiles sheepishly...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Go. Bye. Hate watching you hunt and peck anyway.

Breacher, Monster, Sugar, Lizzy and Grinder clean weapons and prepare body armor and equipment for a raid.

LIZZY

You know where they are?

BREACHER

No.

MONSTER

So we got no target?

BREACHER

Nope.

GRINDER

Why we sitting here when we can drink beer and throw dollars at something naked?

BREACHER

We're standing by.

128 CONTINUED:

LIZZY

For what?

SUGAR

The next episode. Breacher's got that Investigator lady working for us now.

Breacher just smiles -- SNAPS together his M4.

129 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INVESTIGATOR'S BULLPEN - DAY 129

Caroline prints out the warrant affidavit. Rygaard comes running in, flushed and breathless...

CAROLINE

What's up, partner?

RYGAARD

We found them. ICE file had a credit card they used at a hotel. I linked it to a cell account. Sprint says the phone's live in an apartment building downtown. Narco knows the location. It's a Rios-Garza safehouse.

CAROLINE

No more energy drinks for you. While you were saving mankind, I faxed the affidavit to the clerk, Judge signed it. We're on.

Caroline and Rygaard grab their body armor and raid jackets.

130 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - DAY 130

A convoy of police vehicles races past with LIGHTS and SIRENS A SWAT van. Several marked cruisers. A couple unmarked Crown Vics -- *All in one hell of a hurry...*

131 INT. SOT FACILITY - TEAM ROOM - DAY 131

Breacher gets a text. He's up like a shot, grabs his warbag and weapons and heads for the door. His people follow with their gear and weapons -- *Nothing needs to be said...*

132 INT. POLICE SWAT VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY 132

The big van is packed with eight **SWAT COPS**, including Captain Walther, Hayes and Richards.

CAPTAIN WALTHER

This is our worst nightmare. Cop killers with automatic weapons who have the same training we do. We are all going home tonight. Nothing else matters.

His men listen with solemn faces...

133 INT. CROWN VIC (MOVING) - DAY 133

Caroline drives. Rygaard in the passenger seat, loading shotgun rounds into an 870.

CAROLINE

Know how to use that?

RYGAARD

C'mon. I was in the Army.

CAROLINE

Whatever. You fixed radars.

RYGAARD

I hate you.

134 INT. BREACHER'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY 134

Racing through Atlanta -- Breacher blows a red -- He has every intention of beating the SWAT Team there. Monster rides shotgun -- **Studying the target apartment with Google Earth on his iPad.** *He narrates into his headset...*

MONSTER

Multi-level residential. Four units. Brick and masonry. Fortified with barred windows. Steel security doors. Wrought iron fence along the Three Side.

135 INT. SUGAR'S IMPALA (MOVING) - DAY 135

Sugar drives, trying to keep up with Breacher. Lizzy in front. Grinder in back. Their game faces on as they listen to Monster on their headsets...

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

SUGAR
Breach, how we doing this?

BREACHER (V.O.)
(filtered)
We Blue Angel onto their lawn.
Single point dynamic entry.
Explosive breach. Don't know what
unit they're in. So we clear the
whole structure.

LIZZY
Roger that. Fuck the Fourth
Amendment.

136 INT. BREACHER'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - DAY 136

Monster checks his GPS -- *Almost there...*

MONSTER
Two mikes out. Stand by.
(covers his mic)
We're not here to make arrests,
right?

Breacher smiles darkly and they taps fists. Monster pulls on
a skull mask. He can be a scary motherfucker...

137 EXT. HITMEN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 137

A **LOOKOUT** washes his truck -- *Blasting Ranchero music* -- He
doesn't hear the **ROARING ENGINES** until it's too late.
Breacher's Pick-up and Sugar's Impala fly in from nowhere.
They hit the curb, jump onto the lawn. Bumpers tapping the
building -- *Just wicked speed and timing...*

Breacher and his team spill out -- The overwhelmed **LOOKOUT**
raises his hands in surrender. Lizzy splits off, shoves him
down, flex-cuffs him...

LIZZY
Cuantos hay adentro?

LOOKOUT
Come verga, puta.

WHAM! -- Lizzy elbows him in the back of the head. She pulls
a gun from his pocket, fieldstrips it, scatters the parts...

AT THE FRONT DOOR -- Breacher aims his shotgun at the lock of
the steel security door...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

BOOM! -- He rips the security door open, Monster steps up and slaps a BREACHING CHARGE on the inner door...

KABOOM! -- The door is blown of its frame. Breacher and Monster slip inside, followed by Lizzy, Sugar and Grinder...

138 INT. HITMEN APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY 138

Off the central stairwell are TWO APARTMENTS on the first floor and two on the second floor. Breacher aims his shotgun at *door number 1*...

BOOM! -- Blows the lock out. Kicks the door and enters...

139 INT. HITMEN APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT 1 - DAY 139

WHAT BREACHER SEES -- A family, two **KIDS** watching TV. **MOM** with a **BABY** in her lap. **DAD** laying on the couch. Pure fear on their faces -- Breacher covers Dad while Monster and Sugar quickly sweep through and clear the back rooms...

MONSTER

Clear. Coming out.

Breachers and his men exit. All business, no time for apologies...

140 INT. HITMEN APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT 2 - DAY 140

BOOM! -- The lock is blown, the door booted open. Breacher and Monster are first in, Sugar and Grinder follow. They sweep through the modest apartment. Nobody home...

BREACHER

Clear!

141 INT. HITMEN APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - DAY 141

Lizzy covering the upper floor -- Suddenly a **SHOOTER** leans over the top landing aiming a shotgun!

BAM! -- Lizzy puts a single round through his forehead, painting the walls with his brains...

Breachers squeezes her shoulder. She takes point as they rush up the stairs, weapons covering the upper landing. Breacher aims his shotgun at the door on the left. Lizzy takes a knee, covering the opposite apartment door...

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

BRDDDDDDT! -- AK fire rips through Lizzy's door -- Without flinching Lizzy flips her selector to *full auto* and fires back through the door -- **BRDDDDDDT!**

Breacher nods for the others to stack up on Lizzy's door, they stay to either side...

BOOM! -- Breacher blows the lock and boots the door...

142

INT. HITMEN APERTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT 3 - DAY

142

Five SHOOTERS with AK's are waiting for them -- EVERYONE FIRES simultaneously -- Breacher and Monster split, firing as they move -- Each kills a Shooter. Two down, three to go...

THWACK! -- Sugar is hit in the arm -- He doesn't falter...

BRDDDT! -- Sugar drops a Shooter...

THWACK -- A round slices Grinder's cheek open...

BRDDDDT! -- Grinder drops the Shooter who shot him. The **5TH SHOOTER** backpedals into the kitchen. Breacher aims at him...

BRDDDDDDDDT! -- The 5th Shooter spraying rounds -- As Breacher pulls the trigger...

CLICK -- Breacher's shotgun jams -- *Oh shit...*

BAM! -- The 5th Shooter goes down.

REVERSE ON MONSTER -- He got him. Breacher gives his loyal man a grateful nod. It's over. Breacher and Monster flick the eyeballs of the Shooters to make sure they're dead...

MONSTER

They're KIA.

Sugar and Grinder clear the rest of the apartment...

SUGAR (O.S.)

Clear! Boss, get in here.

IN THE BACK ROOM -- Breacher enters. Sugar nods at three dozen gallon jugs of anti-freeze. They trade knowing looks. Lizzy enters...

She casually unscrews a jug's cap. Sugar pulls out a NIK drug testing kit. Too late, Lizzy dips in a finger and tastes it. Breacher shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY
Liquid meth. Hell yeah.
(counting jugs)
This is one for the books.

Monster joins them with bad news...

MONSTER
Breach. It's not them.

SUGAR
Bro, we just capped six
motherfuckers. And it's not them?

BREACHER
Check again.

MONSTER
I did. It's still not them.

Worried looks are traded -- *It's not over.* **SIRENS** outside...

The Police convoy arrives -- *Late to the party.* Walther and his SWAT dogs spill out of their van. Only to find Breacher walking out of the target building.

BREACHER
It's clear. Get EMS in here.

SWAT Officers pour into the building -- Caroline exits her Crown Vic and crosses to Breacher.

CAROLINE
What the fuck are you doing here?

BREACHER
My job.

CAROLINE
You used me.

He shrugs. Removes his sweat soaked body armor, exhausted.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Is it over?

Breacher shakes his head: No. Caroline REACTS. Breacher tosses his gear in his pick-up. Lights a cigar. *Caroline stares at him with indignant disbelief...*

144 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

144

It's a major press conference. Floyd Morgan, ASAC Phelps and a couple more **DEA SUITS** stand in front of a table with the jugs of liquid meth. They're all smiles as CAMERAS FLASH...

FLOYD MORGAN

Today's seizure by the Atlanta Field Division is an indication of the dedication of our field agents in combating transnational drug trafficking organizations.

145 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

145

Floyd Morgan, ASAC Phelps and Breacher have a quiet meeting among the Government vehicles. Away from prying eyes.

FLOYD MORGAN

I could fucking kill you.

BREACHER

You're all over the news. It's great for your career.

FLOYD MORGAN

Moving forward, your team doesn't take a piss without written permission from me or Jack.

BREACHER

Agency's staying on the bench. I have to be proactive.

FLOYD MORGAN

You wonder why? I'd be more than happy to help your team. But there's a price. Ten million dollars.

BREACHER

Fuck you. The plan to let us get picked off one by one?

FLOYD MORGAN

Yeah. Some folks in Headquarters think it's the moral fabric of the Universe repairing itself.

Breacher angrily walks away...

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

ASAC PHELPS

You heard the man. Stay off the streets, Wharton.

Breacher spins around, takes a menacing step toward Phelps. *Who recoils like the little bitch he is.* Breacher smiles 'thought so' and crosses to his truck.

146 EXT. BASS LAKE - DAY

146

Two **REDNECKS** are fishing and drinking in their bass boat. One pulls up the boat anchor.

REDNECK 1

It's snagged, I'm cutting the line.

REDNECK 2

Hell you are. That's a new anchor.

Redneck 1 pulls harder. Really straining. His buddy joins him. Together they pull the anchor line. *It's coming.* SOMETHING breaches the surface -- The Rednecks REACT...

WHAT THEY SEE -- A body wrapped in chicken wire. Its decomposed, distended face squished against the mesh...

147 EXT. BASS LAKE - DAY

147

POLICE DIVERS haul two more bodies into a Police Boston Whaler. Caroline watches from the shore, arms crossed, frowning. Rygaard offers her a cup of coffee.

CAROLINE

There better be Pinot Noir in that.

148 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

148

Caroline wears a paper gown and mask. As does Rygaard. On the tables are three PUTRID BODIES rolled in chicken wire. The Assistant photographs them...

CAROLINE

Can you give me race and sex?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Male Hispanics. All three.

CAROLINE

How'd they die?

(CONTINUED)

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Gunshot wounds.

CAROLINE

Execution style?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No ma'am. Gunfight.

Caroline bites her lip. Shoots a worried look to Rygaard. The Medical Examiner cuts open a corpse's chickenwire -- It falls apart like an overcooked pork roast.

CAROLINE

How long have they been dead?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

A week.

CAROLINE

You're sure?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

At least a week. Whoever dumped them knew their stuff. As they decomp and bloat the wire cuts them, releasing the gas. So they never float to the surface.

RYGAARD

Great tip. I'm remembering that one.

CAROLINE

That a tattoo?

The Medical Examiner cuts the sleeve -- Revealing an extensive tattoo on the upper arm -- *A skull-faced soldier and the Guatemalan flag.* Caroline takes a cellphone pic.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Here we go. Thumb's missing.

The right thumb has been neatly clipped off...

CAROLINE

Explains how his thumbprint got in Robert's RV.

RYGAARD

Fucking diabolical. We're getting played six ways from Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

CAROLINE

Doc, I need prints on these three like yesterday.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I got six bodies in the fridge from the DEA raid yesterday. And now these three. Are we at war? I've never seen anything like this.

Neither has Caroline...

149 INT. CROWN VIC (MOVING) - NIGHT

149

The autopsies are over. Caroline drives. A weariness about her. Her mind tumbling. Rygaard looks at her.

RYGAARD

Three more murders to solve? We gotta bring the Georgia Bureau of Investigation into this. It's getting insane.

CAROLINE

Call 'em. We need the help. At least we found our three cartel hitmen. Yay.

RYGAARD

If they've been dead a week they sure as hell didn't nail Jordan to his ceiling. Or drive Roberts on the tracks.

CAROLINE

Wow. You should be a detective.

RYGAARD

Don't start. My head hurts. And I haven't seen Cassie in two days.

CAROLINE

The Guatemalans killed Tripod McNeely. Then someone killed them. And kept the threat alive.

Caroline sniffs her sleeve...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I'm burning this suit.

(CONTINUED)

RYGAARD

Thought we had it bagged.

CAROLINE

C'mon Tyler. Who killed the cartel guys and sprinkled their DNA all over two separate crimescenes? Who do we like for this?

RYGAARD

Everyone. Everyone's a suspect.

CAROLINE

No shit. Narrow it down.

RYGAARD

Someone with a DEA badge.

Caroline Agrees. They drive in exhausted silence.

150 INT. SOT FACILITY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

150

Breacher pulls up in his pick-up. Gets out. Grinder sits on his Harley. Lizzy and Monster lean on their truck. *Lizzy's lit on meth.* Her leg shakes. Sugar by his Impala. It's tense. Breacher approaches warily -- *Is this an ambush?*

MONSTER

Boss. You gotta talk them off the ledge.

BREACHER

Who's talking talk me off the ledge? Who the fuck is hunting us?

LIZZY

Are you fucking kidding me? Who do you think? It's one of us. It's you, or Grinder or Sugar. Or my dear loving husband.

GRINDER

Is it you, Lizzy?

LIZZY

I keep track of the people I whack. Neck and Pyro ain't on the list.

MONSTER

She's right. It's one of us.

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

We're a team. No way. Why?

LIZZY

Stop the noble drug warrior
bullshit. You know why, Breach.
The fucking money.

SUGAR

Amen. Some of us are getting paid
and some are getting dead.

GRINDER

This is fun, but I'm outta here. I
see any of your faces I'm blasting.
Ammo's cheap, my life ain't.

He starts his Harley and gets the hell out of there.

BREACHER

Now we fall apart? We scatter to
the wind?

LIZZY

Love that idea.

Sugar looks at Lizzy. Gives her the nod. She turns to
Monster. This is hard but necessary.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Honey. I've been fucking Sugar.

Monster blinks -- *What?* Lizzy walks over to Sugar, her
lover. **And lays on an epic tongue kiss.** Sugar is
unapologetic.

SUGAR

It is what it is, brother. You
knew who she was.

Monster pulls his Glock -- Aims at Lizzy...

MONSTER

You fucking whore!

LIZZY

...do it pussy...

Breach steps in the way -- *Yells at Sugar...*

BREACHER

Go. Take her with you.

(CONTINUED)

Sugar and Lizzy take off in his Impala. Now it's just Monster and Breacher -- Monster with the gun in his hand. *Utterly destroyed. Guttled...*

MONSTER

It's her heart. It's not the dope.
It's her. She is no fucking good.

Breachers puts his hands on his shoulders -- *Fatherly...*

BREACHER

I told you that a long time ago.

Breachers gently takes the gun from Monster's hand.

MONSTER

We really fucked up, didn't we?

BREACHER

Yeah we did.

151 EXT. COFFEE BAR - DAY

151

Early morning. Caroline exits with a nonfat mocha. She stops cold. By her Crown Vic, Grinder sits on his Harley. He has a feral dangerous energy. Caroline instinctively puts a hand on her Glock.

CAROLINE

Morning.

GRINDER

We talk?

Caroline doesn't trust him as far as she can throw him...

CAROLINE

Follow me to my office.

152 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

152

Grinder packs his lip with chew. Caroline waiting. *Then...*

GRINDER

We stole the money.

Finally. The tension is broken. Grinder half smiles, looks at Caroline, with remorseful sad eyes.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

GRINDER (CONT'D)

We knew the best forensics people in the game would hit that place with a lint roller. So we stuffed it down the toilet. Ten million in cash. We went back for it that night.

153 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - GRINDER'S FLASHBACK - NIGHT

153

6 MONTHS AGO -- Breacher, Monster, Lizzy, Sugar, Grinder, Pyro, Neck and Tripod work their way down the long tunnel with flashlights. Monster counting his paces...

LIZZY

Alright. Who dropped ass?

MONSTER

Okay. This is it.

They reach the sewer line from the house they raided in the opening. An empty shopping cart placed beneath it. **And there's the rope the money was tied to** -- *But it's been cut and the money is gone!*

GRINDER (V.O.)

But when we got there it was gone. Someone stole our stolen money.

Breachers grab the cut rope. Scans his team's shocked faces. Accusing looks are traded -- *This is a disaster* -- **BACK TO:**

154 INT. APD HEADQUARTERS - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

154

Grinder absently pushes a paperclip around the desktop with a greasy finger. Caroline taking notes.

GRINDER

Turns out a Treasury task force knew exactly how much was in that house. Down to the fucking penny. We went from heros to zeros overnight.

He spits tobacco juice in a paper cup.

GRINDER (CONT'D)

DEA wanted to throw us in a hole and throw away the hole. So they crawled up our asses with a microscope. We stayed strong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRINDER (CONT'D)

They only got Lizzy for surfing
porn on a Government computer.

CAROLINE

Who has the money?

GRINDER

Lizzy, Sugar or Monster. She's
playing one against the other.

CAROLINE

If Lizzy were attacked by three
trained gunmen. Could she prevail?

GRINDER

You're talking about the Guats?
Dudes never stood a chance. No
doubt she smoked them.

Caroline sets her pen on her legal pad and leans back.

CAROLINE

What about John Wharton?

GRINDER

Good guy. Just went sideways after
the wife and kid thing. Nicotine
and hate keeps him going. Don't
know if Monster's poisoning his
head or what. But I trust
Breacher. He's solid.

CAROLINE

What do you want to do?

GRINDER

Fess up. Throw myself to the DEA's
mercy. Too many folks are dying.

Caroline nods solemnly, tamping down her excitement. *Grinder
just broke her case wide open...*

Caroline pulls up in her Crown Vic. SEES Breacher's truck.
She gets out. KNOCKS. No answer. She walks around the side
of the house...

156

EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

156

Caroline finds Breacher sitting in a chair with a glass of Scotch. He's staring out at his beloved lake.

CAROLINE

I came to tell you that you need to make some choices right now. This is your one chance to shape the outcome. After this it's out of your hands.

BREACHER

Look at that water. Like glass. Amazing what water can hide.

CAROLINE

You do know what's going on, right? Since nothing happens in my office without you knowing.

He nods: Yes. Then he taps his heart...

BREACHER

Here I am. Why's nobody taking the shot?

Caroline scans the trees -- *Is Lizzy out there?* She hates seeing this legendary man brought so low.

CAROLINE

This isn't you.

BREACHER

After I lost my family I asked myself what I was fighting for. Answer was easy. My team. I wanted them to get something out of all this. But I destroyed them.

CAROLINE

We can still save some. Special Agent Phillips is going to the DEA.

BREACHER

I know. I have to talk him through it. He'll have to thread the needle with those jackals.

CAROLINE

I'll call him. See if he'll meet.

157 INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - DAY

157

Caroline and Breacher sit at a back table. They HEAR Grinder's Harley pull up outside. Grinder enters. Sits at their booth. Both Breacher and Grinder bear heavy hearts.

GRINDER

Hey John. Sorry.

BREACHER

Don't apologize. I was gonna step up if you didn't.

GRINDER

Beats letting Lizzy dump all of us and snort the money up. Right?

BREACHER

First to roll gets the golden pass. I'll ride the ship down. You can still have a life after this.

Grinder smiles at Breacher...

SPLACK! -- Grinder's head EXPLODES -- Spraying Caroline and Breacher with blood -- The bullet's hyper-sonic **CRACK** arrives an instant later. *Breacher dives to the floor taking Caroline with him...*

PATRONS SCREAMING -- They hit the deck too...

158 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME - DAY

158

Lizzy is proned-out behind her sniper rifle, hidden under a moving blanket. *Her iPod blaring in her ears.* She licks her lips. Lines up the next shot -- **BAM!**

159 INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - SAME TIME - DAY

159

THWACK-CRACK! -- The bullet smashes into Grinder's lifeless body -- Caroline reaches up to pull him down...

BREACHER

Stay down. He's gone.

THWACK-CRACK! -- Yet another bullet impacts. Lizzy is just twisting the knife at this point. *She's one sick bitch.* Breacher and Caroline are helpless to intervene...

160 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

160

800 meters from the diner. Caroline, Rygaard, Breacher and two **COPS** look at three empty shellcasings from Lizzy's rifle, marked with numbered plastic evidence triangles.

OFFICER 1

We were up the block and heard gunfire. We made contact with a female DEA agent. She left in a vehicle with a male black.

CAROLINE

You let her go?

OFFICER 1

She badged us. She was legit.

Caroline shows him a cellphone pic of Lizzy.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

That's her.

161 INT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

161

WHAM! -- Breacher kicks the door, holding a shotgun. He and Caroline enter. They do a quick sweep...

BREACHER

It's clear.

Someone has torn the place apart. Broken furniture. Drawers dumped. Caroline finds a dozen ID cards on the floor. All in different names with Lizzy's photo...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

She's bailing.

CAROLINE

Every cop in Georgia's looking for her. She won't get far.

BREACHER

Yes she will.

Breachers finds Monster's cell -- '*Breachers missed call*' on its screen. *A bad sign...*

FOLLOW CAROLINE -- Into the kitchen. *Blood everywhere* -- The contents of the fridge are on the tile floor. She sees a shredded US passport in the sink.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Caroline opens the fridge -- And gasps...

INSIDE THE FRIDGE -- Is Monster. Bound with electrical cords. His throat cut, defensive wounds on his hands.

CAROLINE VISUALIZES THE FOLLOWING...

162 INT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

162

THE PREVIOUS NIGHT -- Monster holds the passport Lizzy urgently needs. He refuses to give it to her. She's badly twisted on booze and pills. *We jump in mid-fight...*

MONSTER

Don't just pull the pin. I love you no matter what. You need fucking rehab. This isn't you.

LIZZY

Oh, it's me, honey.

MONSTER

Think he loves you? What's your plan? Run off and make babies? Don't do this. We can still work it out.

LIZZY

Like couple's counseling? Dude, we're broken beyond repair. Accept it, princess. Gimme my shit and quit fucking around.

Monster stuffs her passport in the drain. Flips on the disposal -- **GRINDING** the passport...

Lizzy flips the fuck out -- Grabs a big kitchen knife and slashes wildly at Monster -- He raises his hands to block...

THWICK-THWICK-THWICK! -- Deeply slicing his hands. Lizzy stops -- Realizes what she's done. Tears well up in her eyes. *My God is she human after all?* Monster stares in horror at his badly lacerated hands -- A hanging fingertip.

Then his face twists with rage -- *There he is...*

MONSTER

You evil fucking bitch!

He pulls his Glock -- *Big mistake*. Lizzy swings the knife...

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

THUNK! -- Impales his wrist to a cupboard. He drops the gun. She knees his balls. Grabs his face and pulls his head back. Exposing his throat -- Here comes her knife...

163 INT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

163

Caroline backs up as Monster's murder unspools in her mind. She bumps into Breacher -- *Scaring the shit out of herself...*

BREACHER

Sorry.

Breachers SEES Monster's body. Looks away. Eyes burning with murder he storms out of the house...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill her.

164 EXT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - DAY

164

Caroline catches up to Breacher.

CAROLINE

How do I find her?

BREACHER

You don't. She's my problem.

Caroline looks at Breacher. Her voice low and serious.

CAROLINE

John, I'm not talking you out of anything. She's betrayed everything she swore to uphold. Do what you have to do and fuck the backseat drivers.

Breachers looks at her. Surprised by her hard turn. They're together in this...

CAMERA FINDS -- *A small security camera mounted on the house.*

165 INT. SUGAR'S IMPALA (MOVING) - DAY

165

Sugar drives, jaw tight with worry. He knows he's crossed the line. Body armor under his shirt. Lizzy by his side. She's watching the SECURITY CAMERA FEED on her cell. Watching Breacher and Caroline. She shows Sugar her phone...

(CONTINUED)

LIZZY

See. Told you. Fucker's on the wrong team. Where's your God now?

SUGAR

Shit. I just work for the man. You're the one who thought he was bigger than Jesus.

LIZZY

This is some Highlander shit. There can only be one.

She pulls a bag of pills out of her bra -- Pops an Oxycontin and a Xanax. Washes them down with vodka. *She's falling apart.* She dials her cell...

INTERCUT:

166 EXT. MONSTER AND LIZZY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME - DAY

166

Breacher answers his phone...

BREACHER

Wharton.

Lizzy turns on the crocodile tears...

LIZZY

I fucked up. This wasn't supposed to happen. I don't know what to do. I'm sorry.

BREACHER

Where are you?

LIZZY

Midtown.

BREACHER

Meet me inside the parking structure on Fourth.

LIZZY

Cool. Just you. I see cops or anyone from our office they're getting fucking smoked.

BREACHER

You have to stop shooting people. Text me a picture from the garage when you land.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

Lizzy hangs up. Looks at Sugar -- She's pissed.

LIZZY
That motherfucker! A parking
garage?

SUGAR
Dude's been in the game a lot
longer than you, my sweetness. He
ain't letting you pick him off from
a half mile.

How will they get the tactical advantage over Breacher?
Sugar stops at a light. Alongside a **PRETTY WOMAN** in an
Accord. Sugar gets an evil idea...

SUGAR (CONT'D)
Go get her.

Lizzy smiles. She knows what he's thinking. She hangs her
DEA badge around her neck and pulls her Glock...

167 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

167

Lizzy jumps out of Sugar's car and shoves her gun in the
WOMAN'S FACE!

LIZZY
Federal agent! You're under
arrest! Put it in park!

Lizzy rips open her door. Yanks her out, cuffs and stuffs
her in the front seat of Sugar's Impala. Lizzy gets behind
the wheel of the Accord. Grins at Sugar and drives off.

Sugar looks coldly at the terrified woman next to him. He
slides a finger into her blouse and pulls it open for a look.

SUGAR
You have the right to remain
silent...

168 EXT. MIDTOWN ATLANTA - DAY

168

Breacher's pick-up heads toward the *Parking Structure*...

169 INT. BREACHER'S PICK-UP (MOVING) - SAME TIME - DAY

169

Caroline is flat against the floorboards clutching a shotgun.
Breacher gets a text from Lizzy with the photo he asked for.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

BREACHER
She's there.

Caroline tightens her body armor...

BREACHER (CONT'D)
Scared?

CAROLINE
Shit on a stick yes.

170 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY 170

Breacher takes the ticket and enters the garage...

171 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY 171

Breacher's truck moves through the structure. Hands tight on the wheel. He enters the next level. And slows...

UP AHEAD -- Is Sugar's Impala. Lizzy behind the wheel...

BREACHER
I see her. Stay down. Once it's done I'll give you a 'clear.'

CAROLINE
Stop talking like it's a fucking execution.

BREACHER
She wants this. Trust me.

Breacher parks several cars away. Gets out. He grabs his M4 from the back. Holds it low as he approaches the Impala. He has every intention of killing her...

Halfway across the garage is the Accord -- Sugar low in the front seat with an MP5 submachine gun...

INSIDE THE TRUNK -- Lizzy is curled up -- Aiming her M4 through a broken tail light. Patiently waiting for Breacher to enter her narrow line of sight. *Devious...*

INSIDE BREACHER'S PICK-UP -- Caroline can't stand the suspense. She cautiously raises up -- SHE SEES Breacher nearing the Impala, raising his M4 for the kill...

ON THE IMPALA -- *Lizzy crying in the driver's seat*. Breacher eases closer, aims at her head. **SNICKS** off the safety. Finger on the trigger. Leans into a firing stance...

(CONTINUED)

Something's wrong -- Lizzy's mouth is taped shut -- *It's not Lizzy, it's the owner of the Accord!* The hair on Breacher's neck stands up, he backs away--

--**BAM!** -- *Lizzy fires through the Accord's tail light...*

Caroline SEES the muzzle flash...

THWAP! -- Breacher is hit square in the back. Knocking him down...

Caroline jumps in the driver's seat of the pick-up...

INSIDE THE ACCORD'S TRUNK -- Lizzy grabs the glow in the dark plastic handle -- The trunk opens and she pops up with her M4. Scanning for Breacher...

Caroline shifts into reverse and floors it -- **VROOM!** She **SMASHES** into a parked car. It's **ALARM WAILS** -- *Lizzy REACTS.*

LIZZY
It's that bitch!

Sugar sits up in the driver's seat -- Looking around...

Caroline drops it in drive. Stomps the gas -- Aims her shotgun out the passenger window. Caroline **SCREECHES** to a halt between Breacher and Lizzy in the Accord giving him precious cover...

LIZZY IS RIGHT THERE in the Accord's trunk -- Right in the line of fire of Caroline's shotgun. Lizzy ducks...

BOOM! -- Caroline fires...

P-TACK! -- Shotgun pellets pierce the trunk lid. One grazes Lizzy's back...

BRDDDDDDT! -- Lizzy scowls and returns fire...

Caroline flings herself against the seat as carbine rounds pepper the truck's cab...

ON BREACHER -- He's okay. The bullet hit the back trauma plate of his vest. He rolls into the bed of the truck...

ON SUGAR -- With their plan in shambles, he starts the Accord and **PEELS OUT** -- Flying toward the exit. Lizzy sits in the open trunk covering them with her M4 as they leave...

ON CAROLINE -- She floors it in hot pursuit...

Caroline executes a J-turn and follows -- Lizzy has a clear shot at the pick-up -- She flips her weapon to full auto...

BRDDDDDDDT! -- She empties the mag at Caroline's truck. She loads a fresh mag -- **BRDDDDDDDDDT!** -- Empties it...

ON BREACHER'S TRUCK -- Taking rounds to the grill. It begins smoking -- **THE ENGINE GRINDING HORRIBLY...**

Caroline floors it but the wounded machine slows...

ON SUGAR -- Looking in his side mirror. SEES the truck slowing. He smiles and stomps the gas pedal. When he puts his eyes back on the road -- **A BICYCLIST IS RIGHT THERE!**

SUGAR

Fuck!

WHAM! -- The Accord nails him -- Bike and **RIDER** slide onto the hood -- *His head SMASHES through the windshield...*

Sugar and the Rider are face to face -- Sugar can't see the road -- He sticks his head out the side window -- **OH GOD...**

There's a flatbed towtruck stopped in traffic! -- Sugar stands on the brakes with both feet. Too late...

KA-WHAM! -- The Accord, Sugar, Lizzy, Bike and Rider slam into the back of the tow truck -- The back of its flatbed acting like a horizontal guillotine -- The effect is catastrophic...

Lizzy is thrown into the front of the trunk, bashes her face, her nose gushing blood. She's stunned...

Caroline guides Breacher's wounded truck to a stop a few car lengths back. Breacher is out like a shot, weapon ready. Taking no chances...

Lizzy rolls out of the trunk. Scrambles to her feet. Her right arm broken and useless. Sheer animal instinct propels her -- She aims her M4 back at Breacher...

BRDDDDDT! -- She hits a **SCREAMING PEDESTRIAN** who drops.

Breachers aims and fires -- **BRDDDT!** -- Drilling Lizzy in the back. She tumbles to the street in a bloody heap...

Caroline catches up -- Clears the Accord -- Finding a gruesome Gordian Knot of Sugar, bike and Rider.

Breachers and Caroline approach Lizzy. Weapons aimed at her. Breacher kicks away her M4 away from her.

(CONTINUED)

She glares at Breacher with her luminous mad eyes. She's alive. *But fading...*

LIZZY

I did it. I did everything you wanted. I sucked and fucked all of 'em. And nobody had it. Nobody had it because you fucking had it.

She grabs for the Glock stuffed in her waistband...

POW! -- Breacher shoots her in the chest. *But Lizzy's so doped up she just laughs...*

LIZZY (CONT'D)

It's what you always said, right? Live as a team. Die as a team.

Her eyes roll in her head -- Locking on Caroline...

LIZZY (CONT'D)

I sent you something. So you know who you're dealing with. Have fun.

POW! -- Breacher shoots her right between the eyes. It's over. SIRENS racing in all from all sides...

ON CAROLINE -- She's wrecked. It's too much for her. The madness. The self destruction. She's seen more than she ever wanted. She looks at Breacher. He looks different to her. A hardened dangerous man. All tension and rage and piercing cold eyes. A killer...

NEW ANGLE -- Two police cruisers pull up. And Rygaard in his Crown Vic.

BREACHER

Caroline. Caroline.

Caroline snaps out of her reverie. Realizes Breacher has been calling her name several times.

CAROLINE

What?

BREACHER

Are you okay?

CAROLINE

I appear to be uninjured. What the fuck was that?

(CONTINUED)

BREACHER

She went for a weapon in her
waistband.

CAROLINE

Of course. Pray there's no video
cameras around.

Caroline walks over to Rygaard. And gives him a big hug.

RYGAARD

You okay?

CAROLINE

I hate my job.

She sits on the hood of his Crown Vic as the post-adrenaline
exhaustion hits her.

RYGAARD

What the fuck? There an iPhone app
for crime scenes? I need it.

CAROLINE

I'll let the Captain know about the
latest round of carnage.

Caroline pulls out her phone. She pauses...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It's a message from Lizzy.

RYGAARD

Get out of here.

Caroline reads the message. Her face drops...

CAROLINE

She forwarded a conversation
between her and Breacher. Lord
almighty. Recognize the address?

She shows him the screen...

RYGAARD

The diner where she sniped
Phillips.

CAROLINE

(reads, paraphrasing)
Grinder is snitching. Reach out
and touch him. I got it Breach.
Can I pop the bitch too? Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (4)

175

She's sick to her stomach. Rygaard takes the phone. Scrolls through, getting the same sick feeling. Caroline pulls her Glock and launches off the car...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
I'm arresting him. Right here
right now.

RYGAARD
Let's do it.

They approach the wreck. Now swarming with **RESPONDERS**. They look around -- *No Breacher*. They split up. Looking around. With more urgency. Caroline scans people, faces. Breacher is nowhere to be seen. She turns to Rygaard -- He's across the street. She gestures: 'Well?' He shakes his head: No.

Caroline realizes Breacher is long gone.

176 INT. CROWN VIC (MOVING) - NIGHT

176

Rygaard driving. Caroline still reeling.

RYGAARD
Word's out. We'll get him. Where
can he hide?

CAROLINE
Take me to his house.

RYGAARD
There's a million investigators
waiting for you at headquarters.

CAROLINE
I know where the money is.

RYGAARD
You're insane.

She's dead serious. Rygaard turns the car around...

177 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

177

A police cruiser keeps an eye on the place. Rygaard waves at the **OFFICER** inside as he and Caroline pull up. They get out and cross to the house.

178 INT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

178

WHAM! -- Rygaard kicks the door. He and Caroline enter. Flip on the lights. She crosses to his bedroom. She flips on the light. Looks under the bed. SEES an M4 in a gunrack.

RYGAARD

The money under his mattress?

CAROLINE

Just an assault weapon.

She looks out the bedroom door into the living room. Something occurs to her...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Gimme a hand with something.

MOMENTS LATER -- Caroline and Rygaard pull up the living room carpet. The wood floor beneath is covered with MASSIVE BLOODSTAINS...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I was wondering why the new carpet and fresh paint. The Guatemalans hit the guy in the cabin. Then came for Breacher and got schooled.

RYGAARD

They become his cover story so he whack his whole team. Sleeping with the lead investigator along the way.

Caroline shoots him an angry look -- *He went there.*

CAROLINE

Let's check the boathouse.

179 INT. BREACHER'S BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

179

A 20ft Chris Craft is cradled above the water in a boat hoist. Rygaard stares at a roll of chickenwire while Caroline sorts through a box of scuba gear. She pulls out a BC and tank. A mask. Fins. Tosses them in the boat. Caroline lowers the boat into the water...

RYGAARD

You're not fixing anything.
There's a hole in your heart.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

CAROLINE

I know. A God sized hole. You've told me.

180 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - CHRIS CRAFT (MOVING) - NIGHT 180

Rygaard and Caroline watch the GPS -- Steer towards a WAYPOINT in the middle of lake. Caroline seems released from her darkness. In control again, the wind blowing her hair. She lives for the water.

181 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - CHRIS CHRAFT - NIGHT 181

The boat is anchored at the GPS Waypoint. Caroline, now in scuba gear, checks her underwater flashlight. Turns on her regulator. Spits in her mask and dons it.

RYGAARD

Why are you doing this?

CAROLINE

Only way I can fuck him back.

She falls backwards over the side. SPLASHING into the lake.

182 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT 182

Caroline follows the anchor line straight down into the pitch black depths. Her flashlight a tiny candle in a great void.

She reaches the bottom. Orients herself with her dive compass. She swims a search pattern. Methodical. Counting strokes. Making 180 degree turns. Back and forth over the bottom...

183 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - CHRIS CRAFT - NIGHT 183

Rygaard looking over the side. Checks his watch. Winces as he looks at his cell and SEES the rapidly accumulating frantic E-mails and texts from the Department.

184 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT 184

Caroline finishes another search leg. Checks her air. Keeps going. Following that little circle of light across the lake bottom -- **THAT'S WHEN SHE SEES IT...**

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

A large black plastic case sunk in the mud -- The perfect size to hold ten million in cash. She examines the case. *Finds an air-lift bag clipped to its handle.* She begins filling the yellow lift bag with air from her regulator...

185 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - CHRIS CRAFT - NIGHT

185

TEN MINUTES LATER -- The yellow lift bag breaks the surface. Rygaard hits it with a flashlight...

RYGAARD

...Caroline..?

CAROLINE (O.S.)

What?

Rygaard nearly jumps out of the boat -- She's behind him, hanging on the side with a satisfied grin...

186 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - CHRIS CRAFT (MOVING) - NIGHT

186

Rygaard heads back to shore. Caroline unsnaps the case's lid. Opens it...

Bingo -- Bagged in plastic is ten million dollars in cash. Caroline's relief is obvious. Rygaard gives her an amazed and proud look.

RYGAARD

Damn, girl. That was pretty badass.

They tap fists. Rygaard dials his phone...

RYGAARD (CONT'D)

That's serious scrilla. Let's get the SWAT guys out here to secure it.

187 EXT. BREACHER'S BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

187

Rygaard and Caroline haul the money out of the boat. **The Officer approaches** -- *Blinding them with his flashlight...*

Caroline and Rygaard shield their eyes...

OFFICER

Need a hand?

That voice -- It's Breacher!

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

THWACK! -- Breacher buries a combat knife into Rygaard's chest. He "shifts the gears" -- Working the knife handle in circles to shred his internal organs. Rygaard looking at Breacher in sad disbelief...

ON CAROLINE -- Her hand goes for her Glock -- It's in the boat!

Breachers puts his boot against Rygaard's chest and rips out the knife -- He glowers at Caroline. *She's next.*

Breachers strides toward her. Caroline dives in the water. Breacher throws his flashlight into the water ahead of her path and dives in after her...

188 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

188

Breachers flashlight spirals to the bottom -- Providing enough light to reveal Caroline's legs kicking furiously as she swims away...

Breachers is a beast underwater -- The former Navy SEAL grabs her ankle and pulls her to him.

Here comes his knife! She brings up her knees to block. *His forearm crashing against her shins...*

The knife is still in his hand -- Caroline traps his arm with her thighs so he can't use it. She's like an eel. She wraps her arms around his head, clawing her nails into his eyes. She's going full wildcat.

Breachers is caught off guard by Caroline's sheer willpower and strength. Breacher clamps his free hand around her throat -- *But he's running out of air...*

189 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - NIGHT

189

Breachers breaks the surface and sucks in a breath. She holds onto him for dear life -- Then bites his eyebrow -- Her mouth filling with coppery blood, it floods over his eye blinding him. He GROWLS in pain...

Suddenly she's gone -- Slipping back underwater. Breacher dives after her...

190 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

190

Caroline grabs the flashlight. Turns it off. *Now it's pitch black...*

191 EXT. BREACHER'S LAKE - NIGHT

191

Breacher breaks the surface. Looks around. She could be anywhere in the dark waters. This is pointless...

BREACHER

Fuck!

He swims to the dock. Exits the water. Pulls his Glock and aims at the lake. Waiting for her to surface for a breath. Then out of sheer frustration...

BREACHER (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch!

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- He pumps rounds into the lake. It's futile. He checks his watch. **SEES distant HEADLIGHTS approaching** -- Time to go. He grabs the case of money. Throws it onto his broad shoulders...

192 EXT. BREACHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

192

Breacher arrives at the marked cruiser. *The Officer lays dead a couple yards away.* Breacher grabs his keyring. Opens the trunk. Heaves the money inside.

He starts the cruiser. Unlocks the shotgun and lays it across his lap. He turns on the emergency lights and headlights. He turns the cruiser around to face the inbound vehicles -- And waits...

Here comes the cavalry -- Two marked cruisers come racing down Breacher's long isolated driveway -- Blinded by all the lights. The lead cruiser pulls unsuspectingly right up to Breacher's cruiser -- Driver to driver -- It's Captain Walther...

CAPTAIN WALTHER

Hey, where the Investigators at?

He recognizes Breacher and goes for his gun -- Too late. All Breacher has to do is raise the shotgun and...

BOOM! -- He blows the Captain's head off...

The other cruiser is stopped right behind the Captain's cruiser -- Breacher bails out and leaps onto the Captain's cruiser -- He runs on top of it and jumps...

Onto the other cruiser -- *Hayes and Richards inside.*
Breacher stands on the roof and fires his shotgun straight down...

(CONTINUED)

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- There is no other word but *carnage* to describe the result. Both Officers are grievously hit -- *But Hayes has managed to draw his duty weapon...*

With the desperation of the dying, Hayes fires his Glock up through his vehicle's roof...

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP-POP! -- Breacher takes a round in the leg. He falls onto the hood. Rolls a fresh shell into the shotgun and aims through the windshield...

BOOM! -- Finishing Hayes. Breacher rolls off the hood. Stands. He's in agony and bleeding badly. He limps back to his cruiser. Gets in. He grabs the first aid kit. Wraps a tourniquet around his bleeder...

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Put your fucking hands on the dash!

He looks up and REACTS. Caroline is right there, dripping wet, aiming her Glock at his face. She's got the drop on him He raises his hands, smiles...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

There a reason, John? For any of this? Why couldn't you just eat your gun like everyone else? Your people worshipped you. Why the carnage? The cartel killed your family. Not them.

BREACHER

The cartel never betrayed me. The cartel never sat at my table and drank with me, never swore undying loyalty. The cartel never said it had my back no matter what.

She looks at him like he's insane. Which he is.

CAROLINE

Whatever helps you sleep at night.

He looks at her gun -- *Then locks eyes with her...*

BREACHER

Cut the shit. You never killed anybody.

CAROLINE

Yes I have. You'll be number three if you don't put your fucking hands on that dash right now.

(CONTINUED)

Breacher gaming out his options -- *He doesn't have any...*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Where can you go? It's done.

BREACHER

It's not done. I have a list.

He eyes the shotgun next to him -- His hand creeps toward it...

CAROLINE

Don't do it. John. Goddammit.
Don't make me live with killing
you.

Breacher smiles slightly -- *Maybe because he knows he's about to join his family.* He grabs the shotgun...

POP-POP! -- Caroline puts two in his head. Breacher slumps dead in the seat. Then...

Caroline keeps her gun trained on him. Until she's positive he won't somehow come back to life. Then she reaches in the car and hits the trunk release...

She walks to the open trunk. Pulls out the case of money. And sits on it. Her gun in her hand. Destroyed yet reborn.

SIRENS approaching. Headlights. Police lights. Getting CLOSER. Getting BRIGHTER. Getting LOUDER...

Until the light and noise blow out the screen...

--THE END--