

SICARIO

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OPEN ON:

A MAN, standing waist-deep in the surf. White shirt, neck tie, hair perfectly parted. Wire framed glasses rest on the bridge of his nose. His name is ALEJANDRO.

He rises his face to the sun.

ALEJANDRO(V.O.)

I think about the price. The price of appetite. The cost of forgetting who we are. Pretending we are... who we will never be...

He looks young for 35, but his eyes -- seems they lived for decades before him. He closes them, bathing his face in sunshine.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

So easy to pretend we are not to blame. That a demon enters us. No... The demon is inside. We just make potions that release it.

The muscles of his neck tense.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

There's no revenge for all they have taken. No justice. It simply is...

His lip curls. His eyes open. He looks down.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

And still. They must be forced to look at all they have destroyed. By having the same done to them. Or they will forget... Forget they are human. Believe they are as different as they feel... Then they are the lion, and everything we loved and lost, simply its meal.

We hear SPLASHING and the panicked gasps of a man trying not to drown.

Only now do WE SEE: Alejandro is holding someone under the water.

He lets the drowning man catch a breath, barely. Pushes him back under. Looks out. Lost in thought.

We watch from the beach as Alejandro stands in the ocean to his belly, the sun high overhead.

CUT TO:

YESTERDAY.

-- FRAME IS FILLED WITH A BLUE EYE, AS BLUE AS THE OCEAN --

The eye blinks, and we can almost feel a breeze -- we are that close.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(Whispered) Our Father, who art in  
Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy  
Kingdom come...

A VERTICAL LINE OF WHITE LIGHT invades us, then grows. The eye disappears in it's wake.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Thy will be done, on Earth as it is  
in Heaven.

TWO DOORS swing open. We see the silhouettes of TWELVE PEOPLE DRESSED FOR BATTLE, rifles at the ready, barrels pointing up. CAMERA is so close to the woman's face, it almost touches her. Her lips are moving, silently reciting...

We are in a SWAT ASSAULT VEHICLE. It is MOVING BACKWARDS fast and slams through a faded picket fence. Stops in the yard of a crumbling house.

They all rise and leap from the vehicle.

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- PHOENIX -- DAY.

WE ARE RIGHT BEHIND THE WOMAN, who mumbles the prayer as she runs. The back of her vest reads: FBI. Her name is KATE MACY.

MACY

Give us this day... our daily  
bread...

They reach the door, a shotgun BLASTS THE HINGES. It falls like a drawbridge.

MACY (CONT'D)

And forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against  
us.

She speaks the prayer faster, desperate to finish before she has to kill anyone, or be killed herself.

MACY (CONT'D)  
And lead us not into temptation but  
deliver us from evil...

SWAT officers rush in, screaming.

Macy's turn: She runs through the busted door-

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

In the hallway now. The chaos is closer. She hurries the words. So close now...

MACY (CONT'D)  
For Thine is the Kingdom the power  
and glory forever and ever amen  
DOWN MOTHER FUCKER!! DOWN DOWN  
DOWN!!!

Two LATINO MEN, 20'S, are slammed to the ground. Another LATINO comes from nowhere, throwing himself on an AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN wearing an FBI vest. A taser is pressed to his neck and he falls, paralyzed, backward.

Macy takes in the chaos, then pushes farther into the house, running past a bedroom with an open door.

From the corner of her eye she sees:

A MAN POINTING A SHOTGUN AT HER.

She ducks as a SHOTGUN BLAST rips 10 inches of dry wall above her.

She turns, pressing the CAMERA against the wall. We watch over her shoulder as she returns fire.

A rooster tail of shell casings are thrown over us, invading our view. Bullet after bullet pound him. The man's knees give. He's falling...

A round hits him in the face and he is thrown back -- blood, brain, and skull fragments explode like shrapnel on the wall behind him.

Adrenaline hits her like a fever. She gets dizzy, sits against the wall, gasping for breath. A SWAT officer rushes to her.

SWAT OFFICER  
YOU HIT??

MACY

I'm good. I'm good.

The SWAT officer looks at the hole in the drywall. Leans forward. Looks closer... What the fuck IS that??

His face now inches from the hole then jumps back like he was bitten by a snake.

SWAT OFFICER

WHAT THE FUCK??

WE SEE WHAT HE SEES:

The SKULL OF A MAN. Dry skin sunken into bones like cellophane.

Macy stands up and turns around. Looks at it. Trying to process what she's seeing. She walks up and starts pulling at the drywall. Other officers join her. They yank and tear a six foot hole in the wall, then stand back, speechless.

Bodies are standing side by side. A lime-green dust has spilled out on the floor.

The entire house is a tomb.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- LATER.

Macy sits on the porch. Swallows water from a bottle. Holds it down maybe ten seconds. Vomits... We see another SWAT OFFICER doing the same.

FBI AGENT REGGIE WAYNE, 30, African American, walks from the house, fighting the same urge. Sits beside her.

MACY

Can't shake the smell. Just sits in you.

REGGIE

Yeah... Sorry I wasn't on your six. Got wrapped up in the front room.

Macy nods.

MACY

I saw.

She looks out over the sea of POLICE VEHICLES on the street and spots PHOENIX HOMICIDE DETECTIVE LANCE ALVAREZ, 45, heading right for them.

LANCE

Loan you SWAT and you hand us three dozen homicides. I oughta fucking pepper spray you.

MACY

Couldn't smell any worse.

LANCE

Ha ha. You're not the one gotta clean this shit up.

MACY

Yeah. Thirty families without a father's real funny, but you keep worrying about what it does to your weekend, Lance.

LANCE

Listen you fucking --

Reggie is on his feet in an instant and inches from Lance's face.

REGGIE

I didn't hear you, you say something?

Lance swallows his anger and his pride, walks toward the house.

LANCE

Clear your people out, it's our crime scene now.

MACY

It's your crime scene when I GIVE IT TO YOU!!!

REGGIE

What are the chances they'll put together a case.

MACY

... None.

REGGIE

Look.

She turns and sees: FBI REGIONAL DIRECTOR DAVE JENNINGS, 50, leather skin stretched over a square jaw that rests on broad shoulders. Beside him is DEPUTY DIRECTOR PHIL COOPER, 40, balding and thin, exactly the man you want analyzing data.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Ever seen him at a crime scene?

MACY  
No.

Jennings and Phil reach her.

JENNINGS  
You okay?

MACY  
I'm fine.

MACY (CONT'D)  
Wanna give me the tour?

She doesn't but she will.

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS.

No dry wall anywhere now: the walls have been stripped to the frame, exposing another DOZEN BODIES. CORONERS in protective suits remove them as DETECTIVES photograph the scene. The smell is atrocious.

PHIL  
Looks like Sinaloa...

Jennings nods and sighs.

JENNINGS  
Yeah. (To a coroner) How many total?

CORONER  
Between here and the hall we have thirty, but there's more in the back bedroom and we haven't looked in the attic or under the crawl space.

JENNINGS  
(To Phil) Call DOJ in Washington, let em know what we have.

Phil nods, pulls his cell and steps away.

JENNINGS (CONT'D)  
 This one of the houses owned by  
 Manuel Diaz?

MACY  
 No way to connect him, but he owns  
 it.

The smell is getting to Reggie. Doesn't look like he's going  
 to make it...

MACY (CONT'D)  
 Go ahead and step out, it's okay.

Don't have to tell him twice.

Jennings walks to the wall. Studies the faces -- one in  
 particular, tinted an ashy green from lye and months of decay  
 -- his mouth open wide and eyes shut so tight that his brow  
 is a tangle of wrinkles, as though he is suffering his death  
 for eternity.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACT HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- CONT.

We see a GARAGE, and to it's left A STORAGE SHED. AN OFFICER  
 yanks boxes and garbage from it, tossing it on the driveway.  
 He reaches the floor, which is covered with rubber matts. He  
 pulls one up and discovers a 3' X 3' piece of plywood hinged  
 to the floor and locked.

OFFICER  
 I NEED BOLT CUTTERS.

They are brought over and the lock is cut. The officer kneels  
 down. Lifts the hatch a little. Looks under, flashlight in  
 hand...

-- WE ARE UNDERNEATH THE PLYWOOD, FLASHLIGHT IN OUR EYES --

As the hatch is lifted -- TWO HOOKS with wires are visible to  
 our left and right. As the hatch is lifted, the wires pull  
 tighter... We see where they lead: TWO GRENADES.

INT. TRACT HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- CONT.

Jennings and Macy walk down the hall. Jennings stops at the  
 body of the man Macy killed, then notices --

Through a screen door at the end of the hall -- officers  
 rushing toward the shed.



JENNINGS  
PD found something.

Macy and Jennings walk outside. As the sunlight hits them, the officer open the hatch, the wires pull tight and we hear a 'clink'.

-- THE GRENADES EXPLODE. TWO OFFICERS BLOWN TO OBLIVION --

Dust, debris, smoke, and pieces of them roll toward Jennings and Macy like a wave, swallowing them.

Our entire world is filled with a brown cloud and screams...

CUT TO:

INT. MANUEL DIAZ'S HOUSE -- DAY.

We see children splashing and playing in a large pool through enormous windows in MANUEL DIAZ'S living room. As we pull back, we hear the sounds of a NEWS REPORT.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
Phoenix police have released no details, but there HAS BEEN an explosion at a house in South Phoenix.

CAMERA PIVOTS and we are looking at a TV across a flawlessly decorated living room. Aerial footage of the tract house and obliterated storage plays.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
You can clearly see two bodies covered in tarps but Phoenix Police will not release names or even confirm the deaths. Witnesses on the scene state that a warrant was served at the house an hour BEFORE the explosion, so the speculation is the deceased are Phoenix police officers --

A MAN leans into frame. His head slowly shakes as he watches and listens. A cell phone rings. He answers it, mutes the TV, and retreats out of frame, leaving us to watch the news in silence, as the sounds of children splashing and laughing wafts in through an open window.

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT.

We stare at the spout. Water washes over us. We look at the drain. Dirt, blood, and small fragments of pink, white, and navy blue circle the drain as gravity carries them to the sewers of Phoenix.

Dark brown hair is vigorously scrubbed. Macy does not relax in this shower-- that is not its purpose. The purpose is to decontaminate.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER.

Macy stands in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. There are abrasions on her cheek and a deep cut that runs down from the corner of her eye-- like she cried a scar.

The hair brush catches. Pulls her head back.

MACY

OW.

She extracts the brush. Feels around on her scalp and retrieves a piece of bone. Looks at it...

She wraps it in toilet paper, sets it on the counter, and gets back in the shower. Turns it on. Gonna try this again...

INT. MACY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

The decor is Spare. Functional and nothing more. Doesn't even tease herself with pictures on the wall.

Macy walks in wearing a large men's t shirt, nothing else. Her COMPUTER CHIRPS. ROSALYN4620 is asking that she chat. Macy looks at the screen.

MACY (CONT'D)

Not tonight mom.

Keeps walking. Her cell phone rings. Call display: MOM.

MACY (CONT'D)

Uhh... (Answers it) Mom, it was a really tough--

ROSALYN (V.O.)

Everyone sure missed you today.

Macy's body tenses and deflates at the same time.

MACY

Me too. You get my card?

MOM (V.O.)  
Get on the computer. I want to see  
you--

MACY  
Mom, I just got --

MOM (V.O.)  
It's my birthday goddammit--

MACY  
I'm signing on.

She hits a button on her computer and ROSALYN MACY, 60 today, appears. She leans back and forth in front of the lens, still unsure about this technology that beams her image through space.

MOM  
Can you see me?

MACY  
Stay in one place, Mom. Happy  
birthday. Sorry I didn't call--

MOM  
Can you see me? I don't see you.  
Lean forward -- there you are...  
What happened to your face?

Rosalyn's happy mood is gone.

MACY  
Nothing. It's something on your  
lens.

MOM  
Kate. I can see it.

MACY  
Like I said, rough day.

Silence.

MOM  
What a waste of a law degree, Kate.

Macy holds her tongue, but it takes effort.

MACY  
Who came to the party?

MOM

Evan sent me a card. I thought that was very sweet. Have you two spoken?

Macy sighs.

MACY

No.

MOM

Well... I hope you two will become friends.

MACY

I'm sure we'll be great friends, Mother. Nothing like a divorce to bring people closer.

Beat.

MOM

You look tired.

MACY

I am... (forces a smile) Happy birthday. How does it feel to be 60?

MOM

It would feel a lot better with a grandchild, and I don't think it's unreas--

Macy slams the laptop closed. She rubs her eyes... So tired. Her cell phone rings. She flips it open, angry --

MACY

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT GRANDCHILDREN. (It isn't mom) Yeah, umm... I can, I can be there in, say thirty minutes? Yes sir.

Hangs up. Day's not over.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY COMMAND CENTER -- PHOENIX -- NIGHT.

Macy and Reggie sit in chairs against a glass wall. NEWS FOOTAGE of the blast plays on monitors along the wall of a command center filled with activity.

In the glass office behind them, a dozen men in suits. Jennings, in the same shape as Macy, has deflated into a chair, Phil sitting beside him.

Macy turns and looks through the wall at the men.

REGGIE

Know what's going on?

MACY

No idea.

Jennings makes eye contact with Macy through the glass. For the first time, he seems old to her.

All these men look important, except one: MATT GRAVES, 40, golf shirt, bit of a belly, red, shaggy hair -- looks like a tourist. His demeanor is easy, you almost get the sense he's having fun. Macy turns around and rests her head against the glass.

MACY (CONT'D)

I need coffee.

REGGIE

We did this by the book, right?

MACY

Come on ... Of course.

Macy lets out a heavy breath, looks back through the glass to find: every man in the room is STARING RIGHT AT HER.

MACY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

REGGIE

What?(Turns around) Oh shit.

Phil walks toward them, pushes open the door.

PHIL

Would you step in here, Kate?

She rises and shares a look with Reggie. The door closes behind her.

INT. GLASS OFFICE -- CONT.

Matt smiles, friendly. A man in his 40's, military haircut, BURNETT, looks her over.

BURNETT

Quite a find today ... The loss of  
two officers not withstanding.

She says nothing.

BURNETT (CONT'D)

How familiar are you with Manuel  
Diaz's operation?

MACY

His company, Sun Valley, owns  
eighty or so foreclosure  
properties, another --

MATT

What do you know about his brother?

She looks at Matt.

MACY

Um ... Wasn't aware he had one.

MATT

Guillermo... Mexican police are  
holding him in Juarez. What do you  
know about his cousin?

Beat.

MACY

Didn't know he had one of those  
either.

BURNETT

His cousin is Fausto Alarcon.

Beat.

MACY

I don't know who that is.

MATT

Number three in the Sinaloa Cartel.

BURNETT

Manuel Diaz is likely their most  
senior member in the United States.

Macy feels woefully unprepared for an inquisition.

MACY

None of this is in his file.

BURNETT  
With good reason.

MATT  
Loose lips sink ships, Kate.

MACY  
I'm not --

JENNINGS  
Agent Macy doesn't work narcotics,  
she runs a kidnapping response  
team.

MATT  
You married?

MACY  
I'm sorry?

MATT  
Husband?

Who the fuck is this clown in the golf shirt?

MACY  
Divorced.

MATT  
Kids?

MACY  
No. He works for Border Patrol and  
got to keep the condo and my  
Bronco, anything else?

Matt smiles. Phil stands up.

PHIL  
Thank you Kate, if you could wait  
outside, please.

She stands there for a beat, utterly confused, then leaves.

She sits back down next to Reggie.

REGGIE  
... Well?

MACY  
I have no clue.

We watch the men speaking through the glass, then they all file out of the office except Jennings and Matt. Phil stands at the door.

PHIL

Will you come in, Kate?

She walks in and stands across from Jennings.

JENNINGS

DOJ wants advisors that focus on cartels involved in pursuing Mr. Diaz. This is Matt Graves. He'll be leading --

MACY

He'll be leading who? This is Phoenix Homicide now.

MATT

We're expanding the scope of the investigation.

PHIL

You'll act as a liaison.

MACY

What does that mean?

PHIL

State Department is pulling an agent from the field that specializes in responding to escalated cartel activity. You'll meet up with them...(To Matt) at Luke, Tomorrow?

MATT

Day after. Early.

MACY

Luke ... Air Force base?

MATT

Gonna go see Guillermo.

MACY

His brother.

MATT

That's the one.

Matt smiles, like they're discussing renovating a kitchen.



MACY

Okay... If I, umm... What's our objective?

MATT

Our objective is to dramatically overreact.

Beat.

MACY

Why isn't Reggie in here?

MATT

He's a little green. You've been kicking doors longer.

She looks back at Reggie.

MATT (CONT'D)

Makes you feel better to have him around, he can tag along after we get back from El Paso.

He smiles. She takes this in.

JENNINGS

Kate. You must volunteer for an interagency task force... Think very hard before you respond ... You want to be a part of this?

Jennings' eyes beg her to say no. But the hunter in her is awake. She looks back at Reggie -- his eyes are full of concern...

MACY

We get an opportunity at the men responsible for today?

MATT

The men who are REALLY responsible.

MACY

Then yeah, sure. I'll volunteer.

Jennings looks at her. Nods. She is theirs now...

CUT TO:

INT. TINY HOUSE -- NOGALES, MEXICO -- DAY.

Morning sun hits closed eyes. Dark, fat face. Beads of sweat on his brow and cheeks. Thick mustache. His name is SILVIO.

A SHADOW falls over him. He feels it. Eyes pop open, tense.

BOY'S VOICE

Papa?

A smile crosses Silvio's face.

BOY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Despirtate.

SILVIO

No.

Silvio closes his eyes. The little boy taps him on the chest.

BOY'S VOICE

Si.

Silvio's smile grows. It is a game.

SILVIO

No.

We see the boy now. He is eight. Bright brown eyes. His name is ELISEO.

SILVIO (CONT'D)

SI!! Tengo un juego de futbol!

Silvio acts surprised.

SILVIO (CONT'D)

Nooooo...

The boy laughs and grabs his father's hand, tugging.

ELISEO

Si Papa! Tenemos que ir!

The boy pulls with all his might. Silvio makes a show of resisting, then climbs out of bed. Eliseo keeps a tight hold of his hand, and walks him down a hall to a small kitchen with adobe walls and a dirt floor. An opening leads to a small patio that now serves mostly as a chicken coop. Two chickens are in the kitchen.

A woman stands over a stove, cooking.

ELISEO (CONT'D)  
Papa necessita cafe y juevos!  
Tenemos priso mama!

She turns and smiles at her son, the bright star in her black life. Her eyes pass over Silvio. She stopped loving him years ago, but he adores their little boy... At least they have that.

He sits down. She scoops eggs onto a plate with tortillas, drops it in front of him. Hands him a coffee. He sniffs it, hands it back. Without a word she pours in two fingers of tequila.

The boy stares at his father with endless joy. No idea how unlucky he is.

Silvio stares back, winks. The boy smiles.

EXT. SILVIO'S HOUSE -- DAY.

Silvio and Eliseo exit the house. Silvio wears a State Police uniform, dressed to intimidate. The boy wears his uniform, dressed to play soccer. They walk past cinder-block houses, one after the other, cracked and faded from the sun.

Tejano music, car horns, and distant yelling penetrate the morning.

Two ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS drive past.

Silvio and Eliseo wander away, Eliseo's tiny hand clinging to Silvio's police belt. Eliseo has his father for the whole day and he isn't letting go.

They turn and disappear around the corner. Only thing on the street is a stray dog burying itself in an overturned trash can... The mascot of this dying city.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH -- SOUTH OF CARTAGENA -- DAY.

We are back with Alejandro, holding a man under water. Face to the sun, somehow able to focus fully on the task at hand while escaping to someplace else.

He lets the man up. Coughing, heaving up salt water, and sobbing. He looks at Alejandro with the pleading eyes of a man whose will has been broken.

MAN  
Colonel Guteman. Yes...

ALEJANDRO  
And you too...

He nods.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Say it.

MAN  
Of course me too! If the Americans  
would leave, you would see... no  
one is pure.

Alejandro lets the man up and pushes him toward the shore. We now see the man wears a MILITARY UNIFORM. He walks ahead of Alejandro, looking back.

The man makes a half hearted attempt at attacking Alejandro, who pushes and spins him like a defiant child.

They walk a few steps and the man tries it again. Alejandro's appears only half committed to the sloppy assault. Alejandro slaps the man across the face, then pushes him forward, slapping the back of his head as he does.

They reach a stump where Alejandro's linen coat rests.

ALEJANDRO  
Sit down.

MAN  
Why?

ALEJANDRO  
Can't walk back like this. We need  
to dry.

They sit back and bathe in the sun. The man is uncomfortable-kidnapper and captive, lounging on the shore. He considers running. Considers fighting him again, but settles on resting his tired back against the stump.

MAN  
What will you do with me?

ALEJANDRO  
Nothing.

Beat.

MAN  
Will I be arrested?

ALEJANDRO  
No.

MAN  
What will you do with the Colonel?

ALEJANDRO  
Nothing. (Alejandro turns his face  
to the sun) I just wanted to know.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE PATH -- COLOMBIA -- DAY.

Alejandro and the man walk along a two track road through a field of sugar cane.

MAN  
If you tell. They will kill me...  
my family.

ALEJANDRO  
Don't give me a reason.

Beat.

MAN  
How do I avoid that?

ALEJANDRO  
By telling me the truth without  
having to drown you.

They come around a bend and we see:

A COLOMBIAN MILITARY BASE.

Structures built in simple but orderly rows. Humvees, one after the other, parked neatly in front. Soldiers move about. Colombia may be corrupt, but they are orderly about it. None of the filth and chaos of northern Mexico. They have been at it much longer, with battle lines very clearly drawn.

The man turns to Alejandro.

MAN  
So... that's it then?

Alejandro nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

You act like the Narcos. You do things that I don't understand.

Alejandro offers him a polite smile.

ALEJANDRO

If you are very lucky you never will.

The man walks away, turning back occasionally to see if he is truly free.

Alejandro turns in another direction, spots THREE US MARINE HUMVEES, EIGHT MARINES BESIDE THEM. Matt stands in front. They walk toward each other.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

It is the Colonel.

MATT

We'll get to that...

Alejandro looks over the Marines.

ALEJANDRO

Why so many?

MATT

Don't want anything to happen to you on the way to the airport.

ALEJANDRO

Where are we going?

MATT

To keep my promise.

Alejandro's kind, hollow eyes almost show emotion.

ALEJANDRO

What did they do?

MATT

Doesn't matter. It leads to Fausto. And I'm going to turn you loose.

Alejandro stands for a moment. The tiniest hint of a smile curls his lips.

ALEJANDRO

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY TAHOE -- DAY.

Reggie drives, Macy riding shotgun. Through the windshield, we see the entrance to LUKE AIR FORCE BASE approaching.

REGGIE  
You're back tonight?

MACY  
Yeah. I'll call you, let you know what time.

REGGIE  
I don't understand why they don't want me there...

She deflects.

MACY  
It's El Paso... Don't think you're missing much.

REGGIE  
Well... you keep your eye on that doughy prick in the golf shirt...

She smiles.

MACY  
I'm supposed to worry about you.

REGGIE  
This isn't what we do, Kate.

MACY  
We do what we need to do.

EXT. LUKE AIR FORCE BASE -- PHOENIX -- DAY.

Reggie pulls to the guard post, hands over their ID's. An AIR FORCE MP takes them, compares ID's to a list.

AIRPORT MP  
(To Reggie) You're not on here.

REGGIE  
I know. What's she supposed to do?

AIRPORT MP  
Walk.

Macy opens the door and steps out.

MACY  
I'll call you when we're heading  
back.

She walks around the front of the Tahoe and disappears with  
the MP into the guard house.

EXT. LUKE AIR FORCE BASE -- PHOENIX -- DAY.

Macy walks toward the runways, looking around, unsure where  
to go.

MATT (O.S.)  
Kate.

She turns, sees Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)  
This way.

MACY  
Am I late?

MATT  
No. We just landed.

She walks to him and they head off. Alejandro sits on a  
bench, patiently. They walk to him.

MATT (CONT'D)  
This is my bird dog, his name's  
Alejandro.

He stands.

ALEJANDRO  
Hello.

MACY  
Kate Macy.

Alejandro studies her.

ALEJANDRO  
Have you been to Juarez before?

MACY  
No... Wait, we're going to El Paso,  
right?

MATT  
Yeah, we'll talk about it on the  
plane.



He walks off, they follow. He leads them to a GULFSTREAM G650.

MACY  
We're taking this?

MATT  
Yeah.

MACY  
Really... Okay...

They climb in.

INT GULFSTREAM G650

They strap themselves in as the pilot speaks with the tower. Macy sits beside Alejandro. Studies him. He looks like a doctor or accountant, but there is an absent manner to his actions, as though nothing warrants his full attention but the weight of his thoughts. He catches her looking at him.

ALEJANDRO  
What is your experience with operations like these?

MACY  
None... What IS the operation?

He gives her a polite smile.

ALEJANDRO  
Sleep if you can. Juarez will demand all of your focus.

He lays his head back and closes his eyes. Macy looks at Matt.

MACY  
Are we going into Juarez?

Shakes his head. Could be interpreted as a 'no'.

MACY (CONT'D)  
DOD flies around in Gulfstreams now?

MATT  
You guys don't have one?

She laughs.

MACY  
Right... Food on this flight?

MATT

They got some bitchin peanuts in the back. Kind of a self-serve deal though.

He puts his head back, closes his eyes. She looks over at Alejandro who is already asleep. Macy's wired. No chance of sleep. Pulls a magazine from the seat back as the plane begins to taxi...

CUT TO:

-- FLASH BACK --

WE SEE: Alejandro's face in profile. Sunlight spilling over him through a small window. He looks different. Softer... Happy...

DARK BROWN HAIR lowers into frame toward him. He pushes it back, revealing a young woman. She smiles and kisses him. He lets her hair fall as the kiss grows. Dark hair fills the frame...

It gets very still. Darker now. Sunlight is gone. We PULL BACK. Farther. Farther still. See the woman's body. She lays face down in a hallway, naked. Blood pooled beneath her.

We hear a HEART BEAT. We move down a hall. Heart beating FASTER. Past a MEXICAN POLICE OFFICER, who somberly watches us... At the end of the hall we hear something rubbing, swaying. We move faster. Heart beats faster. Racing now.

Come to the end of the hall, the SWAYING IS LOUDER. We turn left, push open a door. Look up -- The swaying sound is a ROPE. It swings in and out of frame. We follow it down -- the LIFELESS BODY OF A YOUNG GIRL at the end of it.

BACK TO PRESENT--

Alejandro jolts awake, slamming his hands into the seat in front of him -- scaring the living shit out of Macy.

MACY

JESUS!!

Alejandro looks straight ahead.

MACY (CONT'D)

You okay?

Doesn't look at her. Sweat rolls down his face.

ALEJANDRO

Yes.

She keeps looking at him. He turns to her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

We hear the pilot announce their initial descent into El Paso's FORT BLISS. Alejandro leans back in his seat.

MACY

So... This is your specialty.

ALEJANDRO

Hmm?

MACY

He said the cartels in Mexico are your specialty.

ALEJANDRO

Yes.

MACY

Anything I should know?

ALEJANDRO

You are asking how a watch works. For now, only focus on knowing the time.

Alejandro lays his head back. Closes his eyes. Macy mumbles to herself.

MACY

Okay... Yoda.

EXT. FORT BLISS AIR STRIP -- EL PASO -- DAY.

Alejandro, Macy, and Matt walk off the plane, blinded by the desert sun.

A man in his late 30's, mustache, DEA AGENT STEVE FERSING, waves from inside a BLACK CHEVY TAHOE. They walk over and climb in.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE -- CONTINUOUS.

STEVE

How you been?

MATT

Good. Trying to get DOD to let me look into this conspiracy to sink Figi.

Steve chuckles.

STEVE

It's the damn terrorists. They're sinking all the tropical islands.

MATT

I figure a month or two there, I could get it worked out.

STEVE

Hear there's a real drug problem at the Four Seasons there. You need any help looking into it...

MATT

Yeah, I'll keep you posted... who's going over today?

STEVE

Marshals, DEA. Pulled a team for you.

MATT

I get all warm and fuzzy when you say 'team'.

STEVE

It's a crack bunch too. Just rotated back from Afghanistan.

MATT

Where's everybody linking up?

STEVE

Army Intelligence Center.

Macy listens intently, trying to figure out what the hell they're talking about. Alejandro looks out across the border. Alejandro seems different. He is somewhere else. Somewhere bad.

EXT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE CENTER -- EL PASO -- DAY.

TWENTY FOOT WALLS surround the center. A GUARD POST in front of an enormous closed gate.

The Tahoe pulls up... A guard, dressed like he is on mission in Afghanistan, steps forward.

GUARD  
ID's all around. Hey Steve.

Even Steve hands his ID. The guard returns to the guard house with the IDs. Matt turns around and faces Macy.

MATT  
Thought you were in the big time in Phoenix... welcome to Baghdad.

The guard returns with their IDs.

GUARD  
Be safe.

The gate opens and they pull in.

There must be fifty vehicles, most are unmarked SUVs, but a dozen Humvees and six ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS, complete with 20mm cannons. The area is alive with activity. Agents, deputies, and special forces operators are moving about.

The Tahoe parks and our team gets out. They follow Steve toward the entrance to:

INT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE BRIEFING ROOM -- CONT.

A US MARSHAL stands in front of a video screen showing the route into and out of Juarez. Twenty men seated in chairs. None wear uniforms, but all wear tactical vests, drop-leg holsters, assault rifles by their side. It sounds and looks like a military operation.

They take a seat in the back. Macy the men seated around her.

ALEJANDRO  
Pay attention.

She is surprised by the directive, turns her focus to the speaker.

MARSHAL  
Mexican Federal Police will meet you at the border and proceed with you to the courthouse located (Pointing on map) here. This is a high level target. The most likely spot for an attempt will be at the exchange and the border. The Marshals will enter -- Kevin, Keith, wanna stand up?

Two men in their 50's stand up. They look like they were teleported from another time -- starched white shirts under bullet proof vests, starched Wranglers, bone colored cowboy hats, and faces tough as boot leather. They turn to the room without smiling.

MATT  
(Smiling) Man, I love Texans.

Alejandro whispers to her.

ALEJANDRO  
Memorize the faces of everyone here. Know who is with you.

MARSHAL  
Marshals' response team is in Laredo so, our friends from Delta have volunteered to come along and will escort the Marshals at the exchange.

The Marshal speaking notices Matt in the back.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)  
Here's the man of the hour. You coming or waiting here?

MATT  
Sure, we'll take the tour. Loan me a couple of pop guns?

MARSHAL  
This is turning into an All-Star affair. Wanna another hand at the exchange, Keith?

KEITH  
(To Matt) You sober?

Matt laughs.

MATT  
I will be by the time we get there.

KEITH  
I got a bottle in the truck in case yer hands git to shakin.

MATT  
I miss your hospitality, Keith.

Turns to Macy.

MATT (CONT'D)

Guess we're going sightseeing.

Macy looks very uncomfortable.

MARSHAL

Alright. So, and we'll gear you up when we're done, Matt -- you can be the tip of the spear and we don't have to rob a guy from Delta... Be careful on the turn-around -- if a Federale is a shooter it will be on the turn around. Ray, your Team 1 is lead vehicle and we can divide team 2 into the carry car and the trail vehicles, that okay?

A man with a short beard and very broad shoulders nods.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Ray, If Delta could stand up so everyone can see who to stand behind if the shit hits the fan...

Everyone laughs. The Delta operators rise. Though this is a room of professionals, these men truly look like the ones you want to stand behind.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Most likely spot for a hit is at the border crossing on the return. State Police has agree to hold a lane for you. Heads up if they don't... Anywhere along the way, anyone not in this room is a potential shooter. This op isn't over until we are back here, okay? Be aware, be vigilant, and stay alert. Let's go.

Men begin rising and readying their gear. The mood is relaxed. Matt walks to the Marshal -- they shake hands and disappear in the back.

MACY

Ever been over there?

He looks at her and offers a smile.

ALEJANDRO

I worked in Juarez.

MACY

For the DEA?

ALEJANDRO

No.

He offers nothing further.

MACY

For who?

ALEJANDRO

Mexico. As a federal prosecutor.

MACY

You're not American?

ALEJANDRO

No.

She tries to make sense of that.

MACY

Who do you work for now?

Alejandro smiles.

ALEJANDRO

I go where I'm sent.

MACY

Where were you sent FROM?

ALEJANDRO

Cartagena.

MACY

... Colombia?

Alejandro nods.

Matt emerges from the other room carrying two M4 carbines and a Kevlar vest. Macy sees him and marches to him.

MATT

(Handing her the vest) See if this fits.

MACY

(Pointing toward Alejandro) Is he CIA? Are you?

MATT

Try it on.

MACY

Well?



MATT

He's a DOD advisor, just like me.

She doesn't budge, holds his gaze.

MATT (CONT'D)

Pay attention to Alejandro -- he says do something, do it.

She takes that as a 'yes'.

MACY

I'm not authorized to --

MATT

Fine. Stay here.

She shifts her weight. Hesitates...

MATT (CONT'D)

But you don't want to, do you?

MACY

I just wanna know what I'm getting into --

MATT

You asked to get on this train. Because you KNOW you're not stopping anything in Phoenix. You're just sweeping up the mess. In six months, every house you raid will be rigged with explosives... You want to find the men responsible? This is where we start.

He walks off.

After a moment, she follows.

EXT. CESAR CHAVEZ BORDER HIGHWAY -- EL PASO -- DAY.

FIVE CHEVY TAHOES, sirens on the dashboard move through El Paso.

We watch from above as they cut their way through traffic...

INT. CHEVY TAHOE -- CONT.

Macy sits in the back beside Alejandro. He holds a rifle between his legs, barrel pointed down. Macy notices his right hand -- his finger rests on the button that rolls down the window.

MACY

So how nervous should I be?

The DEA Agent riding shotgun turns back to her.

AGENT

Are you kidding?

He points out the window.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Over there? That's the beast.

He turns back, facing front.

She looks out the window to Juarez. It is so close, you could throw a frisbee into it.

EXT. BORDER HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS.

THE CONVOY turns onto the BRIDGE OF THE AMERICAS. Border Agents have closed the left lane to traffic, in preparation for the convoy's arrival.

From above, we see MEXICO. Some THIRTY FEDERAL POLICE TRUCKS, SOLDIERS FILLING THE BEDS are waiting for them.

The convoy drives straight through -- the Mexican Police trucks roll forward as our convoy catches up to them.

\*\*THROUGH THE REMAINDER OF SCENE, WE WILL INTERCUT IN AND OUT OF THE VEHICLES\*\*

The city of Juarez is itself a crime. Filthy and crumbling, hookers and criminals fill every possible space of sidewalk. They are as plentiful as the unfortunate masses that are condemned to live and work here.

SIRENS BLARE. POLICE YELL OVER LOUD SPEAKERS AND THROUGH MEGAPHONES FOR VEHICLES TO PULL OVER AND LET THE CONVOY PASS.

SWEAT rolls down Macy's face. She can feel her heart beating... Loud enough she actually wonders if others hear it too.

At every turn, it seems there are soldiers and police. A large group of police can be seen on a side-street, standing around a car -- a DEAD BODY on the street beside it.

Macy sees a woman in her 20's SPRINTING down the street, SCREAMING, though there is no one chasing her.

Alejandro taps her on the shoulder, motions her to scoot toward him.

ALEJANDRO  
Want to see Juarez?

He points to A BRIDGE WHERE THE BODY OF A MAN HANGS, a dozen soldiers looking down at it.

As we look closer, we see he has been decapitated -- his head replaced with that of a pig, crudely sewn to his body with fishing line.

The body is naked from the waist down -- a state police shirt on his torso.

As the convoy races up the street, the bridge and it's swinging corpse come closer.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Hard to believe, yes?

MACY  
(Breathless) Yes.

ALEJANDRO  
He wears the state police shirt.  
The pig -- Not what you think it means. All state police work for the cartels. ALL of them. That man... He tried to work for two... he got greedy.

They continue past. Into an even worse part of Juarez, if that's possible. The vehicles come to a stop. POPPING SOUNDS can be heard. Like fireworks.

AGENT  
Hear that?

He cracks his window. The sound floods in. GUNFIRE. Not ten shots, not fifty. Hundreds. It is a battle. Over the radio we hear:

VOICE  
Everybody hold on. Mexicans are adjusting our route. There's activity ahead we need to go around.

We sit here, listening to the gunfight as it builds in intensity. We hear a series of explosions.

Both agents in the front seats reposition their rifles.  
Ready.

The convoy rolls again. Makes a left, drives away from the battle as though they were avoiding road construction. A few blocks and they all snake right. Macy is trying hard not to be terrified.

Suddenly, the convoy picks up speed. Moving 70mph over a road that barely qualifies as two lanes.

They race past a park. A large building can be seen on the right. The Mexican flag flies in front. Numerous Federal Police vehicles in front.

The convoy stops in front and the Delta operators are out of their vehicles, setting a perimeter. The Marshals and Matt emerge and move straight to the building, two Deltas follow.

Macy stays glued to the front door of the building. Waiting. Alejandro shifts in his seat toward Macy.

ALEJANDRO

Nothing will happen here. If they try anything, it will be at the border. If no lane is cleared for us when we return... Be ready. Watch the cars. Look for old cars. Throw aways. Not gangster cars... Those are for the whores on Saturday night. Did you watch the cars we passed driving in?

She shakes her head 'no'

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Watch for state police. They are all bad. We will lose the escort at the loop. You will see. That is when you worry.

Matt and the Marshals come out with a man covered in a blanket. He is placed in the backseat.

The federal Police begin turning their vehicles.

AGENT

NOW.

Suddenly, the Tahoe lurches forward -- moving between the vehicle with Matt and the Marshals -- acting as a shield. Macy looks out the window at the Federal Police trucks. She notices the agent riding shotgun has his rifle at the ready in the direction of the Federal Police.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

Lean back, Kate.

She turns to find him pointing his rifle almost at her head. She leans back, and moves her hands toward her ears, ready to cover them.

MACY

Jesus.

AGENT

Okay. Go.

The Tahoe begins moving and performs a lightning fast three point turn, and just like that we are headed north.

Macy lets out an endless sigh of relief. We are driving very fast now.

Macy looks out the windshield, the hills of El Paso loom in the distance.

ALEJANDRO

On the left.

Two streets over, as buildings whip by, we see a STATE POLICE VEHICLE even with us.

It disappears as buildings fill our view, then at the next block we see it again. We hear over the radio --

VOICE

We have a spotter on the left everyone. Keep your eyes out for a strike vehicle.

The driver speaks into his radio.

DRIVER

Mexico holding a lane for us at the border?

VOICE

That's my understanding. We're trying to confirm...

As we race to the border, the state police vehicle has DISAPPEARED.

We come to the loop, the last exit before being fed into the twelve lanes leading only to the border crossing...

WITH NO WAY OUT.

At the loop, the Mexican Federal Police vehicles peel off, leaving the convoy alone. At the border, US HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICERS can be seen standing with rifles, making a very public show of force.

There is no lane cleared for them, and just like that -- they are trapped in traffic.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Everyone stay in this lane. Our agents at the border are going to wave everyone through and get us over as quick as they can.

The agents at the border aren't even checking passports, just moving cars through in the lane where the convoy is trapped, but there are fifty cars ahead of them...

Alejandro looks out his window and sees, two lanes over:

FOUR MEN in an old Buick LeSabre. They are staring straight ahead. All drenched in sweat.

Alejandro taps Macy, she scoots closer.

ALEJANDRO

You have a service weapon?

MACY

Yes.

ALEJANDRO

Get it out.

She unholsters her pistol.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Silver LeSabre. Two lanes over my 3.

AGENT

Yep.

He takes the radio.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Silver LeSabre, two lanes right, 3 o'clock.

VOICE

One lane over right, 5 o'clock. Burgundy Expedition.

VOICE2

Three lanes over right, 1 o'clock,  
green honda civic.

Macy grips her pistol.

MACY

Okay... okay...

Then Alejandro spots it.

ALEJANDRO

Gun. Buick LeSabre, 3 o'clock, gun.

The flash suppressor of an AK 47 is peeking out in the back seat. A sweaty, young gunman holds the rifle between his legs.

VOICE2

What are the rules here?

VOICE

We must be engaged to engage.

VOICE2

Can we get out of this vehicle and  
set a perimeter?

VOICE

Stay in your vehicle. You can do  
what they do. If they get out you  
can get out.

ALEJANDRO

(To Macy) watch the door handles.

The cars are beginning to move in the convoy's lane. Another fifteen seconds and they can leave this hell behind.

VOICE

Get ready. They can see our lane  
clearing. If it's coming, it's  
coming now.

Only a few more cars and the convoy is clear. But that would mean luck is on their side and luck doesn't live on this side of the border.

The doors to the Expedition swing open. By the time the assassins put a foot to the ground, the Delta operators are out of their cars and halfway to them, rifles raised.

Before Macy can react, she is ALONE in the Tahoe.

Even the driver has exited... she is starting to panic.

MACY  
Think... think...

She looks at her pistol, grips it tight. And goes nowhere.

MACY (CONT'D)  
Okay...

The assassins are frozen, guns by their sides. A dozen Americans have weapons trained on them.

The Agent riding shotgun stands in front of the Buick, rifle pointed at the windshield. Other operators are at the flank of the Civic before their doors are even open.

But at the Expedition, men are already out, weapons in their hands.

The delta operators and Alejandro are yelling at the men in Spanish. One retreats to the safety of the back seat, but the others know the consequences of a failed hit and they aren't in checkmate like those in the other cars...

The assassins, none over twenty years old, yell and cuss and threaten as the operators surround them in a semicircle.

The assassin that exited the drivers seat -- 2 carat diamond earrings and no shirt on his skinny chest -- screams in hateful defiance at the operators surrounding him.

He raises his weapon and ALEJANDRO AND THE OPERATORS FIRE -- He is obliterated -- They continue firing, surgically killing all the Expedition's crew. Bullets ping through the windshield. Bullets tear the Expedition to shreds. The assassins never fire a shot.

The innocent masses stuck in the crossfire duck out of view in their vehicles. The streets are instantly empty.

The noise of the shooting echoes off the asphalt with the force of thunder.

Macy watches through the back window.

MACY (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE DOING??!!

The men watching the other vehicles hold targets in their sights. The rest will take their chances with the boss. Don't even look in the direction of the Americans -- just stare straight ahead, sweating...



The operators and Alejandro work their way back to the vehicle. Everyone retreats to their cars.

The kid with the AK 47 in the back of the Buick makes a move for his door handle. Alejandro clocks it, puts 10 rounds through the window, killing him and the man beside him before the door is opened.

Macy turns away in shock to find:

A MEXICAN STATE POLICE OFFICER 5 FEET FROM HER WINDOW!!!

He raises an AK 47 to his shoulder -- pointed right at her. Before she can think, her gun is raised and firing through the tinted window.

The sound is deafening. As the man falls out of view, all we can hear is the RINGING IN HER EARS.

Alejandro and the agent riding shotgun jump in and roll their windows down and sit out of them like turrets as the vehicles start up and race to the border.

They pass the guard house without stopping, Border Agents waving them onward through the finish line. More agents point weapons and scream at the Mexican State police officers who have emerged from their offices.

It is absolute madness...

Alejandro and the agent sit back in the vehicles and roll up the windows... They are back in America.

Macy struggles to get her breath. No one speaks. After a long beat...

MACY (CONT'D)

This is going to be on the front  
page of every newspaper in America.

AGENT

No it won't. It won't even make the  
paper in El Paso...

The convoy is safe. It races past traffic, red sirens lighting the dashboards...

EXT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE CENTER -- DAY.

The vehicles pull in and park. Agents and operators exit the vehicles and amble toward the entrance.

Macy gets out, her head spinning.

Matt walks up to her. She holds out a hand, begging him away.

MACY  
JUST... Give me a minute.

MATT  
Yeah. That got a little nutty, huh?

MACY  
No. No. Don't... NO. This isn't ...  
This was a SPECIAL OP. You're a  
fucking spook. And HIM!! Who the  
fuck is that??

She points at Alejandro.

He lets her vent. Burning the unused adrenaline.

MATT  
Hey. I told you to stay here...

MACY  
I'm not qualified for this. I'm  
good at what I do, but I'm not a  
soldier.

MATT  
Don't sell yourself short. Reason  
Reggie's home is I know he's not  
ready for this, but he's gonna have  
to get ready real quick, because  
this is the future. Juarez is what  
happens when they dig in...

MACY  
Don't put me in a situation where I  
have to break the law to stay  
alive. Don't do that to me.

Steve walks up to Matt.

STEVE  
You wanna get cracking?

MATT  
On that note, I think you better  
stay out here.

Matt winks and walks in the building, leaving Macy alone in the motor pool.

INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY

A door opens and we find GUILLERMO, 45, fat, three day stubble, and very unhappy to be here. His hands are cuffed behind his back. A DEA AGENT holds a bottle of water that Guillermo sucks like an infant.

Matt walks in.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Giving him a belly full of water...  
you devil.

Matt smiles, the agent smiles back.

Matt sits in the only other chair in the room.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Didn't think we'd get you here, did  
you?

GUILLERMO  
No hablo-

MATT  
I love it when they don't hablo.  
Brought an old buddy of yours. Bet  
you 'hablo' to him.

The door opens and Alejandro walks in, carrying two five gallon jugs of water. It takes Guillermo a minute, then horror washes over his face.

GUILLERMO  
El Medellin.

MATT  
Alejandro, he remembers you.

No expression on Alejandro's face.

The DEA Agent moves to the door.

DEA AGENT  
I'm gonna step out.

He closes the door behind him. The red 'record' button on the camera mounted in the corner goes out. We notice a DRAIN IN THE FLOOR.

Alejandro walks toward Guillermo, stands across from him. Places a foot on his chest. Pushes... Hard... Guillermo sways back, like a chopped tree. He moves through frame in slow motion, falling out of frame.

EXT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE CENTER -- DUSK.

Macy leans against a car. Spots a guy with a cigarette.

MACY

Hey. Got another one of those?

He gives her one. Lights it. She draws in, coughs.

MACY (CONT'D)

Been a while. Thanks.

DELTA (O.S.)

Like fireworks?

She turns and sees a Delta operator. Holding a pair of BINOLULARS.

DELTA (CONT'D)

Come here.

She follows him. They walk to the back of the motor pool to a stairway that leads to the roof of the building. He goes up. She hesitates.

DELTA (CONT'D)

Up to you.

She takes the bait. Climbs up.

They sit on the edge of the roof, facing Juarez. He begins glassing the area.

MACY

Fireworks is code for something, I assume.

DELTA

Sort of.

He glasses. She smokes, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

DELTA (CONT'D)

Here we go.

He hands her the binoculars.

DELTA (CONT'D)

Look right there.

--THROUGH THE BINOCULARS WE LOOK OVER JUAREZ--

She sees it. Muzzle flashes. Right on the street. Rifle fire glowing white against the muddy gray of Juarez at dusk. Gone as fast as it came. She looks at Delta.

DELTA (CONT'D)  
Keep looking.

She begins scanning the city. Sirens. Everywhere. She sees another muzzle flash. She looks up.

MACY  
I don't hear anything.

DELTA  
Can't. Too far away. Keep looking.  
They're everywhere.

She scans the city slowly. Sirens. More sirens. The city is lit in a throbbing red and blue.

MACY  
Unbelievable.

DELTA  
Madness, huh.

He bums a drag from her cigarette. They sit in silence and watch the city go to war.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUKE AIR FORCE BASE -- NIGHT.

Macy, Matt, and Alejandro walk through the parking lot. Macy is exhausted. Matt's on his cell phone.

MATT  
Can they get them all in one place?  
No... I'm on a clock now, I can't wait... No, contact Bob Fiske. Have him hold all of them at the staging center. (Turns to Macy) How far is Tucson?

MACY  
From here? Little over two hours.

MATT  
We'll be there a little after 2.

Not what Macy wanted to hear.

MACY  
We're going to Tucson?

MATT  
You gotta learn how to sleep on a plane.

Reggie leans against the Tahoe. Not very happy.

REGGIE

They let me on the base when this peckerwood needs a ride, don't they?

MACY

Reggie-

MATT

(Pleasant as can be) Has nothing to do with your race. I just don't believe you're good enough at your job yet to be of any use. Kate's sure fond of you, though.

REGGIE

Thanks, man. I feel much better now.

Reggie spots Alejandro.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Who's that.

Macy shakes her head, doesn't have the strength to go into it.

MACY

We're going to Tucson.

Matt and Alejandro get in the back seat of the Tahoe. We push in on Alejandro's emotionless face.

REGGIE (O.S.)

Now?

She nods and yawns at the same time. Reggie takes her in.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey... How was it?

MACY

Bad.

REGGIE

What happened?

She moves toward the front of the car.

MACY

Now's not the time.

They climb in. Reggie looks over at Macy staring out the window, resting her heavy head on her fist. He looks back at Matt and Alejandro, both already asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT PROCESSING CENTER -- TUSCON -- NIGHT.

The team walks from their parked car toward an irate BOB FISKE, 40'S, walking toward them.

BOB

What's the deal, Matt? Why you holding up my transports?

MATT

We'll be quick.

BOB

I have to feed these bastards when we hold em. Know how an internal auditor responds to an eight thousand dollar check to fucking Domino's Pizza?

MATT

You're so dramatic, Bob. This is Kate Macy with the FBI, and her partner 'what's his name'... It was her call.

Doesn't introduce Alejandro and Bob doesn't ask- Kate notices.

MACY

I don't even know what we're doing here. (Pointing to his cigarette) Got another one of those?

BOB

Finish it before we get inside.

He gives her one, lights her as they walk. The giant, domed warehouse growing closer. The dull murmur of four hundred people talking and sitting and moving and complaining is wafting out like an odor.

Macy tries to suck the entire cigarette in one drag. Reggie leans into her.

REGGIE

What happened in El Paso? Talk to me.

MACY  
We weren't in El Paso.

REGGIE  
... Where were you?

MACY  
We were in Mexico.

Reggie stops. Macy doesn't. She reaches the door and flicks the smoke on the ground.

INT. IMMIGRATION WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS.

The illegals have been separated by sex and criminal record.

Women on the left... The worker bees -- the busboys and landscapers and construction workers -- are in the center, and in the back, lined up against the wall, the felons...

Three dozen HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS stand over them with M4s.

BOB  
There you go. I'm starting the buses. When you're done with em, send em out.

ALEJANDRO  
All the women can go.

BOB  
Coulda told me that on the phone, Matt.

MATT  
First I've heard it.

They head toward the group of felons and the like as the women are moved out to the buses.

ALEJANDRO  
Watch these men close. Look for the ones like the men you saw in Juarez.

Macy looks at him. His kind, sad demeanor seems to settle her. She knows he is offering her something, just doesn't know why. She turns to the men against the wall. They have their hands behind their backs, zip tied.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Do you see?



She scans their faces. Many have tattoos, shaved heads. A boy, maybe 18, haircut like a pop star from the 90's. Diamond earrings, stares hard at her.

MACY

Him.

Alejandro nods.

ALEJANDRO

Yes. Keep looking.

She studies more faces. The ones that look like American gangsters- they look down, away, no eye contact. But the ones with mustaches no longer in style, hair parted down the middle, the lanky teens with Polo shirts, they stare defiantly. No fear of consequence from American officers. As subtle as the differences are- how they wear their pants, how they lean against the wall... she understands now.

MACY

Yeah. I see it.

She turns to Alejandro, but he is gone. She turns around and he stands thirty feet back beside Matt, looking over the migrants.

Macy walks back to them.

MACY (CONT'D)

What are we looking for?

MATT

Two ways to find drug routes. You can play cat and mouse with those clowns, or ask these guys what trails they avoid.

They walk toward the largest group, the simple migrants. The ones that are filthy, tired. Eager to either be sent back to Mexico or go to work.

ALEJANDRO

They see it all, and must avoid the traps set everywhere for them. We look for one who is older... one who has had enough.

Bob walks up.

BOB

You done with these behind you?

MATT

All yours.

The Agents begin yelling and marching the smuggler group out. Alejandro turns to Bob.

ALEJANDRO

Break them into groups of four, Let them spread out, each group as far from the other as possible.

Bob huddles his agents and begins explaining as Matt and Alejandro walk off.

We see Reggie, observing from the entrance. He's had enough 'not knowing', walks to Macy.

REGGIE

What are we doing here?(Looks her over) What were you doing in Mexico??

MACY

I'm with you, alright. I don't have answers.

REGGIE

Well, let's get some then.

She looks at him.

MACY

You think I haven't asked these questions. Think you can do better? MATT. Can we talk to you for a minute?

He starts walking toward them. They head for the open warehouse door.

EXT IMMIGRATION WAREHOUSE CONT.

Macy and Reggie stop in the center of the parking lot. Matt catches up to them.

MATT

This feels very serious.

REGGIE

What are we looking for? There's in the dark and then there's the way you're treating us. I want to know the objective, or I walk. Period.

MATT

Then go. I didn't ask you to be a part of this. She did.

MACY

I walk too.

Reggie stares at Matt, who casually smiles, pacifying the children.

MATT

What would you like to know?

REGGIE

Everything.

MATT

Guillermo told us about a tunnel east of Nogales, near Sasabe. So now, we're trying to find what areas near there migrants avoid. Because that's where the tunnel will be. Better?

REGGIE

Guillermo is...?

Matt laughs.

MATT

I'm going back in.

He turns.

MACY

He TOLD you where a drug tunnel is... Just... Told you.

MATT

Guillermo didn't have any other options. We send him back across the border and he's a dead man. Had to give us something.

He just smiles...

MACY

Bullshit.

REGGIE

Look man, we have a boss, and you ain't him. Be straight. What are you doing?

MATT

We're going to make enough noise  
that Manuel Diaz is called back to  
Mexico to see HIS boss.

REGGIE

And then?

MATT

And then we know where his boss is.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

Fausto Alarcon, Manuel's cousin...  
Manuel's boss... He is an  
executioner...

Alejandro stands beside them, but looks out over the black  
desert.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

When people die in my country, it  
is with his hand or his blessing.  
To find him would be like...  
discovering a vaccine. Manuel will  
lead us to him.

His kind, hollow eyes meet Reggie's. Alejandro manufactures a  
smile.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Certainly, you understand the value  
of that.

REGGIE

Alright... We're good. Just don't  
keep us in the dark.

ALEJANDRO

There is only dark, my friend.

Reggie studies this strange, sad man. Looks at him with  
something between fear and mistrust. Macy just looks tired  
and mad. Matt takes them both in.

MACY

What happens when you find him?

But Alejandro is already walking back to the warehouse.

MATT

It's been a humdinger of a day. Go  
home. Get some rest. We'll find a  
ride. See you tomorrow.

Matt turns and walks back.

REGGIE

I just drove a hundred fucking miles...

MACY

This is a blessing, trust me. I want to stop and get some cigarettes.

REGGIE

Got you smoking again... it was that bad?

She moves to the car.

MACY

Worse.

Reggie watches Matt walk back in the warehouse, trying desperately to play catch up. Wondering why no one, his partner included, will tell him anything...

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY TAHOE -- NIGHT.

Reggie drives down an empty interstate 19. Up ahead, he spots a TRUCK STOP.

REGGIE

Not that I think you should, but if you want cigarettes --

He looks over -- she is sound asleep. He drives past the truck stop, tail lights fading into the desert...

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S APARTMENT -- DAY.

Macy lays in bed watching the blades of her ceiling fan in their endless revolution. She rises -- dressed in pajamas at last -- and heads to the kitchen.

She pours a cup of coffee, heads to her computer. Pulls up the CNN website, scrolls the news, nothing about a shoot-out on the border.

Goes to the El Paso newspaper website. Nothing there either. She googles SHOOT OUT, JUAREZ... is bombarded with images.

Her screen is flooded with photos: women naked, tortured, beaten. Breasts cut off, pinkish flesh exposed.

Bodies of men in ditches, dead in chairs, dead in cars... dead everywhere. But nothing of yesterday. The images invade her. Can't look anymore...

She digs up a cigarette, goes to her screen door, opens it and steps out, lights her smoke.

She sees Reggie pull up and park. She yells down to him.

MACY

What's up?

REGGIE

You're phone's off.

MACY

Yep.

REGGIE

We gotta go. Those spooks been calling me all morning.

MACY

Want some coffee?

REGGIE

We gotta go.

MACY

I have to get dressed. Come up.

INT MACY'S APARTMENT DAY

Reggie leans against the dining room table, cup of coffee in hand. Macy moves from her bathroom, slacks on and only an old, off white bra. He notices. Doesn't hide it.

REGGIE

Gotta get you a new bra, woman.

MACY

List of things I need is almost infinite.

REGGIE

Just saying. You gotta... some nice lacy something.

She walks in the room, buttoning the last of her shirt.

MACY

Been so long since anyone's seen me  
in a bra, except you... don't look  
at me like that. No pity, thank  
you.

REGGIE

How was seeing Evan the other day?

MACY

...I don't know.

REGGIE

Miss him?

MACY

Guy works eighty hours a week and  
thinks I'm too focused on my job.

REGGIE

Mmhmm. And what does that tell you?

Beat.

MACY

Ask me something else.

Beat.

REGGIE

What was it like? On the border.

She turns to him. How do you describe it...

MACY

It's broken ... The whole place.  
Just ... Lost.

He absorbs that.

REGGIE

Wish you hadn't volunteered for  
this.

MACY

Me too. But... I have to know.

REGGIE

Know what?

MACY

Could it get that bad here?

REGGIE

Well, you sure picked the mother fuckers to show us.

MACY

Yeah...

EXT SCOTTDALE BEST WESTERN DAY

Reggie and Macy knock on the door. It opens. Matt, dressed for golf, stands there with a slurpee.

MATT

Come on in.

They walk into the 'suite', the best a motel room can be. The walls are covered with TOPO MAPS of Arizona, ROAD MAPS, and GEOLOGICAL MAPS... Alejandro sits at a table with FOUR MIGRANTS from the warehouse. Worker bees.

Alejandro points to a spot on the map with a chopstick from their take out.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

You can't cross there.

Points somewhere else.

MIGRANT 1 (CONT'D)

There is okay.

MIGRANT 2 (SUBTITLE)

But the coyotes there are crooked.  
No women can cross there...

Alejandro looks at Matt.

ALEJANDRO

We should watch here.

Alejandro points to another spot, just across the border from Sasabe, Mexico.

All the migrants say 'No!' In unison, even laughing at the notion.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

That is drug land. The only people that cross there are forced to. To keep the Border patrol busy.



MIGRANT 2 (SUBTITLE)

You try to cross there, they will kill you. And for a woman... a rape tree for her.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

That is for their tunnels. Never cross where there is tunnels.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)

You know this land? A tunnel where cars can pass?

MIGRANT 1

Oh yeah. For years, the best place to cross... right here.

He points to a depression on the TOPO MAP.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

This arroyo? You can walk it all the way to highway 86. There is shade and a spring -- here. But a tunnel is there now. Don't go there...

Reggie's jaw is on the floor.

MACY

Are you getting this?

REGGIE

Yeah. I don't believe it, but I understand what they're saying.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)

Can you mark the tunnel on here?

Hands him a pen.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

Sure. It's been a while. Three years. They made me dig for a month to cross. I snuck out one night and ran... They hide the entrance behind an old car.

MATT

Guillermo was telling the truth.

Alejandro looks at Matt.

ALEJANDRO

This is our way across. Right here. (Back to the migrants) Where do you live?

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

East of the airport.

Matt spoons the last of his slurpee. Turns to Macy.

MATT

How good is your Spanish?

MACY

Not great.

REGGIE

Mine is. How did you get all this?

Matt smiles, spooning himself slurpee.

MATT

Power of persuasion.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)

Know a Wells Fargo on Baseline?

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

No cabron. We drive to Cave Creek for the bank. There is a Wells Fargo on Baseline, but it is a narco bank. The narcos hit you as you walk to it... Only the Salvadorans use it, cuz they don't know... the soldiers deposit narco money there. They will rob you cabron, to make up for what they skimmed. No, you have to bank up by the white cowboys, that is safest.

ALEJANDRO

(Looks at Matt) Guillermo told the truth about everything.

MATT

We're gonna have a good day. (Points to the migrants) Let's send these guys home.

MACY

Border patrol's not down there.

MATT

Think they'd tell us all this and then go back to Mexico? You get one night's sleep and forget everything?

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)

Thank you ... don't cross again.  
Not for a long time.

The migrant looks down at a small card in his hand. The others have them as well.

MIGRANT 1 (SUBTITLE)

These green cards are good?

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)

Better than good, my friend.

The men get up casually and walk out, sipping their soft drinks. Matt looks at Macy.

MATT

Have friends at Phoenix SWAT?

MACY

Yeah, we use them for breeches when HRT is busy.

MATT

They any good?

MACY

Yeah... they get a lot of practice.

He nods.

MATT

Got a new frame of reference for practice now, don't you. Let's give Phoenix SWAT a call, shall we?

MACY

(To Alejandro) What did you find out?

He lays a hand on her shoulder. The intimacy of the gesture surprises her.

ALEJANDRO

We are close.

CUT TO:

WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH A TELEPHOTO LENS.

We watch a MAN, 20'S, BAGGY JEANS, WHITE T-SHIRT, sitting on the curb, fiddling with an iPhone.

VOICE

We taking him when he makes the grab?

MATT (O.S.)

When he comes out of the bank. We need the deposit receipt to seize the account. Let him do the assault... we hit him when he comes out.

Through the lens we see A WOMAN, 50's, waddling up. The young man approaches her. He's talking to her. She shakes her head. He discreetly punches her in the kidney.

She reacts, then reaches into her purse. She hands him cash, then kneels down and begins writing something on a piece a paper.

MACY (O.S.)

What is she doing?

MATT (O.S.)

Endorsing over her paycheck.

She stands and walks the other way, holding her side. The young man walks in the bank.

PULL BACK and reveal, we are:

INT. CARGO VAN -- DAY.

Matt, Reggie, Macy, Alejandro, and CORY, 35, SWAT SERGEANT. Two other SWAT officers, and a MAN IN A SUIT.

CORY

Can we get in position?

MATT

When he walks out of the bank, we pull beside and you take him.

The young man walks out of the bank and is moving down the street. We are moving now.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now.

CORY  
(Into a radio) Take him.

We see TWO PHOENIX PD VEHICLES round the corner. The van doors are thrown open and Cory and his guys are on the run. The young man turns but by the time he does, Cory has tackled him.

The man in the suit, Reggie, and Macy get out. Alejandro and Matt stay in the van.

CORY (CONT'D)  
You have any weapons?

He's frisking him. Finds a small bag of meth, the cell phone, and the bank receipt.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Where's uh... what's his name.

MAN IN SUIT  
Here.

He hands him the bank receipt and the man disappears inside...

Cory continues digging and finds five thousand in cash on the young man.

CORY  
Little walking money, sport?

Macy takes this all in. A crime she didn't even know existed. She walks back to the van.

MACY  
You guys coming?

Matt shakes his head 'no'.

ALEJANDRO  
Don't go in the bank, Kate.

MACY  
This is something I can actually build a case on.

MATT  
Kate --

She turns and walks in.

INT .WELLS FARGO BANK -- MOMENT LATER.

We hold on a PRINTOUT OF ACCOUNT ACTIVITY.

Deposit. Deposit. Deposit. Deposit. Every day. The account balance around two million dollars.

MACY

These are all Manuel Diaz's accounts?

MAN IN SUIT

Yeah. Look here.

Macy and Reggie are leaning over him.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Cash Deposits coming in daily, the balance transferred to a money market account in 9000 dollar increments. All cash transactions 10,000 and over must be reported to Treasury --

MACY

And you can seize that.

MAN IN SUIT

Already have. I'll go through these wire transfer numbers and freeze all these accounts as well... this is a really big bust. I don't know why we've never tried this before. Who knew they just stood outside banks and robbed people, then deposited the money...

Macy and Reggie ask themselves the same question.

A WELLS FARGO MANAGER walks over some more paperwork. The man in the suit looks it over.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Wow.

MACY

What?

MAN IN SUIT

Know what this is?

He shows her a printout.

MACY

No.

MAN IN SUIT

It's a bank line of credit. You make payments over what you owe and it doesn't show as cash it shows as a negative loan balance... See that?

He points to the loan amount.

-17,453,229.26

MACY

Oh my god.

Macy walks out of the bank and straight to the van, Reggie right behind.

She looks bewildered and scared. She climbs in next to them.

MACY (CONT'D)

They just seized seventeen million dollars... I need that explained to me. Guillermo Diaz told you all that in an HOUR?

MATT

We knew where his accounts were, we just didn't know they were shaking people down in front of the fucking branch. It's a bogus bust, though. Can't prosecute it. No one controls who deposits money in an account. An attorney will have that money back in a few months... but a lot of heads will roll before then...

MACY

We can arrest Manuel for now. At least get him off the street.

Heads off.

MATT

Don't you dare.

She turns back to them.

ALEJANDRO

We need him to get called back to Mexico. That's the objective, Kate.

MACY

That makes NO sense... We can get him off the street! RIGHT NOW. If I can tie any of these payments to--

MATT

You can't arrest him.

Beat.

MACY

Watch me.

She marches back toward the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING -- DIRECTOR JENNING'S OFFICE -- DAY.

Macy and Reggie sit across from Jennings and Phil. Bob Fiske is there as well.

JENNINGS

US Attorney won't issue the warrant. I can't override--

MACY

This is ridiculous. His guys are robbing people IN FRONT OF THE BANK... So we find out where his boss lives in Mexico. Big deal. I've seen the Mexican police in action and believe me --

JENNINGS

Kate... what do you want? What would you like done here?

MACY

I would like to follow some semblance of procedure, and build a prosecutable case against --

JENNINGS

We prosecuted more felony drug cases in this region last year than in the two previous years combined. Are you feeling that on the street? You getting the 'vibe' that we're winning?



Beat.

MACY

No.

JENNINGS

Do you?

REGGIE

No... I don't.

PHIL

Advisors like Matt come in, stir the pot, cause these criminals to react and make mistakes. That's how we build cases against the individuals that actually make a difference in this fight. When they're nervous, when they stop trusting their crews, when they move their money... these are all opportunities to strike... that's the purpose of contractors like Matt.

JENNINGS

This isn't something I dreamed up myself, Kate. I don't have the authority to hire advisors or authorize joint agency missions. Or fly agents from air force bases, are you understanding me? These decisions are made far from here. By officials elected to office, not appointed to them... so if your fear is operating out of bounds I am telling you, you're not. The boundary has been moved. Got it?

She does. But that doesn't mean she likes it...

CUT TO:

INT MACY'S VEHICLE LATE AFTERNOON

Macy and Reggie drive in silence. Nowhere in particular... Just driving.

MACY

Where'd that guy say the safe banks were, Cave Creek?

REGGIE

Yeah?

MACY

Ever been there?

REGGIE

Don't even know where it is...

MACY

North of Scottsdale. Horse country...

REGGIE

Yeah?

MACY

Big saloon there called the Buffalo Chip... Feel like a beer somewhere far away?

REGGIE

Why? There an angle here?

MACY

Yeah. Angle is me getting drunk and forgetting about today.

REGGIE

At the Buffalo Chip? Yeah... I'll go to the Buffalo Chip. Get my two step on... Drive your drunk ass home later...

For the first time, we see her laugh.

MACY

Alright. To the Chip.

They drive North, in search of a moment's escape.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP SALOON -- NIGHT.

Behind the saloon is a small arena, a corral to it's right. In the corral, a half dozen bulls. In the arena -- a young cowboy on a bull, hanging on for dear life. Country music blares through speakers from the beer garden just beyond...

About twenty people sit on bleachers watching the bull riders, Macy and Reggie among them, drinking beer from giant cups.

REGGIE

That fool's crazy.

MACY

These guys are pros, this is where they practice.

REGGIE

This what you do? Come here trolling for rednecks...

Macy laughs. Reggie takes in the crowd -- lots of young blonde girls in hats and jeans two sizes too small.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Peckerwoods got some fine-ass women though.

MACY

Bet I start seeing you here weekly.

The next bull erupts from the chute, sending a cowboy ass over elbow...

REGGIE

I'll say this... these folks got it figured. Music's all..(He stamps his foot and claps) bout life just... beating em, but still happy. Can't take that away from em.

MACY

Let's go inside. I wanna dance.

REGGIE

Lit's git in thar an' boot scoot.

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- DANCE FLOOR -- NIGHT.

Macy and Reggie have infiltrated a line dance. Reggie's interpretation is mockery, but his gun is visible, so no one's saying shit...

Macy laughs, spins. Doesn't know how to line dance... feels good to move anyway. She sways, clicks her heels, and acts like a woman, for just a moment...

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- BAR -- LATER.

Macy and Reggie sit at a long table, many beers in. They are easy together... Would be easy to make a mistake tonight and fuck up a great partnership, but they've walked this line many times before.

REGGIE

I think some of these girl's are getting drunk enough to forget they're racist.

MACY

Oh for God's sake, a Black man is president. Racism is dead, and even if it wasn't when he popped Bin Ladin he won over the hold outs.

A blonde thing is smiling at him.

REGGIE

Yeah, baby.

Reggie notices a HANDSOME COWBOY. Tall, broad shoulders...

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I know him.

MACY

Who?

REGGIE

He's Phoenix PD.

MACY

(Spots him) Really... Invite him over.

REGGIE

HEY! TED!

Ted turns to the sound. Seems surprised to see Reggie. Walks over. He carries what looks like a gym bag.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What do you got there man?

TED

I rode tonight.

REGGIE

A bull? No shit?

TED  
Yeah. Were you watching?

REGGIE  
For a minute, how'd you do?

TED  
Tossed right out of the chute.  
(Sees Macy) Hi.

She smiles a bit. Shy even...

REGGIE  
Sit down, man.

TED  
Let me grab you guys some beers,  
what is that?

REGGIE  
Anything, man.

He walks off.

MACY  
Married?

REGGIE  
All yours. In my basketball league.

MACY  
Good guy?

REGGIE  
He's great. Sergeant in vice.  
Divorced, couple kids I think...

Macy watches him as he orders. The girl beside him, much younger and pretty, is chatting him... He's chatting back. She retreats into her shell, feeling foolish for thinking it would be that easy to meet someone... She clouds. Reggie notices.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
I'ma cock block that little blonde  
for you... gonna be a sacrifice...

MACY  
Yeah... Thanks.

Reggie walks up to Ted and the girl, charms his way between and gabs them both. We see Macy, letting herself be hopeful...

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- LATER.

Reggie, the blonde, Ted, and Macy all sit together. Ted sits beside Macy -- the battle lines are drawn for the night -- she is his. He is showing them the cinch that goes around the bull's belly.

TED

You wrap this around and then- (he grabs Macy's arm) I'll demonstrate.

He wraps the nylon belt around her hand once, twice, three times...

REGGIE

I know where this is going --

MACY

Don't discourage him. Know how long it's been since someone tied me up?

Ted and Macy share a charged look. She smiles.

TED

Don't give me any ideas.

MACY

I'm trying very hard to give you ideas.

The tension of it, the flirt of it, she looks ten years younger... Alive. They hold each other's eyes, almost like a dare... He's captivated by her.

TED

(softly) I want to take you outside.

There it is... Macy surrenders with a smile...

MACY

Okay.

They stand like school kids.

TED

Scuse us. We're just gonna...

REGGIE

Mmhmm.

MACY

Take a look around back.

REGGIE

Yeah.

TED

Watch my bag.

We watch them walk off through the club.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP SALOON -- NIGHT.

We are looking at the sheet metal outer wall of the saloon. Macy's head comes hard into frame, Ted's right after. They devour each other.

She tears at the snaps of his shirt, runs her hand along his chest, grabbing a handful of chest hair and pulling.

He tears frantically at her pants. Gets them unbuttoned and slips his hand inside. Her head flies back in ecstasy.

MACY

What am I -- Uhh.

With one hand she attacks his belt and pulls at the zipper of his jeans. She reaches into his jeans. His turn to moan...

INT. BUFFALO CHIP -- CONT.

Reggie has the cinch and is toying with the blonde girl.

REGGIE

See you can also... let me show you...

She laughs at his attempt to do the wrap Ted did.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck it. ( He pulls out his handcuffs) We'll just use these.

She loses herself in laughter.

GIRL

Okay... (she motions to Ted's bag)  
Anything else fun in there?

REGGIE

Let's see...

Shows her Ted's hand cuffs.

GIRL

Did you two plan this??

He laughs, then spots something else. At the bottom of the bag, he sees it --

A computer print out of a photo from the Wells Fargo security camera... A PHOTO OF MACY.

Everything about Reggie changes.

REGGIE  
Got a cell phone?

GIRL  
Yeah... What?

REGGIE  
Call 911. Right fucking now, call  
911.

Puts his badge on the table.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Tell them I said so. Read them the  
badge number.

And Reggie is gone. The girl starts dialing.

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP -- CONT.

MACY'S back is against the Sheet metal, Ted pressed against her. Bare legs wrapped around him. He thrusts deep inside her.

It is rapid, almost angry. She needs this. Release is coming, she moans freely now, she's so close--

We see something moving toward them in a blur.

Reggie's fist slams the side of Ted's face. It knocks him out of frame, exposing Macy completely naked below the waist, legs spread wide against the wall.

She panics, reaching down to pull up her pants and falls over as Reggie jumps on Ted, beating him senseless.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
MOTHER FUCKER!!! MOTHER  
FUUCCCKKKERRRR!!!

Ted is helpless, curled into a fetal position, face broken and bleeding.

MACY  
What are you doing???



Sirens can be heard. Reggie has Ted cuffed now and is frisking him. Knife in his boot. Pistol in the other boot.

REGGIE

He was sent here. There's surveillance photos of you IN HIS BAG!!! He works for the fucking cartel.

She leans against the wall, still flushed and breathing heavy, so close to orgasm, now the farthest thing from it.

TED

Reggie... pull up my pants for me?

REGGIE

FUCK YOU.

TED

You got it wrong... nothing was gonna happen... wasn't... Didn't even know she--

Reggie kicks him quiet. Macy starts to do something she hasn't done in a decade. She's fighting it, but sex brought so much emotion with it. And now -- no release. Try though she may, she starts to cry.

Reggie goes to her and hugs her as CAVE CREEK POLICE VEHICLES pull into the parking lot, sirens blazing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFALO CHIP -- NIGHT.

EVERYONE IS HERE NOW. FBI. All of them. Ted is loaded into a car.

Macy rests against a SQUAD CAR, smoking a cigarette, too exhausted to care that she looks like she just got fucked outside a bar.

Director Jennings walks up, leans against the car beside her.

JENNINGS

See what I mean? They try to react and make mistakes... you want a little --

MACY

No.

JENNINGS

Then keep shaking the tree. Let's see what else falls.

Jennings stands.

JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Finding that photo and luring him out. That was smart.

His knowing smile says: our little secret.

She nods in appreciation.

MACY

Thank you, Dave.

JENNINGS

Thank you. Unlike most of the perps we see, Phoenix PD officers facing thirty years in prison have plenty to lose. We'll know whatever he knows very soon.

Jennings walks off. Macy pulls a long drag from the cigarette. She looks at it, and must accept the fact that she is once again a smoker...

Reggie walks up to her. He hands her a new pack. They look at each other. Try not to, but can't help it. They laugh... But when Macy's laughter risks turning to tears, she stops.

REGGIE

Thought all you white girls shaved.

She starts laughing again.

MACY

You saved my life.

REGGIE

Nah. Think he was meant to scare you, or test you, maybe...

MACY

Are they following us?

REGGIE

Don't know. They're gonna take your vehicle, look for a transmitter. Which would mean there's someone in our house involved too.

(MORE)

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
 Maybe someone tailed us from the  
 bank... I don't know.

The not knowing scares her.

MACY  
 Thank you. I mean it.

He accepts it with a nod.

MACY (CONT'D)  
 Where is he now?

REGGIE  
 Backseat of your car. With our  
 shadows.

Takes that in.

MACY  
 I hope they kill him.

REGGIE  
 You don't mean that.

MACY  
 ... No.

They lean against the car in silence.

INT. MACY'S VEHICLE -- CONT.

Ted sits in the backseat, face destroyed. The reality of his situation now fully in front of him. Matt sits in the front seat, Alejandro beside him.

TED  
 Okay. Okay. Okay...

MATT  
 You said that Ted.

TED  
 Look... I. I. I was asked what her  
 case involved-

As quick as a cat, Alejandro stabs his thumb into Ted's eye. Ted pitches forward.

MATT  
 The beauty of you being so beat to  
 shit... No one's gonna notice a  
 couple more scratches... this is a  
 new game, Ted.  
 (MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm the guy who will decide if your daughters get Federal protection or whether we post your ex wife's address on the internet. I decide whether you go to prison at a work camp in Missouri or a kill house like Corcoran. This is where you negotiate how to survive...

TED

I'm in really fucking deep here.

ALEJANDRO

How many officers do they have on the force?

TED

I don't know... How do I guarantee my family's safe?

ALEJANDRO

You want the truth?

TED

Please.

ALEJANDRO

Give the names, give the houses, phone numbers ... Give me all of you.

We watch from a distance as Matt and Alejandro listen. Matt stands and waves over the Director and other agents. They lean over and listen to Ted spilling.

Ted is then removed and marched toward another vehicle. Alejandro and Matt walk toward Macy.

MATT

Good job.

She laughs at the conviction this lie is given by everyone.

MACY

I love how we're all going to pretend I planned this.

MATT

You write it that way in the report. (Looking at Reggie) Yes?

REGGIE

Well ... she found the picture and led him outside.

MATT

Real quick thinking, Kate.

MACY

Yeah ... So, can I go home tonight  
or ...

MATT

Sure ... This is good news. They're  
going to call Manuel back. Soon.

MACY

Whoopee. Then we can call the  
Mexican police to go arrest their  
employer. Why do I think that won't  
happen?

MATT

(Matt really likes this girl) Gotta  
have a little faith.

Matt walks off.

REGGIE

You can come stay with me.

MACY

I'll be fine... They have your  
picture too, you know.

REGGIE

Yeah. Thought crossed my mind.

Phil waves Reggie over. Macy is alone. She looks left, and  
Alejandro is beside her.

MACY

(Dry) I understand now, okay?  
They're everywhere and I'll never  
know who to trust, as evidenced by  
me fucking my hit man behind a bar.

ALEJANDRO

He wasn't an assassin. He was just  
supposed to be your friend and  
hopefully find out who is showing  
you how to hurt them. They are  
looking for us, not you.

MACY

That doesn't scare you?

ALEJANDRO

I've been doing this for a long time.

He looks out over the cactus.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

In Mexico, police do not investigate crimes for the government. Attorneys do. That's what I did. I was very close to arresting someone who ... someone I shouldn't have tried to arrest.

His mind wanders back. He remembers...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

The brilliance of what they do when they mutilate a body is make people think -- Oh, that person must have done something to receive such a death. They must have been involved.

He looks at her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

They must have deserved it ... And for the family ... It soils every memory you have of that person. They make it impossible to imagine the face you loved without seeing the initials carved into her forehead. Imagine her body without seeing her chest with -- remember her before...

He draws in a deep breath. Swallows the emotion.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Her breasts were cut off ... Remember your child without ...

He looks off. Can't even say it ... Won't say it.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

They kill the body, the memory, everything.

She shivers as she digests his words. Alejandro looks up to the stars. Studies them.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
 You remind me of my wife. I find it  
 very difficult to look at you.

He steps away.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
 Get some rest tonight. Tomorrow  
 they will call Manuel back, and we  
 will cut a leg from them.

He walks back toward Matt, leaving Macy staring out across  
 the desert.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIO'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY.

Silvio sleeps. A shadow crosses his face. He opens an eye.  
 Eliseo stands there holding coffee and a plate of eggs and  
 tortillas.

SILVIO  
 Juevos?

ELISEO  
 Si papa.

SILVIO  
 Con jalapenos?

ELISEO  
 Si.

Silvio sits up. Takes the coffee, drinks. No booze in it.  
 Thinks about sending it back, but the look on Eliseo's face  
 makes him reconsider. He'll get drunk soon enough. He takes  
 the plate and feeds.

Eliseo sits on the bed.

ELISEO (CONT'D)  
 Trabajando hoy?

SILVIO  
 En la noche.

ELISEO  
 Quere jugar baseball? En el parque?

The man chews. Thinks. Exaggerates his expressions.

SILVIO  
HMMMM ... baseball.

The boy laughs.

ELISEO  
BASEBALL!!! Si.

SILVIO  
Okay.

The boy shoots off like a rocket. Silvio laughs. As he eats, we see the AK 47 by the bed. A bag of coke and a thousand or so dollars on the night stand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEST WESTERN -- SCOTTSDALE -- DAY.

Macy and Reggie pull in and park next to five US GOVERNMENT SUBURBANS. They get out and walk past them.

They get to the room and knock.

INT. BEST WESTERN SUITE -- CONT.

Matt lets them in. He wears desert camo fatigues, as do most of the people in the room. There are computers linked to monitors. One displays footage of MANUEL DIAZ'S HOUSE and OFFICE. Another is footage of the DESERT. But that footage is MOVING.

MATT  
We may have the tunnel, right here.

We look at the footage. Cactus and desert grass in the foreground. In the background, a ravine.

MATT (CONT'D)  
We'll know soon enough.

EXT. DESERT -- CONTINUOUS.

We look at cactus and brush along a ridge. Slowly, caterpillar slow, the brush begins moving. We can just make out an enormous telephoto lens wrapped in camouflage tape.

INT. BEST WESTERN SUITE -- CONT.

Matt points to coolers filled with Gatorade and Red Bull.



MATT (CONT'D)  
Tasty beverage?

This guy ...

MACY  
What's the plan?

MATT  
(Easy smile) Going hunting.

There is a DOD AGENT wearing headphones and sitting in front of what looks like a sound board linked to a computer.

From the other room, DELTA and one of his team members walk through. Moving toward the TOPO MAP on the wall.

DELTA  
Alright. Listen up. We're waiting for visual confirmation to move, so let's clarify the op. We will drive to this location. Proceed on foot to this ridge.

He moves to a diagram of a tunnel.

DELTA (CONT'D)  
This diagram is based on other tunnels that have been mapped. This is NOT accurate, it is for reference only. We expect a small exit corridor on our side of the border. They mark the international border in the tunnel with red paint so Border Patrol doesn't pursue past that point. Once on the Mexican side, there will be a small staging area, then another shaft will lead to the main warehouse and the road that returns to Mexico. Once we clear the mules, we don't expect more than a dozen bandits.

DELTA looks at Matt.

DELTA (CONT'D)  
Wanna discuss ROE?

MATT  
We'll save that for later.

DELTA  
This is an in and out. We are clearing and placing an agent.  
(MORE)

DELTA (CONT'D)

Once we've cleared the tunnel and dropped the agent, DEA will take over the scene. Alright?

An operator watching a monitor speaks.

OPERATOR

This looks like confirmation.

We look at the monitor and see a large amount of brush, and behind it, an old wrecked car entangled in it.

DELTA

That looks like it. Okay, let's gear up. Got a good drive ahead of us.

They begin breaking down gear, pulling maps from the walls. Matt turns to an agent.

MATT

First thing, get that surveillance van operational.

OPERATOR

I need to fit your guy with a locator.

MATT

Do it.

The agent takes off.

Macy and Reggie's heads are spinning.

REGGIE

Those guys are Special Ops. (To Matt) Are we going on this?

Matt turns to them.

MATT

You aren't really dressed for it.

REGGIE

Well, you didn't fucking tell us.

MATT

You went crying to daddy yesterday. We don't want daddy to know everything. Loose lips sink ships, haven't you learned that yet? Don't worry, we got extra--

MACY

We have tac gear in our car.

Alejandro steps into the room. Dressed in head to toe black. Face painted as well.

MACY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

She notices Alejandro's gear. Ear piece. Silenced HK Mark 23, tactical vest. Night vision goggles. No one else is dressed like him. The operator straps what looks to be a wrist watch on Alejandro's arm.

REGGIE

What the fuck is he dressed for?

MATT

Relax. You guys will hang back when we get there, k?

REGGIE

Then why are we going?

MACY

Because CIA can't operate within US borders without a domestic agency attached. Right?

At last. She gets it. He smiles.

MATT

Hey. All the drugs we find, you guys get to confiscate. Gonna be a big day.

He walks off.

MACY

That's why we're here. That's the only reason.

Reggie shakes his head.

REGGIE

Great.

He walks out.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT -- HIGHWAY 86 -- DAY.

Five suburbans and a large cargo van drive down the desolate highway as the sun begins to set.

INT. SILVIO'S HOUSE -- NOGALES, MEXICO -- DAY.

Silvio sits in his little courtyard, watching the chickens. He tosses a handful of feed and they scamper after it. He drinks a beer. Three empties beside him. He looks at his watch. It's time. He gets up.

EXT. STASH HOUSE -- NOGALES -- DAY.

Three state Police Vehicles. One being loaded full of bricks of marijuana. Silvio stands beside the car, smoking.

INT. US GOVERNMENT SUBURBAN -- DAY.

Matt sits in the front seat. A Delta operator driving. Macy, Reggie, Alejandro and three Delta operators sit in the back.

Matt is on his cell.

MATT

What. What. What's he saying?

VOICE

Um. Hold on... They called him back. He's on the road now.

MATT

Where.

VOICE

Turning left on Scottsdale. You got about three hours and he'll be across.

Matt turns back to the Delta operators.

MATT

We're gonna have to hit the tunnel the minute we get on the ground.

Matt looks at Macy and Reggie.

MATT (CONT'D)

Pretty exciting, huh?

They don't share his enthusiasm. They just want this to be over.

INT. RANGE ROVER -- DAY.

Manuel is sweating, even though the AC blasts in his face. On the seat beside him is an overnight bag.

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 -- PHOENIX -- DAY.

We watch Manuel's Range Rover get on the interstate.

VOICE

He's on I 10, travelling  
southeast...

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD -- LATE AFTERNOON.

A MEXICAN STATE POLICE VEHICLE ambles down the road, heading toward the tunnel...

INT. POLICE VEHICLE -- MEXICAN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS.

Silvio drives, marijuana bundles fill the backseat. He smokes a cigarette, he slows down, pulls off the pavement.

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS.

We watch from a distance as Silvio's vehicle bounces down a dirt road, disappearing into the desert as the sun hides behind the horizon.

INT. US GOVERNMENT SUBURBAN -- NIGHT.

We pull off the highway and stop. A man in a ghillie suit stands up, walks toward them carrying a camera with an 800mm lens. Matt turns toward us.

MATT

On foot from here.

EXT. TRANSPORT VEHICLE -- CONT.

Macy steps out and sees another vehicle parked. Another half dozen men in full camo. From the back of the Suburban, six duffel bags are opened. Operators reach in and grab weapons, magazines, grenades. Generation 4 night vision goggles are passed to everyone. DELTA walks up to Reggie and Macy.

DELTA

Keep your fucking safeties on and  
the barrels pointed down. Stay in  
the back and don't shoot anyone on  
my fucking team, got it?

Doesn't wait for a reply.

REGGIE

We HAVE done this before.

MACY

I don't think we've done THIS.

They move out. We watch the world through NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

We run a bit then kneel down. We are flagged forward. Kneel down. We leap frog this way forever.

Macy looks out over the desert. TWO COYOTES(the animals), are stopped, staring right at us. Macy makes eye contact. They begin trotting off, never breaking eye contact with Macy, as though they are begging her to follow. While she still can...

We come to a rise. Everyone lays down. DELTA whispers to Alejandro.

DELTA

Rules of engagement on this deal?

ALEJANDRO

I don't use those. Ask Matt.

DELTA turns the other way.

DELTA

Rules of engagement?

MATT

Weapons free, my friend.

He whispers it down the line.

Reggie's eyes scream 'what the fuck'.

We drop into a ravine and follow it. Up ahead we see the brush and the old car that is hood first in the ground, like it was dropped from the sky. The team lines up across from it.

MATT (CONT'D)

(Into mouthpiece) Where is the target?

VOICE

Bout twenty minutes to the border.

MATT

(To Delta)We need to boogie. And we need to do it quiet till we find the center.

Delta pulls his knife. Alejandro comes up to the front.

MATT (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Alejandro nods. He and the Delta operators move ahead, silently. Disappear behind the old car. After a moment we follow.

We enter the tunnel. Moving fast.

INT. TUNNEL -- CONT.

We pass the body of a SMUGGLER, throat slit. We continue. A shaft banks left, we follow...

Another body lies on the ground, throat slit, though eyes wide open, bleeding out and staring up at us as we pass.

We see the operators ahead. DELTA backtracks to Matt.

DELTA

(whispers) So we're clear, I don't need to announce. Weapons free.

MATT

They don't get freer buddy.

The operator moves forward, whispers to his group. They all pull out their 1911 pistols and attach silencers.

ALEJANDRO

Take the left shaft ... Make noise.

DELTA returns his pistol to it's holster, raises his rifle. His men follow suit.

DELTA

Don't want us with you?

ALEJANDRO

No. Draw them to you. The one I am looking for will try and run.

The operators move into the left chamber, Alejandro moves off to the right. Matt holds Macy and Reggie up. Points to the ceiling: RED PAINT ALL THE WAY AROUND.

MATT

Cross this and it's new rules.

She takes the dare.

MACY

Fair enough.

Matt moves down the left shaft.

REGGIE

Fuck are we doing in here? Let's go back.

Machine gun fire erupts. The fight has begun.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

We're in fucking Mexico!!

MACY

THEN GO BACK.

He'll never leave her. As he moves up the tunnel, Macy looks right, toward the shaft Alejandro took. Can't resist.

MACY (CONT'D)

REGGIE!

He's too far ahead to hear. She heads down Alejandro's path anyway.

GUNFIRE ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

INT. TUNNEL WAREHOUSE -- CONT.

We find SILVIO, and he is panicking, throwing the marijuana from his car to the ground. Another man runs up and helps.

SILVIO

RAPIDO RAPIDO!!!

They hear more gunfire. Screw it. Silvio's not waiting around any longer. He gets in the driver's seat.

BANDIT

Traiga me contigo!!!

SILVIO

No cabron!

The man opens the passenger door as Silvio starts the squad car. A bullet penetrates the bandit's face, just under the eye. He drops as if he's been unplugged.

Silvio ducks down, throwing the car in reverse, but a hand reaches in the window, and turns the car off. Silvio looks up and sees --

Alejandro.

HE pulls Silvio from the car. Spins him around. Pulls the pistol from Silvio's belt. Tosses it on the ground.



Silvio stares at Alejandro in absolute terror.

SILVIO (CONT'D)  
El Medellin.

Alejandro places his pistol to Silvio's face.

SILVIO (CONT'D)  
No me mata!!

Alejandro jams his thumb in Silvio's larynx. Silvio gasps for air. Alejandro grabs his hair, pistol to his head.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)  
What you do now is for your family.  
Whether they see tomorrow rests  
with you.

Tears roll down Silvio's cheek.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
You will drive me.

MACY (O.S.)  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

Alejandro turns and sees Macy, her rifle trained on him.

ALEJANDRO  
Put that down.

MACY  
STEP AWAY. I mean it. Move away  
from him.

He looks at her.

The automatic fire from different tunnel shafts rushes in and out like blasts of hot air.

ALEJANDRO  
We are in Mexico now. You have no  
jurisdiction.

MACY  
We can't be here--

Alejandro raises his pistol and fires six rounds into Macy's chest.

She collapses to the ground, sucking for air. Alejandro walks over and grabs her rifle. Tosses it in the back of the Police car.

ALEJANDRO

Don't ever point a weapon at me again. Get your breath and go back to the surface.

She gasps, claspings at the Kevlar vest that saved her life. She rolls onto her stomach and struggles to stand. Reaches for her pistol. Alejandro slams her face into his knee. Tosses her pistol across the room.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Stop it Kate. Just stop. This is what we were sent here to do.

He pulls her to her feet. Points his pistol at her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I don't have time. Go to the surface. Now.

Blood pours from her shattered nose. She has lost and she knows it.

MACY

You lured Manuel to Mexico so you could kill him. This is your cab driver.

ALEJANDRO

I am here to kill the man with the power to summon Manuel Diaz. I am here for Fausto. But I will kill Manuel too. It's what I do, Kate. Go. Or I will do it to you.

She stumbles back, turns around and runs.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(Turning the gun on Sylvio) Get in.

Alejandro gets in the back seat of the police car.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Drive back to Mexico.

The car backs up, spins and drives the tunnel road until we are:

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD -- NIGHT.

We are in the backseat, looking through the windshield.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
 (Into mouthpiece) I am through, do  
 you have my location?

VOICE  
 Copy. We have you. Target is east  
 and north of you. Looks like  
 highway 56 to 17 will intercept him  
 if he stays on 17. Will advise. Go  
 east on 56 off highway 2.

ALEJANDRO  
 (To Silvio)  
 Este a calle cincuenta y seis.

SYLVIO  
 I have a son... I... have a son.

ALEJANDRO  
 Having family... does that save the  
 lives of the men you are hired to  
 kill? Hmm?

Sylvio stares in the rearview mirror at the phantom ducked  
 low behind him.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT.

Reggie looks around, doesn't see Macy anywhere. Spots Matt  
 among the Delta team.

MATT  
 (Into mouthpiece) Is he through?

VOICE  
 Copy. GPS is transmitting. Audio is  
 transmitting. Should intercept in  
 20.

Matt pats DELTA on the back.

MATT  
 This was a clean, clean fucking op  
 my friend.

Delta points back toward the approaching Reggie.

DELTA  
 Except for these assholes. Like it  
 better overseas where we don't have  
 baby sitters.

Reggie reaches them.

REGGIE  
You see Kate?

MATT  
She's not with you?

Beat.

REGGIE  
We gotta go back.

Matt sighs.

MATT  
Okay, let's go. (Yells to the team)  
We're missing one.

Delta rolls his eyes. They approach the tunnel entrance when Macy walks out. She spots Matt and punches him for all she's worth. He deflects it, sweeps her leg and she hits the ground. Hard.

Reggie rushes him.

REGGIE  
Hey man, what the --

He is grabbed and flung to the ground by DELTA. He holds Reggie's face to the ground with his boot. Rifle pointed at him.

DELTA  
Just lay back, baby. Let it happen.

Reggie struggles for even a breath much less a response. Matt grabs Macy and pulls her back into the tunnel.

MACY  
He's an assassin. A government  
assassin--

MATT  
Our government doesn't have  
assassins. We farm that out.

MACY  
Who is Medellin?? What is that?

MATT  
Refers to a time when one group  
controlled every aspect of the drug  
trade. Providing a measure of  
order. That we can control.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

And until someone figures out how to convince 20 percent of the US population to stop smoking and snorting this shit, order is the best we can hope for... Alejandro is working to return that order.

MACY

He works for the cartels in Colombia... He works for the fucking competition.

MATT

He works for whoever points him toward the people that made him, Kate. Us, them, anyone that will turn him loose.

He stands close to her.

MACY

Get away from me.

MATT

Take a breath and --

She pushes him hard.

MACY

Fucking kill me or get out of my way.

He looks at her. Takes a step back.

MATT

Long walk back to Phoenix.

MACY

I'll manage.

She walks out of the tunnel toward Reggie. DELTA removes his boot and walks away.

MACY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Helicopters can be heard. In the distance, sirens are approaching.

Macy and Reggie walk away from the scene.

REGGIE

What just happened?

MACY  
They woke me up. Showed me the  
whole thing.

REGGIE  
And?

MACY  
And I quit.

They continue to walk, sirens racing toward them.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIO'S SQUAD CAR NIGHT

Far ahead, we see TAIL LIGHTS. Silvio's labored breathing gives rhythm to the racing vehicle. Alejandro stays low in the back seat.

ALEJANDRO  
(Into mouthpiece) This is the  
target ahead? Confirm.

VOICE  
Copy. Black Range Rover, 60 meters  
ahead.

ALEJANDRO  
Put on your lights. Pull the car  
over.

He flips on his siren.

INT. MANUEL'S RANGE ROVER -- CONT.

He sees the siren.

MANUEL  
What the fuck. Want to bribe me,  
eh.

He reaches for his pistol, puts it in his lap.

INT. SILVIO'S SQUAD CAR -- CONT.

The range Rover pulls over. Us right behind it. Silvio is breathing even heavier, if that's possible. So many ways this can go wrong...

ALEJANDRO  
Use the speaker. Tell him to get  
out of the car.

Silvio grabs the radio handset, flips the switch, and his voice comes through the speaker on the roof of the car.

SILVIO  
Afuera del carro!!

INT. RANGE ROVER -- CONT.

MANUEL  
This mother fucker...

He sticks the pistol in his waistband. Opens the car door. Steps out.

INT. SILVIO'S SQUAD CAR -- CONT.

We watch Manuel through the windshield. He is standing in the road.

ALEJANDRO  
Tell him to raise his shirt and turn around.

SILVIO  
Levanta su camisa.

MANUEL  
You know who I am? HUH??

ALEJANDRO  
Tell him to do it or you will shoot him where he stands.

SILVIO  
Voy a matarse cabron. Levanta tu camisa.

Manuel does it. We see the pistol.

SILVIO (CONT'D)  
Tira la pistola en la tierra.

Manuel throws his pistol in the dirt.

ALEJANDRO  
Look how good you are at pretending to be a police officer. Out of the car. Now.

EXT. MEXICAN ROAD -- CONT.

Headlights blind Manuel, but he can see the car door has opened, and an image is moving toward him. He waits, for the fool who is robbing the wrong mother fucker.

As the image reaches Manuel, something moves from behind it. Fast. An arm reaches around Manuel and two shots are fired from a silenced pistol. Now the pistol is held to the back of Manuel's head.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Walk back to your car.

MANUEL  
Who was he?

ALEJANDRO  
A mule. Like you.

Alejandro fires a round into Manuel's calf. He wails in pain. He fires another round into his right hand as it hits the asphalt. He screams louder.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
In the leg so you don't run. In the hand so you don't try to fight and make me have to kill you yet.

MANUEL  
You know... who .. The.. I AM A JEFE!!!

ALEJANDRO  
I know who you are, Manuel. You are no jefe, but you will drive me to one...

Alejandro kneels down, and for the first time, Manuel can see his face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
If you try anything, if you betray me, your daughters will burp the semen of twenty men with their last breath. Do you understand me?

Manuel's eyes go wide. He nods.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Get in.

Alejandro opens the back door before letting Manuel get in the front. In an instant, Manuel is in the driver's seat and Alejandro seated behind. The doors are closed and the Range Rover disappears down the road. We are left with Silvio, gasping, struggling, like a fish tossed thoughtlessly on the beach, as he flops helplessly on the empty road.

CUT TO:



EXT. FAUSTO ALARCON ESTATE -- NIGHT.

We near an isolated estate. We turn off the main road to a private road that leads a mile or so onto Fausto's hacienda.

As the large house comes into view. VEHICLES can be seen parked in front. We approach a car along the road, a man sitting on the hood.

Manuel rolls his window down.

MANUEL  
Soy Manuel Diaz.

GUARD  
Si, te conosco. El Jefe esta esperando.

The rear window rolls down. A pistol comes out. A silenced round is fired into the face of the man. He falls back on the hood.

ALEJANDRO  
Drive.

MANUEL  
What happens when we get to the house?

ALEJANDRO  
You get out and walk toward them.

MANUEL  
What will happen to me?

ALEJANDRO  
What you do now is for your family. There is no you.

MANUEL  
You think you are so different?

ALEJANDRO  
No. Not anymore. Now I am the same. Turn the car a bit more to the left.

The car stops. THREE MEN stand in the driveway with automatic rifles. The Range Rover is parked so the right headlight is pointed directly toward them.

Manuel opens the door and we are--

EXT. FUASTO ESTATE -- CONT.

Manuel walks toward the men -- looking for a way out of this.

GUARD 2  
Senor, buenos noches.

MANUEL  
Cuidado hombres--

Alejandro takes his pistol and presses the silenced barrel to the top of manuel's head, pulling the trigger and driving Manuel into the ground like a nail. As Manuel's body drops, Alejandro fires on all three men -- hitting them all in the head, killing them instantly.

He walks to the front door, opens it...

INT. FAUSTO ESTATE -- CONT.

A man rounds the corner into the main foyer and without slowing down, Alejandro touches the barrel to his forehead and fires.

We can hear the sound of talking in another room. Alejandro moves to it.

INT FAUSTO'S KITCHEN/ DINING ROOM

FAUSTO, 50's, graying hair. Big belly. Sits at the head of the table. JACINTA, 30's trophy wife, sits beside him gulping wine. They have three CHILDREN, two girls and a boy. A woman in her 60's cooks in the kitchen.

JACINTA  
RAPIDO, MAMA!, tengo hambre!

Alejandro walks into the room, presses his foot against Jacinta's side, and launches her out of frame, then sits next to Fausto, presses the gun to his shoulder and fires. The children scream. Mama turns, Alejandro points the gun at her.

ALEJANDRO  
SIENTATE! AQUI!!

She comes around and sits as ordered.

Jacinta stands up.

FAUSTO (SUBTITLE)  
He'll kill you. Stay still.

ALEJANDRO (SUBTITLE)  
Your children speak English?

FAUSTO

No.

ALEJANDRO

Then we will spare them. I interrupted dinner. Please... Continue.

Fausto stares at him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Every night, you have families killed, and yet you dine. Tonight should be no different.

Points the pistol at him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Eat.

He slowly fills a fork, puts it in his mouth. Tells his children to do the same. They chew their meal and cry. Alejandro turns to the old woman.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Take the children away from here.

She rises and hurries the children out of the dining area.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(Points the gun at Jacinta) You. Whore. Sit over there.

She sits. Alejandro turns to Fausto, notices he has stopped eating. Picks up a fork and stabs it into Fausto's hand. Fausto screams.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You're not finished. Eat...

Fausto forces down another bite, rests his trembling hand on the table.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I will give you a choice, Fausto, one I was not given... You may choose to die tonight or live with the shame of having the mother of your children take your place...

He looks at Fausto. Fausto stops chewing. Processes what was just said.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Yes ... Choose.

Fausto looks at Jacinta. Her eyes say, "Goodbye my brave love"... Never dawns on her what he's thinking.

FAUSTO

I take shame.

She's stunned. Tears run her heavy make up. She looks to Alejandro. No mercy there. Back to her husband.

FAUSTO (CONT'D)

I love me more. I'm sorry.

He isn't. It wasn't a hard decision. She turns to Alejandro. Holds her chin high in defiance.

JACINTA

Do it. You fuck. Chinga tu madre  
PUNTA CABRON ANDALE PUES!!!

Alejandro looks at Fausto.

ALEJANDRO

See why you married her. Spunk.

Alejandro looks into Fausto's uncaring eyes.

Alejandro fires into Fausto's belly. Touches the barrel to his arm, fires again. Fausto screams. Alejandro presses the barrel to Fausto's throat, fires again. Fausto falls to the floor, gargling.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Watch death come for you. Watch.  
The devil is near, Fausto. He is  
waiting for you.

Fausto's terrified eyes stare back at Alejandro as he gasps for air. Drowning in his own blood. There is no specific moment when death comes. He simply fades. Alejandro sits back down.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

This is what they think of you. You  
see?

She stares at him, shaking so profusely you might think she is freezing to death.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Maybe you have enough pride that you don't marry another one of these. Maybe you take his money and go hide and raise your children far from here. Maybe your son grows up to be a doctor. And I don't have to come back and kill him some day.

Alejandro walks out, leaving Jacinta shivering alone at the dinner table.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVIO'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY.

A shadow falls over an empty bed. Eliseo stands there... this has never happened before. He walks down the hall to the kitchen. His mother is in the same place, cooking. But the look in her eyes is anger. She knows he is dead. And may God damn him for making her be the one to tell their son.

He stands there. Staring at his mother.

ELISEO

Mama?

CUT TO:

EXT. MACY'S APARTMENT -- BALCONY -- DAY.

Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, she sits on the balcony, takes a drag of her cigarette. Looks at it.

MACY

Three days ago I hadn't had you in ten years... fucker.

She leans back and looks out over Phoenix as the sun sets. She exhales ... looks at the cigarette.

MACY (CONT'D)

(Half joking) You're the only one who understands me.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

I think maybe, it will be the thing that kills us all ... as a people, you know?

Macy leaps up as if she's on fire, falls over her chair, comes up with her pistol. He moves so fast there is no time to react.

In an instant, he has the gun and removes the magazine, disassembles the slide, and tosses the pieces on the table. She screams and rushes him. He spins her and pushes her back.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Stop it.

He moves to her and gently touches her face, looking at the gash on her nose. She is frozen in fear.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

That will scar. I'm sorry.

She breathes heavy, trying to remain calm.

He begins lifting her shirt. She struggles and he grabs her throat. She looks into his eyes and it is a killer looking back.

MACY

Please.

ALEJANDRO

Let me look ... Move your hand.

She surrenders, turns her head to the side. He lifts her shirt above her bare breasts. Six large, red welts...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

These ribs are bruised, but not broken, yes?

She nods as her lip quivers. Clinging desperately to her dignity. She has never felt so powerless, and that is his point.

He drops her shirt and steps back. She crosses her arms, feeling very weak.

Alejandro sits across from her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I would recommend not standing on balconies for a little while.

She doesn't move.

MACY

You're an assassin.

Beat.

ALEJANDRO

In Mexico, the killers are called Sicarios... The word comes from the zealots of Jerusalem. Killers who hunted the Romans that invaded their homeland... They don't deserve the term.

MACY

You are a Sicario.

ALEJANDRO

Policing them does nothing. They must be killed. Wherever they are found. They will make every place they touch Juarez. Now ... Now you understand how far we have fallen.

He studies her-- arms crossed, legs close together.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You look like a girl when you're scared. Such beauty in you when you let yourself be frail. Like the daughter they took from me ... This is not the work for you. Look at yourself, Kate. What it has done to you in just three days ... Find a little town far from the border. A place where the rule of law still exists. You will spot predators there very easy now... Make a difference you can see everyday. Because you will not survive here. You are not a wolf. This is the land of wolves now.

He looks at her. Smiles sadly and leaves.

She waits. Starts to cry, fights it back. Begins frantically reassembling the pistol. Rams the magazine in and racks a round. Comes around the corner. Enters the house. Looks around. Checks every room, panting, shaking. He is gone. She stands there and sobs...

CUT TO:

EXT. NOGALES STREET -- DAY.

The mother walks with Eliseo, dressed for soccer. Down the empty street. Sirens in the distance.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

We like to think if we cut the head  
from the snake, the serpent will  
die...

They round the corner. We follow them to a park. Weeds cut short to look like grass. Little boys dressed in uniforms, parents sitting in lawn chairs. A referee. Just people, desperately trying to enjoy the life they have been given.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

But there is no snake. They are worms. When you cut the head, a new one grows. From both segments ... We cannot question if the end justifies the means because there is no end to consider...

Eliseo runs to join his team. Whatever his mother told him, it wasn't the truth.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

This is the price of our self indulgence. Our weakness ... Our appetite. They are our demons, our creation.

The mother sits on the ground, watching the boys. Running. Playing. Being children. The referee blows a whistle. The boys assume their positions on the field. The forwards line up, facing each other. Eliseo is dead center, the team's star. The referee sets the ball in place...

-- GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH THE MORNING.

Everyone stops and stares in the direction of the gunfire. It is very still. People frozen like deer in a field -- weighing the risk. No more shooting. The morning is quiet again.

ALEJANDRO

There is a moment in each person's life. A choice. Do what feels good... Do what is good. Make the wrong choice enough, and it is not presented again... then all choices are bad. And the consequences worse. There is no war on drugs. Only war. The enemy we fight? Ourselves ...

The referee blows the whistle and sets the ball down. The game begins.



Eliseo swipes it and kicks it out of frame, the other boys chasing him...

THE END.