

FADE IN:

Flashes of bright color. A little confusing, exciting.

BOOMING RHYTHMS of hip hop on Español.

As the music builds to a menacing crescendo, realize we are looking out the window of

INT/EXT. ARMORED BOPE MILITARY POLICE ASSAULT TRUCK - RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL FAVELA - DAY

Crammed inside the armored vehicle are five nervous, sweating, heavily armed, BRAZILIAN ANTI-NARCOTICS MILITARY POLICE [The notorious Batalhao de Operações Policiais Especiais. For short: BOPE]

Next to them sits POPE, a civilian, American/ late 30s - early 40s/military bearing/ hard milage in his eyes/ who calmly watches the slum go by:

- Beggars in rags.
- Bikini girls in leas, on the prowl, hips swaying.
- Lanky young drug punks, shirtless, openly carrying rifles and machine guns.

Everybody hustling, struggling.

POPE clocks it all and feels the familiar twinge. So much poverty and pain in this ghetto, and yet, as usual, he was not here to help... Not really.

The SONIC THUMP of a POLICE HELICOPTER passing overhead interrupts his reverie, and we follow POPE's gaze up to -

INT/EXT. POLICE HELO FLYING OVER RIO DE JANEIRO FAVELA

Looking down on a CARAVAN of THREE ARMORED BOPE MILITARY POLICE TRUCKS, and several POLICE CARS, as it snakes through the shanty town's maze.

HELO PILOT
(In Spanish, into
radio)
Ready, ready. We're close!

INT/EXT. ARMORED BOPE MILITARY POLICE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

TRUCK DRIVER
(into radio)
Roger, roger.

The driver SHOUTS in Spanish to the cops in back, "approaching target", which sends them into a frenzy of WILD SHOUTING, BANGING helmets and rifle butts, like a crazed rugby team -- all adrenaline and blood lust.

POPE, the lone civilian, remains quiet. Not judgmental. Not surprised. He's seen this before, too.

He smiles.

Try to chill these kids out.

EXT. RIO FAVELA - CONTINUOUS

The convoy turns into a decrepit apartment complex.

Legend: RIO de JANEIRO

The vehicles stop, TWENTY BOPE MILITARY POLICE leap out and take up offensive positions under the orders of CAPTAIN DIEGO, who passes an M4 carbine to POPE.

CAPTAIN DIEGO
Self-defense.

POPE takes the weapon and chambers a round with the casual fluency of a man who works with guns for a living.

EXT. RIO BARRIO - APARTMENT COMPLEX

DIEGO, followed closely by POPE, cautiously guides the men ("two up there," "you stay back," etc.) through the favela labyrinth -

-- Around blind corners

-- Up steep, blocked-in stone staircases, passing residents with expressions of boredom and mistrust

-- Onto an open avenue.

ECU POLICEMAN's faces: alert, tactical, strained.

POPE's FACE: calm

DIEGO
(in Spanish)
Secure the perimeter!

Approaching the largest, most run-down building in the hood, a dilapidated SIX STORY TOWER....when, out of nowhere, a warning shot rings out (from somewhere in the neighborhood).

Suddenly -

The scale of the operation becomes apparent as nearly a dozen gang fighters appear in the windows of the SIX STORY TOWER and let loose a barrage of automatic weapons fire.

- Bullets SNAP at the cops below, striking one officer to the ground as they rush for cover, return fire, and the scene

- Erupts into **TOTAL CHAOS.**

EXT. RIO BARRIO APARTMENT COMPLEX ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

As bullets WHIZ by, POPE clocks the targets and terrain. We follow as he scans his eyes from:

-- Fire positions in the main building to

-- Cover and concealment points on the street, back to fire positions above and below

-- Calculating distances, grades, angles

-- The shifting geometry of close quarters battle.

--And suddenly he's solved it and grabs DIEGO to get his attention over the gunfire:

POPE
(re: the pinned down
cops)
Keep them there.

DIEGO stares at him. *Is the American loco?*

POPE (CONT'D)
One or two minutes - we'll find an
overwatch position.

DIEGO
(excited, in Spanish,
into radio mic)
Can you hold your position?

LT. CONSTANTINI
(in Spanish, over
radio)
Fuck no, we need to get back.

POPE hears this over DIEGO's radio and shrugs.

POPE
One man's opinion.

Skeptically, Diego gives the order to hold position and

--POPE RUNS down the street, away from the gunner's nest.
DIEGO and TWO COPS follow as he cuts into an alley,

-- Passing the BIKINI GIRLS - now hiding in a foyer - then

-- Jumps a fence, climbs up the side of a low building,

-- Sprints down another alley -

-- Sees a FLASH of CLOTHING as a DEALER SCAMPERS across a
roof overhead - raises his M4 - too late - keeps running to
the rear of FIVE STORY building -

- Kicks in the door, M4 ready and

--Dashes through the lobby - passing FRIGHTENED RESIDENTS -
up a staircase, DIEGO and other COPS following -

CUT TO:

EXT. RIO BARRIO APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Back with the main force: the situation has hardened into a
stand-off.

The cops, pinned down by gunfire from above, can't maneuver.
The drug dealers, attacked from below, remain stuck in the
building.

Still, the advantage seems to lie with the dealers occupying
the higher ground.

ROOF

DIEGO and POPE and the COPS (one of whom carries an AT-4
rocket/the other, a grenade launcher) burst through the roof
access door and run onto the roof, which has

The perfect vantage point.

From this perspective, they have a birds-eye view of the
battlefield. They now can see into the top floor of the SIX
STORY TOWER, and they can see the pinned down main force,
below.

POPE instructs one of the COPS to fire GRENADES into each of
TOWER's top floor windows. He shoots - BOOM!

--The upper story erupts in flame!

-- At the same time, THREE GANG SHOOTERS exit the building
at street level, their guns blazing - as they maneuver to
overrun the police.

DIEGO raises his rifle. POPE shakes his head, Not Yet.

-- Within moments, several other GANG SHOOTERS follow, pressing their presumed tactical advantage and fleeing the smoke which now fills the building.

-- But from the POV of the ROOF, the GANG SHOOTERS are vulnerable in the open.

POPE
(in Spanish)
Wait...

STREET

PINNED DOWN POLICE POV: sight-lines compromised, they are quickly becoming encircled.

POPE O.S.
Wait...

ROOF

POPE's POV: several SHOOTERS now vulnerable from above

POPE
(in English)
Okay, go ahead - Hit 'em!

CAPTAIN DIEGO and his MEN shoot. Hitting several of the GANGSTERS. Killing two. Spowing confusion among the rest.

Simultaneously:

STREET

The cops surge forward

ROOF

POPE (CONT'D)
(to the COP with the
AT-4 Rocket Launcher)
Do you know how to use that?

COP
Yes.

POPE
Give it to me.

The COP passes the ROCKET LAUNCHER, and POPE expertly FLIPS the ARMING TRIGGER and FIRES straight at the building. ORANGE flames erupt from the tube -

- the ROCKET zooms towards the 6 STORY TOWER's FRONT DOOR

- Obliterating the entire lower facade - trapping the remaining GANGSTERS in the BURNING building.

A brutal and effective attack.

POPE isn't finished.

POPE (CONT'D)
(to DIEGO)
NOW INSIDE! Grenade - clear - grenade -
clear - okay? GO!

DIEGO gives the order into his radio -

STREET:

Rubber soles strike the pavement as the COPS rush forward, tossing grenades - BOOM!

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. RIO BARRIO - STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

It's over.

A thrashing PRISONER is being carried limb-by-limb around the back of one of the black police vans, out of view of the many PEDESTRIANS and NEIGHBORS, who've gathered to keep tabs on the police.

Nearby are FIVE other zip-tied TATTOOED DRUG PRISONERS and the spoils of the bust: piles of DRUGS, CASH, and WEAPONS.

DIEGO
(to POPE)
Between you and me, I no longer
believe in taking prisoners. They
bribe the judges and turn the jails
into hotels, with TV and Internet.
(leaning down to
prisoner #1)
Do you want Internet in your room?

The prisoner struggling to look up, make eye contact.

Diego SHOOTs him.

Drops the lifeless body.

POPE
Woah. Why don't you try being nice?

DIEGO grabs a second PRISONER with the help of the other cops, carrying him limb by limb as he THRASHES to get away

DIEGO
 - Don't have the luxury. An
 imbalance of power can only be
 corrected one way.
 (to the prisoner)
 Excuse me, asshole, plato o plamo?

The second prisoner spits - spit hits Diego's boot.

DIEGO shoots him.

Wipes his boot on the body.

Disgusted, POPE storms away. DIEGO goes after him

DIEGO (CONT'D)
 Hey, Pope! Hey!

POPE
 What the fuck!? I like my passport -
 if State hears -

DIEGO
 You work for me! This is not so
 unusual.

POPE turns to go.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
 Wait, wait, I'll try an
 interrogation, out of deference to
 my advisor. But I'm not optimistic.

They head back to the van.

EXT. RIO BARRIO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

DIEGO
 (to a third prisoner,
 in Spanish, subtitled)
 Let's go, amigo, the American is
 listening.

PRISONER #3
 Take the money, it's four hundred
 thousand dollars.

DIEGO
 I already have it.

PRISONER #3
 I could find another million by
 tomorrow.

(MORE)

PRISONER #3 (CONT'D)

(Diego shakes his
head, raises the gun
again)

Listen to me, please. Down in Ciuda
del Este, les tres fronteras, you
know Lorea?

(in English, directly
to Pope)

You know Lorea?

The man struggles trying to crawl away from his executioner.
DIEGO feigns indifference.

DIEGO

What do you think?

(to Pope)

You know Lorea?

POPE

Big coke guy.

DIEGO

Okaaaay. We all already know Lorea

(to Pope)

You see what I mean?

The prisoner manages to rise on his knees. Pleading:

PRISONER #3

You know where he keeps his money?

DIEGO

(still bored)

Mexico City. Caymans.

PRISONER #3

No - not the coke money, the real
money, the meth money. It's in a
house in Paraguay... He doesn't
trust the banks anymore because of
9/11. He keeps all the cash in his
house.

DIEGO

Good for him.

(pressing the gun to
the prisoner's head)

Stay still.

PRISONER #3

No. No. Wait. I can show you the
money house. It's his private house.
It's in Ciuda del Este.

(MORE)

PRISONER #3 (CONT'D)

Near Iguza falls. There's probably a hundred million dollars there - cash! It would be a good bust for you.

DIEGO

You think so?

PRISONER #3

Yes. A huge bust! It's true man - ask the other guys. We've all been there. Ask him

(motioning to one of the last remaining prisoners, a TEENAGER)

It's true!

POPE looks at the gangly TEENAGER, a young punk/maybe 18/maybe smarter than he looks.

And just like that, POPE gets an idea.

Is this the one I've been waiting for?

The prisoner being interrogated looks up hopefully.

DIEGO shoots him.

POPE

Jesus - Didn't I just ask you not to do that?

DIEGO

I'm sorry. But what can I do? He was fucking with me. He knows it is out of my jurisdiction.

DIEGO motions to the TEENAGER.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

Now the little devil.

POPE thrusts out his arm, intervening.

POPE

Let me try something - *privately*.

POPE hustles the TEEN out of earshot.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Pope puts his hand on the TEEN's shoulder. Trying to do something good here:

POPE

(in Spanish)

I'm not going to hurt you, I just want to talk. What's your name? Come on, you can talk to me. I'm not going to hurt you. What's your name?

TEEN

Duke.

POPE

Where's your father?

DUKE

I'm the family. I work.

POPE

This could be your last day on the job - you know what I mean?

From nearby, they hear a GUN SHOT. Diego doing his thing.

POPE (CONT'D)

You want to work for me? I don't think this is going to end well for you.

DUKE shrugs, reluctantly nods.

POPE (CONT'D)

Be one hundred percent. You do exactly what I tell you -

DUKE nods, still reluctantly.

POPE (CONT'D)

All the way? I'm Pops?

DUKE nods. Heartily.

POPE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Without warning, POPE grabs DUKE by the neck with his thumb and index finger and simultaneously draws a butterfly knife and swiftly cuts the kid twice in the cheeks, then punches him with the same hand, opening the wounds.

The kid nearly faints. POPE supports him with his free hand -- holding him up -- until DUKE recovers from the shock and stands on his own, bloody but upright. His eyes hot, defiant.

POPE smiles, liking the kid's anger.

POPE (CONT'D)
Better there than capped in the head,
right?

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

POPE drags DUKE back to the impromptu killing field and shoves him forward.

POPE
(theatrically
disappointed)
He's a little bitch.

DIEGO
Put him on the ground.

POPE draws close to DIEGO.

POPE
Why not win some hearts and minds?
Let me take him back to his family.
(pointing to the dead
bodies)
Those three guys died in a shoot-out
with police, but the kid surrendered
and we saved him from the cross-fire.

DIEGO
Better to kill him.

POPE
It's good public relations to have a
survivor. Media will love it. DEA
will love it.

DIEGO looks pained. The downside of American assistance: it comes soaked in condescension.

DIEGO
You think I care what they think?

POPE nods, whatever, and with *amazing speed*, he SWEEP-KICKS DUKE's legs, dropping the kid to the concrete, then shoves one foot on his back, pinning him. And in the same motion, he pulls a pistol.

POPE aims the pistol at DUKE's back - and looks at DIEGO hard, fuse lit.

Maybe next time I flip you to the floor?

POPE
(indicating with his
pistol, suddenly
quite strong)
[Where should I shoot] Head or body?

DIEGO
(amused by POPE's
passion)
If he means that much to you, take
him.

Pope pulls the kid up, walks away with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIO BARRIO - LATER

POPE bandages DUKE's face.

DUKE
Where are you taking me?

POPE doesn't answer, looks around the favela. Sees the
RESIDENT's anguished expressions, darkened with hopelessness.
A look he knew all too well. He saw it, that pained look,
everywhere - on the faces in Afghanistan, in Iraq, in Bosnia -
on every deployment.

Lately, he saw it in the mirror.

For twenty years, he's been parachuting into hot-spots and
pulling triggers. Hitting the poor and the disenfranchised.
And for what? Who was better off? Were they? Was he?

Twenty years.

Too damn long.

POPE
Shut the fuck up and get in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUERIDGE PARKWAY NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

It's summer in the rural mountains.

The sweet part of America.

In this lush, bucolic contrast to the gritty ghetto, we find
a late model FORD RANGER cruising along.

Legend:

Boonville, North Carolina

Six months later

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - BOONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

The Ford Ranger pulls into the hotel parking lot and REDFLY late 30s-40s/solid build, athletic walk/alert expression, brimming with All American good-will/ gets out and heads for the front desk.

INT. MOTEL OUTER SUITE - AFTERNOON

REDFLY takes a seat on a couch, joining FOUR GUYS sporting crew-cuts, jeans, t-shirts.

Nearby, a JANITOR is vacuuming the thick CARPET. Everyone waits while he works. LOW-WHINE of the machine. No Exit.

When the janitor leaves, one by one, the men give REDFLY a respectful nod, befitting his status as a celebrity among this ex-Special Forces crowd. REDFLY is a star Operator, widely considered one of the most switched-on commanders DELTA ever produced.

He's the special paradox: a free-thinking killer. He knows when to disobey. Huck Finn in fatigues.

And also a genuinely nice guy. He grins winningly.

REDFLY
How's it going guys?

GRINS all around.

INT. MOTEL OUTER SUITE - LATER

The room has thinned out to only REDFLY and one other former Special Forces soldier.

REDFLY
Trust me, you don't want to do real estate. It's manipulative

RETIRED SOLDIER
- Beats welding

A TWENTY-SOMETHING in a conservative suit enters, nods to REDFLY.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

REDFLY sits across a desk in a small room, where he's being interviewed by two YOUNG SUITS.

SUIT

You know the door at the agency is always open for you, Tom.

SUIT #2

We love you for anything.

REDFLY

What did you have in mind?

SUIT

Big things happening in Afghanistan this Spring. We're standing up some of the tribes.

Afghanistan is where REDFLY lost his faith, where the bureaucracy finally broke his heart.

Where he realized he could kill for a platoon but not for a spreadsheet.

REDFLY

(hard)

Again?

SUIT

Be interesting for you to go back - a lot has changed over the past few years.

REDFLY doesn't buy that, but he lets it go.

SUIT #2

You'd do the same thing you did for the military: teach the savages how to shoot. We've also got plenty of HVTs to hunt, if you still like that -

SUIT #1

- Take another whack at Osama?

REDFLY

Have anything analytical?

SUIT #1

You're a field commander, Tom.

SUIT #2

The best -

SUIT #1

Yeah - we put you an office
(chuckling)
you'll probably blow up the copy
machine.

REDFLY smiles. Play along.

SUIT #2

It's a six month contract. You'd
get your own AO, rank you up to E-
11.

(beat)

Colonel Johnson? Has to sound good.

REDFLY

I don't know. I'm not twenty five
anymore. Six months sleeping in a
mud hut and dining on old goat doesn't
sound as good as it did once upon a
time. Then you factor in the part
about getting killed. It's a lot of
downside for a hundred grand.

Long uncomfortable silence.

SUIT #2

Hundred? Those are Bush prices.
We're offering six - K per month, 36
total.

(beat)

It's a new era, Tom. Obama. The
Recession.

Off REDFLY's look.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

REDFLY stands in the nearly empty parking lot. Unsure. *Is this what it adds up to?*

REDFLY stares at the setting sun for a moment, then gets in his Ford Ranger and drives away. Off the old truck RATTLING away

CUT TO:

INT. ALL STARS MIXED MARTIAL ARTS GYM - NIGHT

The violent CLATTER of a speed bag being pounded by BEN's expert hands, in one of those low-rent boxing dives still thriving in blue-collar America.

BEN, mid-late 30s, /ripped to shreds/expressive face/is a two-speed guy: full throttle or not at all.

On the battlefield, under the right leadership, Ben is the grim reaper: first to shoot, last to leave. Everything dies, even the bugs. On his own, Ben is a total mess. Prone to depression and pills. Self-doubt. Artistic despair. The guy probably should have been an actor.

BEN
(breathing hard)
I'm good.
(beat)
Right?

CATFISH
Do the combination - jab, jab, left
hook, cross.

That's CATFISH. Coaching BEN with the easy-going demeanor of a former pro-golfer. Watching CATFISH, hand in pockets, relaxed shoulders, lopsided grin, you get the sense that this moment, like most moments, hits him as being richly ironic, a cosmic joke to which he alone knows the punch line.

Not that he's detached -- not by any means.

CATFISH has just shot too many men to take most anything else in life very seriously - and that goes double for himself.

BEN throws the combination.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
Again.

BEN does it again.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
Again.

BEN does it again.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
That's good.
(to REDFLY, who is
standing nearby)
Looking good, huh?

BEN hooks the bag.

REDFLY watches BEN move with concern.

REDFLY
Yeah, looking real good, real fast.

BEN

I feel sharp. I feel good. How was the interview?

REDFLY

A joke -

CATFISH

- What did they offer?

REDFLY

- Six k a month.

CATFISH

- Six? Oh, that's rude. Six?

REDFLY

Hey, we're obsolete is all. Serfs on the farm.

CATFISH

Fly a fuckin drone.

REDFLY

Yeah. Sorry about the collateral - looked good from fifteen thousand feet.

BEN

(still hitting the bag)

Did he give you the copy machine line?

REDFLY nods.

BEN (CONT'D)

Jesus. Well, I'm getting two thousand bucks for the fight.

REDFLY winces. How do you tell your friend that his reach exceeds his grasp, that he's grown too old for the ring? When your friend is a manic-depressive who also happens to be a professional killer, you tell him very, very carefully.

REDFLY

The guy is - what - twenty? Your opponent?

BEN resents the implication. Slows his punching.

CATFISH

Keep going, you're not done.

BEN

(resuming)

I don't know - yeah he's young - something like that. It's two thousand bucks for 3 rounds. There's good money in MMA.

REDFLY

What if I loaned you the two thousand - and you waited to fight someone else for your first time out of the box?

BEN

This isn't my first fight -

REDFLY

In a ring -

BEN

- Aren't you broke, Tom?

REDFLY

It would be worth it -

With that BEN angrily SMASHES the bag with a big RIGHT CROSS, turns to REDFLY and lifts up his shirt, showing a ripped 6 pack.

BEN

Six percent - I'm in better shape than I was when I was twenty.

(deciding to lighten
the mood)

You know how much fucking chicken breast I eat?

CATFISH hands BEN a towel and he wipes his face.

BEN (CONT'D)

Worst case, I'll rip his balls off.

REDFLY

They don't give Pro Cards to fighters who strike the groin.

BEN

(sarcastic)

They don't?

REDFLY

No, they don't.

BEN

No shit. I'm not worried.

CATFISH
That's the spirit.

The hour is late and the GYM OWNER, who wants to go home, calls out from the back of the club:

GYM OWNER
How long you gonna be?

Something about his impatient tone bothers REDFLY.

REDFLY
You want us to lock up?

GYM OWNER
(backing down)
Yeah, that would be great.

REDFLY
(to BEN)
Alright Commando, hit it.

BEN smiles. ATTACKS the bag with renewed fury.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. REDFLY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

REDFLY pulls up his long gravel driveway to an old farmhouse. Horses in the side pasture seem uneasy.

A man is lying on his porch. Dead. Or asleep. REDFLY reaches into his glove box, removes a Glock, shuts off the car, opens the door, and stalks up to his house.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY climbs the stairs. Sees that lying down, his head propped on a back-pack, is POPE. His eyes are closed.

POPE
You need a new muffler.

REDFLY walks past him, without a comment. Goes inside.

INT. REDFLY'S HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY opens the fridge, hands out beers. They clink and drink in silence, grinning, glad to see each other. A lot of water under the bridge between these two old friends. A lot of blood, too.

REDFLY
Cheers, amigo.

POPE

Cheers.

REDFLY

Damn good to see you - you look good.

POPE

You too, my brother. How's Molly,
Kathryn, Tess?

REDFLY

Ah, just wonderful.

POPE

That's great.

Beat.

Beat.

REDFLY

Seriously.

POPE

What?

REDFLY

Not in any trouble I need to know
about?

POPE

No -

REDFLY

Didn't shoot anybody?

POPE

Not lately.

EXT. REDFLY'S HOUSE BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Still drinking in the quiet evening.

Through the porch window, inside the house, we can see
REDFLY's wife, MOLLY, and daughter, TESS, talking at the
kitchen table.

REDFLY

So what's up, brother [get to the
point].

Long beat.

POPE looks out into the quiet North Carolina evening. It's
now or never.

POPE reaches into his pocket for a PHOTOGRAPH of a MANSION, which he passes to REDFLY.

POPE
Keep an open mind, okay? What if I told you that house belongs to a drug dealer called Lorea -

REDFLY
Okay.

POPE
And there's ninety million dollars - cash - inside the house -

REDFLY
Roger

POPE
- That we're going to steal.

CUT TO:

INT. REDFLY'S KITCHEN - LATER

A GIANT PILE of photographs, maps, blue-prints, diagrams, charts laid out on the kitchen table. POPE has done his homework. He passes REDFLY another photograph.

POPE
This is the East Side surveillance camera -

REDFLY glances at it...can't believe what he's hearing and seeing.

REDFLY
Run me through it again.

POPE
Which part? Duncing the guards?
Taking the money? Flying out? Being disgustingly rich?

REDFLY
The part about it being illegal and stupid.

POPE
It's not stupid but you're right, technically, it is a crime
(beat)
But so what? This country was founded on crime.

REDFLY stares at his friend, secretly intrigued, outwardly appalled.

POPE (CONT'D)

Everything great, historically, has been founded on crime. Look at the Rockefeller's fortune - robber barons. The Kennedy's - rum runners. Microsoft - a monopoly, restraint of trade, Justice said so. Junk bonds? KBR? Enron? Come on, man, those who can take - take - and make history - and the rest of us watch.

(beat)

You call that crime. The settlers called it progress. Bill Gates calls it business.

REDFLY

Do they drug test you down there?

POPE shrugs.

POPE

You want me to piss in a cup?

REDFLY gets up, heads to the kitchen counter for some grub. Finds a loaf of bread. It will have to do.

REDFLY

I'm going to do you a favor and forget we ever had this conversation.

A long beat as he munches.

POPE

Good?

Redfly tosses him a chunk of the loaf.

POPE (CONT'D)

Because you wouldn't like to be rich - or you're just too goody-goody.

REDFLY

Hey - I don't do - I've never done anything illegal in my life.

POPE

That's not true. You killed the sovereign leader of a foreign country. A dictator, but still, you killed him.

REDFLY

- There was an executive order!

POPE

- What about that Russian? Or Udi Hussein? Most of the live fire you've done has been against Geneva, technically.

REDFLY turns to go -

REDFLY

Good night, buddy. You got the couch - towels and all the usual things are in the usual places.

CUT TO:

INT. REDFLY'S HOUSE - MORNING

MOLLY and REDFLY and their daughter, TESS, eat breakfast. TESS is buried in an IPOD game.

REDFLY

Tell her to eat.
(shouting back to
living room)

HEY!

MOLLY

It's okay, I don't want to get in a fight -

(to TESS)

Tess honey, eat your breakfast.

TESS doesn't look up.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Unless I start breaking dishes, I'm limited here -

REDFLY

- Battery runs out eventually.

POPE stumbles in and plops down at the table - just as REDFLY's older daughter, teenage KATHRYN, blasts through the kitchen, less a girl than a human whirlwind. She's got a SOCCER BALL under her arm. She grabs a waffle and keeps moving.

MOLLY

(to POPE)

Good morning.

POPE
Good morning, Molly.

KATHRYN
(to all, as she whirls
out)
Don't forget to pick me up after
practice!

MOLLY
Say hello to Pope.

KATHRYN
Hi Pope
(to her mom)
Please don't make me wait. I hate
that.

MOLLY
(to Kathryn)
I'm not your personal driver, sweetie.
I'll get there when I get there.

An old debate. REDFLY doesn't care for it. KATHRYN dashes
out.

REDFLY
Tess, say, hello to Pope.

TESS doesn't look up from her IPOD. Gen-Lost. As they all
eat a typical American breakfast:

MOLLY
(to POPE)
So what are you doing with yourself
these days?
(meaning REDFLY)
He hates retirement.

POPE
(pretending to be
self-impressed)
I'm the Special Advisor to a drug
crimes task force.

REDFLY
- He has a contract down there in
the Americas -

MOLLY
Seems like it's worse than the war
down there.
(to REDFLY)
What about the Presidential Guard in
New Guinea, that sounded decent?

REDFLY

Not if you've been to New Guinea,
dear. Pope says I can get involved
in some assessment work. It's just
a week.

POPE

- But it will be very lucrative.

They've been down this road before. Molly goes way back
with the boys, back to when they thought she believed their
lies. She smiles.

MOLLY

How lucrative can it be for a week?

POPE raises his cup to her.

POPE

Thank you!

MOLLY

(to TESS)

Hey Tess, sweetie, we gotta go.

MOLLY prepares to take TESS to school.

REDFLY

(re the dishes)

I'll clean up.

CUT TO:

INT. REDFLY'S KITCHEN - LATER

REDFLY washing dishes in the sink.

REDFLY

Why don't you start a little smaller -
knock off a gas station.

POPE

I'm serious and I'm down the road -
already put eighty grand on this
from the second mortgage.

REDFLY

Brother you aren't down shit - and
you can't equate shooting someone
for the Army, with this -

POPE

He sells drugs to little kids, he's
a sociopath. He deserves to go.

REDFLY
When did you become so cynical?

POPE
Maybe I've evolved.
(beat)
Look, I just need you to look and
evaluate what I've set up. You don't
have to do nothing illegal. Tell me
if I'm crazy or not.

REDFLY finishes the dishes, wipes his hands. REDFLY goes
the door, gets his jacket.

REDFLY
I can answer that right now.
(makes to leave)
You still want to see Ironhead?

POPE
Yeah.

REDFLY
Pick you up here at twenty two
hundred.

REDFLY puts on his jacket.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
And put on a shirt in my house, you
look like an ass.

REDFLY walks out of the house.

EXT. REDFLY'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

POPE, still in t-shirt and barefoot, follows REDFLY down the
driveway, stepping gingerly on the gravel.

POPE
- I'll give you ten million just to
come down and look and advise.

Redfly opens his truck's door - hesitates

REDFLY
When you hit this house - this dealer
is not going to try and get his money
back?

POPE
I expect he *will* try.

REDFLY

And you have the capability to stop him?

POPE

(rolling his eyes)

Don't I?

(earnestly)

Come down and see my setup.

REDFLY looks at his old friend. Certain obligations run deep. Deeper, perhaps, than a civilian can imagine.

REDFLY gets in the truck - starts the engine. POPE leans into the window -

POPE (CONT'D)

I've figured it out. You're just double-checking my math. If a few of his guards get dunced, ethically, I'm okay with that. I've dunced guys for a lot less - for wearing the wrong uniform.

REDFLY slowly pulls away. POPE walking after him - head still in window

POPE (CONT'D)

Or not. You keep selling condos and I'll run and gun until my knees blow out. I say we deserve better. We earned better - in Panama, in Iraq, and all the other shit we don't talk about. You've been shot four times -

REDFLY

- Five.

POPE

You've been shot five times for your country and you can't even afford a new truck - that's the real crime.

REDFLY starts rolling up the WINDOW as he pulls away

REDFLY

Don't diss my truck [motherfucker].

Leaving POPE alone to watch the dust rise from his tires -

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA SUBURB SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Redfly attempts to sell a YUPPIE COUPLE on a new condo. He is not a born salesman.

REDFLY

The foundation is stone, which is good. The backside is fenced. Front windows here give you sight lines onto the street, in both directions.

BUYER

(re: the windows)
It's not very private.

REDFLY

Yeah, obviously, you'd draw the curtains for privacy.

CUT TO:

EXT. VETERANS COMMUNITY CENTER FORT BRAGG NORTH CAROLINA - AFTERNOON

REDFLY and POPE, along with a few young WOUNDED VETERANS on crutches, wheelchairs, prosthetic limbs, enter the building.

Legend: Fort Bragg, North Carolina

IRONHEAD PRELAP:

You're asking, 'who the fuck is he?'
I was the guy in civilian clothes with the OGA. The guy you couldn't talk to - okay?

INT. VETERANS COMMUNITY CENTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY and POPE join a line to enter the auditorium.

INT. VETERANS COMMUNITY CENTER AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY and POPE stand in the back.

Onstage, IRONHEAD/mid-late 50s/broad-shouldered/eyes life-weary, haunted/ prowls the stage.

IRONHEAD:

And I've been around. When you were learning how to pee standing up, I was throwing guys out of windows in Iran.

They say war knocks the bullshit out of you. It certainly knocked it out of IRONHEAD. He's fifty-plus now. Looking at sixty, and beyond. Wiser for the journey.

Knowing he's got more behind him than ahead, the old samurai has hung up his sword, gotten a divorce, and taken up a practice of Zen meditation.

But make no mistake. Yes, his soul may be recovering from his youth. Sure, he may be creaky in the joints. But this bruiser is still capable of delivering oceans of bad news.

IRONHEAD

I don't know how many of you have ever low-crawled 500 yards while leaking spinal fluid?

(beat)

Once I was running no guns and I got jumped on the street by three Tamal Tigers.

(beat)

My knife got stuck on the first guy. His gut muscles contracted and I couldn't get the blade out of his stomach - meanwhile his buddies are beating on me and shanking me. I kind of fell in the direction of this garbage can. So I grab that. Figured, it's metal. Beat 'em to death with the lid.

IRONHEAD let's this sink in.

IRONHEAD (CONT'D)

Some of you may *think* you are tough young guys ... But I *know* I am a tough old SOB. Any man wants to test that statement, let's go outside right now.

He's got their attention.

IRONHEAD (CONT'D)

But I was not too tough to have PTSD. Listen to me carefully now: The effects of committing violence on other human beings are biological and physiological and they do not discriminate. This has been called shell shock. I call it the price of being a warrior. It's what we're here to talk about today.

(beat)

So, I'm looking for war stories, blood and guts. I've just told you one of mine. Now I want yours. The only way out is through. Who's first?

INT. VETERANS COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER

The lecture is over. The group has been divided up. REDFLY and POPE are now seated in the back of a different room, waiting for IRONHEAD to finish talking to what is now a half-dozen men seated on folding chairs in a self-help circle.

LUIS

Last night, three in the morning,
I'm lying in the bath tub trying to
suck start a loaded Glock.

IRONHEAD

I'm not going to try and talk you
out of it.

LUIS

Thanks, I guess.

IRONHEAD

- But I will ask you for one thing -
don't do it tonight. You're not
going to kill yourself tonight.

LUIS

Alright. Not tonight.

IRONHEAD

(motions to the group
to stand up)
Tell him so he hears it.

The group, as one voice:

GROUP

Not tonight. Not tonight.

IRONHEAD looks to the back, sees REDFLY and POPE, nods, and then picks a guy in the front row who has his hand raised.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

REDFLY, POPE and IRONHEAD in the back of a quiet bar.

POPE

(imploring)

I need this.

IRONHEAD looks at him sternly.

IRONHEAD

You want it. Not need.

(MORE)

IRONHEAD (CONT'D)
(poking his chest)
Be clear on the difference

But POPE has little patience for it -

POPE
Okay, yeah. But I can't keep shooting
people for the rest of my life.
You of all people should understand
that.

REDFLY
(re: IRONHEAD)
Hey - ease up - he's entitled to
pass.

POPE glares at REDFLY.

POPE
No - actually- he's not. He's fucking
not entitled to pass.
(heated to REDFLY)
Were you there when I was packing
his guts back into his body?

That stings. IRONHEAD ignores it, turning to REDFLY:

IRONHEAD
Are you doing this, Tom? I'm
surprised -

REDFLY
- I've been trying to talk him out
of it -

POPE
(very sternly to
IRONHEAD)
In the helo, you said - "you saved
my life, brother. If you ever need
anything."

IRONHEAD
You're saying this is for that?

IRONHEAD puts up his hands in a gesture of surrender.

Long beat.

POPE
I want you with me.

IRONHEAD looks at POPE, sadly. As a father looks at a son.
Unable to reach him.

POPE (CONT'D)
(looks at REDFLY and
IRONHEAD)

Look, if I thought I could trade
stocks, I'd do that. But my expertise
is violence-speed-surprise [the DELTA
motto]. I have a PHD in that shit,
so do you guys. The question is: do
we EVER get to use our skills for
own benefit?

CUT TO:

INT. MIXED MARTIAL ARTS EXHIBITION RING - NIGHT

A LOUD, RAUCOUS, CROWD.

Fight night in small town America: big guys drinking beer,
rooting for blood.

Yesterday's blondes along for the ride.

INT. MIXED MARTIAL ARTS RING LOCKER ROOM -

IRONHEAD is wrapping BEN's hands. REDFLY rubs his shoulders.
POPE watches, amused.

BEN
Where's Catfish?

REDFLY
Working.

BEN
- But I'm fighting the champ!

REDFLY
He'll come when he can.

BEN
Can't celebrate without the Fish!

CUT TO:

INT. MIXED MARTIAL ARTS EXHIBITION RING

CAGE: An amateur fight, sloppy and nasty.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

CATFISH is slumped over the wheel of his car, looking through
a scope at a house window.

INT. CATFISH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH on the cell

REDFLY O.S.
You're missing the fight.

CATFISH
(into cell)
I'm waiting on this adulterous couple.

CUT TO:

INT. MIXED MARTIAL ARTS CONCESSION STAND

REDFLY
(into cell)
Ben is pretty spun up - you not being here.

CUT TO:

INT. CATFISH'S CAR

CATFISH
(into cell)
I got to work.

SCOPE POV: Man and woman sitting on a couch, their backs to us, watching T.V.

CATFISH slumps in the car, annoyed. Time ticks by.

Friendship is not a part-time thing. CATFISH pulls a baseball cap low over his face. Gets out of the car.

EXT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He goes up to the house and knocks on the front door.

MAN
Hello?

CATFISH
Sorry to intrude on your evening,
Sir, but I need a favor from you.

MAN
What do you want?

CATFISH pushes the guy back and shows him the Glock that's appeared, as if by magic, in his hand.

CATFISH
I'm going to come inside for a second -
may I enter the residence?

MAN
Hey - get out of here!

CATFISH
Step back in there -

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The woman rises from the couch.

CATFISH
(speaking to both of
them)
Take off your clothes and kiss.

MAN
What? No - I'm calling the police!

So. Not. Happening.

CATFISH
(commanding)
I need you to take off your clothes
and kiss - Come on!

Shaking, the man and woman slowly fiddle with their buttons

CATFISH (CONT'D)
Oh come on, you were going to do it
anyway -

They kiss - and CATFISH photographs them doing it.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
There you go - not hard. Thank you.
You can put your clothes back on.
(he starts walking
out of the house)
I'm sorry for this but Jesus, didn't
anyone ever tell you that adultery
is wrong? Just get the damn divorce.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXHIBITION CENTER ENTRANCE - LATER

REDFLY meets CATFISH at the entrance of the arena. Gives
him his ticket. They walk inside and turn into the corridor
connecting the arena to the concession stands -

REDFLY
Pope's deal is happening.

They keep walking down the dim hallway, towards the ring

REDFLY (CONT'D)
Would you go for the week - you can
have my moola?

CATFISH
Bro, I'm not taking your money.

REDFLY
It's just - I'd feel better if I had
you with me.

They keep walking towards the light.

After the Panama rescue, the Special Forces Museum installed
a statue of CATFISH. First time they that did for a living
operator. He took his wife one weekend. Showed her the
bronze. Told her what it was for. Her words: Get out now,
Cat. You'll never top that.

She was right. When REDFLY walked, he followed his pal, his
Captain, out the door. He was thirty six.

CATFISH
Rogen that.

REDFLY
Not sure why I'm going myself to
tell you the truth. Guess it's just
Pope.
(beat)
And he's roped in Ironhead -

They walk out of the dimly lit tunnel, and enter the BOOMING
arena. BRIGHT LIGHTS, LOUD CROWD.

CATFISH
You don't have to explain anything
to me. You want me there - I'm there.

CUT TO:

INT. MIXED MARTIAL ARTS EXHIBITION ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

BEN and his OPPONENT engage. TRADING big sloppy PUNCHES

- BEN connects with a RIGHT

- OPPONENT sneaks in a JAB -

Both guys drawing blood. Evenly matched. It will be a bruising contest. They engage again in a flurry of fists

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. TRIPLE FRONTIER PARANA RIVER FRIENDSHIP BRIDGE - DAY

Third-World travelers moving en masse. People all around us.

POPE O.S.
It's an open border. Lawless.

We're stuck in the middle of the crowded jumble of foot-traffic, cars, motorcycles, trucks and donkeys on what is the daily mayhem of the Friendship Bridge: the signature element of the Triple Frontier, connecting Paraguay to Brazil.

A dinky road sign: PARAGUAY-BRAZIL-ARGENTINA.

We drift now beneath this bridge. The churning brown PARANA RIVER. Argentina is just a short swim away.

POPE O.S. (CONT'D)
The river is too large to patrol.
So it's a smuggler's paradise.
Cocaine made in Columbia and Peru
moves through here for transit to
the US and Europe.
(beat)
Everybody's down here - Hezbollah.
Russian mob. Columbians, Mexicans.

INT./EXT. TOYOTA PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Among the hustle and bustle is a ratty old RED TOYOTA PICKUP TRUCK, carrying FIVE PEASANTS. Look under their wide-brimmed hats...it's POPE, REDFLY, CATFISH, IRONHEAD, and BEN. BEN sports a few bandages from the fight.

POPE
Drug dealers settled this area, built
it right out of the jungle to have a
base. Now it's KMART for criminals.

REDFLY
The countries don't cooperate?

POPE
That's the beauty part. He's a drug
dealer - he's not calling police -
he's not calling Scotland Yard.
(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)

But even if he did, by the time the
Brazilians get suited up we're in
Paraguay. And by the time the
Paraguayans get a clue, we're on a
helo in Argentina.

EXT. FRIENDSHIP BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Far ahead of the line of vehicles in front of our TOYOTA, a
CUSTOM'S AGENT half-heartedly glances over vehicles.

POPE O.S.

Cartels have been playing the
countries off each other for years.
Keep the central governments weak.
It's a 300 billion dollar business.

INT./EXT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

The CUSTOMS AGENT approaches.

POPE

(breaking into Spanish)
I told her honey, who are you going
to believe me or your sister?

The AGENT passes by.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE, PARAGUAY - DAY

Establishing: A bustling metropolis. Sprawling open-air
markets, brimming with goods, not all of them legal. For
sale: computers, watches, land-mines.

Legend: Ciuda del Este, Paraguay

In a traffic jam, find the TOYOTA PICK-UP.

INT/EXT TOYOTA - LATER

Waiting at a light. Everyone sweats.

Suddenly hear LOUD SIRENS.

A mad scramble as cars make u-Turns to evade the YELLOW
LAMBORGHINI that comes blasting around the corner, followed
closely by a POLICE CAR in full pursuit. The PASSENGER in
the LAMBO SPRAYS an AK-47 at the police. Bullets zip and
ping everywhere.

After the chase ZOOMS past, traffic returns to normal, as if
nothing happened.

POPE
(to the others)
Isn't this place awesome?

EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE BACKPACKERS YOUTH HOSTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

BEN and CATFISH disembark. POPE tosses them each a backpack.

POPE
Get a vehicle and meet at the link-up at 0800.

CUT TO:

EXT. SQUATTER'S CAMP - DUSK

A dusty warren of temporary shelters. Barefoot kids. The poorest of the poor.

INT. EXT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The TRUCK pulls up to the SQUATTER'S CAMP. Redfly and IRONHEAD disembark. POPE tosses them each a bag.

REDFLY looks around the squalid camp.

REDFLY
Where you staying?

Off POPE's smile.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE HOTEL - EVENING

POPE pulls up to a MODERN BUSINESS HOTEL. Goes inside the shiny glass doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN

Arriving in five separate cars, the team converges on a mountain road. They park. They proceed up the wooded mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ACROSS FROM LOREA'S MANSION - LATER THAT MORNING

Looking through HIGH-POWER optics, the team scopes LOREA'S MANSION -- from a 3-mile distant vantage point on top of a mountain.

SCOPE POV: A fortress... we scan the mansion's military-grade defenses, noting:

- A long driveway fortified with concrete JERSEY BARRIERS, ending with a massive STEEL GATE.
- Two MACHINE GUN TOWERS behind the gate
- TWO GUARDS patrolling the perimeter of the house
- HIGH FENCES all around
- SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS.

POPE O.S.

It's not as bad as it looks.

SCOPE POV: The GUARDS /shirtless/ heavily tattooed, MS-13 gunslingers/ carrying machine guns, strolling the outside of the house.

POPE

Guards run perimeter inspection in two-man teams, every twenty minutes. If everything is cool, they call an all-clear back to a control room on the first floor.

SCOPE POV: MACHINE GUN TOWERS.

POPE (CONT'D)

The machine gun towers are Level IV glass. That driveway is the only high-speed avenue of approach.

SCOPE POV: THE MILE-LONG DRIVEWAY leading up the gate.

POPE (CONT'D)

Visitors use the call box at the end of the driveway - and get picked up by a shuttle van. He's worried about car bombs. So no strangers go up the driveway. Just the shuttle van.

SCOPE POV: MACHINE GUN TOWER

POPE O.S.

My guess is if you drove up without announcing yourself at the call box you get shredded by the fifty cal before you got to say 'Hello.'

REDFLY O.S.

Fair guess.

SCOPE POV: THE HOUSE - through windows see shadowy figures.

POPE O.S.

One guard in the control room. Nine
daytime guards total.

(beat)

Every two hours, the guys inside
switch. Glass on the house windows
is Level II.

SCOPE POV: beside the house, a glistening POOL, and a BIKINI-
CLAD BLONDE /late teens-early twenties/smoking hot/magazine
grade/ sun-tanning on a recliner.

POPE O.S. (CONT'D)

By the way, the girl by the pool is
my source.

REDFLY O.S.

Naturally.

SCOPE POV: THE HOUSE - NORTH WING

POPE

The cash is just sitting in an office
in the North Wing.

CATFISH

What's he got against safes?

POPE

The house is a safe. A very large
safe. He's kept his money here ever
since 9/11 when the offshore banks
underwent federal monitoring.

SCOPE POV: THE BACKSIDE OF THE HOUSE - A GIANT GRASSY FIELD,
GIVING WAY TO DENSE JUNGLE

POPE O.S.

Operationally, the backside is out.
There's a volumetric field linked to
those cameras. Twenty pounds or
more triggers it.

SCOPE POV: THE ROAD

SCOPE POV: At the end of the long driveway, a BLUE VAN pulls
up, stops. Four Latino women dressed in maid outfits
disembark.

POPE

Lorea is a nut for exotic birds.

(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)

He lets them roam free and they shit
all over the marble, everywhere.
Every morning at eight, the maids
come to clean up the parrot poop.

SCOPE POV: The STEEL GATE opens

- SHUTTLE VAN goes down and picks up the maids.
- And drives inside the house.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKING THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

POPE

Basically - a car jacking. Breacher
hides in a hole in the road and climbs
under the maid's van like a Trojan
Horse. Two minutes. Van goes through
the gate. He rolls out, dunces the
gate guy - while a sniper on the
ridge kills the two tower gunners.

REDFLY's eyes narrow as he hears the mention of killing.

POPE (CONT'D)

Breacher drops charges - sniper takes
out the two perimeter guards. Two
minutes - thirty.

(beat)

The rest of us in a gun truck with a
fifty cal - say two minutes fifty.

CATFISH

Fast gun truck.

POPE

I've timed a super-charged V8 with
big brakes doing that slalom in twenty
seconds. You want to call it two
fifty five? Fine.

(beat)

Say another two minutes to clear the
house - ten to pack - and we're out
before you hit fifteen. Boom!

CATFISH

Putting aside the ethics and insanity
of this, how do you know the money
is even in there?

POPE passes around PHOTOGRAPHS.

POPE

'Cause it is.

CU PHOTOS: stacks of CASH in an office.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

The men are walking down the hill, back to their cars. REDFLY and CATFISH bring up the rear.

REDFLY
(to CATFISH)
Think it can work?

CATFISH
Don't see why not, if the intel is good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE REMOTE BUILDING SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

Power saw ripping a long board. Sparks from the blade. Sawdust in the grass. In a clearing deep in the woods, a half dozen GUARANI TRIBESMAN (Native Paraguayans) are constructing the skeletal frame of a LARGE HOUSE.

POPE is building an exact replica of LOREA's house. [NOTE: Henceforth, REPLICA HOUSE].

The team walks around, admiring the build.

POPE
(re the Indians)
Don't worry about them. They don't speak English - don't even know what century it is.

REDFLY gets right to the point:

REDFLY
I'm not crazy about the killing.

As they walk:

POPE
It's *ninety million dollars*.
(pointing to the entrance)
Here's the entrance - three hundred yards from the fence.

REDFLY
If it was me, I'd look at a soft hit.

They keep walking, turning to the other side of the house.

POPE

It is you.
(pointing)
Here's your machine gun tower.

REDFLY

Sneak in the backside at night, and
take what you can carry out.

POPE

That's a terrible idea!

REDFLY

(ignoring him, turning
to CATFISH)
What would that be?

CATFISH

Carrying a hundred pounds each?
(asking POPE)
This money is in hundreds?

POPE

Mostly, hundreds - but why?

CATFISH

(to REDFLY)
Twenty pounds in hundreds is about a
million bucks. So each man could
carry five million dollars.

POPE

You want to leave sixty million
behind? For what, charity? He'll
just use that money to hire an army
of MS-13 to track us. You want a
thousand gang-bangers hunting you?
They like to chop heads.

REDFLY

Burn what you don't take.

POPE

- Oh no, that's worse. That's
criminal.

REDFLY has had enough for one day.

REDFLY

Actually, Mickey Mouse, it's academic.
This whole thing
(motioning to the
house)
Is academic - Your intel is old.
pictures are from weeks ago.

In REDFLY's criticism, POPE sees a chance to invest him in the plan:

POPE
Good point. Let's refresh the intel.
Do it right, like any other op.

REDFLY
It's not -

POPE
New pictures, like you said. It's a
good idea, Tom. Thank you.

REDFLY grins. Fun to see POPE trying so hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ACROSS FROM LOREA'S MANSION - DAWN

REDFLY and IRONHEAD are hunkered down on the mountain opposite LOREA's house. They're much closer to the house than they were previously.

REDFLY looks through a SCOPE. IRONHEAD holds a cell phone.

SCOPE POV: From this new, closer vantage point, we can see the opulence of the MANSION. It looks expensive. FERRARI and other exotic CARS parked in the marble-tile driveway.

SCOPE POV: Two guards, dressed in t-shirts and shorts, carrying sub machine guns, walk around the WESTERN FACE of the house.

REDFLY
Another patrol, around the pool -

IRONHEAD
(into cell phone)
Same as before. Two shooters with
small arms, no body armor. Rotating
at ten minute intervals -

SCOPE POV: The guards stop. One lifts a hand-held radio.

REDFLY
They report in an "all clear" for
each quadrant.

IRONHEAD stops a STOPWATCH. It reads: 55 seconds.

In a note-pad on which he's charted the guard's progress at locations around the house, IRONHEAD writes next to WATCH TOWER - 55 seconds.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. REPLICA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BEN and CATFISH and DUKE are at the REPLICA HOUSE.

BEN
(over cell phone)
Roger that.

CATFISH
Feel like running around?

BEN
Sure.

The GUARANI TRIBESMAN lounge nearby. Accustomed to the odd behavior of their employers.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPLICA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In broken Spanish, CATFISH directs two of the NATIVE WORKERS to stand by the WESTERN FACE of the REPLICA HOUSE.

BEN grabs a SHOVEL and jogs away from the house, into the forest.

CATFISH
(to BEN)
Ready? Go!

The NATIVE WORKERS patrol the replica, mimicking *exactly the* pace of the GUARDS around the real mansion.

BEN
(raising his shovel
like its a rifle and
shouting)
Pow - Pow!

The NATIVE WORKERS stop as if they've been shot.

BEN SPRINTS to the house. He runs up to the guards - goes "pow pow" to insure they are dead and keeps running towards the location of the GUARD tower. He drops to a knee, raises the SHOVEL to aim the GUARD tower - "pow pow."

CU STOPWATCH: 1:05 (minute five seconds).

CATFISH

A *fit* man should be able to run three hundred yards in under a minute.

BEN

Yeah but he'd be out of breath - chest heave screwing up his aim. My chest is still.

CATFISH

Do it again.

Off BEN's look of exasperation and CATFISH's pleasure in his frustration -

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ACROSS FROM LOREA'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

REDFLY and IRONHEAD continue their surveillance.

DRIVEWAY: a BLACK MERCEDES drives up to a CALL BOX. It stops. Beat. Then it proceeds up the driveway to the GATE

EXT. LOREA HOUSE FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Through a SIDE DOOR in the gate, a GUARD exits. He's carrying a BOMB MIRROR. He sweeps the underside of the car.

REDFLY O.S.

This could kill us -

SCOPE POV: The guard punches a key code on the gate. It opens. The MERCEDES glides through.

REDFLY

That's worse - he's using the keypad.
(getting irritated)
Pope didn't know about this?

IRONHEAD

We're here to fill in blanks. Let it go.

REDFLY

Sometimes you make zero sense.

IRONHEAD

I'm saying, maybe Pope screwed up. Who cares? Patience is a virtue.

REDFLY

That's it?

IRONHEAD

That's it. It's a lot.

REDFLY shakes his head. Not in the mood for a lesson. He returns his attention to the SCOPE. SCOPE POV: Everything the same as before, guards, house, security cameras.

REDFLY O.S.

Oh-eight fifteen. Two guards outside.

IRONHEAD O.S.

Roger. Got 'em.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARAGUAY PRIVATE AIRSTRIp/HELIPORT - AFTERNOON

Sign on the front office: AIR SERVICES UNITED. Through the front door comes one of the SALESMEN, going to lunch.

POPE watches him from across the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPLICa HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

BEN and CATFISH are now practicing inside the REPLICa HOUSE.

- They run ten feet down a hallway, and say "ten steps past the kitchen. They spin right and push through a door, and say "right at the first door". They run down a hallway. Then turn left and say "Left turn." Turn left again down another hallway "left again."

Stopping at last in a room filled with a dozen stacks of NEWSPAPERS, each about five feet tall. An enormous quantity of paper.

BEN

Some office.

CATFISH looks at his stop-watch, says 'let's see'.

They take off their backpacks and remove dozens of large, waterproof, diver duffel bags, so-called DUI BAGS.

Then they start a STOPWATCH and begin transferring the NEWSPAPER into their BLACK BAGS.

BEN (CONT'D)

(as he packs)

We need more bags.

CATFISH

Don't get stuck on ninety million.
It could be a lot less. Even this
is eighteen hundred pounds of paper.

BEN

It ain't paper. It's money.

They're moving fast but barely making a dent in the pile.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ACROSS FROM LOREA MANSION - LATER

REDFLY and IRONHEAD still watch the house.

SCOPE POV: Front door opens and a WELL DRESSED MAN we saw earlier in the day driving the BLACK MERCEDES walks out, heading to his car.

LOREA's CHIEF OF SECURITY, an AUSTRALIAN MERCENARY named BAZ, steps out of the front door. The guy is built like a rugby player, but he moves slowly, like an old lady.

BAZ raises a PISTOL at the retreating back of the WELL DRESSED MAN as he approaches his Mercedes. Then BAZ lowers the PISTOL.

The man reaches his car. Then BAZ shoots him in the back.

IRONHEAD O.S.

Look at this character. He waits
for the guy to get close to his car.

TWO MS-13 BODY GUARDS come out of the house, carrying machetes and proceed to hack at the WELL DRESSED MAN, cutting off his head. They put the body in the MERCEDES TRUNK - and give the HEAD to BAZ - who takes it back inside.

REDFLY

Easier that way to get the body in
the trunk.

(beat)

Gee, if this is how he treats his
business partners, imagine what he
does to people who rob him.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CIUDA DEL ESTE STREET OFFICE - DUSK

A stream of ARABIC men enter the office building. IRONHEAD follows them inside.

The men are filing into a small MOSQUE, heading to evening prayer. IRONHEAD follows. He's stopped at the entrance.

IRONHEAD
(in perfect Arabic)
Peace be with you. Allah knows us
all.

The guard lets him in.

Inside the small mosque, IRONHEAD stands in the corner. He makes eye-contact with a businessman in the back, who is unfurling his carpet for afternoon prayers. The business man smiles at IRONHEAD and shuffles over to him. They embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE PARAGUAY HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK

The SALESMEN from the helicopter store picks up his DAUGHTER from her after-school program. From inside a car parked across the street, POPE takes a picture of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPLICA HOUSE - NIGHT

The team has assembled. REDFLY runs a briefing.

REDFLY
One, sometimes the gate guard uses the key pad. If he does that when we're under the vehicle there's a chance he sees us.
(beat)
Two, I don't believe there is a fix to that that doesn't involve mass casualties.
(beat)
Three, even if you decided you were okay with the killing, the deaths generate an evac problem. Having committed eight or ten homicides, the entire country would be after you.
(beat)
So unless you want to look at a soft hit, I think we're done here. Who's first?

Redfly's analysis sinks in to the group. This may have started as Pope's idea and initiative. Now, however, there is no question that Redfly is in charge - and commanding in his Socratic style.

POPE

I'll vote for the soft hit. I realized we can winch the money to the river and float it down. So we don't have to carry it.

(beat)

But nighttime, there are twenty four, or thirty guards.

REDFLY

Can these guys see in the dark?

POPE

I don't think so.

REDFLY

- Make sure.

(back to business)

Looking at the soft hit. You have the volumetric field on the Black Side. Anything over twenty pounds touches that grass, the alarm goes off. Sensing cables are buried - probably ten feet - so we're not digging.

POPE

Dude, you stole a nuclear missile - can't you figure that out?

Redfly grins at his friend. He doesn't take the bait. Maybe he could figure it out. Maybe he doesn't want to.

Into this pregnant and decisive moment, Ben, sensing that the mission could be scratched, begins talking:

BEN

I could do it!

CATFISH

(turning to Ben)

You ever done anything like that before - with a volumetric?

BEN

(smile)

Nope.

CATFISH laughs.

CATFISH

Oh boy. You're going to pucker.

(through his laughter,
to REDFLY)

He wants to do it.

(MORE)

CATFISH (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 I say let him try.

CUT TO:

INT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE NIGHTCLUB - LATE NIGHT

The smuggler's hangout. Forget the South Bronx. You couldn't find a tougher, more hard-edged underground club anywhere in the world. Crowded with FAST-MONEY TYPES - flashing sparkling bling - guns in waistbands - dancing hard with TRASHY GIRLS - cocaine on the tables.

Only two white guys in the joint, POPE and REDFLY. In a table in the back, waiting. REDFLY is bored. POPE checks his watch.

CU watch: 4am.

POPE
 (apologetically)
 Latino Standard Time.

INT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE BAR - LATER

The place is still booming. CU Pope's watch: 6am.

POPE
 Let's go.

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE STREET - CONTINUOUS

POPE and REDFLY walk down a dimly light, spooky street, passing a group of neighboring toughs who shout menacingly "what's up?"

REDFLY spins on them.

REDFLY
 (in English)
 I'm bored. This place is boring.

The NEIGHBORHOOD PUNK isn't sure how to take this. POPE grabs REDFLY and pulls him away, towards his CAR.

POPE
 (in Spanish)
 Have a good night.

INT. POPE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They get into POPE'S CAR, just as POPE'S cell phone rings.

POPE
 (into phone)
 Yes - yes - ok.
 (to REDFLY)
 Change of plans.

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE TRAFFIC JAM - DAWN

Driving through a busy street in an upscale section of town.

INT/EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE BAR - LATER

In the back of an up-scale club, POPE and REDFLY find the young girl from LOREA's house, YOVANNA.

As the morning light hits her face, she's pounding vodka shots and snorting coke with a group of TEENAGE FRIENDS. Think Lady Gaga by way of the streets of Paraguay.

She checks out REDFLY with an obvious stare. Her type.

YOVANNA
 How was the club?
 (beat)
 Find any sluts that like American cops?

The group with her laughs.

POPE
 Boring without you.

YOVANNA
 I'm sure -
 (downs a shot)
 Nice of you to say though. Want one?

REDFLY is not amused. Off his look:

INT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE BAR BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

YOVANNA, POPE and REDFLY sit in a private booth.

POPE
 We need you to take some more pictures of the office

YOVANNA, wasted, rolls her eyes.

YOVANNA
 I'm still freaking from the first time.

POPE

This is important, if you still want the passport and visa we talked about.

(Beat)

Do you still want them?

YOVANNA

I want to watch you fuck your friend -

POPE leaps up and grabs YOVANNA roughly.

POPE

He's my supervisor!

He drags her off to a private corner. They bicker, almost out of ear-shot, while REDFLY nurses his drink and watches them. Planning. Calculating. His face: pure poker player.

They return.

YOVANNA

(to REDFLY)

Can he really get me a visa and a million dollars?

REDFLY

(without hesitation)

Yes, he can.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPLICA HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

BEN and POPE dump armloads of BRANCHES, GRASS, LEAVES and BARK on a work table.

POPE puts a CLUMP of GRASS on BEN's head. Stands back to look.

POPE

It looks good. Green suits you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE OUTSKIRTS VILLAGE - MORNING

CATFISH leans against a hut in a small rural village. Across the way, a man wearing BLACK ROUND GLASSES leaves his modest dwelling. CATFISH watches him go. Then he crosses the street and knocks on the front door of the same dwelling.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA HOUSE FRONT GATE - AFTERNOON

YOVANNA is let through the front gate in her PORSCHE TURBO.

INT. LOREA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

YOVANNA enters the living room fixes herself a drink at the bar. An MS-13 GUARD enters, nods at her.

YOVANNA
He still asleep?

The GUARD doesn't answer.

She sits on the couch, next to which is a LARGE EXOTIC BIRD AVIARY that spans the length of the room. As she sits down, a pair of brilliantly hued AMAZON PARROTS and SCARLET MACAWS flutter inside the cage.

YOVANNA (CONT'D)
Hello beautiful.

PARROT
Hello beautiful.

An AMAZON PARROT flutters to the front of the cage. She OPENS the cage door and it JUMPS into her hand -

- On the other side of the room, sunlight streams through a wall of windows that overlook the grassy prairie behind the house, where -

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

The wind blows and bends the long grass into rippling waves of green. For a moment, one particular patch of green seems to be undulating out of sync with the rest of the field, as if it were rolling towards the house, rather than laterally...

The moment passes and the patch grows still. Perhaps it was an optical illusion, or some animal in the brush.

EXT. MANSION OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Noting the high-security fence system: concertina wire - Wireless cameras mounted on poles.

On the other side of the fence lies that swath of grassland. We drift closer and closer to one particular undulating patch of green, and push through the blades to find... a blinking human eye.

CUT TO:

CU: FENCE CAMERA

One of the security cams auto-pivots, scanning the grass.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A high-tech security array of flat-screens and water-cooled CPU's is manned by an older man with BLACK GLASSES (we recognize him from CATFISH's surveillance; it's the same man). And a local *paisa*, GACHA. They watch the grassy fields on their monitors, noticing nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

The clump of green edges toward the fence, coming to within ten feet of the mesh.

- Push through the grass again to find BEN cloaked in a sniper's stealthy garb - a burlap and grass and branches covering known as a GHILLY SUIT that completely envelopes BEN. He's wearing, literally, chunks of the meadow. He blends in perfectly.

BEN holds what appears to be a LARGE ROCK.

BEN
(whispering into
headset)
Two-two. I'm ready.

We leave BEN, completely camouflaged in the grass, drift up and away to:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN ROCK OUTCROPPING - CONTINUOUS

High up, on a sharp ledge... where it seems only birds could land... find POPE, who is covered in ROCK GRAY camouflage, lying in a sniper fire-position, scanning the compound through a LARGE SCOPE. A SNIPER RIFLE and CAMERA next to him.

POPE
(over headset)
Roger that. Go ahead two-two.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

The SECURITY CAMERA pivots, turning away from BEN.

He crawls towards the fence. Once again, looking like nothing more than a patch of undulating ground.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alarm lights flash on! The volumetric field has been breached!

The guards maneuver their joy sticks, bringing the grassy area into view on their monitors:

GUARD ONE
(into a radio)
Check out sector seven.

The guard with the BLACK GLASSES looks at the screen. Sees nothing but grass.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS

BEN is glued to the ground.

From the other side of the security fence comes TWO ARMED MEN RIDING dirt motorcycles.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

POPE
(aiming with the rifle,
speaking into radio)
Two on bikes - I got 'em.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

BEN is frozen, listening to the bike engines. He doesn't dare move his head to look at them. He doesn't dare breathe.

The dirt bikers drive up to within 20 feet of him, dismount, and begin searching the ground... They move in his direction...draw perilously close.

INT. LOREA MANSION LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

YOVANNA is still petting the PARROT. After glancing around to make sure nobody is watching her, Yovanna pulls her CELL PHONE from her PURSE.

ECU CELLPHONE: RECORD

Then she FLINGS the PARROT into the air. It FLIES around the room, confused. YOVANNA waves her hands at the bird, directing it out of the living room -

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now BAZ has joined the other two guards. He watches the security monitors - sees the TWO DIRT BIKERS looking at empty fields of grass.

BAZ

What the hell set off the alarm in Seven?

GACHA

Maybe it's broken? A gopher ate the wire or something.

BAZ

The wires are inside steel pipes, you idiot. Go check it out.

GACHA grabs a rifle and heads out the door to join the MOTORCYCLE guards.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN ROCKY OUTCROPPING - CONTINUOUS

POPE looks through his scope. SCOPE POV: GACHA leaving the mansion, heading towards Sector 7.

POPE

(into radio)

New guy is coming to you.

BEN O.S.

Think I'm close enough?

POPE

(into radio)

Has to be.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Ben crawls a few more feet forward -

- He's now less than 10 feet from the fence

- He rolls the LARGE ROCK -

- It comes very close to the fence

Satisfied, he starts crawling backwards, just as GACHA crests the ridge line.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN ROCKING OUTCROPPING - CONTINUOUS

POPE

(into radio)

Hold.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Ben freezes. GACHA is no more than twenty feet away.

- SWEAT in BEN's EYES.

GACHA surveys the area. He looks right at BEN.

CU: BEN's eyes, open only a sliver.

A long beat.

Just the sound of Ben's breathing and heart.

GACHA turns - giving BEN a chance. Slowly, he slides backwards.

GACHA starts walking back to the house.

BEN
(into radio)
I am never, ever doing shit like
that ever again.

INT. LOREA MANSION HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The AMAZON PARROT beats its magnificent wings, flying down a long marbled hallway

- YOVANNA chasing it, waving her arms -

- Directs the bird down another HALLWAY to

INT. LOREA MANSION OFFICE WING - CONTINUOUS

A second hallway - where she passes an OAK DOOR and knocks. LOREA opens the door - behind him is a desk and stacks of AMERICAN CURRENCY.

YOVANNA
Darling, Marilyn got out of her cage -
can you help me?

LOREA pushes past her -

LOREA
Is she okay?

Giving YOVANNA one or two seconds of clear view at the office - she angles her phone in her palm just before LOREA closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

YOVANNA sinks into the couch, her heart still racing, and takes swig of her drink as an MS-13 GUARD comes in -

GUARD
(in Spanish)
We have a problem.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN - MUCH LATER THAT SAME EVENING

BEN and POPE OP (observation post) looking down at the Sector 7 section of the Lorea Mansion. POPE is looking through a scope. BEN pushes a button on the remote.

SCOPE POV: The LARGE ROCK

- The ROCK jumps up in the air - powered by a small explosive charge underneath and lands with a thud back on the ground, triggering the alarm...

- Cameras pivot and scan!

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alarms go off. Lights blink and flash.

GUARD
This one went off already a bunch of times tonight, before your shift.

GUARD WITH BLACK GLASSES
Find the phone number for the repair company.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

SCOPE POV: Two guards on motorcycles come racing up to the fence.

POPE
This is going to be fun.

The guards look around. They walk right past the LARGE ROCK. See nothing remarkable and return to the house.

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN - MUCH LATER

Hours have passed and the dark sky is now dotted with BRIGHT STARS. On the mountain, BEN and POPE remain in position.

BEN

You've had a six pack and a splif -
chill time

POPE

That damn broken alarm goes off again -

BEN hits the remote -

SCOPE POV: Rock jumps in the grass, triggering the alarm.

FLOOD LIGHTS come on. Cameras PIVOT and SCAN. Nobody comes outside.

POPE (CONT'D)

Why bother. Fucking thing is broken.

Off their smiles -

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying a remote hand-held security monitor, dragging a bored YOVANNA behind him, LOREA steps out into the night with BAZ.

LOREA

How are you going to fix it? The
cables are twenty feet under the
ground.

YOVANNA likes BAZ. *Fun to see how he handles getting his
ass chewed.*

BAZ

It probably needs to be reset on the
mother-board.

LOREA

It's two hundred thousand dollars,
plus thirty to bury them. Are you
going to pay for it?

YOVANNA giggles.

She shouldn't have done that to BAZ. He gives LOREA a hard
look. *Don't push it.*

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MOUNTAIN OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

We see the argument as it continues on through SCOPE POV:
LOREA gesticulating. BAZ placating. YOVANNA amused.

BEN and POPE watching this.

POPE
(into cell phone)
Six four, this is One One, we're
done, we're out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE HOTEL CASA BLANCA - LATER

All the guys are present.

POPE triumphantly holds YOVANNA's cell phone aloft in the air, like he's just won an Academy Award.

POPE
Who doubted me?

CATFISH
Just play it.

POPE grins. He plays the video capture of YOVANNA's cell phone.

ECU PHONE: jerky video of the hallway gives way to a shot of the OFFICE. Clearly visible: stacks and stacks of CASH.

POPE
This is from three hours ago. Good enough?

BEN
Looks like money to me.

POPE
It's ninety million bucks!

CATFISH
We still don't know the amount for sure -

IRONHEAD
Whatever it is, it's a lot. It can do a lot of good.

BEN
You giving it to charity?

IRONHEAD
I might. At my age, a ruck sack is the same as a fancy bed. Long as I'm not cold or wet, it's all just life - and I'd rather see the money help someone.

BEN
I'm going to get a Ferrari.

IRONHEAD gives him an affectionate look.

IRONHEAD
That's a nice car Ben.

BEN, CATFISH, IRONHEAD look to REDFLY.

POPE
(looking to REDFLY)
Sir?

REDFLY
There will be plenty of time to count
it when you fuckers get your greedy
little hands on it.

POPE pumps his fist. Got him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE - AFTERNOON

IRONHEAD strolls through a crowded bustling bazaar of shops.
He interacts with a guys selling fake brand name watches,
laughing, easy, relaxed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

MIDDLE EASTERN guy from the mosque unrolls a tarp covering
the bed of a pick-up truck, revealing an arsenal: rifles,
handguns, At4s, ammo.

IRONHEAD nods.

It starts to rain.

INT. EXT CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

IRONHEAD boards a city bus, rickety and dirty, crowded. He
pays the correct fare, shuffles to the back of the bus.

EXT. IGUZA FALLS NATIONAL PARK - LATER

Still drizzling. IRONHEAD departs the bus along with several
families carrying picnic baskets, and gets in a line with
them to enter the national park.

EXT. IGUZA FALLS - AFTERNOON

The rain has slowed to a drizzle.

Ironhead approaches the MAGNIFICENT FALLS. It's a spectacular sight: one of the largest waterfall chains in the world, over two hundred separate large falls linked together in a WHITE CASCADE that spans nearly two miles. MIST and WATER vapor rise to form a RAINBOW.

Behind the RAINBOW, IRONHEAD sees the other guys by the hand rail overlooking the tremendous churning water. They've been waiting for him to arrive. IRONHEAD joins them.

REDFLY

Number one: safety. There is no Medivac. There is no ground support. Any injury of any kind you will carry out. Be mindful. Every man packs a medic kit.

(beat)

Number two: There is no going back to your normal life ever after tonight. Make no mistake that what you are about to do is criminal - and no amount of bullshit from Pope will change that.

(beat)

You are committing armed robbery and most likely murder. That makes you the lowliest kind of crook imaginable. Period. Own that we are desecrating every oath you ever took - and making a mockery of the values we spent our lives defending... For money... For a lot of money...

(beat)

Number three: It is not too late to go home. We had a commitment to Pope to check this out and we've fulfilled that. Any man here wants to go home, he can leave knowing that he is the best among us... If you want to leave, do so now. Walk away.

Nobody moves.

Long beat.

Each man's face: solid.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

Hit time is twenty-two hundred.

CUT TO

EXT. RIVER BANK - HIT TIME

The entire team - faces blackened - silently traverses the river below LOREA's house in an inflatable boat.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

They pull ashore, stow the boat, unload giant backpacks and fade into the jungle.

EXT. LOREA JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Climbing up the slippery steep jungle path. Feet slip in mud. Breathing hard.

The path abruptly ends at a ravine. It's straight up from here. Ropes are tossed around trees. They climb up the ropes.

At the top everyone is breathing hard, dusted. In the distance, the house lights are barely visible.

REDFLY

Let's get sorted.

Everyone starts unpacking their bags, taking out an assortment of WEAPONRY, AMMUNITION, GEAR, large pieces of seemingly random MECHANICAL PARTS: A wheel. Handlebars. Another wheel. A small motor. They lay the parts on the ground and begin assembling them. All in total silence.

They're assembling an ATV, a 4-wheel all terrain vehicle with a tow winch attached (which they've brought into the jungle in pieces).

They wheel the ATV forward through the jungle towards the house.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - HIT TIME +2 HRS

REDFLY, BEN, CATFISH, IRONHEAD AND POPE are lying in the jungle at the edge of LOREA's MANSION. REDFLY looks at a watch.

Closer to the house, TWO GUARDS on PATROL walk by the pool.

REDFLY

Hit it.

BEN hits the REMOTE.

FENCE

The LARGE ROCK jumps. Cameras swivel.

A long beat.

The patrol of TWO GUARDS doesn't bother to check.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two guards watch the monitors.

GUARD ONE
(in Spanish)
The broken alarm in Sector Seven.

GUARD TWO
(Spanish)
Again? Jesus. That thing is
annoying.

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

The men reach into their packs and begin to put on GHILLY SUITS.

- Suddenly, Ironhead raises his hand. And points to the ground.

In the faint moon light, GIANT ANTS are streaming along the jungle floor.

IRONHEAD
(whispering)
Rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

A torrential downpour.

The men have taken hasty cover under some trees, near the border of the house. They don't have rain gear. They're getting soaked.

BEN
(impatiently)
Let's go.

SCOPE POV: The guards leave their outside posts and take cover inside the house to avoid the rain.

REDFLY
No, the guards went inside. We'll
get jammed up.
(MORE)

REDFLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Have to wait till they come back out.

The rain continues. It actually gets heavier. It's jungle rain now. Biblical. Raindrops the size of ping-pong balls.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - NEXT MORNING

The next day. Still raining.

Hiding under the ferns, our guys are in horrible shape. Faces blue. Shivering. Dangerously cold. BEN takes a thermometer out of his mouth. Looks at it.

BEN

(re thermometer)

93. Coming up on Stage 2 hypothermia.

BEN passes the thermometer to CATFISH.

REDFLY

I'll stick it for twenty minute temp checks. Any man drops below 91, we leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - EVENING

At last the rain has stopped.

The men look terrible. But they're still on task. They peer through scopes at the house. IRONHEAD has the thermometer.

SCOPE: the guards are back outside. Smoking and joking around.

Redfly checks his watch. It reads 20:54.

REDFLY

Six minutes to hit time.

IRONHEAD removes the THERMOMETER. Studies it.

A long beat.

IRONHEAD

EXT. LOREA JUNGLE HIT TIME - CONTINUOUS

Another GUARD PATROL circles the house.

The men rise up and move across the dark field towards the first gate (leaving the ATV and much of their equipment in the bushes).

But the cold has taken its toll on their muscles. All they can manage is a weak, sloppy jog. They crash back to the ground, blending into the grass in their GHILLY SUITS.

CATFISH
(under his breath to
REDFLY)
- This is fucked

REDFLY shakes his head.

REDFLY
Suck it up, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION SECURITY CONTROL ROOM

The SECTOR 7 ALARM is flashing on the computer screen.

The CONTROL ROOM MONITOR, the older guy wearing BLACK GLASSES, watches the screen with concern.

BAZ comes in to the room.

BAZ
Seven again?

They look at the security screen.

ECU screen: an empty field.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH holds a CAMERA HUNTER, an over-the-counter electronic jamming device, which overrides the signal from the video cameras watching him and sends them a different signal.

Meanwhile, BEN cuts the fence with a bolt cutter. The men take off their GHILLY SUITS, leaving them by the FENCE, and rush through.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA MANSION BACKSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The men leap-frog around the pool, hiding behind rocks and palm trees, until they come to the KITCHEN door.

REDFLY makes a hand signal to STOP. They crouch by the door. He motions to his FACE. Every man reaches into his BACKPACK and dons a WHITE SKELETON MASK. They push inside, into

INT. LOREA MANSION - CONTINUOUS

- A BRIGHT CORRIDOR, with an ornate marble floor.

They move in perfect coordination, less like men than a lethal organism. A tarantula. A spooky, unnerving sight, FIVE GUYS with WEAPONS, BACKPACKS, TACTICAL GEAR - wearing black-white SKELETON MASKS.

We've never seen them quite like this - silently advancing in full combat mode - and it's absolutely terrifying to watch them move with synchronized precision.

- The lethal organism articulates - *exactly ten steps* - down a DIM CORRIDOR -

- It turns right at the next CORRIDOR - guns covering every conceivable angle (front, rear, left, right). This CORRIDOR is also empty.

- It takes *exactly twenty steps* - and goes through the first door. A Left! - Then another left, into

INT. LOREA MANSION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sweeping into the office. Light beams FLASH ON - and crisscross the darkness, scanning the interior....revealing: open cabinets...Suitcases askew...Open drawers, empty.

All of them empty. It's perfectly clear that there are no piles of cash.

There is no money.

BEN

(under this breath)

That bitch!

CATFISH shines his flashlight at the ceiling, revealing:

A MOIST PATCH LEAKING WATER DROPLETS.

Then:

- Puddles on the floor.

- Water stains on the cabinets

CATFISH
 (pulling up his mask
 to reveal his face)
 Leaky roof.
 (beat)
 When it rained, they moved the money
 to keep it dry.

Suddenly, another presence joins the now silent group - failure is among them. It is palpable and real. All their thoughts turn to this new companion in their midst, as they pull up their masks to catch a breath. The problems they've encountered so far are insignificant compared to what may lie ahead: defeat. Fiasco. REDFLY, fully realizing the disappointment, asserts his leadership:

REDFLY
 It's an exfil. Too bad.

Reluctantly, they pull their masks back down and file out of the office.

INT. LOREA MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Quickly and silently re-tracing their steps, the creature moves through the house back towards the side entrance. Turning right, then right again, down the DIM CORRIDOR, down the BRIGHT CORRIDOR and out the kitchen door.

EXT. LOREA MANSION BACKSIDE - CONTINUOUS

They pause for a second to catch their breath, hiding beside a large DECORATIVE ROCK.

TWO GUARDS walk past them, oblivious. They wait for the GUARDS to turn the corner.

BEN taps REDFLY, whispering:

BEN
 We can't leave it.

REDFLY knows where this is going.

REDFLY
 We're blind. Screwed by God or a carpenter or whatever you want - but we have no intel now.

BEN
 Nobody came in or out. It's here somewhere.

REDFLY

Where? Fourteen rooms in this house.

POPE

Search room to room.

REDFLY and CATFISH exchange a look. This is close to mutiny.

REDFLY looks at IRONHEAD. *Your bed. Sleep in it.*

REDFLY

We'd have to clear the entire house.

POPE

We've come this far.

And just like that, they abandon a plan months in the making.

Welcome to DELTA.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They sweep through the ground floor, going down a hallway in the direction of the staircase, leading up to the second floor.

as it sweeps down the hallway, in the direction of the staircase, where they run directly into an MS-13 GUARD and shoot him, silently.

STAIRCASE

They climb the luxurious wide staircase leading to the second floor.

As they round the corner, BEN peeks around the corner of the landing and sees - a hallway leading to a BULLET PROOF ENCLOSURE. Two men are dashing into the enclosure.

BEN

(to Redfly)

There's some kind of a clear bunker up there. Two guys just went in inside it.

REDFLY

(reluctantly)

Hit 'em.

BEN spins around the corner, and fires his suppressed machine gun at the box. The bullets ping harmlessly off it. The men inside return fire - LOUDLY - through a port in the box, hitting BEN in the face as he ducks back down the staircase.

- Alarms go off!

- SHOUTING! CRIES of PANIC!

BEN
(bleeding from the
face)
Fuck this, let's go.

REDFLY
Oh, no. You wanted this. Now we
have to follow through. Get up there
and kill him.
(to CATFISH)
Kill the power.

CATFISH pulls a CELLPHONE from his bag. Dials.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LOREA is on the move. He dashes to a closet, gets in it, hits a button inside. A steel door slides down, in front of the closet's existing wood door.

A panic room.

EXT. ELECTRIC POWER POLE - CONTINUOUS

ECU: A utility pole, miles away. On it is a cell-phone bomb, wedged at the top. The bomb detonates - destroy the utility pole.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

STAIRCASE

Interior lights flicker, the house goes dark.

BEN flips down his NVG Night Vision, spins around the corner and fires at the Bullet Proof enclosure - putting eight shots in the same place - eventually cracking the glass and putting a small hole in it - into this hole, he shoots a grenade.

The grenade EXPLODES inside the enclosure. Killing the TWO MEN inside.

BEN
Clear!

EXT. LOREA MANSION - CONTINUOUS

TWO GUARDS run outside to the trucks in the parking lot and turn on their ignitions and headlights, illuminating the house and surrounding area in an eerie glow.

STAIRCASE

POPE
(to REDFLY)
I got to do the security guy. He
has video of the inside of the house.

REDFLY
Roger.

POPE and IRONHEAD go back down the staircase.

INT. LOREA MANSION STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY drops satchel charges on the staircase leading up to the second floor

-- Suddenly the charges EXPLODE. The staircase shatters, caves in, and falls away. Isolating the men on the second floor. There's no way up to them.

FIRST FLOOR

IRONHEAD and POPE reach the SECURITY room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

The security man with BLACK GLASSES is watching monitors of the unfolding action - one monitor shows POPE and IRONHEAD outside his door.

OUTSIDE

POPE
(shouting)
Not going to hurt you. Come out now
or I see you later. You live on San
Raphael, in the little red house.
Your wife's name is Gloria.

The door opens. The man with BLACK GLASSES.

POPE (CONT'D)
Shut down the system and give me the
hard-drives.

INT. MANSION MONEY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As the smoke clears BEN and REDFLY and CATFISH enter a room and find money stacked floor to ceiling.

They immediately start bagging the money in special-purpose, self-inflating military UDI bags.

-- CU hands stuffing cash into bags

-- Bags zipped closed, tossed into a pile by the door.

-- More bags removed from back packs.

Talking fast as they pack:

CATFISH

This is more than ninety -
way more. We're going to
have weight issues -

BEN

- We can hook some to
the ATV.

REDFLY looks back from the door, surveys the piles.

REDFLY

Catfish, see if Pope can
get up here to help pack.

CATFISH

(into radio)

Hey Blue nine, blue
nine, this is red six.

No answer.

DOWNSTAIRS

POPE and IRONHEAD are moving tactically down a corridor.

A flash of color as a GUARD rushes past them into a door. They give chase, entering a large room with two exits, one of which the door is slightly ajar. They enter that room, see the GUARD - and SHOOT HIM. Facing two more doors, they take one, moving deeper into the house.

- Suddenly, in the darkness, POPE trips on a RUG. Falls hard on his face.

- IRONHEAD turns around to help.

IRONHEAD

You okay?

POPE

Yeah.

- IRONHEAD turns back around - finds himself face to face with an MS-13 guard.

- THE GUARD FIRES - STRIKING IRONHEAD in the SHOULDER, CHEST, HIP, knocking him over.

- THE GUARD hesitates. IRONHEAD, lying down, shoots him, dead.

MONEY ROOM.

They're still packing.

REDFLY

See if you can get Pope up here.

CATFISH

Roger that. He didn't answer his coms.

(into radio)

Blue nine, blue nine, do you copy?

REDFLY

Okay, we need to find them. Let's go.

They walk out of the MONEY ROOM, back to the DESTROYED staircase, and JUMP DOWN.

As they do, POPE rounds a CORNER, dragging IRONHEAD, bleeding profusely - and groaning loudly from the movement.

As BEN starts administering First Aid:

REDFLY (CONT'D)

No morphine - tape him.

CATFISH pulls out a roll of DUCT TAPE.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

(to IRONHEAD)

You have to keep moving, okay?
There's no stretcher.

IRONHEAD nods. CATFISH wraps DUCT TAPE around IRONHEAD's mouth, physically preventing him from groaning.

Now REDFLY turns to the group. What happens when you take the most tactically switched on individual in the history of Special Forces and gravely wound his dear friend, his father-figure?

You get Achilles in a rage:

REDFLY (CONT'D)
 (fiercely)
 Alright - listen up!
 (Beat)
 We're going to get Ironhead home.
 And we're going to kill every
 motherfucker in here.

REDFLY looks at CATFISH, BEN and POPE with an alarming intensity. An expression of pure, unwavering purpose in his eyes.

This is why he leads.

This is why they follow.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
Focus now on regaining momentum.

REDFLY looks at them for confirmation. They nod.

CATFISH unscrews the silencer from his machine gun. BEN does the same.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
 I want all these shooters out of the house. Kill 'em or push 'em outside.
 (beat)
 Then we're going to punch out, run a reverse ambush, and start knocking 'em down in the woods.

CATFISH
 Front gate?

REDFLY
 Claymores. We can't afford a hot pursuit with Ironhead down. So nobody walks out of here to follow us.
 Roach motel.

BEN
 Roger that.

REDFLY
 Alright. Let's go. This is my house now.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA MANSION - MONEY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Moving as a group in V-formation, they SWEEP into

INT. LOREA MANSION - HALLWAY

Empty.

- Moving down the hallway, commotion and SHOUTING from downstairs
- At one corner of the lobby, a GUARD spots them and FIRES, then ducks behind a corner wall.
- REDFLY returns FIRE - shooting at the CORNER WALL itself - bullets rip through PLASTER and WOOD, striking the GUARDS as
- BEN and CATFISH round the CORNER to find ONE GUARD pulped on the ground.

CATFISH

Clear!

REDFLY

(to group)
What's the RPG count?

BEN

Nine.

REDFLY

Use 'em all. Then the PDMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOREA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BAZ has grouped his men in clumps to cover each exit point. We cut between them, noting:

- One team aims at the FRONT DOOR, hiding behind the cars with HIGH BEAMS blazing.
- Another is by the KITCHEN DOOR.
- A third TEAM covers the back.

They wait. Confident that they've surrounded the house and will be able to prevent any escape.

EXT. LOREA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Speed-surprise-violence: the DELTA motto - referring to the three related variables of a commando raid. The less you have of one variable, the more the others must come into play.

They've lost surprise. They've got zero speed. Therefore: they must increase the violence...

BAZ's men train their weapons on the doors. Covering every exit.

Suddenly -

-- LOREA'S HOUSE EXPLODES!

-- BLINDING FLASH of FIRE and SHRAPNEL as

-- The entire Western facade of the house is atomized

BAZ's men: shock, confusion.

INT. LOREA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH, REDFLY, POPE and BEN each kneel in front of the gaping maw, the remains of the WESTERN FACADE

- They can see everything: the JUNGLE...BAZ's men, grouped by the FRONT DOOR and other EXITS...the CARS with HEADLIGHTS BLARING...

-- They FIRE several RPGS, in rapid succession

EXT. LOREA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Missiles STREAK out of the HOUSE -

-- STRIKING CARS - EXPLODING!

-- STRIKING groups of MEN - EXPLODING!

On the heels of this ferocious assault, REDFLY's men charge out of the house - and RUN to the JUNGLE - AWAY from the HOUSE.

-- BEN carries IRONHEAD, while as they run the men

-- Drop M86 PDMS (Pursuit Deterrent Munition) behind them.

[NOTE: You've never seen munitions like these before - not in any film, not in any news footage. They are specially designed munitions for SF units. They are the size of softballs. Triggered by hand. When they land on the ground, seven spring-loaded wires shoot out of them, like a spider's legs, suddenly extending. Each of these wires is twenty feet long, and tipped with a motion sensor. Disturbing any of the wires triggers a bomb inside the softball with a kill radius of 9 feet.]

ECU: PDMS hit the ground -

-- SENSING WIRES shoot out, like tentacles

-- BAZ's men recover from their confusion - give chase - just as REDFLY and his crew reaches the tree line.

-- REDFLY's team advances a few feet into the trees, then hooks back, running in a the shape of an upside down J - the reverse ambush - just as

-- BAZ's men encounter the PDMS - triggering them

-- BOOM! BOOM! The PDMS explode, killing several guards...

-- Just as REDFLY, POPE and CATFISH come on the guard's flank...

POPE NVG POV: heat signatures...targets.

-- FIRING their long-guns, REDFLY's team knocks BAZ's men down in a hail of lethal gunfire.

-- BAZ manages to duck away, fleeing into the jungle as

-- BEN comes ZIPPING out of the other side of the jungle, riding the ATV, IRONHEAD seated on the back -

-- BEN rides the ATV *into the ruins of the house*

INT. /EXT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Zooms around the rubble until he gets to -

-- The remains of the MONEY ROOM. Stacked: dozens and dozens of BLACK DUI bags

-- As REDFLY POPE and CATFISH continue SHOOTING outside,

-- BEN attaches the BAGS to a winch on the back of the ATV

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BLACK DUI bags FLYING - one after another - across a ZIP LINE leading from the house to the ATV in the jungle.

OFF one bag, moving FAST -

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PARANA RIVER NIGHT - LATER

The exfil.

REDFLY's team floats quietly down river, on a raft of BLACK BAGS.

The river is eerily beautiful on this night. Crystalline stars overhead. Majestic trees.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Flashlights scan the water. Men on the banks. Searching. Gradually, the lights recede.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The river widens now. Pull back to see the IGUZA falls approaching.

CATFISH is swimming with his head above water. IRONHEAD is holding onto the raft.

BEN

Hey man.

POPE

What's up?

BEN

We did it, didn't we?

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The lights of a village up ahead. More searchlights on the banks, scanning the water. Reluctantly, IRONHEAD slides off the raft, into the enveloping dark water.

CUT TO:

INT. LOREA HOUSE - LATER

Lorea walks back into the living room, carrying a bag of money.

BAZ is waiting for him.

LOREA

Thank god you're here.

BAZ

Yeah.

BAZ shoots him.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVER - UNDERWATER

Looking up through the murky water, as they pass by the village and the strobes of the searchlights.

Breathing through long black snorkels, they pass by the village almost to its end, when one particular beam of light hits them. It's coming from a flashlight. Held by a member of a search party.

While underwater, REDFLY signals CATFISH and CATFISH twists up a few feet.

Still underwater, he squeezes the trigger -

-- Bullet passing through the water, rippling, bubbling waves

-- Bullets breaks free of water

-- Strikes the MAN dead.

-- CATFISH silently sinks back

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

The men come out of the water to a secretive landing spot where they've stowed a VAN. They drag the MONEY BAGS out of the water.

BEN carries IRONHEAD. Lays him in the VAN. Inside, there's a portable EMERGENCY MEDICAL STATION, like in the back of an ambulance. BEN re-dresses his wounds. Gives him a shot of antibiotics.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

POPE, CATFISH and REDFLY attach a second WINCH in a VAN to the MONEY BAGS. The winch pulls the bags into the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. VAN - EMPTY HIGHWAY - LATER

The van goes speeding down a dark two-lane road. The guys are still dripping wet, bloody, and exhausted.

They've done it but at what cost?

REDFLY

(to BEN)

How is he?

BEN
It's through and through. He'll
survive.

REDFLY
(to no one in
particular)
Go to the girl's.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

The VAN, driving without lights, pulls in front and goes
silent.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX 14TH FLOOR - ELEVATOR BAY - MOMENTS
LATER**

Elevator doors open on 14 and BEN steps out into the bright
florescent hallway. He's a gnarly sight, this heavily armed
young man in wet commando clothing, wet hair, blood-shot
eyes, battle-weary face, the grim reaper come to life.

He rings the doorbell. YOVANNA opens it in a nightgown.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIUDAD DEL ESTE APARTMENT COMPLEX STREET - MOMENTS LATER

BEN drags YOVANNA behind him. She's got street clothes on,
a pillow case over her head. Her hands are tied.

BEN pushes her into the van and jumps inside.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The van pulls out.

POPE looks at YOVANNA, blindfolded and bound, trembling,
sobbing, and he takes off her blindfold.

POPE
Hey Yovanna, it's going to be okay.

YOVANNA
Fuck You!

POPE
(strong)
You're alive aren't you?

YOVANNA
You're kidnappers now?
(re: IRONHEAD)
What happened to him?

REDFLY
He got shot.

YOVANNA
How? Lorea?

REDFLY
One of his soldiers.

YOVANNA leans back, closes her eyes. She's seen a lot in her young life.

YOVANNA
I didn't think you were kidnappers.
Do you know how to kidnap?
(beat)
So you killed Lorea?

POPE
Not sure.

YOVANNA snorts in disbelief.

YOVANNA
If I was you, I would want to be
sure of that.

REDFLY struggles to restrain himself.

REDFLY
Yovanna, I know this is a lot. But
try to be chill, okay?

They turn a corner. CATFISH stops the van.

POPE prepares to exit, but REDFLY puts a hand on his shoulder.

POPE
I'll do it.

REDFLY
Stay inside.

REDFLY grabs a backpack in the van. He gets out of the van and takes YOVANNA with him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

YOVANNA looks wildly around the dark street. Terrified.

REDFLY walks her to a parked car a few feet from the van.
He unties her hands.

REDFLY
(gently)
So, sorry about that. We're going
to let you go now.

YOVANNA
Oh, thank God. Thank you.

REDFLY
By the way, what's my name?
She shakes her head. Doesn't know.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
What's his name?
(jerking his head in
the direction of
POPE)
Your fuck buddy.

YOVANNA
He never said, I don't know.

REDFLY
Okay. This isn't a trick question
so just answer. Where is he from?

YOVANNA
I know you're not DEA. He's not
DEA.

REDFLY
What state, Yovanna?

YOVANNA
I don't know.

REDFLY shows her a .22 pistol.

REDFLY
Be 100 percent sure - because there's
no take-backs with this.

She starts to shake. Terrified.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
After you sucked him off? You were
lying there, playing with him - you
asked, 'what's your real name, where
you really from' - all that - what
did he say?

YOVANNA

Come on - seriously - that never happened.

REDFLY

Stop wasting my time, Yovanna. I'm going to go ask him in a second -

YOVANNA

He said - he said he's Chris. I don't know, I'm sure it's not his real name.

REDFLY

If you lie to me, I will wipe you out. This is a simple question: Where is he from?

YOVANNA

- Jesus, stop!

(Beat)

I don't know! All he ever said was Chris and you were his supervisor and his friend - I knew he wasn't really DEA - and that you were honest.

REDFLY wasn't expecting that remark.

REDFLY

How would that come up?

YOVANNA

Because I asked him if he wasn't afraid of you cheating him. And he said you were the most honest guy he'd ever met.

That hits REDFLY in the solar plexus. The man he's becoming remembering the man he was just a few weeks ago.

REDFLY deflates. Switches gears.

REDFLY

(handing her the bag)

There's a million five in cash, a ticket in there to Sydney, and a Visa - use it. Today.

(giving her the keys to the car)

On the way to the airport, stop at FEDEX. It opens in three hours. Ship the cash in a box to a hotel in Sydney. Don't improvise this - don't take it to the airport.

(MORE)

REDFLY (CONT'D)

There's likely cocaine residue on the bills, and the airport drug dogs will smell it.

YOVANNA

I don't know anybody in Sydney.

REDFLY

I gave you a number in the bag. If you need something heavy done, call.

YOVANNA

How do I call if I don't know your name or his name?

REDFLY smiles.

REDFLY

He knows yours.

She looks back at the van, hoping.

POPE doesn't get out.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

Another life. Go.

She gets in the car.

REDFLY turns back to his team.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY gets in the van.

POPE looks at him. Embarrassed.

POPE

I'm sorry.

REDFLY

She's lying.

They look, through their window, at YOVANNA getting into the car they provided for her.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

Have to think about putting her down.

POPE

She's cool.

REDFLY

She puts us at risk.

(MORE)

REDFLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Motherfucker, there are consequences
to this shit.

He exchanges a look with POPE.

POPE

I said, I'm sorry.

REDFLY

(to CATFISH, who is
driving)

Take me to the helo.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARAGUAY - ARGENTINA BORDER - NIGHT

A border CHECKPOINT. Guards. Barricades.

The VAN pulls up to Passport Control. An Immigration Officer
walks up.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Passports please.

CATFISH and REDFLY are in the front seat. They hand over
their passports.

The Immigration officer glances at them. Sees five hundred
dollars inside each passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

I need to check the vehicle.

CATFISH

(in Spanish)

Can I have my Passport back, please?

The Officer takes the money, gives back the passports, and
walks to the back of the VAN and opens the door to see -

- Machine guns pointing straight at him, held by POPE and
BEN

POPE

(in Spanish)

Close the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIp/HELIPORT - DAWN

Sign on the front office: AIR SERVICES UNITED

INT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIp/HELIPORT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In the corner of the small room, a TV shows local news about the robbery.

A salesman slides paperwork across a desk to REDFLY.

REDFLY looks at the paperwork, slides a bag of money across the table.

Through the office window - see the VAN pull next to a German-made CH-53D SEA STALLION CARGO HELICOPTER.

TV SCREEN: footage of Lorea's house in flames - pictures of Lorea as a younger man - pictures of Yovanna in a beauty contest.

SALESMAN

We can help you load, and weigh, if you like. Our scales, some of our customers say, are more precise than theirs.

REDFLY

Thank you.

EXT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIp/HELIPORT - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY and the SALESMAN watch as

- POPE, DUKE, BEN and CATFISH unload the VAN
- Passing the bags to AIRPORT CREW who toss them on a SCALE
- After each bag is weighed, additional AIRPORT CREW pack pile them into a CARGO NET which in turn is attached to the SKID PADS of the HELICOPTER.

REDFLY

There's an extra three hundred thousand for you because I may be inconveniencing you.

SALESMAN

You're not inconveniencing me in any way.

REDFLY

Tell me that after I've taken your cell phones and cut your land-lines.

The SALESMAN accepts this. Not the first time. He hands REDFLY his cell phones - and goes to retrieve cell phones from his workers.

EXT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIp/HELIPORT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BEN

It's on the news -

POPE

Every free gun down here is going to be looking for us.

SALESMAN

(smiling)

Your cargo weighs eight thousand four hundred and fifty two pounds.

CATFISH overhears this.

REDFLY

Thank you.

The SALESMAN ducks away. CATFISH pulls REDFLY aside.

CATFISH

That doesn't add up to ninety - that adds up to six hundred million.

REDFLY

Is that right?

BEN

We stole six hundred million dollars?!

CATFISH nods.

All but IRONHEAD, who is still in the van, gather around REDFLY. Giddy astonishment on their faces.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm definitely getting a Ferrari.

600 million. A staggering sum. Mind-blowing. Beyond dreams.

They're rich...

They're fucked.

POPE

You sure?

CATFISH

The guy said our weight is eight tons. That's the math on eight tons in hundred dollar bills. Six hundred million.

(beat)

We may have a weight issue now. We're five tons over what we expected.

(beat)

This is a big helicopter though.

REDFLY

I don't see the issue. Maximum load on this helo is sixteen thousand pounds.

CATFISH

(annoyed)

I'm sorry, I didn't know you'd gone to flight school. I said we might have a weight issue.

REDFLY shrugs.

REDFLY

If we have a problem, we will deal with it. But at this point, we're taking all the money.

POPE

Yeah - it's our money now - we can't go leaving it lying around. That would be irresponsible.

LANDING ZONE

As POPE and CATFISH finish loading, IRONHEAD gets out of the van. His movements are strained as he pulls REDFLY aside.

IRONHEAD

Hey - Ben told me - we're over weight?

REDFLY

Maybe... We're got 600 million though.

IRONHEAD

(genuine)

That's great, Tom. Really cool. Let me ask you - you were prepared to dunce that girl - Yovanna?

REDFLY

Not sure.

(MORE)

REDFLY (CONT'D)

(beat)
I suck.

IRONHEAD

I like the way you made the choice
not to.

REDFLY

We'll see. I probably should have.
But I fumbled.

IRONHEAD shakes his head, No.

IRONHEAD

That's not one you recover from.

REDFLY

No shit but she's a giant risk in a
million ways! Maybe she goes straight
to him. Or maybe he's already dead -
and she's having a cocktail in First
Class. Who the fuck knows. Like I
said, we'll see.

IRONHEAD

So you're still thinking through
the ripple effects of what we do
down here.

REDFLY

Hell yeah I'm thinking.

IRONHEAD

Well, keep thinking. You're good at
it.

REDFLY pats him affectionately on the shoulder.

REDFLY

Why don't you shut up and go lie
down in the helo?

EXT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIP/HELIPORT - LATER

The helo is fully loaded. Rotor blades IDLE.

Everyone is on board except for REDFLY and the SALESMAN, who
stand together about fifty feet from the helo.

REDFLY

One more thing. Do you know who I
am?

The SALESMAN shakes his head, No.

REDFLY shows the SALESMAN a photograph.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
Do you know who this is?

SALESMAN
That's my daughter.

REDFLY smiles. Extends his hand.

REDFLY
You've been a pleasure to do business
with - and I thank you for your
discretion as we leave your airspace.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARGENTINA PRIVATE AIRSTRIPE/HELIPORT - MOMENTS LATER

The giant helicopter LIFTS off. Tips forward and then FLIES
to the horizon line. Disappearing into the glare of the
setting sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARAGUAY JUNGLE - NIGHT

The sun has set and the moon has yet to rise. Darkness has
fallen over the jungle.

We hear the vibrating THUMP-THUMP. We sense its passage
through the air...anticipate its arrival -

But the machine RUSHES past us, just a shape, menacing, and
nearly INVISIBLE in the gloom.

**INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER SOMEWHERE OVER PARAGUAY -
CONTINUOUS**

CATFISH is flying with no lights.

HELO COCKPIT

CATFISH calmly at the controls. POPE is in the co-pilot
seat. REDFLY crouches near by.

REDFLY
(into helo radio
headset)
How does she feel?

CATFISH
(over headset)
So far, so good.

REDFLY grins, rubs CATFISH's shoulders.

REDFLY
(into headset)
There you go!

CABIN

REDFLY crawls out of the COCKPIT back to the CABIN. Stepping over DUKE, who is sprawled out asleep on a pile of GEAR and WEAPONS.

REDFLY finds IRONHEAD in the back, recovering on a TALON LIGHTWEIGHT STRETCHER.

REDFLY feels IRONHEAD's forehead. No fever.

BEN looks on.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
(shouting to IRONHEAD
in order to be heard)
How you feeling?

REDFLY checks the bandages. They look good.

IRONHEAD
(unable to hear over
the din)
You're doing fine - keep going.

REDFLY
No, how are you feeling?

IRONHEAD
(shouting)
Keep going.

REDFLY gives up trying to be heard over the din. He sits down and starts to make himself comfortable. *Be nice to get some rest.*

But POPE is waving him to return to the COCKPIT.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

REDFLY crouches between his pilot and co-pilot.

CATFISH
Strong headwind - and the weight
drags at this altitude - I'd like to
go down to 2,000 feet.

REDFLY consults a map.

REDFLY
We're over the park? Sure.

CATFISH
Roger that. Going down.

The helicopter streaks downwards towards the jungle.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
(checking the gauges)
Better. I'm going to want to slow
down a little, too, to save fuel.
Andes in four hours!

REDFLY
Roger. Good work!

REDFLY goes back to his area in the CABIN, and nestles in again, trying to find some comfort in the PILE of gear and weapons. Then he waits.

Long beat.

Nobody bothers him. At last, he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHILEAN ANDES - DAWN

Dawn strikes the Andes.

The glistening peaks, shrouded in mist and rising into the clouds, seem to stretch to infinity.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Find our HELICOPTER, flying low, approaching the base. Tiny against the vast range.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH flies. POPE his co-pilot.

COCKPIT POV: The mountains loom in front of them. They're unbelievably high.

Barely visible in the heavy mist, two mountains appear to meet in a V-shape, forming what may be a valley passageway that they can fly through.

CATFISH
I'm going to try between these two
bigger peaks - see if there's a valley
I saw on the map.

POPE

Roger that.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter pushes towards the V-shape between the peaks.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH

Tracking software on these Russian
helos - man!

POPE

- I know. Sucks -

CATFISH

Everything's backwards. So I'm just
sight flying.

POPE

- Roger.

EXT. THE ANDES - CONTINUOUS

The HELICOPTER flies through the V-space between the TWO
PEAKS.

They clear the patch of mist.

The passageway immediately NARROWS.

The HELO is now flying close to the mountains: just a few
hundred feet separate the helicopter from rocky outcroppings
and jagged cliffs.

INT./ EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As CATFISH and POPE continue to navigate the narrow
passageway, we drift back to the other men -

CABIN

REDFLY wakes up with a start. Wipes the sleep from his eyes.

We follow his gaze pan across the CABIN... to see DUKE staring
straight-ahead, stone-faced... and then over to BEN.

BEN is crying. Hot tears stream down his face.

REDFLY

(shouting to be heard
in the loud helo)

NO FUCKING WAY!

REDFLY leaps over to IRONHEAD's side.

The old man's eyes are closed.

He has no pulse.

He's dead.

REDFLY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
HOW?! HE WAS FINE!

BEN
(also shouting)
The bullet must have moved in the
night.

REDFLY loses it, completely. He's devastated. Split apart.

He bangs his head on the hard metal interior of the
helicopter. Throws things around the cabin.

BEN attempts to console him.

BEN (CONT'D)
We did everything right.
(beat)
He was stable.

REDFLY looks at him numbly.

REDFLY
I don't understand.

BEN
The bullet shifted, nicked his heart.
It happens sometimes.

REDFLY
Surgery would have cured him?

BEN
Maybe. Maybe not. It was his time,
Tom. He was shot.

REDFLY collapses. Buries his head in his hands.

COCKPIT

Meanwhile, in the cockpit, CATFISH and POPE haven't heard
the tragic news. They're still attempting to negotiate the
mountain pass.

CATFISH

Sixteen thousand. Highest I've been
in a helo.

COCKPIT POV: Flying through the V-shaped TWO PEAKS, they
turn a corner and face -

- Another monumental 19,000 foot peak
- The valley is a dead-end
- They're trapped.

REDFLY joins them in the COCKPIT. He's about to deliver the
bad news about Ironhead but he hesitates when he sees that
they are attempting a difficult flying maneuver.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter hovers indecisively in the gorge.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

POPE

Try to pop over?

CATFISH

Roger-

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helo RISES now, steadily climbing the 19,000 foot PEAK
blocking their progress.

Higher.

Higher.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH

Ah - that's got to be nineteen
thousand - rather not go up that
high. No oxygen anyway.
(short intake of breath)
Let's turn

POPE

Yeah - find another way through

Both men, beginning to feel the altitude, breathing labored.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As the helo TURNS in the tight space, its TAIL ROTORS drift near to the edge of the mountain...

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

POPE watches with concern:

POPE'S COCKPIT POV: As the turn widens, the ROTORS come closer still...even closer...getting very dangerous...until -

- The blades are no more than twenty feet from the mountain!

POPE

You're close on my side to catching a tail rotor.

CATFISH

Roger. It's tight -

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As the helo TURNS a second problem develops: the CARGO NET with the MONEY in it swings precipitously back and forth, creating further instability when -

- Rotor blades blast clumps of SNOW off the mountain

- Snow strikes the windshield - temporarily blinding them -

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

It looks very bad now. Tail rotor too close. Load causing instability. No visibility. The recipe for a crash.

CATFISH, however, remains preternaturally calm.

COCKPIT POV: blanketed in snow.

CATFISH

Hello, visibility.

The helo hovers. The snow slides down the glass.

COCKPIT POV: clear again.

POPE

What's wrong with this GPS - it doesn't even show this one?

CATFISH

I don't know - calibration.

(beat)

I messed up. Let's forget the turn.

(MORE)

CATFISH (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm going to try and pop over it.

POPE

Yeah.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helo backs off the TURN -

Once again, it CLIMBS and CLIMBS

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The ENGINE RACKET is deafening as the helicopter REDLINES under the strain of the extreme altitude. DIALS go haywire.

CATFISH

Let's see - it's a good helo.

POPE

- We're redlining

CATFISH

Close though.

COCKPIT POV: As they rise above the mountain, they can now see over it and across the FULL RANGE - miles and miles of jagged peaks, scraping the sky.

Beyond... a sliver of blue ocean beckons. Freedom. Escape.

So close...

So far.

CATFISH (CONT'D)

I don't want to fly over those peaks with this weight - we're redlining already.

POPE

Me neither.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter banks down the mountain, DESCENDING.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH

We need to lighten the load.

POPE
 (shouting back to
 REDFLY)
 We're carrying too much weight -
 need to land - ditch a ton or two -
 start again.

REDFLY has been standing and listening to them this entire time. He finally speaks.

REDFLY
Ironhead died.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helo continues to DESCEND.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH and POPE are crushed. The pain is evident in their voices:

CATFISH
 Oh God!

REDFLY
 Nicked his heart.

POPE
 Oh, Jesus.

Suddenly -

- A LOUD THUMP, followed by a TERRIBLE SHUDDER shakes the aircraft -

CATFISH reacts to this serious turn of events with cool-headed precision:

CATFISH
 One of the engines

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter loses control and starts to SPIN OUT OF CONTROL.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

[Note: the following dialogue is composed, unruffled - in vivid contrast to the hurtling danger]

CATFISH
 Going into a spin

POPE
- You can catch it. How did he die?

COCKPIT POV: CAREENING across the sky, heading towards an impact with one of the mountains.

REDFLY
Bullet moved

POPE
(re: the helo)
You can catch it

CATFISH
Ahh - going for it

COCKPIT POV: Spin getting more pronounced - faster - smoke now visibly streaming from the back of the machine

POPE
- Roger - stay with it

CATFISH
- Might be in trouble here.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The SPIN slows, then the HELICOPTER rights itself -

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH
Should land

COCKPIT POV: the ground zooming beneath them: not where you want to crash land. Wild, tough, territory: Dense trees, protruding rocks, jagged cliffs. Inhospitable in the extreme.

REDFLY
Crash land here, we're dead.

CATFISH
Try and get us back to flat

REDFLY
- Roger
(shouting to the back)
Prepare for a hard land!

SMOKE now reaching the interior of the helo...

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter LUNGES over the JUNGLE, engines howling, BLACK SMOKE spewing into the air, a trail of disaster.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH
There goes your stabilizer.

POPE
Can you go north, there's a highway?

CATFISH
I remember it.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helo banks NORTH.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

COCKPIT POV: Up ahead, a thin ribbon of road appears on the jungle floor.

CATFISH
We should drop the money.
(beat)
Maybe we don't die.

POPE
We'll never find it - wait for an LZ.

REDFLY overrules POPE

REDFLY
(shouting to BEN in the cabin)
CUT THE MONEY LOOSE!

COCKPIT POV: The helo now passes over a patchwork of SMALL FARMS carved out of the dense Andean jungle

- The farms lush with thick GREEN BUSHES. Bounded by a few modest wood homes.

- These are COCAINE FARMS.

A peasant coca farmer, machete in hand, cranes his eyes to watch the helo lurching not more than 100 feet over him.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH
Drop it NOW or WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!!

CABIN

REDFLY
 (to Ben)
 Cut the money!

AFT CABIN

BEN reaches down and unlocks a HEAVY WINCH - straps unravel - but the last STRAP gets STUCK!

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

- The GIANT BUNDLE OF MONEY dangles precipitously. Swaying this way and that. Held by only one strap

COCKPIT

CATFISH
 Oh Jesus

POPE
 Get it off!

AFT CABIN

REDFLY slips on a HARNESS and CLIPS a CARABINER to the floor of the cabin - then opens the cabin DOOR and SLIDES out of the helicopter, into the HOWLING WIND.

EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY hangs from the helo - reaches for the REMAINING strap holding the BUNDLE OF MONEY. But the STRAP is three or four feet too far away.

- REDFLY gestures with his hand, swing me. BEN reaches out, swings him and REDFLY arcs left, then right towards the BUNDLE strap, grabs it, and CUTS it -

Simultaneously:

The HELICOPTER spikes higher - gaining altitude, free of the weight - snapping REDFLY like a rag doll

The MONEY BUNDLE plummets to the earth, hitting -

EXT. ANDEAN COCAINE FARM - CONTINUOUS

The BUNDLE lands with a thud in a small COCA FIELD near a cluster of houses - and a few curious FARMERS converge on this strange black bundle that's fallen from they sky, like a gift from the heavens.

INT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

COCKPIT

CATFISH
Gonna land up here!

CATFISH steers the helicopter towards another open field.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY, still dangling, watches as the FARMERS encircle the BUNDLE.

As the helicopter HURTLES DOWN, he loses his vantage point -

INT/ EXT. SEA STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

At twenty feet above ground level, CATFISH pulls up, and slows for the landing. REDFLY releases his harness, falls to the ground, and rolls away from the helo.

We watch it land from his point of view:

- Ten feet
- Five
- The skids touch down
- Suddenly it pops back up!
- Rising a few feet off the ground

CATFISH O.S.
(into mic)
Bad landing

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

- The helo LURCHES into a WILD SPIN, knocking BEN and everyone else around the cabin.

GEAR goes flying.

BEN tries to hold on - but he also FLIES out of the HELO - hitting the ground hard

EXT. VILLAGE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY LEAPS forward, grabs BEN and drags him to safety from under the SPINNING HELO just as -

- The HELO FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN

- Crashing into the GROUND.

- Rotor digging into the ground, causing the aircraft to corkscrew.

Revolving in a spin, like a high-speed Indy car crash, the HELO rotates around and around on the ground,

- Shredding dirt, grass
- Spewing oil, debris
- Shearing metal - mechanical bits whizzing away - like shrapnel
- Around and around - carving the ground -
- Slowing at last to a sickening stop.

REDFLY helplessly watches this smoky hell.

A hell of his own making.

Off his look of horror -

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - LATER

In the bloody aftermath of the crash, beside the mangled wreck of the helicopter:

BEN administers EMERGENCY MEDICAL CARE to CATFISH - tending his ARM and RIBS - which are bloody

POPE is hunched over IRONHEAD's body, lost in grief.

REDFLY stands apart by himself, thinking. REDFLY goes up to POPE.

REDFLY

Hey, brother. What do you want to do?

POPE looks up at him, heart-broken.

POPE

I should have -

Tears in his eyes. REDFLY gives him a moment.

REDFLY

We all should have.

(beat)

Find your way back.

POPE nods.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

What do you want to do now?

(MORE)

REDFLY (CONT'D)
 (back to mission mode)
 Be a good time to split. Take
 Ironhead home.

POPE
 Could we still get the money?

REDFLY
 If you still want it, we'll go get
 it - but it's going to be a slog
 without the helo.

POPE
 What's your feeling?

REDFLY
I guess I want the fucking money.

Long beat.

REDFLY and POPE look at each other, their minds both dwelling
 on the same dark reality of loss and greed.

At last REDFLY turns away and goes over to BEN and CATFISH

REDFLY (CONT'D)
 (to BEN)
 You give him morphine?

BEN
 Was just about to -

REDFLY
 (to CATFISH)
 Can you suck it up for half an hour?
 I may want you to shoot -

CATFISH
 Yeah, fine - the pain is a good
 reminder of my dumb ass attitude
 that I can survive anything.

REDFLY
 You have a higher survivability than
 any human I've ever met.

CATFISH
 You going for the money?

REDFLY nods.

CATFISH (CONT'D)
 Watch yourself around it - you're
 pretty hot -

REDFLY
- I'm taking Pope

CATFISH
I mean, don't massacre those farmers
for it.

REDFLY
Of course not

CATFISH
Watch your trigger.

REDFLY considers defending himself, decides to let it go.

CATFISH decides to push his point:

CATFISH (CONT'D)
Isn't it better broke than dead? I
mean, doesn't it seem crazy at this
point to haul eight tons of paper
around South America? Let's leave
the money and get out of Dodge.

REDFLY
We still have room to maneuver.

CATFISH
(angry)
Rosen that. You tell me who you
want me to shoot.

In the end, it's simple.

REDFLY turns and silently walks towards the jungle, in the
direction of MONEY BUNDLE. Without a word, POPE follows
him.

You finish what you start.

CUT TO:

EXT. COCAINE FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

REDFLY and POPE jogging fast -

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - LATER

They emerge from the woods, breathless from the run.

Too late.

Two hundred yards downrange from their position:

MONEY BUNDLE

In the field, a CROWD has converged. Men and women. Young and old. Even very small children. Seems like the entire village is SWARMING around the MONEY BUNDLE, moths to a flame.

REDFLY's SCOPE POV: A dozen fists tearing at the bundle. Grabbing at cash.

- One VILLAGER hastily fills a wheel barrow
- Others stuff back-packs and baskets

OUTSKIRTS

REDFLY scans all this - eyes linger on a two-story structure, a crude PROCESSING PLANT of some kind, at the edge of the field.

REDFLY
I like that roof.

POPE
Go ahead.
(passing REDFLY his long gun)
I'll approach from the West.

EXT. FIELD MONEY PILE + CONTINUOUS

POPE approaches the BUZZING CROWD, hands loosely at his sides. There's a side-arm on his leg. But he's removed his heavy weaponry.

PROCESSING PLANT

REDFLY SPRINTS to the plant. Notices two WOMEN crushing coca leaves with a WOODEN PRESS that is straight out of the 19th century. The sweatshop underbelly of the drug trade. He runs past them and LEAPS up the roof. They scatter.

FIELD

POPE attempts to shoo the crowd away from the MONEY BUNDLE. He is ignored.

POPE
(shouting in Spanish)
This doesn't belong to you!

PROCESSING PLANT

REDFLY watches from the roof of the nearby house.

FIELD

One of the farmers, a leader-type, holding a machete, turns to POPE menacingly.

FARMER
(in Spanish)
Who are you are aligned with?

POPE
(to farmer)
The Army of Paraguay. I'm an advisor.
(holds up his cell
phone)
One call, I'll bring a battalion
here.

ANOTHER FARMER
(in Spanish)
You should call a rescue helicopter.

POPE
Coming.

FARMER
In the meantime, you are alone - and
you don't have a uniform.

Meanwhile, the mad rush. Villagers shovel money into BASKETS.

Now FOUR of the MALE FARMERS band together to face POPE..

PROCESSING PLANT

REDFLY watches this. Flicks the safety off his RIFLE.

FIELD

The FARMERS grow increasingly agitated.

POPE
(in Spanish)
We can work something out.

FARMER LEADER
(in Spanish)
How are your passengers from the
crash, do they need assistance?

POPE
(in Spanish)
We can talk about that - tell your
people to stop taking my property.
They're stealing.

FARMER TWO
(in Spanish)
It's my field.

FARMER THREE
(in Spanish)
I think you messed up, DEA.

The FARMERS, emboldened, edge closer to POPE.

POPE
Be cool. I'm not DEA. We just need
to talk about this.

PROCESSING PLANT ROOF

REDFLY SCOPE POV: sees the advancing farmers.

REDFLY
(into radio)
I'm going to hit the machete.

FIELD

POPE
(to farmer, in Spanish)
Hold on - stop there. Don't come
towards me.
(into radio)
Negative, negative. Hold fire.

- One FARMER curses, raises his MACHETE. He's about five feet from POPE. Can he do them harm at this distance? Probably not.

Is he blustering, threatening or preparing to strike? REDFLY doesn't wait to find out.

- The instant the MACHETE rises into the air, FOUR SHOTS ring out, followed by a DOZEN MORE.

- The machete farmer falls, dead.

- Three other farmers who also held machetes fall, dead.

- A lone unarmed farmer remains. Unhurt. He crouches to the ground, hands covering his head.

- POPE pulls the man to his feet and simultaneously yells to REDFLY

POPE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
NEGATIVE NEGATIVE!!!
(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)
 (to surviving Farmer)
 Do you have donkeys? I'll pay good
 money. I want horses and donkeys.
 That's all.

SCOPE POV: in the grainy low-res view of a distant scope, we see the entire killing field, littered with bodies. See Pope talking to the lone remaining male FARMER. See the women and children cowering at the edges. Pan over to the Processing Plant roof, and see Redfly still lying prone, rifle extended.

Pull back now - way back - to see the man who is holding the scope. It's CATFISH, at the edge of the jungle.

Off his look of shame -

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

REDFLY stands alone in the killing field. He's surrounded by the bodies of the slain farmers. His bodies.

He walks from body to body, confronting the dead. His movements feline, predatory; his face dark, a twisted mask of rage and self-loathing.

Then he sees that one FARMER, a teenager, is still alive. Panting for air. Blood leaking into the ground. Eyes staring up at him.

Their eyes lock.

Redfly shoots him, kills him: half mercy, half surrender to existential nothingness.

EXT. FARM LAND - AFTERNOON

An extremely LONG TRAIN of pack animals, mules, donkeys, horses, tethered together. EIGHTY-FIVE in all. Each of which is laden with GEAR and WEAPONS from the helicopter and a BLACK DUI BAG full of cash. Additionally, one of the donkeys carries Ironhead's lifeless body, wrapped in a blanket.

POPE, CATFISH, REDFLY, BEN are themselves all on HORSEBACK. In this manner, they drive the train across the field, heading towards the jungle.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

Riding in silence into the thickening vegetation.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

The trail slopes upwards. A pack on one of the donkey's slips to the ground. BEN stops to retrieve it - and adjust the straps.

The men dismount to give the horses a breather. CATFISH takes the opportunity to talk to REDFLY.

CATFISH

I know you don't want to hear this.
He's getting stiff and he's going to
smell. We can't keep bringing him
with us.

REDFLY

(like a mantra)

- I will not leave a fallen comrade.
I will not leave a fallen comrade.
What happened to that?

CATFISH puts an arm around REDFLY.

CATFISH

We're not leaving him, brother, we're
putting him to rest.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARAGUAY JUNGLE RIDGELINE - EVENING

IRONHEAD has been buried on the scenic peak. Sun slips over the horizon as his friends stand before a make-shift grave.

REDFLY removes a GOLD CROSS necklace from his neck. He drapes it over the rough hewn WOODEN CROSS on the grave. It catches the sun.

REDFLY

Take this with you, brother.

BEN removes his watch. Lays it on the grave.

BEN

(fiercely affectionate)
So you know what time it is

CATFISH lays his watch, too.

CATFISH

He lived more in 55 years than most
people do in a lifetime.

The group falls silent. We study each man's face as they
wait for POPE

At last, he steps forward to say his piece. His face heavy
as his anguish pours forth:

POPE

You were a gem, my friend... my second
father. You taught me and I loved
you and then I put you in the dirt -

REDFLY

(sharply)
HEY! No more blame!

POPE

It's okay, Tom. I need to say it.

REDFLY

Let's camp here tonight. Keep him
company.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER BED - DAWN

The trail has come to a fast-moving river. The men send the
HORSES first, then wade thigh deep through the rapids,
carrying guns overhead.

The water gets deeper as they cross. Midway through, REDFLY
slips under the water and begins to swim.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BED - HOURS LATER

The men float the money bags across but getting the pack
animals to brave the water river is tough. They've been at
the task for what seems like several hours. Many of the
donkeys don't want to do it. The men coax and whip them.
At last, the final donkey is across.

POPE consults a GPS.

BEN

Well, we've gone twelve clicks -

REDFLY

Just another four hundred to the coast.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

The men are shivering in the cold at a primitive camp they've struck not far from the river bed.

BEN

A fire would be righteous.

REDFLY

We cold camp.

Nobody talks after that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS SMUGGLER'S TRAIL 2,000 METERS ELEVATION - AFTERNOON

The path, now about one fifth of the way up the looming mountain, switches form a relaxed jungle trail and begins to incline into a steep, rock-strewn, ankle-breaker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS

We see the whole range and landscape from a birds-eye view - the Andes rise before us. Majestic.

Look down closer - down in the valley, moving like ants, are five men on horseback, with a long train of pack animals.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAYS LATER

We see the toll time has taken on the team. Their clothes tattered, faces sun-scorched, weary.

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS SMUGGLER'S TRAIL ELEVATION 3,500 METERS - MORNING

Still higher in the mountains, sparse vegetation. The smuggler's trail begins to wind north, rather than traversing over the mountain to the west.

If they want to continue going up and over, they'll have to make their own path and go straight up the black rocky face of the mountain.

The donkeys, for their part, are once again refusing to move. All the men are PULLING and attempting to COAX them forward, without success.

CATFISH

Face it, we're stuck.

They prepare to camp for the night.

Redfly looks up the mountain. Considering the possibilities.

A snow flake falls on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS VOLCANIC RANGE - LATER

It's snowing...

CU ONE BAG: Snow falls on the black BAG. Then the BAG slides forward along the rocky ground, up the slope, being pulled by a ROPE.

Pull back to reveal a LINE of BAGS, all tethered together with ROPE, slowly moving uphill.

Pull back farther to see that all the BAGS have been tethered together with rope, forming a long CHAIN, nearly 200 feet in length.

It's clear that, incredibly, they intend to drag these bags up the slope, foot-by-foot.

Look up to see POPE and BEN pulling on the rope. On higher ground, CATFISH, REDFLY pulling. Straining against the slow moving weight, groaning like oxen.

- Backs straining
- Hands gripping, blistering
- Feet slipping in the loose sand

But if they've crossed into madness, they don't seem to mind.

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS SMUGGLER'S TRAIL ELEVATION 4,000 METERS - LATER

The team, now on higher, even steeper ground, pulls the bags up, one by one, inch by inch.

An insane sight. A demonstration of pure will. Pure audacity.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS SMUGGLER'S TRAIL ELEVATION 4,000 METERS - NIGHT

The wind has picked up. They're exposed on the mountain face, shivering in the cold.

BEN
I demand a fire.

REDFLY
We cold camp. Low-viz.

They sit. Miserable. BEN has had it. He pulls a giant wad of bills from his pack and lights a bill on fire with his lighter. It curls, smokes, and burns. He lights another bill. Throws a few more out creating a burning pile of cash, and feeds the fire, adding more and more bills to build a healthy flame.

BEN
(to REDFLY)
Fuck You - this is my Fuck You Money.

REDFLY smiles. Let's it go.

And then REDFLY leaps up - and in a moment of crazed inspiration he grabs one of the DUI MONEY BAGS and dumps the entire contents on the fire -

- It ROARS to life as several million dollars ignite -

CU FIRE: Flames jab the air, sparks fly, arcing into the sky -

- Grinning like little boys, the other guys grab BAGS and toss fist-fulls of HUNDREDS onto the fire - as it grows into

- A bonfire of cash.

- They hoot and howl at the sight, warming their hands for the first time in days.

We stay with them as the bills burn and the FLAMES CRACKLE, smoke unfurling into the night sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS VOLCANIC RANGE LATITUDE: - 23.527251 LONGITUDE -67.924610 - MORNING

Make-shift shelters, cobbled together out of branches.

A fire. Small game roasting on a spit. Seated around the fire, the team.

TITLE OVER: SIX WEEKS LATER

They've transformed into mountain men, full beards, long hair...unwashed... far from civilization, from any semblance of their earlier selves.

Wild.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS VOLCANIC RANGE CAMP PERIMETER - AFTERNOON

POPE is observing through a spotting SCOPE: The sandy Coast line of the Atlantic ocean.

Beside the sea lies Mejillones, Chile. A sleepy port town. The end of the line.

POPE

There's a port called Mejillones in one hundred and sixty miles. Hours from the nearest federal facility.

REDFLY

Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORDON DE PUNTAS NEGRAS VOLCANIC RANGE - AFTERNOON

Dirt flies out of a deep hole.

Inside the hole, POPE and BEN are digging a pit large enough to hold the remaining 480 million dollars. REDFLY and CATFISH are above them, dragging bags towards the pit.

As they work:

REDFLY

Fifty four US Marines went to a farm

CATFISH

And stayed for seven years

CATFISH (CONT'D)

Nine months

BEN

And two days.

POPE

They all slept with one farm girl

CATFISH

But she had zero children.

REDFLY holds a PORTABLE GPS showing a grid for this location.

ECU GPS: 5479210

REDFLY

Again.

(reciting)

Fifty four marines

CATFISH

Stayed for seven-nine -two

BEN

Had one girl. Zero kids

POPE

Fifty four marines.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEJILLONES CENTRAL FISHING DOCK - AFTERNOON

The ocean. The beach. A ratty palm tree. Bottles on the sand. It ain't exactly paradise. But it will do.

At the end of a long COMMERCIAL FISHING DOCK, POPE converses with a local FISHERMAN, who has just stepped off his TRAWLER.

TITLE OVER: Mejillones, Chile.

POPE

(in Spanish)

Good afternoon.

POPE peels off a wad of bills.

POPE (CONT'D)

That's a nice boat.

CUT TO:

INT. MEJILLONES PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

BEN slides a piece of paper to the pharmacist.

PHARMACIST

Prescripción?

BEN

Antibiótico.

The PHARMACIST shakes his head, NO.

PHARMACIST

Prescripción.

BEN puts two hundred dollars on the table.

BEN
Doctor Benjamin Franklin.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEJILLONES JUANITO CAFE - AN HOUR LATER

CATFISH, REDFLY and POPE are drinking beers in a quaint little joint with outdoor tables near the sea. They've shaved. Looking presentable. Like sun-burned backpackers. No weapons visible.

It's quiet here. Tranquil. Peaceful, at last.

BEN approaches with a shopping bag from the pharmacy. He fishes out an IV bag and wordlessly drops it on the table. CATFISH rolls up his sleeve. BEN finds a vein, inserts the IV into CATFISH's arm. Then BEN unwraps a fresh thermometer, sticks it in CATFISH's mouth.

The other guys drink their beer. BEN takes a sip.

- Sleepy streets
- Bright sun
- Waves lapping on the dock

BEN removes the thermometer. Looks at it.

BEN
104.
(to REDFLY)
Be good if he could rest up for a few days.

REDFLY
We leave in the morning, as soon as the boat is gassed up.
(to CATFISH)
You can rest on the boat.

BEN fishes out a pill bottle from his bag and dumps the pills on the table.

BEN
Take 'em all. The whole bottle.

CATFISH scoops up a hand full.

Two unsavory-looking TEENAGERS enter the edge of the bar. No more than 13 years-old. Local toughs. One of them has a PISTOL stuck in his waste-band.

CATFISH
Three o'clock -

BEN
Roger. I saw them by the pharmacy.

REDFLY
Let's go.

They get up to leave, hoisting their backpacks.

The TEENAGE TOUGHS watch them go. Young faces, hard.
Innocence lost.

CUT TO:

INT. MEJILLONES HOTEL ROOM - LATER

CATFISH is lying on a bed in a small shabby hotel room,
recuperating from his massive dose of antibiotics.

He looks out the window - which has a gorgeous view of the
shimmering OCEAN. He takes a sip of water. Looks at the
drips in his IV bag... it's almost empty. He gets up,
rummages around the paper bag, finds another IV, and unplugs
the first one. He screws the second IV into the needle when
he hears

- Footsteps outside his room. The door handle moves!

- CATFISH drops the IV and lowers himself to the floor

CU: IV needle leaking water droplets onto the floor

The footsteps retreat, fade away.

CUT TO:

INT. MEJILLONES HOTEL ROOM - LATER

CATFISH now asleep in the bed. BEN sits next to him, cleaning
his M4.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE CAFE - NIGHT

The guys enter a shabby restaurant. Empty except for a
boisterous table in the back.

WAITER
For dinner?

POPE
Yes, please.

They sit and look at the menu. The waiter comes back.

POPE (CONT'D)
Cinco cerveza.

The waiter leaves.

A VERY LARGE man, six feet tall and nearly as wide, dressed in sweat-pants and a LAKERS T-shirt, gets up from the boisterous table and makes his way over to them.

This is TORO. His tone is high-pitched, childlike:

TORO
(in English)
I'm Toro.

POPE
Hablo Espanol?

TORO
You speak English motherfucker.
What are you guys doing down here?

POPE
We're having dinner -

TORO
You don't need to tell me what you're doing. I'm Toro. I know what you're doing. Fuckers! You need to pay up. Tomorrow.

TORO walks away, then thinks better of it and comes back.

TORO (CONT'D)
I'll buy your dinner... But you need to pay me.

Toro returns to his table.

POPE
That dude is retarded.

CATFISH
Definitely something developmentally askew there.

BEN reaches into his pocket, puts a grenade on the table.

BEN
Brought a flash bang.

CATFISH

We're white guys in the wrong part of the world, that's all. He figures we have to have money with us. He wants in.

POPE

If he follows us in the morning, we'll do him in the mountains.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - EVENING

BEN is on the roof top with a RIFLE, keeping watch over the street. It's quiet. All clear.

EXT. MEJILLONES SEA - DAWN

As the sun rises over the horizon, REDFLY and CATFISH climb out of the FISHING TRAWLER and get into a small ZODIAC.

CATFISH guns the motor - and they fly through the crystal water.

CATFISH

Look!

A fountain of water spouts up from the sea...And then...Not more than a twenty-five yards to their port side, two WHALES emerge, breaching the surface...so close we can see their blackish, barnacled heads and the white fins.

CATFISH cuts the motor. They bob in the water, silently, and wait.

REDFLY

There!

Farther out, the WHALES re-emerge, two magnificent creatures... then slip away.

They wait again. Still waters. Nothing.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

Oh well. They're endangered.

REDFLY stares at the great empty sea.

CATFISH

You thinking about those coca farmers?

REDFLY
(still looking at
ocean)
Yeah. I went ballastic, didn't I?

CATFISH
You weren't yourself. Maybe none of
us were.

REDFLY continues to stare into the ocean.

REDFLY
Maybe.

CATFISH
Thing is, how much of this do you
want to take home with you?
(beat)
If Toro decides he wants to be an
issue - you need to decide how far
you want to go.

REDFLY
How far you want to go?

CATFISH
Hey, man, there's a reason they never
made me Captain of anything. But
I'll say this - that dude isn't worth
a bullet. Dignity is a finite
resource. You get a certain amount
in life and once you use it up, it's
gone.

At last, REDFLY swivels his head to look CATFISH in the eye.
He's grinning. That wild Huck Finn grin. Apple pie, with a
shot of whiskey on the side.

It's been a long time since we've seen him happy.

REDFLY
You know who you just sounded like?

CATFISH
I know.

REDFLY
'Dignity is a finite resource.' He
would have said something just like
that.

CATFISH
Totally. I hear the man in my head,
talking to me.

REDFLY
So do I, brother.

CATFISH restarts the engine - and they head back to the DOCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEJILLONES HOTEL VERANDA - MORNING

REDFLY, POPE, CATFISH sit at an outdoor coffee table in front of the hotel, eating breakfast. They're not taking any chances: they've brought their GUNS to breakfast.

REDFLY
It's all gassed up - 1800 gallons.
Enough for Costa Rica.
(to POPE)
I figure if we can drive up to the
money by 0800 hundred, we should be
able to be back on the dock by
nightfall.

One of the TEENAGE TOUGHS from the day before crosses the street, approaches the table.

KID
(in English)
You cool to hang out? Toro wants to
talk to you.

POPE
(in Spanish)
Sure. Shouldn't you be in school?

The kid walks away.

POPE picks up the radio that they've brought to breakfast.
It's sitting on the table.

POPE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Ben - you see him? Possible hostile.

BEN is still on the roof, keeping watch over the street.

BEN O.S.
Roger, I got him.

EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - MOMENTS LATER

A BLACK HUMMER drives up the street. TORO gets out.

The radio squawks to life.

BEN O.S.
 (over radio)
 I got the Black Hummer.

POPE
 (into radio)
 Roger.

TORO rolls up to the table, muscle rippling, sweaty under his PUMA track suit.

Yet for all his menace, strangely, his tone is self-pitying, pleading, as if he's the victim. He sounds like child. A slight lisp.

TORO
 You have to give me the money, okay?

POPE
 Made there's some kind of mistake,
 we don't have any money.

TORO
 (childlike, as if
 POPE is a bully)
 Stop fucking around man.

REDFLY
 You know what? I got five thousand
 right here.
 (REDFLY pats his napkin)
 That's all the money we have. What
 percentage of what we have do you
 think is fair?

TORO
 No white-boy, you need to give me
 the money that you took from Lorea.

As he says this, TORO's reinforcements arrive. Two more TEENAGE TOUGHS, both carrying GUNS and KNIVES. There are now FOUR TEENAGERS watching them from across the street.

POPE
 I really don't know what you're
 talking about. Do you?

REDFLY
 Nope.

TORO
 (with rising menace)
 Come on! Everybody says I'm a bad
 guy - that I kill people.
 (MORE)

TORO (CONT'D)

Toro kills people. Toro eats people. I'm not a bad guy but - come on - if you going to lie. I have kids in school too, you know.

REDFLY

How much money were you thinking of, Toro?

TORO

All of it, bro. Lorea had like 600 million. You need to give me all of it man. So where is it? I know it's not with you.

REDFLY

Give us some time to talk about this, okay? We're not going anywhere.

TWO more TOUGH TEENAGERS arrive - and take up positions at the end of the block, blocking an avenue of escape.

TORO

I know that, man. You try to leave here? You can't leave here, bro. This is my town! Not before you give me the money, okay? I mean. I mean. I'm trying to be reasonable with you so I don't have to torture you. Everybody says Toro tortures people. But I don't. I mean, everybody tortures people.

CATFISH shoots up in his seat, standing tall, shoulders square. Looks TORO right in the eye.

CATFISH

Sir! This is a lot to think about - Can you give us some god damn privacy!

TORO regards CATFISH curiously... decides he's okay, and shrugs.

TORO

Talk about it - think about it.

He turns and heads back to his car. As he does, THREE more armed TEENAGERS arrive, at the other end of the block.

Now a total of NINE armed teenagers surrounds the men.

TORO (CONT'D)

(over shoulder)

Let me know.

When TORO is out of ear shot:

REDFLY

How far is it from here to our Zodiac -
seven miles?

CATFISH nods.

POPE

(into BEN)

You've got three at the south end.
Two at the other end.

BEN O.S.

(over radio)

Roger - I could start at the South
side.

POPE

(into radio)

Roger - that's a good idea.

BEN O.S.

(over radio)

Ready when you say so.

POPE

(into radio)

Alright - let me see -

REDFLY

Pope, stop.

POPE

(to REDFLY)

- What?

(into radio)

Let us get up first. Wait until
we're moving.

BEN O.S.

(over radio)

Roger - hold for movement.

POPE

(into radio)

Then hit 'em hard.

BEN O.S.

(over radio)

Roger

REDFLY

Stop it Pope - we're not doing this.

POPE

What!?

REDFLY

We're not killing these kids.

POPE

They're moving on us.

CATFISH

Don't you think we've done enough damage already?

POPE

This is the last of it. I'm sorry, it's horrible, but we do these jokers - and we're done. We're home free.

CATFISH

(to POPE)

Kill every motherfucker you come across - that it?

POPE

You can wait on the boat.

(to REDFLY)

If you are talking about leaving the money - after everything we've been through that is flat out crazy.

Everyone looks to REDFLY. Still his show. Still his call.

REDFLY

I for one would like to be able to look my wife and daughters in the eye when this is all over. I'm pretty sure me duncing a bunch of kids isn't high on their Christmas list.

(beat)

Guess I'd like to see us behave like we should, instead of just doing what we can get away with.

A beat while they take this is.

REDFLY (CONT'D)

You tracking me?

REDFLY and POPE stare at each other. Weighing the impasse. For all they've been through, this is as openly as they've ever truly disagreed.

POPE

I'll knock 'em down.

(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)
(gravely)
I'm a lost cause anyway. Black mark
on a black mark.

REDFLY
No, brother - if you pull the trigger
it's the same as if I do it.
(commanding)
Talk to Toro. See if you can defuse
this.

POPE gets up. Walks over to TORO's BLACK HUMMER.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

BEN dumps a dozen SMOKE GRENADES from his backpack and starts
to arrange them within easy reach.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

CATFISH adds another packet of sugar to his cup.

ECU: Stirs the brew.

EXT. STREET ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

TORO watches POPE from his HUMVEE. Neither anxious nor
concerned. He owns this town.

EXT. STREET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY eats the last of his breakfast.

REDFLY
Tasty beans. How they do that?

CATFISH
They soak them overnight.

REDFLY nods, have to remember that. The radio on the table
squawks to life.

BEN O.S.
(over radio)
Ready to roll.

CATFISH O.S.
(into radio)
Stand-by

BLACK HUMMER

POPE and DUKE have reached TORO's truck.

POPE
Hey man, we got off on the wrong
foot there.

TORO
Yeah?

POPE
We're not the guys you think we are.

TORO
You going to start that again?

POPE
Okay - you got me. So I should just
give you something that's mine?
What do I get?

TORO
It's not yours, man. You stole it
from Lorea. Everybody knows Lorea.
I wouldn't steal from him.

POPE
The thing is, we lost most of the
money already. We had a helicopter
crash. Maybe you heard about that?

TORO
Yes, I did - and I heard you took it
into the mountains. How'd you lose
six hundred million dollars up there?

POPE
Let me talk to my guy again.

POPE turns back to REDFLY and shakes his head. Not working.

TABLE

REDFLY
(into radio)
Hit it.

SUDDENLY:

From the roof comes a series of SOFT PFFT SOUNDS

Everyone looks up to see

- METAL CANISTERS arcing into the sky, one after another,
trailing bits of smoke - like DUD FIRECRACKERS

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

BEN rapidly loads and fires an M79 GRENADE launcher, sending
the SMOKE GRENADES straight into the air -

EXT. HOTEL CAFE - MORNING

POPE
(to TORO)
You're going to get shot.

TORO
Yeah?

- BOOM BOOM - the heavy report of BEN's M4. The HUMMER is
shredded with bullets.

- TORO leaps out just as

- Ping.

- Ping. Ping Ping. the SMOKE CANISTERS land on the ground

- and explode - gushing dense RED SMOKE into the street,
reducing visibility to a few feet

- The ARMED KIDS scramble in the confusion - and FIRE
erratically -

- But POPE, REDFLY, and CATFISH are already nearly inside
the HOTEL front door, and SPRINTING fast -

INT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They burst through the front door - hearing HEAVY GUNFIRE
behind them in the street which is now totally fogged in RED
SMOKE.

They charge up the stairs to their rooms.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grabbing GUNS, AMMUNITION.

REDFLY
Go light!

POPE ignores him, grabs his back-pack, as they rush back out
to -

EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

REDFLY, POPE, and CATFISH burst onto the roof, joining BEN. Each man covers a corner of the roof. Smoke from the smoke grenades now rising up to the roof, as the street in front of the hotel becomes totally obscured by a red cloud.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

TWO other gang members enter the hotel lobby and converge on the reception desk

EXT. MEJILLONES PARKING LOT ACROSS AVENIDA JUAN JOSE - CONTINUOUS

While the bulk of the crowd of TORO's guys has re-grouped in the parking lot -

ROOF

-- Banging on the access door.

EXT. MEJILLONES PARKING LOT ACROSS AVENIDA JUAN JOSE - CONTINUOUS

TORO joins his gang in the parking lot

TORO
They're still on the roof hommies!
You know what they have done to us.
We can't let them treat us like this.
You know what your job is -

EXT. MEJILLONES HOTEL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Hearing the banging on the access door and seeing this, REDFLY directs his team to leap-frog to the next roof

-- They jump, land - and immediately

-- Sprint to the next roof

-- Jump, land -- and run to the edge -

-- Twenty feet down to an alley

-- Jump down to the alley and

-- Spin into the street, encountering at the other end of the street, FOUR KIDS with Ak47s open fire -

-- Pushing the team back into the alley. Trapped.

ACROSS THE ALLEY

Their WHITE NISSAN pick-up truck is parked across the street.

ALLEY

CATFISH gives BEN the truck keys.

CATFISH
Get the truck, Ben

BEN
Why me?

REDFLY
You know why, get the fucking truck!

-- BEN breaks into a run towards it -

- BEN is HIT! Shot in the LEG. Limping, he just barely makes it to the truck -

INT./EXT WHITE NISSAN PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

- Starts it, drives backwards in a fast-reverse, expertly executing a J-turn. We see now that Ben is a very skilled driver.

-- BEN attempting to apply blood clot to his leg as he drives.

-- The team piles in and the truck pulls onto the MAIN STREET

INT./ EXT WHITE NISSAN FRONTIER HIGHWAY B-268 - CONTINUOUS

Speeding down the road, dust flying.

BEN snaps the wheel and takes the truck off road - directly up a sand dune - towards the OCEAN, tires churning sand.

EXT. SAND DUNE - CONTINUOUS

Charging up the nearly 45-degree steep hill in a zig-zag pattern.

INT. /EXT WHITE NISSAN FRONTIER - CONTINUOUS

- Dust buffets the windshield and BEN deftly feathers the throttle and steering inputs, pushing traction to its limit as the wheels grab - spin - and grab again.

EXT. SAND DUNE - CONTINUOUS

In a final burst of power, the truck nears the top of the dune - then the wheels slip

INT. EXT WHITE NISSAN FRONTIER - CONTINUOUS

BEN

Hold on!

EXT. SAND DUNE - CONTINUOUS

- The truck slides to the left and FLIPS! Onto its side -

INT. EXT WHITE NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

BED: CATFISH, holding on in the truck bed, barely holds on

BEN

Move to the other side!

Everyone throws themselves to the other side of the truck

- The truck tips back, righting itself and BEN steers down the DUNE... Moving towards the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY B-268 - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, TORO's fast approaching ARMADA, consisting of: TORO (and TWO SHOOTERS) in a heavily modified 4x4. Followed by a RED RAM, a GRAY TUNDRA, and a DUNE CRAWLER straight out of Mad Max.

INT. EXT WHITE NISSAN - CONTINUOUS

The truck hits the highway with a hard jolt -

-- Toro's vehicles - teeming with TEENAGERS, armed, ferocious, stoned - now closing fast

-- BEN guns it, following the road around the dunes

-- Sliding in the corners. Overshoots - hits the side of the DUNE - to cries of "what the fuck!" - Corrects and charges through the turn, as they reach the peak of the DUNE.

- Everyone leaps out. BEN crumples - blood spurting from his leg.

BEN

Help!

REDFLY turns back, throws BEN over his shoulder.

NOW:

The entire team SPRINTS across the DUNE.

[NOTE: The terrain here isn't flat; it's wavy - like a ski slalom course: interconnected 5-6 foot sand hills that they

weave through. If you didn't know these men, you'd be forgiven to think they were insane right now. It looks like a suicide run to cross this terrain under attack...maybe it is.]

REDFLY is carrying BEN through this sandy maze. POPE and CATFISH follow, running for their lives, just as -

-- TORO's men crest the DUNES, they see the retreating figures - and OPEN FIRE.

TORO'S POV: His targets appear in FLASHES, quick glimpses, as they move through the maze - and then disappear - reappear - disappear.

One of TORO's TEENAGERS, a kid no more than thirteen, aims a PISTOL: Though a difficult shot to make, it's certainly doable.

EXT. SAND DUNES - CONTINUOUS

-- CATFISH is HIT in the shoulder! He stumbles, cries out -

-- Keeps running.

-- SAND explodes all around them - bullets hail from every direction -- as they flee

-- REDFLY spins to allow BEN, who is still over REDFLY's shoulder, to use his GRENADE LAUNCHER and

-- BEN drops RED SMOKE GRENADES onto the DUNES - creating some cover as the bullets ping and the men

-- Run and run, ducking behind sand mounds, until they come to the edge of a cliff and

-- Leap over it, tumbling down the steep SCREE SLOPE, head over heels -

-- Hands, feet, faces, getting bloody from the jagged rocks as they tumble down -

-- POPE is HIT! by bullet from above and he

-- Tumbles out of control. Drops his backpack. Which goes sliding down the slope -

POPE

The money!

REDFLY

It's not about the money, come on!

POPE grabs the pack.

POPE
Then why'd you do it?

REDFLY
You asked me!

They hit the beach and keep running:

-- REDFLY carrying BEN

-- POPE moving as best he can, weaving, stumbling,

-- CATFISH bleeding but now firing up at the slope to keep
TORO's crew from cresting over.

-- Legs pumping across the soft sand as they run, hitting
the water -

-- Huge intake of breath as they dive into the cold ocean

POV UNDERWATER:

-- FACE slaps into the WATER

-- CRASHING sound of hard swimming. They churn the water -
and pull themselves into their waiting Zodiac inflatable and

-- BEN guns the motor and they speed through the water,
engines ROARING -

HARD CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THE TRAWLER - A FEW HOURS LATER

The OCEAN TRAWLER silently cuts through the South Pacific.

On deck, the men are resting. Quietly enjoying the open
ocean. Tending to their wounds. IV bags hang here and there.
Bloody bandages.

On the DECK lies a BACKPACK. The one POPE dragged across
the DUNES. POPE digs inside, removes a SMALL BLACK WATERPROOF
PELICAN BOX. Inside the box: CIGARS.

He passes them around.

POPE
Was saving these.

A ZIPPO is passed - the flame wavering in the wind -

CU CIGAR: overwhelmed by the wind, threatens to be snuffed
out - then reignites.

CATFISH
(grinning through the
smoke)
Nice touch. Got any booze?

POPE
Better.

Then POPE dumps the rest of the BACKPACK on deck. Armfuls
of rubber-banded wads come tumbling out.

We watch the cash fall - bounce on the deck - and come to a
stop on the rough teak. A small fortune.

BEN
How much is it?

CATFISH
It's enough.

REDFLY studies the pile.

REDFLY
Ironhead would want us to give it to
the vet center.

CATFISH nods, liking the idea.

BEN and POPE exchange a look. Is that an order? Do they
even dare ask?

Long beat as the boat cuts through the water. Their thoughts
linger on the man left behind - and the life still ahead.

POPE
Yeah. He would. Let's do that for
him.
(beat)
And maybe we come back - one day -
next time take home all the money?

REDFLY
Maybe we do.

BEN
I'm game.

REDFLY
(smiles)
Yes, you are.

Long beat. As they puff on their smokes. Facing the wind.

POPE

Man, I gotta say, this is hard.
Being human is hard.

REDFLY gives his friend a forgiving smile.

REDFLY

You know what, brother? All we can
do is try.

We pull back to watch the boat glide across the ocean, cutting
through the waves, pushing forward, ever forward.

They look out.

All they have is the horizon...and each other.

THE END

11-19-68