

INFILTRACIÓN

by

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YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
 I just want to go home, Serg.
 Please. I just... I just want to
 see my mommy again...

The two men watch Sergio for a reaction as the sound of the man's whimpering voice merges with --

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

TITLE CARD: PETÉN DEPARTMENT, GUATEMALA

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE explodes through the city streets. Chaos. A group of ARMED ASSAILANTS wearing ski masks, *Los Locos*, close in on a fortified colonial church. AUTOMATIC WEAPONS GALORE -

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
 ...violence in the Central American
 nation has risen to epic
 proportions as the armed wings of
 rival drug-trafficking groups
 battle it out for control of the
 Northern department of Petén,
 Guatemala...

They catch fire from a .50 caliber machine gun on the church rooftop and promptly take cover. Heavy rounds slam into the cobblestone streets, adjacent vehicles, buildings --

CHURCH ROOFTOP

Los Blancos, another group of ARMED ASSAILANTS wearing flak jackets and ski masks, cover the rooftop. They go back and forth, testing a variety of firing positions --

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...a crucial and lucrative drug
 trafficking corridor which serves
 as a major drop off point for
 Colombian cocaine making its way to
 the United States...

The SOUND OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE escalating --

RESIDENTIAL AREA

A river of machine-gun fire tears through *Los Locos*. Another group nearby, they advance on the church. CIVILIANS run for their lives, frightened, screaming.

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...with the country's apparent lack
 of basic government institutions as
 well as overall resources to repel
 the epidemic of violence...

CITY BLOCK

CAR ALARMS SOUND... A squad of *Los Blancos*, a dozen of them,
 carrying MP5 SMGs, chase *Los Locos*, carrying AR-15s, through
 the streets, exchanging small arms fire back and forth --

An EXPLOSION of fire and debris sends two *Locos* into the air.
 The rest of *Los Locos* take cover behind an empty cop car. An
 M40 GRENADE LAUNCHER blasts the cop car into oblivion --

CITY STREET

A row of ARMORED SUVs roll down a quiet street. GUNMEN POUR
 out of the surrounding buildings. A dozen *Blancos* unload a
 barrage of bullets on the convoy --

BBC NEWS REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...world authorities as well as
 neighbors to the North and South
 speculate as to whether their worst
 fears for this nation will indeed
 become true as drug traffickers
 attempt to seize control of the
 country. To the people of
 Guatemala, our prayers are with
 you...

The bullets rip through the flesh of *Los Locos* sitting inside
 the vehicles. It's frightening:

SLASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: ONE MONTH AGO...

INT. MASSERIA APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A simple bedroom dressed in dark colors, gangster posters
 cover the walls. FELIPE MASSERIA, 17, stylishly handsome,
 confident, calm, wearing dark jeans and a gray hoodie, he's
 tying a pair of kid's shoes.

His little brother, MARTIN, 10, an adorable replica of Felipe
 with lighter features, smiles as his older brother finishes
 the last loop.

MARTIN

Thanks.

FELIPE

(laughing)

You gotta start tying em' yourself,
kid. Go on, eat your breakfast
we're gonna be late.

A knock at the door. Felipe opens it. JULIO MASSERIA, 36, a tall, well-built man, a man who knows pain like the back of his hand. He sticks his head in, steps in. Martin hugs him.

MARTIN

Papi!

JULIO

Hey little guy.

MARTIN

Where is Gabrielle?

JULIO

She's working...

FELIPE

(impatient now)

Come on, Martin. Go eat.

Martin continues into the kitchen. Julio shuts the door behind him, ganders around the room. Felipe watching.

JULIO

What's going on with you, Felipe?

FELIPE

What do you mean?

JULIO

I never see you. You busy?

FELIPE

(grabbing clothes "for
school")

Always.

JULIO

Oh yeah? With what? A girl?

(sitting on bed)

What do you got going on? Are you a
real ladies man like your father?

Felipe walks over to the bathroom, brushes his teeth.

FELIPE
There's a girl.

JULIO
Good. What's her name?

Silence.

FELIPE
Stefanie.

JULIO
Stefanie. Beautiful name. What's
she like?

FELIPE
Long dark hair, hazel eyes.
Beautiful smile.

JULIO
Is she your girlfriend?

FELIPE
(embarrassed)
Not yet.

JULIO
Why not?

FELIPE
Leave me alone I have to get ready
for school.

Felipe spits, steps out of the bathroom.

JULIO
I'd like to meet her.

FELIPE
Who?

JULIO
Your girlfriend.

FELIPE
I told you she's not my girlfriend.

JULIO
Don't worry, Felipe.
(getting up now)
She will be.

FELIPE

We'll see.

JULIO

Okay. I'll let you go.

(via the posters)

What's with all this gangster shit?

You think you're Tony Montana now?

FELIPE

No, dad. I like movies.

JULIO

Oh yeah? You want to be a big time

Hollywood film director?

FELIPE

Maybe. Go on. Get out of my room.

JULIO

(smiling)

Okay, Romeo.

Julio heads for the door.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Get some new posters, tough guy.

Julio closes the door behind him. Felipe reaches into his drawer: a lock box filled with cash and a .38 SPECIAL. He grabs the loaded .38, tucks it in his jeans.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A dilapidated scummy pisshole. No electricity. No A/C. A rusted .45 revolver sits on a mattress. VICTOR APONTE, 29, coarse, a hint of lost charm, lies on the mattress, sports a wife beater and boxers, lights up a cigarette.

The alarm clock rings.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING AREA - DAY

Victor enters the living area: a small fridge, tiny sink. He fills a pot of coffee, turns it on, tucks the .45 in his boxers, stares at the beam of sunlight peering through the boarded up windows.

He turns, eyes the pot of coffee with anticipation --

A sound at the door startles Victor. He turns around to a Young Boy, 10, placing a newspaper at the front door.

VICTOR
 Hey, kid. Good morning. What do you
 have for me today?
 (approaching now)
 I didn't catch the fútbol game last
 night, I need the score.

The Young Boy keeps his eyes down, ignores him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 Kid? I said good morning.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The Young Boy turns, hurries away from the door. Victor follows, steps out. Two kids hide behind the door: Felipe and his best friend EDGAR VALDEZ, 17, shaved head, skinny. They point their weapons at the back of Victor's head as the Young Boy picks up speed.

VICTOR
 Hey kid! Where are you going?

FIRE! FIRE! The two young hit men run into the street, hop on bicycles. They speed past the Young Boy as Victor's body lies in the doorway, lifeless --

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

TITLE CARD: LA AURORA INT'L AIRPORT, GUATEMALA CITY,
 GUATEMALA

An empty baggage claim. A SCREEN reading ARRIVALS: Los Angeles. The SOUND of TRAVELERS approaching. One in particular turns the corner: Sergio, groomed black hair, sharp suit, he chews on some bubble gum, passes the baggage claim, steps outside.

EXT. LA AURORA INT'L AIRPORT - DAY

Sergio scanning the crowd. He takes a deep breath. A series of TAXI CABS sitting by the curb. He lights up a cigarette.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Sergio in the back of a TAXI CAB. He observes the sights around him: Guatemala City --

SERGIO

Can you put on some music, please?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Sure.

The Driver hits the radio. A soft Mexican guitar riff with percussion plays in the BG. Sergio smiles as the wind blows through the cab. He's relaxed, finally home...

INT. HOTEL STOFELLA - SERGIO'S ROOM - DAY

An exquisite slice of Latin American excess. Sergio sits on his bed, smokes. He stares at the phone. He turns on the TV, flips through the channels. Nothing.

EXT. HOTEL STOFELLA - NIGHT

Sergio crosses the street. A series of bars line the quiet road. He lights up, stands at the edge of an alley...

A BLACK VAN screeches to a halt. Casually dressed SECRET POLICEMEN hop out, grab Sergio off the street and shove him inside the van. Gone in less than four seconds...

INT. NEWS 10 HQ - TAPING/RECORDING LIVE - DAY

A modern news room. A young female REPORTER, 31, interviews ALISA APONTE, 35, seductive eyes, long dark hair, slim figure, a serious billionaire businesswoman --

ALISA

Our company, The Aponte Financial Group, is bringing industry to our beautiful country more than ever before. We're creating thousands of jobs a year... We are currently reallocating the management of coffee plantations and oil wells, as well as purchasing and developing land, commercial properties as well as residential. We are drilling for oil in new areas of the country... Our country has decades of civil war to recover from and we lack the resources we need for a...

Everyone is watching. Nervous. Tense. Alisa's young female ASSISTANT off camera. A confident smile. Alisa looks up --

ALISA (CONT'D)

...for a real, genuine, legitimate, recovery.

REPORTER

And your company can supply those resources?

ALISA

Yes I believe we can. It's going to come from the private sector. Quite frankly our government doesn't have the institutions, stability, or even the money to do anything. They are quite simply, powerless.

REPORTER

And Alisa, please, for the people. How can you expect them to trust the private sector after all they've been through? Having become so mistrustful of the government and people offering to help in general.

ALISA

If the people want their country back, which I'm sure they do, they will have to trust the private sector. They have no choice...
(realizing her blunder
now, it's too late)

And now a CLOSE UP of the smiling Reporter...

REPORTER

Thank you for coming by today Ms. Aponte it is always a pleasure.

ALISA

(smiling)
The pleasure is mine, really.

REPORTER

Alisa Aponte here in the studio. This is Isabel Suárez and we'll see you tomorrow...

1ST AD

And we're out...

INT. NEWS 10 HQ - BATHROOM - DAY

Alisa rushes into the bathroom. Sweating. She dabs her face with a wet paper towel. Staring into her eyes --

INT. NEWS 10 HQ - HALL - DAY

Alisa exits the bathroom. Two BODYGUARDS wait at the end of the hall, her Assistant, waiting, now tracks along with her.

ALISA

You're relieved. You thought she was going to bring up the fact that I'm Mexican. Isn't that right?

ASSISTANT

A little bit. I do confess.

ALISA

She thinks the people don't want a Mexican saviour... They don't care.
(smiling)
Reporters... They all talk up a big game but when it comes down to it... they're just as afraid as the rest of us.

A cell phone ringing. It's Alisa's. She picks it up...

ALISA (CONT'D)

Alisa Aponte. Hello?
(listening to the other end)

A frozen expression surfaces across her face. She drops the phone, her Assistant watching.

ASSISTANT

What is it?

INT. FEDERAL POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A magnificent office. PLAQUES and COMMENDATIONS galore. The proud COMMISSIONER, 61, holds court. He hasn't aged well, he's fat and full of resentment. Sergio sits across from him, alone, his mask and cuffs have been removed.

COMMISSIONER

I have to be honest with you, Sergio.

(MORE)

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

I have no idea why the United States government would deport you. It makes me...

(pacing now)

...suspicious. Could you tell me, Sergio? Why would they do that? After all the trouble they went through to extradite you...

The Commissioner pours himself a glass of whiskey.

SERGIO

I don't know.

COMMISSIONER

You don't know...

SERGIO

I don't. Not yet anyway... I'm sure there's a good reason.

The two men staring each other down.

COMMISSIONER

(hinting at his desk)

You want a cigarette?

SERGIO

Sure.

The Commissioner hands him a cigarette, lights it for him.

SERGIO (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Silence. The Commissioner watches Sergio smoke.

THREE SECRET POLICEMEN grab Sergio, drag him out of the room. Brutal. They Duct-tape his mouth quickly --

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

The SECRET POLICEMEN rip the clothes off Sergio's body. They tie him down to a chair using ropes and belt buckles. One of them punches Sergio in the face...

They wrap a cloth around his head. Another holds a bucket of water over Sergio's head while the main policeman brandishes a TaserX26 a bit too close to his torso.

SECRET POLICEMAN

This can all stop right now, Serg.
We don't want to do this.

He rolls his eyes, nods at the guy holding the bucket, they drop some water. Sergio squirms, screaming. He stabs Sergio with the Taser again, electricity pulsing through him --

SECRET POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Come on. It's not worth it.

He nods at his men again, they drown Sergio a bit more. The electricity pumping through Sergio's veins as he chokes on the water, convulsing now --

SECRET POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing home, Serg?
What's the big fucking secret?!

They remove the cloth from his head. He's tied down well.

SERGIO

Chinga tu madre...

SECRET POLICEMAN

(laughing)

Come on...

He punches Sergio, slaps him again and again, punches him, smacks him harder...

SECRET POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Come on. What's going on with you
and the Americans? Don't fuck
around with us, Sergio...

INT. KAIBILES HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clean. Simple. TWO DOZEN KAIBIL COMMANDOS lining the long wooden table. CAPTAIN, 55, a full head of gray hair, he looks like he's pushing seventy, at the end of the table.

Julio, the first lieutenant, next to him. RAMON, 31, short, stocky, teeming with confidence, a real soldier, the second lieutenant, sits in the next seat. Silence.

CAPTAIN

Victor Aponte. Head of the **Aponte-Gamboa Federation's** operations in Guatemala. Killed this morning in a safe house in Antigua...

(via projected photograph
of crime scene)

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

...we suspect it was the local maras as "hired guns" for the **Montiel-Cruz Alliance** but we're not sure. We expect a strong retaliation. We could possibly be facing an invasion of our country by *Los Locos*, *Los Blancos*, maybe even both.

JULIO

(raises hand)

Sir. I don't mean to speak out of turn but there will be no invasion.

(now to his men)

There will be no invasion because they're already here. They're blending in... My concern is when they're going to stop...

Captain eyes his lieutenant, impressed.

CAPTAIN

When can we expect an escalation of violence?

JULIO

The son of the head of the world's most powerful criminal organization was just killed in our country. Now usually, that wouldn't be a problem. Only, this man, Marcos Aponte, has an entire army at his finger tips. If *Los Locos* and *Los Blancos* clash in the north, and it spills over the border... We won't have the resources to move.

CAPTAIN

Then what do you suggest we do?

JULIO

I don't know. That's why you're the Captain.

The men laugh, including the Captain.

CAPTAIN

Very well. Let us all think about this.

Everyone empties out of the room. Julio holds back, approaches the Captain. A private conversation.

JULIO

Captain.

CAPTAIN

I liked your ideas today,
lieutenant. It's that kind of
independent thinking that will make
you a major one day.

JULIO

Thank you, captain.

CAPTAIN

(noticing now)

Is there something else?

JULIO

Yes, captain. I...

(finding the courage)

...I was wondering when we were
getting our paychecks. I'm behind
on a lot of bills this month. It's
a lot, you know, with the kids. Now
Gabrielle wants to get a place, she
wants the kids to go to private
school, to get married...

CAPTAIN

Julio I can't approve an advance on
your paycheck. Our budget's already
fucked up, you know that.

JULIO

Yeah. I know.

CAPTAIN

Alright, go on. The men can't train
without their favorite gunslinger.

Julio turns away. Humiliated.

INT. KAIBIL HQ - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A bustling locker room filled with testosterone. Julio and
Ramon suit up for TRAINING EXERCISES --

RAMON

You better keep your genius ideas
to yourself or you might end up
getting promoted.

JULIO
I'd turn it down.
(fastening a gun to his
leg)
I wasn't telling them something
they didn't already know. Everyone
just seems to be happy just being
ignorant.

RAMON
This is Special Forces, man. You
gotta be ignorant...

EXT. KAIBIL TRAINING CENTER - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A row of casually dressed KAIBIL OPERATIVES, in stride, FIRE their GLOCK 17S PISTOLS at a row of moving dummy targets.

Ramon and Julio unload their clips with precision. Julio hits every target spot on, doesn't hesitate. Ramon rolls his eyes. He wishes he could shoot like Julio.

RAMON
(jokingly)
How's Gabrielle?

Julio loads another clip, laughing, FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
Ramon laughs, too --

INT. AMERICAN-STYLE RESTAURANT - DAY

A diner packed full of HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. Among them, a particular group of thugs, CÉSAR, 16, SÁNCHEZ, 17, and two other THUGS. They're dressed well. Mean.

Felipe enters the restaurant, followed by SEAN, 17, slick black hair, handsome, sporting aviator shades, and Edgar. They move through the crowd. A table is arranged. A cute WAITRESS lurks in front of the table. They sit.

WAITRESS
Something to drink?

FELIPE
Two beers and a water, please.

She leaves.

SEAN
(via Felipe)
Look.

Felipe notices César across the room.

EDGAR
Motherfucker.

FELIPE
Calm down. You guys get so heated.
We can eat here, too.

SEAN
Bro, this kid is running around
talking shit all over the city.

Silence. Felipe rolls his eyes.

FELIPE
What do you want to do? Kill
everyone?

The Waitress delivers their drinks, smiles at Felipe, leaves.

SEAN
It ain't like the kids got beef for
no reason. He knows it's either you
or him with Jakob. Tell you what...
If I was that motherfucker I
would've waxed you already.

EDGAR
Fuckin' competition man. César's
just Jakob's little bitch...

SEAN
He's itching to run the
neighborhood. Him and that little
punk Sánchez.

Felipe remains silent, keeping focus on César. They meet eyes. Felipe turns to his friends.

FELIPE
He's nothing to worry about.

SEAN
They're coming over.

César and his ENTOURAGE look like they're coming. Instead, they brush past, knocking Felipe's drink off the table, it cracks, breaking everywhere --

Sean and Edgar rise quickly, remove their weapons. Everyone in the restaurant freezes, waiting --

FELIPE
(pushing their guns down)
No. Wait.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

TITLE CARD: APONTE FINANCIAL GROUP, GUATEMALA HEADQUARTERS

A magnificent office space. A bit over the top for a place of business. Alisa types on her business computer. Unable to concentrate. A knock at the door, her Assistant enters.

ASSISTANT
A man is here to see you.

PAOLO RUIZ, 40, an intimidating presence about him, short dark hair, a designer suit and sunglasses, startles Alisa. Paolo runs the **Aponte-Gamboa Federation** in Guatemala.

ALISA
Where is my father?

PAOLO
He's safe. I have some of my men on their way over here right now. They're going to protect you.

ALISA
I have my own bodyguards, Paolo. You tell your men to return to their previous obligations. I need to speak with my father.

PAOLO
Marcos is only concerned for your safety. You need to leave Guatemala City.

ALISA
I appreciate your concern.
(turning away)
You can leave me now.

Paolo turns, steps toward the door.

ALISA (CONT'D)
And the same goes for your men.

Paolo closes the door behind him. Alisa steps to the window, glances out at the view. Solemn.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

TITLE CARD: COBÁN, ALTA VERAPAZ DEPARTMENT, GUATEMALA

A CONVOY of FEDERAL POLICE SUVs advance down a dirt road passing through the jungle. Officers man .50 caliber guns mounted atop the vehicles.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - DAY

The CONVOY passes the front gates of the massive compound. A swarm of FEDERAL POLICEMEN surround the towering concrete structure. A SAM (SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE) SITE at the front.

INT. FEDERAL POLICE SUV - DAY

Sergio, badly bruised and beaten, still in his Ermenegildo Zegna suit, minus the jacket, sits in the back seat, oddly impressed by the PRISON COMPOUND SECURITY --

SERGIO

Jesus...

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - DAY

The CONVOY pulls around back, stops. Officers in formation, automatic weapons in hand. The mounted officers point their weapons at Sergio as he's escorted out of the vehicle.

Sergio gets out, looks around, taking it all in --

SERGIO

So this is the new place, huh?
Congratulations... it looks... very
well protected.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - INMATE ROW - DAY

An ESCORT through the prison. Three Federal Policemen lead Sergio down a long hall of cells. The inmates hang through the metal bars, screaming --

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - HALLWAY - DAY

The ESCORT turns down a hallway. Sergio follows to the end where a cell door awaits him.

POLICEMAN # 1
Your new home, smart ass.

Sergio peeks inside the cell: a tarp in the corner, a collapsed sink, absent toilet.

SERGIO
(off POLICEMEN)
You two tuck us in at night?

The POLICEMEN look at one another... tackle Sergio into the cell. Sergio punches the first policeman, dodging the swing of the baton. Sergio overpowers them both, kicks the second policeman in the stomach.

SERGIO (CONT'D)
(screaming at the top of
his lungs)
AAAAAAAGH!!!!!!!!!!!!

The PRISON ALARM sounds, LOUD and REPETITIVE --

FEDERAL PRISON GUARDS running towards the cell --

Sergio catches his breath... the GUARDS pour in... Sergio unleashes a fury of punches and kicks that knock out the first few waves of guards...

They keep pouring into the cell, madly swinging batons. It's too much. They overpower him...

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - CELL - DAY

Sergio falls into the cell. The door slams. He lies on the floor, wheezing, struggles to lift himself up onto the tarp. His ribs have been smashed in. He's drenched in blood.

Silence. Sergio drags himself up onto the tarp, lifts it to REVEAL --

-- a fully loaded AR-15. Extra clips on the side. Sergio glances at the door, smiles --

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY STREET - NIGHT

Edgar waits at a street corner. Felipe arrives, taps him on the shoulder. They look at a housing project up ahead.

FELIPE
That's it right there?

EDGAR

Yeah.

FELIPE

Where's Sean?

EDGAR

(hinting ahead)

He's coming. You sure you want to do this?

FELIPE

You think we have a choice?

Felipe notices Sean approaching.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT

A rough neighborhood turned worse. Felipe, Sean and Edgar approach a particular set of doors. They all pull out weapons. Felipe inches toward the door, gripping his .38, he glances back at his comrades, nods.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of CUSTOMERS and DOPE DEALERS around a living room. Soft music plays. A disgusting place, even for this bunch. The front door is smashed in, our boys rush the apartment. Screaming echoes through the room.

Felipe leads his crew, .38 at his hip, left arm on crowd control. He's rushing for the back of the apartment as everyone scatters. Sánchez, César's right hand man, runs for his gun. Felipe shoots him in the leg.

Sánchez screams. Edgar and Sean step up behind Felipe.

SÁNCHEZ

WHAT THE FUCK MAN?! YOU FUCKING
SHOT ME YOU MOTHERFUCKER?!

Felipe pistol whips Sánchez, knocks him out cold. Felipe looks at his comrades.

FELIPE

Get the stuff, lets go.

INT. MASSERIA APARTMENT - NIGHT

A modest three-bedroom apartment with a hint of class. Julio enters, covered in sweat and dirt, sporting his training fatigues. He heads for the kitchen, grabs a drink.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)
My boyfriend who doesn't exist.

JULIO
My girlfriend who doesn't know how
to say hello.

GABRIELLE, 30, his young and exotic brunette girlfriend, kisses him, wearing only her silk night-wear.

GABRIELLE
Anything new in our country?
(mocking him)
In your top-secret special
operations meeting.

JULIO
Nothing new. Nothing good anyway.

GABRIELLE
Well whatever you do you need to
get a raise because we need more
money.

JULIO
Who doesn't?

GABRIELLE
I'm serious, Julio. You want to
have a child with me? You already
have two. Not like they're too
expensive but it's something to
think about.

JULIO
I can think about it all I want. I
still won't get a raise.

GABRIELLE
Very funny.

Julio laughs, kisses Gabrielle, lifts her up onto the counter. Faster. Clothes coming off now.

She pulls him closer.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - SERGIO'S CELL - NIGHT

Sergio sits against the wall. He stares at the cell door, having just fashioned a makeshift cast around his ribs using a towel and a ripped up pillow blanket --

AN ANNOYING BUZZING SOUND. The door opens. Sergio grabs his AR-15 and cocks it back, he moves toward the door with care and precision, sticks his head out the door --

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sergio exits the cell, looks down both sides of the dark and quiet hallways, his gun ready to fire. He steps out, strolls down the hallway with certainty.

Two GUARDS cross the hall up ahead. Sergio promptly executes both men, one shot each to the head, he continues --

PRISONERS are waking up now, cheering and screaming --

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - INMATE ROW - NIGHT

Sergio leads a PRISON GUARD with the tip of his AR-15. They get to the end of the next hallway. A PRISON GUARD sleeping. Sergio pushes right past him. A disappointed hostage.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sergio enters another CORRIDOR, pushing the PRISON GUARD along with him, a long hallway emerges.

 SERGIO
 Come on, let's go.

 PRISON GUARD # 2 (O.S.)
 HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

Sergio shoves the PRISON GUARD into a doorway and fires his AR-15 down the hallway at the approaching guards.

Sergio spreading fire as he falls back. The GUARDS return fire, almost hitting Prison Guard # 1 --

One of the GUARDS goes for the ALARM. Sergio catches him, pops out, empties a magazine on the poor prison guard --

A look of confusion surfaces across the prison guard's face as Sergio grabs him and sprints down the hallway. GUARDS open fire, lighting the hostage up with bullets --

Sergio takes cover in another doorway, breathing hard:

 SERGIO
 Chinga la madre...

He loads another magazine into his AR-15 --

PRISON GUARDS creep down the hallway. The fluorescent lights, blinding. They approach, weapons in hand, slowly towards Sergio --

Sergio pops out, blasts all three of them to death. He grabs a key from one of the bodies, passing all the dead bodies on his way to the door. He inserts and turns the key --

Sergio opens the door, exits the massive prison compound --

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON COMPOUND - NIGHT

MATTEO GÓMEZ, 29, baby-faced, devilishly handsome, he's dressed in a full FEDERAL POLICE UNIFORM, smiling --

 MATTEO
 You look good.

 SERGIO
 I need a doctor.

Matteo nods at the FEDERAL POLICE SUV, imitating the cry of a baby. Sergio smirks. Matteo hints at a FEDERAL POLICE UNIFORM in his grasp. They get into a CONVERTED YUKON XL --

 MATTEO
 (whispering)
 They're so concerned about the
 front door they don't even look
 inside...

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY STREET - DAY

The corners. Sean and Edgar supervise the street level sales. A few young kids working as LOOK OUTS in the distance. A few more selling coke on the corners --

GUNFIRE ERUPTS --

GUNMEN racing by the far corner, firing aimlessly. CIVILIANS sprint down the street. A dead body on the floor. One of the LOOK OUTS, a young kid, he's dead --

Edgar, gripping his .45 in fear, passes by. Frozen.

INT. EDGAR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modern, two-story, middle class home. Sean and Edgar in the living room. The front door opens. Felipe enters, sits among them. Complete and total silence...

FELIPE

You're one hundred percent sure?

EDGAR

Of course it was for that Sánchez motherfucker! They're gonna come at us again, Felipe...

Felipe's in deep thought.

FELIPE

The kid who died. How old?

SEAN

Eleven.

Felipe rubs his fingers through his hair.

FELIPE

Does he have family?

SEAN

He was a street kid. From the slums.

EDGAR

We just popped Victor Aponte and we're supposed to back down from this punk motherfucker?

SEAN

Felipe... Come on... What do you want us to do?

Silence.

FELIPE

I want you to do nothing. I'll take care of it.

Felipe gets up, leaving the room:

EDGAR
HOW ARE YOU GONNA TAKE CARE OF IT?!

The door slams behind Felipe. Edgar looks to Sean for an explanation. Nothing.

INT. BLACK YUKON XL - NIGHT

It's pouring rain. Alisa sits in the back. Two BODYGUARDS drive the SUV down a dark alley. The car stops.

BODYGUARD
We are here, Miss Aponte.

Alisa steps out of the vehicle.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Alisa looks down the alley, her Driver raises an umbrella. The BODYGUARDS stand close to her. The headlights from the YUKON are bright.

ALISA
Wait here. I won't be long.

Alisa slowly walks down the alley, it's dark.

MARCOS (O.S.)
Alisa?

ALISA
Sí.

Alisa turns, finds her father, MARCOS APONTE, 57, overweight yet well-groomed, he smokes under a canopy. Marcos is a big time captain of industry. The industry... cocaine. Patriarch of the **Aponte-Gamboa Federation**, he's ranked in Forbes top 100 wealthiest people on the planet.

MARCOS
I told Paolo it wasn't safe for you to be running around.

ALISA
What did you expect?
(angry; sarcastic)
"Oh my brother's dead I'll just get right back to work."

MARCOS
You shouldn't have come.

ALISA
Who did it?

MARCOS
Alisa.

ALISA
(slapping her father,
hysterical now)
I SAID WHO FUCKING DID IT?! WHO
KILLED MY BROTHER?! WHO?! YOUR SON!
MY BROTHER! TELL ME NOW!

Marcos takes a deep breath, stares at his daughter.

MARCOS
I can't. It's for your own safety.
Let me worry about these things.

ALISA
LET YOU! LET YOU?! YOU LET VICTOR
DIE YOU WEAK, MISERABLE OLD MAN I
SHOULD FUCKING KILL YOU!

Marcos smacks her across the face. Crying now. Marcos pulls back. Some of the BODYGUARDS have joined in, ready to break up a fight. Marcos is losing it...

MARCOS
I'm sorry, Alisa.

ALISA
You're sorry? You're sorry...

Alisa tries to get a hold of herself.

MARCOS
You must go now.

Alisa stares at her father. He can't even look at her, he continues smoking his cigarette. Her eyes tear. She rushes back to the car, gets in, slams the door.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - DAY

TITLE CARD: JALAPA DEPARTMENT, GUATEMALA

A CONVOY of decrepit MILITARY TRUCKS barrel down the road, kicking up a cloud of dirt in its wake --

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The CONVOY continues. It's carrying cocaine for the **Aponte-Gambo** clan. Four TRUCKS. They speed. TRUCK # 4 at the back, the driver notices something --

The tires are blown. The TRUCK screeches. A spiked chain has torn through the tires. The TRUCK slides off its course...

...nearly slips into a ditch...

A MASKED GUNMAN shoots the passenger in the head, another MASKED GUNMAN shoots the driver. Quick.

INT. CARTEL TRUCK # 3 - DAY

The DRIVER looks in his rearview mirror, stops... He notices the last TRUCK has stopped, he turns his head into the barrel of a 12 gauge Mossberg...

...Matteo behind the trigger, FIRE!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Two more TRUCKS to go --

Matteo and the two GUNMEN soar down the mountain pass, all in an armor reinforced JEEP. The TRUCKS up ahead pick up speed -

The JEEP closes in on the TRUCKS. The DRIVER tries to avoid this. Matteo sprays the two men with a shotgun shell --

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The last CARTEL TRUCK speeding up. The JEEP still getting closer and closer --

.408 CHEYENNE TACTICAL SNIPER RIFLE

The hairs lining up with the moving truck, the driver's side.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Sergio, the sniper. He holds still. An elevated position. The CARTEL TRUCK moving faster and faster, until suddenly...

FIRE! The TRUCK loses control, crashes into a pile of rocks. Sergio takes apart his sniper rifle quickly, a fresh wrap around his torso, he hops into a JEEP --

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The two masked gunmen unmask, quickly transfer 500 KILOGRAMS of COCAINE from the TRUCKS to JEEPS, not all of it --

One of the masked gunmen is OSCAR, 24, a former Kaibil, and ANTON, 28, Oscar's older brother, a former cop in México.

Matteo carries four grenades, he throws one into the cab of each truck. Sergio soars down the hill in the 2nd JEEP. The men get into the JEEPS and speed off, the TRUCKS EXPLODE --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A Roman-Catholic funeral. Victor Aponte in a closed casket. This was not a man who was loved by many. Alisa closest to the coffin. A priest recites a prayer. A picture of young Victor lies on the coffin. A handsome young man.

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felipe sits on his bed, holding his .38 SPECIAL. A SCARFACE poster reading 'THE WORLD IS YOURS' covers the bedroom wall. He studies his reflection in the gun. A noise down the hall. His brother, Martin. Felipe hides the gun under his pillow.

MARTIN (O.S.)

FELIPE!

FELIPE

MARTIN!

Martin enters the bedroom, smiles, runs into Felipe's arms.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

How was school?

MARTIN

Good.

FELIPE

Where's papi? Is he here?

MARTIN

No, I took the bus.

FELIPE

What do you mean? He didn't pick you up?

MARTIN

No.

Felipe rolls his eyes.

FELIPE

I'll pick you up from now on,
alright?

MARTIN

Okay.

FELIPE

Come on, lets get you ready for
bed.

MARTIN

I want to stay up and watch TV with
you.

Felipe stands up, smiles at his little brother.

FELIPE

Okay. You can stay up and watch TV
in my room. Alright?

MARTIN

Okay.

FELIPE

I gotta go.

When Martin isn't looking... Felipe grabs his gun from under the pillow, tucks it in the back of his pants, kisses him on the forehead.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

See you later.

MARTIN

Bye.

Felipe eyes THE WORLD IS YOURS POSTER, leaves. A look of sadness in Martin's eyes as he watches Felipe leave.

EXT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The back porch area. A large table filled with M-17 members playing poker. A festival of criminals. JAKOB, 32, heavy-set and boisterous, runs the table. César hidden amongst them.

M-17 is an international gang of criminals who specialize in violence and intimidation. Jakob heads the local faction...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Felipe strolls down the empty street, waits outside the safe house door. He looks around, knocks on the door. A slit opens, a wide pair of eyes peering out.

GUARD (O.S.)
Who is it?

FELIPE
Felipe Masseria.

The door opens.

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The GUARD disappears into the dark home. Felipe walks through the shadows, notices the poker game out back --

EXT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - PORCH AREA - NIGHT

Felipe steps out through the sliding glass window. Some of the men notice him. Jakob does. César looks up, finds a shiny .38 SPECIAL in his face. Felipe behind the trigger. Click. The bullet smashes through the back of César's head, squirting blood at the men around the table.

Felipe stands there. Unmoved. Unemotional. The men at the table watch him as César's dead body slumps onto the floor, a pool of blood spreading around it. Jakob studying Felipe's every move. He doesn't flinch. Felipe backs out of the area, .38 in hand, disappears into the shadows --

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY STREET - DAY

Sergio strolls out of a luxury hotel, dressed in a sharp, three-piece suit, and gets into a TAXI CAB. MICHAEL, 32, dapper, clean-cut, a driven professional, sporting jeans and a blazer, watches from the sidewalk, smokes a cigarette.

INT. BAR - DAY

Sergio orders a whiskey at the bar. Michael sits a few places away from him, reading the newspaper. Michael rises, walks over to the bathroom.

Silence. Michael inches in.

MICHAEL

Sergio Fuentes, the legendary Kaibiles Commander who, for some reason, decided not to join the cartel and instead, opted to make a living off of robbing them, brilliant I gotta say, I'm a big fan. Very noble.

SERGIO

So, "Miguel"... how long have you been stationed in Guatemala?

MICHAEL

Stationed?

(almost laughing at the idea)

No, no, nothing like that. I'm an energy trader. I'm visiting from Spain.

SERGIO

Oh.

(inching in)

You're very well informed for an energy trader from Spain... So... how long?

Sergio and Michael stare each other down.

MICHAEL

Two years now.

SERGIO

You like it?

MICHAEL

It's better than a desk job.

SERGIO

I used to be a young intelligence officer like yourself.

MICHAEL

That's what I was told.

The bartender delivers both of their drinks.

SERGIO

So, Miguel. What can I do for you?

MICHAEL

A lot.

Michael raises his glass. Sergio follows.

SERGIO

Salud.

MICHAEL

Salud.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have been assigned the arduous task of putting together a covert unit to battle the cartel's presence in Guatemala. My superiors think you would make an excellent candidate to head that unit.

Sergio laughs, downs another shot of whiskey.

SERGIO

Your superiors must be very concerned.

MICHAEL

Very concerned and very eager to spend a lot of money to make that concern go away.

SERGIO

How much?

MICHAEL

Yesterday Central American Ops had a hundred million dollar budget. Do you know what it is today?

SERGIO

Two hundred?

MICHAEL

Unlimited. And we only do things like that when we're desperate. So, right now, yes or no, are you in?

SERGIO

I don't really have much of a choice now do I?

MICHAEL

We'll be paying you millions of dollars to do what you were trained to do... And from what I've heard you're a man who enjoys his work... Look at it as a sponsorship...

SERGIO
 (laughing)
A sponsorship?
 (changing his tune)
Tell me something, Michael.

 MICHAEL
Miguel.

 SERGIO
I'm sorry. Miguel. Why do you care
so much about my little country?

 MICHAEL
I don't... But my bosses do... And
I'm here to do a job, Serg. The
Mexicans can fight the cartel all
they want in México. It doesn't
stop them from crossing the border
into the US, or even Guatemala, and
then Honduras, and then...

 SERGIO
I get it.

 MICHAEL
The only way to destroy them is
through containing them. We keep
them in México. Force them to go
toe to toe with Calderón.

 SERGIO
Is that what you believe?

 MICHAEL
Yes it is.

Silence.

 SERGIO
What about Intel? Weapons?
Manpower? Training?

 MICHAEL
I'll handle all intel and counter-
intel, it's what I do. I can get
you all the resources you need.

 SERGIO
 (interrupting)
You can?

Michael nods. Sergio takes another shot of whiskey.

EDGAR
Who is it?

SEAN (O.S.)
It's me.

Edgar walks over, opens the door for him. Sean enters.

FELIPE
What's going on?

SEAN
Word's on the street that Jakob
wants to see you.

FELIPE
Oh yeah?

Sean nods.

SEAN
Maybe you should get out of town
for a few days...

FELIPE
(interrupting)
I'm not going anywhere... I'll go
see Jakob... Anyone coming?

Sean and Edgar look at one another.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Felipe and Edgar stroll down an alleyway. Two young girls, STEFANIE, 17, long brown hair, alluring eyes, a hypnotic smile, perfect body, and her plain-looking, impatient, best friend pass.

STEFANIE
Eeh. Felipe. How are you?

FELIPE
Stefanie. Hey.

Felipe kisses her on the cheek. Edgar nods at the friend. Nothing in return...

STEFANIE
Where are you boys headed?

FELIPE
We're going to see a friend.

STEFANIE
In the slums?

FELIPE
Yeah. You know, work.

STEFANIE
Are you getting into trouble,
Felipe?

FELIPE
No, of course not.
(smiling)
I'm a good boy.

EDGAR
Come on, good boy. Let's go. We're
late.

STEFANIE
Go. It's okay.

FELIPE
We should do something some time.

Edgar laughing. Felipe blushes, embarrassed.

STEFANIE
I'd like that.

Edgar stops laughing, impressed.

FELIPE
Tomorrow night. I'll come by your
place?

STEFANIE
Okay.

FELIPE
Adiós, Stefanie.

STEFANIE
Adiós.

Felipe kisses Stefanie on the cheek. The two boys continue walking, Edgar laughs like a mad man.

EDGAR
Look at you now! The ladies man.

FELIPE
Shut the fuck up. Get serious.

EDGAR

If only you could've lived long
enough to fuck her.

FELIPE

Fuck off.

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - DAY

ELI, 28, an ugly brute of an enforcer, Jakob's right hand, opens the steel plated door for Felipe and Edgar. They find Jakob smoking a blunt while talking on his cell phone. The place is surprisingly clean.

ELI

JAKOB!

JAKOB

(into cell phone)

Okay, I'll call you back I gotta go
my little gangsters are here.
Adiós.

Jakob hangs up, hits the blunt. Edgar and Felipe stroll over to the kitchen. Edgar wary of Jakob's kindness.

JAKOB (CONT'D)

You know these two kids are the
ones that plugged Victor Aponte?

ELI

Bullshit.

JAKOB

I swear to god.

Eli looks at the two young men.

ELI

Which one of you?

FELIPE

Both.

Silence.

ELI

Did you look him in the eyes?

FELIPE

(caught off guard)

Yes.

ELI
What did you see?

FELIPE
A dead man.

Jakob and Eli laugh like mad men.

JAKOB
Okay, Eli, give us a minute I got
to talk to these boys.

Eli leaves the room. Jakob sits down in the kitchen, puts
down one blunt, lights up another.

JAKOB (CONT'D)
It took a lot of balls to do what
you did the other night. You ever
read Darwin, Felipe?

Edgar looks at Felipe.

FELIPE
No.

JAKOB
A philosopher. He's the one who
studied evolution. "Survival of the
Fittest". If you didn't kill him
that night, maybe it would have
been you the next day, so...
(inching in closer)
Survival of the fittest...
(offering the blunt)
No?

FELIPE
No thanks.

JAKOB
So, Felipe. I've decided to make
you lieutenant. Edgar will be your
number two, and so on. But...
before any of this, there is one
thing you must do...

Jakob lights up another blunt, reclines --

INT. SÁNCHEZ'S HOME - NIGHT

The door flies open. Felipe and Sean burst in, guns ready.
Sánchez watching TV on the couch, RUNNING for his gun now --

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! Sánchez is cut to pieces by machine-gun fire. A gory mess.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A group of HOODS, they worked for Sánchez and César, patrol the dark, uninviting alleyway, guns in hand --

Three SHADOWY FIGURES pop out of the alley, the hoods don't see them. It's the boys. They open fire on César's crew -- Felipe nails a pair of them. Sean gets one. Edgar cuts down two more.

EXT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - DAY

Armed men wearing suits surround the colonial-style hotel. Most of them standing by SUVs. Brilliant gardens line the path to the main entrance. Civilians gawk, noticing.

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT - DAY

Michael sits in a small van. He's observing VIDEO SCREENS displaying what we are about to see --

INT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - DAY

Three BODYGUARDS escort AUGUSTO MONTIEL, 26, aristocratic, sporting a sharp designer suit, a real ladies man, down a long hallway, passing several rooms. They get to a suite.

Two more BODYGUARDS patrolling...

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT - DAY

Michael testing the AUDIO RECORDING DEVICE. He plays with a few knobs. The waves of the AUDIO now coming in clear --

BODYGUARD (O.S.)
(via security)
Good afternoon.

INT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

A lavish three-bedroom suite. HÉCTOR CRUZ 45, wearing a wife beater and thick gold crucifix chain, every inch of this man is a hardened killer, sits on the couch...

He heads of the armed wing of the **Montiel-Cruz Alliance**, *Los Blancos*. A fierce and unbeaten paramilitary unit.

Augusto and his men fill the suite, surrounding Héctor --

HÉCTOR

Do I hear the sound of the GUSTO?!

Héctor turns, sees Gusto, smiles and laughs, stands.

HÉCTOR (CONT'D)

Augusto! How are you? Its been too long.

Augusto accepts Héctor's hug.

AUGUSTO

I'm well...

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT - DAY

Michael holds a pen over a legal pad. He's listening to the conversation through headphones. He writes KEY WORDS:

HÉCTOR (O.S.)

Good. I love this country. No rules, no police, no military. It must be heaven.

AUGUSTO (O.S.)

Well, we aren't the only ones who have taken interest. And if we want it to remain heaven, we need to send Los Locos and every last Aponte to hell before this whole place is just... too crowded.

(lighting his own
cigarette)

It would be a real shame.

INT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Augusto sits down. His BODYGUARDS stand behind him. Héctor fixes himself a drink, scotch on the rocks.

HÉCTOR

You always were good with words. Something to drink?

AUGUSTO

No thank you.

Héctor sits down.

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)
Eduardo.

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT

Michael waits. Silence. His pen ready.

INT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

A Bodyguard hands Augusto a thick envelope of photographs.
Augusto takes one out at a time.

AUGUSTO
The entire Aponte family. The
brothers, sisters, cousins.
Everyone. The rest of Marcos
Aponte's men...

Augusto starts laying out individual photographs, we see them
as they are named...

AUGUSTO (CONT'D)
...Paolo Ruiz, Carlos Delgado,
Aaron Díaz, Lorenzo Cossio...

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT - DAY

Michael keeps up with the names. Aaron Díaz. Lorenzo...

AUGUSTO (O.S.)
...Erik Elias, Bobby Larios, Jorge
Lavat...

INT. VILLA DE ANTANO HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Augusto dropping photo after photo...

AUGUSTO
...Jose Granados, Joaquín
Maldonado. Everyone. Local maras
will be helping us, M-17 is already
on board.

Eduardo hands him another envelope, this one, filled with
photographs of elected officials and politicians.

HÉCTOR
What is this?

AUGUSTO
A two pronged attack.

Héctor impressed by his young criminal associate. Gusto meaning every last word --

INT. MOBILE SURVEILLANCE UNIT - DAY

Michael SCANS the list of names. He turns to a MONITOR displaying the hotel hallway. The men are leaving now. Michael packs up his things quickly.

INT. BLACK YUKON XL 2500 - DAY

An 09' with flat screen TVs. Limousine tint all around. Alisa, on her cell phone, rides in the back seat. Two BODYGUARDS in the front.

ALISA
(on phone)
I don't care. I don't care. Do you understand me?

Bullets smash into the windshield, tear Alisa's bodyguards to bits. A bullet whizzes by, another clips her left arm. She screams...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

An IMPALA has blocked off the road. Two GUNMEN approach the YUKON, weapons drawn, exchange their magazines.

INT. BLACK YUKON XL 2500 - DAY

Gunshots ring out. Alisa covers her ears, ducks down. A S&W .45 REVOLVER in her BODYGUARDS lap. She finds one of the GUNMEN in the rear view mirror. She grabs the .45 and crawls out the side door... in extreme pain.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Alisa sneaks out of the Yukon, weapon drawn. She keeps low, finger on the trigger. The sound of foot steps on the other side of the car.

An old woman and her daughter watch from the sidewalk... hint at the GUNMEN's position. Alisa nods, pops out and shoots both GUNMEN.

INT. BLACK YUKON XL 2500 - DAY

Alisa struggles to push the dead bodies out of the car. The OLD WOMAN and her DAUGHTER come over and help.

ALISA
(faking a smile; handing
them money)
Thank you so much.

The dead bodies finally fall out of the car. Alisa gets in the bloody driver's seat. The windshield all messed up. She grips her gun, smashes the windshield into oblivion.

EXT. APONTE ESTATE - DAY

A large, three-story, Mediterranean-style mansion. The YUKON whips up into the driveway. Alisa gets out of the car, gun in hand. No one to greet her.

INT. APONTE ESTATE - BATHROOM - DAY

Alisa disinfects her flesh wound, cleans it, bandages it up. She fastens the bandage, takes a long look in the mirror.

INT. APONTE ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Alisa shoves her belongings into luggage, a fresh bandage wrapped around her arm.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - NIGHT

Alisa walks in, a BELLHOP places her luggage in the room. She tips the BELLHOP, sits down on the hotel bed. A few moments pass... she stares at the wall. She suddenly begins to cry, unwavering, a painful cry of anger.

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Jakob smoking with Eli and another GUNMAN. A young man enters the back area, AARON, handsome, smiling, he shakes hands with Jakob. Aaron's a lieutenant for the **Aponte-Gamboa Federation**.

AARON
How are you, friend?

JAKOB
Very good. Yourself?

AARON
Very good.

JAKOB
Take a seat.

Aaron sits down, Jakob across from him. Eli pulls out a gun, fires two rounds into Aaron's head.

JAKOB (CONT'D)
Come on, moron. Stop the bleeding.

Eli takes out a knife, stabs Aaron in the heart repeatedly. Felipe watches from the corner, uneasy.

ELI
Come on.
(via Felipe)
What are you looking at?

Felipe approaches, they drag the body over to a nearby bathroom. Felipe helps Eli...

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

They lift the body up into the tub, hang it over the drain using a fish hook. The blood slowly spills from the body, leaks into the shower drain...

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

A luxury parlor controlled by M-17. Shady business figures and mid-level hoods frequent this spot. A cute young brunette guards the counter. Her younger sister files paperwork in the corner.

Three loud men enter the parlor: all well-built, dark hair, dressed to excess: **Aponte-Gamboa** drug lieutenants.

APONTE-GAMBOA LIEUTENANT # 1
María.

PARLOR GIRL # 1
Erik. How can I help you, today?

He kisses her on the cheek.

APONTE-GAMBOA LIEUTENANT # 1
The usual for me and my friends
here. We've had a long week.

PARLOR GIRL # 1
You and the rest of this country.
You think this violence will ever
end?

APONTE-GAMBOA LIEUTENANT # 1
Violence makes the world go around,
María. Don't be naive.

PARLOR GIRL # 2
Bobby, Jorge. Are you ready?

A-G LIEUTENANT # 2	A-G LIEUTENANT # 3
Yes, ma'am.	Yes.

They walk away. He smiles. She blushes.

PARLOR GIRL # 1
Are you ready?

He nods. Clearly flirting with her...

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM - DAY

One girl massages one of the lieutenant's upper back. Another
massages the other man's lower back. They're both next to one
another.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM # 2 - DAY

Parlor Girl # 1 massages Aponte-Gamboa Lieutenant # 1.

APONTE-GAMBOA LIEUTENANT # 1
What do you want with life, María?

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - BMW X5 - DAY

A BODYGUARD sits in a BMW X5, waiting, smoking a cigarette.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM # 2 - DAY

The Parlor Girl still massaging the lieutenant.

PARLOR GIRL # 1
To run my own parlor.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - LOBBY - DAY

Parlor Girl # 2 stands behind the counter. Two men enter, Jakob and Eli, they smile at her.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM # 2 - DAY

Aponte-Gamboa Lieutenant # 1 enjoying his massage.

APONTE-GAMBOA LIEUTENANT # 1
Isn't that what you're doing?

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Felipe approaches the X5 door, shoots the BODYGUARD to death, continues into the massage parlor.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM # 1 - DAY

Jakob and Eli enter. Catching the men off guard. Jakob smiles, laughing.

JAKOB
I run this city, bitches!

The two girls bail. Terrorized. Jakob lifts his .45 AUTO, unloads his clip into the two men --

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - ROOM # 2 - DAY

A-G Lieutenant # 1 has a gun now. He's naked. The Parlor Girl hides behind him. They creep out the back exit which leads to a long hallway. Clear. They approach the EMERGENCY EXIT.

JAKOB (O.S.)
Hey Erik!

A-G Lieutenant # 1 turns... Jakob fires an entire clip into his body, he falls into the wall, drops. Jakob approaches. He reloads. The Parlor Girl makes a run for it. Jakob shoots her in the back of the head.

JAKOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey Erik! I'm not done yet. Wake up!

A-G Lieutenant # 1 moans, his body moves. Jakob empties his clip, loads another one, cocks back the gun, points the gun at the man's head: FIRE! FIRE!

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Jakob and Eli exit the parlor in a hurry, get into a BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE. Felipe at the wheel --

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

A party ensues. A family fiesta. It's a birthday. Festive music plays as people drink and bowl. Paolo bowling, accompanied by his two most trusted men, his right hand man and his driver.

PAOLO

Elias, Bobby, Jorge, now Joaquín.
All my best men. God knows where
the fuck Aaron is!

Paolo bowls. Strike.

PAOLO'S RIGHT HAND MAN

Don't think about that now. It's
your daughter's birthday.

Paolo reaches for his bowling ball, instead, grabs a severed head from the bowling rack, nearly throws up, drops it.

PAOLO

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS!

PAOLO'S RIGHT HAND MAN

(via the severed head)
It's Aaron.

Everyone at the party looks at Paolo who is transfixed by the decapitated head of one of his best men: Aaron Díaz.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

Michael on his cell phone, sitting in the back seat.

MICHAEL

Yes this is Miguel Castillo from
Basic Oil. Yes, great how are you
doing? Good. Listen I got a
question...

EXT. OPEN ROAD - - DAY

TITLE CARD: HIDALGO, TEXAS, 8 KM FROM U.S./MEXICAN BORDER

TWO EIGHTEEN WHEELERS soar down the deserted road. A huge BANNER on the side reads, CANADIAN NORCE COMPANY, INC. An abandoned BLACK FORD EXPLORER up ahead --

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

A laptop. The SCREEN is tracking a convoy in the middle of nowhere. It's a SATELLITE IMAGE coming in clear as day. The dust kicking up from the tires is even visible...

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Yes we're very excited about the new well. Yes, very much so...

(changing his tune)

Yeah I just wanted to make sure everything was smooth on your end.

Thank you... good-bye...

(losing his fake smile now; screaming)

Come on drive faster I'm not paying you by the minute...

EXT. DESERT ROAD - US/MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

The EIGHTEEN WHEELERS stop. The broken down EXPLORER up ahead. Two DEA AGENTS, sporting Kevlar and tactical gear, hold the drivers at gunpoint. The driver looks back at the other EIGHTEEN WHEELER, confused. He turns, finds a MOSSBERG 12 GAUGE in his face, Matteo behind the trigger --

MATTEO

Muévase fuera de la trocka ahora!

Get out of the fucking truck now!

Matteo grabs the Driver, throws him to the ground. Oscar has the other Driver at gunpoint. Matteo rounds them both up, he keeps his Mossberg on them as Oscar hog ties them.

MATTEO (CONT'D)

Come on... Thirty-five seconds...

He's finished. Oscar and Anton get into each truck. Matteo hops in the "broken down" Explorer. They speed off into the harsh desert, leaving the drivers hog tied in the middle of the desolate road --

INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two REPLICA EIGHTEEN WHEELERS sitting in an abandoned warehouse. The CANADIAN NORCE COMPANY logo has recently finished drying. The BIG RIGS are filled with hundreds of AK-47s, AR-15s, GRENADE LAUNCHERS, MP-5 SMGs, GRENADES, KEVLAR, BODY ARMOR. Enough to supply a small army...

Sergio smokes a cigarette in silence as the two ORIGINAL EIGHTEEN WHEELERS pull into the warehouse. Matteo in the Explorer trailing behind them.

SERGIO

Any problems?

Matteo shakes his head, "No" --

Sergio throws them a change of clothes, both men change into their new civilian outfits --

They hop in the REPLICA EIGHTEEN WHEELERS --

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

The SCREEN. Feeding a live satellite image. The warehouse location. The REPLICA BIG RIGS carrying the weapons cache pulling out. Michael smirks. A phone call coming in... He picks up...

MICHAEL

Yes... You guys are in the clear...
We'll be in touch...

Michael closes his laptop...

EXT. US/MEXICAN BORDER OUTPOST - DAY

The CANADIAN NORCE EIGHTEEN WHEELERS are in line. Oscar driving one. Anton the other. The TRUCKS pull forward.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER

Hello.

Oscar hands the Patrol Officer a PACKET TRAVEL PAPERS for the big rig...

BORDER PATROL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Oil rigs? I didn't know we had oil
in our miserable little country...

OSCAR
Tons of it...

BORDER PATROL OFFICER
Very well...

Oscar and his Escort nod at the Patrol Officer...

Sergio and Matteo hiding in the back seat...

ESTABLISHING --

The TWO EIGHTEEN WHEELERS continue on into México... Not a clue left behind of their precious cargo...

INT. MASSERIA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julio cannot fall asleep. Gabrielle sleeps quietly next to him. Julio hears a noise, gets out of bed.

GABRIELLE
(sleepy; tired)
What are you doing?

INT. MASSERIA APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Julio walks into the kitchen, looks around.

JULIO
Nothing, go back to sleep.

Julio opens the fridge, pours himself a glass of water. He takes a sip... A HOOD is rapidly thrown over his head, an accompanying injection knocks him out. Swift. Clean.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Julio's body is loaded into the back of an SUV. The MERCEDES GLK speeds off into the distance, tires screeching --

INT. MERCEDES GLK '10 - STOPPED - NIGHT

Julio passed out in the back, a hood over his head. Paolo lifts the hood from Julio's head, slaps him.

PAOLO
Julio. Wake up. Julio.
(off BG)
Get some water.

A BUCKET OF ICE COLD WATER is dropped. Julio screams.

JULIO
WHAT THE FUCK?!

PAOLO
Calm down, it's Paolo.

JULIO
What the fuck is this?!

PAOLO
Marcos would like to speak with
you.
(off B.G.)
He's waiting.

Julio looks out the window: a BLACK FORD EXPLORER parked a few feet away, some BODYGUARDS surround it. Julio gets out, walks over to the EXPLORER.

INT. BLACK FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT

A mobile command center. COMPUTER SCREENS, TVs, SATELLITE PHONES. Julio sits next a casually dressed Marcos. Marcos attempts a smile. Julio doesn't.

JULIO
Is it completely out of the
question to phone me?

Marcos laughs.

MARCOS
I don't like phones. How are
things? Gabrielle? The kids?

JULIO
Gabrielle is teaching now. The kids
just started school... I'm having
trouble with the older one...

MARCOS
Why is that?

JULIO
The kid has no respect...

MARCOS
Ah. I understand. It's tough with
these kids today...

JULIO

I'm very sorry about your son,
Victor. He was a good kid.

Silence.

MARCOS

It's a world of beasts, Julio.
Things have become increasingly
unpleasant for me as I'm sure you
know. I get all your intelligence
reports delivered to me every
single morning.

JULIO

Impressive.

MARCOS

Yes. I have a problem with these
two Mexican brothers and a former
friend of mine...

(inching in closer)

Julio... I have a favor to ask of
you.

Marcos hands Julio a photograph of Augusto "Gusto" Montiel.

INT. FELIPE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Felipe prepares for his date with Stefanie. He shaves,
showers, brushes his teeth, some cologne.

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Felipe assembling his outfit. Most of his nice clothes and
shoes are hidden under an older wardrobe.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STEFANIE'S - NIGHT

A recently completed apartment complex downtown. Felipe
knocks on a door, waits. It opens. STEFANIE'S FATHER, 56,
homely, towering in size, opens the door.

STEFANIE'S FATHER

Yes?

FELIPE

I'm here to take out Stefanie.

STEFANIE'S FATHER

And you are?

FELIPE
Felipe Masseria, sir.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Your father is Julio Masseria? The
Kaibil?

FELIPE
Sí.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
I used to know your father during
the war.
(back into house)
Stefanie, did you know I used to be
friends with your boyfriend's
father?

STEFANIE
He's not my boyfriend, papa.

Stefanie steps through the door frame, stunning and seemingly
effortless, she smiles. Felipe reciprocates.

FELIPE
Hello.

STEFANIE
Hello.

FELIPE
Are you ready?

STEFANIE
Yes.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
You two stay out of trouble.

FELIPE
(blushing)
Of course.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Felipe and Stefanie stroll down the crowded street.

FELIPE
You want to go catch a movie?

STEFANIE
I don't really like movies.

FELIPE
You don't like movies? How can you
not like movies?

STEFANIE
I like music, sports. I don't like
TV.

FELIPE
I don't like TV either, but movies?
You just haven't seen the right
ones.

STEFANIE
I guess so.

FELIPE
Come on. I'll take you to the video
store. I'll give you a tutorial.

STEFANIE
(pointing)
Lead on...

INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE - NIGHT

Felipe leads Stefanie through the video store.

FELIPE
Scarface?

STEFANIE
No.

FELIPE
Goodfellas?

STEFANIE
No.

FELIPE
Casino?

STEFANIE
No.

FELIPE
Once Upon a Time in America?

STEFANIE
No.

FELIPE
But it's Sergio Leone!

STEFANIE
I never saw it.

FELIPE
Oh, how about this? The Godfather!

STEFANIE
No.

FELIPE
Are you serious?! Okay. You're
going to have to trust me on this
one, alright?

STEFANIE
Okay.

Moments later. Felipe brings all five titles to the register.

FELIPE
We'll take all of them.

The CLERK looks up at Stefanie and Felipe.

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A six pack of BEER and a stack of VHS' wait. Felipe sits on the bed, fiddles with an ancient VHS player. Stefanie wanders the room, studying the artifacts. Pictures of Felipe when he was younger, playing baseball. Trophies galore.

STEFANIE
You played baseball?

FELIPE
When I was a kid.

STEFANIE
Whatever happened to that?

FELIPE
I got injured. My arm.

STEFANIE
You were on the all Nation squad?
Felipe, that's a big deal. So you
just stopped?

INT. BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jakob sits in the passenger seat, speaks into a walkie-talkie...

JAKOB
(whispering)
Quiet.

EXT. RESTAURANT DISTRICT - NIGHT

A man in a hoodie speaks into a walkie-talkie, it's Eli.

ELI
Everyone wait...

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Felipe and Sean sit in front. They watch both TOWN CARS park in front of the restaurant. A man gets out of the second town car, opens the back door: Paolo Ruiz steps out, scans the restaurant district with his own eyes.

EXT. RESTAURANT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Eli lifts the radio, picks up the pace.

ELI
It's him. Lets move...

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Felipe and Sean get out of the car, weapons ready.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jakob loads his AR-15, gets out of the car.

EXT. RESTAURANT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Felipe and Sean approach from down the street. Eli and Jakob close in on the town cars, weapons ready.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS... The ASSAILANTS firing from all directions. Paolo takes cover behind a town car, his men are quickly torn to shreds. A brutal ambush.

Jakob loads another clip. Eli does the same. DOZENS of people evacuate the now chaotic restaurant. Eli and Jakob go around the town car. Paolo lies in the street, shot in the leg...

Eli and Jakob exchange looks, unload each of their clips into Paolo's body...

The SEDAN and ESCALADE pull up, being driven by Felipe and Sean. Jakob and Eli get into separate cars. Gone.

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Godfather ends. Felipe looks over. Stefanie sleeps. Felipe caresses her, brings her closer.

STEFANIE

What do you want, Felipe?

FELIPE

I thought you were asleep.

STEFANIE

No. Just tired. And the question?

FELIPE

What do I want? I want to kiss you.

STEFANIE

No, really. With your life? What do you want to do?

Felipe turns, looks at Stefanie, completely serious.

FELIPE

I don't know.

STEFANIE

Oh come on. It can't be that secret.

FELIPE

Ahhh...

STEFANIE

Come on, Felipe.

Silence...

FELIPE

I want to be a gangster. Nothing else.

A look of surprise surfaces across Stefanie's face. Felipe turns, gets comfortable. Stefanie processing.

EXT. RANCHO DE LA MUERTE - DAY

A HUGE OPEN PASTURE. Sunrise. Surrounded by forest. A few horses in the distance. A barn tucked back in the fog of the woods. TWO DOZEN TRAINEES: late twenties, former Special Ops, mostly Guatemalan. They stand in formation --

Sergio paces back and forth in front of the soldiers.

SHOOTING RANGE

TRAINEES aligned. AR-15s pointed at targets --

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The TRAINEES stand, carrying AK-47s now, run closer to the target, kneel down again --

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The TRAINEES rise, running for the target, hit it with the BAYONET --

 SERGIO (V.O.)

 You are here to do one thing and
 one thing only. You are here to
 hunt and kill narco-traffickers...

JUNGLE

The TRAINEES now patrol the jungle. An EXPLOSION of dirt and debris. They disperse, take cover, holding paintball guns --

One of the PATROLLING TRAINEES is shot by Matteo and Sergio multiple times, covered in paint --

 SERGIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

 If you are here only for the money,
 leave. If you are here only to
 kill, leave. There must be a
 healthy balance of both...

OPEN PASTURE

Dawn. Foggy. Trainees, dressed casually, jog through the open pasture. Sergio leads --

SERGIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It takes a certain discipline to be
a self employed man. And I expect
that discipline from each and every
one of you. Just like the army...

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Soldiers tamper with electronic surveillance equipment.
Sergio and Matteo supervise. Progress.

TRAINING FACILITY

TRAINEES have been separated into two squads. Squad # 1 led
by Matteo. Armed with AK-47s and bulletproof vests... They
storm the front door of the training facility.

OPEN PASTURE

Sergio pacing back and forth...

 SERGIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... my name is Sergio Fuentes and I
would like to be the first to
welcome you to Los Asesinos...

TRAINING FACILITY

Sergio leads a squad. They follow through the back door.
Doors are knocked down. Secured in a matter of seconds.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Alisa enjoys lunch with a bottle of wine... A knock at the
door, she opens it. Her ASSISTANT steps in, forces a smile,
lurks in the doorway.

 ASSISTANT

Hello Ms. Aponte.

 ALISA

Hello.

(pointing out)

Take a seat.

Alisa goes back to her bed, the Assistant sits on the couch.

 ALISA (CONT'D)

Any news of my father?

ASSISTANT
He's leaving the country... He
suggests you do the same.

ALISA
No.
(thinking now)
No. I will not.

ASSISTANT
Ms. Aponte.

ALISA
I will not leave this country!

The Assistant tenses, nervous, scared of her boss.

ASSISTANT
You know the police are looking for
you? You fled the scene of a crime.

ALISA
(laughing)
You think I care?
(stepping over to the
window)
I want you to set up a meeting with
the heads of all our branches in
this country.

ASSISTANT
Do you know how many have been
killed? They already came after
you. They'll come again, Alisa.
Your father is one of the bravest
men I've ever met.
(rising)
I would take his advice.

The Assistant smiles, nods, leaving now.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Have a good day, Miss Aponte.

The door closes.

ALISA
(sipping her glass of
wine)
Bitch.

EXT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Assistant crosses the street. HEAVY TRAFFIC leading to the bridge up ahead. She turns down a small side street. THREE BLANCOS rushing towards her now, she turns into them.

ASSISTANT
Aaaaaaagh!!!!!!!!!!

A BLACK VAN pulls up. They tackle her inside. The van speeds off...

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

It's dark. Héctor pulls a MACHETE to the frightened Assistant's throat...

HÉCTOR
What room number?

ASSISTANT
I don't know what you're talking about...

Héctor smiles. He looks up at his men.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
I was just visiting a friend...

Héctor laughs. He lifts the edge of the blade to her neck, slowly outlining the line he's about to cut...

HÉCTOR
There's nothing you can do to save her, I assure you. However, there are things you can do to save your own life. I suggest you start now.

The edge of the blade digs the first layer of skin, she's clenching her teeth, embracing the pain...

HÉCTOR (CONT'D)
Come on. You have such a pretty face I'd hate to ruin it...

Héctor moves the blade to her nose...

ASSISTANT
Room 203. She's there now.

HÉCTOR
(smiling)
Thank you.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Alisa downs the rest of her bottle of wine. She's wearing a white robe. The TV is playing an episode of HOGAN'S HEROES.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - HALLWAYS - DAY

Dozens of LOS BLANCOS pouring into the hotel. Guests flee. Héctor leads the assault, the men remain quiet. All leading up to room 203... They wait at the door, armed to the teeth.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

HOGAN'S HEROES blares. Alisa fiddles with the bottle of wine, throws it against the hotel wall. She's drunk and pissed. The door flies open, Los Blancos open fire...

Alisa runs for the guest room, runs into the closet. Nonstop gunfire tears the place to pieces. The barrage subsides. She runs across the room, grabs a .45 from her bed and shoots an attacking Blanco in the head...

She takes cover behind a futon. Four BLANCOS gunners open fire on Alisa. She runs for the next room, grabs the dead mercenary's AK-47 on her way...

She takes cover behind the wall, takes a deep breath.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - HALLWAY - DAY

Héctor in the hallway... Four BLANCOS about to enter.

HÉCTOR
Who does she have in there, Rambo?
Get in there you idiots...

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Alisa hides behind the wall, .45 in one hand, loaded AK-47 in the other. One of the BLANCOS steps on some glass, fatal mistake. Alisa uses her AK-47 on the poor soldier.

Four BLANCOS creep through the master living room. Scattered dead bodies and weapons throughout.

Alisa reloads her AK-47 quietly. She takes a deep breath. She waits... One... Two... Three...

Pops out, fires an entire clip into the four men. She runs for the window, shoots it with her AK-47 and smashes her way out of the villa.

EXT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Alisa, wearing nothing but a thong and a bra, jumps off the third story balcony onto the second floor. Her .45 falls. A BLANCO sticks his head out the window, lights the street up with gunfire. Alisa jumps off the second floor.

She grabs her .45 and takes cover. Another BLANCOS GUNNER opens up fire on the street below. Alisa waits...

She runs for her life, across the street, down a desolate side street leading to her escape --

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - DAY

Héctor steps into the room. Everything has been destroyed. The floor is lined with dead Blancos. Héctor laughs. First, low and muffled, then, louder and more ridiculous --

INT. KAIBILES HQ - COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Julio types away on a computer. Dark. Empty. No one is here. A few documents pull up on the computer. Enter password. He types something in, waits. Target. Julio types: Augusto. It pops up: mug shot, criminal record, all related files.

INT. JULIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle sleeps. Julio packs a small duffel bag: clothes, tooth brush, tooth paste, socks, .45 revolver, binoculars, surveillance equipment. He turns the light off, kisses his sleeping girlfriend --

INT. RED FORD FOCUS - DAY

Rent-A-Car. Julio driving. Downtown Guatemala City. He takes in the sights. He's looking for something... The Vista Real.

INT. RED FORD FOCUS - PARKED - DAY

Julio watches a few men guard the door to the hotel. Weapons visible. Julio opens the glove, armed now.

EXT. VISTA REAL GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Julio exits the car. Approaching the entrance of the hotel now. A glamorous hotel of luxury suites only the wealthy could afford. He studies the security team carefully.

INT. VISTA REAL GRAND HOTEL - JULIO'S ROOM - DAY

Julio places his duffel bag down, spreads the contents over the queen sized mattress.

Moments later... Julio hooks an electronic surveillance unit (ESU) up to the hotel room phone...

It's a small piece of microchip.

Moments later... Julio places the phone next to his ear. He types a number into a keypad separate from the hotel phone. Gusto's room number. Ring. Ring. Silence.

Ring. Ring. Julio tenses. Listening now. He waits...

...nothing...

Julio walks to the window, looks outside at the OLYMPIC SIZED SWIMMING POOL below, sits down on the hotel bed. He's in deep thought. Ring. Ring.

He rushes to the phone, picks it up, places it next to his ear.

AUGUSTO (O.S.)

(over phone)

Yes. I'd like to order some drinks so they're ready at the pool.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Okay, sir. And what would you like?

Julio hangs up the phone. He rushes to the drawer, removes his .45 --

INT. VISTA REAL GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Julio strolls through the posh hotel lobby to the back area of the hotel, an OLYMPIC SIZED SWIMMING POOL.

EXT. VISTA REAL GRAND HOTEL - POOL AREA - DAY

Sunny. Crowded. The young and the rich. Julio thumbs his sunglasses, scanning the faces of the crowd, he sits on a lawn chair. Julio still scanning until --

Gusto puffing on a cigar. A couple tanned girls sunbathing with him. Julio notices a BODYGUARD standing by the pool exit. Another watching from a hotel window. Julio eyes the exit, examining the best escape route.

Julio makes his way through the crowd, slowly, toward an oblivious Gusto sucking down a cocktail.

The BODYGUARDS note Julio with suspicion, ready to gun him down. Julio sits down at one of the empty tables, eyes Augusto who seems to be having a good time. He's laughing, smiling, joking, kissing the girls.

Julio freezes, catches another glance of Gusto's security team. He rises, promptly leaves the area.

INT. RED FORD FOCUS - DAY

Julio gets in the car, slamming the door shut. Fuming. He starts the engine, backs out of his spot.

He picks up the phone, dials a number --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marcos sits by the telephone, hangs up. He rubs his fingers through his hair: irritated.

INT. POOLSIDE CABANNAH - DAY

LUIS GAMBOA, 32, handsome, suave, charming, relaxes poolside with a couple of sexy young women. Luis heads the armed wing of the **Aponte-Gamboa Federation**, *Los Locos*. On the phone:

LUIS

I'm busy right now with Nuevo
Laredo. Marcos. I would love to
help.

One of the girls passes Luis a platter of cocaine. He helps
himself, passes it back, gulps some of his Long Island iced
tea... One of the girls kissing his stomach...

LUIS (CONT'D)

What about Paolo? Oh, he's dead.
(off girls; insincere)
What a shame. I really liked that
guy. He was sweet... and sensitive.
(laughing now)
I'm sorry. I can send a few men,
that is all I can afford for now.

Luis puts down the phone. The LADIES waiting.

LUIS (CONT'D)

He hung up. I don't know.
(via the pool)
Who wants to go swimming?

EXT. GUATEMALA CITY STREET - DAY

An alleyway passing through a rough city neighborhood. Edgar
and Felipe conducting business on the corner. CUSTOMERS pass
by. An angry DEALER lingers in front of them.

FELIPE

No, tell him to come back with
everything and we'll talk.

DEALER

That's not how he wants to do it.

FELIPE

I don't care how he wants to do it.
Tell him to come here right now.

DEALER

He's not going to do it.

FELIPE

Why not?

DEALER

He think's you're greedy and you're
trying to fuck him over.

FELIPE
Oh he does?

DEALER
Yeah.

The sound of gunshots EXPLODES through the streets. Chaotic. Fast. The GUNMEN sprinting past the corner, firing aimlessly. The DEALER who was arguing with Felipe is dead. The GUNMEN are no longer here. Edgar hides behind the corner. Felipe has his .38 out, studying the terrain.

FELIPE
Come on. Let's go.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Felipe and Edgar rush down the alley.

EDGAR
Who were they going after?

FELIPE
Us...

Two COP CARS block off the alley. Edgar and Felipe run the opposite direction, it's blocked off by police. Edgar and Felipe surrender, hands on their heads. The COPS surround them, throw them up against the wall --

One of the OFFICERS searches Edgar, pulls his 9MM, smiles, hands it to another Officer. The Officer turns to Felipe.

OFFICER
(grinning like a prick)
What else you kids got?

No answer. The Officer searches Felipe, pulls his .38, shows it off to the other Officers. Felipe remains silent, void of emotion. Edgar shakes his head.

INT. FEDERAL POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Julio sits across from the Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER
A couple days ago Erik Elias was killed we think this was some kind of retaliation for that.

Julio laughs.

JULIO

What does my son have to do with Erik Elias? Are you kidding me?

COMMISSIONER

Julio. Would you like a drink?

JULIO

Don't fuck around.

COMMISSIONER

Your son has been getting involved with some rather undesirable people... M-17.

A look of shock. Julio sweats.

JULIO

Excuse me?

COMMISSIONER

I'm sorry, Julio.

The Commissioner pushes a series of photographs across the desk. Surveillance. Felipe, Jakob, Edgar, Eli. All present. Pictures of the M-17 safe house.

Julio jumps up, nerved, rushes out of the room.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

A GUARD leads Julio down a row of cells. The last one, holding Felipe. He sits on the floor in the corner.

GUARD

Felipe Masseria.

Felipe looks up to his father's piercing eyes. A GUARD behind him, shaking his head.

FELIPE

Shit.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Julio drives. Felipe rides shotgun.

JULIO

My son... M-17 are you out of your fucking mind?

FELIPE

You don't know what you're talking about.

JULIO

Are you sure I'm the one who doesn't know? ARE YOU SURE?! You want to grow up and be like those animals! Well let me tell you something Felipe, YOU WON'T! Do you know why? Because none of them live long enough to grow up anyway!

FELIPE

Save it.

JULIO

You're lucky I served under the commissioner in the army or they would have locked you up for a few years.

FELIPE

I didn't ask for your help.

JULIO

Yeah, well. Your friend Edgar wasn't so lucky. I tried to help him out. You guys are in deep shit. You know that?

Silence.

JULIO (CONT'D)

When we get home you're packing all your things and leaving. I'm not giving you any money. Nothing.

FELIPE

I don't need your money.

JULIO

That's right. I forgot you were the big bad dope dealer now.

Silence.

FELIPE

Better yet. Just drop me off here. I don't need any of that shit.

JULIO

Okay, tough guy. Here you go.

The CIVIC pulls over. Stops. Felipe gets out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Felipe stops at the sidewalk:

JULIO

You walk away now and everything in your room is going to the poor.

FELIPE

Oh, so it's going in your room?

JULIO

What did you say?

FELIPE

Just drive away. What are you still doing here?

Julio parks the car, gets out, infuriated.

JULIO

I'm your father.

FELIPE

I don't have a father. You're just some asshole who fucked my mom.

Julio punches Felipe in the face, grabs him, throws him up against a brick wall. Hard. Felipe frozen in fear.

JULIO

I loved your mother more than anything in this whole fucking world you little shit! You think you know about the world? You don't know shit you're just a punk little kid who doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut. You know nothing about respect. Hard work. Loyalty. Commitment. Responsibility. You think being a gangster is going to make you a man?

(walking away now)

It won't, Felipe. It won't.

Julio gets into the CIVIC, speeds off. Felipe rubs his fingers through his hair, takes a deep breath.

INT. BLACK FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT

Marcos sits in the back. TWO BODYGUARDS in front. Driving down a long dirt road, rugged. A stop ahead.

BODYGUARD

There's a road block up ahead, sir.

MARCOS

Keep going.

EXT. JUNGLE CHECK POINT - HONDURAN BORDER - NIGHT

The BLACK FORD EXPLORER pulls up. Six men with machine guns patrol the area. A casually dressed gunman approaches. The window rolls down.

BODYGUARD

What is this?

GUNMAN

Eight hundred Quetzal to pass, buddy.

BODYGUARD

Jesus.

The BODYGUARD takes some money out of his pocket. The GUNMAN eyes the contents of the vehicle, the PASSENGERS.

Marcos nods at the GUNMAN from the back seat. He accepts the money, looks at Marcos one more time.

GUNMAN

(smiling)

Okay, have a good one.

The Gunman walks over to his buddies, whispers. The EXPLORER rolls forward. The Gunmen spray the Explorer with automatic gunfire. The GUNMAN approaches the car, opens the door.

Marcos frozen, surrounded by his dead bodyguards.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Marcos Aponte... You will bring my family much fortune.

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Jakob, Eli and two other M-17 CAPTAINS play poker around a circular table. A few SOLDIERS in the living room. One of them opens the door for Felipe.

SOLDIER
Felipe Masseria!

JAKOB
Send him back!

Felipe enters the meeting room. The game continues. Silence.

JAKOB (CONT'D)
Your friend Edgar. You think he
will talk to the police?
(pause)
And think very hard before you
answer that question.

Silence.

FELIPE
We did nothing wrong. They have no
reason to hold him. Those guys were
shooting at us.

JAKOB
But you had weapons?

Felipe nods.

JAKOB (CONT'D)
So the cops don't give a shit.
Gunfire goes off! Pow! Pow! You
have a gun, they have a gun. Who
cares? You all go to jail.

ELI
Fuckin' cops.

JAKOB
You tell me you don't think Edgar
will talk. By saying this you are
saying to me, "If Edgar does talk,
you have permission to kill me,
too."
(inching in closer)
So... final answer?

Silence. Felipe tenses up, nervous.

FELIPE

He would never talk. He's a real gangster.

The room fills with laughter, smiles. Jakob pats Felipe on the back, pulls up a chair for him.

JAKOB

A real gangster, huh?

ELI

I'm beginning to like this kid.

JAKOB

I like real gangsters. So, now you are going to do what a real gangster does. If you were already one of us, we would come along. But until then, your crew is your own responsibility. Understand?

FELIPE

Yes.

EXT. EDGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

Felipe in the doorway. EDGAR'S SISTER, 20, stands there, arms crossed, unhappy. Martin and Hugo, Edgar's kid brother, play in the BG.

FELIPE

Just for a few days it's not safe for him where I'm at...

EDGAR'S SISTER

Where the hell is my brother?

FELIPE

He's in jail. I'm going to pick him up right now.

EDGAR'S SISTER

(completely shocked)
What? Jail?

FELIPE

(walking away now)
Don't worry about it.

EDGAR'S SISTER

What do you mean don't worry about it?! Are you crazy?!

FELIPE

Don't worry about it. I'll take
care of it... Trust me.

Edgar's sister still processing as Felipe leaves.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A narrow alley of stairways. The shadows. Felipe packing an Israeli-made MICRO-UZI SMG. Sean packing an AK-47.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Edgar sits in a small jail cell, staring through bars.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

A small local jail. Nothing special. Felipe and Sean stroll up to the front of the jail, concealing their weapons. They walk in the front door --

INT. JAIL - BOOKING - NIGHT

Felipe and Sean enter. A GUARD sits behind a computer. Felipe pulls his gun and shoots the man in the head. Sean covers. He continues through the hallway. Sean following.

A GUARD getting out of the bathroom, they wait. The guard exits. Felipe shoots him in the head. Moving on...

INT. JAIL - INMATE ROW - NIGHT

Felipe and Sean stroll down INMATE ROW. Most of them scream, anxious to be released. At the end, Edgar, standing in his cell, shocked to see his friends.

EDGAR

You guys are fucking crazy.

Felipe laughs. Sean rushes over with the key, opens the cell. A GUARD enters the station, notices the dead, picks up a radio. Felipe opens FIRE on the guard. He's dead.

INT. JAIL - EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Felipe goes through a series of drawers full of evidence. Sean and Edgar cover in the hallway.

Felipe finds "MASSERIA, F.", rips it open. A ZIPLOC bag carrying his .38 SPECIAL, he pockets it, shuts the drawer.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A swarm of club-goers fill the dance floor. The music pulses. A VIP section in the back. Strobe lights blind. High energy.

A frightening HOWL echoes through the room... Contagious. Someone has just noticed the decapitated heads of Marcos Aponte and his two most trusted bodyguards.

INT. STEFANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A simple yet well-decorated room. Stefanie studiously works her math assignment. A knock on her window startles her, it's Felipe. She opens the window, a bit surprised, smiling.

STEFANIE

What are you doing here?

FELIPE

I got in a fight with my father he kicked me out.

STEFANIE

So now you come to fight my father? He won't let you stay here.

FELIPE

He won't know.

Silence.

STEFANIE

(rolling her eyes)
Come in.

INT. STEFANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felipe gets undressed. Stefanie watches, laughing.

FELIPE

What?

STEFANIE

You're funny.
(imitating)
So serious... What's wrong?

FELIPE
Bad day. Very bad day.

Stefanie inches in closer, caresses him.

STEFANIE
You can tell me.

FELIPE
(jokingly)
I don't think so.

STEFANIE
Oh come on. You already told me
about your criminal aspirations.

FELIPE
That's not funny...

Stefanie stares deeply into his eyes.

STEFANIE
There is so much under there. I can
see it in your eyes.

FELIPE
What can you see in my eyes?

STEFANIE
A lost boy.

FELIPE
Oh yeah?

STEFANIE
Yeah.

An awkward silence. Stefanie kisses him, pulls back. Felipe
kisses her. Intense. Passionate. He undresses her.

INT. LUXURY OCEANSIDE VILLA - OFFICE - DAY

Alisa at her computer. Stops. She eyes a desk photograph of
her with Victor and Marcos, her mom too. She glances out the
window for a moment, dials a number on the telephone:

ALISA
(into phone)
Hello? This is Alisa Aponte. I
would like to speak with Luis.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Michael, sporting a sharp Armani suit and designer glasses, sits in the back seat next to a casually dressed Sergio.

MICHAEL

...the local maras will work for the highest bidder, loyalty only goes as far as the price tag. Whichever cartel will give them the cheapest price for their cocaine will gain their support. Whichever cartel has the maras backing them usually comes out on top. We are going to get the maras on our team.

SERGIO

And how will we do that?

MICHAEL

By giving them the cheapest price on cocaine of course.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A family eatery. Sergio and Matteo sit across from Jakob and Eli, a staring contest. BODYGUARDS and GUNMEN fill the B.G.

JAKOB

How can I rely on consistency?

SERGIO

Don't worry about consistency.

Jakob looks at Eli. Sergio at Matteo.

JAKOB

We go into business together, this stays right here.
(pointing out)
At this table. Or there's going to be a lot of problems for all of us.

SERGIO

I completely agree.

JAKOB

And the price stays the same?

SERGIO

The same.

EDGAR
(looking at Felipe)
Sí.

Jakob hands Edgar a 9MM BERETTA.

JAKOB
Good luck.

EXT. UPPER CLASS RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Felipe gets out of the car. Edgar follows, hesitant. Felipe tucks his gun away. Edgar holds his. The two approach one house in particular. Three stories. Modern design. Luxury cars out front. Edgar and Felipe sneak around back.

EXT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felipe nears the back screened door. Edgar taps him on the shoulder, he turns.

FELIPE
(whispering)
What?

EDGAR
(whispering)
I can't do it.

FELIPE
Shut the fuck up. We're here.

EDGAR
I can't do it. I'm leaving.

Edgar lowers his weapon. Felipe grabs him.

FELIPE
You have no choice.

EDGAR
I can't do it. He's the police commissioner are you out of your fucking mind? You think Jakob and Eli care what happens to us?

FELIPE
Stop being a pussy. Come on.

EDGAR
No. I'm leaving.

Edgar turns away. Felipe pulls out his gun, rolls his eyes, he slowly opens the back door.

INT. BLACK ACURA LEGEND - NIGHT

Jakob and Eli scoping the front of the house. They see Edgar emerge from the shadows, approaching the SEDAN.

ELI
Oh no. I told you.

EDGAR
(whispering)
I can't do it.

JAKOB
Where's Felipe?

EDGAR
Inside.

Jakob pulls a COLT .45 AUTOMATIC, shoots Edgar in the head.

INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felipe creeps through the luxurious home. The TV blares. Laughter fills the room. Felipe finds the Commissioner watching TV with a beer.

COMMISSIONER
Felipe?

Felipe hits the TRIGGER. FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! The Commissioner is ripped to bits. The sound of a woman screaming upstairs. Felipe at the staircase. The Commissioner's WIFE appears at the top. He reloads, fires an entire clip into her...

...He can't even look...

EXT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Felipe runs out of the house, notices Edgar's dead body in the middle of the street, hops in the Acura. The car speeds off, drifting through the street.

INT. BLACK ACURA LEGEND - NIGHT

Felipe looks out the back window. Edgar's dead body in the street. The SEDAN cuts through the neighborhood.

EXT. EDGAR'S HOME - NIGHT

Edgar's sister cries in the doorway. Felipe lingers, gripping a bouquet of roses. She grabs him close. He caresses the back of her neck softly. Martin and Hugo in the BG, oblivious.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

A bus turned gang initiation vehicle. A SWARM OF M-17 GANG CAPTAINS at one end of the bus... Felipe at the other end... The seats force Felipe into one path to the front...

JAKOB (O.S.)
Felipe Masseria...

Felipe warms up, waves his arms around, breathing... Jakob gets onto the bus, rolls up his sleeves...

JAKOB (CONT'D)
Go!

Felipe runs into a fury of punches and kicks that send him quickly to the ground. He fights to get back up, a swarm of punches hitting him in the face and neck. He swings a violent array of punches and manages to get up...

He elbows a few of the CAPTAINS in the head, allowing him to gain some room. Jakob waits at the end of the bus as Felipe fights his way through the crowd. His vision blurred, he can barely make out the outlines of his opponents. He's losing now. Punches are coming from every direction. He's having a hard time breathing. Some blood in his eye obstructs his vision. He's on his way to the ground when suddenly...

...a second wind comes. Felipe storms through the aisle, knocking a group of CAPTAINS down, he fist fights his way through the rest of them, throwing hard one hitter punches left and right. He kicks one of the CAPTAINS in the face, knees another one in the groin. Only a few more to go, he uses his speed to throw his next few punches, manages to knock down the last group of CAPTAINS...

...The only one left, Jakob, standing at the end, smiling, impressed. Felipe falls down in front of him, drenched in blood, scarred beyond recognition, broken bones for sure. Jakob takes his hand, raises it.

JAKOB (CONT'D)
Welcome...

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A car speeds off. Leaving in its wake: Felipe's badly beaten body. A few NURSES run out to tend to Felipe.

INT. MASSERIA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Julio drinks a glass of whiskey at the dinner table. Gabrielle steps out of the bedroom.

GABRIELLE
(yawning; tired)
What are you doing? Are you crazy?

JULIO
Come here.

Gabrielle sits on his lap, lights up a cigarette.

GABRIELLE
Is Felipe here?

JULIO
No. We got into it.

GABRIELLE
About what?

JULIO
My son. My son is a gangster,
Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE
He is not.

JULIO
I picked him up from jail. Under my
own nose, all of this. I don't even
know who my own son is...

GABRIELLE
He's young, stupid, ambitious. Full
of hormones, he'll grow up.

JULIO
I just pray he has the chance.

GABRIELLE
Where's Martin?

JULIO

Hugo's.

Gabrielle watches Julio, worried, rises.

GABRIELLE

Have you spoken to your captain?

JULIO

No, I haven't had the chance.
Things have been crazy, you see the news.

GABRIELLE

I don't care about any of that shit. Julio, I can't keep going on like this. I work my ass off to try and keep a roof over our heads. I did four years at university so I could have a job that made money and you don't care at all. You make slave wages, you make no effort to go forward in life.

(looking around)

Do you like living like this? We're poor Julio. Do you know that?

JULIO

We're not poor.

GABRIELLE

Yes we are. Julio. We're poor!

A PAGER sitting on the table goes off, BUZZING:

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Great. How much are they gonna give you for this one? Two Quetzal? Is that really worth your life?

Julio picks it up, eyes it. 911. Shit. Gotta go. Julio gets up, rushes into his bedroom.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

I can't do this anymore, Julio.

JULIO (O.S.)

It's probably just a drill.

Julio heading for the door with his duffel bag.

JULIO (CONT'D)

I'll call you.

He's out the door. Gabrielle buries her head in her lap, beyond frustrated with her boyfriend.

INT. KAIBILES HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Two DOZEN Kaibiles Commandos fill the crowded room. Ramon and Julio among them, all dressed in combat fatigues. Captain at the end of the table addressing his men.

CAPTAIN

We will be extracting a high priority target in conjunction with México's G.A.F.E. Squad. Two platoons on our side, two for them. We move in quickly, we get out faster. We will be in a residential area so keep gunfire to an absolute minimum.

OPERATIVE

Who's the target?

CAPTAIN

You will know seconds before you hit the ground.

COMMANDO

Do we need the target dead or alive, sir?

CAPTAIN

Either one will do.

RAMON

Okay, men. Get your things we're gone in five!

The men disperse, fleeing the room for the lockers. Julio approaches his superior, a bit confused.

CAPTAIN

Julio Masseria. How are you?

JULIO

Good, yourself?

CAPTAIN

Very good, how can I help you?

JULIO
The target.
(inching in)
Who is it?

Captain smiles, inches in closer to Julio.

CAPTAIN
(whispering)
Javier Montiel.

INT. UH-60L BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A fourteen man Kaibiles PLATOON. Julio leads this unit. Squad # 1. The roar of the chopper spreads far and wide. Julio nods at Ramon, ready for war --

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

TWO UH-60L BLACK HAWKS soar over the rainforest tree tops.

EXT. DROP ZONE - NIGHT

Squad # 1 and # 2 are dropped in the middle of a cul-de-sac in a residential area. Each squad advances in two different directions. Fast.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

An upper class suburban neighborhood. Quiet. Too quiet. We hear the sound of footsteps... SQUAD # 1 closing in. Julio ahead of the pack, AR-15 forward. Halt.

A G.A.F.E TRUCK pulls up, stops. The doors fly open: ten COMMANDOS are on the ground, move in toward the target:

JULIO
(to his men)
Proceed.

Squad # 1 trails behind the G.A.F.E Squad. They approach a middle-sized home at the end of the street.

INT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A humble two-story home. JAVIER MONTIEL, 32, athletic, well-built, casually dressed, watches TV. A sound outside alerts him. He stands, scans the front of the house. Nothing yet.

EXT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - NIGHT

Squad # 1 approaches the side of the house. The G.A.F.E Unit takes the front door. Squad # 2 takes the back --

Everyone in position now. Hold...

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
(OVER RADIO)
Commence!

The G.A.F.E Squad blasts the front door to pieces, enter. Squad # 1 knocks down the side door. Julio throws a frag grenade. BOOM! Squad # 1 enters the side of the house.

INT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The G.A.F.E Unit enters the front door, executes two BODY GUARDS stationed in front of the living room TV.

INT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Javier sprints up a flight of stairs. CHAOTIC sounds of screaming, gunfire, footsteps. Javier enters a bedroom.

INT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Javier grabs an AK-47 from the closet, loads it. He shuts the door, rushes over to his desk and grabs a grenade. The sound of men approaching --

Silence... He pulls the pin, tosses the grenade, it rolls over to the door, quietly rattling --

Javier waits...

...dashes for the window, jumps out. The grenade blasts. Wiping out Squad # 2 at the door. A gory mess.

EXT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Javier racing across the rooftop. .50 caliber shells tear the rooftop to shreds. Missing.

INT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio leads Squad # 1 into the upstairs bedroom. Most of Squad # 2 is dead. A MEDIC tends to them. Julio finds Ramon's dead body in the doorway. Stunned. Julio slowly opens the door, spots the shattered window, takes off.

EXT. MIDDLE SIZED HOME - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Julio sprints across the rooftop, sees Javier running, fires his AR-15, chops up the rooftop -- Javier takes cover, fires back, jumps onto another roof. Julio follows, determined.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Javier hits the ground running, holding his AK-47 close. He passes the back yard's of homes, confident, strong.

Julio lands on the ground, slows down. Reassess. He jogs in the direction of Javier. Careful. Precise.

Javier hides behind a wooden fence, ducks down, hears the sound of Julio's feet approaching, lifts his weapon.

Javier kicks the fence door open. Nothing. Julio lurks behind him in the shadows: strangles him, removes his AK-47, shoves his face into the concrete. Hard.

He cuffs him, raises his radio --

JULIO
I have the target.

INT. JULIO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julio enters, puts his duffel bag down. A note on the bed. He picks it up: **THERE IS NO MORE**

Opening and closing all the drawers. She's gone. He sits down on his bed...

INT. JULIO'S CLOSET - NIGHT

A mess of memories. Scattered. A shoe box sits atop a rack of clothes. Dusty. Julio opens a box full of pictures. Perusing through them now, he comes across an ancient photo...

A picture of the Masseria family, five or six years ago, plus one, Felipe's mother. A beautiful woman, stunning. It brings tears to Julio's eyes...

He throws the shoe box against the wall...

INT. KAIBIL HQ - GYM - NIGHT

Julio lifting weights. He's bench pressing the weight of a few grown humans.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT

A presentation to the world media: (6) MEXICAN G.A.F.E. COMMANDOS stand behind Javier Montiel and (4) other **Montiel-Cruz Alliance** leaders. REPORTERS and JOURNALISTS galore. All snapping photographs...

Javier looks good, polished, unemotional.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

An upper class strip club. Downtown. Energy and trade businessmen come here after work. Right now it's empty. Michael sips a glass of beer as the late shift of ladies take to the stage. Sergio sits down.

SERGIO

Miguel.

MICHAEL

Serg.

SERGIO

Javier Montiel.

MICHAEL

You look pretty upset.

SERGIO

Why didn't you tell me?

MICHAEL

I didn't want to distract you.

SERGIO

You guys just made the biggest fucking mistake you have no idea.

MICHAEL

We just put the head of the world's most violent and powerful criminal organization behind bars.

SERGIO

It's more complicated than that. You Americans will never understand how things work down here.
(drinking now)
Has anyone talked to him?

MICHAEL

I did.

SERGIO

And?

MICHAEL

He's worried about his younger brother, Gusto. His mom is in Kansas.

SERGIO

He should be worried.

MICHAEL

I need to know what you think about this Gusto character. You think he has what it takes to step up? Take control of the cartel for his brother?

Michael sips his glass of OJ.

SERGIO

No. He's too soft, likes the ladies too much. He's a business man.

MICHAEL

So then, who's your pick?

SERGIO

No one.

MICHAEL

I don't follow.

SERGIO

I don't think they'll be replaced. Marcos Aponte, too. The cartels are being pushed out, killed, arrested.
(inching in)
(MORE)

SERGIO (CONT'D)

That means a very scary nightmare
is about to become a reality.

MICHAEL

Why?

SERGIO

Los Blancos and Los Locos aren't
taking orders anymore... They're
giving them. That, my friend, is a
very scary thing...

Michael lets this sink in.

SERGIO (CONT'D)

You thought we had problems before?
Now, instead of some cool headed
college educated businessman it's
gonna be former special ops guys
who chop more heads off than Al-
Qaeda...

MICHAEL

Sounds promising.

SERGIO

Things will escalate. They'll get
more violent. But you already knew
that, didn't you? That's why we're
here, isn't it? Why I'm here...
There's about to be another war.

MICHAEL

(inching in)
Is your team ready?

EXT. URBAN CITY STREET - DAY

TITLE CARD: COBÁN DEPARTMENT, GUATEMALA

A ROAR OF ENGINES approaching. A convoy of vehicles: JEEPS
(equipped with .50 cal. machine guns), TRUCKS (filled with
gunmen), SUVs, carrying gunmen and supplies.

They pass through a two lane road filled with village locals
and bustling street salesmen, merchandise bulging out into
the street. Matteo and Sergio out in front, driving a JEEP.

The TRUCKS are packed with *Los Asesinos*, casually dressed
young males equipped with ski masks, AR-15s, AK-47s, MP-5
SMGs, bullet proof vests and the occasional Kevlar helmet.

INT. LOS ASESINOS HQ (GUATEMALA) - HOUSE - DAY

A MAP OF GUATEMALA is sprawled out across a wooden tableau. Sergio and Matteo hover over the map. Oscar and Anton watch closely behind them. Sergio's in deep thought.

 SERGIO
 These airstrips right here.
 (indicating on map)
 All in Petén.

 MATTEO
 You think we have enough men?

Sergio observes the eyes of his men.

 SERGIO
 Yes.
 (back to the map)
 If we take these airstrips all
 along this river, we attack their
 weakest point. We don't meet them
 for battle... We hit them where it
 hurts, amigos...
 (pointing out)
 The pockets.

 OSCAR
 And Los Locos...

 SERGIO
 Luis Gamboa is still stuck on the
 road from México. He's having re-
 supply and transpo problems thanks
 to some of our neighbors to the
 North. That gives us seven, maybe
 ten days to take this river before
 Los Locos get here...

Sergio and Matteo exchange glances. Sergio studying the map.

 SERGIO (CONT'D)
 Get the men ready we leave at night
 fall.

EXT. LOS LOCOS CAMP # 1 (MEXICAN-GUATEMALAN BORDER) - DAY

A BLACK EXPLORER approaches the camp. A JEEP in front and
 back, an escort. Luis waits. The SUVs stop. Alisa Aponte
 steps out, kisses Luis on the cheek.

LUIS
It's been too long.

ALISA
Indeed it has.

LUIS
Sorry for your loss.

ALISA
Thank you.

LUIS
(changing the subject)
Come. I've had lunch prepared for
us.

EXT. LOS LOCOS CAMP # 1 - LUNCH AREA - DAY

A surprisingly elegant lunch set up. Luis and Alisa dining
across from one another. In the B.G., Los Locos are training,
preparing for war, mapping out territory.

ALISA
I'm very impressed, Luis. You have
exquisite taste.

LUIS
(wiping his mouth)
I have a team of private chefs
follow me wherever I go. It's my
only vice, Alisa. I cannot live
without great food...

Alisa continues eating. Luis gulps his glass of wine.

LUIS (CONT'D)
So... How is the business running?

ALISA
Very well. Business is not my
concern as I'm sure you know.

LUIS
Revenge?

ALISA
I would prefer not to involve
myself in the activities that my
father and brother engaged in. I
want no involvement, no profit, no
power, no nothing.

(MORE)

ALISA (CONT'D)
(inching in closer)
I want the men who killed my
brother and father dead.

Luis takes a sip of wine, smiles, wipes his mouth.

LUIS
That's why I'm --

ALISA
(interrupting)
No. Not the men who ordered it... I
want the men who pulled the
trigger.

Luis eats a bit more, almost ignoring her until --

LUIS
And that is all you want? Your
father is owed millions, your
brother, too.

ALISA
I want none of it.

LUIS
Okay. Very well.

Luis continues with his food.

LUIS (CONT'D)
Your company will continue cleaning
our money?

ALISA
Of course.

LUIS
Then...
(reaching out his hand;
smiling)
We have a deal, Miss Aponte...

ALISA
Will they be hard to find?

LUIS
If they are alive, Miss Aponte, we
will find them.

Alisa sips her glass of wine, observing the camp.

INT. STEFANIE'S APARTMENT - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

A bourgeois three-bedroom apartment downtown. Tasteful. STEFANIE'S FATHER, wearing a dark business suit, rolled up sleeves, at the head of the table. Stefanie and Felipe face each other. All plates full of food --

STEFANIE'S FATHER
So. Felipe? Stefanie tells me you like movies. Is this true?

FELIPE
Yes it is. I love movies.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
What is your favorite movie?

FELIPE
"Casablanca."

STEFANIE'S FATHER
(impressed)
Good choice.
(off Stefanie)
Your boyfriend is cultured. Most kids your age are probably more into "new wave." I personally enjoy the films of Federico Fellini...

FELIPE
Coppola is my favorite director.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Ahh... "The Conversation" is truly his finest film.

FELIPE
(politely questioning him)
Not "The Godfather"?

STEFANIE
Can we talk about something other than movies for once?

They all continue eating.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Are you in school, Felipe?

Stefanie rolls her eyes. Great.

FELIPE
No, actually. I'm working.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Working? What are you doing?

FELIPE
Deliveries.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Ah, deliveries! I did that when I was a kid, too. One pain in the ass, though.

FELIPE
Yes.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Are you enjoying your dinner?

FELIPE
Very much, sir.

STEFANIE'S FATHER
You don't have to call me sir. David is fine.

Silence. Stefanie smiles at Felipe.

STEFANIE'S FATHER (CONT'D)
(off Stefanie)
Can you give us a minute sweetie?

STEFANIE
For what?

STEFANIE'S FATHER
Please. Men must talk.

Stefanie leaves the table. STEFANIE'S FATHER inches in closer. Felipe tenses up.

STEFANIE'S FATHER (CONT'D)
I know you've been staying here and I know what happened with your father...
(off Felipe's expression)
...don't bother. We all need a roof over our heads, Felipe. Just know this, dating my daughter. I don't want her to turn out some widow living in the slums. Do you understand me, Felipe?

FELIPE

Yes, sir.

STEFANIE'S FATHER

Don't give me any of that "yes sir" shit.

(standing up now)

Now you can stay here until you get enough money to get on your own feet, get your own place. I can maybe try and help you find a better job.

Felipe frozen. Under attack.

FELIPE

Thank you.

STEFANIE'S FATHER

Don't thank me and don't make me regret this. Good night, Felipe.

STEFANIE'S FATHER gets up. Felipe lurks. Frozen. Stefanie appears.

FELIPE

At least I don't have to sneak in through the window anymore.

STEFANIE

I like when you sneak in through the window. It's sexy.

FELIPE

Oh yeah?

STEFANIE

Yeah.

Felipe kisses her.

FELIPE

Come on. I gotta go pick up Martin.

EXT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 1 - DAY

Los Asesinos, composed of three SQUADS, hop out of truck beds, rushing through the street, ready for war:

Oscar leads Squad # 1. Anton leads Squad # 2. Matteo leads Squad # 3. They CLOSE IN on the safe house --

Squad # 1 takes the front door. Squad # 2 takes the side.
Squad # 3 takes the back.

All in position now: Hold

MATTEO

Go, go, go!

INT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 1 - DAY

Squad # 1 enters, sprays the living room with gunfire,
tearing through the flesh of half a dozen *Blancos*.

Squad # 2 spreading fire, they catch a few *Blancos* running
for it. Anton out ahead of his men, he fires another clip
into the dead bodies for fun.

Squad # 3 waits at the back for deserters. A few rush out,
run into a clusterfuck of bullets.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Two BLACK FORD EXPLORERS carrying *Los Blancos*. Two IMPALAS
swerve into the middle of the street, speeding toward the
EXPLORERS. Oscar drives one of the Impalas. Matteo drives
another.

The IMPALAS burst into the intersection, wheels SCREECHING,
DRIFTING, they BLOCK off the SUVs. *Los Asesinos* pop up in the
back seats, firing squads, they pump the SUVs full of armor
piercing bullets --

A dozen *Blancos* are killed instantly --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

An all out firefight in the streets. *Asesinos* hurl grenades
over a wall. A fortified machine gun position atop a home
unleashes a fury of .50 caliber shells on *Los Asesinos*.

They duck and cover, returning fire as they retreat --

.50 CAL. POSITION

A *Locos* gunner and spotter. The gunner swings the .50 CAL.
around to the west, they open fire on an *Asesinos* group...
The Spotter feeding the ammo belt...

Matteo finds the position, catches them off guard, rain down
machine-gun fire on the gunner and spotter.

INT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 2 - DAY

Los Blancos struggle to gather weapons and ammo. Gunfire erupts outside. Disarray.

BLANCOS # 1
Who the fuck are these guys?

BLANCOS # 2
I don't have a fucking clue.

The LIVING ROOM explodes with gunfire, killing both men.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Sergio leads a SQUAD of *Asesinos* down a dark alley. They get to the back door of a small home. TWO MEN approach, gripping a long metal beam, smash the door in. *Los Asesinos* pour into the house. The sound of non-stop firing --

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A group of unarmed *Los Blancos* eat lunch. Two CADILLACS pull in front. Four GUNMEN unleash a barrage of bullets, ripping apart the TARGETS and the eatery. The barrage subsides.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - NIGHT

A well dressed upper class young COUPLE exits a hotel lobby. Two VALET MEN, Oscar and Anton, shoot the couple to death. They get into a getaway car, speed off.

INT. LOS ASESINO'S SAFE HOUSE - DAY

A quiet room filled with various surveillance and counter-intelligence equipment. Michael and Sergio sit at a table which stretches across the room.

MICHAEL
We need money.

SERGIO
What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Just a temporary set back. We'll be back in business next week but for now we're going to have to get creative.

SERGIO

You work for the most powerful and wealthy government in the world. What's the problem?

MICHAEL

Oh don't kid yourself, Sergio. It's all monopoly money...

Sergio stands up, approaches the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So you gonna hit some shipments?

SERGIO

No... I got something else I've been wanting to try out...

Sergio gets to the door.

MICHAEL

Serg...

SERGIO

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Why'd you kill those two American tourists?

Sergio turns around.

SERGIO

Now *that* is a very personal question.

MICHAEL

How about an honest answer? Why'd you do it? You knew we would come after you...

SERGIO

Same reason I ever killed anyone... they were bad.

Sergio leaves Michael in silence.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONFERENCE - DAY

A magnificent board room in an grandiose bank. An oak wood table stretches along the room. High vaulted tinted windows surrounding, the bank lobby in the BG. Alisa stands at the end of the table, addressing a dozen regional branch heads.

ALISA

To begin, I would like to thank everyone for being here today...

EXT. BANK - DAY

Two CADILLACS pull in front. Jakob, Eli, and Felipe get out of one car, all packing assault rifles. Sergio and Matteo get out of the other. All wearing bullet proof vests. Weapons drawn, they enter the bank. Swift. Quiet.

ALISA (V.O.)

...I do understand that some of you have had to travel for this meeting without any knowledge of its purpose and for that I apologize...

INT. BANK - DAY

High vaulted ceilings. Colonial-style architecture. A group of men burst in. Sergio leads them into the bank, weapons high. A burst of MOMENTUM...

SERGIO

Everybody! SHUT THE FUCK UP AND SIT DOWN THIS IS A ROBBERY!

Sergio fires his weapon into the air. A GUARD goes for his gun. Matteo shoots him in the head --

ALISA (V.O.)

...the purpose of this meeting is to reassess our values, our plans, and most of all our future as a bank. Some of you came down from México to head up operations down here, some of you came from the states, some were already here...

Felipe on crowd control, waving his gun in the air. He lines up hostages, keeps them in check --

FELIPE

Everyone sit down and shut up!

Jakob and Sergio head to the VAULT, dragging a BANK MANAGER by the feet, he squirms.

MANAGER

There will be consequences!

JAKOB

It's going to be hard not killing this guy.

SERGIO

Who said we weren't killing him?

They arrive at the vault.

SERGIO (CONT'D)

Open it.

The BANK MANAGER stares. Sergio pistol whips him.

EXT. BANK # 2 - DOWNTOWN - DAY

An elite bank in a commercial district. The two CADILLACS whip to the front. Same drill. The men pour out.

INT. BANK # 2 - DAY

Sergio leads his men into the bank, shoots the first TWO GUARDS in the head --

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONFERENCE - DAY

Alisa standing at the end of the table.

ALISA (V.O.)

...I'm sure you are all aware of the fragile state this country is in. I'm also sure a lot of you are aware that my brother Victor, my father Marcos, my cousins...

(scanning the room)

...they're all dead.

EXT. BANK # 2 - DAY

Los Asesinos exit the bank, each carry a duffel bag full of money, an AR-15 around the shoulder. Civilians watching in amazement. The men load into the cars quickly, speed off --

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONFERENCE - DAY

Alisa speaking. The Assistant watching from across the room.

ALISA

...and some of you may think that
may entitle you to a promotion. And
you would be terribly mistaken...

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Felipe drives. Jakob riding shotgun. Eli in the back perusing through two duffel bags full of money.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONFERENCE - DAY

Alisa at the end of the table. In the BG, Sergio and his crew enter the lobby, ready to take down the bank.

BRANCH HEAD

Miss Aponte!

EXT. CENTRAL BANK - DAY

Felipe holds his AR-15 close, patrols the front of the bank. Tense. Cautious. CIVILIANS pass by. He smiles --

INT. CENTRAL BANK - CONFERENCE - DAY

Alisa watches the BANK ROBBERS in the lobby.

ALISA

Everyone stay here.

Alisa walks over to the door, the branch heads take cover under the table.

ASSISTANT

Miss Aponte?!
(whispering)
What are you doing?

ALISA
Call Luis Gamboa...

Alisa steps out of the board room.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Alisa slides along the wall, she pulls the .45 from her purse, sneaks a peek at the BANK ROBBERS. A gunshot goes off. The BANK MANAGER is dead.

SERGIO (O.S.)
Fuck it. It's not worth it. Let's
go! DRAWERS ONLY! CASH IN THE
DRAWERS ONLY! LET'S GO!

They grab the money in the drawers, stuff them in bags, exit the bank. Matteo covers. Swinging his AR-15 around --

As the men exit the bank, Alisa follows, raises her gun, shoots, hits Matteo in the back...

...he stumbles out the front doors...

EXT. CENTRAL BANK - DAY

Oscar and Anton covering their exit. Two trucks full of *Los Locos* approaching --

ANTON
They're coming!

Sergio notices the TRUCKS as he gets into the car, he stops, runs for cover. Matteo starts shooting.

INT. CENTRAL BANK - DAY

Alisa approaches the front doors. The sound of gunshots is deafening. Alisa grips her .45, opens the door. Matteo sits there, firing his gun at *Los Locos*...

STREET

Jakob notices the trucks. Eli follows. They take cover. Felipe tries to make a run for it, fires at the trucks.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS. Sergio pops out first, returning fire on *Los Locos*. Jakob fires as well. *Los Locos* leap out of the trucks. Felipe fires an entire clip into the approaching *Locos*.

FELIPE

Let's go!

Oscar gets one. Felipe gets two more. FIRING at *Los Locos* while the others pile into the Cadillacs... also randomly shooting --

BANK ENTRANCE

Matteo empties his AR-15 on the convoy. Alisa steps out of the bank. Matteo turns, noticing, smiles.

MATTEO

(smiling)

Hello, beautiful.

Alisa shoots him in the head, steps back into the bank.

STREET

Felipe frozen. The sound of gunshots snaps him back to it, running now, he gets into the back seat. Jakob drives. Eli sprints after the Cadillac, hops in, nearly gets shot.

ELI

GO! GO! GO!

Sergio gets into the other car. He notices Matteo's dead body on the sidewalk. A gauntlet of *Locos* pour into the street, firing at the fleeing bank robbers --

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE GROWING PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER --

INT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Sergio speeding. Disturbed. The sound of gunshots drains out. He's fighting back his tears. The window shatters. He drives. Not fazed by the fury of gunfire surrounding him --

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Large piles of cash cover the table. Jakob and Felipe counting their share of the score --

Jakob pushes a huge stack of money towards Felipe. They shake hands. Felipe, a look of shock on his face. A playful moment.

INT. STEFANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stefanie lays in bed. Some candles are lit. She can't sleep. A noise. Felipe enters quietly through the door.

STEFANIE
(laughing)
Trying to sneak in?

FELIPE
I had work.

Stefanie notices his duffel bag.

STEFANIE
What is that?

FELIPE
Just some stuff I grabbed from my
dad's house. He wasn't home.

STEFANIE
Oh... How was your day?

FELIPE
It was good. Productive.

STEFANIE
Productive is good.

Felipe gets undressed, slips into bed with Stefanie.

FELIPE
I still can't believe your dad the
other night.

STEFANIE
What do you mean?

FELIPE
Letting me stay here. Being cool.

STEFANIE
Why can't you believe it? You're a
good guy.

FELIPE
(smiling)
I'm a good guy?

STEFANIE

Well. Aren't you? "Good boy."
That's what you always say.

They laugh.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

I got you something.

FELIPE

Yeah?

STEFANIE

Look in the closet.

Felipe gets up, opens the closet. A brand new DVD player. Next to it, a COLLECTION OF GANGSTER DVDs. The classics. Felipe in complete awe. He turns to Stefanie.

FELIPE

I love you so much.

Stefanie laughs. He kisses her. He goes through the titles like a little kid on Christmas morning.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Why did you do this?

STEFANIE

It's your birthday.

FELIPE

How did you know?

STEFANIE

(smiling)

Martin. I wanted to surprise you.

Felipe kisses her. He lifts her, carries her to the bed. Undressing her one item at a time. Kissing her neck. She lifts his shirt off, pulling him closer. He's inside her. Passionate. He's gentle, kisses her lips.

INT. STEFANIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Stefanie and Felipe laying in bed. The only light from the street below. She rests her head on his chest.

STEFANIE

My father found you a job. It pays
very well. A desk job.

FELIPE
Doing what?

STEFANIE
Selling insurance on the phone.

FELIPE
And how much do they pay?

STEFANIE
Two hundred and fifty Quetzal a
day.

Felipe laughs. That's 30USD.

FELIPE
I think I'm alright.

STEFANIE
You ever think about baseball?

FELIPE
Oh come on.

STEFANIE
What? What's wrong with that?

FELIPE
I already told you.

Silence.

STEFANIE
Felipe.
(turning now)
I don't want to stay here forever.

FELIPE
I know.

Felipe kisses her.

FELIPE (CONT'D)
Good night.

Felipe sleeps. Stefanie rolls over.

EXT. CITY BLOCK - DAY

TITLE CARD: LOS LOCOS BATTLE GROUP C, PETÉN DEPARTMENT

The SOUND OF GUNFIRE explodes through the streets of this working class town. Small groups of *Locos* run across the street, AK-47s in hand. Ski masks on.

They are heading for a home. *Blancos* pour out into the middle of the street, firing on the *Locos* tirelessly. *Los Locos* take cover behind the town buildings.

Los Blancos firing madly, continuously --

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE - DAY

TITLE CARD: LOS LOCOS BATTLE GROUP A, MELCHOR DE MENCOS

The jungles of Northern Guatemala. A large group of *Los Locos* are patrolling, searching for something:

Camouflaged *Blancos*, hidden amongst the shrubbery, open fire on the ambushed *Locos* group.

The two groups exchange small arms fire.

Los Locos start to fall back...

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

TITLE CARD: LOS LOCOS BATTLE GROUP B, LA MESILLA

Los Locos pour into the building, running up the stairs, all packing AR-15s. Fast. They approach a main door frame and open fire. The office is torn apart by bullets from all directions. A plaque in the luxurious office indicates this was the Mayor's office.

EXT. LOS BLANCOS AIRSTRIP - DAY

TITLE CARD: LOS BLANCOS HQ, PETÉN DEPARTMENT, LA LIBERTAD

A *Los Blancos* controlled Ranch/Air-Strip is under attack. *Los Blancos* have mainly taken cover in the barns and buildings of the farm. *Los Locos* have surrounded them. Non-stop gunfire... Loud. A CESNA CORVALIS sits on the airstrip.

A rush of *Locos* advance on the main ranch building...

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Héctor and Augusto hold court. Reminiscent of a group of GENERALS surrounding a map. *Blancos* surround the two men.

They study a map of the region. *Blancos* and *Locos* strong holds marked accordingly. Héctor in deep thought.

INT. KAIBIL HQ - LEISURE ROOM - DAY

A group of Kaibil Commandos watching the news... Julio among them. A British REPORTER, 30s, female, on BBC, has the floor. A GRAPHIC displays: BLOOD SHED IN GUATEMALA.

BBC REPORTER # 2
 ...well that is exactly why there
 is a problem, Dan. It's the very
 fact that the country --

Julio turns off the TV. Everyone moans.

JULIO
 Quit your whining.

Julio stands up.

COMMANDO
 We're on TV!

JULIO
 Enough of that garbage. Lets go for
 a run until orders come through.

Everyone moans even louder. The door opens. Captain ducks his head in. Captain looks nervous, unhappy.

INT. UH-60L BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER - DAY

TITLE CARD: POPTÚN, PETÉN DEPARTMENT

A PLATOON of Kaibil Commandos led by Julio. They all slide down ropes, land on the ground. HELICOPTERS fly off.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

They move in on the warehouse...

A group of *Los Blancos* stroll out, walk towards an Explorer. Julio opens fire, *Los Blancos* caught off guard, some killed instantly.

Los Blancos run for cover. Julio's men disperse into two groups: one to the right, the other to the left.

Julio and his squad approach the warehouse, a Blanco runs out, catches a bullet to the head from Julio --

Two other Blancos open fire on Julio's group as they close in on the warehouse. They wait. Los Blancos reload. Julio's men pop out, shoot them all to hell.

The KAIBIL PLATOON bursts into the warehouse:

INT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY

A warehouse stacked with: AK-47s, AR-15s, GRENADES, ROCKET LAUNCHERS, BULLET PROOF VESTS, KEVLAR HELMETS, SNIPER RIFLES, M-16s, UZI MICRO SMGs, MP-5 SMGs, .50 CAL. MACHINE GUNS, .50 CAL. EQUIPPED JEEPS --

An unprecedented arsenal of weapons and supplies.

The PLATOON in awe of the weapons cache. Julio turns, notices his men all looking at him.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Julio paces in front of the warehouse. He's on a satellite phone, surrounded by his men.

JULIO

Captain.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Those are my orders. You are to return immediately to the South.

JULIO

But the war is up here! Why the fuck are we going to the south!

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Julio... Let the Mexicans deal with it.

JULIO

That would be fine! ONLY LOS BLANCOS aren't in México! They're right fucking here so let ME GO DO MY FUCKING JOB!

Julio smashes the phone into the ground. His men watch him.

SERGEANT

What are your orders, sir?

JULIO

My orders...

His men all watch him.

JULIO (CONT'D)

I'm done. Those are my orders. You want to do your job, men? You really want to hunt and kill these evil men? Well, you won't be able to do that here. At least, effectively.

Silence. Julio turns, walking away now.

COMMANDO (O.S.)

Where can we?

Julio stops in his tracks, slowly turns back to his men --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The kind of bar that's lucky to sell a twelve-pack in a day. A broken pool table. The Bartender is passed out. Sergio and Julio sit next to one another at a bar.

SERGIO

You and your men. That's what? Thirty five men?

Julio nods. Sergio downs a shot of whiskey.

SERGIO (CONT'D)

I can pay \$15,000 per man a month.

JULIO

I think they'll be fine with that.

SERGIO

You should have done this a long time ago, brother.
(off bartender)
Two shots, please.

Julio eyes Sergio, the rest of the empty bar.

SERGIO (CONT'D)

Some people can only keep their eyes closed for so long.

Julio laughs. Sergio too. They raise their drinks.

JULIO

To Los Asesinos...

SERGIO
Sí. Los Asesinos...

The two men toast.

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Pitch black. The door creaks open. Jakob and Eli enter. They turn on the lights. IN THE SHADOWS: Luis Gamboa sits at the circular table smoking a cigar, accompanied by THREE LOCOS.

LUIS
Jakob García?

JAKOB
Sí.

LUIS
Take a seat.

Jakob eyes the gunmen, Luis, all armed. Eli tenses up.

JAKOB
What is this?

LUIS
Don't worry. We're not here to kill you, take a seat. We need to talk.

Jakob sits down in front of Luis. A gunshot goes off. Eli is dead, killed by a hidden gunman.

LUIS (CONT'D)
That was for Erik Elias. If I killed one man of yours for every one of my own that you killed you would have no more men left.

JAKOB
What do you want?

LUIS
I know you were involved in the murder of a good friend of mine. Victor Aponte?

Jakob eyes the gunmen, nervous now.

JAKOB
What about it?

LUIS

I've been asked by Victor's sister, Alisa, to deliver the men who killed him. And you, my good friend, are going to do that for me.

JAKOB

I can't.

LUIS

Are you sure, Jakob? Because I would hate to be obliged to just....

Luis reveals a machete, brandishing it like a toy...

LUIS (CONT'D)

...restore the balance around here. You see, when you betrayed Marcos Aponte for the Montiel brothers, you put your entire organization at risk. Very unwise for a leader as respected and feared as yourself. If I were to do what was expected of me, I would chop your head off...

(sharpening his machete now)

...I would chop your head off and play soccer with it. My dog can play soccer, you know. He can kick the ball and everything. He can even score...

Jakob enthralled by this suave psychopath...

LUIS (CONT'D)

...so my dog would have a new toy to play with. Only, I'm not going to do that. No. No. No...

(lifting the machete within inches of his own eye ball)

...I like your kind. Things are gonna be changing around here for the better and I want you to be a big part of that. So... Jakob García... M-17 "Boss of all Bosses"...

(sharpening his machete again)

(MORE)

LUIS (CONT'D)
When will you introduce me to your
new friend, Sergio?

INT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DAY

Felipe leads Martin through the upper class shopping area. Their hands full with shopping bags. Felipe notices a beautiful diamond engagement ring in a jewelry store window. He stops to observe. Martin watching.

MARTIN
What?

Felipe looks back at Martin.

FELIPE
(via ring)
What do you think?

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

First class to Barcelona. Michael sits next to an unconscious old woman. He reads a newspaper.

The New York Times: CARTEL LEADER SLAIN... The article features a photograph of a dead body inside of a trunk. Michael looks closer... It's Augusto Montiel. The text says it was an inside job, mentions Héctor Cruz as a suspect...

INT. M-17 SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Jakob plays cards with two GUNMEN. An ARMED GUARD opens the door for Felipe. He smiles at Jakob, sits down.

JAKOB
(looking at his cards)
So what is this business you wanted
to talk about?

FELIPE
I've been looking at different
boarding schools for my little
brother. I found one in
Switzerland... one of the best.

JAKOB
Oh yeah?

FELIPE

I was wondering if maybe you could help me out I know you have contacts with the bank.

Jakob is taken aback, stares into Felipe's eyes.

JAKOB

(almost laughing)
What are you talking about?

FELIPE

My brother. Boarding school.

Two GUN MEN, *Los Locos*, standing behind Felipe. Jakob stands up. FIRE! FIRE! The two GUNMEN stroll out of the room. Felipe's dead body slumps onto the floor. Jakob standing over him.

JAKOB

I'm sorry, kid.

Jakob leaves the safe house. Silence. The sound of foot steps fills the room. It's Alisa Aponte...

She turns Felipe's dead body over, looks into his eyes. She watches him for a moment, removes a gun from her purse, and fires another bullet into his face. Closed casket.

INT. LOS ASESINO'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

An NSA FIELD OPERATIVE, gentle-faced, young, he's the "Young Man" from page one, sits in front of Sergio and Oscar. They already don't like him.

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE

...the operation has been a success, Sergio, that's why Michael was cycled out...

SERGIO

"Cycled out?"

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE

We try and keep fresh field operatives wherever we can.

SERGIO

And you have the same access to operational funds as Michael?

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE

Of course.

The operative drops photograph after photograph of all the heads of Los Blancos remaining in Guatemala, among them, Héctor Cruz --

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE (CONT'D)

Here are the targets...

EXT. LOS BLANCOS RANCH/AIRSTRIP # 1 - DAY

Los Asesinos, split into three large groups. Group # 1 led by Sergio. Group # 2 by Oscar. Group # 3 by Julio.

They jog toward the stronghold...

Los Blancos leap-frogging for cover in front of the ranch as *Los Asesinos* launch a barrage of gunfire on the outnumbered Blancos group --

Julio takes his men towards the airstrip where a plane is being loaded full of cocaine.

Oscar leads his group into the ranch.

Sergio keeps his squad in front of the ranch to maintain cover.

Julio encounters resistance at the airstrip. *Los Blancos* pour out of the ranch, unloading on *Los Asesinos*.

Los Asesinos drawing fire from all directions. The fury around them is disorienting.

Sergio meets Oscar by one of the barns. The sound of machine guns is extremely loud...

SERGIO

(screaming)

Take your men over to the left and flank the main building!

Oscar nods, leads his men to the edge of the farm. Sergio and his men approach, waiting...

SERGIO (CONT'D)

Go!

Sergio's men pop out, spread fire to cover Oscar's advance. *Los Blancos* take cover, stop firing --

Julio's men firing at the remaining *Blancos*. Sergio's men rush over to the airplane and unload the cocaine from the cabin of the grounded Cessna Corvalis --

Julio leads his men into the main barn. He gets two *Blancos* running for the exit. He runs after the rest of their Squad, finds them running for the woods --

Loading another magazine... He opens fire on them as they run for their lives, all cut down by Julio's AR-15...

EXT. LOS BLANCOS TRAINING FACILITY # 1 - DAY

Unarmed *Blancos* run for their lives as *Los Asesinos* chase them through a training facility. DOZENS OF THEIR BODIES being torn to shreds by bullets. Brutal. Without mercy.

BULLETS TEARING EVERYTHING APART. *Blancos* hide anywhere and everywhere to escape from the fire of *Los Asesinos*.

Not a chance they'll live --

EXT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 3 - DAY

Sergio leads a GROUP OF ASESINOS into the safe house --

INT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 3 - DAY

A few *Asesinos* catch BLANCOS GUNFIRE before outgunning them. Sergio takes cover in the kitchen.

EXT. LOS BLANCOS SAFE HOUSE # 3 - DAY

Los Asesinos pump the house full of bullets --

RIPPING APART EVERYTHING IN SIGHT...

INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Héctor Cruz laying in bed with two PROSTITUTES. They're getting naked one item of clothing at a time. The door flies open. Julio leads a SQUAD OF ASESINOS inside. Héctor doesn't even get a chance to run...

A river of machine-gun fire tears through the entire room...
...shredding the furniture, glass, and flesh...

INT. STEFANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stefanie calculating homework. The night light shines. She turns to the window, it's open. Felipe won't be coming home anymore...

INT. LA AURORA INT'L AIRPORT - TERMINAL - NIGHT

Alisa waits in line. A flight to Paris, France. She holds her bag close, ready to leave.

ATTENDANT

Hello. How are you doing this evening?

Nothing. Alisa looks at the woman, hands her a ticket. She rips it, hands it back to Alisa.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Enjoy your flight.

Alisa turns back, scanning the airport for assassins. She turns around, continues to the airplane. Gone.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The NSA Field Operative. Michael's replacement. He's been drowning for a while now. There's two men holding his head under water: Oscar and Anton. They lift him up.

SERGIO

Come on, Richard. You want to go home? You want to see your mommy? I can make all that happen for you. But to do that, I'm going to need those numbers.

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE (O.S.)

Which numbers?

SERGIO

Access codes to the accounts containing operational funds.

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE (O.S.)

There are nineteen accounts. That's 114 numbers. You ready?

Sergio can see the insanity in the Young Man's eyes, he hasn't slept or eaten in days.

SERGIO

This is useless.

Sergio steps over to the bath, grabs the operative by the head, smashes the back of his head into the bottom of the bath tub, again and again...

A terrifying scream. More of a howl. When he's breathing, he's gargling blood. The water quickly turns red. Sergio lets go, backs away, takes a deep breath.

NSA FIELD OPERATIVE (O.S.)

Please! Please, don't! Wait! Wait!
I don't have the numbers I swear
it's all encrypted man! Please! Let
me go I just want to go home!
Please!

Sergio steps over to the sink, grabs a 9MM GLOCK 18, examines it, jacks a round in the chamber...

SERGIO

Is this yours?

...and shoots the Young Man in the face.

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Julio standing in the bathroom doorway. Transfixed. He's been watching the whole time. Oscar and Anton lift the operative's dead body out of the ice cold tub.

FADE TO:

EXT. LA AURORA INT'L AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY

A BLACK SEDAN pulls up. STEFANIE'S FATHER drives. Stefanie gets out of the car, opens the back door for Martin. STEFANIE'S FATHER steps out. Martin hesitates, scans the crowd of travelers.

STEFANIE

It's going to be fine, Martin.
You're going to love it.

He says nothing. Stefanie kisses him on the forehead, backs away. STEFANIE'S FATHER steps up, kneels in front of him.

STEFANIE'S FATHER

You know your brother worked very
hard so you could go to this
school, Martin.

(MORE)

STEFANIE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

It's one of the best schools in the entire world. You're too young right now to appreciate that. But Martin, you have an opportunity that a lot of people in this country will never get... Don't waste it. Okay?

Martin nods, "Yes" --

STEFANIE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Alright, come on. Lets get you on this plane.

STEFANIE'S FATHER takes Martin by the hand, carries luggage with his free hand, they enter the airport. Stefanie watching from the car, waving goodbye to Martin as he disappears into the crowd...

She tries to hold back the tears, misunderstanding them at first, her eyes running now...

She eyes the diamond engagement ring on her finger... looks out the window again... the people... she smiles...

THE END