

# AMERICAN NINJAS

Wanted Dead or Alive:

The Semi-True Story of How My Best Friend and I Tried to  
Kill the World's Most Notorious Drug Lord for \$25 Million.

by  
Jason Benoit

[JBenoitFilm@gmail.com](mailto:JBenoitFilm@gmail.com)

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Inspired by a true story...

... (okay, but not really.)

**OVER BLACK:**

MITCH (V.O.)  
We've grown up a generation being  
told stories of heroes.

**FROM BLACK:**

**A BOY AND A GIRL**

race around their front lawn in Batman and Superman costumes,  
pretending to fight crime.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Of good versus evil.

**A SPACE SHUTTLE**

tearing up the Florida skyline.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Of astronauts venturing into the  
great unknown.

**A GRIZZLY BEAR**

upright, teeth snarled. Pant-shitting kind of stuff. He  
towers over a HUNTER, rifle steady.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Of hunters staring death in the  
face.

**THE TWIN TOWERS**

overcome with smoke and fire. Chaos in the streets.  
FIREFIGHTERS race towards the blaze while CIVILIANS flee.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Of 9/11 and D-Day. Of firefighters  
and feats of selfless human  
sacrifice.

**A HORRIFIC CAR WRECK**

fire consumes the mangled minivan.

MITCH (V.O.)  
We tell tales of their conquests  
and heroism. Build monuments in  
their honor.

An ORDINARY MAN charges into the flames and pulls a CHILD to  
safety moments before the car explodes.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 But what makes one man rush into  
 the fire while another flees...

#### **DEA AGENTS**

lay down heavy gunfire amid a bloody raid on a drug cartel  
 safe house. Cocaine, cash, guns and bodies galore.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Stand and fight, while another  
 perishes.

#### **A STRAY DOG**

braves freeway traffic to save a fellow CANINE in peril.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Risk life and limb for people they  
 barely even know.

**TIGHT ON:** the generous, affable face of MITCH MANKOWSKI (18,  
 gangly, a bit country and reserved). But at this particular  
 moment, his breath is labored.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Is it merely being in the right  
 place at the right time?

Mitch is on a FOOTBALL FIELD. Quarterback. Ball in his hands,  
 eyes downfield. His RECEIVER breaks open.

But Mitch is paralyzed, holds onto the ball...

His window is quickly closing...

And we can see it in Mitch's EYES-- he is absolutely,  
 utterly, positively *scared out of his fucking mind*.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

#### **MITCH'S EYES**

filled with steely focus. Perched atop a U.S. BORDER PATROL  
 BRONCO; a bit older now (36). Rode hard by life and spit out.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Why does one man do what must be  
 done instead of turning and fleeing?

In his hands - a RIFLE. Mitch aims down the scope, barrel  
 trained on-- a fully grown JAVELINA amid the barren desert...

Its ears perk up, attentive now. Head turning to look intently at the Bronco parked not far away.

Mitch's heartbeat THUMPS like a set of bass drums.

Adrenaline POUNDING.

MITCH (V.O.)  
Or worse, shitting all over  
themselves in fear?

The rifle shakes, ever so slightly. Waiting... waiting.

The javelina looks right at Mitch, right into him...

MITCH (V.O.)  
What truly makes a hero a hero?

Mitch steadies his gaze -- *CRACK!*

**EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - MOMENTS LATER**

The javelina is flung with a thud into the back of the Bronco, its jugular shredded.

Mitch, in his rough duty uniform, slams the trunk shut, moves for the front of the vehicle. Stows his rifle.

Another uneventful day on the great sandbox.

**EXT. BORDER PATROL - ARIZONA/MEXICO BORDER - LATER**

Mitch eats a PB&J sandwich in the front seat of the Bronco. Something catches his attention out the window.

Grabbing his binos, Mitch takes a closer inspection--

**ACROSS THE PLAIN**

an OLDER WOMAN sluggishly trudges along in the distance.

With a sigh, Mitch sets aside his lunch, fires up the engine and flips on the lights.

**MOMENTS LATER:**

The Bronco approaches, kicking up sand and dust.

Over its PA SYSTEM:

MITCH (VIA INTERCOM)  
(in Spanish; subtitled)  
*Freeze. You are trespassing on  
United States soil. Do not move.*

The Woman is carrying something. She rambles incoherently in Spanish as Mitch steps out of the truck, hand on his holster.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
*What's in your hands? Show me.*

Mitch scans the perimeter, slowly moves closer as the bundle rustles, then CRIES. *It's a baby.*

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Fuck.  
 (to the Woman)  
*Stay here. Do not move.*

Mitch retreats for his truck, reaching for the radio but feels something trickling out of his nose. It's blood.

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Mitch sits, tired. Still in his uniform. He diligently cleans his glasses with his shirt. A STERN, HEAVYSET NURSE calls Mitch's name, breaking him out of his trance-like state.

STERN NURSE  
 Mitch Mankowski?

Mitch slides his glasses back on, and stands.

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

A wrinkled, GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR studies Mitch. Tepid bedside manner, at best.

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR  
 If treated aggressively,  
 optimistically, we're looking at  
 possibly two years or more.  
 However, if left untreated, you'll  
 be lucky to make it three months.

Breath escapes Mitch.

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 The unfortunate reality is, we  
 caught this too late.

MITCH  
 (struggling to process)  
 I'm sorry, did you say Leukemia?

Gray-Hair offers a sympathetic smile. Then, realization!

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR

I knew I recognized that name.  
You're Mitch "the Cannon" Mankowski.  
You're a legend 'round these parts.

MITCH

Was.

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR

Took my own son to see your games.  
Still remember that last one. Boy,  
you sure did let that clock run out.

Mitch is in too much shock to process any of this. And the doctor quickly realizes his lack of candor.

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Sorry. Is there, uh, someone you  
can talk to? Wife? Girlfriend?

MITCH

Ex-wife.

The doctor composes himself.

GRAY-HAIR DOCTOR

My advice: Do something meaningful  
with the time you have left. In the  
end, that's all life really is, the  
deeds we accomplish and the good we  
ultimately leave behind. That's what  
makes a legacy.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Sullen, Mitch leaves. Climbs into his ramshackle Bronco.

**INT. BRONCO - CONTINUOUS**

Mitch collapses, shell-shocked. Tries to breathe but he's  
finding the breaths difficult. Reaches into the glove  
compartment -- where a PISTOL sits.

But Mitch bypasses the gun, pulls out a joint instead.

Lights up. Calming. Breaths easing. Then-- *BEEPING!*

Mitch is shaken from his daze, watch alarm nagging him - life  
waits for no one. Shucking off whatever emotions he's  
feeling, Mitch fires up the truck.



**EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

Kids file out. The caravan of minivans and sedans. Out of the swarm emerges MAGGIE (7).

MAGGIE

Dad!

She races to a waiting Mitch, who scoops her up in a bear hug. Holds her an extra beat longer than he might normally.

MITCH

(all smiles)

Hey, kiddo! Learn anything good today?

MAGGIE

No.

Mitch laughs as he carries her to the Bronco.

**INT. BRONCO - DAY**

Mitch and Maggie ride, singing some shitty pop song that'll make most dad's cringe like Miley Cyrus' "Wrecking Ball".

**EXT. CARLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Bronco pulls into the driveway. Mitch grabs Maggie's bookbag and walks her to the front door, where he's greeted by--

CARLA (30s, Mitch's ex-wife), plowing out of the house. Hair in curlers and a beer in hand.

CARLA

You were supposed to be here an hour ago.

MITCH

(not in front of Maggie)

Could we not do this today?

CARLA

Why's it so hard for you to respect other people's time? Now I gotta rush over to my mom's place to drop off Maggie for the night.

MITCH

I can take Maggie with me.

CARLA

You had your time, now it's mine.

She grabs Maggie and loads her into the car.

For a moment, Mitch loses his composure.

MITCH

Jesus, Carla, it's my fucking daughter. Least you can do is let her stay the night with me while you're out screwing half the town!

Carla spins back on Mitch, calm. So Maggie can't hear.

CARLA

You know what the judge said about your outbursts.

Mitch shrinks, she's right.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Are you high?

He doesn't answer.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I don't know what is going on with you lately but get your shit together because whatever this is, it's fucking pathetic.

She piles into the car, drives away.

**INT. BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER**

Frustrated, Mitch slams his hand against the steering wheel - but is quickly overcome by a COUGHING fit.

Finally subsiding, Mitch wipes his nose. *More blood.*

**INT. AIRPORT - DAY**

Dinky regional airport. TSA checkpoint. A PORTLY MAN steps through the metal detector - *BEEPS!*

He's stopped by TSA officer BARRY PETERSON (29). If Mitch is the diminutive brains, Barry is the meathead muscle. Though it's clear neither will ever be mistaken as Einsteins.

BARRY

(hates his life)

You hiding a ham sandwich in there?  
I'm kidding. Hands up, sir.

He wands the offended passenger. Waves him through.

Barry is that kid you swore would wind up in jail one day, if not dead. Quite simply though, no one ever believed in Barry, so eventually he stopped believing in himself.

**INT. AIRPORT - LATER**

Barry checks shampoo bottles. Frisks old ladies.

Bored out of his mind, Barry mimes blowing out his brains - which isn't missed by the LITTLE GIRL gawking nearby.

**INT. AIRPORT - LATER**

MILITARY MEN AND WOMEN on their way home, heading for their flights.

Barry stands tall, at attention, and salutes them.

**EXT. BUS STOP - DAY**

Shift over, Barry waits for the bus. His own Army issue backpack slung over his shoulder. Watches MMA highlights on his phone, when the ELDERLY LADY beside him interrupts.

ELDERLY LADY  
Important job you have there.

BARRY  
(out of it)  
Huh?

ELDERLY LADY  
(re: Barry's uniform)  
Homeland security. Making sure  
we're all staying safe.

BARRY  
This job ain't nothing but a  
placebo. They don't even let us  
carry tasers or nuthin'. If I wanted  
I could hijack a plane like THAT!

He SNAPS his fingers, spooking the old woman.

The bus arrives, the Elderly Lady can't board quick enough.

**EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Barry passes a lifted Toyota Tundra in the driveway. Bumper sticker reads: "My son is ~~in the Army~~ a fucktard!"

Barry spits at the truck, marches inside...

**INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

... tosses his backpack down, only to discover that he's just walked in on-- TWO PEOPLE having aggressive sex on the couch.

BARRY

Whoa! My bad, didn't know ya had company, Pops.

The NAKED GIRL pops her head up, and Barry instantly recognizes her as--

BARRY (CONT'D)

Jess?!

JESS

We thought you were at work.

BARRY

(to his dad)

You're fucking my girlfriend now?

JESS

Ex-girlfriend. Technically.

BARRY'S DAD

Don't go freaking out like you always do with your PTSD bullshit.

BARRY

I don't fucking have PTSD!

JESS

He still wets the bed.

BARRY

Jesus fuck! Are you serious with this shit right now?!

BARRY'S DAD

Barry, calm the fuck down.

BARRY

I AM FUCKING CALM!

Barry tries to stem the rage coursing through him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Why are you naked on the couch!?

BARRY'S DAD

It's my couch.

BARRY

We both use the couch.

BARRY'S DAD

It's my fucking couch, Barry.

BARRY

You know what, screw it. I can get naked too! Let's all get naked. Let's just walk 'round the house fuckin' naked havin' sex with my girlfriend on all the furniture!

Barry pulls off his shirt. Then his pants.

JESS

Ex-girlfriend.

BARRY

Fuck you, Jess! And fuck you, Pops!

Turning, he beelines it for--

### **HIS BEDROOM**

Fuming, Barry moves to gather up his prized possessions. Barry's Dad trails him, penis flopping out of his shorts.

BARRY'S DAD

What the hell are you doing!?

BARRY

Moving out, what's it fuckin' look like?!

On the wall, there are FRAMED PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER ARTICLES from when Barry returned home from war. The town hero.

BARRY'S DAD

You're 29 and still live at home. Maybe if you weren't such a degenerative dipshit you'd have actually done something with your life instead of gettin' kicked out of the Army.

BARRY

I was honorably discharged!

BARRY'S DAD

Yeah, but you're still dishonorably a jackass!

Barry spins on his dad, fists clenched.

## BARRY'S DAD (CONT'D)

You've been a fuck up since the day  
you were born and you ain't never  
gunna amount to a lick of shit.  
Just like your mother.

Barry's nostrils flare - but instead of swinging, he grabs up  
his American Ninja DVD collection, then flips both Dad and  
Jess double birds, and storms out.

**EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

A honky-tonk dive bar. Pickups litter the parking lot.

**INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

Couple BEER-GUTTED COWGIRLS do their worst on the karaoke  
stage. Nearby, Barry drinks, pitcher and a half in. Eyes  
fixed on a BURLY GUY grab-assing at the SHY WAITRESS while  
his buddies LAUGH. Taking his glass, Barry approaches.

## BARRY

Y'all wanna keep your hands to  
yourself?

## SHY WAITRESS

It's okay, Barry.

Burly eyes up Barry, chuckles.

## BURLY GUY

Yeah, G.I. Jane. Mind your own and  
scamper on back to the VA.

Calmly, Barry polishes off his beer, then-- *WHACK!* Shatters  
the glass across Burly's face. His BUDDY leaps from the booth  
but Barry HEADBUTTS him, crushing his nose -- then whips  
around to catch another DRUNK with a fist to the windpipe.

Barry can brawl. But he's soon outnumbered by the drunk  
ROUGHHOUSERS who PUMMEL HIM.

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mitch is on the phone, pours over a stack of overdue bills.

## MITCH

If I'm covered then how can they  
deny me treatment? This is precisely  
why someone pays to have insurance!  
... No, thank you.

Fed up, he SLAMS the phone down. Repeatedly. Then collapses  
on the couch, eyes glazed over.

**EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Mitch lumbers to his pickup. Passenger side. Glove compartment. Reaching for the weed, again - but this time his fingers find the pistol instead.

Checks the chamber. Loaded. Tense. Tense ... Scratches at the hammer with his thumb. *Click*. He starts to cry. More scared than he's ever been in his entire life.

*BRRNG-BRRNG!* - a warbled, faint ringing from the landline phone inside the house.

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Mitch re-enters, reaches for the half-broken receiver.

MITCH

What?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Mitch waits in the lobby. A TOWNIE COP addresses Mitch.

TOWNIE COP

I don't care who he is, get him some help, 'cause we can't keep doing this shit.

Mitch nods, understanding.

Door opens, and Barry is released.

BARRY

I swear, nothing is like it was before I flew all over this goddamn planet fighting for THIS country's freedom! And what's the thanks I get? Walkin' in on my pops balls deep in my girlfriend. Thank you, America!

He's flailing.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I need to crash with you for a few days... or longer.

(off Mitch's silence)

What the fuck's wrong with you?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT**

A few acres of land. Floodlights set up on a makeshift shooting range. Mitch and Barry use old tattered Bin Laden posters for target practice while they drink beers.

Mitch chambers a round. *BAM!* - a perfect shot.

BARRY  
(speechless)  
Fuck. I thought Leukemia was sumthin'  
only ugly kids got? If I had the  
money I'd totally give it to ya.

Mitch chambers another round - *BAM!* Another bull's-eye.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(half-jokingly)  
We could rob a bank to get the  
money for the treatments. Fuckin'  
Point Break-style. Dibs on the  
Nixon mask.

He mocks Nixon. Waving his fingers.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
"I am not a crook!" No, but  
seriously, I'd do that shit for ya.

MITCH  
I'm not going to rob a bank.

BARRY  
Shit, this almost makes my dad  
bonin' my girlfriend look uplifting.

Mitch can't help himself, laughs.

Then, a silent beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
'Member when we were kids? We use  
to talk all the time 'bout the big  
things we were gonna do? People  
were gonna know our names... Barry  
and Mitch.

MITCH  
Mitch and Barry.

BARRY  
Same difference... What happened?



MITCH

We never had a real plan.

BARRY

Bullshit. I wrote it on a napkin.  
Napkin contract.

MITCH

Get rich, bang honeys is not a plan.  
A plan means actually doing  
something. All we did was get drunk  
and screw around.

BARRY

Fuck you, I joined the Army. And  
you were All-State, 'cept you let  
the damn clock run out.

MITCH

I was dealing with shit.

BARRY

'Cuz you knocked up your  
girlfriend.

MITCH

'Cuz I knocked up my wife.

BARRY

Ex-wife.  
(beat)  
You coulda been someone.

Barry drinks his beer. Mitch stares up at the sky.

MITCH

I've never even seen the world, you  
know that? Always said I was gonna  
go to Europe one day.

BARRY

Trust me, world ain't all it's  
cracked up to be.  
(then)  
So, whatchu gonna do?

Mitch shrugs, completely lost.

A woman SCREAMS. The panic in her voice slicing through the  
heavy silence like a perfectly sharpened blade.

**SLAM INTO:**

Chaos. People wail. Destruction. Sand and dust caked into the air like a volcanic eruption blanketing the city.

The smoke clears, revealing--

**LAS VEGAS, NEVADA**

-- and the Aria Hotel (and large portions of the rest of the Strip) blasted apart like particleboard. The horrible aftermath of a devastating terrorist attack.

We are TIGHT ON: a news report. Watching the media bombardment on a TELEVISION SCREEN inside--

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mitch watches with glazed over eyes. Joint in hand. He hasn't shaved for weeks. A bushy beard wrapped around his thin jaw.

It's been a few days since the terrorist attack that rocked Las Vegas but the coverage is still round the clock.

**ON TV:** Amateur footage filmed inside an undisclosed location. Front and center is GIO DOS SANTOS, 50s, aka el Serpente (the Serpent). A flashy, over-the-top man dressed in designer clothes and gaudy accessories.

*\*His words are translated from Spanish by the station.*

GIO DOS SANTOS

*And to America, I say: I swear by God, those who live in America will never taste security and safety so long as your government continues to wage war on my operations...*

In the background, Barry retrieves a beer from the fridge.

GIO DOS SANTOS (ON TV) (CONT'D)

*Las Vegas was merely the beginning. You have been warned.*

**ON TV:** File footage of Gio dos Santos, over which a PATRIARCHAL NEWS REPORTER speaks:

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

Dos Santos is the notorious leader of os Acougeiros - a drug cartel operating out of Mexico - and who tonight is claiming responsibility for the attacks that took place in Las Vegas late last week.

Barry joins Mitch on the couch, cracks open his beer.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 Earlier this year, Forbes listed  
 dos Santos' personal wealth at an  
 estimated \$1 billion.

Barry whistles at the sum, leans forward, engrossed.

Then, almost unprompted, Mitch snaps.

MITCH  
 Fucking a-hole! If I saw that  
 motherfucker I'd cap his ass. And  
 I'd be a goddamn American hero if I  
 did it, too. Just straight up  
 murder his ass.

Barry looks over at Mitch, a bit creeped out.

BARRY  
 Yeah, man, me too. Totally.

Pregnant pause. Mitch starts to cry.

MITCH  
 I don't want to die.

Barry doesn't know what to say. So, instead, he just rests a  
 reassuring hand on Mitch's shoulder as he starts to cry.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BRONCO - DAY**

Mitch on duty, his beard is even thicker now, and he's bored  
 out of his goddamn mind. Just him and the desert for miles.

**INT. AIRPORT - BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Barry eats lunch alone, between shifts. Leers at a group of  
 EMPLOYEES laughing obnoxiously a table over. An outsider.

Walkie CHIRPS.

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

Barry's SUPERVISOR (40s), a punchy man who talks way too loud.  
 He leads Barry through the terminal, King of the castle.

PUNCHY SUPERVISOR  
 We've had some complaints recently  
 about your unprofessional behavior.  
 Did you really ask a woman if the  
 carpet matched the drapes?

BARRY

She was carryin' carpet samples.

They've reached the FOOD COURT. Punchy pulls a newspaper from under his arm, passes it to Barry. FRONT PAGE: more coverage of the Las Vegas attack.

PUNCHY SUPERVISOR

These are touchy times, Barry. We have to be on our best behavior. I have to officially write you up.

But Barry's distracted by the newspaper - and the HEADLINE announcing the FBI's offer of a \$25 Million bounty for information leading to the capture of Gio dos Santos.

PUNCHY SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

I'd hate to have to can a serviceman and all. So, shape up, soldier.

Someone's left a half-eaten burger on a table. Punchy takes a bite.

BARRY (PRE-LAP)

Fuck that fucking job.

**INT. BRONCO - DAY**

Barry drinks a beer, joining Mitch on his patrol across the blistering desert.

BARRY

It used to be you fought in a war you got parades, now you just get ignored.

MITCH

You got a parade.

BARRY

Don't be a prick. You know what I mean.

MITCH

You're not even in the military anymore. You got kicked out.

BARRY

I didn't get kicked out! It's way more complicated than that, like you would even know.

Finishes off his beer. Cracks open another.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Point is: it's a shitty job. Which  
can go fist itself.

But Mitch has stopped listening. Something else catching his attention, which causes Mitch to abruptly bring the Bronco to a jarring halt, spilling Barry's beer.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!

Mitch looks like he's seen a ghost.

And now Barry finally see what has Mitch so spooked--

TATTOOED HISPANIC MEN WITH GUNS

They have a row of MEN AND WOMEN lined up in front of them, on their knees, execution style.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Whoa. No fucking way.

MITCH  
Cartels.

Mitch fumbles for his radio, nerves getting the best of him.

MITCH (INTO THE RADIO) (CONT'D)  
HQ, come in. We got heavy shit out  
here.

Static. No response.

The cartel has spotted the Bronco.

SCREAMING in Spanish. Lots of aggressive pointing.

BARRY  
We should get the fuck out of here.

Hands shaking, Mitch tries to throw the Bronco in reverse--

*POP-POP-POP!*

Too late. Gunfire tears into the Bronco. AR-15's at full-tilt. In a instant, it's a full-on firefight.

Tires pop. Engine block blasted.

Barry and Mitch dive for cover as bullets shred the Bronco.

Mitch punches the radio. It's busted.

MITCH  
Piece of shit!

Barry peers over the dash, the Cartel is approaching.

BARRY  
They're heading this way.

But Mitch is too scared to react.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(quickly counts)  
Four bogeys. All armed.

Mitch is starting to hyperventilate.

MITCH  
Shit. Fuck. What do we do?

Barry reaches for Mitch's mounted, standard issue shotgun.

BARRY  
We handle this shit.

Mitch freezes up. Adrenaline on overdrive. Barry SLAPS him.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You are not going to die this way.  
Not today. You ain't dyin' today.  
Ya understand? Tell me you fuckin'  
understand!

Mitch nods.

MITCH  
I understand.

Barry grabs Mitch's rifle, shoves it into his chest.

**EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - CONTINUOUS**

Bronco doors fly open and Barry and Mitch scramble for the rear of the truck, taking defensive cover.

BARRY  
I'll lay down cover. You take 'em  
out.

Mitch nods and drops to the ground, using the wheel well for cover as he takes aim. Tries to steady his breath.

Barry pops around the corner of the Bronco, pumps off a few shotgun rounds, drawing fire from the Cartel.

At which point, Mitch goes to work.

Deep breath. Exhale. Trigger--

*CRACK!*

One down. Exhale.

*CRACK! CRACK!*

And another two. Systematic. Precise.

One left.

Mitch, calming, squares up another shot, but the final Cartel member turns to flee--

*CRACK!*

Mitch clips his leg.

Smelling blood, Barry bursts out from behind the Bronco and sprints after the deserter. Closing fast. A hardened killer.

He dives, spearing the man from behind and quickly locks him in a rear chokehold, CRUSHING his trachea. Dude is dead.

With the threat thwarted, Mitch approaches. He literally has to pry Barry's arms from the dead man's neck. Then checks the first downed Cartel member. Confirmed: dead.

Barry the other two - also dead.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Fuckin' A, man. Hey, you did good.

Mitch nods, almost instinctual.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Think it was a deal gone bad?

MITCH

I don't know. Maybe someone trying to send a warning.

BARRY

A warnin' to who?

They reach the sight of the massacre. Hispanic men and women mercilessly gunned down. All of them dead, except--

*WHEEZING.*

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Shit, this one's still alive!

Mitch rushes over. Sure enough, there's one SURVIVOR from the group of executed captives, though he's fighting a gnarly ass gunshot wound to the neck.

MITCH  
You're going to be okay. Everything  
is going to be okay.

Mustard on a shit sandwich.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Who did this to you?

The Survivor labors, chokes out.

SURVIVOR  
El Serpente.

...

BARRY  
What the fuck he say?

MITCH  
(in Spanish)  
*Gio dos Santos? Did Gio dos Santos  
do this to you?*

The Survivor (though not for long) nods, ever so slightly.

*Holy. Fuck.*

BARRY  
He knows where that shitstain is?

Mitch relays in Spanish. Again, the Survivor nods.

Barry and Mitch share a look.

The Survivor tries to say something more but it's too faint to hear. Mitch leans closer and the man whispers:

SURVIVOR  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
*Culiacan. Florita 7.. 6... 3.*

BARRY  
What he say?

MITCH  
I think it's an address.



Mitch removes a notepad from his uniform. Quickly scribbles down the address.

The Survivor is gone.

Barry lets out a heavy breath.

BARRY

Holy fucking shit, man! Are you kiddin' me right now?!

MITCH

We have to call this in.

He starts for the Bronco, but Barry hurries after him.

BARRY

Whoa. Calm your tits. Let's just think this one through.

MITCH

Think what through? This is my job.

BARRY

What about that \$25 Million?

MITCH

The what?

Barry pulls out his wallet. And out of his wallet he retrieves the folded front page of today's newspaper.

Mitch looks at it.

BARRY

Gio dos Santos: Dead or alive. See, right there. \$25 Million FBI bounty. Do you realize what we have? This is a fuckin' treasure map, bro!

Mitch laughs, thinks Barry is fucking with him.

MITCH

You're saying you want to go try and catch Gio dos fucking Santos? Alright, yeah. Okay.

But Barry's not kidding.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Seriously?

BARRY

As a heart attack, bro. You said it yourself, you'd put a cap in his ass.

MITCH

Okay, you're crazy, you know that? You're nuts. I'm calling this in.

He retreats back for the Bronco, but Barry jumps him, taking Mitch down with a submission hold.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing!? Let go of me!

BARRY

(boasting)

This is called a rear naked choke. And not on account of my testicles currently digging into your back. One of over two hundred submission holds I have expertly mastered.

A rather confident claim - and one that just might actually be true. Mitch squirms, and Barry bears down even more.

BARRY (CONT'D)

MMA! MMA! You're only hurting yourself here.

But Mitch keeps squirming - his energy quickly draining.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You give up? Huh? 'Cause this shit right here is epic. Most people may only ever get one chance to do sumthin' great in their life. You're lucky 'cause this is your second chance. Don't fuck this up.

Finally, Barry releases Mitch. He rubs his neck.

BARRY (CONT'D)

That bounty alone is more than enough to pay for your experimental operations and shit.

MITCH

(fed up)

This is a goddamn joke!

BARRY

Watch your language! God is not above smiting your smart ass.

He pulls out a cross necklace, kisses it and does a quick Sign of the Cross. Mitch laughs, dismissive.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What, you don't like God now? Is that what this is? You hate God? You don't believe in God now?

MITCH

No! I don't fucking believe in God because if there was a fucking God then I wouldn't fucking be dying!

A long, heavy beat of silence.

BARRY

See, this is why you got cancer. 'Cause you told God you hate him. Personally, I love God. That's why I don't have cancer.

MITCH

This is so stupid.

Mitch has heard enough. Reaches the truck, and futzes with the radio - to no avail.

BARRY

I can't be that guy from The Hurt Locker pissin' his bed while my dad is out porkin' my girlfriend.

MITCH

Ex-girlfriend.

(then)

What makes you think we can do any better than the CIA or the DEA?

BARRY

'Cause we have what no one else does.

MITCH

What, a treasure map?

BARRY

Nuthin' to lose.

Barry looks at Mitch, more serious than we've ever seen him. He's actually getting to Mitch.

Finally, the radio screeches to life.

VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Mitch? ... Come in, Mitch?

BARRY

I need this, Mitch. Let me show 'em  
I'm not some worthless piece of shit.

A contemplative beat.

VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Mitch, are you there? Over.

**EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY**

A swarm of emergency personnel and vehicles. It's a whole operation out here. Mitch's CO debriefs him and Barry.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Looks like someone was trying to  
send a message.

MITCH

Yes, sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER

And that's everything? Nothing else  
worth noting?

Barry eyes Mitch, nervously.

Beat. Finally, Mitch shakes his head.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)

Glad you boys are okay. We'll take  
an official statement back at HQ.

He turns, marches off.

Barry exhales, a tiny grin inching across his lips.

MITCH

This doesn't mean anything.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MITCH'S BRONCO - DAY**

Mitch's bullet-riddled Bronco lugs into the pickup lane at Maggie's school, drawing odd looks from passersby.

BARRY

We could be that.

He points to the school sign --

**"SANDRA PARKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL"**

BARRY (CONT'D)

We could be heroes and get elementary schools named after us! You know that sounds awesome.

Mitch shakes his head.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Look, I can't do this fucking job no more otherwise I will prolly get real liquored up and murder like a bunch of really cute puppies and then blow my brains out. Please don't make me do that. I really like puppies. Like top three favorite things of mine. Sex, Kung Fu movies, puppies. In that order.

MITCH

I'm sorry, I just can't do it.

Mitch spots-- Maggie, exiting school and hops out to meet her, leaving Barry behind where he locks eyes with a CHUNKY FOURTH-GRADER mean mugging him from the sidewalk.

So, Barry mean mugs him back.

**INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY**

Mitch lifts Maggie up so she can see into the freezer.

**INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Maggie enjoys her treat as a distracted Mitch looks out the window, staring off at a FOOTBALL STADIUM across the way.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

He dresses funny.

Mitch looks up at the TV playing FOOTAGE of Gio dos Santos (in his flashy garb).

MITCH

Uh, yes, I guess he does.

MAGGIE

When I grow up, I wanna be like him.

MITCH

Why would you say that?

MAGGIE

Mommy said people on TV are famous. I wanna be famous.

Hearing his daughter laud the world's most hated terrorist stirs something carnal in Mitch's eyes. That he won't always be around to help guide her. He's getting angry.

*BAM!*

**EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT**

A QUARTER-SIZED HOLE obliterates dos Santos' face. It's a print-out, which has been tacked up for target practice.

FIFTY YARDS OUT, Mitch gathers his rifle and quietly marches fifteen yards further back. Sets up his shot again.

Chambers a round. Steadies his breath, best he can in his agitated state.

*BAM!* - another perfect shot.

With each shot something changes in Mitch - *He wants this.*

**SMASH TO:**

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The door flies open and in barges a wild-eyed Mitch.

MITCH

Could we do it? For real?!

**REVERSE ON:** Barry naked and jerking off to Internet porn.

BARRY

Yes... But can I finish here first?

Mitch dips back outside... Only to return a moment later.

MITCH

Is that my laptop?!

**SLAM TO:**

A GIANT MAP OF MEXICO

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Culiacán, Sinaloa is circled in red marker. The map is flanked by a dozen GOOGLE MAPS and PHOTO PRINT-OUTS scattered about the walls. Gio dos Santos and his PERSONAL SECURITY SQUAD (an all-female elite cadre of bodyguards - think Gaddafi's Amazonian Guard). It's getting tactical up in here.

MITCH

Logistically, could we actually pull this off?

BARRY

I looked up the address. It's a condo inside a gated community. Probably a safe house.

He points to STREET VIEW and GOOGLE EARTH images.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Minimal security, proolly. Same shit you see at one of those bullshit country clubs.

Mitch studies the images, thumbs his chin.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Look, I'll be real. It ain't easy but you're the smartest guy I know. And an awesome shot. Better 'an half the snipers I knew. Plus, I was a Ranger, so I'm tactical and shit.

(moving in for the kill)

I know a guy. Ex-Pat I was in the service with. Lives outside Guasave. He can hook us up with weapons and gear. Plus, dude is game for anything.

Still, Mitch is hesitant but he's coming around.

MITCH

How would we even get there?

BARRY

Relax. I have that all under control.

Off Mitch's suspicions...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AIRPORT - DAY**

Barry smooth talks an ATTRACTIVE TICKET EMPLOYEE. Nearby, Mitch watches, on his phone.

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)

Daddy?

MITCH

Hey, baby. How was school?

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)  
Sara called Brad a twat and Ms. Jones  
said we aren't allowed to say the  
word twat because it's a bad word.

MITCH  
(stifles a laugh)  
She's right. Twat is a bad word.

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)  
Are you picking me up tomorrow?

MITCH  
Actually, I can't tomorrow, honey.  
Daddy has to go out of town on a  
business trip but I'll be home soon.

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)  
Okay.

MITCH  
Hey, I love you.

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)  
I love you, too.

Maggie hangs up. Mitch lingers a moment, fighting back the  
tears - until Barry slaps him on the shoulder.

BARRY  
Ready to rock?

**INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - DAY**

Two bathroom stalls. Mitch and Barry confer while changing.

MITCH (O.S.)  
This just feels wrong.

BARRY (O.S.)  
Would I steer you in front of a  
speeding bus?

MITCH (O.S.)  
Do I have to answer that?

BARRY (O.S.)  
I talked to this chick I work with.  
It's all gravy. Traded her some  
high value items I confiscated from  
security.

Silent beat.



BARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You'd be surprised how much lube  
 people try 'an sneak past security.

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY**

Travelers of all shapes and sizes, age and race, stop what they are doing and begin APPLAUDING.

REVEAL: BARRY AND MITCH, in full Army fatigues.

Mitch ducks his head, embarrassed. But not Barry. He walks tall, chest puffed. Soaking in the admiration.

**INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - WAITING AREA - DAY**

An ELDERLY MAN shakes Barry's hand, thanks him.

MITCH  
 (low)  
 I feel like a horrible human being.

BARRY  
 This is the only way we're gonna  
 catch a free flight. Just 'member,  
 by the time we get back, you'll be  
 an actual patriotic hero. So, if ya  
 think 'bout it, kinda equals out.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER and her CURLY-HAIRED DAUGHTER approach Barry and Mitch to thank them for their service.

Plane engine ROARS.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

Wheels up. Barry enjoys the complimentary booze and the CUTIE in the aisle seat beside him and Mitch.

CUTIE  
 Was it scary in Afghanistan?

Barry bites his lip, really playing up the drama.

BARRY  
 There were some real bad days.

CUTIE  
 You poor thing.

She takes Barry's hand, compassionately.

CUTIE (CONT'D)  
 What was the worst thing you saw?

BARRY

Wow. There's so much. But I have to say the worst thing were the dick-level land mines.

(recalling)

We were out on a routine patrol. Guy in my battalion - called him Tex, on account of how he was from Arizona. He tripped a Betty. BOOM! Ball bearings shootin' up at his dick. Ripped his sac right in half.

Barry dramatically covers his mouth.

Cutie reacts, horrified.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Poor guy will never know the sweet embrace of a woman again. Ya ask me, that's bad as it gets for a man.

Overcome with emotion, Cutie buries her head into Barry's shoulder - leaving Barry to steal a wink at Mitch.

Across the aisle-- a BUG-EYED BOY has overheard the whole story and looks on, absolutely petrified.

**EXT. CULIACÁN, SINALOA - DUSK**

Post-Colonial Mexico. Suffocating in poverty and density.

A plane LANDS.

**EXT. CULIACÁN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Barry and Mitch have changed out of their fatigues and into airport bought tourist attire like the obvious American gringos that they are. People are everywhere.

MITCH

That stuff about the land mines, that was bullshit, right?

BARRY

Hell no, man. Dick land mines are real as can be. Ask any soldier. Can't unsee that shit.

MILITARY GUARDS with rifles are stationed about the airport.

Nearby, a LOCAL MUSICIAN plays a narcocorrido - ballads that celebrate the narco gangs of the area.

MITCH

(uneasy)

Okay, I'm going to say it. We shouldn't be here.

BARRY

That's just the adrenaline pumping. We have a mission, soldier.

MITCH

No, that's exactly it, I'm not a soldier. That uniform - I didn't earn it.

BARRY

But you are going to earn it. We're like ninjas which are the original military. And ninjas had a code. That they'd do anything to accomplish their mission, even perform suicidal raids in honor of their clan.

Mitch rolls his eyes.

BARRY (CONT'D)

'Sides, you can't go home tonight. No more flights 'til morning. Plus, the change fees would be a total bitch.

MITCH

Fine. But on the record, I have a very bad feeling about this.

This does nothing to dampen Barry's mood. Giddy, he hops forward to hail a cab.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT (MOVING)**

The undersized taxi weaves through the suffocating traffic. Motorcyclists blaze recklessly between cars. It's all a bit overwhelming for someone from a small town like Mitch.

The taxi pushes further out of the center of the city and into more sparsely populated beachside areas.

**EXT. MARCO'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

The cab rolls to a stop outside a shanty stucco house. Lawn ornaments and little else. Lipstick on a port-a-potty.

Mitch pays the driver. Stares at the squalid accommodations.

MITCH

Who is this dude exactly?

BARRY

Cat I served with in Afghanistan.  
When he got home he found out his  
girl was fucking his best friend so  
he cashed out their accounts and  
fled south.

Soon as the cab pulls away, the very distinct PUMP of a  
shotgun reverberates into the still night.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I may be drunk but I do my best  
shooting liquored up.

Mitch throws his hands up in surrender, but not Barry.

BARRY

Quit lyin', you pussy! You're a  
shit shot sober and drunk.

Out of the shadows emerges--

MARCO (late 30s)

An ex-Pat living the simple, beach life. Long stringy hair  
which he probably hasn't washed in weeks. A very hippie-cum-  
beach bum vibe. Probably smokes a ton of pot.

MARCO

Barry? What the hell are you doing  
in this nut sweat of a town?

BARRY

We literally spoke on the phone two  
days ago.

MARCO

We did? Oh, yeah. Right.

Lowers his shotgun. Waves the boys inside.

**INT. MARCO'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

A studio space. Bed. Hot plate. NAKED GIRL asleep in the bed.  
Marco nurses a beer, listens intently to Barry and Mitch.  
Some of their intel spread across the makeshift coffee table.

BARRY

This is a legit treasure map. And,  
we're willin' to cut ya in.

Marco leans back, deep in thought.

MARCO

Dangerous game you gents have yourselves there. Os Acougeiros are not them boys you fuck with.

MITCH

So we've been told.

MARCO

You'll need gear. Weapons. Whole nine.

BARRY

Vehicle, too.

MARCO

And the intel is solid?

BARRY

No risk, no reward.

Marco whistles, it's a big fucking risk. Then stands, finds himself a half-empty beer bottle.

MARCO

These boys are smart. Calculated. They got tunnels. They got cops in their back pockets. Always one step ahead. You heard this info when?

MITCH

Two days ago.

MARCO

Might as well be a month ago.

BARRY

It's what we have.

Mitch glares at Barry, already doubting the wild goose chase.

MARCO

They could still be there. Cartels have been cocky lately. Lot more flash. It's possible. Yeah.

Marco polishes off his beer.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Four mil.

MITCH

For some guns?

MARCO

In the words of the great poet Lupe Fiasco, "Freedom ain't free."

BARRY

Two.

Marco chews the counter over. Impossible to read. Looks furtively at Mitch.

MARCO

(points to Barry)

Him I get, he's a dipshit with a death wish--

BARRY

Thank you.

MARCO

But why you? You got a penchant for dying, kid?

BARRY

He's got cancer.

MARCO

I'm sorry to hear that. Still, a man needs purpose for the risks he takes. Passion. Otherwise the reward will never justify the risk.

He sits on the bed, strokes his girl's back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Life is nothing without passion.

MITCH

I have a daughter.

MARCO

Family. I dig. Our lives are only worth the good we ultimately leave behind, right?

He nods, reaches his fist out to Mitch.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Whaddya say we do some damage, boys?

Mitch pounds it.

**CUT TO:**

**A STEEL STORAGE SHED**

Marco pries open the solid steel sliding door. Flicks a light switch illuminating an impeccably organized shed.

Floor-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall with guns and ammo. A first class arsenal. Barry whistles, more than a bit giddy.

BARRY

Now this is the kinda shit I'm  
talkin' 'bout.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - EARLY MORNING**

**BINOCULAR POV:** A nondescript resort community. Condos and townhouses. As plain-jane as it can get - if not for the one ground floor condo with BULKY MEN near the door.

Five hundred yards away, Marco cases the area with a handheld Barska sniper scope.

MARCO

They're definitely os Acougeiros.  
Tats on the neck.

MITCH

You think dos Santos is inside?

MARCO

No telling. Cat like dos Santos,  
he's going to have a dozen of these  
places all around the city. 'Nother  
couple dozen within a five hundred  
mile radius.

(stows the sight)

Sixty percent. Give or take.

BARRY

(to Mitch)

Your call.

On Mitch, weighing the odds...

**SLAM TO:**

**MARCO'S JEEP**

tearing ass towards the security entrance.

BARRY

We move quick, 'fore they know we  
got our dicks in their asses.

Barry passes GoPros CAMERAS to Marco and Mitch.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Case shit gets hairy, gonna want proof. Plus, might be difficult transportin' a dead body or severed head back through customs.

**INT. COMMUNITY SECURITY ENTRANCE - MEANWHILE**

A PORTLY RENT-A-COP mans the gated entrance. Yawns, as he waits for his morning coffee to brew.

The Jeep slows, window down. Barry has a map in hand.

BARRY

Yo hombre? Can you help settle an argument? My friend--  
(points to Mitch)  
Thinks Leonardo was the best ninja turtle.

MITCH

Uh, because he is.

BARRY

I say Michelangelo 'cause he likes to party.

The annoyed Rent-A-Cop approaches the Jeep. Once he's close enough, Barry STUNS him in the neck. Portly drops.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Leo was a lil' bitch.

Marco is swift, out of the Jeep. Raises the security gate. Then hops back aboard the side step. Mission is a go.

**EXT. 763 FLORITA - MOMENTS LATER**

The Jeep skids to a stop in front of the condo, side-door flies open and Mitch raises his rifle.

*POP, POP!*

Two gunshots. Skull and neck.

It's a full-on sprint now. Barry and Marco rush the front door. Mitch close behind.

C-4 to the door. Standing back, Barry signals to take cover.

On his silent count: 1...2...3!



*BOOM!*

A violent explosion, who needs a fucking alarm clock. The steel door catapults off its hinges, nearly taking out Mitch and the Jeep.

**INT. 763 FLORITA - CONTINUOUS**

Barry swings inside first, aggressive vigilance. Marco on his ass. Mitch bringing up the rear.

The house is a pigsty. BUZZ CUT asleep on the couch, fumbles for his gun -- TWO QUICK POPS to the chest.

BARRY

Clear!

Mitch covers the front door. The lookout.

Somewhere in the house, a baby WAILS.

Marco and Barry rush the tiny HALLWAY...

Towards the BACK BEDROOM... Pauses at the door.

Barry signals Marco, then crumples the door with a vicious boot, and sweeps inside--

**IN THE BEDROOM**

A WOMAN on the bed. BABY in a crib. But one else. Certainly no Gio dos Santos.

MARCO

(in Spanish)

*Move and I shoot you.*

Barry does a quick scan. Motions to the open restroom door.

Marco covers Barry as he dips inside. Gun ready.

**IN THE BATHROOM**

The tub has been pulled free, exposing a crawl space beneath the bathtub. Catching the final glimpse as a BODY drops below.

Barry and Marco rush the tunnel.

FIRES blindly. Someone SCREAMS out in pain.

MOVEMENT at the door. Marco's on it, spins, gun cocked. It's the woman from the bedroom.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
 (in Spanish)  
*I warned you, bitch.*

He FIRES off a round, rips through her shoulder. By the time Marco spins back, Barry is already dropping inside the hole.

Indiscernible SHOUTING in Spanish.

POPS of gunfire. Muzzle FLASHES.

Mitch races inside the bathroom.

MITCH  
 Barry, you okay?!

BARRY (O.S.)  
 I got him!

Holy shit. Mitch and Marco share stunned looks and race to the tub opening. Marco jumps inside.

Moments later, Barry hauls himself out of the tunnel. Then pulls up a BLOODIED SKINHEAD behind him.

MITCH  
 That's not dos Santos?!

BARRY  
 No shit. Ask him where el Serpente is.

Mitch relays, in Spanish but the Skinhead spits at Mitch, and Barry pistol whips him, SHATTERS the dude's teeth.

He's out cold.

SIRENS ring out in the distance.

Marco emerges from the hole.

MARCO  
 We gotta move.

Barry scoops up the Skinhead.

MITCH  
 What are you doing?!

BARRY  
 Taking our prisoner.

MITCH  
 Fuck!

Marco helps Barry as they limp out of the bathroom, back through the house.

Mitch leads the charge, gun drawn.

**BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM**

Mitch sprints for the door, barely pauses as he flies out of the condo...

**EXT. 763 FLORITA - CONTINUOUS**

... and breaks for the Jeep-- *BAM!*

A bullet skims Mitch's ear. One of the Bulky Guards has pulled himself to an upright position, gun on Mitch.

He readies for shot number two--

*CRACK-CRACK-CRACK!*

But Barry's quicker, to the rescue. Blows the guy's head back, skull splattering against the pavement.

BARRY  
You're welcome.

Mitch hesitates, stunned. SIRENS growing closer.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Andalé!

Barry tosses the unconscious Skinhead into the Jeep, then grabs Mitch and yanks him inside.

Pedal to the floor, burning pavement as the Jeep careens out of the gated community, smashing through the security gate.

It's all over in a matter of seconds.

**EXT. MARCO'S BEACH HOUSE - LATER**

A CAR BATTERY

wires crisscross from the battery to the Bloodied Skinhead's body, which is tied to a steel chair.

BARRY  
You're making this harder than it needs to be, dog.

Mitch translates in Spanish.

Skinhead frantically shakes his head and Marco attaches a lead to the battery - sending violent SHOCK WAVES through the Skinhead's body. It's a difficult scene for Mitch to watch.

BARRY (CONT'D)

The Serpent. Where is he?

Between breaths, the Skinhead snarls a reply.

MITCH

He says anyone who is looking for the Serpent must have a death wish.

Barry can only grin, amused. Taps his nose: *Bingo*.

BARRY

Ask him if that was dos Santos' safe house?

Mitch does. Skinhead responds.

MITCH

Yes. One of many.

BARRY

When was he last there?

Now it's the Skinhead who grins, mouthful of blood.

Barry nods to Marco who reattaches the leads. The Skinhead convulses. It feels like it's never going to end.

Finally, Marco pulls the lead free.

Skinhead grimaces, tries to simultaneously speak.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What's he saying?!

Mitch leans closer.

MITCH

He says he's in... Rio?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MARCO'S BEACH HOUSE - LATER**

Barry, Mitch and Marco debrief. The Skinhead is tied up in the corner, blindfolded and earmuffed.

MITCH

We were too late.

BARRY

Barely. Dos Santos was there less than 48 hours ago.

MITCH

Yeah, and now he's in Rio. We're not even in the same country! We're done.

BARRY

Nah, we're just gettin' started.

MITCH

What, now you want to go to Rio? No. That wasn't the deal. We took our shot here and it didn't pan out.

BARRY

Wake the fuck up, Mitch! We have a bead on this motherfucker. You wanna do sumthin' worth a shit or crawl back to the suck at home? 'Cause I ain't done yet.

MITCH

You heard what he said, dos Santos rotates safe houses every seven days.

Marco, who hasn't said a word yet, thumbs his chin.

MARCO

Which means you have five days before he moves again.

BARRY

Exactly!  
(looks at Mitch)  
We can do this but I need ya all in.

MITCH

I may be the one dying but you're the one with a death wish here.

BARRY

Least I ain't afraid of dyin'.

MITCH

Fuck you. You have no idea.

BARRY

Everyone is afraid of death, 'specially if they say they ain't. I've held teenagers in my arms as they bled out.

Suddenly-- the front door bursts open and the Naked Woman from Marco's bed (now clothed) bursts inside. She rambles.

MARCO

We got trouble.

Marco and the boys rush outside.

### **FAR IN THE DISTANCE**

SUVs crest a hill. Tearing ass across the countryside. Os Acougeiros on the hunt and hungry for revenge.

MITCH

How'd they find us?

Marco bolts for his shed. Reappears, armed and ready for a war. Barry starts in after him, but Marco halts him.

MARCO

No. Y'all go, while you still can.  
I'll hold 'em off.

BARRY

And leave you alone? Fuck that  
noise. No man left behind.

MARCO

You saved my hide once, about time  
I repay the favor. Go.

He tosses the Jeep keys to Mitch, who breaks for the car. Barry lingers behind.

MITCH

Barry, come on!

MARCO

I know a dude in Rio. Alejandro.  
Frequents a strip joint called the  
Prego enferrujado. Tell 'em I sent  
ya. They'll hook you up good.

BARRY

I can't let ya do this, man.

MARCO

Ain't got a choice. Go.

Marco extends his hand, and Barry clasps it. Then hurries for the Jeep as Barry and Mitch mount up and hit the road, leaving behind a surprisingly calm Marco.

**INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

Mitch punches the gas, pulling away fast as this rickety Jeep can muster. GUNFIRE echoes behind them. Battle commencing.

Soon, the gunfire is drowned out by the sound of a JUMBO JET soaring overhead, as we...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO - NIGHT**

Rio is all its muggy glory. Sugarloaf and Christ the Redeemer tower atop Corcovado. The lights of Vidigal favela. You know, all the typical Rio bullshit.

A plane LANDS.

**EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Barry and Mitch emerge from the terminal, once more in their borrowed Army fatigues. Mitch can only shake his head as they step forward to hail a cab.

**EXT. ROACH MOTEL - NIGHT**

The taxi speeds away leaving Barry and Mitch to stare up at the rickety sign. If this place boasted on Yelp about it's high hepatitis rate, nobody would argue.

BARRY  
(keeping spirits high)  
Authentic, huh?

Mitch groans.

**INT. ROACH MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER**

*DING!* - Barry smacks the attendant bell.

BARRY  
Don't blame me, Internet gave it  
three stars.

Out of the back lurches a SCABBY ATTENDANT.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Hi, reservation under Dudikoff.  
First name Michael.

MITCH  
Michael Dudikoff? Really?

BARRY

(low)

What? We can't use our real names.

Scabby Attendant scans the ledger. COUGHS up some phlegm. Wipes it on his shirt and reaches for a room key.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The room is, as expected, a shit hole. There's one bed, and the shower is a bucket in the corner filled with grimy water.

Mitch tentatively tests the mattress. Something scurries away into the shadows (and presumably into the walls).

BARRY

You think they got any good snatch joints in this city?

Barry unslings his backpack. Digs out their GoPros.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS OF RIO - NIGHT**

Calling this part of town suspect would be an understatement. Tattooed men lurk in dark corners. A boisterous Barry leads Mitch through the streets, inquiring to random strangers.

BARRY

Know where we can get some mamacita tail? ... Strip club? Anyone?

He keeps miming for titties - but all Barry gets in return are evil glares and cold shoulders.

**EXT. MARKET DISTRICT - NIGHT**

A Farmer's Market of sorts. Annoying children hawk Chiclets. Annoying adults hawk crappy jewelry and cheap clothing.

Barry hounds a SHOPKEEP while Mitch peruses the jewelry. Finds a NECKLACE; a simple turquoise piece. For Maggie.

MITCH

How much?

She holds up five fingers. Mitch pays. Slips the necklace around his neck, tucking it into his shirt. Rejoins Barry.

BARRY

Found a place. Said it's this way.

**CUT TO:**



**EXT. SHADY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT**

Prego Enferrujado - which roughly translated means Rusty Nail - and it looks everything like one might imagine.

MITCH  
This is the place?

Barry smirks, and marches inside.

Given the choice between staying outside in this shady ass neighborhood or joining Barry inside, Mitch quickly follows.

**INT. 'THE RUSTY NAIL' - CONTINUOUS**

Dark and dinghy. Something straight out of Star Wars. Women dance. Men smoke. Barry and Mitch ignore the odd looks and order drinks from the bar.

MITCH  
(scanning the bar)  
This place feels very rapey. Don't you get a rapey vibe?

BARRY  
Who is going to rape two American men? Seriously, the shit you come up with.

The SCAR-FACED BARTENDER returns with two beers.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(pulls some cash)  
English?

Scarface stares back, expressionless.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Alright, um... Alejandro? You know where I can find Alejandro?

He wiggles the cash - but Scarface gives him nothing.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Okay, great chat.

**MOMENTS LATER:**

Barry surveys the talent from a corner booth while Mitch tries fruitlessly to clean the grime off his beer bottle.

MITCH  
Maybe we underestimated how easy this was going to be.

Mitch isn't looking so hot. In fact, he's sweating quite a bit and looking rather pale.

BARRY

It's still early. You alright?

MITCH

Yeah. Just jet lag. Airplane food and whatnot.

Barry takes a drink, spotting...

### ACROSS THE BAR

... a leggy, fair-skinned, stunning WOMAN at a back table. She's drinking alone, clearly not a local or a dancer.

Mitch excuses himself.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Just in case... if I'm not back in five minutes, come looking for me.

Barry waves him off, though truthfully, he's too focused on the brunette to pay attention to anything Mitch is muttering.

Mitch lumbers off to use the head. Soon as he's gone, Barry is up, beelines it for the stunning woman.

Reaching her table, he grabs the open seat.

WOMAN

(British accent)

I was saving that chair.

BARRY

For someone as handsome as me?

She studies Barry, unsure what to make of this overconfident American. She's the serious type.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You looked lonely. Thought I might keep you company while you're waitin' for your man.

WOMAN

What makes you think I'm waiting for a man? Maybe I prefer women.

BARRY

Maybe I prefer that you prefer women.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Though, that perfume you're wearing, it's a bit overwhelmin' for a slumdog strip club in the middle of Rio.

WOMAN

And all of this leads a man like you to believe that someone like me would be interested in someone like you because of what exactly?

BARRY

Oh, I'm not tryin' to fuck you, if that's what ya think?

WOMAN

You're not?

Barry shakes his head.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(sultry)

Even a little? Even if I wanted it real bad?

Still, Barry maintains his composure.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And why is that?

BARRY

'Cause if I say I don't wanna fuck you, all you're gonna possibly be able to think 'bout is me pile drivin' you into submission.

He casually takes a drink of his beer. Confident.

The woman laughs, mildly amused.

WOMAN

You truly are not from around here, are you?

Trying to further impress his new catch, Barry leans in; a secret to tell.

BARRY

You caught me. I'm actually an international spy, here on a top secret mission.

The woman smiles, enjoying this crass American.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 (extends his hand)  
 Barry.

WOMAN  
 Alexandria.

Barry hesitates, a light bulb exploding in his head.

BARRY  
 Alexandria. Sure sounds a lot like  
 Alejandro.

ALEXANDRIA  
 I suppose we both have our secrets.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RESTROOM - MEANWHILE**

Mitch, hunched over the toilet, HURLS violently. As he  
 retches up his insides, a SHADOW CASTS itself over the stall.

MITCH  
 I'm fine, Barry. Really.

Only, Barry doesn't respond and Mitch turns his head around  
 to discover--

TWO LARGE BRAZILIAN MEN towering over him.

They shout at Mitch in Portuguese.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 I don't understand what you're  
 saying.

This only makes them shout LOUDER.

One of the men pulls a large KNIFE, while the other tries to  
 yank off Mitch's pants.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck!?

Mitch flails his legs, tries to fight them off - but he's  
 overmatched and pinned down.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 HELP! BARRY!

*WHACK!* - A fist to the face silences Mitch momentarily,  
 knocking his glasses to the floor, as the men haul Mitch to  
 his feet and carry him outside.

**INT. 'THE RUSTY NAIL' - MEANWHILE**

Alexandria listens intently to Barry's story.

BARRY

And that is why my friend and I are here to catch the Serpent.

She sighs.

ALEXANDRIA

Why is it that all of Marco's friends turn out to be trouble?

BARRY

Oh, but I'm the best kind of trouble.

She studies Barry for a moment, unconvinced.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I know where dos Santos' is.

And now she's intrigued.

ALEXANDRIA

And where is that exactly?

BARRY

Nah. I'm a gentleman. We don't kiss and tell on the first date.

ALEXANDRIA

One does not catch a snake with cheese in Rio. Plenty have died going up against El Serpente.

BARRY

Do I look like a snake to you?

Alexandria cocks her head, trying to read him.

ALEXANDRIA

I can help. But not here. It's much too dangerous to discuss such things in public.

She rises, whispers into Barry's ear.

ALEXANDRIA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow. Noon. Porto Bay Rio.

Then saunters off. Grinning, Barry scans the bar - but Mitch is nowhere to be found.

**INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Barry enters, searches the stalls. FINDS-- Mitch's glasses strewn across the floor... but no Mitch.

Scooping up the glasses, he quickly retreats.

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

Barry rushes outside - just in time to find the Brazilians trying to load a struggling Mitch into a parked car.

In an instant, adrenaline kicks in, snapping a trained killer into action.

Barry delivers a combination of fists and expertly placed kicks - but it's apparent that while Barry is incredibly skilled physically, he's also overpowered here.

Soon, guns are drawn, freezing Barry and Mitch.

BARRY

Aw shit.

The guys are fucked, until... GUNFIRE crackles through the alley. A BULLET explodes through the first Brazilian's neck, spraying blood across Mitch's face (and into his mouth).

Another to the second thug's throat.

MITCH

(gagging)

I told you it was a rape trap!

BARRY

It wasn't a fucking rape trap!

MITCH

They tried to pull my pants off!  
Explain that! That's rape!

Someone CLEARS THEIR THROAT.

Barry and Mitch gather themselves and slowly spin around, where they come face-to-face with their saviors--

FOUR AMERICAN EX-SOLDIERS, and their smoking rifles. Bullish American mercenaries to be more precise.

They're led by GINGER (a hardened, strapping redhead).

BARRY

We had that under control.

Ginger cackles, stows his gun.

GINGER  
You got business here?

BARRY  
That's for us to know.

The rest of the Blackwater mercenaries (SAVAGE, EXTREME, and IRISH) swivel their guns up. Intimidation.

GINGER  
Cute. Real cute. But here's the thing you need to know. Rio is not a city for a pair of pretty ladies like yourself. Plus, we already called dibs around here.

MITCH  
You called dibs on what?

GINGER  
Everything.

BARRY  
You can't call dibs on everything.

GINGER  
We already did.

BARRY  
That's not how dibs works.

GINGER  
I know how dibs works.

BARRY  
I really don't think you--

*BAM!* - Irish triggers a shot, bullet whizzing inches past Barry's head.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Agree to disagree.

IRISH  
We haven't spent the last 18 months in this shithole kickin' beaners out of shanty towns to let some townie mooks roll into our territory and pop a squat.

MITCH  
We don't mean no disrespect.

GINGER

Go home, girls, before you scuff up  
your knees.

The mercenaries spin, march out of the alley and disappear.

MITCH

Thank you, again! Really appreciate  
your help back there!

Barry slugs Mitch in the arm.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(rubbing his arm)  
Who the hell were they?

BARRY

Fuckin' cocksuckers is what they  
are. Blackwater dicks. Private  
sector military. Government hired  
bunch of 'em to come down here and  
clean up the favelas 'fore the  
World Cup and the Olympics.

(scoffs)

Fuck 'em. They ain't got what we  
got.

MITCH

And what's that? Because I'm pretty  
sure all we got was almost being  
raped.

BARRY

This is just proof that we're on  
the right trail.

MITCH

I'm sorry but did you just almost  
have your dick chopped off?! I was  
about to be kidnapped like that  
little girl in Man on Fire!

BARRY

Well, then, I woulda been your  
Denzel.

MITCH

We don't even have weapons! You  
heard the Duck Dynasty, it's time  
to go home.

BARRY

I did not storm a crack house in  
Mexico to crawl back home.

(MORE)



BARRY (CONT'D)

(then)  
I found Alejandro.

MITCH

(*seriously?*)  
Bullshit?

BARRY

We knew this wasn't gonna be easy  
so sack up 'cause we got ourselves  
a big meeting in the mornin'.

He tosses Mitch's glasses at him, and stomps off.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Barry is out cold. Sweating and mumbling in his sleep.

Beside him, Mitch is wide-awake, and less than comfortable in the cozy double bed that they're sharing. Distant pops of GUNFIRE echo outside - somewhere in the nearby favelas.

Climbing out of bed, Mitch slips into the bathroom. Tries to stifle his RETCHING.

**EXT. PORTO BAY RIO INTERNACIONAL - POOL - DAY**

On the water. Swank out the ass.

Barry and Mitch wait poolside as Barry ogles the view (and by view, that means HOT LOCALS in itty-bitty bikinis).

MITCH

(checks his watch)  
I thought you said noon.

BARRY

She must've meant island time.

MITCH

Island time? That's not a thing.

BARRY

It's totally a thing.

A SMOKING BLONDE bends over, distracting Barry, which causes him to bump into a COCKTAIL WAITER.

BARRY (CONT'D)

My bad, bro.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. PORTO BAY RIO INTERNACIONAL - POOL - LATER**

Sun bears down onto the pool deck where Barry and Mitch are still waiting.

**EXT. PORTO BAY RIO - MOMENTS LATER**

Mitch storms out of the hotel, Barry on his heels. It's official, they've been stood up.

BARRY

Maybe I heard her wrong.

MITCH

You didn't hear her wrong. You heard this whole trip wrong!

BARRY

That doesn't make any sense.

MITCH

I made a mistake. If you want to get yourself killed you can do it without me. I should be home with Maggie where I can die in peace.

BARRY

You never wanted to go on this trip in the first place 'cause you're afraid of dyin'. Well guess what, you almost died a buncha times already so really there ain't nuthin' left to be afraid of. Least of all dyin'. And guess what, I did that for you so you're welcome!

Mitch stomps to the street, hails a cab.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Mitch? ... Come on, Mitch! We can find weapons another way!

A cab pulls up. Mitch hops in and leaves, doesn't even wait for Barry. Shaking his head, Barry pivots to head back into the hotel-- when a little kid collides into him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Watch it.

The kid scurries off.

Barry takes a few steps, feels for his wallet - *It's missing.*

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You little fucktard!

He takes off - after the little STREET HUSTLER moving like a bullet into the favela streets - RACING into the narrow alleyways separating the shanty houses --

The kid blows through a hanging clothes line - leaps onto a roof and keeps running --

Barry storms after, closing on him, fights through the clothing line and tumbles onto the tin roof.

Groaning, he's back up -- JUMPS from roof to roof behind the little street hustler -- always moving --

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Give up already!

Undaunted, the kid flips Barry the finger, never breaking stride - and DROPS DOWN back into the streets.

Barry slides off the roof. But the kid is nowhere to be found, until--

*WHAM!* -- a SHOVEL to the back cripples Barry to one knee. He whips his head around just in time to duck blow number two - and SLAMS his leg into the kid's thigh, toppling him.

The damn kid is resilient though -- leaps at Barry, ready to brawl. But Barry easily manhandles the little punk (let's call him SHORT ROUND) - and LIFTS him into the air.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
(out of breath)  
Give me... my wallet...

Reaching into the kid's jacket, Barry retrieves his wallet and drops the boy to the pavement.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck's wrong with you?

SHORT ROUND  
You shoot me now?

BARRY  
Where's your mom?

Short Round shakes his head.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Dad? Siblings?

No response. And now Barry is starting to feel bad.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You're lucky I don't call the cops.

Short Round laughs.

SHORT ROUND  
Cop don't care. Do what needs to be  
done to eat.

Short Round retrieves his hat. A ratty Yankees ballcap.

BARRY  
What are you, like ten?

SHORT ROUND  
Twelve.

Barry opens his wallet, tosses the kid a fiver.

BARRY  
Don't make me regret that.

SHORT ROUND  
You cheap, motherfucker.

Barry can't help it - starts laughing.

BARRY  
Your hat sucks ass.

SHORT ROUND  
You no like Yankees?

Barry rolls up his shirt sleeve to show off his BoSox TATTOO.

BARRY  
Red Sox Nation. Now scram, kid.

But Short Round doesn't budge.

SHORT ROUND  
I get you weapons. I get you  
anything you need. Drugs, guns, that  
good pussy.

Barry cocks an eyebrow.

SHORT ROUND (CONT'D)  
I know people.

BARRY  
M4 Carbine?

SHORT ROUND  
Uzi. Rifle. Glock.

BARRY  
Grenades?

SHORT ROUND  
Boom or smoke?

He grins, a true salesman.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Mitch finishes packing - as Barry barges in, amped. Sees that Mitch's bag is packed.

BARRY  
What is this bullshit?

MITCH  
I'm going home.

BARRY  
(sing-song)  
No you're not. Because I just got  
us some weapons? It's like 7-11's  
over here. Shit's on every corner.

MITCH  
(dubious)  
What'd you do?

BARRY  
I did what needed to be done.

MITCH  
I told you I'm out.

BARRY  
No, ya ain't. Why? 'Cause we had a  
contract.

Out of his pocket, Barry pulls-- an OLD NAPKIN CONTRACT. From when they were kids.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You signed this shit. This is our  
mission, Mitch. Honor the contract!

MITCH  
Why do you still have that?

He dick taps Mitch, who doubles over in pain.

BARRY  
Got a great deal, too. Four hundy  
flat.

MITCH  
How?

BARRY  
I met a kid.

MITCH  
You gave our money to a kid?!

BARRY  
'Side from the Yankees hat he  
seemed pretty legit.

MITCH  
He seemed legit?! Do you hear  
yourself? Where are the guns?!

BARRY  
He went to go get 'em.

MITCH  
You don't have them? You gave our  
money to a street hustler and then  
let him out of your sight!? Oh my  
god. You just got scammed. HOW THE  
FUCK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FLY HOME  
WITHOUT ANY MONEY?!

BARRY  
I didn't get scammed.

MITCH  
YES YOU DID! YOU IDIOT!

BARRY  
HEY! I am not an idiot!

Mitch hangs his head.

**EXT. MARKET PLAZA - DAY**

Barry nervously paces. Keeps checking his watch. Mitch leans  
against a pillar, in a stupor.

BARRY  
Fuck. Fuck-fuck-fuck.  
(spins to Mitch)  
A'ight, fine. You're right. I'm an  
idiot. Happy?

*BEEP, BEEP!* -- A car HORN howls as an old school DUESENBERG rolls up. Out the driver side window leans Short Round.

SHORT ROUND  
Yo, yo, yo dick munchers!

BARRY  
I take it all back.

He approaches the car.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Ever hear of a watch, kid?

SHORT ROUND  
Island time, baby.

He motions for Barry to hop in.

MITCH  
This is your contact? A kid?

BARRY  
I told you he was a kid.

MITCH  
I thought you meant he was  
seventeen. Not *literally* a child.

SHORT ROUND  
Bitch, please. We do this or what?

No need to be told twice, Barry hops in. Reluctant, Mitch moves to join.

**EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY**

The Duesenberg is parked in an empty alleyway. Trunk popped - filled with all sorts of WEAPONS. Kid came through, big time.

Barry lifts an M16, examines it. Short Round leans coolly against the car, pulls out a cigarette and lights in.

BARRY  
Good work, squirt.

MITCH  
Do they actually fire?

Short Round flips Mitch the bird.

SHORT ROUND  
Whatchu' need gun for anyway?

BARRY  
You ever hear of el Serpente?

And now the kid looks a bit spooked.

SHORT ROUND  
You work for Serpente?

The kid's already digging Barry's cash out of his pocket.  
But Barry shakes his head. And the kid exhales.

BARRY  
But we gonna find him. And kill him.

Mitch rolls his eyes, so over all of this cock stroking.

SHORT ROUND  
I can find you dos Santos.

MITCH  
With what, the compass you got up  
your ass? Thanks but we're good.

Short Round takes a puff of his cigarette.

SHORT ROUND  
You know where el Serpente is?

And now he's sucked Mitch into his little game.

MITCH  
Maybe. Maybe not.

SHORT ROUND  
You need guide. I take you there  
but trip not for pussies.

He points at Mitch. Barry laughs.

BARRY  
What do you know about pussy?

SHORT ROUND  
Lick it, stroke it, suck it, fuck  
it. Smell it.

He points at Mitch, again.

MITCH  
What's the catch?

SHORT ROUND  
No catch. Help friends.



He says while motioning for someone to grease his palms.

Barry pulls Mitch aside to confer.

BARRY

We could use a local. Ain't a bad idea.

MITCH

I'm not putting my life in the hands of an eight-year-old.

BARRY

He's twelve.

MITCH

Who gives a fuck!? For all we know this is a setup and we end up on Telemundo while creepy guys in skull masks use machetes to chop our heads off.

Barry looks back at Short Round.

BARRY

Hey, kid, you gonna chop our heads off with machetes?

SHORT ROUND

'Course not! We friends!

Back to Mitch.

BARRY

See, we friends!

Spinning back around, Barry pulls his wallet. Places the cash in Short Round's hand, but then grabs him roughly by the collar. Leans in and whispers.

BARRY (CONT'D)

If you fuck my friend over, I will hunt you down and I will extract your tiny peanut testicles from that fleshy lil' sack between your legs and I will feed them to you one-by-one until you choke. We understand one 'nother?

Short Round, still smiling, nods enthusiastically.

Barry releases his grip.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Barry and Mitch sit on the bed. Anxiously check their watches. Suddenly, Mitch bolts for the bathroom - and HURLS.

Finished, he returns to the bed. Sits again.

MITCH

Nerves.

Barry nods, "Sure", but he's not fooled.

MITCH (CONT'D)

About last night... You okay?

BARRY

Of course. I'm fine.

MITCH

You were yelling out commands in your sleep. I'm just saying, if there's something going on there's no shame in asking for help.

BARRY

I don't need no help. I'm fine.

Tense.

MITCH

What exactly happened over there?

Barry says nothing.

MITCH (CONT'D)

If you can't talk about it with your best friend then--

BARRY

I said I'm fine! It's just sometimes there's these nightmares. But it ain't nuthin'.

Silence.

MITCH

So, where exactly did you get the money to pay this kid?

BARRY

Your bank account.

MITCH

You stole my money?!

BARRY

Consider it an investment into our future.

MITCH

That was Maggie's college fund!

Mitch is livid, and TACKLES Barry - but given his current state of health, he's no match for the bigger Barry.

BARRY

Hey, what's done is done! What's done is done!

He pins down Mitch's arms.

BARRY (CONT'D)

This gonna be an issue?

MITCH

You could've asked.

BARRY

I ain't talkin' about the money. You're not gonna hack up a lung in the middle of a gunfight, are ya?

He releases Mitch.

MITCH

I'm trying my best here.

BARRY

You're my best friend, Mitch. I promise I'll make sure nuthin' happens to Maggie. But in return, I need you sharp here.

The room phone RINGS.

**EXT. ROACH MOTEL - DUSK**

Barry and Mitch march out of the motel - gear slung over their shoulders, total badasses - and approach Short Round.

MITCH

Where's the car?

SHORT ROUND

We steal car. You be lookout.

MITCH

Lookout?

Smiling, Short Round bounces off - towards a line of PARKED CARS along the street.

Paranoid, Mitch frantically scans the area as Short Round approaches a ramshackle STEP VAN. Pulls a metal hangar from his pants - and jimmies open the door.

Barry ditches Mitch, joining Short Round.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

BARRY  
You got this.

He hustles off, watching as Short Round hot-wires the van.

**MEANWHILE**

A group of MEN emerge from a nearby cafe for a smoke.

MITCH  
Uh, guys - we got company.

The step van ROARS to life. The smokers notice, SHOUT in Portuguese.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Aw crap.

The men take off - HEADING TOWARDS Mitch - who turns and flees for the van.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Incoming!

Barry floors the gas - the step van RAMS the car parked in front of it - then swings into REVERSE, smashing the vehicle behind it - some breathing room.

The smokers gain on Mitch, who spins - pistol out - and FIRES a shot into the air, hoping to intimidate his pursuers...

... doesn't work.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Fuck me.

He turns to run - just as the van swings out of its parking spot - and the back-door flies open.

SHORT ROUND  
Jump!

But the van is moving too fast - until brakes lights FLASH and the van skids to a stop - practically hurling Mitch inside the cargo hold.

Doors slam shut. Tires burn rubber.

**INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Barry and Short Round crack up.

                                SHORT ROUND  
        Fun, yes?

Mitch mock-laughs, unamused.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

The step van cruises through the lush jungle countryside. Rolling hills and hairpin curves marked by narrow dirt paths.

It's dark and incredibly difficult to see.

**INT. STEP VAN - CONTINUOUS**

Barry drives while Short Round teaches him the finer points of boosting cars.

                                SHORT ROUND  
        Boost easy. Just make wires go  
        spark-spark.

Mitch tries to consult a map.

                                MITCH  
        You sure we're heading east?

                                SHORT ROUND  
        Yes. East.

Mitch looks less than convinced.

                                SHORT ROUND (CONT'D)  
        Left here.

Barry slows, pulls onto a dark, dirt road - lurches up the mountainside. Mitch futzes with his GoPro, exhales loudly.

                                BARRY  
        What?

                                MITCH  
        Is no one else here concerned a kid  
        with no hair on his nuts is guiding  
        us through the middle of nowhere!?

BARRY

Where else do you expect a  
terrorist safe house to be?

HEADLIGHTS flash - a vehicle roars up quick behind the van.

Barry checks his mirror. The vehicle speeds up - horn HONKING.

Mitch barrels towards the back-door, peers out the dust-caked window, sees-- an UNMARKED CAR. Tinted windows. Gaining speed.

MITCH

Are they following us?

Then-- *POP, POP, POP!*

Shots fired. Mitch drops, covers his head.

MITCH (CONT'D)

They're shooting at us!

SHORT ROUND

That mean we go right way.

Barry floors the pedal - but speed is negligible up the steep hillside. The van careens along the winding road.

The unmarked vehicle tight on its bumper.

MITCH

Speed up!

BARRY

Whatchu' think I'm tryna' do?!

Barry jams the stick shift into 2nd gear, guns the gas. The van grinds forward, a shower of rocks and dust shooting into the canyon below.

Mitch digs around in their gear bags - pulls out a RIFLE. Quickly loads the chamber - *WHAM!*

The unmarked car SLAMS into the back of the step van, tossing Mitch and the ammo across the cargo hold.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I got an idea.

He SNAPS OFF the headlights.

MITCH

What the hell are you doing?!

BARRY

Learned this shit in basic. Trust me.

Short Round cackles, sadistically, enjoying the hell out of this whole charade.

The step van swings around a tight turn - and Barry brakes hard, downshifts into first. But the unmarked car - no time to stop - RAMS the back of the van, shatters its headlights.

Now they're both in the dark.

The step van fishtails. Barry wrestles for control of the wheel.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You gonna shoot those motherfuckers yet or what?

But the ammo (and Mitch) ricochet like ping pong balls across the van - even as Barry works the tight curves in near total blindness. One wrong move and it's goodbye Mitch and Barry.

But Barry is deft behind the wheel - steely focus. Plunges his foot onto the gas, spinning the van up the mountainside - and picking up distance on the unmarked vehicle.

Soon, the coast is clear.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Told ya it'd work.

Gloating, he flicks the headlights BACK ON-- lighting up a HERD OF SHEEP, frozen in the middle of the road.

Barry yanks the wheel - CLIPS one of the herd -- *and the van takes flight over the side of the cliff.*

The van hits the ground below and immediately upends, flipping end-over-end... and finally comes to rest, wheels up; a smoldering mess of glass and metal.

The HISS of the engine. Smoke choking the air.

Calmness... stillness.

Until... something moves inside the mangled van -- *BAM!*

The back-door crunches open and out falls Mitch, coughing uncontrollably. Behind him slides Barry. Beat up but alive.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MITCH  
Yeah. I'm good.

BARRY  
Short Round?!

Short Round drops out of the passenger door. He hops to his feet, cackling.

SHORT ROUND  
Ay-okay, guys!

He takes a step towards Barry and Mitch but an audible CLICK freezes him. Before Short Round can even look down--

*BOOM!*

The poor kid is blasted apart like a can of Spam being exploded. Body parts and entrails like confetti.

Barry's first reaction - he SCREAMS. Then, immediately grabs for his dick. It's still intact. Breathes a sigh of relief.

Mitch moves towards what's left of Short Round's body, but Barry quickly grabs him by the shirt, stops him.

BARRY  
Don't move!

MITCH  
(shell-shocked)  
What was that?

BARRY  
A bouncing Betty.  
(off Mitch)  
A land mine. No clue what else we got out there. One wrong move and we are ground beef.

Mitch carefully returns to his spot, paralyzed by the darkness that surrounds them.

Barry finds the charred Yankees hat near his leg. Angrily scoops it up and, frustrated, flings it away.

MITCH  
Now what do we do?

BARRY  
Nothing. We don't do shit.



MITCH

But what if those guys find us?  
What if they come after us!? We're  
sitting ducks out here.

He's starting to freak out - so Barry slaps him. Hard.

BARRY

Get it together, man. We have to  
wait this shit out.

MITCH

Until when?

BARRY

Until we can see what the hell  
we're dealing with.

Carefully - very carefully - Barry takes a seat again.

After a moment:

BARRY (CONT'D)

You bleedin'?

MITCH

I - uh - I don't know. I don't  
think so. No... You?

BARRY

Nuthin' but a lil' flesh wound.

He rips part of his pant leg off, ties off his arm.

MITCH

I knew this was a bad idea from the  
get-go. I cannot believe I let you  
talk me into this.

BARRY

Oh, quit yer bitchin' already! You  
knew what you signed up for!

MITCH

I didn't sign up for this!

BARRY

Yes you did! Because you don't want  
to die knowing you never threw that  
damn pass!

MITCH

We got a poor kid killed!

BARRY

You think I don't feel bad too?!

MITCH

No. You're used to this kind of stuff.

BARRY

No one is used to this kind of shit. You think I joined the Army 'cause I wanted to get shot at all day? So I could see my brothers die in a pool of their own blood 'cause some Hajji motherfucker thought blowing himself up in the name of Allah meant he'd go to heaven?! Wake up, man. This is the real world. This ain't some suburban circle jerk. Oh, my wife left me. Oh, my job fucking sucks. Oh, I have cancer. You're here 'cause you didn't do shit with your life and now there's a barrel to your head. This right here, it's doin' something.

MITCH

Yeah, I get it, you were in the Army. But you fucked that up just like you fuck up everything.

BARRY

I was a great fucking soldier!

Barry grows quiet.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you try bein' told how you aren't fit to do the only thing you love? Yeah, maybe I got drunk and made some mistakes--

MITCH

You stole a fucking tank!

BARRY

I know you're scared but I swear to God when we make it out of here as heroes, Maggie is going to always remember that. That her father was a *real* American hero. Besides, look around, you finally get to see the world 'cuz of me.

Mitch turns his gaze up to the night sky. Stars. Thousands of them sparkle overhead. He chuckles, seeing the irony.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You're free now. You can do whatever you want. If ya want to go home and be with Maggie and die in your bed surrounded by friends and family then fine. You can do that. But if you wanna stay here and finish this and see this through then yes, you can do that too. 'Cause there ain't no reason to be afraid anymore.

MITCH

That might actually be the smartest thing you've ever said.

BARRY

Proolly the only smart thing I've ever said.

They share a laugh, as Mitch settles in, finally seeing the world...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CRASH SITE - DAWN**

Sun creeps over the mountains - stirring Mitch and Barry. Finally able to glimpse the wreckage... a gnarly hulk of twisted metal. They're lucky to be alive.

BARRY

Salvage what we can, then we'll huff it to the closest town.

Carefully, they climb to their feet, pulling what's still usable from the wreckage. Barry retrieves Short Round's hat, puts it on, and the two set out in single file formation.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

The sun bears down unrelenting on Barry and Mitch trekking along a dirt path - devoid of all civilization for miles.

Mitch looks rough, his health visibly taking its toll. He has to pause as a COUGHING FIT sets in. His nose starts to bleed. Unable to hide the blood from Barry - who maybe for the first time truly sees the reality of what's at play here.

**EXT. ROAD - LATER**

Sweltering heat. Barry practically carries Mitch now.

They stop, spotting something in the distance--

**A COMPOUND**

Salvation; an oasis of civilization.

MITCH

Thank god.

Mitch tears towards the Compound, but Barry stops him.

BARRY

What if it's not safe?

MITCH

Oh so now you're the suspicious one? It's a farm in the middle of nowhere. Look around, there isn't shit for miles. I can barely walk. And I'm about to seriously consider drinking my own urine. So, I am heading for that very calm, very serene-looking compound and I am going to say hello to the little old Brazilian tobacco farmer who lives there and ask to use his phone to get myself home. You are more than welcome to join.

Mitch lumbers onward.

**EXT. COMPOUND - LATER**

Hidden in shrubs, Barry and Mitch spy on the compound - which is anything but calm and serene. That's because they've stumbled upon a TERRORIST TRAINING CAMP.

BARRY

Calm and serene, huh?

The entire complex is like Gaddafi's virgin camps. Attractive BUFF WOMEN doing kick-ass military drills.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You realize what this is, right? This is where they train dos Santos' personal security force.

MITCH

We need to get out of here.

They stand-- only to run into TWO ARMED FEMALE PATROL GUARDS.

MUSCULAR GUARD

Para cima.

MITCH

Okay, okay, just don't shoot.

Barry has that look in his eye - you know which one.

BARRY

Maybe you can help settle an argument for us.

MITCH

(low)

Don't do it.

BARRY

My friend here thinks Leonardo is the best ninja turtle, which just ain't true.

The two guards share a befuddled look - and Barry STRIKES.

Swings an elbow at the first guard, boot to the other's kneecap. Mitch throws a punch - and connects with Guard #1's head, crushing his hand.

MITCH

Motherfucker!

Only these broads are some well-trained soldiers and Barry - much to his surprise - quickly finds himself subdued.

BARRY

This is gonna be bad.

WHACK! Rifle butt to the temple.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. COMPOUND - DAY**

Cold steel walls. A floodlight the only light source. Nearby, a tripod and camera are focused on--

BARRY and MITCH

-- tied to steel chairs while CHYNA (the most beefy, badass chick you've ever encountered) works them over.

CHYNA

Who are you?

BARRY  
 (between blows)  
 Martyrs.

CHYNA  
 You are Americans?

BARRY  
 Yes, but we hate America.

*WHACK!* - a fist to Barry's grill jerks his head backwards.  
 Blood pours from his nose.

CHYNA  
 You are no martyrs.

BARRY  
 Who do you work for? Is it dos  
 Santos?

CHYNA  
 I ask the questions.

BARRY  
 It's dos Santos, isn't it? I knew it!

CHYNA  
 Quiet!

One of the other GUARDS cracks Barry across the head. Blood  
 trickles down his face - but Barry doesn't flinch.

BARRY  
 Who made these rules? Rather  
 selfish if ya ask me.

Chyna steels herself, signals TWO MORE GUARDS who approach.  
 They swing Barry's feet out from under him and yank his chair  
 backwards, SLAMMING his head onto the concrete floor.

Guard #1 pulls a damp towel over Barry's mouth -- pours water  
 onto his inclined face -- so that the water runs into his  
 upturned mouth and nose. *Yes, now they're waterboarding him.*

Barry WRITHES - tries to cough - but the towel acts like a  
 catchall, trapping the water inside his throat.

The Guard empties the pitcher.

Barry SHAKES. Gasps.

Finally, Chyna yanks off the towel. Barry spits. Sucks air.  
 Then, locks eyes with Chyna -- and starts LAUGHING.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
How'd I do? New record?

Chyna doesn't flinch. An emotionless robot. She signals her compatriots who re-fill the bucket.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Round two already?

The guard returns with the bucket - passes it to Chyna. But this one is not meant for Barry.

Instead, Mitch's chair is swung into an incline position. Towel over his face. Mitch panics already. Eyes bugged.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Fuck you.

Here comes the water -- Mitch convulses. Barry forced to watch as his best friend drowns.

CHYNA  
Who you work for? NSA? FBI?

BARRY  
No one! We work for no one!

The pitcher empties, finally. Towel off. Mitch gags.

CHYNA  
You are military?

BARRY  
We're nobody! I swear!

CHYNA  
Nobody who carries cameras?

She flicks her head towards Barry and Mitch's gear poured out onto a table against the far wall. GoPros. GPS.

**EXT. CELL - LATER**

Mitch and Barry are tossed like rag dolls into the empty cell. Cement surrounded by steel bars and cinder blocks.

They're alone now. Mitch is in bad shape.

BARRY  
I'll get us out of here.

MITCH  
No you won't.

BARRY

You can't crack already. You were a boss back there, but ya crack now and we as good as dead.

MITCH

We are dead! Don't you see? We aren't getting out of here. They're going to use us as propaganda. They're going to put us on video and saw our heads off like we're a fucking skirt steak.

Always the optimist, even Barry can't find the silver lining.

BARRY

I'm sorry I dragged you into this. I just - I wanted something better.

What's left to be said that hasn't already? So, instead, Mitch silently turns his back to Barry.

**INT. CELL - LATER**

Mitch curled on the floor. Barry taps the cinder blocks, searching for kinks in the armor.

A metal door OPENS. FOOTSTEPS approach.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACKNESS.**

*Okay, that's a lie - but we are seeing everything from Mitch's POV while he is blindfolded:*

**INT. COMPOUND - NIGHT (OR DAY, WHO KNOWS AT THIS POINT)**

*Mostly blackness. Small pricks of light and brief glimpses of barely visible images.*

Barry and Mitch are marched inside a room.

The vinyl tarp below their feet crinkles.

They are strapped into chairs. Hands zip tied.

It's hard to tell but there seems to be a bunch of people in the room. One of which holds a LARGE METALLIC OBJECT which scrapes against the concrete floor - *a machete?*

Then, CLICK/BEEP. A video camera and a FAMILIAR VOICE.



MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (in Spanish, subtitled)  
*America, you did not leestin to me.*

MITCH  
 (whispers)  
 El Serpente?

GIO DOS SANTOS (O.S.)  
 (subtitled)  
*You send infidels to capture me!  
 But el Serpente cannot be captured.*

Mitch is yanked from his chair, thrown to the ground. Machete swipes across the concrete floor, near his head.

GIO DOS SANTOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (subtitled)  
*And now, their blood will run on  
 your hands.*

Mitch tenses -- braces for the swift end.

Until, GUNFIRE erupts.

Crackles of bullets buzzing in all directions. People SHOUT. Bodies DROP as gunfire tears through the compound.

*TAT-TAT-TAT*

Round after round as a massive firefight ensues. People SHOUT in Spanish. Feet abandon their post as the fighting continues outside - leaving Mitch and Barry behind, immobilized.

BARRY  
 You dead?

MITCH  
 It's possible.

BARRY  
 That was him wasn't it? That was  
 dos Santos?

Finally... the gunfire ceases.

FOOTSTEPS infiltrate the compound. Guns clank against body armor. Mitch is hauled to his feet. Blindfold ripped clean.

First thing he sees is the MACHETE that was destined for the back of his neck. Then, GINGER. Flanked by the rest of the Blackwater ex-Pats. Speckled with blood.

GINGER

Looky who we have here, boys. This is becoming a bit of a trend, no?

BARRY

Could you cut us loose, hoss?

GINGER

(to his crew)

Should we cut 'em loose?

But the others only respond with raucous laughter.

Ginger squats in front of Barry. A teacher scolding a child.

GINGER (CONT'D)

We warned you fuckholes to git.

BARRY

You shittin' me right now, bro?

GINGER

Dibs was dibs, "bro". Now we gotta make sure you stay the hell out of our way for good.

Irish cocks his hand cannon, itching for the trigger - but Savage whispers something to Ginger, who halts Irish.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Bring 'em with and grab what you can. We're Oscar Mike in five.

Savage and Extreme round up Barry and Mitch while Ginger and Irish collect the camera and other intel lying about - including Barry and Mitch's confiscated gear.

**EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT**

The compound is littered with dead bodies. Barry and Mitch are thrown into the back of the ex-Pats' vehicle.

**INT. CONVOY (MOVING)**

Ginger rides shotgun.

MITCH

Where are you taking us?

BARRY

Did you get him? The Serpent?

Ginger grinds his teeth, the answer: no.

Barry grins, ever so slightly.

Ginger removes a detonator from his breast pocket, and CLICK -  
- BOOM! -- lights the training camp up like D-Day as the  
convoy speeds into the night.

**EXT. THE SALT PIT - NIGHT**

**SUPER: FORMER CIA BLACK SITE - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION**

Tires tear up dirt and rocks as the convoy steamrolls towards  
an isolated clandestine converted brick factory.

Otherwise known as: 'The Salt Pit'. A former CIA black site  
prison which has now been abandoned.

**INT. THE SALT PIT - MOMENTS LATER**

The ex-Pats lead Barry and Mitch down a tiny corridor of  
prison cells. Other "POW's" stuffed inside squalid concrete  
boxes - save for the steel barred windows.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE SALT PIT - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

GINGER

I own you. You belong to me now.  
Look at me.

Ginger has isolated Barry, alone in the room. He stands atop  
a frayed mat, flanked by Savage and Extreme.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(explaining the rules)

If you don't look at me when I  
speak, you get hurt. If you move  
from that chair, you get hurt. If  
you tell me something which I know  
to be a lie, then I will fuck you  
up. Look at me.

Barry keeps his eyes trained on the floor. Savage rushes him,  
a right hook to the spleen. Left to tenderize the ribs.

Ginger empties a rucksack onto the floor. Mitch and Barry's  
gear scatters. Picks up the video camera from the training  
camp and removes the HD CHIP.

GINGER (CONT'D)

This is the only shred of evidence  
keeping you and your friend from  
being branded enemies of the state.

And Ginger SMASHES the chip.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Whoops.

Barry looks around - at the sound-proofed walls, the puddles on the floor. The stench of vomit that makes a man's nose curl. Knows he fucked six ways to Sunday.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Why are you in Rio?

BARRY

Heard it was beautiful this time of year.

GINGER

How did you find dos Santos' training camp before us?

BARRY

Horseshoe up my butt?

Savage plants a boot into Barry's ribs.

GINGER

Did you know the Serpent himself would be there?

BARRY

Did ya know your mother was fuck ugly when ya sucked on her cock?

*WHAM!* - Ginger cold-cocks Barry. Splits his lip.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I can finger bang all day if ya want but at some point you're gonna hafta stick it in.

Ginger smiles. Mercurial.

GINGER

You're funny. And tough. I like that you're tough. Mad respect. But eventually everyone cracks. Even you, princess.

Ginger smirks, and exits - leaving Savage and Extreme to continue working over Barry.

**INT. THE SALT PIT - CELLS - NIGHT**

Barry is flung inside, a bloody mess. Savage purrs from the doorway.

SAVAGE  
You're next, sugar.

SLAMS the cell shut, marches off.

Mitch moves to check on Barry - who raises his hand. He sits up. Blows blood from his nostrils.

BARRY  
Who'd have thought we'd come all  
the way to South America to die at  
the hands of some fuckin' Yanks.

Then, starts laughing. A crazy laugh. If we didn't know better, it might even sound like sobs. Maybe for another man. But not Barry - instead, he just laughs.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LATER:**

It's raining. Barry reaches his hands through the barred window, tries in vain to catch some rain to drink.

Mitch is splayed on the floor. Frail. Clammy. He's growing progressively more ill.

MITCH  
I don't know how much longer like  
this I have in me.

BARRY  
You talkin' 'bout a suicide pact?  
'Cause it'd be easy. I choke you  
out, then I break your glasses and  
eat the broken shards.

Mitch shoots him a look. This is way too detailed a plan.

MITCH  
I'm thirsty.

BARRY  
We should drink our urine for  
sustenance.

Barry stands, reaches for his zipper. Pauses.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Would it be better to drink our own urine or each other's urine? I don't wanna know if my own urine tastes gross.

MITCH

I'm not drinking anyone's urine.

BARRY

You'll die if ya don't. Open up.

He maneuvers in front of Mitch, who - with what little energy he still has left - shoves Barry away.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I can save you. Drink my urine.

Barry's stream starts and Mitch punches him in the gut, knocking Barry to the ground.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(groans)

Great, now I'm pissin' on myself.

There's a puddle of what's clearly urine near him. Curious, Barry flicks his tongue out of his mouth, tentative.

Just a little lick. And instantly RECOILS. He GAGS.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Gross! Not good. So gross.

MITCH

Please tell me you didn't--

But Mitch can't help it, starts GAGGING himself now.

BARRY

You gotta stop... You're gonna make me puke...

MITCH

You stop...

It's a vicious cycle. One retches, then the other. Both of them uncontrollably dry heaving back and forth.

Finally, they both stop. After a long beat:

BARRY

I can't believe we were *this* close to gettin' dos Santos. They took our gear. Guns. Grenades. Cameras.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Knew I shoulda swallowed the HD cards.

(then)

*So he hid it in the one place he knew he could hide somethin'. His ass. Five long years, he wore this watch up his ass.*

Nothing from Mitch.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You never seen Pulp Fiction? I'd do the same thing if I hadta. Like swallowin' a balloon of coke or sumthin'. Did it in the military once. I ain't proud, but what's done is done.

Mitch slumps back onto the ground, coughs.

MITCH

My whole life I've let you drag me into shit like this.

BARRY

Don't put this all on me. You made your own choice.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LATER:**

Mitch asleep on his back -- when Barry suddenly pounces on top of him, covering Mitch's mouth with his hand.

Eyes snapping open, Mitch panics - but Barry holds him down.

BARRY

Shhh. It'll be quick. I can do this. Someone must, right?

MITCH

Get off of me!

BARRY

Let go. Just let go!

His eyes are crazed, dilated. Tries to wrap his hands around Mitch's neck as Mitch frantically flails.

MITCH

Please, Barry. Stop.

Mitch catches Barry with a headbutt and scuttles away. Backed into the corner. But Barry is up, shakes off the blow.

He's completely warped.

BARRY

This is war. People must die.

Approaches again.

MITCH

Barry, listen to me. You're just having an episode right now.

But Barry continues towards him, maniacal. He lunges - but Mitch slips his grasp, crushes Barry's head into the wall, stunning him. Then locks him in a rear naked choke.

Barry gasps for air. But Mitch bears down. Finally, Mitch releases his hold and Barry crumples to the floor.

Still, Mitch guards himself, ready for anything-- only, Barry begins to sob. He's having a breakdown.

BARRY

How can you not believe in God?

Mitch hedges, still on guard.

MITCH

I just don't.

BARRY

If ya don't believe in God, what do ya believe in? Buddha?

MITCH

I'm agnostic.

BARRY

You don't believe in Buddha neither?

MITCH

I don't believe in any deity.

BARRY

Bullshit. Your mom used to take ya to Sunday school all the time. You wore corduroys.

MITCH

I hated those corduroys.



BARRY

This cause of Carla, ain't it?

He's met with silence.

BARRY (CONT'D)

If ya don't believe in God, then what happens when ya die? You just gonna lay in a box in the ground for eternity?

Mitch shrugs.

MITCH

Who cares?

BARRY

I care. I don't want someone to just--

(he SNAPS)

-- turn off a light and it's over.

Mitch lets this sink in.

BARRY (CONT'D)

How come you never threw that pass?

MITCH

I was scared.

BARRY

You regret it?

MITCH

Every day of my life.

Beat.

BARRY

When'd you learn that hold?

MITCH

(cracks a smile)

I picked up a thing or two.

They laugh, until-- they're interrupted by people approaching. Savage and Irish drag a limp, bloody pulp of a BODY towards Mitch and Barry's cell.

They toss the rag doll inside. Barry and Mitch move to him. Eye swollen. Beat to shit. This is THE COURIER (50s, Hispanic, wire thin, thick beard).

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 He's breathing. Barely. Can you  
 hear me?

It's a whisper, but the Courier responds:

THE COURIER  
 Yes.

MITCH  
 What did they do to you?

BARRY  
 What's it look like?

The Courier tries to speak.

THE COURIER  
 You are American?

Mitch nods.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)  
 You should not be here.

BARRY  
 Yeah, well, we're idiots.

MITCH  
 You should get some rest.

As the Courier closes his eyes...

**CUT TO:**

**LATER:**

Mitch and Barry confer in hushed whispers.

BARRY  
 We can't stay here. It's only a  
 matter of time 'fore they kill us  
 both, or abandon us altogether.

MITCH  
 What do you want to do? Walk out  
 the front door? Sure, let's just  
 walk out the front door.

BARRY  
 Your sarcasm is not productive.

There's a bustle of commotion outside. Barry moves to the  
 barred window, sees--

**OUTSIDE**

The Blackwater Ex-Pats are gearing up. Anxious energy.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Sumthin's goin' down.

Mitch looks for himself.

THE COURIER (O.S.)  
El Serpente.

Curious, Barry and Mitch turn back to see the Courier gingerly pulling himself upright. They move to help.

BARRY  
Easy, tiger.

THE COURIER  
Thank you.

MITCH  
Do you know what's going on?

THE COURIER  
They want to catch the snake.

BARRY  
They know where dos Santos is?

The Courier nods.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
You gotta be fucking kidding me!  
Fuck those Blackwater dickheads.

THE COURIER  
I was his courier.  
(then)  
I was a shit courier.

He laughs, but it hurts.

And now he has Barry and Mitch's attention.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)  
I did what must be done to feed mi familia. May God judge me in time.

BARRY  
See, even he believes in God.

THE COURIER  
Maggie, she is your daughter?  
(off Mitch's surprise)  
I heard you speak of her.

MITCH  
She'll be eight in three weeks.

THE COURIER  
I had a daughter. She was twelve.

Mitch lets this sink in.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)  
El Serpente took her from me. Said  
it was a warning. But death is no  
warning. Death is finality.

MITCH  
I'm sorry for your loss.

BARRY  
Yes, very sorry and all, but what  
the fuck is going on out there?!

Mitch slaps at Barry, the insensitive prick.

THE COURIER  
There is a safe house not far from  
here. It is heavily guarded.

BARRY  
And you told them 'bout it?

THE COURIER  
Why you think they not kill me?

Barry's pissed. Punches the wall. Instantly regrets it.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)  
I can help you escape.

Intrigued, Barry and Mitch lean closer.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)  
El Serpente will move again in two  
days time. The Americans, they will  
come for me first to guide them.

As Barry's eyes grow wide, a potentially brilliant (or  
terribly stupid) idea forming in his head, as we...

**CUT TO:**

**LATER:**

It's early morning. Mitch squints out the barred window.

MITCH

Hurry, they're loading up.

Behind him, Barry has Mitch's glasses. He's pried the lens from the frame and scrapes it against the cinder block wall.

Touches the tip. It's sharp.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You really think this is going to work?

BARRY

If it don't, they'll prolly kill us anyway.

He brings the sharpened blade to his forehead.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Always wanted to do this, just like pro wrestlers.

SLICES his forehead just under the hairline. Blood gushes.

DOOR opens. Barry quickly lays prone, face covered in blood. Holds his breath, stiff as a board.

Mitch slumps beside him, begins COUGHING. GAGGING.

THE COURIER

Help! HELP!

Savage reaches the cell door. Sees the "carnage".

SAVAGE

What the fuck?

THE COURIER

I think he is dead.

Savage yanks open the cell door. Steps inside.

SAVAGE

Don't fucking move.

He nudges Barry's body with his foot.

Barry doesn't move, so Savage bends down for closer inspection, and Barry's EYES snap open.

In a flash, he strikes. Quick punch to Savage's trachea - and that's when Mitch pounces. Locks him in a rear chokehold.

Savage's body slumps but Mitch holds on tight. Finally, Barry taps him to release and Savage drops to the ground.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE SALT PIT - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The trio enters, careful. Clear. Mitch quickly gathers up their GoPros from the table.

Barry moves for the weapons. Hastily loads a mini-arsenal. Including what looks like a SUICIDE VEST.

MITCH

We gotta go. They'll come looking  
for their guy any second.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE SALT PIT - DAY**

Morning breaks over the lush landscape. Barry, Mitch and the Courier peer around a building at--

-- the rest of the Blackwater ex-Pats across the way. Distracted as they finish loading up. We HEAR:

GINGER

What the fuck is taking him so long?

Ginger, Irish and Extreme head back inside to check on Savage, at which point -- Barry, Mitch and the Courier scurry towards a waiting vehicle.

Barry pops open the steering column, yanks at the wires.

BARRY

Aren't you glad that kid taught me  
how to boost cars now, huh?

Quick Sign of the Cross - until Mitch clears his throat. Holds up a set of CAR KEYS.

MITCH

They were on the table.

Barry scoffs, takes the keys. Fires up the engine and floors the vehicle... only to stop beside the ex-Pats' idled Humvee.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Barry hops out, slashes the tires. Then jumps back inside.

BARRY

I don't like competition.

Pedal to the floor, spitting up rocks as Barry and team scream out of there, just as Ginger reemerges outside.

GINGER

Motherfuckers!

**CUT TO:**

**I/E. BLACKWATER SUV - DAY**

The Courier navigates as Barry drives.

BARRY

Gotta admit, I thought we were for sure dead back there.

MITCH

You almost strangled me.

BARRY

I almost mercy killed you.

(then)

Look, I know you're over this whole mission. I don't blame ya. So, if you wanna bail and head home I'm with ya.

Mitch contemplates his choice. Fingers the locket around his neck, the one he bought for Maggie.

MITCH

I have enough regrets in my life. Besides, what the hell else is there to be afraid of?

He holds his fist out to Barry - who grins, pounds it.

THE COURIER

Turn here.

Barry sharply cuts the wheel...

**EXT. JUNGLE - DAY**

**BINOCULARS POV:** a safe house/township in the middle of the lush greenery. Armed guards everywhere. It's a fortress worthy of a billionaire drug lord. Obviously.

Everything in motion, GUARDS, VEHICLES, FOOT PATROLS coming and going. An intricate (and large scale) operation.

BARRY

I count a couple dozen. All packin' heat.

Barry lowers the binos. He's atop a HILLTOP overlooking the dense jungle below. Mitch makes some notations in a notebook. Checks his watch. The Courier beside them.

MITCH

Any sign of El Serpente?

BARRY

Negative. But he's here. Look at the amount of firepower down there? Ya think a place that well-guarded is just for packin' coke and weed?

THE COURIER

He is there. But not for long.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Barry and Mitch have set up a command center in a shitty dive hotel room. PHOTOS of the compound on the wall. They pour over the data with the Courier.

MITCH

Guard changes every hour on the hour, like clockwork.

Which he points out on-- a REPLICA MODEL. Constructed from common hotel items (shampoo, soap, toilet paper holders).

It's impressive for both its shoddiness and its ingenuity.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT**

Blinding SPOTLIGHTS. Rigged to chain link fencing. Silhouetted guards behind the lights, bustle about.

Nearby, in the bushes, Mitch SNAPS photos of the patrols.

MITCH (V.O.)

Guards stationed at the front and rear entrances, with continuous perimeter sweeps.

**INTERCUT WITH:**



**INT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Barry points out the firepower on surveillance PHOTOS.

BARRY

Guards are carrying standard AR-15's. Small caliber, accurate, lightweight, high-velocity rounds.

THE COURIER

If you're moving by foot, night is the best option.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. JUNGLE**

Guards sweep the perimeter of the compound.

BARRY

(low)

Another perimeter sweep.

Mitch checks his notes.

MITCH

Fifteen-minute intervals.

Mitch SNAPS a few more covert photos of the grounds. He COUGHS, freezes. Worried. But no one is the wiser. *Phew.*

Barry shoots him a questioning look.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'm fine.

(Barry is unconvinced)

I said I'm fine.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT**

Retreating back through the jungle, Barry looks jittery, constantly stops to check his surroundings.

MITCH

What? You hear something?

BARRY

(low, worried)

Think it could be a tiger?

MITCH

There are no tigers in Rio.

BARRY  
We're in the jungle, aren't we?  
That's where tigers live.

MITCH  
There aren't any tigers here.

A ENGINE roars, approaching. Barry and Mitch quiet and duck behind trees, as the JEEP rolls past, headlamps scanning the surrounding perimeter. Once it passes:

BARRY  
What about jaguars? There could be jaguars.

He's pronouncing it like the car commercials.

MITCH  
Why are you saying it like that?

BARRY  
Saying what like what?

MITCH  
Jaguar.

BARRY  
You mean Jaguar.

MITCH  
There's no Jaguars or Jaguars.  
Okay?

BARRY  
What about Predators?

Mitch stares back, dumbfounded.

MITCH  
Like the movie?

BARRY  
Crazy shit goes down in the jungle.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Barry and Mitch say goodbye to the Courier.

BARRY  
We'll get this bastard. I promise.

The Courier nods his appreciation. Then, Mitch and the Courier shake. Mutual admiration.

MITCH  
Thank you, amigo.

THE COURIER  
Get home safe to your daughter.

Mitch nods. And the Courier slowly limps away.

**INT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Mitch and Barry study the recon PHOTOS.

MITCH  
What's the count?

Barry checks their notes.

BARRY  
Including dos Santos? Three males.

MITCH  
Kids?

BARRY  
Seven, maybe eight.

MITCH  
Females?

BARRY  
Guards or non-guards?

MITCH  
Guards.

BARRY  
Fifteen. Roughly.

Mitch sits on the edge of the bed.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
This is some Al-Qaeda bin Laden  
level shit right here.

MITCH  
What if we fail? We storm inside and  
let's assume we succeed without  
getting shot up like Swiss cheese...

He points the following out using the model replica.

MITCH (CONT'D)

We get past the gates, the guards,  
the guns--

BARRY

The Predators.

Mitch girds himself, continues:

MITCH

Let's say we actually penetrate the  
impenetrable fortress... What  
happens if we aren't perfect? We  
won't get lucky this time.

Tempered, Barry sits down beside Mitch.

BARRY

That's the choice we have to make.

(then)

But if this is him - if this is dos  
Santos - we can't let him slip  
through our fingers, otherwise who  
knows how many more American lives  
he's gonna take.

They both exhale, fully aware of the scope of their already  
daunting mission.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We need a better plan.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TACO STAND - DAY**

Mitch and Barry eat street tacos at a rickety picnic bench.  
They have hats pulled low, sunglasses on.

MITCH

Best case we're looking at two on  
twenty here.

BARRY

Firepower's too much. Can't just  
cowboy it up, guns blazin'.

Barry gorges on food. Downing water like a mad man.

MITCH

Might wanna slow it down, hoss.

BARRY

Gotta carb up for the mission.

MITCH

You're gonna get sick.

BARRY

I have a cast iron stomach. What 'bout that Trojan Horse thing?

MITCH

In the city, maybe, but not in the jungle. Too obvious.

(then)

How many Seals did they send to get bin Laden?

BARRY

Over twenty.

MITCH

We're just two dudes. One Ranger, and one guy with Leukemia and a decent shot.

BARRY

Better 'an decent.

Barry eats, stares off at a tiny box TV near the Taco cart.

**THE TV:** Conflict in the Middle East. A reporter recaps a suicide bombing gone awry.

Barry turns back to Mitch with a knowing look in his eye.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Barry holds up the suicide vest he took from the Salt Pit.

MITCH

A suicide vest? Really?

BARRY

We gotta think like a terrorist would. Fight fire with fire. Less you know 'nother way to take down that many armed guards at once?

MITCH

Okay, genius, and who's going to blow themselves up?

BARRY

As a true believer in the ninja code, it'd be an honorable sacrifice.

MITCH

You're crazy if you think I'm gonna let you do that.

BARRY

Tough shit. Ain't your call.

MITCH

Be real, we both know I'm already living on borrowed time. You still have a whole life ahead of you.

BARRY

And you got Maggie. I ain't got shit back there and we both know it. Least you can do is go home, get the money, and say a proper goodbye to your little girl. 'Sides, truth is, I shoulda been dead long ago with the rest of 'em.

MITCH

Rest of who? Your squad?

BARRY

I survived.

MITCH

You got a second chance.

BARRY

Because I fuckin' hid! All my friends - they gave their lives and I fuckin' hid!

MITCH

You can still go home and get help. Get your life back on track.

BARRY

So I can what?! Have some shrink poke around inside my head? So people can look at me like I have some disease? Like I'm half a man now? Fuck that! I don't need shit. Not from them, and not from you. This is my plan. This is my chance to be a real hero!

MITCH  
Not this time.

There's no changing Mitch's mind here. He's dug in.

Annoyed, Barry heads for the door.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

BARRY  
For a walk. Is that okay with you?

Mitch moves to follow - not two steps towards the door before he doubles over. COUGHING. Blood trickles from his nose.

**LATER:**

Mitch looks drained. Dials the phone. *RINGING*.

Finally, Carla answers. Groggy.

CARLA (ON PHONE)  
Hello?

MITCH  
Carla, put Maggie on.

CARLA (ON PHONE)  
Mitch, is that you?

MITCH  
Please just do it.

CARLA (ON PHONE)  
Do you know what time it is? Are you drunk?

MITCH  
I need to talk to her.

CARLA (ON PHONE)  
She's sleeping. And so am I.

MITCH  
Just... Just do me a favor. Tell her that her daddy loves her.

CARLA (ON PHONE)  
Go to sleep, Mitch.

She hangs up.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Barry drinks alone. Just him and his thoughts. He's tired, and drunk, and lays down to close his eyes.

**BLACK.**

**EXT. AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Barry huddles in a hole as artillery strikes pound his battalion. Young men SCREAM out for help. Complete chaos.

GUNSHOTS nearby. But Barry doesn't move. He hides.

**BACK TO:**

**INT. DIVE HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Barry returns to the room. Finds Mitch inside - who, frankly, looks like shit but he's putting on quite the show for Barry.

MITCH

Where have you been?

BARRY

Just needed to clear my head.

Barry picks up the suicide vest and helps strap Mitch in.

MITCH

I thought something bad might've happened to you.

(then)

Look, about last night--

BARRY

Forget it. You were right. About everything. And if we get through this today--

MITCH

When.

BARRY

When we get through this, it's time to make some changes.

But Barry, himself, isn't looking so hot. He's sweating. Looks kind of clammy.

MITCH

You don't look so good.



BARRY  
 (chuckles)  
 Yeah, look who's talkin'.

Mitch nods as Barry finishes strapping in the vest.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Barry and Mitch prep for battle. Silently loading weapons and gear. Full battle rattle.

**EXT. JUNGLE - HILLTOP - NIGHT**

Barry and Mitch unload from their vehicle. Hawks circling high above their prey.

**DOWN BELOW**

The compound looks massive. Imposing. Fifteen-foot high walls and a fully-gated interior. Barry flicks on his comms.

BARRY  
 Test-test.

GoPros mounted to helmets. Clicks 'record'. Red lights flash.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 You sure 'bout this?

Mitch nods.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
 Let's go be fuckin' heroes then.

They bump fists.

**EXT. JUNGLE - LATER**

Barry and Mitch work methodically through the brush under the cover of darkness. Barry has to stop to catch his breath.

MITCH  
 What's wrong?

BARRY  
 I think I'm 'bout to shit my pants.

Stomach groans, audibly.

MITCH  
 Seriously? See, I told you.

BARRY  
 Not now, man.

Suddenly, he darts off into the jungle to lay down what can only be a mighty deuce. Rips down his pants - and unloads.

*Sweet relief.* Until, he hears... MOVEMENT.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
I'm almost done.

But the brush clears and Mitch steps out.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Yo, this ain't no peep show.

But there's panic in Mitch's eyes. Behind him stands one of dos Santos' GUARDS, rifle jammed into Mitch's back.

GUARD  
(in Spanish)  
*No one moves.*

She reaches for her comm - when a low grumble sounds. A rumble. A *roar?!!*

Mitch looks to Barry, who subtly shakes his head.

Then - out of the jungle - leaps a JAGUAR. Teeth latch into the Guard's neck ripping flesh from skin. Blood gushes.

BARRY  
Holy. Shit.

MITCH  
Shoot it.

Barry's frozen - pants around his ankles. He can only watch as the jaguar drags the limp guard's body into the jungle.

Then, silence. They both breathe a sigh of relief.

BARRY  
See, I fuckin' told ya. I so fuckin' told you.

Barry quickly pulls up his pants.

**EXT. COMPOUND - FRONT GATE**

TWO GUARDS man the front gate.

Barry and Mitch cluster near the edge of the jungle. They wait as a patrol Jeep passes and the guards rotate out.

BARRY  
(checks his watch)  
Fifteen minutes.

A prone Mitch swings his rifle from his back - silencer attached - and takes aim. Soon as the Jeep passes--

Mitch SQUEEZES the trigger. The first guard falls.

Second springs into action. Immediately cutdown as well.

Barry and Mitch are up, out of the jungle, and retrieve the bodies. Rolling them into the bushes and out of sight.

Mitch steals a comm set from the guard.

MITCH  
Chatter is clear.

Barry attacks the gate. Sticky C-4 to the hinges.

BARRY  
Ready.

Mitch and Barry brace themselves against the wall.

On Barry's silent count:

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Three... two... one...

*Click... BOOM!*

The charge blows in a fiery ball, breaching the metal gate but only leaving a narrow gap.

Barry and Mitch muscle their way through.

Guns drawn as they emerge through the smoke and debris.

Instant contact. *Clack-clack-clack!*

Cutting down surprised insurgents with surgical precision.

Barry lobs GRENADES - securing the perimeter. Chaos at full tilt. Moving quickly for--

#### **THE MAIN HOUSE**

Barry and Mitch SLAM against the walls.

Silence. Then-- BULLETS ricochet out the windows. Skimming past Barry's head.

Undaunted, Barry throws his gut-buster inside the window, and FIRES wildly.

A moment passes. Mitch looks to Barry - who nods. Then KICKS in the door and barrels inside, gun on a swivel.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Clear.

**INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Mitch follows... BODY on the floor, dead in a pool of blood. Barry pumps another round into her chest, for safety.

-- Mitch, never slowing, hangs on Barry's heels...

-- Plunging deeper into the house...

-- They reach a door, which leads out into--

**THE COURTYARD**

An open yard surrounded by multiple levels of the house. Not exactly an ideal spot to breach.

Barry holds up his fist, freezing Mitch.

MITCH

This looks nothing like what the Courier said.

BARRY

(worried)

I know.

They need a new plan.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

The door to the courtyard swings open -- and out rolls an office chair, the previously shotgunned BODY in the chair.

*TAT, TAT, TAT!*

Gunfire erupts. Muzzles at full auto.

FROM THE WINDOW, Mitch easily picks the gunmen off the walls. One. Two. Three. Methodical. Calm.

**EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Barry signals - *Move, move, move* - and he and Mitch dart out into the courtyard. Eyes scanning.

Towards the staircase... Up they go, flanking one another...

An ARMED GUARD pops out of a doorway. Mitch cuts her down and ducks inside the entryway.

A brief moment to catch their breath.

BARRY

I think I squirted my pants.

CHATTER over the comms.

Barry rushes back to the window, as--

GUARDS swarm the courtyard.

Barry pulls TWO GRENADES from his vest.

BARRY (CONT'D)

One... two...

Lets 'em fly into the courtyard below.

*BOOM! BOOM!*

Barry leaps up, fires on the guards.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Go. Push through.

MITCH

What about you?

More suppressive fire.

BARRY

I'll hold 'em off.

(Mitch hesitates)

Go!

Tentative, Mitch continues. Separated from his partner. Decidedly slower and more cautious now...

**INT. HALLWAY - SECOND LEVEL**

Down a LONG HALLWAY... Rooms lining the walls on both sides.

Mitch checks a door handle. Unlocked. Quietly - slowly - turns the knob and enters, rifle leading the way...

**INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

CHILDREN huddle on bunk beds. Scared out of their minds.

For a moment, Mitch lets down his guard, when...

**FROM BEHIND THE DOOR**, out leaps a WOMAN. She slashes at Mitch. He reaches for his pistol but the woman drives a butcher knife deep into Mitch's thigh.

Mitch HOWLS. Drops his gun.

The woman scoops it up, fires-- *TWO POPS!*

Catches Mitch in the shoulder. Another in the chest.

Spinning, Mitch desperately lunges-- wrestles the pistol away, and *FIRES*. Clean shot between the eyes. She's dead.

Mitch slumps to the ground. Feels his chest... *blood*.

MITCH

Well that sucks.

Grasps for his radio.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Barry, you there?

GUNSHOTS echo throughout the compound.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Barry?!

Mitch is starting to panic. No response.

**INT. OVERLOOKING THE COURTYARD - MEANWHILE**

Barry clips off a few more rounds. Out of ammo. Pulls the spent mag, chucks it aside. Reloads.

Lifts his head to look back out the window - *BOOM!* - an RPG whizzes through the window, takes out the back wall, spitting shards of cement.

Barry is rocked to the floor. Ears RINGING.

FOOTSTEPS approach quickly. Up the stairs.

Panicked, Barry pulls himself to his feet. Unarmed. Slams against the wall, waits as--

a STOUT GUARD bursts inside, gets a shot off on Barry, *catching him in the arm*.

But Barry's undaunted. Swift kick to the knee, cripples her. Ground and pound. SNAPS the neck.

No time to hesitate, Barry retrieves his gun and retreats into the hallway, firing blindly as he moves.

Radio SQUAWKS.

MITCH (OVER RADIO)  
Barry, you there?!

BARRY  
Sorry. Got a lil' tied up.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - MEANWHILE**

Mitch on the floor.

MITCH  
You alright?

BARRY  
Never better.

Barry checks his shoulder. *Fuckin' A.*

MITCH  
I think I'm hurt.

BARRY  
Bad?

Mitch touches his wound.

MITCH  
I don't know.  
(then)  
I also got stabbed.

Mitch looks down at the knife still sticking out of his leg.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
It's not good.

BARRY  
Well, pull that fucker out then.

Mitch grabs the knife, deep breath. Looks at one of the kids on the bed. The kid tenses, shields his eyes.

Mitch YANKS out the knife, grits through the pain.

Then, grabs a pillow from the bed. Rips off the pillowcase, ties off his leg.

MITCH  
(in Spanish, to the kids)  
*Stay here and you'll be safe.*

He's back up, forges onward. Limpes out into--

**THE HALLWAY**

Peeks inside rooms as he passes.

Empty... empty... One after another - *all empty.*

Finally, Mitch staggers to the end of the hallway, and a second staircase, atop which sits a DOOR.

Deep breath, and he climbs...

Tense... tense.

A FLASH of movement below the door frame.

Mitch stops climbing, SHOUTS--

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Dos Santos!

Silence.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Dos Santos!?

Sweat drips down Mitch's face. No response.

Reaches for the handle... turns the knob... No gunshots.

**INT. MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

The door creaks open. Light spills in from the hallway, landing on--

GIO DOS SANTOS

-- huddled in the middle of the room, trapped like a rat, and using his DAUGHTER as a human shield.

The air sucks out of the room - leaving us in a vacuous void of sound - as Barry and dos Santos lock eyes. A standoff.

The young girl SCREAMS, but Mitch is reeling from his wounds.

*The world around him falls into a vacuum of silence.*



**TIME SLOWS:**

Mitch's BREATH, labored...

HEARTBEAT thumping like a set of bass drums...

MITCH (V.O.)

We've grown up a generation being  
told stories of heroes. Of good  
versus evil.

Mitch struggles to focus on the muted girl, SCREAMING.

Faint SHOUTING in Spanish.

MITCH (V.O.)

But what truly makes a hero a hero?  
Is it merely being in the right  
place at the right time?

It's as though every event in Mitch's life prior has led him  
to this very moment in time.

And he is absolutely, utterly, positively *scared out of his  
fucking mind.*

**CUT TO:**

**BARRY**

He fires back at the guards closing in around him. Heavily  
outnumbered. Moments from certain death.

MITCH (V.O.)

Why does one man do what must be  
done instead of turning and  
fleeing, or worse, shitting all  
over themselves in fear?

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MASTER SUITE**

**TIGHT ON:** Mitch. Breath heavy. Eyes bordering on the ledge  
between resolute and terrified. Hair matted to his forehead.

MITCH (V.O.)

I suppose, in the end, it's not  
really about having superpowers or a  
reckless disregard for one's own  
life. It's about stepping up and  
being capable of greatness in moments  
of great adversity.

*THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...*

Mitch's heartbeat, like helo rotor blades. Rhythmic. Deep.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 For some, it's just being able to  
 let go of the ball before the clock  
 runs out.

**MITCH'S EYES**

Vision blurring as the YOUNG GIRL'S FACE morphs into Maggie's.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Because in the end, all life really  
 is are the deeds we accomplish and  
 the good we ultimately leave behind.

Mitch blinks. Sweat dripping down his face.

MITCH (V.O.)  
 Because that's what makes a legacy.

This is Mitch's moment. The vacuum ceases and--

**SOUND RUSHES BACK IN.**

MITCH  
 (in Spanish)  
*Let go of the girl.*

GIO DOS SANTOS  
*Who are you?*

MITCH  
*My name is Mitch Mankowski, and I am  
 the man who is going to kill you.*

Mitch lifts the vest's DETONATOR, thumb quivering.

Dos Santos' eyes dart to a bedside table. Mitch clocks his gaze -- sees the PISTOL atop it.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
*Don't.*

In a flash, dos Santos shoves the girl at Mitch and lunges for the pistol.

Panicked, Mitch fumbles the detonator as--

*POP! POP! POP!*

Three bullets hit dos Santos. Two to the chest. One to the head. Mitch barely has time to register what happened as--

a TEAM OF NAVY SEALS rush the room.

SEAL LEADER  
 (into radio)  
 All Stations: target secure, repeat  
 target secure.  
 (to his team)  
 Do not leave a hard drive.

The SEALS go to work. Efficient vigilance. Gathering everything they can.

SEAL LEADER approaches a shaken Mitch.

SEAL LEADER (CONT'D)  
 You alright?

He reaches for the detonator... which Mitch lets fall from his grasp. Then, collapses.

SEAL LEADER (CONT'D)  
 (into radio)  
 We got a wounded here.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - MEANWHILE**

Barry is out of bullets - *this is his end*. But instead of a swarm of armed guards barrelling in to cut him down - instead, SEALS storm inside, clearing the floor.

BARRY  
 What the fuck?!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER**

SEALS lead Barry out of the compound. Helos on the ground. People swarming in all directions, all at once.

Barry spies-- ALEXANDRIA, approaching.

ALEXANDRIA  
 Barry Peterson.

*\*She now has a distinctly American accent.*

BARRY  
(confused)  
Alejandro? What is this bullshit!?

ALEXANDRIA  
(flashes her ID)  
FBI. This is officially a  
government operation now.

SEALS seize Barry's GoPro from his helmet.

BARRY  
What the fuck is goin' on?!

Barry stews as Mitch is carried out of the house on a  
stretcher and loaded into a nearby helo.

Close behind, more SEALS extract a BODY BAG - *Dos Santos*.

Helicopter whirling. Time to split.

ALEXANDRIA  
I'll explain everything later.

Alexandria motions for Barry to load up. Reluctant, he  
follows, into the chopper. The helo rises into the night.

**INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

Barry watches as the compound shrinks below. The SEALS are  
silent, body bag at their feet. Nearby, SEALS work on Mitch.

Sensing the urgency, Barry moves to his friend's side.

MITCH  
We did it... We got him.

Barry, tears filling his eyes, nods.

BARRY  
Yeah, we did.

Mitch reaches for his necklace - the one he bought for  
Maggie. Then extends his hand towards Barry - who takes it.

MITCH  
Tell Maggie I did something good.

BARRY  
You'll tell her yourself.

But even Barry doesn't buy his bullshit this time.

MITCH

Hey, Barry... Michelangelo was a little bitch.

Barry can't help but grin.

Mitch's heartbeat flatlines. The SEALs shove Barry back and frantically begin CPR, forcing Barry to sink into the background, helpless, as his best friend is dying.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**BARRY'S STOIC FACE**

ALEXANDRIA (O.S.)

Barry?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Alexandria SNAPS her fingers, jarring Barry's attention.

They are inside a large converted warehouse space tucked deep into some undisclosed clandestine location.

ALEXANDRIA

You and your friend could have jeopardized years of government work, but... it also brought us to dos Santos' doorstep.

(then)

You understand given the sensitive nature of this operation that you can never say a word about any of this.

BARRY

Because you swooped in and took the glory for yourselves? How long were you trackin' us?

ALEXANDRIA

Long enough.

**EXT. PORTO BAY RIO HOTEL - FLASHBACK**

A HOT BLONDE IN A BIKINI (earpiece in) nods, then bends over, distracting Barry as a COCKTAIL WAITER collides into him.

As he does, the Waiter "tags" Barry.

ALEXANDRIA (V.O.)

How else do you think the ex-Pats found you once dos Santos' guards caught you?

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AS WE WERE**

Barry chews his lip, trying to keep his composure.

BARRY

If y'all were following us, why didn't you step in earlier?

ALEXANDRIA

Frankly, nothing you had suggested you actually knew where Gio dos Santos was.

Barry clenches, teetering on the edge of fury now.

ALEXANDRIA (CONT'D)

We've managed to gather vast amounts of intel from the safe house. The kind of stuff that could lead to saving the lives of many people. For that, you are a hero.

BARRY

Even if no one will ever know.

ALEXANDRIA

The right people know. Your country owes you a debt of gratitude.

BARRY

I'd rather a debt of fat cash.

ALEXANDRIA

(apologetic)

Unfortunately, there will be no bounty awarded to either yourself or Mr. Mankowski. Do you know the kind of debt this country is in?

She smiles softly - but it's all of little solace to Barry.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

The seat belt signal clicks off with a *DING*. Passengers move about the cabin. Barry lingers in his seat.

**INT. AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER**

Barry moves through the terminal. No hero's welcome. No applause. No ticker tape parade. Just... another guy.

He shuffles past the FOOD COURT -- where his Punchy Supervisor blissfully chows down on someone's leftovers, again.

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - DAY**

Barry returns. It's quiet, depressingly so. He drops his bag, a moment to take everything in. Then, flips on the TV and wanders into the kitchen. Pulls a beer from the fridge.

**ON TV:** the PRESIDENT addresses the nation--

POTUS (ON TV)

Tonight, I can report to the American people and to the world that the United States has conducted an operation that has killed Gio dos Santos, leader of the os Acougeiros drug cartel, and the terrorist responsible for the murder of hundreds of innocent men, women, and children.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Back to Barry's debriefing.

ALEXANDRIA

Unfortunately, as I'm sure you understand, we'll be unable to return any of your footage. You should know though, one of your cameras was missing an HD card.

BARRY

I was never good with electronics.

POTUS (PRE-LAP)

Thanks to the work of our military and our counterterrorism professionals...

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER**

Barry takes a shit. The President continues:

POTUS (O.S.)

... we made great strides in accomplishing our mission. The United States launched that operation on a compound south of Rio de Janeiro.

Finishing, Barry stands and peers into the toilet.

POTUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 A team of Navy SEALs carried out that operation with extreme courage and capability. No Americans were harmed. They took care to avoid civilian casualties.

Barry closes his eyes and... *reaches inside the toilet.*

POTUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 After a firefight, they killed dos Santos and took custody of his body.

What Barry retrieves-- is a tiny tied-off BALLOON.

Inside of which is the GoPro's HD CARD.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

*Mitch's last moments.* He and Barry clasp hands and Mitch transfers the GoPro's HD CHIP to Barry, unbeknownst to anyone.

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Laptop open. Barry has cut together the raw footage from Mitch's GoPro and queues the footage for upload to YouTube.

FINGER hovers over the 'enter' key...

*CLICK!*

**SENDING US:**

... into a flurry of NEWS REPORTS AND MASS MEDIA. The YouTube video has gone viral. Picked up by blogs, TV networks, etc.

ANCHORS track this developing story, bleeding over one another as it's intercut with footage from the video:

VARIOUS ANCHORS  
 ... Breaking news emerges tonight about two rogue American heroes... / The video the government didn't want you to see... / After a massive wave of public backlash, the FBI will, in fact, turn over the \$25 million reward to American heroes Barry Peterson and family of the late Mitch Mankowski.



The blitzkrieg of voices and images soon fade away, leaving only Barry FULL-SCREEN VIA WEBCAM:

*\*This is the tail-end of his now infamous 'leaked' video.*

BARRY

So, there y'all go. Now ya know the real truth. I 'spose sometimes a man has to take responsibility into his own hands.

(emotional)

My friend Mitch Mankowski was a real hero... and deserves to be recognized as such. Plus, if ya don't mind, I'd like my twenty-five large now, bitches!

(beat, then)

Oh, and fuck you, Dad!

**REVEAL:** Barry's Dad and Jess watching the video at home, naked on the couch. Jaws to the floor.

**INT. CHURCH MEETING ROOM - NIGHT**

Men and women, former military, in chairs. Near the door, a SIGN on a stand: "PTSD SUPPORT GROUP". Amongst the group sits Barry, hand raised. He's called upon to share his tale.

A school bell RINGS.

**EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

Kids rush out of school, including Maggie. She's wearing the necklace that Mitch bought for her in Rio.

**ACROSS THE PARKING LOT**

Barry looks on from the driver seat of his brand new Fanta orange Ferrari, just checking in.

The Chunky Mean-Mugging Fourth-Grader stares at Barry's car in awe. Seeing him, Barry smirks. Flips the kid off.

Chunky's MOM pulls him away, and we finally get a good look at the school building behind him...

**"MITCH MANKOWSKI ELEMENTARY".**

**THE END.**