

THE JUMP

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EXT. OCEAN COVE - DAWN

Four, small, wooden boats loaded with harpoon-hurling Poachers SCREAMING in French herd a School of mostly belly-up Whales to a rocky beach.

Great White Sharks tasting blood prowl the water behind the boats. The Poachers discourage them with shotgun BLASTS.

The few surviving Whales flail among floating carcasses and crimson water, trapped, exhausted, submitting to their inevitable slaughter.

Except for one, covered in deep scars, racing back and forth between the wall of boats and shore: this whale is PSYCHO. The Poachers concentrate on slaying Psycho but their harpoons won't stick.

The boats push closer to shore forcing the Whales to shallow water and certain death.

Realizing it's now or never, Psycho skims the sand like a deranged torpedo, launches into a maniacal breach and lands on the middle boat, crushing it and several Poachers.

The ensuing chaos creates a gap in the wall of boats and the surviving Whales escape behind their Psycho to safe waters.

But Psycho suddenly breaks away from his School, turns, and goes back for the boats; cutting a path through the Sharks who give the indomitable whale plenty of room.

Psycho breaches again and lands on another boat, smashing it to splinters and scattering more Poachers in the water.

The last two boats speed away, abandoning their Comrades who are ruthlessly attacked by the Sharks.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The Poachers adjourn their two remaining boats offshore, side-to-side, and begin to ARGUE.

But they freeze when Psycho explodes from the water and arcs high above them.

A few Poachers jump overboard.

The rest watch, mouths agape, as Psycho falls on top of them.

CRASH!

INT. APARTMENT - DAWN

MATT KOBLEY (30), broad shoulders, square chin, intense eyes, sits up in bed like he has made a discovery.

MATT

Helen. I had another whale dream.

Matt now sees he is alone in bed. His shoulders slump, the chin drops, eyes go dull.

RING! An alarm goes off but Matt is oblivious.

INT. MINI VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Matt drives past a marina and his attention drifts to the boats embarking on a day of ocean fun. He doesn't notice his van creeping into opposing traffic.

MATT

(into phone)

Helen, that's not really true, I have friends.

(listens)

People at work. You haven't met him yet.

Matt watches a Dump Truck about to hit him head on, and shows no reaction.

Dump Truck HONKS!

Matt considers his options, then swerves out of the way.

MATT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes, I know it's your condo, but I am paying the mortgage.

(listens)

Next time you stay all night at Dixie's could you call me?

(listens)

You're right. Okay. I'll see you tonight?

Matt hangs up and hears a loud POP beneath his van. He flicks the blinker and checks rear-view mirror.

INT. MATT'S MINI VAN (STOPPED) - MORNING

Matt looks at himself in the rear-view mirror. He tries to smile but can only manage a sneer.

MATT
Fucking life.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Two blond Surfers (35) smoke a joint and listen to GANGSTA RAP. They pass Matt contemplating four flat tires.

PASSENGER
Four flats? That's bad karma
working overtime.

DRIVER
I know him. We should stop.

PASSENGER
And do what?

A torrential downpour of RAIN comes out of nowhere.

DRIVER
Yea, he'll need a tow truck.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Matt takes out his phone as the rain soaks him.

CU of Contact List shows only three: Dad, Jack, Helen.

Matt pockets phone as a lightning bolt STRIKES ten yards away, instantly incinerating a pine tree.

Matt slowly turns and regards the BLAZING tree like a chirping bird.

INT. KOBLEY BOATYARD - OFFICE - DAY

The single-wide trailer has a leaky roof and noisy window-unit AC. JACK (35), pale face, greasy hair, runny nose, plays a video game at his desk when Matt enters soaking wet.

MATT
Jack, I had another whale dream!

JACK
Lester quit.

MATT
Oh. Is he okay?

JACK
You're sanding till I hire someone.

MATT
Okay. Can you help me?

JACK
Why, 'cause you're two hours late?!

MATT
I got a flat.

JACK
Again?! You can't invent a better
lie than flat tires?!

A SLOUCHED MAN with a permanent sunburn enters.

SLOUCHED MAN
I can hear you two outside.

JACK
I'm the boss! I assign jobs!

MATT
So assign yourself one.

JACK
Or what, Matt? You gonna fix me
like you did Chip Baxter? Like you
did to Mom?

Matt's stare locks on Jack like a laser to a target. His
shoulders expand, the chin rises, eyes go blank.

Jack jumps up and takes a nervous step back.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dad, get him out of here, he's
about to snap again!

EXT. KOBLEY BOATYARD - DAY

Matt and Dad stand amid a heap of boats in need of repair.

DAD
Your brother is the manager.

MATT
He's been like this all week.

Dad nods.

MATT (CONT'D)
I'll handle the sanding.

Dad SIGHS deeply.

DAD
What do you want, Matt?

MATT
I'm trying to figure that out.

DAD
Well, let's hear your plan.

MATT
I already told you. I'd like to own a restaurant.

Dad tries to talk, but can't, and gives up.

MATT (CONT'D)
Like I said, I don't have a plan. I've never even had an idea. I doubt I ever will.

DAD
This is a plan!
(motions around boat yard)
It's not perfect but it's ours.

MATT
I should be content here. With you and Jack. But I'm not. I don't know why I'm like this.

DAD
What do you mean, "like this?"

MATT
You know what I want? Just once? I want to wake up smiling. I want to open my eyes and see a different life.

Matt starts to exit, then stops.

MATT (CONT'D)
I had another whale dream.

Matt exits.

EXT. OCEAN - NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

A pack of Surfers scrap for one of the small, clean waves.

The wave of the day pops up and they jockey for position.

But only one surfer is rewarded: he's the blond driver of the truck that passed Matt.

Surfers HOOT and HOLLER as he charges the pier and shoots beneath it, through the pilings, safely to the other side.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Two Surf Punks (15) point at Him as he rips to the beach.

SURF PUNK 1
Did you see that guy?!

SURF PUNK 2
Van Vermette. He owns this beach.

GREG PORTIS (30), beer gut, farmer's tan, waxes his board behind the Surf Punks, and rolls his eyes at their comment.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Greg!

Greg turns and sees two Bikini Beauties (25) waving at him.

GREG
Hi, Marla!

MARLA
Tell Van I said, "Hi!"

BIKINI BEAUTY 2
Me, too!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Greg paddles his board over to Van and is greeted by an I'm-too-cool-to-smile-grin-with-slight-head-jerk.

GREG
Nice one, Van. I haven't seen you thread the sticks all summer.

VAN
I could do that on my head.
(Shakes head in disgust)
(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

August, ninety-six, a hurricane
stalled off Bermuda. I had
overhead perfection for two weeks.
(Motioning at waves)
I've surfed bigger boat wakes.

GREG

Make the best of it. Two hours
from now we'll be clocked-in.

Van squeezes his head between his hands, then releases.

VAN

You know what I've come to realize?
What I now accept?
(Stares out at ocean)
Work is destroying my life.

Greg smiles, nods.

VAN (CONT'D)

It's eating my brain, dissolving
all hope. Work is a disease, and
those customers are the virus.

GREG

Every week I vow to quit waiting
tables. But here I am still
waiting for something better to
come along.

VAN

No, you see, I'm not looking for a
different job. My only hope is to
erase work entirely from my
otherwise glorious existence.

GREG

Look on the sunny side, pretty soon
we'll be in Mexico getting barreled
with every wave.

VAN

(Slaps water with hand)
Once I'm there I might never leave.

Greg sees a wave building and paddles for it.

But Van paddles faster, snakes the wave, and surfs away.

GREG

You greedy prick.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Matt is dressed in a cook's uniform. HELEN (25), wearing a negligee, never diverts her eyes from the video game on TV.

HELEN
(to video game character)
Oh, you are so hot!
(to Matt)
Hey, bring home some pie.

MATT
Uh, yea, okay.

HELEN
You sound depressed. Again.

MATT
Sorry, I'm a little tired.

HELEN
I'm tired of hearing about it.

MATT
Did you look for a job today?

HELEN
Ain't no jobs out there.

Matt notices the video game she's playing.

MATT
Where did you get this game?

HELEN
Oh, uh, Jack lent it to me.

MATT
Jack was here?

HELEN
He wanted to ask you something,
about work, or something.

Matt is about to respond when Helen SCREAMS at TV:

HELEN (CONT'D)
Please bust through that TV and
fuck me right here!

Matt opens the screen door instead.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Call me if you get off early.

MATT
I won't. I always close.

Matt exits and screen door SLAPS shut.

INT. STU'S PLACE RESTAURANT AND BAR - BAR - SUNSET

Floor-to-ceiling windows frame the ocean view: a swirling orange sky falling into smooth water.

But the view is the only part of Stu's not needing repair.

Van, dressed as a waiter, animates to three Girls (21).

VAN
My full moon fiestas come stacked with rainbow acid and cow-patty-fatties, so by midnight the whole scene is crinkled. That's when Bri yells, "Cops!" And in they march, flashlights scannin', radios cacklin'. Now in my severely shifted form it never occurs to me to ask for a warrant, or how odd it is that both cops happen to be hoppin'-hot honeys. Then, BAM! They push me against a wall and step to friskin'. Again, I don't catch the X-rated pat down and by the time they cuff me I'm screaming, "Everyone out, party's over!" But when I turn around both cops are in bikinis, and they start singing, "happy birthday to Van." Turns out they're dancers at Fred's Back Door, you know, working their way through school, and making the first of many forays into Vanny-V's-adventure-Vortex.

GIRL 1
Your birthday was, like, yesterday?

GIRL 2/GIRL 3
Happy birthday, Van!

Van's smile loses some luster.

VAN
This was a few years ago.

INT. STU'S PLACE - STOREROOM - NIGHT

The room is big and empty, with dirty, ocean-view windows. As Matt grabs a bundle of rags he notices SOMETHING enormous burst from the ocean, radiated by the moonlight.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Where are those rags?!

Matt frantically wipes away window grime and sees the ocean frothing and churning, but nothing else.

INT. STU'S PLACE - BAR - NIGHT

Greg and LYNDSEY (25), also in waiter garb, drink beer with STU (60), waving his Margarita around like a conductor.

STU

I know business is slow. Blame the economy, blame that new mall, blame our Chamber of Commerce.

GREG

Spring is always dead, Stu.

LYNDSEY

It's July tenth.

Greg shoots Lyndsey a "shut up" glare.

STU

Hell, blame me for never leaving this stool. But when you guys get back from Mexico I'm cutting hours.

Greg puts his head on the bar. Lyndsey looks at ceiling.

LYNDSEY

Stu, when are you going to rebuild the deck? We used to do a hundred dinners a night out there.

STU

I'm not bouncing a wooden nickel on this dump! Worse than my boat. First sucker who hands me the cash takes this suffering off my hands.

Van enters, puts an arm around Stu and drinks Greg's beer.

HOSTESS (O.S.)

Stu, telephone!

STU

My special offer still stands to
you guys: half the money up front
and this lean-to is yours.

GREG

We're waiters, Stu.

LYNDSEY

Soon-to-be part-time waiters.

GREG

Where we gonna get the money?

STU

Wherever you can, whatever it
takes, whoever you screw, the
American way.

Stu exits.

LYNDSEY

Oh, I can't go to Mexico.

VAN

What?!

GREG

I already paid! It's non-
refundable! You have to go!

LYNDSEY

Can't. I lost big on KC yesterday.

GREG

Why are you gambling when you're
broke?

LYNDSEY

So I'd have money for Mexico.

Van and Greg glare at Lyndsey.

INT. STU'S PLACE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Matt stares vacantly into space as he prepares a burger
beside the Chef, KK (50), a heart attack in the making.

KK

Matt, toast the bun longer! Not so
many fries! Fix the lettuce!

Matt puts the burger in window, and pulls ticket.

MATT

KK, I think I saw a whale brech when I was in the storeroom.

KK

At night?

MATT

The moon was like a beacon.

Matt doesn't see KK rolls his eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

My brother and I found a beached baby whale once. It was the day after my mom's funeral. We pulled her back in the water with our dad's boat. That whale looked right at me, then swam away.

KK

No way you just saw a whale.

Matt instantly snaps out of his daze and glares at KK.

MATT

Why not? Whales pass through here from Nova Scotia.

KK

Seeing a whale brech at night is good luck, guaranteed. Which would be impossible for you since anyone who electrocutes himself unconscious with a blender is hopelessly and permanently cursed by at least one god.

MATT

(eyes light up)
Good luck?

KK

A week later you woke up in the emergency room after slipping on a banana peel!

MATT

I don't think I've ever seen a whale brech at night.

KK

It's a myth! Banana peels aren't slippery!

MATT

No, never at night.

KK

Face it, the cloud of Satan is stalking you like a starving mosquito.

INT. STU'S PLACE - BAR - NIGHT

Matt serves himself a soda. Van, Greg, and Lyndsey drink beer. Greg gives Matt a quick nod.

VAN

(into phone)

No, we can't cancel the trip, that's why I need you to go!

Stu enters and pats Matt on shoulder.

STU

As much as I'd rather cut KK's hours he is my brother-in-law. Plus, my sister would kill me if she had to spend more time with him. So take the night off and from now on your just weekends.

Stu exits, and Matt tries to call Helen on his phone.

But the phone starts smoking and HISSING.

Van see this, grins discretely, and shakes his head.

EXT. STU'S PLACE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Concrete Workers JACKHAMMER a sidewalk under generator-driven lights. They sweat, glower, but plod on.

The Workers stop to stare when a Porsche with a surfboard on roof-racks parks in front of Stu's.

A slight man with a big strut exits the car drinking a beer. This is SEAN SLATE (35).

The Workers exchange blank looks, then resume working.

INT. STU'S PLACE - FOYER - NIGHT

Matt waits patiently to use house phone but the HOSTESS (17) is busy fielding calls, and shrugs at Matt.

HOSTESS
 (into phone)
 Can you hold, please?
 (clicks line)
 Stu's Place, may I help you?

Matt can't help but notice Slate enter and stroll past him like a peacock in mating season. Who walks into a bar drinking a beer? Slate does.

 HOSTESS (CONT'D)
 Hey, Slate! Hi!

Slate grins at Hostess, who forgets she's talking on phone.

Matt takes a final, curious gander at Slate, then exits.

INT. STU'S PLACE - BAR - NIGHT

Slate SLAPS hands with Greg.

 GREG
 Congratulations on another safe
 return from Costa Rica.

 SLATE
 Gets easier every time.

Two Waitresses see Slate and run to him.

 WAITRESS 1
 Slate's here!

 WAITRESS 2
 Slatey!

Van walks over and gives Slate a bro-hug.

 VAN
 Still shittin' paychecks after all
 these years.

Slate slips something into Van's apron.

 SLATE
 A sample for my tan-man-with-no-
 plan-Van.

Van admires Slate as Waitresses 1 and 2 take seats beside him at the bar and Greg gushes over his shoulder.

EXT. OCEAN - MEXICO - NIGHT

The wind blows at twenty knots and seas are a sloppy four-to-six feet. COCO (22), muscular, tattooed, muttering in SPANISH, scans the black sky as his idling speedboat rocks against whitecaps.

A low-flying, unlit plane suddenly ZOOMS by overhead.

A large package SPLASHES in the water.

INT. SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

Coco finishes tying down the package and sees a boat light appear, bouncing towards him.

COCO

No. No!

Coco leaps into Driver's seat and GUNS the boat's engine.

INT. POLICIA BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

GORDO (50), built like a haystack and wearing two .45's on his belt, calmly drives at top speed with three Deputies.

INT. COCO'S BOAT (MOVING)- NIGHT

Coco's boat engine SCREAMS as he catches air over the pitching waves.

But he sees a signal light on shore and cracks a smile.

Suddenly, his eyes burst open and his head jerks back.

A Whale breeches high above him. It's Psycho.

Coco jumps overboard just as Psycho lands on his boat.

CRASH!

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Gordo flashes a light over the water, SCREAMS obscenities, and SHOOTS at random pieces of mangled boat debris.

Coco clings to the underside of a floating piece of boat.

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt enters and sees empty beer cans, a mirror spotted with cocaine, and a video game paused on TV.

Matt SLAMS the front door and turns on lights.

Helen enters from bedroom dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, but she forgot to comb her hair.

HELEN

Hiiii. You're home early, let's go out for a drink.

MATT

Helen, I know Jack's in there.

HELEN

You do? Oh, it's nothing. He's a little sick. Stomach.

Jack swaggers out shirtless with a drunken smile.

JACK

Somebody had to take care of her.

HELEN

That's not funny, Jack. You're sick. Tell Matt the truth.

JACK

Truth is, she likes it in the ass.

MATT

C'mon, Jack, time to leave.

Matt takes a reluctant step to Jack, but Jack pulls a gun and points it at Matt's face.

JACK

I'm not going anywhere.

Matt's shoulders expand, the square chin rises, and his eyes go cold as he walks straight at Jack and the gun.

HELEN

No! Stop you guys!

Matt's face is now inches from the gun barrel and Jack's hand starts to shake.

MATT

What are you waiting for, Jack? Go on, shoot me. Kill me. Please.

Jack tries to hit Matt with the gun but Matt smoothly takes it from him--just as the gun FIRES.

The bullet SHATTERS the front window.

Jack jumps back, shocked to see the gun go off.

Matt holds the gun in one hand while his other forms a fist.

But his shoulders slump, the chin drops, and he exits.

JACK

Matt, I thought it was empty! I swear I did!

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen throws Matt's stuff off the balcony into a heap on lawn. Jack is handcuffed, crying to COP 1. Neighbors gather, some with lawn chairs, to watch the show.

HELEN

Who's paying for my window?!

Matt stands near the street with COP 2.

MATT

Sorry about all this, Rick.

RICK/COP 2

Hey, how many times did you have the mumps?

MATT

Seven.

RICK THE COP

Damn. I still talk about that day you burnt down your parents house with a magnifying glass.

Matt barely grins.

RICK THE COP (CONT'D)

And who could forget Chip Baxter?

Matt gives Rick a look that shows this is over the line.

RICK THE COP (CONT'D)
Which was cold weird, as we all know.

(Rick smiles again)
But what were the odds of getting a girl pregnant the very first time in your life you had sex? And you wore a rubber, right?!

(shakes head)
Thank the Lord for miscarriages.

Matt looks around, shuffles his feet.

RICK THE COP (CONT'D)
How'd you end up with Helen Polk? Sorry. She does have a great body. I saw the video. I know you seen it. Helen and all them firemen? On the fire engine?

MATT
What?!

Rick realizes Matt has not seen the video.

RICK THE COP
I'm not positive it was her.

Jack passes in handcuffs trying not to cry.

JACK
You didn't really want me to shoot you, did you, Matt?

MATT
I'll bail you out soon as I can.

INT. VAN'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Van slows to watch Helen heave more stuff off balcony.

He sees Matt, grins and shakes his head, starts to drive off-- but hits the brakes when Helen lets a surfboard fly.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt looks up at Helen without expression as another load of his belongings cascades over the balcony.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENE:

Matt (8) and Jack (13) tie fishing flies while looking up at their MOM (35), tending to a BBQ grill on deck. Dad (35) waters flowers with a hose from his lawn chair. A painted sheet hangs off the deck: HAPPY FATHER'S DAY DAD!

Dad hand-motions to Mom, "where is it?!"

Mom smiles and extends a burger on a spatula over the railing, threatening to drop it.

Mom returns burger to grill and Dad sprays her with hose.

Mom laughs and hides behind railing.

Boys jump off lawn chairs as Dad sprays them too.

Mom throws a tomato slice at Dad and hits him in forehead.

It sticks. Dad pretends not to notice.

Everyone laughs as Dad puts tomato over his eye.

Matt sees his Dad look at Mom and mouth, "I love you."

Matt tries to see his Mom but the scene is interrupted by:

MALE VOICE (OS)
Hey, Matt, you need a hand?

RETURN TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Matt turns and sees Van standing behind him.

MATT
Oh, hey, Van. No, I can get it.

HELEN
Your boyfriend's cute, Matt!

VAN
Why does she look so familiar?

Van picks up Matt's surfboard.

VAN (CONT'D)
You surf?

MATT
Once in a while.

HELEN
Hope he fucks you more than he
fucks me!

Van stops, smiles, and points up at Helen.

VAN
You're the fire engine girl.

Helen blushes, and grins.

VAN (CONT'D)
The way you yell "fuck me" is a
dead giveaway.

VAN (CONT'D)
Matt, you need a vacation.

MATT
That would be nice.

VAN
You need a Mexican surf vacation.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH, MEXICO - THE CROSSROADS - DAY

Monkeys howl from mango trees, local women hock shell jewelry, tourists spill from open-air bars. The Crossroads is the action bulls-eye, a lone intersection carved out of thick, green jungle, where the only road in and out of town meets the glistening, crescent beach.

INT. POLICIA JEEP - DAY

Gordo and three Deputies have a front row seat to the Crossroads Show but are only interested in a Ford Bronco.

DEPUTY 1
Oscar's offering big money for
information.

GORDO
Then it's still out there.

DEPUTY 1
The water is clear today.

GORDO

We'll dive after lunch. We'll dive every day until we find it.

INT. FORD BRONCO - DAY

OSCAR (40), a skinny gringo with a scar where his right eye used to be, and three Thugs eye Gordo's Jeep one-hundred yards away. Thug 1 hangs up his phone.

THUG 1

Not even a rumor, Oscar.

OSCAR

That Bale could be half way to Baja by now.

Oscar stares at Coco hanging out by the beach.

THUG 1

I wouldn't believe his whale story if I wasn't on the beach. The moonlight caught it perfect.

OSCAR

Unfortunately for Coco, I can't punish the whale.

EXT. THE CROSSROADS - DAY

The Crossroads is Coco's office. He sees Oscar watching him, but is distracted by a Tourist in a Michigan hat.

COCO

Go blue! I miss Bo, too! I am Coco, your host on the coast.

Two Kids (10) watch Coco make a drug sale to Michigan Guy.

COCO (CONT'D)

(to Kids)

Beat it! Back to school.

The Kids exit past a dilapidated bus unloading Passengers.

Matt, Van, and Greg (The Boys) step off bus and stare at the shimmering beach covered with towels and Tourists.

MATT

Wow.

GREG

It's even better than the pictures.

VAN

I'm about to fuck every slut in
this town.

Coco enters with a beaming smile.

COCO

My name is Coco, your guide for the
ride. Where you staying?

MATT

Las Olas Cabinas?

COCO

Follow me, I go there now.

Coco holds his smile as The Boys follow him.

COCO (CONT'D)

Whatever you need, I have the best
batch for the least scratch.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - RESTAURANT - DAY

The hotel's restaurant has a dirt floor, thatched roof, no
walls, and a ceiling full of broken surfboards.

A mix of Tourists and Locals watch a TV with great interest.

FLASH ON TV: Mexican President PABLO GARRONE (35), dressed in
a soccer jersey and fedora, flanked by scantily-clad Girls,
addresses an outdoor Crowd.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

My mission is to rid the land of
corrupt police! A lawless country
is never free, and a free country
is not afraid to use excessive
force when necessary! If you
suspect your local police are the
enemy call me today and I will
personally put a bullet through
their face!

AMERICAN NEWSCASTER

True to his word, former Ocho Otra gang leader and recently elected Mexican President, Pablo Garrone, instituted a national hotline to combat police corruption.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

The Citizen Brigade is in every town awaiting your calls. Tell us where the scum hides so we can kill it and make our country healthy!

AMERICAN NEWSCASTER

While promising to rebuild the crumbling Trans-American Highway, the President did not address the drug war or widespread reports of his ties to its newest kingpin, Jordo "Pepper" Reyes, whose brief reign has dropped U.S. cocaine prices to an all time low.

TV shows a picture of Peppar: maroon dreadlocks, freckled face, and a carefree grin.

RETURN TO RESTAURANT: The Tourists LAUGH and JEER at TV, but the Local Men exchange somber nods.

A group of Kids also watch TV. In the center of them is a striking BRUNETTE (30) wearing a bikini top and sarong. She glares at a table of Local Men until one nods at her, yes.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - DAY

The Boys stop and look through the restaurant to a smooth, calm ocean, as Coco continues to the Kids/Brunette.

VAN

A surf trip with no waves.

The Kids see Coco and rush to greet him.

COCO

Enough TV! Back to school!

The Kids run to a tree on the beach where blankets and pillows are used as desks and chairs.

GREG

The town drug dealer is also the school teacher.

VAN

I love this country.

The Boys watch the Brunette as she approaches them.

VAN (CONT'D)

Well, if the surf is flat at least
I'll be riding her all week.

Brunette arrives with a friendly smile.

BRUNETTE

Hello, I'm Emily. You must be the
Carolina crew.

The Boys nod, try hard not to stare, and fail.

GREG

So, uh, no waves today?

EMILY

The reef might have a little wave.
Our beach road is washed out and
it's a three hour walk, but for a
few bucks you can hire a boat.

VAN

(winks at her)

I think I'll stay here with you.

Emily's smile vanishes.

EMILY

I'm busy.

VAN

And I'm patient.

(slaps Greg in head)

C'mon, lets find a boat.

Van exits with a slimy grin at Emily and Greg follows.

Matt smiles innocently at Emily and gets nothing in return.

MATT

What happened to your little red
school house?

EMILY

The little red roof collapsed.

MATT

Oh. I hope there wasn't--no one
was--

EMILY

No.

Coco motions to Emily that he needs to help a fisherman.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You guys are in number six.

MATT

Thanks. Nice to meet you.

Emily smiles but it's barely even polite, and exits.

INT. OSCAR'S BRONCO - DAY

Oscar watches Gordo exit the Policia Jeep and stroll over to him with grinning nonchalance.

GORDO

I heard you lost something, gringo.

Oscar looks at Gordo like he wants to kill him.

GORDO (CONT'D)

I guess you'll be selling your fancy boat since it's all you have left. Too small for me. But I might take it for a backup.

OSCAR

(starts Bronco)

The only time you'll be on my boat is when I'm throwing your corpse off it.

Oscar drives away, sees Gordo's furious red face in his mirror, and LAUGHS.

Gordo sees Oscar's laugh in the same mirror.

Gordo robotically pulls out his .45's and begins FIRING.

The Bronco is hit several times as glass SHATTERS and metal POPS but manages to escape down a dirt road.

EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL - DAY

The Kids are standing for exercise when bullets from Gordo's gun suddenly RIP through the trees above them.

EMILY

Get down!

Most of the Kids hit the sand but three are frozen, crying.

Matt swoops in calm as a nap, dives on two Kids, pops up and tackles the third Kid.

The bullets stop and Emily charges after Gordo but he quickly exits in jeep.

Emily starts to walk back but stops to stare at:

Matt completely absorbed in consoling the Kids.

INT. BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

The Boys glide across topaz water in a small motorboat.

GREG

I say we take the first flight out
of this nut house.

VAN

Go ahead. I'm staying.

GREG

He emptied two clips in the middle
of main street!

Greg looks at Matt for help but only gets a shrug.

Their boat swings wide of an anchored Police boat. It's Gordo and three deputies in dive gear.

EXT. OCEAN - SURFING REEF - SUNSET

The ocean is flat. The Boys slouch on their boards. A jungle coastline is visible a mile away.

MATT

There hasn't been a wave since the
one we saw from the boat.

GREG

The boat is late, by the way.

VAN

I shoulda gone to Peru.

GREG

(points)
Ahhh!

A small shark fin moves lazily away from them.

VAN

Calm down, it's just a little guy.

The fin goes underwater. But another fin pops up behind it.

GREG

There's another one!

Now the first fin resurfaces to its full size as the second fin lines up behind it: both fins are on one huge shark.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh hell.

VAN

Calm down, he's not aggressive.

The shark cuts an aggressive turn towards them.

VAN (CONT'D)

Paddle!

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

Van and Greg paddle furiously for the distant beach.

Matt lags behind them but shows no sign of fear. He looks back and sees the shark is very close.

GREG

Paddle, Matt!

Matt watches the shark smell him, then calmly kicks with all his strength and STRIKES the shark's nose.

The shark turns and swims away.

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

Matt paddles at the same pace. He looks back and see nothing but calm ocean behind him.

Suddenly, the shark BURSTS from the water with jaws spread.

Matt chucks his surfboard into the shark's mouth.

The shark MANGLES Matt's board with its giant teeth, then turns, and swims away.

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

Matt backstrokes to shore. He sees the enormous shark fin coming at him again but faster this time.

Matt looks up at the blue sky. There is only one cloud and it's shaped exactly like a burial mound with a cross on top.

Matt smiles.

He then sees the shark closing the gap.

Matt smiles again.

But when Matt looks back at the sky he sees the lone cloud has changed its shape: the burial mound is now a whale and the cross is a blowhole.

Matt feels an underwater collision and sees the enormous shark knocked sideways out of the ocean.

He then watches an unidentifiable SHAPE exit underwater.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Boys walk along a deserted beach. Calm ocean is on their right, thick jungle to the left.

GREG

It was at least fifteen feet! Did you see the evil in those eyes?!
Matt, why aren't you freaking out?!

Matt just smiles.

VAN

I've been closer to bigger sharks than that one.

GREG

Matt, do you realize how close Jaws came to bisecting you?!

MATT

Probably just curious.

GREG

Curious?! He ate your board for an appetizer!

MATT

Hey, did either of you see a whale?

GREG

A whale?

VAN

You don't know the difference
between a shark and a whale?

MATT

Yea. No. Never mind.

Van and Greg exchange looks.

VAN

Where is this road?!

GREG

We gotta be close.

VAN

I'm gonna eat a burrito, a burger,
a pizza, twenty beers--

MATT

Ahhh!

Matt trips and falls face first into the sand.

GREG

You all right?

A mangled piece of fiberglass pokes from the sand.

GREG (CONT'D)

What is it?

MATT

Part of a boat hull.

Now they all see something else: a four-foot cube wrapped in plastic, bound with netting, half-buried in the sand.

Van pulls a plastic-wrapped block from the cube and stabs it with his surfboard fin: white powder spills out.

VAN

We just stumbled on a miracle.

MATT

Drop it. Let's go.

GREG

Yea, whoever lost this is pissed.

Van stares at the Kilo of cocaine in his hands like it's a box of diamonds.

VAN
Help me move it in the bushes.

GREG
Why?!

VAN
So we can take a picture of us sitting on it. What a story!

MATT
We don't have a camera.

VAN
We'll come back tomorrow.

MATT
I want nothing to do with this.

GREG
Me either. Let's go.

VAN
Whoa, relax! This is Mexico.
Bales wash up here like driftwood.
I gotta get one picture for my accolades wall. I'll come back myself with a camera. Just help me get it off the beach.

Greg and Matt look at each other and shrug, okay.

They each grab a corner of the bale and struggle to carry it.

GREG
It must weigh three-hundred pounds!

Van's smile lights up the whole beach.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The bale rests in a shallow pit covered with palm fronds under cover of dense hanging trees.

VAN
That wasn't so hard, now was it?

MATT
Dumb is always easy.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

The Boys walk down a deserted, canopy road. The only sounds emanate from insects, animals, and Van.

VAN

We have to go out tonight. To that club on the beach! The dance floor is in the sand! With this kind of luck we'll all get laid tonight. Even you, Greg!

MATT

Why are you so excited? You can't take it home.

VAN

How many people can say they found a bale of coke?

GREG

Those cops on the boat were looking for something.

VAN

Fish. It's quite common in oceans.

MATT

They were diving less than a mile from where the Bale washed up.

VAN

So now you're a detective?

MATT

So now they're looking for us.

VAN

You two must watch an abnormal amount of TV. Whoever lost that Cube has forgotten all about it. Easy come, easy go.

MATT

Whatever you do, Van, leave the Coke where it's buried.

Truck headlights appear around the corner.

GREG

Oh, no. No, no, no.

VAN

We're tourists. Smile and wave.

The bullet-scarred Bronco stops beside them. Oscar scrutinizes The Boys from driver seat.

VAN (CONT'D)

Ola, amigo, can we get a lift?

Oscar stares at them, from one to the next.

OSCAR

Go fuck yourself.

Bronco exits, and The Boys watch it disappear in the dark.

MATT

He's looking for something too.

INT. MEXICAN PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mexican President Pablo Garrone talks across a large teak desk to a CLEAN-CUT MAN (40) with a Laptop.

CLEAN-CUT MAN

Tomorrow: talk about the economy, jobs are up; the environment, how we shut down the copper mines; stress the birth control program, teen pregnancies being replaced by diplomas. Oh, and don't mention the highway.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

We don't have the money yet?

CLEAN-CUT MAN

Close. But still over budget. We need to create a billion dollars.

President Garrone lets out an exasperated smile.

CLEAN-CUT MAN (CONT'D)

Pablo, in ten months you have accomplished more than Lopez did in six years as President. The people are noticing the difference. Now's the time to work on the Citizen Brigade and bring in the corrupt cops like you planned.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

All we need is one big arrest.

CLEAN-CUT MAN

Then there's the matter of Peppar.

PRESIDENT GARRONE
We wouldn't be here without his
campaign donations.

CLEAN-CUT MAN
He's too comfortable. The last
thing we need is the American Media
finding out you two ran the east
side together.

PRESIDENT GARRONE
You're right, and there's nothing
more dangerous than a bored genius.

Clean-cut closes his laptop.

LAPTOP MAN
Mom says she wants lobster for
dinner Sunday night.

PRESIDENT GARRONE
No way, I can't leave Sunday.

Clean-cut/brother gets up and heads for door, laughing.

BROTHER
You tell her.

PRESIDENT GARRONE
I'll see you Sunday.
(pause)
Miguel.

Brother/Miguel turns around at door.

PRESIDENT GARRONE
Bring in Peppar.

Miguel nods, and exits.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Matt sits alone at a table full of half-eaten entrees. A
gringo in a STRAW HAT (40) grins at Matt from the bar.

STRAW HAT
Did you skip lunch?

MATT
The other two--my friends--gave up.

STRAW HAT
Where you from?

MATT
North Carolina. What about you?

STRAW HAT
Fort Lauderdale.

MATT
How long you in Mexico?

STRAW HAT
Till my boat gets a new mast.

MATT
Oh yea? What are you sailing?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Slate lies in bed watching a Braves game on a massive flat screen. The Hostess from Stu's Place sits next to him chopping lines of Coke on a plate.

SLATE
(into phone)
You'd be lucky to get a seashell through Mexico's post office. They open packages down there like every day is Christmas.
(listening.)
You know the one and only way to jump it back here, and it's not the mailman. If this were any easier blow would be free.

EXT. MEXICAN PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Van cradles phone, sees Matt and Straw Hat talking across the street, and exits.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - NIGHT

Emily hangs wet clothes on a line when Coco stumbles out of the shadows. He's drinking a beer and not smiling.

EMILY
Coco! You scared me.

COCO
I'm in trouble, Emily.

EMILY
Why, what happened?

COCO

I wrecked Oscar's boat and lost the package. A big package.

EMILY

You're doing pickups for Oscar? After what he did to me?

COCO

Have you seen him lately? You're even.

EMILY

For three years of my life? Not even close!

COCO

I'm sorry, he offered me so much money. I could have built the school.

Emily realizes Coco's heart is in the right place.

EMILY

Don't worry about Oscar, he'll figure it out. He's great at making excuses.

COCO

You don't make excuses to this guy.

Emily stops hanging clothes and stares at Coco.

EMILY

Peppar?

COCO

Oscar's been waiting ten years for this deal. He put every dime he had into it. Now he's broke, and who do you think he's blaming?!

Emily resumes hanging her clothes.

EMILY

I bet he still has the boat. He'll never get rid of his baby.

COCO

He told me to find it, Emily. But how do I look for something that I know is gone?

EMILY

That's a tough one, Coco.

COCO

When he realizes it's gone, he'll kill me, Emily. You know he will. You have to talk to him! Tell him it wasn't my fault!

EMILY

If you're trusting Oscar then it is your fault.

Coco lunges at Emily and puts a knife to her throat.

COCO

You can help me or you can die too!

SOMEONE pushes Coco and knocks the knife out of his hand.

We now see it's Matt, focused on Coco like a cat on a rat.

Coco takes a shaky step back, clearly intimidated.

But Matt can't punch him. His shoulders sag, chin drops.

MATT

Go on, get out of here.

Instead, Coco charges and tackles Matt on the sand.

Coco quickly pins Matt on his back.

Coco grabs Matt by the throat and goes to punch him.

EMILY (OS)

Enough, Coco!

Emily calmly holds the knife to Coco's neck.

Coco hops off Matt and staggers away.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be my friend!

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - NIGHT

Matt walks Emily to her cabina.

MATT

Should you call the cops?

EMILY

That would be Gordo, the guy who almost shot us this morning.

MATT

Isn't he even a part-time cop?

EMILY

Gordo's too busy running scams and collecting payoffs. Which wouldn't be so bad if he'd give a little back to the town.

MATT

What does Gordo do with his money?

EMILY

He blows a few-hundred grand in Vegas at the end of every summer. Then comes back here broke and angry for the rest of the year.

MATT

A few-hundred grand? C'mon.

EMILY

I know his ex-girlfriend, he has a duffel bag stuffed with hundreds.

Emily puts a hand over her mouth.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I haven't had a knife to my throat in a while.

MATT

I'm beginning to think this isn't such a nice town.

EMILY

Between the egos and greed of Gordo and Oscar--the other dealer he was shooting at--it's getting worse.

They reach Emily's cabina and she stops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hopefully the new President comes through on his promise to get rid of the Gordos and Oscars.

MATT

You gonna be okay?

EMILY

Yea. Coco will try to apologize
when he sobers up. Besides, he
knows I have a gun.

Emily surprises Matt with a slow kiss on the cheek.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thanks, Matt.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Matt enters smiling like a clown. Greg is in bed with a hat
pulled low. Van dances wildly without music.

VAN

All right! Matt's ready to pop,
drop, hippity-hop!
(throws pillow at Greg)
Get up, pussy!

MATT

Sorry, Van, but my day is done.

GREG

I'm too tired to take my hat off.

Van holds up a small bindle of cocaine.

VAN

Have no fear, Doctor White is here.

MATT

You brought some back?!

VAN

Just a Kilo. Hid it on the beach.
I feel it's only fair we get a one-
time sample of our treasure.

GREG

It's not treasure! And it's not
ours to sample!

MATT

If that guy in the Bronco decided
to search you we'd all be dead!

VAN

Yea, but he didn't, and we're not.
So let's party.

Greg and Matt exchange angry, disgusted looks.

VAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I was curious! How can we find a hill of pure Gak and not do one bump?

MATT

I don't touch the shit, that's how.

VAN

Matt, this is the one day you'll never forget. A story to tell a thousand times. An occasion we are obligated to commemorate. We can't just go to bed like some holy-rollin' hay-balers. And this
(holds up bindle, again)
is the one thing that will bounce us off these beds and onto the dance floor. Did I mention it's in the sand?!

GREG

I am kind of curious about the quality of Coke that gets a stamp.

VAN

C'mon, Matt, it's only ten o'clock. We'll blow one line and meet a hundred girls.

MATT

I'll go for a beer. But I don't mess with The Evil. Ever.

EXT. LA TEKA BEACH CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A DJ spins booming dance music from a lifeguard stand as half-naked tourists of all creeds and colors dance, jump, and roll on the dance floor--that is indeed, in the sand.

Van and Greg bounce like pogo sticks in the middle of it all, surrounded by gyrating girls feeling their energy.

GREG

Where's Matt?!

VAN

(points at bar)
Perfecting the art of loser!

EXT. LA TEKA BEACH CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Matt drinks a beer by himself, eyes half-closed, unaware of the long-haired Bartender staring at him.

Matt sits up when Bartender jumps the bar and confronts him.

BARTENDER
Stand up, Senor.

Matt looks around, then slowly stands.

Bartender smiles and gives him a big hug.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
The girl you tackled at school is my daughter. My only child. For what you did I cannot equal. But good days are ahead for you. This I guarantee.

A fight breaks out in bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Stay right here, Matt.

Bartender exits as Emily sits at bar next to Matt.

EMILY
Caesar's been looking for you all day. I assured him you'd be sitting at his bar sooner or later. Although you look like you might fall asleep on it now.

MATT
Van dragged us out for a beer.
(finishes beer)
And I've fulfilled my obligation.

EMILY
I'm just here to borrow some limes, if you want to walk back with me?

MATT
Uh, yea, sure.

A Lady in an apron hurries to Emily and JABBERS in Spanish.

EMILY
(to Matt)
The sewer line is clogged.

MATT
I can help you.

EMILY
Thanks, but it's easy to fix, just
a little messy. Besides, your
obligation has been refilled.

Matt turns as Caesar pours two shots and open two beers.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Will I see you tomorrow?

Matt nods. He sees Caesar hand Emily the limes, and then a
flash-drive on the sly.

EXT. LA TEKA BEACH CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Van dances with a Voluptuous Blond (25). Two Girls (25) in
COCONUT SHELL bikini tops strut over and hand Blond a beer.

VAN
One large coconut milk for me.

COCONUT GIRL 1
Funny, Van.

VAN
How about a favor instead?

COCONUT GIRL 2
Maybe.

Van hands her a bindle of cocaine and points to Matt.

VAN
Go wake that guy up.

EXT. MEXICAN CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

A dilapidated house swarms with Addicts buying and using
drugs. Gordo and two Deputies address a WITCH WOMAN (60),
smiling from her rocking chair, petting an Iguana.

GORDO
We all have to pay taxes, Witch.

A Deputy walks out of Witch's house with a surfboard.

WITCH
That board belonged to my son.

GORDO
Put it in the truck.

WITCH
You remember my son, Gordo.

The witch kisses the iguana's flickering tongue and points at the starry sky above.

WITCH (CONT'D)
He was brought here by a star. We all were. It's what connects us to the universe. What do you think, Gordo? Will your star burn long and smooth and light your path?

The Witch points a finger at the clear, night sky.

Instantly, a shooting Star BLAZES across the sky. The Witch follows the star with her finger as if controlling it.

The Deputy see this, drops surfboard and hides behind a car.

WITCH (CONT'D)
Or will it explode deep inside you?

Gordo picks up surfboard and walks away as the Witch CACKLES.

Gordo casually puts board in his Jeep.

He then pulls out his pistols, and FIRES two bullets thru Witches eyes.

GORDO
I guess that was your star, Witch.

EXT. LA TEKA BEACH CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Matt dances with the Coconut Girls but their hyper style is turning his tired feet to lead.

MATT
Mindy and Cindy, right?

COCONUT GIRL 1
I'm Mandy, she's Carla, and you're sleepy.

Mandy and Carla pull Matt off dance floor, beneath the shadows off a tree.

MANDY
 (hands him cocaine)
 Here. Van gave it to us.

MATT
 Oh, no thanks, I don't partake.

CARLA
 Neither do we, unless we're on a
 beach in Mexico.

MANDY
 Dancing in the sand with a studly.

CARLA
 She's talking about you.

MATT
 Thanks, but Coke just doesn't
 appeal to me.

Matt turns around and looks to the dance floor for an exit.

MANDY (OS)
 Hey, Matt, does this appeal to you?

Matt turns around and sees Mandy and Carla have both poured a dollop of cocaine on their breasts and are holding them up like offering platters.

Matt stares at the Coconut Girls for a moment.

Then jumps in face first, taking their offer with gusto.

EXT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Rap bass VIBRATES the hotel hallway. RUBEN, the hotel manager, POUNDS his fist on the door until Greg opens it.

GREG
 Ruben! Welcome back!

RUBEN
 You must quite down! This is third
 time! There are many complaints!

Greg turns and WE see dozens of Partgoers dancing on every surface, even the floor, like it's their last night on earth.

GREG
 Quiet down, people!

Nobody hears Greg, but he gives Ruben two thumbs up.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A kilo of cocaine in a messy pile dominates the coffee table. Van talks to two steroid-abusing GUIDOS (25).

GUIDO 1
Yo, Chief, this Chotch is fire!

GUIDO 2
Who the fuck are ya, throwin' down
a Loaf like it's a couple Scoots?

VAN
My pleasure, I picked it up cheap.

GUIDO 1
Can you get more? I got cash.

Van shrugs, smiles, of course he can.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Matt, now wide awake, is dirty dancing on the couch between Mandy and Carla, when he notices the sun rising.

MATT
Is that the sun? What time is it?

CARLA
Dawn o'clock.

Mandy and Carla pull Matt off couch.

MANDY
We want to show you something.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - HOT TUB - NIGHT

Matt relaxes opposite Mandy and Carla. His focus jumps between the girls and the sun rising off the ocean.

CARLA
Well, what do you think, Matt?

MATT
I feel like there is a war raging
for my attention.

The girls remove their tops and begin kissing.

MATT (CONT'D)
The war is officially over.

Matt pulls the GIGGLING girls to him. Mandy kisses the right side of his neck, while Carla bites his left nipple.

But Matt stops smiling, scowls at the sun, and bites his lip.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

BRIDGETTE (25), a cheerleader-meets-stripper, stands with Oscar and a man holding a CLIPBOARD, looking at a new HUMMER.

CLIPBOARD

As you ordered, Oscar: armored siding, bullet-proof glass, turbo V-Ten, and the special fire extinguisher, which was not easy to get with our new President. But for you I make it happen.

OSCAR

(hands him a bag)
Here's half the money. I'll have the rest in a month.

CLIPBOARD

Half? But Oscar, you know how Guillermo is about payment.

Oscar points at the decimated Ford Bronco.

OSCAR

Plus my trade-in.

CLIPBOARD

Are those bullet holes?

Oscar hands Clipboard a sizeable sack of coke.

OSCAR

I know you can explain this.

CLIPBOARD

(winks, accepts coke)
Guillermo still wants your boat, and you know he pays cash.

OSCAR

And he knows I'll never sell it.

Clipboard hands keys to Oscar.

CLIPBOARD

Happy travels, Oscar. Always nice to see you, Bridget.

Clipboard exits.

BRIDGETTE
You can't even pay for a car?

OSCAR
In a month I'll have five of these.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - MORNING

The dirt-floor cafe is secluded and empty. Van, red eyes and messy hair, wears a backpack and sips coffee.

VOICE (OS)
You got it?

The Steroid Guidos enter wearing low hats and sunglasses. They slide two chairs very close to Van, and sit.

VAN
My guy needs the money first.

A Cook walks out of kitchen and Guido 2 stands up.

GUIDO 2
Get back in there!

Cook quickly obliges.

GUIDO 1
(off backpack)
You goin' for a picnic?

Van looks for an exit, and Guido 2 punches him in the mouth sending him backwards over chair.

Guido 1 kicks Van in stomach as Guido 2 grabs the backpack.

GUIDO 1 (CONT'D)
Stick to surfin', Van.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Van, with puffy lip, sits with Greg gazing at the flat ocean. They look up when Matt enters with a large coffee.

GREG
Good morning, sunshine.

MATT
What happened to your mouth?

VAN
Fell off the coffee table.

GREG
I'm guessing you had a good night.

MATT
They almost missed their flight.
(sits)
I tried my best to stall them.

Matt notices Van and Greg are staring at him.

MATT (CONT'D)
What?

VAN
We're coming back here every year
for two months.

MATT
Tips must be pretty good at Stu's.

GREG
We want you to come with us.

MATT
Sure, from now on I'll buy winning
lottery tickets instead of losers.

VAN
Matt, we're taking some home.

MATT
Not the Coke.

VAN
Yea, the Coke. We're gonna sell it
off in ounces and buy Stu's Place.

MATT
Greg, you're not considering this.

GREG
I'm all in, Matt.

MATT
In case you haven't heard, there's
an army prowling the border for
dimwits like you.

Greg and Van grin.

VAN
What if I told you we have a
guaranteed, proven method?

MATT
I'll guarantee and prove your full
of shit.

GREG
Matt, you know a guy who's been
doing this for ten years.

MATT
What?! Who?

VAN
Sean Slate.

MATT
No, he sells real estate.

VAN
His last sale was two years ago.

GREG
My trailer.

VAN
It's a front. Slate smuggles in
one kilo of coke each year.

Matt looks at ocean, then back at Greg and Van.

MATT
How?

VAN
He swallows it.

FLASHBACK:

INT. COSTA RICAN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slate sits on a thin mattress staring at a pile of condoms
stuffed with thumb-sized blocks of cocaine.

VAN (V.O.)
Slate knew he was too lazy to sell
real estate. He also knew the
human body holds ten pounds of
food. So he skipped dinner.

INT. AIRPORT - U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY

Slate waits in line with other Tourists. He wears flip-flops, fiddles with a book, and tries hard to look bored.

VAN (V.O.)

Slate suspected he was being profiled. But if you're leaving Costa Rica with a couple T-shirts and a tan, U.S. Customs is only looking for one thing: fear.

INT. AIRPORT - U.S. CUSTOMS - DAY

Slate talks to a Hippy Girl (30) about her shell necklace.

VAN (V.O.)

So to calm his nerves, Slate started talking to people.

Slate shows Mom (40) and Daughter (9) his tube-riding stance.

VAN (V.O.)

He soon discovered that bored tourists love to gab.

Slate and Frat Guy (22) admire a Latina (28) in tight jeans.

VAN (V.O.)

Slate became so engrossed in conversation...

A grinning Male Customs Agent (45) gets Slate's attention.

VAN (V.O.)

...he almost forgot what he ate for breakfast.

Slate sees the EXIT sign as his passport is STAMPED.

EXT. CHARLOTTE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Slate hails a cab.

VAN (V.O.)

In order to avoid airport chaos the planes have to stay on schedule. Which means Customs can only check the most obvious suspects.

Slate smiles as a family of six Muslims enter airport.

RETURN TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Matt glares at Van and Greg.

MATT

No way in hell would I eat a kilo of cocaine.

VAN

Honestly, Matt, we don't need you. But we like you so we had to ask.

MATT

You'll both end up like Slate, squandering your money and having to come back every year for more.

GREG

Not a chance. All I want is Stu's Place and this is my only shot.

VAN

Slate doesn't even need the money. He goes back because it's so easy!

MATT

Stu's asking for way more money than you'll make selling two kilos.

VAN

Not two kilos. Two stamped kilos. That Bale is pure cocaine.

GREG

Once we add the cut each one of those Bricks is really three.

VAN

Stu only wants half the cash up front. If you take a Key we can remodel. Make it nice.

GREG

Think about it, Matt: I work the bar, Van takes the dining room, and you run the kitchen.

VAN

We'll split the profits. Then close down for the shoulder months and come here with a stack of cash.

MATT

Sounds great. Except the part where I traipse through Customs with a gut full of Devil Dust.

GREG

Risk, Matt. It's the difference between success and where we're at. My dad plays it safe. Tomorrow he'll wake up more miserable than today and go to a job he likes less than yesterday. I'm not living like that! You shouldn't either.

VAN

We'd make a great team, Matt. But if you're scared the best answer for all of us is, no.

Matt glares at Van, and has to look away to stay calm.

GREG

We're leaving in the morning.

MATT

Tomorrow?

GREG

Why wait for the good life?

VAN

And these waves suck.

INT. COCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coco and two other Dealers separate a pound of weed into small bags. But they freeze when Oscar and three armed Thugs kick in the front door.

OSCAR

Good evening, Coco.

COCO

Oscar, we've been diving all day. I'll find it, I promise, just give me some time.

OSCAR

Maybe you already found it and forgot to tell me.

COCO

You know I'd never do that!

OSCAR
Open the safe.

Coco is surprised.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
You think there's anything about
this town I don't know? Open it!

Coco pushes his coffee table back and pulls a trap door off
the floor revealing a safe.

He turns the dial and opens it.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Put it on the table.

Coco places a large wad of money on coffee table.

COCO
That money's for the school! It
has nothing to do with you!

Oscar puts the money in his pockets.

OSCAR
Either find what you lost, or get
used to this.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Matt sits at the bar. He's the only customer besides a table
of four, loud, American Surfers (21) drinking tequila.

SURFER 1
All you have to do is make a leg
cast! Slip in a few kilos and walk
through Customs on crutches!

SURFER 2
X-rays just got you--!

SURFER 1
X-rays can't see through a cast!

SURFER 3
What you need is a suitcase with a
false bottom. Check it with the
skycap. Schoop! Payday!

SURFER 2

You don't have the ball--let alone,
balls--to walk a gram out of the
Houston airport!

SURFER 3

For a wood-grain Beamer I would!

SURFER 4

Best way to get drugs over the
border is a remote control plane--

SURFER 1/2/3

Shut the fuck up!/What?!/Who
invited this guy?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I guess the secret's out.

Matt turns as Emily puts a beer in front of him.

EMILY

One bale goes missing and we have a
shoot-out in town, Coco loses his
mind, and now the tourists are
turning into smuggling experts.

MATT

The Bale was Coco's?

EMILY

No, but he was driving the boat
when it wrecked. Sad part is the
wreck wasn't even his fault.

MATT

A captain is always responsible for
the craft.

EMILY

True. But it's hard to blame him
when a whale just happens to breach
on top of the boat.

MATT

A whale? Smashed the boat?

EMILY

Yea, and in ten years down here
I've never even seen a whale.

(beat)

Hey, I have two lobsters to give
you compliments of Caesar. Or I
could cook them for us tomorrow?

MATT
Uh, yea, sure.

Emily keeps talking but Matt is lost in thought.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Matt enters in a daze. He sees Greg spooning cocaine into condoms while Van ties them and snips the ends with scissors.

Matt sits down and puts a loaded condom in his hand.

MATT
All right. Let's buy a restaurant.

Greg and Van exchange grins.

VAN
We brought an extra kilo just in case you changed your mind.

GREG
Congratulations, partners!

They all grasp hands, two at a time, holding tight.

VAN
All we gotta do is go balls-to-guts for one day and the rest of our lives will be six-to-eight-and-glassy.

They all slap a final high-five.

Van goes to snip off the top of a condom but he's still enjoying the moment instead of paying attention.

ECU/SLOW-MO: Scissor tip nicks the side of condom creating a pin-sized hole, and expels a minute puff of white dust.

Van obliviously throws the pierced condom in the pile.

EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Emily walks among the kids as they write in notebooks.

EMILY
Today we're going to write a story.

Coco enters with school supplies, and the kids run to him.

But Coco sees Emily isn't smiling.

COCO
(to kids)
I have to go but I'll see you soon.

Coco exits with a hanging head.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - MORNING

Matt watches Emily's school from a distance.

VAN (O.S.)
Matt, let's go.

Matt takes a final look at Emily, then BURPS uncomfortably.

INT. MEXICAN AIRPORT - MORNING

Van and Greg enter the minimalist airport smiling.

Greg nudges Van and they look at Matt: he's sweating, flushed, and his eyes are bulging.

VAN
Hey, let's sit down a minute.

They sit on a concrete bench as Tourists zip by.

MATT
My heart's bouncing, something's
not right.

VAN
It's just nerves. Breathe in,
breathe out. Slow.

Matt tries to take a deep breath but CHOKES.

MATT
This is bad. My stomach's
grinding. I need to find a toilet.

VAN
What? You mean--No! You can't!

Matt tries to breathe normal but only hyperventilates.

MATT
It's coming out, either here or
there. Go without me.

Matt stands and makes a wobbly exit.

VAN
He really is cursed.

GREG
What?

VAN
Nothing. Let's go.

Van and Greg are confronted by a mustached COP (40).

COP
What is problem with your friend?

VAN
Uh, hi, officer. No, no problem.

GREG
Our friend has a stomach ache.

COP
He drinks the water?

VAN
Oh, yea, that's probably it!

COP
Passports, please.

Greg reaches for his passport but Van discretely stops him.

VAN
Our friend has them.

COP
Get them. Leave your bags.

INT. AIRPORT - BATHROOM - DAY

Matt sits on the toilet, pants around his ankles, sweating, GASPING for breath. Greg BUSTS open the stall door.

GREG
Are you okay?!

MATT
A condom must have broke.

GREG
Oh, no.

MATT
I have to get out of here.

Van peeks out bathroom door and sees: Four Military Cops are emptying their bags on the ground.

VAN

We gotta go, and we gotta go now!

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The curb is crowded with tourists, taxis and employees. Van and Greg pull Matt as fast as he can go into a taxi.

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - DAY

Taxi driver looks back at The Boys and pulls away from curb.

VAN

Go. Go!

Driver GUNS taxi. Matt WHEEZES.

VAN (CONT'D)

Matt, it's just a panic attack.

MATT

Van, I don't panic.

The Cops run out of airport looking for them.

GREG

Down!

They all duck out of sight.

TAXI DRIVER

Where?

GREG

Hospital!

VAN

No! We can't go to a hospital!

GREG

We don't have a choice!

VAN

The cops will be waiting for us!

MATT

Pharmacia.

GREG
Why?! What is that gonna do?!

MATT
They'll have everything I need.

INT. MEXICAN PHARMACIA - DAY

Greg enters at a run and YELLS at Pharmacist.

GREG
We have emergency!

Pharmacist calmly nods at him.

GREG (CONT'D)
An overdose! We need Xanax!

Pharmacist gives him a package of pills and a rock.

PHARMACIST
Smash them to powder.

Greg readies pills, as Van looks on a little embarrassed.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Matt slouches in cab, deathly white, his eyes barely open as the Taxi Driver SLAPS his face.

TAXI DRIVER
Hold on! Hold on!

Greg jumps into taxi and gives Matt a cloudy syringe.

GREG
Matt! It's ready.

They all stare at Matt as he holds out his inner elbow.

MATT
You gotta do it, Greg.

Greg sticks the needle into Matt's arm and empties syringe.

A faint smile slowly emerges on Matt's face.

MATT (CONT'D)
Thanks.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Stacks of electronics surround an open gun safe stuffed with drugs. Gordo trades a bag of weed for a Punk's (18) Laptop, through a window in rear wall.

PUNK

I should get three of these!

GORDO

Taxes.

Gordo shuts a metal door over the window and locks it. WE now see a POLICE CHIEF (60) standing behind him.

CHIEF

I heard about the shooting.

GORDO

It was nothing, Chief, he's the gringo I told you about.

COMMANDER

I was talking about the shaman woman--you killed a gringo, too?

GORDO

No, a couple shots.

Gordo and Commander walk down hallway.

GORDO (CONT'D)

The Witch sold drugs and refused to pay taxes.

COMMANDER

I heard you killed her son.

GORDO

He had to go.

COMMANDER

Any credible witnesses?

Gordo shakes his head, no.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

The President knows about it.

GORDO

What?

COMMANDER

The Citizen Brigade. They're everywhere, and growing.

They reach Gordo's office and stop walking.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

No more attention, Gordo. This President sees us as the bad guys, and if he decides to take you out nobody but me will care.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS ROOM #6 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matt looks into mirror: it's not good. But he's alive.

A pile of coke-filled condoms lie on top of the toilet. They're all the same size except for one. Matt picks it up and sees the small hole.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS ROOM #6 - BALCONY - NIGHT

Greg and Van, not moving a muscle, watch the ocean like a TV. Matt enters and slowly sits.

GREG

Where did you learn all that?

MATT

My mom was a nurse. My brother's an addict. For a while our kitchen doubled as an emergency room.

VAN

Where am I gonna find swell clothing in this town?

Van stands, and exits.

GREG

I'm sorry we got you into this, Matt. I can't believe how stupid it was. No payoff is worth what you went through. The more I think about it the more disgusted I get. We should of run away from that Bale and never looked back.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The waves are small, crappy, and crowded with Surfers. Emily enters and sees Matt sitting shirtless under a tree. She frowns and marches to him from the side.

EMILY

If you didn't want to have dinner--

Matt turns and Emily sees his pale face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh. Are you alright?

MATT

Food poisoning. I passed out before I could tell you.

EMILY

No, I, uh, hope you're okay.

MATT

You want to sit down? It's not contagious.

Emily smiles and sits. She notices Matt's back is marred with deep scars.

EMILY

I like your tattoo.

Matt sees her looking at his back, and smiles.

MATT

I was twelve, reading magazines at a Seven-eleven. A lady put her car in drive instead of reverse and smashed through the window. Glass shot everywhere. Ugly, isn't it?

EMILY

Scars are important. They remind us life isn't supposed to be easy.

Emily touches a long scar on Matt's elbow.

MATT

I broke this arm seven times. It's usually numb.

Emily peels up her bikini top enough to reveal a fat scar.

MATT (CONT'D)

Not bad. Surfboard fin?

EMILY

I got stabbed in prison.

Matt waits for Emily to laugh, but she looks away.

MATT

So how did you end up in Mexico?

EMILY

Spring Break, my junior year of college. I met a guy on this beach and never left.

(laughs)

My mom still tells me to finish school and get a real job.

MATT

People with real jobs work all year just to spend a week here.

EMILY

I know, I'm lucky. I love this beach, and the people are great. But some days I feel like a tourist who's wore out her welcome.

MATT

(grins)

Paradise fever is a dangerous affliction.

EMILY

Oh, now you're making fun of me? After standing me up?

They both smile.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hey, why did you let Coco off so easy? He deserved to get popped in the mouth.

Matt looks away. His shoulders slump, chin drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't know why I asked, it's not important.

Emily cautiously traces a scar on Matt's back.

MATT

Last time I punched someone was seventh grade.

EMILY

Wow. He must've beat you up good.

MATT

He died.

EMILY

Oh, Matt. That must have been--he died from a punch?

MATT

Chip Baxter was the guy at school I hid from. One day he caught me after lunch and started slapping my face. I froze. Just stood there watching him laugh. So he kept slapping me till a crowd gathered. I couldn't move. I was fixated on this one freckle under his nose. I stared at it until my brain seemed to implode. I don't remember punching him. Never even felt it. Most people called it a freak accident. Some told me he deserved it. Either way I felt no remorse. Until I saw his mom at the grocery store. She wasn't mad at me. She just missed her son.

EMILY

You were defending yourself. Same as any kid should do.

MATT

Unfortunately, that wasn't my first incident. A year earlier I tied a rope to my bike seat and was towing a friend on his skateboard. I guess we were having too much fun to pay attention. A car hit him head on.

EMILY

Oh no.

MATT

He spent eight months in the hospital. Still has a limp.

EMILY

That was--it wasn't your--they're both tragedies but nothing more.

MATT

The Judge didn't agree. At my trial she said I was forming a violent pattern and sent me to juvenile jail for one year.

(smiles)

No matter how bad I got beat up in there I couldn't even make a fist.

EMILY

Well, you're here. Your alive.

MATT

I am. But my mom's not. She died of a heart attack two weeks before I was released. My brother still blames me. I think my dad does too. I'm not even sure they're wrong. You see, my life is a magnet for disaster. Why else would a healthy woman die of a heart attack at forty-five? I think I'm just a--

Emily clutches Matt's hand and he looks at her.

EMILY

I think as long as you don't change one thing about yourself all those bad experiences will be squashed by great ones.

Matt moves his head a little closer to Emily's waiting lips.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Damn, these waves suck!

Van throws down his board and sits in front of them.

VAN

But I still got the best ones.
Hey, let's get drunk!

Emily frowns at Matt.

EMILY

I should get back to work.

EXT. PEDRO'S BEACH BAR - DAY

Greg drinks an apres-surf beer alone when two smiling surfers, JUAN (25) and CARLOS (25), recognize him.

JUAN
Hey, you have good waves today.

GREG
Thanks, 'preciate that.

JUAN
And your friend rips.

GREG
Van. He missed the ASP Tour one
year by a half-point.

JUAN
Half-point?

GREG
His sponsor promised to buy him a
condo in Bali if he made it.

JUAN
Oh!

They all have a painful LAUGH.

CARLOS
So where you from?

GREG
North Carolina.

JUAN
Any jobs there?

GREG
Pretty bad these days.

CARLOS
We work in Georgia last year.

JUAN
But now we go somewhere new.

GREG
Oh yea, when you flying out?

Carlos and Juan LAUGH.

JUAN
We not flying, we running.

CARLOS
And ducking.

Now Greg nods his head and LAUGHS.

GREG
Isn't it really hard to get across
the border?

JUAN
How you think all those Mexicans in
your country got there?

Greg smiles, sips his beer, and looks out at the ocean.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - ROOM #6 - NIGHT

Greg and Van stuff food and water into two new backpacks.
Matt watches from bed, better but still pale.

GREG
I told them we're reporters doing a
story on the border crossing.

VAN
Perfect! You're brilliant, Greg!

Greg blushes.

GREG
Border patrol never checks this
route because there are so many
easier ones.

VAN
We'll rent a car in Arizona and be
home by Thursday!

Van wraps two kilos in a towel and crams them into pack. But
he can't get a third Kilo to fit.

MATT
Why are you taking so many?

VAN
I might have overstated the purity.
Besides, I'd take the whole party
if it fit in my pack.

GREG
We need bigger backpacks.

VAN
These are the biggest in town.

GREG
Then we only take two keys each.

VAN
Leave the towels. We don't need
all this padding.

Van and Greg remove the towels and repack the Kilos.

MATT
What about me?

GREG
You can still be the Chef.

MATT
But not an owner.

Greg shrugs.

GREG
Matt, it's a brutal hike.

VAN
You'd never make it.

Matt glares at Van and gets out of bed.

MATT
Did you bring three extra Kilos?

Greg grins but Van shakes his head, no.

VAN
You'd only hold us back.

MATT
Give me my three. I'll go alone.

Now Van can't help but smile.

EXT. CROSSROADS - BUS STOP - MORNING

The Boys wait for bus as Emily passes with a bag of oranges.

EMILY
Hi. Where you going?

Matt tries to think of an answer.

GREG
Tauhtec. To see the ruins.

EMILY
Maybe I'll see you tonight?

MATT
Yea.

Matt watches Emily walk away.

INT. BUS - DAY

Greg takes pictures of Juan and Carlos posing in their seats.

VAN
He better not blow this one, too.

GREG
It's not his fault the condom
broke. He could've died.

VAN
The condom didn't break. Matt had
a panic attack, nothing more.

We now see Matt is asleep in the seat behind them.

EXT. NOGALES, MEXICO - BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

Skinny dogs, trash-littered streets, and throngs of unsmiling
Locals let The Boys know this is no tourist town.

JUAN
It's only forty miles, what you
carrying in that pack?

VAN
Water.

Carlos enters with a quick pace and darting eyes.

CARLOS
There was a gang shoot-out in town.
Cops everywhere. We go straight
for the dessert.

VAN
I need to eat first.

CARLOS
No way. We eat later. Far away
from this place.

EXT. NOGALES - MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Juan and Carlos lead The Boys thru a street market BUSTLING with vendors and portable eateries.

Carlos and Juan look more relaxed in the chaos, but they still keep a quick pace.

Greg sees a taco cart with no line. He holds up five fingers to the Vendor and slips away from group.

FLASH ON: Two Street Kids (15) eye Greg's backpack as he waits for Vendor to wrap tacos.

STREET KID 1
Computador.

Street Kid 2 nods and slides a knife from his pocket.

RETURN TO: Greg starts back to Group with bag of tacos.

Street Kid 2 slices the bottom of his backpack with knife.

Street Kid 1 grabs "computer" but is punched in face by Greg.

Street Kid 2 stabs Greg in shoulder with knife.

GREG
Aaaahhhh!

Street Kids exit in a flash.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
No move!

Greg turns and sees two Policia pointing rifles at him.

GREG
They tried to rob me! Get them!

But the Policia don't budge.

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Matt looks around his Group as they near the end of town.

MATT
Where's Greg?

They all stop, turn, and see: Greg down the street surrounded by gathering Onlookers and Policia.

Street Kid's knife sliced open one of the Kilos. Now only Greg is unaware of the cocaine billowing out behind him.

A Policia Truck full of Cops arrives on the scene.

JUAN
(To Van/Matt)
You on your own, Gringos.

Juan and Carlos exit down a side street.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Stop!

Van and Matt spin around and see a young, Jumpy Cop, jabbing his rifle at them.

VAN
What?! What did I do?!

Matt pretends to see something behind Jumpy Cop.

Jumpy turns his head and Matt grabs the gun's barrel.

Jumpy FIRES a shot in air, then tries to wrestle his gun away from Matt.

The Onlookers SCREAM and run in every direction.

SLOW-MO: Matt punches Jumpy in the chin and watches him fall on his back, unconscious.

VAN (CONT'D)
Let's go!

Matt stares at Jumpy Cop until Van pulls him away.

VAN (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?! Run!

Matt and Van run for a side street as six Cops chase them.

MATT
Drop your pack!

Van and Matt drop their packs in stride.

A Mob of Onlookers quickly descend on their packs, blocking the path of the Cops in pursuit.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Matt and Van ride in the back of a dark bus.

VAN

We have to go back. I can't leave Greg.

MATT

I punched a cop, Van, we're not going back.

VAN

Do you know what goes on inside a Mexican jail?!

MATT

Not yet.

Van looks out the window, then turns back and smiles at Matt.

VAN

We've had some tough breaks, haven't we? I feel like there's a dark cloud following us.

Matt slowly turns to look at Van.

VAN (CONT'D)

If I didn't believe in science and common sense I'd say we were...
(laughs)

MATT

You'd say we were what?

VAN

Cursed from the start.

MATT

From the start, you mean the moment we arrived in Mexico? Or when you decided to be a drug smuggler?

VAN

Or was it when I invited a black cat to walk under a ladder with me?

Matt stares blankly at Van.

VAN (CONT'D)

Relax, Matt. Obviously I don't believe that stuff about you.

MATT

What stuff?

VAN
C'mon, we live in a small town.

MATT
What are you talking about?

VAN
The county fair. You dropped a stuffed animal into the Ferris Wheel's gearbox and three kids went to the hospital.

MATT
The top of the box was missing!

VAN
You were laying pennies on the track when that train derailed.

MATT
There were six other guys with me!

VAN
How many were known as Matt the Mishap?

MATT
The track was broken a half-mile back--you can't derail a train with three pennies!

VAN
I said I don't believe any of it. And after we get Greg out of jail and buy Stu's Place you'll stop believing it too.

Matt stares at Van.

MATT
You gotta cut your hair.

VAN
The hell I do.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Oscar paces beside Ruben (Hotel Manager) and Henche (Mustached Cop), staring at a police report with Greg's mug shot. A small pile of stuffed condoms lie on a table.

HENCHE

I found the Coke in an airport
toilet. He was with two others.

OSCAR

I've seen this guy. Where was it?!

RUBEN

He was at the hotel, too. All
night party. Everyone crazy high.
Eyes like sand dollars.

OSCAR

Holy shit, they found my bale. And
now they're trying to jump it.

(slaps condoms off table)

Like this?! They don't have the
brains to get a joint across.

(stops pacing)

The bale is still here. Has to be.
They couldn't move it. Not far.
Way too risky. But they can't
leave Mexico without it. Who could
walk away from a pot of gold?

(to Henche)

Tomorrow we're going to find them.

HENCHE

No. The President watches police.
He has people with guns in every
town. They're working for free!

OSCAR

You believe him? It's a scare
tactic. Nothing more.

Oscar hands Henche a wad of cash.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

As soon as they eat, drink, or
Internet, we'll find them.

INT. LAS VEGAS CASINO - DAY

A MOB BOSS (60) sits in a VIP Lounge overlooking casino.

MOB BOSS

(into phone)

We have your room reserved for next
month. There will be a car
available at all times, and of
course, the girls.

(MORE)

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)

Now there is the matter of your negative balance from last year. It's quite a bit more than usual. You know we're always happy to roll you over, but just to keep the boss happy we're gonna send someone next week to pick it up. If that's okay with you, Gordo?

INT. MEXICAN JAIL - GORDO'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordo looks in a duffle bag beside him: it's stuffed with stacks of hundred dollar bills.

GORDO
(into phone)
No problem.

Gordo hangs up just as a Deputy enters with a pinata.

DEPUTY
The Gringos are in their cell.

INT. MEXICAN JAIL CELL - DAY

The Steroid Guidos just grin when Gordo pulls a Kilo of Coke from the pinata and tosses it on the bench next to them.

GORDO
You try to send this to New York?

GUIDO 1
Never seen it.

GUIDO 2
Get me a lawyer.

GUIDO 1
And a cold beer.

Gordo's face goes red. He whips out both pistols and FIRES a bullet on each side of Guido 1's head. The Guidos SCREAM and squirm as far from Gordo as possible.

GORDO
Where's the rest of it?

GUIDO 1
That's all we have! I swear! We bought it from a guy at a party. Blond hair, surfer guy! He has more! His name's Van!

EXT. CROSSROADS - MORNING

Van talks on a pay phone wearing a red tank top and a fresh buzz-cut under a black hat.

VAN
(into phone)
Does he have a lawyer?! A court
date? Tell me something!

Matt waits on street wearing a Panama hat and pink shades,
when the Straw Hat Gringo passes him.

MATT
You get that Sailboat in the water?

Matt takes off his sunglasses and smiles.

CRUSTY
What is that, a disguise?

MATT
Too much sun.

CRUSTY
I should be sailing by Friday.

MATT
How long till you're back in F-L-A?

CRUSTY
Three weeks?

MATT
Hey, who do I call if I get caught
in a Florida hurricane on my Hobie
Cat?

CRUSTY
Danny's Marina in Dania. I have a
full-time slip there.

Matt sees Van hang up the phone.

MATT
Kirk, may the wind be with you.

CRUSTY
Thanks, Matt. And stay out of
trouble down here.

EXT. CROSSROADS - MORNING

Bridgette, wearing tight shorts and a dirty smile, saunters up to a tall, blond Gringo (18).

BRIDGETTE
Hey, stallion, I don't see you
since party, how you been?

GRINGO
Um, where?

BRIDGETTE
You know, the penthouse party. You
have any more of that Rocket Fuel?

GRINGO
I'm, uh, visiting with my parents.

BRIDGETTE
(points at hotel)
Room one if you want a party, baby.

Bridgette exits with a wink.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - MORNING

Oscar and Henche scan the Crossroads with binoculars.

OSCAR
Are you sure?! Look again!

HENCHE
He isn't that fat.

OSCAR
There! Under the Casita sign.

HENCHE
He doesn't have neck tattoos.

OSCAR
Left side. Red tank top.

HENCHE
No, he has long hair.

OSCAR
Forget the hair! Look at his face.

HENCHE
Hard to tell with the hat. But he
is that size.

OSCAR
(into phone)
Bridgette, red tank top, black hat.

EXT. CROSSROADS - MORNING

Van and Matt meander through throngs of tourists.

VAN
All they would say is Greg is in
jail and he hasn't been to trial.

MATT
What did the airline say about
changing our flight?

VAN
No chance. Booked solid all week.

Bridgette passes them and does a double-take.

BRIDGETTE
Hey, you the guys from penthouse
party! What a night! How are you?

MATT
No, not us, first day in Mexico.

BRIDGETTE
No? You not guys with the Wowder
Powder? Because my uncle here from
L.A. and he want the Pura Vida.

VAN
Oh yea, what's your name?

BRIDGETTE/TAVIA
Tavia. You remember me now?

VAN
No, but I won't forget you.

BRIDGETTE/TAVIA
I stay at La Punta, number one.

Bridgette/Tavia exits with a turbo smile at Van.

MATT
What the hell was that?

VAN
She does look familiar.

MATT
No! No, she doesn't!

FEMALE WHISPER (OS)
I owe you a lobster dinner.

Matt spins around and sees Emily smiling at him.

MATT
Hi. How about tonight?

EMILY
Um, sure, is seven okay?

MATT
Perfect. See you at seven.

Emily exits.

VAN
She's been eye-fucking me all week.

Matt grits his teeth and exits alone.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - MORNING

Oscar studies the police report with Greg's mug shot.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BRONCO - NIGHT

The earlier scene where Oscar stops his Bronco and surprises The Boys as they walk back to town along the Beach Road.

VAN
Ola, amigo. Can we get a lift?

Oscar looks at Van, then sees Greg's face beside him.

RETURN TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - MORNING

Oscar smiles as he looks thru binoculars.

OSCAR
Tourists don't get haircuts.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - ROOM #6 - AFTERNOON

Matt lies in bed staring at the ceiling fan. Van enters grinning like a guy who just got rich.

VAN
Where did you go?

MATT
For a walk.

VAN
Get this: Tavia's uncle wants to buy two Keys!

MATT
What?

VAN
I called her. And she was at the party. She knew all their names!

MATT
Van, who asks a tourist to sell them cocaine besides a cop?

VAN
She's no cop. Her uncle works in Hollywood. He's here on his yacht.
(Sits on bed)
Matt, we don't have to leave Mexico. Ever! We have a cash machine buried on the beach. We can live like this permanently!

MATT
We were chased out of an airport! I punched a cop! Greg is in jail! We're not leaving anymore, we're escaping!

But Van's grin never wavers.

VAN
I can't do that.

MATT
You have to do just that! Before we end up with Greg, or worse!

VAN
Five years ago I could've left here happy with the story. But my life is different now.
(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

I need a new path. I need a mission. Matt, that 'Cain chose me, and it came just in time.

MATT

Give me a break. You still get hit on by high school girls.

VAN

I'm a waiter. I serve people. Me! My patience dissolved long ago. My drive is crumbling into apathy. There's a hurricane in my head. I can't live like this when I'm forty! But what are the options for a broke, unskilled, high school dropout? Get my GED? No, this is it. That Miami Snow is my lottery ticket, and one way or another I'm cashing it in.

MATT

I don't even have a place to live. But I'm not gonna wake up in jail knowing I belong there.

Van gives Matt a long stare.

VAN

Then I guess we split up.

MATT

An uncle from LA on a yacht?! You really believe her?!

VAN

I'm about to find out.

MATT

You can't let it go can you?

VAN

I dug a hole for myself, Matt. Twenty years of playing, partying, and pretending I'd never get old. If I walk away from this it'll smack me in the face every time I punch that clock.

Van stands to leave.

MATT

Okay. Then let's do it right.

VAN
What do you mean?

MATT
I met a guy with a sailboat.

VAN
You want to sail it back?

MATT
No. I'll knock a hole in his boat,
make it look like he hit a reef,
stuff six kilos inside, then seal
it back up. No one will know.

VAN
Isn't the boat in Mexico?

MATT
He sails for Florida on Friday.

Van stares at Matt.

VAN
Damn. That's not bad.

MATT
Van, don't call the girl.

VAN
What's the point? This is much
better! I'll rent a scooter and
pick up six Keys!

MATT
No more than six. Meet me at the
boatyard in two hours. I'll need
you to stand guard while I do it.

VAN
Then we'll get Greg out of jail.
This is going to work!

Matt watches Van exit, then grabs a bag from under bed.

He dumps out six kilos of Coke and six kilos of flower.

Matt takes a knife and slits the plastic around the Kilos,
then empties all the cocaine into a hotel trash can.

Matt takes trash can to bathroom, but notices the beach
breeze beckoning and walks out on balcony.

Matt slings the Coke off the balcony: it catches the wind and scatters into the white sand below.

EXT. CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Van exits smiling on a scooter and passes Coco at his spot.

A Crackhead (40) holds out a crumbled bill to Coco.

COCO
I'm retired. You'll have to find
someone else from now on.

As Coco watches the Crackhead saunter away he sees Oscar and three Thugs exit the Hummer and walk to Emily's cabina.

INT. EMILY'S CABINA - AFTERNOON

Emily combs her wet hair and hears a KNOCK on the door.

EMILY
Who is it?

MALE VOICE (OS)
Do you have any rooms?

Emily frowns but opens door, and sees Oscar and Thugs.

OSCAR
Hi, honey.

Emily tries to slam door but Oscar blocks it open.

Emily runs to her dresser and pulls out a pistol.

But Oscar knocks it away and grabs her by the throat.

Emily punches Oscar in his good eye.

Oscar backhands Emily in the mouth and pushes her onto bed.
Emily is calm as she glares at him.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Who were you talking to today?

EMILY
Get out.

OSCAR
In front of Choli's! Those two
Americans you're so chummy with!

EMILY
They're tourists!

OSCAR
Who are they?!

EMILY
Ricky and Ted, from Jersey. They
had dinner here last night.

OSCAR
Where are they staying?

EMILY
It's rude to ask people where
they're staying. Now get out of my
house or shoot me, you coward.

OSCAR
Emily, you need to tell me where
they are before this gets tragic.

EMILY
I just told you everything I know
about two people I don't know.

OSCAR
So what did you whisper in the ear
of this guy you don't know?

EMILY
None of your business!

Oscar stares at Emily until an evil smile develops.

OSCAR
I know this look. It's the one you
hide behind when you're scared.

Oscar grabs Emily's ankles and spreads her legs. Thug 1
grabs her wrists. Then, they stretch her out.

EMILY
Oscar!

OSCAR
Smile at me, Emily, like you smiled
at your partners today. The smiles
of three people who made an
incredibly unfortunate discovery.

EMILY
What discovery?! What are you
babbling about?!

Oscar slaps her in the face, and pulls out a knife.

OSCAR

I don't know where you're hiding my
Bale, but I'm not leaving until you
tell me. Smile now, Bitch.

Emily does smile.

EMILY

I'm imagining how horrible this is
going to end for you.

OSCAR

Where's my Coke?

EMILY

At the bottom of the ocean. Next
to those delusions you call dreams.

Oscar slices Emily's cheek with the knife. Emily's
confidence is replaced by shock and fear.

OSCAR

Who wants her first?

Thug 3 moves between Emily's knees and removes his belt as
Oscar cuts off her sarong with one swipe from the knife.

EMILY

Oscar! What is wrong with you?!

Emily squirms and begins to CRY.

OSCAR

Only I know what it takes to get
through to you.

Oscar grabs her panties and goes to cut them off.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

How many of these guys will get a
turn before you talk, Emily?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Let her go.

Oscar turns and sees Coco has entered with two Local Dealers.
They all point pistols like pros in charge.

OSCAR

Leave, Coco, this is necessary!

COCO
I might kill you for even
considering it.

OSCAR
She found it! She has our Bale!

From the cabina's two windows appear six more guns.

COCO
Oscar, you can start leaving or
start bleeding. Either way you're
gonna let go of my friend.

The Thugs put their hands in the air and Oscar follows.

EXT. EMILY'S CABINA - AFTERNOON

Matt, wearing a backpack, sees the front door ajar.

MATT
Emily?

Emily opens the door pointing a gun. Her eye is red and puffy. A bandage covers the knife wound on her cheek.

EMILY
Oh, it's you.

She doesn't smile, but lowers the gun and lets him inside.

INT. EMILY'S CABINA - AFTERNOON

MATT
What's wrong?--What happened?!

EMILY
A guy named Oscar stopped by.
Guess who he was looking for?

Matt's body seems to implode.

MATT
No. Oh, no. You don't know
anything. Why would he come here?

EMILY
He saw us talking and assumed you
told me where his Bale is hidden.

Matt looks more closely at Emily's face.

MATT
What did he do to you?

EMILY
It's nothing. Luckily, Coco saw
him come in.

Matt wants to hug Emily but knows he can't.

MATT
I never imagined he would connect
us to anyone. Especially you.

Matt sits on bed. Emily sits, too, but not close.

MATT (CONT'D)
Yea, we found the bale. I know, we
should have run the other way. But
at the time it seemed like the
answer to all our problems.

EMILY
Were you the ones at the airport?

MATT
Yea. Then we tried to run some
across the border in Nogales. Greg
got caught. He's in jail.

EMILY
Who punched the cop?

MATT
Is he okay?

EMILY
Broken jaw.

Matt leans his head back and EXHALES.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'll deal with Oscar. You and Van
need to be on the next plane north.

MATT
Van tried. They're booked.

EMILY
Van lied.

Matt realizes Van lied to him.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Go get him. I'll give you a ride.

MATT
We can't go right now.

EMILY
You don't have a choice!

Emily sees the backpack, snatches it, and looks inside.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Why am I trying to help you?!

MATT
It's flour.

Emily touches a kilo. Now she's confused.

MATT (CONT'D)
Van's out of his mind. He can't leave without the coke. We met a local girl who looks and acts like a prostitute, and just happens to need two Kilos. She has to be a cop, but Van can't see it.

EMILY
Arm tats, sexy smile, and a chest full of treasure?

Matt slowly nods at the obvious description.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Bridgette. She's Oscar's girlfriend when no one else is paying her for it.

MATT
By the time Van finds out those are flour he'll be safe. After that--

Matt is interrupted by a KNOCK on the door.

Emily walks over and opens door: it's Gordo.

GORDO
You have an American named Van Vermette staying here?

EMILY
Yes, I believe so.

GORDO
Where is he?

EMILY
I haven't seen him all day.

GORDO
I'll check back later.

Gordo exits.

EMILY
Now you have two reasons to leave.

MATT
I'll find Van.

Matt stands and Emily hands him the pistol.

EMILY
You might need this.

Matt takes the gun and puts it in his shorts.

EXT. BOATYARD - AFTERNOON

Matt paces between boats under repair. He checks his watch, then stops, and looks out at the ocean.

Matt pulls out the gun, opens chamber and looks at bullets.

MATT
Van, please tell me you're not
going where I know you are.

INT. HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Bridgette opens door, and sees Matt's innocent smile.

BRIDGETTE
Well, hello, surfer boy.

Matt seizes Bridgette by the neck and pushes her into room.

He slams her into a wall, then sticks the gun in her mouth.

MATT
Where are they meeting?

EXT. MARINA - BOAT SLIP #24 - AFTERNOON

An elevated promenade runs along the marina where a few
Tourists walk and browse before the shops close.

Van enters below on a narrow, floating walkway that accesses the boat slips. He stops at #24.

VAN

Hello?

Oscar enters pointing an AK-47. Two Thugs appear on opposite sides, blocking the walkway. Van is trapped.

OSCAR

Hello, Van. Where's my Coke?

Van pulls two kilos from his shorts and throws them on boat.

VAN

Where's my money?

OSCAR

While you're not the first person who's tried to screw me, you are the only one currently alive.

VAN

I found those in the ocean.

OSCAR

Shut up! I know you have my Slab. So either take me to it or watch these bullets go through your head.

VAN

Whoa. I was surfing and those floated right up to me.

OSCAR

Is that when you got a haircut?

VAN

What? What haircut?

OSCAR

(to Thugs)

On three, shoot him in the balls.

Oscar and Thugs take aim.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

One, two--

VAN

Okay! Okay, I'll take you there!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Drop the guns!

They all look up and see Matt on the Promenade, partially hidden behind a concrete post, pointing a pistol.

OSCAR

Is that my old thirty-eight?!

(laughs)

You'd be better off with a rock!

Matt FIRES six times.

The bullets go nowhere near Oscar but it's enough to make everyone dive for cover.

Van knows he only has one move, and dives in the water.

Matt hunkers down behind the post as Thugs return FIRE.

Oscar points his gun where Van jumped, and begins FIRING.

Matt sees the Thugs coming for him and starts to run. But stops when he sees Oscar shooting blindly in the water.

MATT

Nooooo!

Matt tries to shoot Oscar but he's out of bullets.

EXT. UNDERWATER - AFTERNOON

Van swims like a dolphin, diving below the anchored boat hulls, smiling as bullets ZIP by him.

But in an instant his smile is replaced by a grimace of pain.

EXT. PROMENADE - AFTERNOON

Matt runs, looks back, and sees the Thugs coming fast.

Emily SKIDS her Jeep to a dusty stop beside him.

EMILY

I forgot to tell you.

Matt jumps in the Jeep's passenger seat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My gun's a little off.

They exit under a cloud of dust and WHIZZING bullets.

INT. MEXICAN JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A sweating AMERICAN CONSULATE smokes under a dim light.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I need out of here! Now!

AMERICAN CONSULATE
I'm not here to get you out.

WE now see Greg sitting on the other side of a table. His face is a collection of new bruises on top of old ones.

AMERICAN CONSULATE (CONT'D)
(writes on form)
Alive.

GREG
How long do I have to stay here?

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Occupation?

GREG
Waiter. I work at a restaurant.

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Not any more.

GREG
I'm American. You have to help me!

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Had you been caught snorting lines like a normal American you'd be back on the beach by now.

GREG
How long will I be here?

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Seven years. Minimum.

Greg's look of fear and shock yields to tears.

GREG
I can't. I can't do seven years.
I can't do one.

AMERICAN CONSULATE
Neither could I.

GREG
I'll be dead!

AMERICAN CONSULATE

So would I.

EXT. MEXICAN GROCERY - PAY PHONE - AFTERNOON

Emily hangs up the phone and walks back to Jeep. Matt waits in the passenger seat.

EMILY

The hospital has no record of any Americans admitted today.

MATT

He's probably hiding out.

But as Emily drives away, Matt chews his lip.

INT. MEXICAN SHACK - DUSK

Matt and Emily enter a tiny, wooden studio, surrounded by trees, clinging to the cliff. Giant windows sans glass grant an unobstructed view of the glimmering ocean below.

EMILY

We'll be safe here.

Matt takes a quick, awkward lap around the room.

MATT

I'm sorry I got you involved with this Oscar guy.

EMILY

I got myself involved with Oscar when I married him.

Emily leans her back against the wall beside one of the windows. Matt faces her but the ocean dominates his view.

MATT

Oscar's the guy from Spring Break?

EMILY

He owned a beach-rental back then. But cocaine pays more than umbrellas. Within a year I'd had enough. I told him I was going to visit my parents in Dallas but he knew I wasn't coming back.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

I guess he figured he'd make some easy money off me, because I was pretty surprised when the Federales found two kilos sewn inside my suitcase.

MATT

Of course you said it wasn't yours.

EMILY

(smiles)

I was shocked they didn't believe me. Three years of prison turned that shock into seething hate.

MATT

That's where you got the scar.

Emily nods.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you didn't kill him the day you got out.

EMILY

I tried. Pointed the gun straight at his face and squeezed the trigger. Just like I fantasized about from my cell. But besides taking out his eye the bullet didn't do much damage. That's when I found out my gun's a little off.

MATT

Yea, you need a new gun.

Emily smiles.

MATT (CONT'D)

So what do we do now?

Emily's smile vanishes.

EMILY

We wait.

MATT

Wait? Wait for what?

EMILY

For you to come up with a plan. Either that, or we can start praying for a whole lot of good luck.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Because one way or another you need
to get us out of this mess.

Matt's face goes blank, his shoulders slump, his chin drops.

Then he looks out the window at the ocean below...

...and sees two whales BURST out of the water. It's Psycho
plus a mate. They execute a perfect double-breach and return
to the water with a silent splash.

Matt now looks at Emily who still has her back to the wall.

He moves smoothly towards her and gets very close.

MATT

I don't have a plan. And I've
never been very lucky. But it's
time for all that to change.

Matt and Emily attack each other, kissing and clutching like
it's been a long time coming.

Matt presses into Emily against the wall and she digs her
fingernails into his back.

They pull off each others clothes without breaking their
frenetic embrace.

INT. SHACK - DAWN

Matt is dressed when Emily wakes up in bed. She puts out her
arms and he falls into them.

EMILY

You look like you have a plan.

MATT

I have an idea.

They kiss.

Matt has to pull himself away.

EMILY

Oscar loves money even more than he
loves himself, and right now he
can't even fill his beloved yacht
with gas. He's past crazy, Matt,
so make sure you're the smart one.

MATT

Don't leave. I'll be back soon.

INT. POLICIA JEEP - MORNING

Gordo and Deputies watch Oscar's Hummer parked a hundred yards away at the Crossroads. Deputy 1 hangs up phone.

DEPUTY 1

Oscar's guys are outside Emily's hotel. No sign of the gringos.

GORDO

Keep patrolling the beach road. They'll come out eventually.

INT. OSCAR'S HUMMER - MORNING

Oscar and Thugs keep a wary eye on Gordo's Jeep. Thug 1 hangs up phone.

THUG 1

The cops are watching her hotel.

OSCAR

Tell Mico and Penz to keep doing laps on the beach road.

EXT. CROSSROADS RESTAURANT - BALCONY - MORNING

Matt sips coffee behind a plant. He watches Gordo's jeep slowly exit past Oscar's Hummer.

He sees Oscar exit Hummer and walk across street.

Matt exits in a flash.

EXT. CROSSROADS - MORNING

Matt kicks his flip flops off behind a palm tree as he watches Oscar walk into a public restroom.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - MORNING

The restroom is empty. Oscar exits the last of six stalls. His good eye is partly swollen from Emily's punch. He takes two steps and gets punched hard in the jaw: POP!

Oscar falls down unconscious.

Matt exits the middle stall and pulls out his gun.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - MORNING

Oscar opens his eyes and sees he is face down on the grimy floor with his feet toward the entrance. He reaches for his gun but it's gone.

Matt stands behind Oscar, pointing two guns at the back of his head.

MATT
Where's Van?

OSCAR
Dead--Ahhhhh!

Oscar spits blood and touches his broken jaw.

MATT
If you were smart you'd say you
have him. Of course, if you were
smart, then both of your guns
wouldn't be pointed at your head.

Matt kicks the back of Oscar's head, bouncing his broken jaw off the concrete floor: THUNK!

OSCAR
Ahhhhh!

MATT
Don't worry, Oscar, all your pain
is about to disappear.

Matt's shoulders swell, his chin rises, and he levels both guns at Oscar's head. Matt's eyes burn with vengeance as his fingers caress the triggers.

But his hands start shaking.

Oscar stares wide-eyed at the floor. Blood leaks from his mouth. He starts to tremble.

Oscar SCREAMS, flails over on his back with both hands protecting his face, and sees the restroom is empty.

EXT. PROMENADE - MORNING

Matt trudges, shoulders slumped, chin down, through throngs of Tourists, their vacation auras contrast his defeat.

He sits on a concrete bench and puts his face in his hands.

Matt looks up, overcome with dejection, and sees the marina in front of him. It's the last place he saw Van.

Then he notices something that makes him sit up straight.

Matt jumps to his feet and stares wide-eyed.

WE now see what Matt is staring at: OSCAR'S BOAT.

INT. OSCAR'S HUMMER - DAY

Oscar holds an ice pack on his jaw when a LOCAL KID (12) arrives with a paper bag.

OSCAR
What's this?

LOCAL KID
Some gringo said give it to you.

OSCAR
Open it up.

Kid opens it, Oscar looks inside, then snatches bag.

Kid exits and Oscar pulls a Kilo out of the bag. Attached is a picture of his Bale with a gas can in front, and a note:

MATT (V.O.)
Okay, we got in way over our heads.
This isn't worth murder. But if
you want the Bale you'll have to
pay me. The amount is listed
below, which I know you'll agree is
a very fair price, along with the
wiring instructions to my bank. If
my account doesn't show a credit by
five o'clock today I start a fire.

Oscar puts down the note and stares at the ocean. Then he LAUGHS and dials a phone number.

OSCAR
Guillermo, you still want my boat?
(listens)
Okay, but I need the money now.

INT. GORDO'S HOUSE - DAY

Gordo stares out the window, shirtless, ignoring three Prostitutes (16) in bikinis snorting Coke off a table.

A fourth Prostitute enters from front door, hands Gordo a paper bag.

PROSTITUTE 4
Some Gringo say it's for you.

INT. GORDO'S HOUSE - OFFICE

Gordo sits at a metal desk with a Kilo. A picture of the bail is in one hand, and a note in the other.

MATT (V.O.)
I know what you're looking for. I have no use for it, but I guess you do. My price is listed below with wiring instructions to my bank. If the account is not credited by five o'clock today I'll assume you're not interested, and start a fire.

Gordo unlocks a desk drawer and pulls out his money bag.

INT. MOUNTAIN SHACK - DAY

Emily inserts the flash drive (the one given to her by Caesar) into a laptop.

A restaurant surveillance video of Gordo shooting at Oscar's Bronco appears on the laptop's screen.

Emily presses send. Computer reads: NO INTERNET CONNECTION.

EMILY
No! Not now.

Emily runs to window and sees a hotel on the beach.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - DAY

Emily looks cautiously down the street, then crosses.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

A smiling DESK CLERK greets Emily as she enters.

DESK CLERK
Hey, Emily.

EMILY
Hey, Bondi. Can I send an e-mail?

BONDI
 Sure. Password is "hotel one."

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

WE see Emily from behind as she talks to Bondi. The truck slows, then continues.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Emily walks up a dirt road to the shack. She freezes when Thug 1 steps out of bushes. Emily tries to run but Thug 2 traps her from behind.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Bondi is smoking a joint outside the hotel when he hears a SCREAM. He looks up the road and sees Emily being shoved into the truck. He runs back inside the hotel.

EXT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Matt smiles at a computer screen and types an e-mail: "You'll find the bale about a hundred feet from the low tide mark."

Matt smiles and hits "send." Just as Coco comes running in.

COCO
 Oscar has Emily.

MATT
 He's going to the cove.

COCO
 We can beat them by water.

They exit in a frenzy.

COCO (CONT'D)
 Matt, I know you found the bale.

MATT
 Yea, and so does everyone else.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Oscar drives his Hummer over the sand looking for the hidden bale. He has four Thugs and Emily with him.

Matt and Coco appear behind trees holding flaming logs.

MATT

Let her go or I turn it to ash!

Oscar steps out of the Hummer. He pulls Emily with him and puts the AK-47 to her head.

OSCAR

Go ahead. You can't burn more than a few Kilos before we shoot you.

MATT

It's covered in gas!

OSCAR

Come out or watch her die! Five-four-three-

MATT

Okay! Don't hurt her!

COCO

This is your plan?

MATT

I just need a few minutes.

Matt and Coco walk out of the woods.

MATT (CONT'D)

You got it! Now let her go!

OSCAR

Not quite.

(to Thugs)

Load it!

Oscar pushes Emily to the ground.

She gets up and runs to Matt. But Oscar follows.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I'm so glad the three of you came to congratulate me.

Oscar aims his gun at them, and smiles.

MATT

Only half the bale is here. Let us go and I'll tell you where the rest of it is.

Oscar's eyes go berserk.

OSCAR

Luigi!

Luigi the Thug runs over to him.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Is it all there?!

LUIGI

I don't know, we're still digging.
How many are there supposed to be?

Oscar hands Luigi his gun.

OSCAR

If anyone moves start shooting
until the clip is empty.

Oscar runs back to the bale.

COCO

Luigi, we're leaving, turn around.

LUIGI

Sorry, Coco, you know I'll be dead
before you get to your boat.

Emily looks at Matt with tears in her eyes.

EMILY

I'm sorry, Matt, this is my fault.

MATT

They'll be here in a few minutes.

EMILY

Who?

MATT

The police.

Gordo and two jeeps full of Deputies and firepower enter.

Luigi sees them coming and runs for the Hummer.

Oscar and Thugs jump in the Hummer but it's too late to run.

COCO

Let's go!

POP-POP-POP! Gordo shoots in the sand beside Matt.

GORDO
Nice try, gringo! You and I will
talk soon!

The three groups (Oscar, Gordo, Matt) form a large triangle,
shouting/shooting distance away.

INT. OSCAR'S HUMMER - DAY

Oscar's phone RINGS and he answers it silently.

GORDO (OS
Guess who?

Oscar slams his head on steering wheel.

GORDO (OS)(CONT'D)
Where is it, Oscar?

Oscar slowly lifts his head with an expression of hope.

OSCAR
(smiling into phone)
Loaded in the back.

GORDO (OS)
Open it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Oscar walks to rear of Hummer.

He opens the tailgate and sits on it. The kilos are stacked
inside, facing Gordo.

OSCAR
You want a picture, too?!

Gordo and his deputies flash smiles of victory.

GORDO
Yes! That is a great idea!

Gordo searches his phone for the camera button.

GORDO (CONT'D)
I can never find the camera.

A couple Deputies assist him in his search. The other
Deputies laugh, relax, light cigarettes.

Oscar playfully piles Kilos in his lap.

He then reaches for the door marked "FIRE EXTINGUISHER."

GORDO (CONT'D)
Oh, there it is!

Gordo looks through phone to take Oscar's picture.

But he now sees Oscar smiling and pointing a Bazooka at him.

Gordo drops phone just as a missile LAUNCHES straight at him.

KABOOM!

Gordo explodes along with one jeep and half the Deputies.

The other Deputies get up and return fire but the bullets just BOUNCE off the armor-plated Hummer.

Oscar's Thugs lean out of the Hummer and shoot at Deputies.

The Deputies quickly give up and flee into jungle.

Oscar and his Thugs exit the Hummer, jump, and CHEER.

But they are silenced by the ROAR of a boat engine.

Oscar runs up a dune with the Bazooka.

EXT. COCO'S BOAT - AFTERNOON

Coco, Matt, and Emily speed away, but Matt sees Oscar coming.

MATT
Get ready to swerve!

Matt watches Oscar FIRE the missile.

MATT (CONT'D)
Now!

The missile barely misses their boat and EXPLODES in the water. A wave swamps the boat but they are unharmed.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

Oscar runs down the dune to his Hummer.

OSCAR
We'll get them in town!

EXT. BOAT (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Coco pins the throttle and they also head for town.

EMILY
(into phone)
Oscar's on his way. Gordo's dead.

MATT
We need a place to hide out.

EMILY
Actually, we have a community
meeting to attend.

MATT
A what?!

COCO
You don't want to miss it, Matt.

EXT. LAS OLAS CABINAS - RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Emily, Matt, and Coco sit at a table. The restaurant and town are deserted besides a few random Tourists.

MATT
Where is everybody?

Four black SUV's enter with a News Van in tow.

MATT (CONT'D)
What is this?

Oscar's Hummer now comes into view down the beach road.

INT. OSCAR'S HUMMER - AFTERNOON

Oscar and Thugs pass an open kilo around and press their faces into the powder.

OSCAR
I won't stop until the President is
asking to join my party! Until
Peppar is buying Blow from me!

But his mood reverses when he sees the SUV's and dozens of armed Civilians walking out of the woods.

He slows the Hummer and YELLS at a Women holding a shotgun.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
What do you want?!

THUG 1
Is that?

THUG 2
Oh, no.

President Garronne stands in the middle of road. His Security Team, armed with big guns, swarm the Hummer.

EXT. CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Emily and Matt watch Oscar and Thugs being handcuffed.

EMILY
I thought you were just going to shoot him.

MATT
I tried. But then I started thinking about his mom.

EMILY
She died twenty years ago.

Matt grins.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I must say, for your first plan this was pretty good.

MATT
This? No. I had nothing to do with the President and the Locals.
(beat)
Hey, I got you a present.

Matt hands her Oscar's gun and she looks it over.

EMILY
Does it shoot straight?

MATT
I don't know.

EXT. CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Oscar and Thugs, handcuffed, sun in their eyes, stand beside the Hummer packed full of cocaine. The President faces them with the Townspeople behind him and cameras rolling.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

Today the Citizen Brigade removed a murderer from society. Tomorrow we will clean up the police force. Playa Hermosa is our Mexico. Now and forever!

The Town CHEERS as Oscar and Thugs are led away.

EXT. CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Coco and President Garronne walk as Media follows.

COCO

We have a school with no walls, students sharing books, they use blankets for desks.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

First we build the road, then you get your school.

Coco and President meet Matt and Emily.

COCO

This is Emily and Matt.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

Mexico thanks you for your work in the People's Brigade. If there is anything I can do--

EMILY

We need a school.

President gives Media a look, and they exit.

PRESIDENT GARRONE

Your school will be built. But as you know, this is Mexico.

EMILY

So change it. Make your people proud. After all, what else do you have to do?

President is visibly shaken:

PRESIDENT GARONNE

Um, thanks for sending the video.

President Pablo Garonne appears dazed as he exits.

MATT
You called them?

EMILY
 I thought you might need some help.

Matt has an idea and runs after President Garonne.

MATT
 President? I have a small request.
 President Garonne looks at him but keeps walking.

PRESIDENT GARONNE
 In Mexico, requests are like
 raindrops.

MATT
 This one will save you money.
 President Garrone stops walking.

INT. LAS OLAS CABINAS ROOM #6 - SUNSET

Matt is packing when he finds a backpack under the bedsheets.
 He opens it and finds the last six Kilos Van picked up.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 It was nice meeting you.

Matt turns and sees Emily standing in the doorway. She wears
 a summer dress backlit by the setting sun.

MATT
 If I built you a school and found
 someone responsible to run the
 hotel, would you visit me?

EMILY
 Is this another idea?

MATT
 No. This is a plan.

EXT. CROSSROADS - SUNSET

A TOWN CELEBRATION is in full swing and Coco is in the middle
 when Matt arrives with the backpack.

MATT
 How much does a school cost?

COCO
How much you got?

Matt opens the backpack and Coco looks inside.

COCO (CONT'D)
Open the lesson, class is in
session.

EXT. MEXICAN PRISON CELL - DAY

Greg reads a newspaper showing Van's passport picture. The headline reads: AMERICAN TOURIST PRESUMED DEAD.

The paper is SMACKED out of his hands.

Greg see he is surrounded by a Prison Gang. The Leader has a gold tooth protruding from an evil smile.

GREG
I tried to get you the money! I
did! It's not that easy!

GANG LEADER
We now go to step two.

Gang Leader pulls out a rusty butcher knife.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
One thumb and one toe. You'll tell
us where to send them. If we don't
have the money in one week we go to
step three.

Gang Leader grabs Greg by his crotch and pulls him up.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
Guess what I cut off in step three.

Gang Leader kicks Greg in crotch and steps on his wrist. The knife is raised and Greg watches in horror.

Just then two Guards bust in and drag Greg out of the cell.

EXT. MEXICAN JAIL - DAY

Greg is tossed out of Jail into an alley. He squints into sun and sees American Consulate leaning against a black SUV.

AMERICAN CONSULATE

Greg, does the restaurant where you work serve a four-leaf clover soup sprinkled with pixie dust?

GREG

What? Why-what happened?

AMERICAN CONSULATE

I've been instructed by the President of Mexico to put you on the next flight to Charlotte.

Greg looks side-to-side, waiting for reality to get him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

President Garrone and Miguel stand in front of a roll-up door warehouse surrounded by razor wire and Armed Guards. A black SUV enters, and Peppar exits in front of Police Escorts.

PRESIDENT PABLO GARRONE

Hello, Peppar.

PEPPAR

So is this my new home?

PRESIDENT GARONNE

You were supposed to remain invisible. That was our deal.

PEPPAR

You think locking me up will put an end to drugs?

PRESIDENT GARONNE

No. I'm afraid the only thing I can do with you is give you a job.

The warehouse door rolls up: all WE see are stacked kilos of cocaine, wall-to-wall, to ceiling.

PEPPAR

So this is where it all goes.

PRESIDENT GARONNE

One year worth of seizures. Today is supposed to be burn day.

PEPPAR

But you want me to sell it.

(smiles)

And split the money with you?

PRESIDENT GARONNE

No. This is headed to the U.S.
The revenue will finance our new
road. And I want you to build it.

PEPPAR

Pablo, I'm a drug dealer. I quit
school when I was eight.

PRESIDENT GARONNE

You build landing strips in
jungles. Overseeing a construction
job will be a breeze. You see,
Peppar, something happened to me
today. I realized being President
isn't good enough. I can't just be
better than the last one. I have
to be the father of this country.
From now on I treat Mexico like my
family.

PEPPAR

So you want me to go straight?

PRESIDENT GARONNE

It's time.

PEPPAR

No more waking up at noon?

PRESIDENT GARONNE

All you have to do is make sure
people do their jobs.

PEPPAR

Alright. I'll build the road. But
if I pull this off I want a bonus.

PRESIDENT GARONNE

A bonus?

PEPPAR

Ambassador to France.

PRESIDENT GARONNE

Why France?

PEPPAR

(shrugs)
French women.

PRESIDENT GARONNE

Deal.

Peppar and President Pablo Garronne smile and hug.

INT. NORTH CAROLINA - APARTMENT - DAY

Emily sits in a freshly-remodeled studio with an ocean view.
(It's the old storage room at Stu's Place.)

EMILY
(into phone)
Yes, Coco, the books are perfect.
Never mind that, how are you?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Coco sits at a large oak desk in a half-built school. The
Students sit in leather chairs behind new Laptops.

COCO
The school will be finished in a
month. You guys have to see it!
(to Class)
Say, hi, to Emily!

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Emily holds the phone as she looks at the ocean.

CLASS (O.S.)
Ola, Emily!

Emily lets a tear escape down her cheek.

EMILY
(into phone)
Ola! See you soon!

COCO (O.S.)
So how's North Carolina?

Emily watches Matt below banging nails into the deck.

She then sees two whales breech offshore.

EMILY
I'm going to like it here.

EXT. STU'S PLACE - FOYER - DAY

WE enter and see Stu's Place looks exactly the same. Most of the Staff drink at the bar with Stu. A waitress looks into camera and her eyes explode open.

WAITRESS

Greeeeeg!

Greg is quickly mobbed by the Staff.

EXT. STU'S PLACE - REAR DECK - DAY

Matt bangs nails into Stu's deck under a summer sun. He's sweating but smiling when Jack enters dressed as a waiter, with short hair, a tan, and ten pounds of added muscle.

Jack gives Matt an awkward hug as Dad comes up behind them.

DAD

Matt, did you see the whales?

MATT

What?!

JACK

Yea, they're putting on a show.

Emily enters.

EMILY

Did you see those two whales?
They're jumping around like they're
trying to get our attention.

MATT

Where?!

Emily hugs Jack and walks inside arm-in-arm with Dad. Matt and Jack follow.

JACK

You ever meet that dude Sean Slate?

MATT

Believe me, I've heard the name.

JACK

You know he was dating Kayla?

MATT

The hostess? She's seventeen.

JACK

Yea, well, her mom found out and called the cops. They arrested him at his house yesterday for statutory rape, and found a pound of Blow in his dresser. I heard he's looking at ten years.

MATT

They all get caught eventually.

INT. STU'S PLACE - DAY

Stu escorts Greg to the bar.

STU

Now I have two reasons to celebrate.

GREG

Oh yea, what's up?

STU

I finally sold this dump.

GREG

No! You can't sell it.

STU

I sold it to you.

Greg now sees Van sitting on the other side of bar.

GREG

Van?!

Greg runs over and grabs Van before he can stand up.

GREG (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead! It was in the paper!

VAN

The hospital didn't want Oscar coming in and shooting-up the place, so they made up a story.

Greg now sees Van's left leg has been replaced by a prosthetic below the knee.

VAN (CONT'D)

I got up on a longboard today.

GREG
How'd it happen?

VAN
I'm saving that story for later.
Just me and you.
(holds Greg's shoulders)
Greg, I made some bad choices down
there, and I'm lucky all I lost was
half a leg.

GREG
Oh, we all got lucky.

Van hugs Greg.

VAN
Did Stu tell you the news?

GREG
Yea, what's he talking about?

VAN
That's a pretty good story, too.
But I'll let our partners tell it.

Greg turns around and sees Greg and Emily.

He runs over and almost tackles them both.

GREG
I should have a good story, too. I
mean, they told me I'd be in prison
for seven years, and three weeks
later I'm on a plane drinking
champagne. But I swear it was
almost too late.

Greg realizes his hands are covering his crotch.

GREG (CONT'D)
Matt, you really brought some back?

Matt shakes his head, no.

GREG (CONT'D)
But you bought this place, right?

MATT
We bought it. Congratulations,
Greg, you own a restaurant.

Stu, Jack and Dad join in as champagne is toasted.

MATT (CONT'D)
To friends, hard work, and once in
a while, a little luck.

ALL
Cheers!

INT. MATT AND EMILY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Emily sleeps in bed. Matt lies next to her, propped on his back listening to the ocean, watching a lone fisherman in a small, wooden boat, while a new sun rises from the ocean. Matt's not smiling, just looking, reflecting.

MATT
Fucking life.

Matt lies down with Emily, and hears Fisherman YELL.

He doesn't see Psycho blast out of water and land on the boat just as the Fisherman leaps for safety. But he knows.

Matt smiles.

FADE OUT: