

The Valedictorian

Original Screenplay
By

FADE IN:

Series of YOUTUBE CLIPS - SILENT

Various female high school valedictorians giving GRADUATION speeches in caps and gowns.

TWO MEN are watching the video clips on a computer. Only the backs of their heads are visible. There's a signature diamond ring on the right hand of the man who suddenly leans forward and points to a particular clip.

CHOSEN YOUTUBE CLIP - SILENT

TORREY LAMAR(18), in cap and gown, speaks without notes, self-assured and at ease. She wears very little make-up and could easily be a magazine model. (Preferably a blue-eyed blonde)

EXT. RURAL GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

The graduation ceremony is taking place on a football field. Rows of folding chairs are filled with folks wearing cowboy hats and faded baseball caps, under which big smiles crease sun-burnt faces.

Torrey is returning to her seat amid clapping. Once seated, she turns and scans the crowd over her shoulder.

ZACK LAMAR,(40's) Torrey's father, wears an ill-fitting Sunday jacket due to his large frame. He turns a frayed baseball cap in his hard-working hands as he nods with a proud smile.

JENNY LAMAR,(30's) Torrey's mother, standing, wears a simple dress, claps her hands above her head, nodding at friends.

Torrey continues to scan the crowd.

She smiles when she spots her grandmother, COLLEEN MCDUGAL (60's) a striking older version of Torrey. Colleen still possesses a an aura of sexuality and independence. Her airy clothing and bronze skin says she lives near an ocean.

Jenny follows Torrey's line of sight to Colleen, whose presence perturbs her.

Zack shoots his mother-in-law a threatening glare as well.

Torrey continues to scan the crowd for yet someone else. That person is no where to be found. It disappoints her.

INT. LAMAR FARM HOUSE - RURAL GEORGIA - DAY

A "Happy Graduation" cake is half eaten on a table.

Torrey opens presents in front of a small group of people. Colleen is not among them.

Torrey shows off a ROSE-GOLD WATCH then kisses her father thank you.

Jenny hands her daughter a brown paper package as if it is very special. The return address definitely brightens Torrey's face. She rips it open and pulls out a burka. There's quizzical frowns.

ZACK

What the hell is that?

Torrey reads the note pinned to the burka.

TORREY

Since I won't be around to keep the boys away in college, maybe this will help. Congrats. Proud of you. Love Shawn.

Torrey drops the burka over her head and models it.

POV FROM UNDER THE BURKA:

TORREY (CONT'D)

It's a burka, Dad. Hey, its great in here... Think I'll wear it all the time.

JENNY

Oh, no you don't! You're too pretty to be hiding under that thing.

Torrey's eyes say that's exactly why she likes it. She hates the unwanted attention her looks bring.

Her mother hands her a card. Torrey reaches out from under the burka and opens it. Reads it through the veil.

JENNY (CONT'D)

That's for a nice dress. You can't be going to the Reynold's graduation party in jeans.

TORREY

Thanks, Mom... although I could wear this.

JENNY

Over my dead body.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Torrey walks with TWO FEMALE FRIENDS carrying shopping bags. They separate as Torrey nears her car.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - DAY

TYREKE, a menacing African American in gangster apparel and DOMINO, his back-up, sit in the Escalade watching Torrey in rearview mirrors.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Torrey stops and frowns.

TORREY
Dammit!

Flat rear tire.

The two men start to exit their car but stop when Torrey's friends turn to join her.

TORREY (CONT'D)
(indicating the tire)
How the hell did that happen?

FRIEND #1
You have triple-A?

TORREY
Yes. Dammit, I can't believe this!

Torrey punches numbers on her cell phone.

The Escalade leaves.

INT. LAMAR KITCHEN - DAY

Torrey enters with her shopping bag. Jenny is cooking, the table set.

JENNY
What took you so long?

TORREY
I had a flat tire.

JENNY
Really? Find a dress for tonight?

Torrey pulls out the dress and halfheartedly holds it up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What's the matter, honey? I think its very pretty.

TORREY

I dunno. I just don't feel like going. Mike and his friends are gonna be there. They irritate the hell outta me. Especially when they've been drinking.

She throws the dress over the back of a chair and pets her dog, BOOZER, a border collie with one blue, one brown eye.

JENNY

Look dear, Mrs. Reynold's been planning this party for a *long* time, so you've got to at least show up. If the boys start misbehaving, just come on home. Now go on and sit down and eat so you won't be late. I don't know when your father is going to get in.

EXT. LAMAR FARM - TWILIGHT

Torrey, wearing the new dress, gets in her car and heads out their dirt farm road towards a two lane asphalt road.

Zack turns off the asphalt road onto their road. He waves to his daughter as they pass going in opposite directions.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - TWILIGHT

Just as Torrey pulls onto the blacktop, the Escalade comes flying around the bend. Torrey slams on the brakes but still clips the back bumper of the Cadillac which puts her in a spin.

The dust settles. Torrey's HORN BLARES due to the deployed airbag.

Tyreke opens her door.

TYREKE

You okay?

TORREY

Yeah, I'm fine.

As she unbuckles, Tyreke takes hold of her arm and pulls her out.

TORREY (CONT'D)

Why the hell were you driving so fast?

She pulls her arm free.

Zack skids up in the farm truck and rushes to his daughter's aid.

ZACK

Baby, you okay?

TORREY

Yeah Pa, I'm fine.

Zack disapprovingly eyes Tyreke.

ZACK

What happened?

TORREY

It's my fault. I didn't see him when I pulled out.

Tyreke holds his palms up.

TYREKE

Look man, its okay. She didn't do no damage. All is cool. I'll just be on my way. It's all cool, really man.

Tyreke gets back in the Escalade and drives off, pissed at yet another missed chance.

EXT. LAMAR FARM - DAY - APPROACHING STORM

The sun becomes obscured by low, fast moving clouds. The sky rapidly darkens, the wind escalates.

Torrey, riding a dirt-bike, weaves back and forth behind a small herd of cattle while her dog Boozer shepherds them home. She's wearing a Levi jacket, jeans and boots which accent her athletic body.

As Torrey latches a corral gate behind the cattle, a flock of black birds fly out of a stand of trees, CAWING alarmingly. She notices.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Tyreke watches her through binoculars from inside the car parked down the highway.

INT. LAMAR KITCHEN - STORMY DAY

The kitchen screen door bangs in the wind. Once Torrey and Boozer are inside, she latches it.

Jenny, wearing nursing scrubs and clogs, is at the sink eyeing a crazily bouncing tree limb outside the window.

The LIGHTS GO OUT.

Zack, at the table, is trying to tune a weather radio.

ZACK
(to Torrey)
Cow's in?

Torrey takes a seat at the table.

TORREY
Yes, sir.

Her alert eyes have a calm demeanor, even with the threatening weather outside.

She smiles at Boozer while scratching him under the chin, then pats his head and turns her attention to her father.

TORREY (CONT'D)
Anything?

ZACK
Too much static.

TORREY
Hang on.

Torrey pulls out her cell phone (in a camo protective case) and starts scrolling. Her parents exchange the submissive look of the technically challenged.

BOOZER starts BARKING furiously at the screen door.

Torrey stands to go open the screen door. Jenny leans down to put a plate in the dishwasher. Behind her Zack refills his coffee. Just as Jenny stands back up there is a LOUD BLAST which could be THUNDER as the kitchen window shatters.

Jenny screams and falls to the floor.

Boozer continues to BARK wildly scratching at the latched screen door. The WIND is deafening.

Torrey, frozen, stares in horror at her mother.

Glass shards stick out from one side of Jenny's face. But it is the blood gushing from a gaping neck wound that causes the most alarm.

Torrey grabs a kitchen towel. She yells.

TORREY (CONT'D)
MOM! Mom! PA!

Kneeling beside her mother, she compresses the wound with the wadded towel. Her mother grabs her daughter's hand and their eyes meet. Zack appears behind them.

ZACK
Move. We gotta get her to the hospital!

He lifts his profusely bleeding wife in his arms. Torrey sticks the phone in her jacket pocket.

EXT. LAMAR FARM - STORMY DAY

Torrey holds open the passenger door of the farm truck against the wind while Zack gets in with his wife. He holds her tight, one hand continuing to press the blood soaked towel against her neck.

There's no room for Boozer. Torrey lowers the tailgate for him. Once he is in, she slams the tailgate shut.

INT. FARM TRUCK - STORMY DAY

With bloody hands, Torrey starts the engine, spins in the mud, and speeds down the muddy road towards the highway. She keeps furtively eyeing her mother who is looking into her husband's eyes.

Zack breaks away from his wife's stare, tears welling.

Boozer barks insanely, scratching at the cab window separating them.

From behind the barn comes the Escalade. It RAMS the passenger side of the truck.

Zack's head whiplashes and hits the side window, spiderwebbing it. Torrey's forehead hits the steering wheel.

POUNING RAIN, THUNDER and LIGHTENING.

A dark silhouette fills Zack's window.

GUN BLAST. The window shatters and Zack's limp body falls forward over his wife's.

Torrey screams as her door is opened and she's pulled out.

Boozer takes a bullet mid-air while lunging at the assailant. The dog falls, whimpering.

Torrey's eyes fill with terror as her mouth is covered with a chloroform rag.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - NIGHT

SHERIFF JOHNSTON, (30'S to 40'S) with compassionate eyes and sinewy build, removes his rain soaked hat and jacket. DEPUTY SAMS (over weight) stands beside him with a file in his hand.

DEPUTY SAMS

I just checked with the GBI.
There's no escaped convicts or
robberies around here.

JOHNSTON

You located the grandmother yet?

DEPUTY SAMS

Nope. She was supposed to fly home
outta Atlanta but hasn't answered
her phone. With this weather, who
knows? I left text messages just
encase.

JOHNSTON

Where does she live?

DEPUTY SAMS

South Tybee Island. Must be nice.

JOHNSTON

Have Bob and Dan start scouting
empty home-places, sheds. Barns.

There is commotion outside Johnston's office.

Around the corner of cubicles comes marching Colleen. One glance around the room and her eyes lock on the sheriff's rank insignia. She heads right for him, an Amazon warrior.

Johnston back-steps inside his office as the woman approaches.

COLLEEN

You the one in charge around here?

Johnston lifts his chin.

JOHNSTON

Yes, ma'am.

She's a force to be reckoned with.

COLLEEN

I'm Torrey's grandmother. Collen Mc Dougal. So what the hell happened? What the fuck happened to my girls?

JOHNSTON

Settle down a bit first, then I'll tell you what I know.

She does. A bit.

COLLEEN

Okay. Go on.

JOHNSTON

(calmly)

We got a call from a Mr. Stevens. He was on his way into town during the storm and saw Zack's truck with the driver's door hanging open so he drove down to investigate. That's when he discovered your daughter, Jenny, and her husband Zack, dead in the front seat. There was no sign of Torrey.

Colleen lowers her eyes for a split second, thinking fast before staring back hard at Johnston.

COLLEEN

What about her dog? Boozer?

JOHNSTON

Boozer?

COLLEEN

Her dog. He goes everywhere with her. Border collie. One blue, one brown eye.

JOHNSTON

No one reported a dog.

Colleen's mind continues to rapidly process. She's all business.

COLLEEN

How'd they die? Exactly.

JOHNSTON
We're still putting the pieces
together.

COLLEEN
Were they shot?

JOHNSTON
Excuse me, but are you a cop, an
agent or something?

COLLEEN
Hell, no. I'd never work for any
goddamn GOA. Hate all those piss-
ass little suits.

JOHNSTON
Excuse me?

COLLEEN
Jesus. GOA - government agency.
Keep going.

JOHNSTON
I know what GOA means, ma'am. So
who do you work for then?

COLLEEN
None of your goddamn business. Now
go on. Don't sugar-coat anything.

It takes a beat for Johnston to figure out if he should tell
this gal anything more or not. He decides to go ahead.

JOHNSTON
We believe Jenny was shot through
the kitchen window. There was
window glass in her face and around
the gunshot wound, which...

He takes a deep breath because it was horrible.

COLLEEN
What?

JOHNSTON
Well, they shot her through the
neck.

There's a flicker of pain, since Jenny was her daughter.

COLLEEN
My God. What about Zack?

JOHNSTON

He was shot in the head through the side window of the truck. Pretty much point blank.

Colleen is poker-faced.

COLLEEN

What type of gun?

JOHNSTON

Why do you need to know that?

COLLEEN

Because it'll give me a clue as to who did this.

DEPUTY SAMS

Come on, you a Fed?

COLLEEN

Hell, no. I told you I...

JOHNSTON

(interrupts)

Ma'am, look, I'm in no mood for...

COLLEEN

(interrupts)

Neither am I. Now take me out there.

JOHNSTON

Ma'am, I can't do that.

COLLEEN

Then tell your boys they best let me pass on my own or you're gonna have a few more bodies to tend to.

JOHNSTON

Now, hold on ma'am...

She is gone.

INT. TYREKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hands zipped-tied in her lap, Torrey sits in a chair facing Tyreke. She's covered in her parent's blood and there's a goose-egg bump on her forehead.

Tyreke eyes her while flipping her cell phone through his fingers.

Domino sits outside the ring of light in a corner watching with a gun resting on his thigh.

Torrey takes a shaky slow breath. She is very much aware she is in a very serious situation, instinctively staying calm although she can't stop a tear rolling down her face.

TORREY

Why'd you kill them?

TYREKE

Know when youse go through
McDonalds an' order, say some
chicken tenders? Well, youse the
chicken tenders what got ordered.
Now your daddy and momma, they kept
getting in my way and holding up
that order.

Torrey reacts to the absurdity. After a beat:

TORREY

I was *ordered*?? By who?

Tyreke starts chuckling.

TYREKE

If I told ya that, I'd have ta kill
ya too and then I don't get no
money.

TORREY

I'm the wrong girl. Our family
doesn't have any money.

Her eyes bore into his (much like her grandmother's bored into Johnston).

TORREY (CONT'D)

Look. I've got no idea what you
look like. Never seen you before in
my life. So let me go 'cause I'm
telling you - you've got the wrong
girl.

TYREKE

You ain't the wrong gal. Youse dah
val-a-dick somethen or other, play
soccer, got blonde hair and your
name's Torrey Lamar. Sorry, but
youse the right chicken tender.

There's a knock at the door. Domino answers it, listens to a message, then closes and bolts the door. He whispers the message to Tyreke.

Tyreke's reaction tells us its not good news.

TYREKE (CONT'D)
 (to Domino)
 Think I'd know'd by now the
 prettier they are the worse trouble
 they cause.

Tyreke flips her cell phone between his fingers while deciding what to do, then looks at Domino.

TYREKE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Put her in the back room - and
 Domino, don't you let no brother
 see her. Got that?

Domino takes hold of Torrey's arm.

DOMINO
 You got somethin' to cover her face
 wid? A pillow case or somethin'?

TYREKE
 Hold on.

Comes around the desk and puts Torrey's phone in her bound hands.

TYREKE (CONT'D)
 Open it.

There's a few moments of mental resistance before Torrey taps in her password. Tyreke takes back the phone, sets it on his desk and pulls off his T-shirt. He pulls the shirt down over her head.

Domino leads her out of the room while bare-chested and tattooed Tyreke stares at her cell phone. He dials a number, lights a joint, leans back in his chair, and puffs up like a cocky rooster.

TYREKE (CONT'D)
 Hey, Carlos, my es-say broth-tha.
 Tell that Don Juan of yours I got
 his package and you'all better move
 quick 'cause they got her picture
 plastered all over the tee-vee.

Tyreke sucks in a lung full of marijuana then exhales slowly while looking at his expensive watch.

TYREK

Okay. Twenty minutes. She'll be there. Fifteen grand.

Tyreke smashes Torrey's phone with the butt of a handgun, picks out the SIM card and melts it with a lighter.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - NIGHT

A COMPUTER GEEK looks up at Sheriff Johnston.

COMPUTER GEEK

Damn it! Almost had it. Her phone's definitely in Atlanta, the Decatur area, but I can't tell you anymore than that.

EXT. ATLANTA ALLEY - NIGHT

The Escalade and a Humvee approach each other from opposite directions, headlights on. They stop a couple yards apart.

Tyreke pulls Torrey from the back seat and shoves her forward into the headlights, keeping behind her, gun in his hand.

Domino remains in the Escalade with an assault rifle.

CARLOS, a handsome Latino (30's), immaculately tailored, approaches and stops within a foot of Torrey. He pulls the shirt off her head.

Torrey, her face harshly illuminated, her hair haloed by the headlights, stares straight ahead.

Carlos indicates the blood and the bump on her forehead.

CARLOS

Nigga, you know I don't pay for damaged goods.

TYREKE

She ain't been touched. That blood ain't hers.

CARLOS

I find out different, you're dead, que' paso?

Tyreke shoves Torrey forward.

TYREKE

Don't give me no shit. Just give me the damn money. She ain't been seen or touched by nobody.

Carlos nods to one of his henchmen.

The guard holds Torrey while Carlos pulls the body-shirt back down over her face. She's led to Carlos's car while another Latino hands Tyreke a duffel bag.

All get in their respective cars and reverse out of the alley.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Carlos sips a drink while working at a computer desk in a luxury private jet.

DR. MONTOYA, a grey haired, dignified man(60's) with German features and accent sits opposite him in a plush airline seat. Dr. Montoya crosses his legs and casually lights a cigar.

CARLOS
(not looking up)
So what is your opinion?

DR. MONTOYA
I think she is the one. She is very healthy, very pretty, very smart, very American looking, and...

CARLOS
Is she injured?

DR. MONTOYA
No. Nothing serious. Only a bump on her forehead. The blood is not her's.
(sly smile)
And I, I believe she is a virgin.

Now Carlos looks up, eyebrows raised.

Dr. Montoya shrugs, palms up with a twinkle in his eye.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
She must be a very good girl...
(puffs cigar)
To still be pure at her age and so beautiful. Quite remarkable. I am jealous.

Dr. Montoya taps ash from the end of his cigar as smoke curls from his smiling lips.

CARLOS
 Words like that will get you
 killed, Doctor Montoya.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - DAY

The private jet lands on a remote grass strip.

Two Humvees pull up. GUARDS with machine guns get out and stand-by as the plane's stairs descend.

Carlos and Dr. Montoya exit holding Torrey between them. She wears a flattering white retro '50s dress which bellows in the trade winds.

She is glassy eyed, faltering several times as they lead her down the steps into one of the waiting Humvees.

A MAN (silhouette) observes her from behind darkly tinted windows of the other Humvee. As he raises a cigar to his lips, sunlight flashes on a diamond ring which catches Torrey's eye as she is led past him.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - GEORGIA - DAY

Johnston is cautiously driving along a rural highway in his Search and Rescue truck, eyeing the woods, barns and houses on either side.

BOOZER

Is sitting by the road. Starts barking. Johnston slams on the brakes and U-turns. The dog keeps barking until Johnston pulls up beside him.

JOHNSTON
 Jesus H. Christ. You Boozer?

Boozer stares at him then, obviously wounded and bloody, starts to limp down a dirt lumber road.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
 Dang, boy, you're hurt. Hold up.

Johnston grunts picking up the dog and putting him on the front seat. He pours the dog some water.

Johnston slowly rolls along in the truck, eyeing the dog for a signal. Boozer's window is rolled down, his nose reaching out.

Boozer barks, whines. Johnston stops and helps him out of the truck. The dog limps around sniffing, then stops. Johnston picks up an object. It's Torrey's rose-gold watch.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
Good boy. Good boy. This Torrey's?

The dog stares at him, telepathically saying yes. Johnston gets on his CB.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
Hey, Sam. I need you out here on the Wallace timber road - off highway 54 near the 43 marker. Torrey's dog just led me to a watch out here...

Johnston surveys the forest around him.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
Yeah. He was sittin' out along highway 54 about a mile down from the Lamar place. Damn smart dog.

Looking at the watch.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
Its definitely a women's watch and it looks brand new. My guess it was a graduation gift.

Johnston hangs up, pets the dog and lifts him back into the truck.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)
Good boy, good boy. Hang in there. I'll get you to a vet.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Sams enters Johnston's office. The watch is in a clear evidence bag on Johnston's desk.

DEPUTY SAMS
Well, I'm stumped. I don't have any idea why someone broke in Doc Evans office. Couldn't find any drugs missing. And the cash box has exactly what it is supposed to have. No medical instruments are missing either.

Johnston taps the end of his pencil.

JOHNSTON
What the hell is going on around here?

A GBI AGENT enters. (His jacket has GBI - Georgia Bureau of Investigation - on it)

GBI AGENT

The tracks out on the timber road match those at the crime scene. They're Firestones that come with Cadillac Escalades and some new F-150's.

JOHNSTON

(sarcastic)

Well that really narrows things down.

DEPUTY SAMS

(interrupts)

That timber road connects to Highway 42 which goes either south into Atlanta or north into the mountains. Riley and Lance are checking gas stations in both directions. Maybe someone remembers an Escalade or truck the night of the storm.

JOHNSTON

Anybody get hold of her brother yet?

GBI AGENT

Nope. Being he's in Special Ops, its been difficult.

JOHNSTON

Wish they'd hurry up. We sure could use him.

(to Sams)

I'm going out to see Doc Evans. Have a look around. Call if anything develops. Anybody seen the grandma?

Everybody shakes their heads.

INT. DR. EVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Johnston sits across a desk from a plump, stooped shouldered, bushy browed and smiley rural doctor. This is DR. EVANS who speaks with a heavy Southern drawl.

JOHNSTON

You can't think of any patient who might need or want something they are not supposed to have or can't afford?

Dr. Evans purses his lips and shakes his head.

DR. EVANS

Nupe. Cain't say that I do.

JOHNSTON

And there's no drugs missing?

DR. EVANS

I don't keep any drugs on the premises except for Ibuprofen and Pepto Bismal.

JOHNSTON

Mind if I take another look around?

DR. EVANS

No, sir, I don't mind at-tall. Help yourself.

Johnston fingers the brim of his hat before asking the next question.

JOHNSTON

Weren't the Lamars patients of yours?

Dr. Evans nods sadly.

DR. EVANS

Yes, they were. Po' gal. Hope ya find her. Dreadful how her parents died.

Dr. Evans moves a stack of files in front of him to another stack.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

Ya know her brother's o-vah in Afghanistan - left six months ago. He's a fine young man. They was two peas in a pod. Somebody ought to get hold of the Army and inform the boy to get his ass back over here-ya to help look for her.

JOHNSTON

We're on it.

DR. EVANS

That's a-what Shawn's job was.
Watchin' out fo' her. She stuck on
him like a deer tick.

(chuckling)

She was always a cute little thing,
but wiry and pure-fire tomboy.
Nobody reckoned she'd turn into
such a head-turner.

Dr. Evans shakes his head and smiles while remembering his young patient.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

You'd never guess she used to come
in here-ah covered head-ta-toe in
poison oak or stung all over by red
ants or hornets.

He leans forward over his desk and points at Johnston.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

That damn Shawn always had her out
playing army or cowboy and injuns.

He leans back in his chair, smiling big.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

Once I made the mistake of tellin'
'em kids to cover themselves in mud
afore goin' out in the woods. Best
way to keep yourself from being bit
or stung. Jenny near't killed me
since they ruined a good deal of
clothes, you know our red dirt and
all.

The doctor belly-laughs.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

And another time...

JOHNSTON

(interrupts)

I was just wondering if you might
have information on any other
relatives, besides her grandmother.

Dr. Evans thinks for a bit, then pushes his chair back, and motions for Johnston to follow him.

FOLLOW TO FRONT DESK AREA

Dr. Evans speaks over his shoulder as he leads the way down the hall to the front desk area.

DR. EVANS

Only one I know of is Jenny's
momma. Folks 'round here-yah know
her as GG - for gorgeous grandma.
Still a looker. That's where Torrey
gets it from. She spent some time
out there on the farm watching the
kids while Jenny was ah finishing
up nursing school. Hear she has a
mouth on her worse than a sailor.
Heard a couple years ago they all
had a big fight 'bout Shawn signing
up.

He starts thumbing through the "L" section of grey charts.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

But could be some other folk
mentioned in Jenny or Zack's charts
I don't know 'bout.

His brow knits.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

Hey Susie, you didn't happen to put
the Lamar charts in the deceased
box did yah?

SUSIE, the receptionist turns around in her chair.

SUSIE

I pulled them for the police when
they first found their bodies, but
I put them back.

DR. EVANS

Sure they ain't in the deceased box
'cause they ain't here?

SUSIE

Sir, I never put any charts in the
"deceased" box until after the
coroner sends us a death
certificate, and you know how long
that can take.

Johnston has taken over flipping through the files.

JOHNSTON
Torrey's chart isn't in here
either.

DR. EVANS
What? Who in tarnation would want
them charts?

Sheriff Johnston notices the file cabinets have metal covers
that pull out and down. He indicates them.

JOHNSTON
Don't any of you touch those
cabinets until I get the
fingerprint crew back out here.

He turns and starts barking orders into his cell phone.

INT. SHERIFF TRUCK - DAY

Johnston is driving fast down the dirt road towards the Lamar
farmhouse.

INT. LAMAR FARMHOUSE - DAY

The kitchen is a wreck with the broken sink window, storm
debris and blood on the floor. All is surrounded by yellow
tape.

FOLLOW INTO LIVING ROOM

Johnston takes his time looking around. Was the desk and
bookshelf rummaged through or did the storm strew the family
albums about? He picks up an album and flips pages. Some of
the pages have unfaded areas where photos should have been.

Johnston takes a senior picture of Torrey off the desk and
sticks it in his shirt pocket.

He makes his way up the stairs.

FOLLOW INTO SHAWN'S BEDROOM

There's PICTURES pinned to the walls - a few of them are of
Shawn and Torrey standing proudly beside dead deer and
turkeys with hunting rifles tucked in their arms.

On the slanted ceiling over Shawn's bed is a poster of a sexy
gal on a Harley.

TORREY'S BEDROOM

It is simply done with a white iron bed and shelves of soccer
and dirt bike trophies.

On the slanting ceiling above her bed is a poster of a dirt-bike racer covered in mud.

On a small desk is a PHOTO of Torrey and Shawn standing together on a military tarmac with a Black Hawk helicopter behind them. Shawn is in military fatigues and boots.

COLLEEN (O.C.)

You're good as dead, dumbshit.

Johnston spins around, pulling his gun.

JOHNSTON

What the hell?

COLLEEN

You never cleared the room before entering.

JOHNSTON

Okay, cut the crap. What's your story?

He shrugs like 'come on'.

Collen smiles at him.

COLLEEN

Fine. I was in the Army. Ran a medic unit. Up near the Cambodian border.

JOHNSTON

So...?

COLLEEN

While there - three tours to be exact - I lived with a spook. Don't think they call them that anymore, spook that is.

JOHNSTON

I don't know what that means.

COLLEEN

Spooks were a hybrid soldier. Part CIA, maybe some NSA thrown in. Could say they were the precursors of Special Ops.

Johnston waits for more.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

And believe-you-me there was far more than just a war going on over there. Lots of bad drug deals going down, kidnapping, assassinations. You name it.

Her eyes reveal she has seen and knows far more than he could ever guess. She changes the subject by indicating a dustless rectangle on Torrey's desk.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Agree somebody took her computer?

JOHNSTON

Along with pictures outta some albums down stairs.

COLLEEN

Obviously ransom is out of the question. Can't squeeze blood outta a dead turnip.

JOHNSTON

You got any enemies?

COLLEEN

Sheriff, every man on the face of this earth is my enemy, especially if they work for the government. And as far as money, I'm only worth something after I'm dead - then Torrey and Shawn might be able to buy a house in Timbuktu.

JOHNSTON

So what's your opinion - about all this?

COLLEEN

I think what went down is way out of your league, Sheriff.

She walks out of the room.

INT. JOHNSTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sheriff Johnston and the GBI agent are talking over a desk littered with files and papers.

GBI AGENT

Just glove prints out at the doctor's office.

(MORE)

GBI AGENT (CONT'D)

But we did find one good fingerprint at the Lamar place on the handle of a toilet. Belongs to a guy that neither the CIA, FBI or the GBI knows much about, except that whenever that print shows up, seems a drug deal went sour. There's some speculation the guy is affiliated with a Colombian drug cartel.

JOHNSTON

Jesus. Any idea which one?

The GBI agent refers to his open lap-top.

GBI AGENT

The Los Chacales del Infierno. The Jackals of Hell. They're thought to have several compounds up in the mountains of Colombia, mainly on the Gulf side. They have their fingers in...

His finger follows a list.

GBI AGENT (CONT'D)

...drugs, prostitution, money laundering...

(looks up)

Guns, cars and airplanes.

Sheriff Johnston closes his eyes in disgust and frustration. When he opens them, the GBI is looking at him.

GBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Don't beat yourself up. Shit happens.

JOHNSTON

Dammit, not in my county! Not on my watch!

The GBI pats him on the shoulder as he leaves.

EXT. LAMAR FARM - DAY

Colleen is target practicing. She's got cans set up on a wood plank lying across two sawhorses by the barn. She fires a shotgun, then a deer rifle with a scope. Next to her is a card table littered with empty ammo boxes, a wine glass and a near empty 300 ml wine bottle.

Johnston rolls up behind her in his truck. He watches for a beat. She's deadly.

JOHNSTON

Damn.

Colleen smiles. Indicates the guns.

COLLEEN

This is all Zack's got. Couldn't find a pistol- which is what I really want.

JOHNSTON

Mind if I practice a bit too?

She indicates that's fine, pours herself a glass and sips it while Johnston fires off several Glocke rounds. He's NOT a very good shot.

COLLEEN

May I?

He hands her his pistol along with a new clip. He observes her releasing the empty cartridge, slapping in the new one, pulling back the slide and releasing it, aiming and firing, sending consecutive cans flying into the air. He lifts his sunglasses and looks at her with concerned eyes.

JOHNSTON

You ever want to talk about Vietnam, I'm a good listener.

COLLEEN

What the hell brought that on?

She fires his gun again. Johnston shrugs.

JOHNSTON

Your love of our government. My dad was over there too and felt the same way.

Colleen shrugs. Fires again.

COLLEEN

So?

JOHNSTON

So, he killed himself.

COLLEEN

So you figured it out yet?

JOHNSTON

What? Why my father killed himself?

COLLEEN

No. I'm talking about what's going on here. You connected the dots yet?

JOHNSTON

No, not really.

Colleen hands him back his pistol.

COLLEEN

Jesus.

She stares at him like he's ignorant. She holds up a finger for each point she makes.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Number one. The shell casings were from a Makarov pistol which is a Russian military semi-automatic pistol. Number two. The Russians and Latin American cartels have been trading that gun for dope for years. Number three. You live near Atlanta.

JOHNSTON

So?

COLLEEN

What's Atlanta known for? What's it's top export?

Johnston has no clue what she's alluding to.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

The sex trade, you dumbshit. Now, number four. Torrey is young and beautiful and smart. Plus someone obviously wants to know more about her. Taking her computer and photos plus the medical records tell us that. The big question is who is the buyer? And why does he want her? And which South American country is his greasy ass hiding in?

JOHNSTON

Columbia.

Now its Colleen turn to be surprised.

COLLEEN
You know that, how?

JOHNSTON
Whoever was out at the ranch - most likely after the murders or maybe even while they were taking place, left a print on a toilet handle. CIA confirms that print is affiliated with a Colombian cartel.

COLLEEN
So when do we leave?

JOHNSTON
We? Nah, I don't think so.

Colleen starts gathering up the empty shell boxes and wine bottle. Dumps them in a trash can buy the barn.

COLLEEN
Sorry about your dad.

Johnston nods.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
And don't worry about me. I'd much rather shoot all those Washington DC fuckers than myself.

EXT. MOUNTAIN MONASTERY - DAY

Its a very old, thick-walled Spanish monastery clinging to the side of a tropical mountain.

INT. MONK'S CELL - DAY

The tiny room is meagerly furnished with a crucifix on the wall and a narrow slit window.

Torrey opens her eyes. She becomes aware of the unfamiliar room and the dress she is wearing plus a needle mark in her arm. She rubs the discolored spot as she scoots back against the wall and tucks her knees under her skirt, trying to clear her head and think while studying the room. There is a mirror across from her on a small dresser.

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - MONASTERY - DAY

The silhouette of a man smoking a cigar, wearing the diamond ring, watches her through a one-way mirror.

EXT. ENCLOSED MONASTERY COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard is surrounded by a high adobe wall. A row of what used to be stables runs along the outside of the monastery. Only now the stalls are barred cells.

MIXED ETHNIC GROUP OF FEMALES - Asian, Middle Eastern, Latino teens thru twenty-plus year old gals are walking in a circle under a hot sun around a bigger-than-life statue of the Virgin Mary which stands in the middle of the yard.

A GUARD in fatigues wearing sunglasses leans against the Virgin Mary's shady side.

Torrey is the only blonde. In the white dress, she's eyed with cultural disdain by the other girls.

One pretty and proud LATINO GIRL does a quick-step to get in stride beside Torrey. She speaks in broken English.

LATINO GIRL

You are lucky. Your parents can pay
the ransom because they are rich.

(chin up)

I will die because I will refuse to
become their puta. I will kill
myself first.

She crosses herself. Torrey doesn't look at her.

TORREY

They killed my parents.

The girls' eyes hold each other for a split second.

GUARD

No hablar!

The Latino girl falls back behind Torrey.

Torrey senses the guard's eyes follow her, although she can't tell because of the sunglasses. She turns the backside of her shoulder towards him as she circles.

He's holding his rifle pointed skyward with the butt resting on his hip bone. As she passes behind him, the sun glints off a ring on his right hand. He glances at his watch.

GUARD (CONT'D)
(in Spanish with
subtitles)

Stop. It is time to return to your
cells.

He motions for the young ladies to go back to their cells, pushing them in and locking the barred doors.

Torrey remains. He shoves her towards a separate door.

He indicates with his rifle for her to climb the steps behind the door. He follows, admiring her calves and butt.

INT. MONK'S CELL - DAY

Torrey is shoved into her private room. She turns and faces the man, refusing to cower.

The guard arrogantly appraises her for a beat, then smiles as he backs out and shuts the door. It LOCKS.

INT. THE PATRON'S OFFICE - DAY

The POV is over the left shoulder of the dark haired Patron sitting at a large desk.

Dr. Montoya sits in a chair facing him, legs crossed puffing comfortably on a cigar. They are in the middle of a conversation.

The Lamar medical files lay on the desk along with some manila folders.

DR. MONTOYA

According to American television,
she has no remaining relatives
except her brother who is tied up
in Afghanistan and a grandmother
who lives near Savannah painting
pictures.

(blows out smoke)

So there is no one to come look for
her.

El Patron closes a file, then dumps out a manila folder of photos on the table and thumbs through them.

EL PATRON (O.C.)

This brother in Afghanistan. What
if he should return?

He holds up a PHOTO of Torrey on a fence rail with cattle behind her.

EL PATRON (O.C.)(CONT'D)
 (pleased)
 Ah, she has knowledge of cattle.

Dr. Montoya nods.

DR. MONTOYA
 He just left on deployment. He must
 finish his tour. Six more months at
 most.

El Patron looks at a PHOTO of Torrey on a dirt-bike.

He studies the next photo for a bit longer, drumming the desk
 with his fingers.

PHOTO of Torrey smiling proudly beside a large hanging buck,
 a rifle cradled in her arms.

EL PATRON (O.C.)
 (cautiously)
 She knows how to shoot.

Dr. Montoya smiles.

DR. MONTOYA
 So one day she can defend you.

PHOTO of Torrey playing soccer. Another PHOTO of her with a
 soccer trophy.

EL PATRON (O.C.)
 Ah, I am glad it is true she plays
 football. Her sons will like that.

El Patron pushes the photos back into the manila folder.

EL PATRON (O.C.)(CONT'D)
 You have confirmed her academics?

DR. MONTOYA
 She is like you were, top of her
 class. Her marks are the highest.
 She was accepted by the most
 prestigious colleges.

El Patron looks through her grey medical folder.

EL PATRON (O.C.)
 What of alcoholism, drug addiction?

DR. MONTOYA
 None, senior. She is very healthy,
 and clean, as were her parents.
 (MORE)

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)

This I can assure you from the medical records. But to be certain, I sent her blood to a lab.

The chair SQUEAKS as the Patron leans back.

EL PATRON (O.C.)

And you truly believe she is a virgin? How can that be, one so beautiful?

DR. MONTOYA

My dear friend, I have examined many, many girls, and I can assure you she is pure.

EL PATRON

How close is 'our' new hacienda to being completed?

DR. MONTOYA

It is nearly ready. They are just rechecking the security system.

EL PATRON

Good. Good. Soon I shall have dinner with the beautiful mother of my future children. The view from the patio is fantastic, no?

DR. MONTOYA

Si, senior. The view from the patio is most magnificent.

INT. MONK'S CELL - NIGHT

Torrey stares at a plate of tortillas, refried beans and rice that sits beside a lit candle on her bedside table.

Knowing there must be a surveillance camera somewhere, she takes the plate to the slit window.

Facing outside, she scoops up rice and beans with a tortilla, but instead of putting it in her mouth, she dumps the tortilla's contents down between her breast, then pulls the dress front up. Turns her head a bit, pretending to be chewing.

She returns to the bed with an empty plate and lies down.

LATER - CANDLE NEARLY MELTED

Torrey moans, curls up, and holds her stomach in agony.

With her face to the wall, she transfers the food from between her breast to her mouth then rolls back over and sips water from the bottle by the bed. Suddenly she moans and grabs her stomach, fake retching the food on the floor.

Two guards rush in, pull the sick girl to her feet and lead her out of the room.

INT. MONASTERY INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Dr. Montoya is leaving the room in a lab coat.

Torrey, in a fresh knee-length thin white nightgown, lays on an old iron hospital bed which has just one thin sheet for cover. On her bedside table is a glass bottle of Coca Cola and an antique bedpan.

Once the door closes, her eyes search the room. There is no mirror in this room. The windows are wider and deeply recessed in the massive stone walls.

She scans the ceiling and room corners. She can't locate a surveillance camera. Just in case, she pretends to be unsteady and weak as she goes to a window to judge its width and inspect what lays beyond.

Turning sideways in order to fit, she is able to lean out.

Below, the world drops off into a deep gorge.

She returns to her bed. The bare overhead light bulb goes out. Darkness.

LATER - seen in moonlight

The outer cotton mattress ticking has been torn into long shreds along with the sheet. Nearby is a broken, sharp edged Coke bottle.

She has tied the strips together.

Torrey double ties one end of the rope to the headboard of her bed. She pushes the bed against the window and drops the long tail of fabric out the window.

She stands on the bed, turns sideways and squeezes out, the fabric rope running down her back, then upward between her legs, then over her shoulder and back down her back through her legs again to her hands.

EXT. MONASTARY WALLS - NIGHT

FULL MOON

Torrey's white night dress in the moonlight is a bright moving target against the mossy stone as she lowers herself, repel fashion, leaning out, feet against the stone. She reaches a lower floor's open window.

She peers inside before pushing off the wall enough to swing into the room and fall on the floor. After untangling herself, she makes sure the length of torn sheets extends far below this window.

INT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

There are no interior lights. Torrey sneaks from behind one piece of furniture to the next, making her way through rooms and down stone steps towards an exterior light coming through a front window on the ground level.

EXT. ENTRANCE COURTYARD, MONESTARY - NIGHT

A road enters the courtyard through an arched opening in surrounding walls and circles around a dry fountain.

Beside the entrance are two COURTYARD GUARDS with automatic rifles. Their faces are lit by one of their cell phones, on which the guard is busy texting. Both are smiling.

Leaning on the wall near them is a dirt-bike.

Torrey carefully climbs out through a ground floor window and makes her way towards the dirt-bike behind tropical shrubbery.

When the landscaping stops providing adequate coverage, she picks up a rock and throws a good pitch across the yard.

The guards look up and listen.

She throws another stone.

The one guard pockets his cell phone and swings his rifle into firing position. He listens. NIGHT JUNGLE SOUNDS. He leaves his post to investigate. The other follows, scanning the courtyard.

SOUND OF A DIRT-BIKE ENGINE REVVING.

They spin around just in time to see the bike disappearing into the night ridden by a girl in a nightgown. They fire their weapons at her which sets off all sorts of ALARMS.

INT. THE PATRON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Same POV over-the-shoulder of a man sitting at the desk. Only this time there is NO RING on this hand and it is of lighter skin than seen previously.

The bodyguards on either side of the door are tense. Between them, the young courtyard guards are sweating nervously, their eyes pleading for mercy.

DR. MONTOYA (O.C.)
You are sure you missed her?

GUARD #1
Si, si. She was very fast. I did not have time to aim correctly. For that I am very sorry.

DR. MONTOYA (O.C.)
You would be even more sorry if you had hit the girl.

There is unnerving silence. The hand picks up the gun. The silence is pierced by two GUNSHOTS. Both young men drop dead.

Reverse POV reveals Dr. Montoya, with cold eyes, leaning back with the smoking gun in his hand. He lays the gun down and waves for the guards to remove the dead boys.

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - NIGHT

The silhouette of a man observes the guards removing the body from his office. He removes his ear piece with a hand that wears a diamond ring.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

The dirt bike's dull headlight is spotlighting all sorts of strange trees and curves in the rutted road. Diverting side roads appear and disappear.

Torrey glances over her shoulder at the lights of approaching vehicles.

She turns the bike sharply down a rutted path that runs steeply down the mountainside. She stands on the pegs in bare feet, constantly struggling to keep her balance and not crash in deep erosion ruts.

SPUTTERING ENGINE.

Torrey continues to fly down the hillside in neutral until she crashes into thick foliage.

She lies still for a beat, listening, then limps over to the bike. She picks it up and rolls it off the track, hiding it under ferns.

Rays of moonlight highlight her blonde hair and white nightgown. JUNGLE SOUNDS plus FAR OFF SOUNDS OF VEHICLES.

SOUND of WATER RUNNING somewhere nearby. She heads in that direction.

Her BARE FOOT SINKS IN MUD. She parts ferns to discover a small stream. She kneels down and drinks noticing how her white nightgown stands out in the moonlight. She pulls it off and stomps it in the mud. As she is about to drop it over her head, she changes her mind.

Instead Torrey covers her entire naked body and blonde hair with thick mud. She follows the stream downhill now naked and clay-clad.

She climbs a tree. When she can go no higher, she finds a safe position in which to rest. She notices faint lights of a village far below.

Her eyes close as the sun peeks over the mountains. Caked in dried mud, she is a chameleon against the tree's bark.

LATER - MORNING

ECHO OF VOICES in the thin chill of morning. ATVs and men with dogs search for her.

A dog sniffs a little too long around the base of Torrey's tree. His master looks up but does not see her. She is one with the tree.

THUDDING of a helicopter as it flies low over the forest canopy.

Torrey's eyes are open but she doesn't move as giant red ants march over her mud-caked legs. A fuzzy tarantula crawls up her arm and up one side of her face, over her mud caked hair and keeps on moving up the tree trunk. Insects buzz around her face.

El Patron's men finally disappear. Their voices become less and less noticeable.

The angle of the sun changes. She remains in the tree until late afternoon before slowly descending, naked and covered in dry cracked mud.

Once on the ground, she limps her way down the mountain in the direction of the village.

INT. PEASANT HUT - DAY

A PEASANT WOMAN is grinding corn and making tortillas in a hut. Smoke rises from her cooking stove.

Torrey's mud plastered face with stark white eyeballs and bright blue eyes slowly rises into view through a window. She holds a finger over her lips.

The peasant woman, startled, knocks over a pan before making the sign of the cross, but she doesn't utter a word.

Torrey crawls through the window, naked and clayed.

TORREY
(hushed whisper)
Do you speak English?

The woman shakes her head. Torrey pantomimes holding a phone to her ear.

TORREY (CONT'D)
Tele-phon-nea??

The woman shakes her head.

Torrey bites her lip while looking around the hut. Torrey points at laundry on a clothesline in the corner. She pantomimes again.

TORREY (CONT'D)
Me borrow clothes?

The woman nods its okay.

Torrey takes down a long skirt and steps into it, then grabs a blouse and covers herself. She looks around for a shawl, finds one and wraps it over her head and around her shoulders.

She peers outside, then back at the woman. She looks rather ghoulis in her clay mask peering out from the shawl so the women continues to appear afraid. Torrey realizes the reason and wipes her face off as best she can. What remains is iron stained skin.

TORREY (CONT'D)
Polic-e-aca? Which way?

The woman points. Torrey picks up an empty basket and starts out the door.

The woman touches her arm and hands her a tortilla. Torrey nods her thanks before stepping into the bright sun eating the tortilla.

EXT. JUNGLE MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS: Torrey continues her escape.

With her head down, Torrey follows a well worn dirt path down the mountain. From the back she looks native in her bare iron dirt tinted feet walking with a limp.

The path widens into a dirt road. Torrey is sweating under the shawl which causes rivulets of lighter skin to show.

Trucks over-laden with farm animals and people pass her. A banana truck swerves around her, loosing a few bananas which she hurriedly gathers and puts in her basket. She peels one and eats it as she walks.

Torrey enters a marginally modern village.

She sees "COMMISARA DE POLICIA" painted in black on a whitewashed building and rushes towards it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - ATLANTA - DAY

Johnston sits at a briefing table with two men. Stenciled on the frosted glass of an open door behind him is "State Department - Foreign Relations".

AGENT NICK is young, fresh out of training, while AGENT STEWART is bone thin, wears glasses and is constantly fingering his cell phone, ignoring those around him.

He glances up, indicates to hold on one more second, scans yet another text and answers it before finally looking at Johnston.

AGENT STEWART

Sorry.

Stewart responds to something else on his cell phone. After another digital response, he looks once more at Johnston.

AGENT STEWART (CONT'D)

Sorry again. Anyway, what were you saying?

JOHNSTON

I want to know *how* this girl could've been smuggled *out* of the US.

AGENT NICK
(sarcastically)
Ah, doesn't I-75 run through the
middle of your county?

Johnston would love to deck the insolent kid.

AGENT NICK (CONT'D)
(duh-like)
Trucks. There's *thousands* of trucks
running in and out of Atlanta.

AGENT STEWART
And there's private landing strips
all over the place down there.
They've even got housing
developments with a central grass
runway and a hanger in your
backyard. It's pilot heaven around
Atlanta.

JOHNSTON
Okay then, what's the next step?
What do we do about going after
her?

AGENT STEWART
You don't have any concrete
evidence she is in Colombia. She
could be anywhere down there.
Honduras, maybe.

JOHNSTON
I think "Los Chacales" definitely
means "Colombia."

Stewart again becomes engrossed with his cell phone. After
thumbing away, he looks up at Johnston. Johnston's eyes are
lethal. He doesn't like being ignored.

AGENT STEWART
Keep in mind, a rescue operation
takes a whole lot of time, money
and personnel. Way too much for
just one girl - especially when her
parents don't own a corporation or
run a bank or are related to some
big wig.

AGENT NICK
The biggest problem would be
breaching the Los Chacales. Nobody
knows who their Patron really is or
what he looks like.

(MORE)

AGENT NICK (CONT'D)

We've got no fingerprints, no DNA.
He keeps incognito. Operates behind
smoke and mirrors.

AGENT STEWART

He's a terrifying boogie man.
Quite ingenious, really. Even his
own people don't know if they're
playing dominos with him or not.

Johnston's CELL PHONE RINGS. He almost doesn't answer, he's
so exasperated with these two.

JOHNSTON

Johnston here...

His eyes jump to the agents - he indicates he needs a pen and
paper. They hand him both. Johnston jots down notes.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Thanks, Sergeant.

He folds the note and puts it in his shirt pocket. To the FBI
agents;

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

The American Embassy in Bogotá just
called. Seems Torrey walked into a
police station up in the mountains
this morning.

Hard reprimanding look at both men.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Which means she is in Colombia and
I'd say she's got a hell've lot
more moxie than you two assholes.

He slams the door on his way out.

Colleen is waiting in the hall. She's been listening.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Okay. You win. They are useless
assholes.

COLLEEN

That true? My baby actually made it
to a police station down there.

He nods as they rush out.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINE - DAY

Johnston, in civilian clothes, has a window seat and is looking out over clouds.

He takes out of his breast pocket the picture of a smiling Torrey in cap and gown. His look of determination is rock solid.

Two rows back sits Colleen. She is mentally focused on the same goal.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA, COLOMBIA - DAY

Johnston climbs out of a cab in sweat soaked clothing and enters the building. Colleen starts to get out as well.

JOHNSTON

No. No, you stay put. I don't need
a cobra in the chicken coop just
yet.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - BOGOTA, COLOMBIA - DAY

TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS watch Johnston as he enters and pulls off his sunglasses. Johnston nods at them and takes out his wallet and shows them his police badge and Visa.

JOHNSTON

I'm Sheriff Johnston, from the
United States. I've come to pick up
Torrey Lamar.

The guards look at each other. Johnston thinks they don't understand English so he pulls out an index card on which he has written a translation.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

(reading in poor Spanish)
Yo he venido para el American girl,
senorita Torrey Lamar.

One of the men talks into his mike while looking closely at Johnston's visa. In perfect English he states:

GUARD #1

Ambassador Strickland will be right
out.

He indicates for Johnston to take a seat on a bench. Johnston's hackles are up - he senses something is wrong. He remains standing.

AMERICAN AMABSSADOR STRICKLAND, a half-bald man in glasses wearing a tie and short sleeved shirt with sweat stained armpits puts out his hand to shake. Johnston reciprocates.

As they shake, Johnston's eyeing the man.

JOHNSTON

What's wrong?

STRICKLAND

Come on back to my office.

Johnston's jaw muscles twitch and his right hand curls into a fist as he follows the man back to his office.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Ambassador closes the door and indicates for Johnston to take a seat.

Johnston remains standing.

JOHNSTON

What's happened?

STRICKLAND

She was abducted before we got there.

JOHNSTON

What?!

STRICKLAND

Someone drove an armored truck through the wall of the police station, shot the officers on duty, grabbed her, backed out and disappeared.

Johnston is both grimy and really pissed.

JOHNSTON

How do you know that? Did you go up there?

STRICKLAND

No. Before the call got routed to my office, the line went dead, so I asked the Colombian military to check that station.

JOHNSTON

Goddamn it, there's gotta be something you could've done!
(MORE)

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

She's only eighteen, for Christ
sakes! And she's an American
citizen! Couldn't you have followed
the tracks? Sent air
reconnaissance?

The ambassador responds to Johnston's rage with no emotion. He turns his back on Johnston and walks behind his massive desk and sits. He indicates for Johnston to take a seat as well.

Johnston remains standing.

STRICKLAND

We don't even know for sure the
girl was Torrey. They didn't take a
picture or fingerprint her before
they were killed. We just assumed
it was your girl because she is the
most recent case.

The ambassador removes and wipes his glasses, then puts them back on, peering at Johnston over the top rims.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

All we have is this partial report.

The ambassador picks up a paper on his desk and reads;

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

At 0-900, an American girl came in
off the street covered in dried mud
saying she'd been kidnapped. She
didn't give her name. She just
requested to call the American
Embassy.

(looks up at Johnston)

Like I said, by the time the call
got routed to me, the line was
dead.

Johnston steps forward.

JOHNSTON

You said she was covered in mud?

The ambassador glances at the file to make sure his statement was correct.

STRICKLAND

Yes. That's what it says.

JOHNSTON

Then it was her.

The ambassador frowns at the weird correlation and continues on.

STRICKLAND

Still, we can't call in FBI agents or anyone else until we know for sure it was her and who took her. And why.

Johnston leans over the desk and grabs the file. He tries to read it, but it is in Spanish, so he tosses it back.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

We assume it's not for ransom since her parents are dead and she is not related to anyone with money. So the presumption is she is victim of the sex trade.

JOHNSTON

It's the Los Chacales because one of their boys left prints behind in the States. And we got the dude who kidnapped and delivered her, but he's not talking. Says he just gets orders online and then he delivers the "package" to a drop-off point and never sees who picks them up.

(beat)

But this is different. Someone went through a lot of trouble to find out everything about this girl. They even went so far as to kill her parents in order to get her.

The Ambassador's reaction is solemn.

STRICKLAND

If it is the Los Chacales then there is definitely nothing you or I can do. They control everyone, the police, the judges, and half the people down here. Plus they constantly move between hideouts throughout these mountains. Its like a shell game trying to pin them down. You might as well pack your bags and go home. Even the CIA quit trying to go after them. There's too many easier fish to fry.

Johnston's finger tip angrily pokes the ambassador's chest.

JOHNSTON

Mark my word... *I will find her and I will bring her home.* All I need is a little fucking help!

STRICKLAND

I will try my best to assist you, but know my reach is limited down here.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Johnston's cell phone RINGS as he exits the front doors.

JOHNSTON

Johnston here.

(beat)

Hey, Colleen.

(he looks over at her in the cab across the street)

No. No... They got her again before our people could get there.

(beat as holds the phone away from his ear)

Hey! Calm down!! Calm down would you? Jesus.

(beat)

Shawn or the Army contacted you yet?

His expression says the answer is "no". He hangs up.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Jesus.

INT. TAXI - BOGATA - DAY

Johnston is sitting in the back seat beside Colleen. Neither are in a good mood. His cell phone RINGS.

JOHNSTON

Johnston here.

His face says there's trouble.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. Yes, sir, I will talk to her. I'm sorry, sir. I apologize sir.

He presses the end call button.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

What the hell, Colleen? Look, you gotta learn to filter that mouth of yours. We can't afford you pissing people off at the get-go. You're gonna get us thrown in jail down here or killed. Look, you need to go back - no, you GO BACK to Tybee. For godsakes give me some space to deal with these people - politely. Then I'll come and report everything to you.

Colleen listens to his lecture with no emotion. When he is finished, she points a finger at him.

COLLEEN

One week. One week. Then I'm coming back and doing it my way. You can bet your goddamn ass on that!

His eyes question her.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Bribes, guns and threats asshole. That's how its done. Sure as hell 'being polite' isn't going to get you anywhere.

JOHNSTON

Okay then. If you'll leave - I promise I'll bring anything and everything I find back - and then we can discuss how to proceed. Your way if need-be.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - DAY

An empty art canvas sits on an easel in the shade of a palm tree rustled by trade winds. Beyond is the sea.

Colleen reaches into a small carved box on the patio table. She pulls out a joint and lights it. The top she wears is revealingly low. After a couple deep drags a DOG STARTS BARKING, warning of an intruder.

COLLEEN

Dammit.

She pinches out the joint and replaces it in the box.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Follow Colleen through open glass sliding doors. She calls across the living room.

COLLEEN
Who is it?

JOHNSTON (O.C.)
Johnston.

Colleen opens the door. Johnston is still in his wrinkled, sweat stained civilian clothing. The dog quits barking.

COLLEEN
Woh. You sure don't look much like a Georgia sheriff anymore.

JOHNSTON
Thanks.
(as he enters)
You don't look much like a grandmother either.

COLLEEN
I never did and never will.

Before taking another step, Johnston does a visual sweep of her home. She notices and smiles an approval. That's when he becomes aware of Boozer staring at him.

JOHNSTON
Hey. Is that Boozer?

COLLEEN
Yep.

Johnston pets the dog.

JOHNSTON
Hey, boy. Glad to see you again.
Looks like you got all fixed up.
(to Colleen)
How come they call him Boozer?

COLLEEN
Oh, when he was a puppy I gave him some beer. Ever since then he prefers it to water.

Johnson shakes his head as he pets the dog then follows Colleen out onto the patio.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - DAY

Colleen pours herself a wine and sits at the table.

COLLEEN

Some wine?

Colleen's fingers tap the side of her wine glass as she looks at Johnston. He shakes his head no as he takes the chair opposite her. Boozer lays down beside him.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Mind?

She opens the box with the joint in it and re-lights it. She offers him a hit.

He shakes his head.

She sucks a long drag.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Wasn't anybody left in Georgia to take care of him so I sent for him. Hell've vet bill. Thank God I know people in high places or he'd still be in the pound or the ground.

She toasts Boozer.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

So? How'd the fuckers grab my Torrey out of a police station?

JOHNSTON

Well it wasn't exactly a "police station". They drove a truck through a mud wall, shot the guards and grabbed her.

COLLEEN

Just like that?

JOHNSTON

Just like that.

COLLEEN

WHO? Who's "they"?

JOHNSTON

Don't know. There were no witnesses.

COLLEEN

You just said a "truck" smashed through a wall. Not a car or a tank, but a truck ...

JOHNSTON

There were tire tracks and part of a front bumper.

COLLEEN

And nobody dares talk. How well I know that game.

Johnston shrugs.

JOHNSTON

That seems to be what we're up against.

COLLEEN

If you don't like wine, there's beer in the refrigerator.

JOHNSTON

A beer would be great.

Colleen doesn't move, totally ignoring him while thinking.

Johnston gets up and goes after his own beer.

Johnston returns. He looks at Colleen, whose jaw muscles are flinching.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

I called the State Department again. And I talked with the CIA and the FBI again.

COLLEEN

(leaning forward, pointing a finger)

And they don't give a shit, do they? They aren't willing to do one goddamn thing.

(flops back)

Some things just never change. None of those weasels are worth their goddamn weight in piss.

Johnston acknowledges she's right with a raised eyebrow as he takes his seat and sips his beer.

JOHNSTON

The Colombian Ambassador claims this Los Chacales Cartel has several compounds throughout the mountains and they move between them like a shell game. Plus they own everybody. Police, judges, army, people on the streets, the whole enchilada. He claims there's no chance-in-hell me or anybody else will ever find her.

COLLEEN

What did you expect? That he would call in the cavalry? Hell, he's probably on their payroll too.

JOHNSNTON

Not the cavalry exactly but...

COLLEEN

(bites her lower lip)
She won't give up. I know her.
She's too much like me.

Colleen finishes off her wine. She eyes Johnston.

COLLEEN(CONT'D)

You were never in the military, were you?

JOHNSTON

No, ma'am. Vietnam was over and Iraq hadn't started when I joined the Sheriff's Department. Besides I don't like killing people. I prefer rescuing them. That's what I'm best at, Search and Rescue.

Colleen is irritated to find her wine glass empty.

COLLEEN

So your mom divorce your dad soon after he got back?

JOHNSTON

Yeah. I was still a kid then so I went with my mom.

COLLEEN

Humph. That was going around a lot back then, still is I reckon. Women divorcing their men 'cause they can't understand the change.

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Welp, we're gonna have to start thinking outside the box now. To hell with rules, regulations, borders, treaties, whatever else gets in the way.

She stares at her empty glass.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

If my ignorant son-in-law had listened to me, Shawn would still be here and he would most definitely bring Torrey home. Hell, none of this would have happened if Shawn hadn't of signed up. He wouldn't let any dude mess with his little sister.

She wipes an eye behind her sunglasses.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Those two were so close. They used to run wild out on that farm. I love the shit out of them both.

Looks out over the ocean.

Johnston's watching her out of the corner of his eye. He diverts his eyes when she looks at him. She's obviously had a bit too much to drink and smoke.

She waves her hand in anger.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I just been through all this crap before. With a couple of our boys who were caught behind enemy lines; Suddenly the Army brass, the CIA, NSA, all those GOA fucks, refused to go in after them. Now they're all copping out rescuing a helpless American girl they - and we - *know* is down there in the hands of a ruthless sleaze-bag. Jesus H. Christ!

She stands, picking up the empty wine bottle on the table, ready to retrieve a new one.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Where you staying?

JOHNSTON

The Hilton.

COLLEEN

That's a pricey rip-off. Stay here.
I have a guest bedroom.

JOHNSTON

No - ah, that's okay. Thanks
anyway.

Colleen removes her sunglasses and stares at Johnston. Her eyes are piercing.

COLLEEN

We *will* get her back, Sheriff. Even
if I have to fly down there and
shoot all those dirt-bag greasers
myself.

Johnston's eyebrows go up. He crunches his empty beer can.

JOHNSTON

I'll come back tomorrow. We can
discuss this then.

COLLEEN

(smiles at him)

I don't start pouring until after
one o'clock so you're safe anytime
before that.

Johnston nods as he tosses his empty in a trash can. As he leaves the patio she ruefully calls out;

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Be talkin' back at cha, sheriff.

She stares out over the ocean thinking hard, then suddenly sobers.

She calls out;

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait! Wait! Johnston hold-up!

EXT. ENCLOSED COURTYARD OF MONASTERY - DAY

The same MIXED ETHNIC GROUP OF YOUNG FEMALES who were exercising in the earlier courtyard scene are now huddled together in terror.

TORREY

gagged and bound stands beside the statue of Mary. On either side of her are ARMED HENCHMEN.

The peasant blouse has fallen off a shoulder and her long skirt is duct-tapped tightly around her legs and ankles. Her eyes are pleading.

EL PATRON, (50's) a dark haired man with a grey mustache in a tailored suit walks back and forth in front of the girls. He wears a flashy ring but we don't get a close look at it. He is definitely not someone you want to mess with as his eyes are lethal. He points at Torrey.

PATRON
(in Spanish)
This is what happens when you
attempt escape.

El Patron nods to a henchman.

HENCHMAN #1 rifle-butts Torrey in the upper chest near her shoulder which causes her to fall backward. The fall flat back knocks the air out of her.

Torrey's POV: Dr. Montoya walks purposefully towards her with a gun in his hand.

She starts squirming away from him on her back.

Dr. Montoya steps over her, crouches down, holding the gun up in the air. She panic-squirms.

He brings the gun down pointed at her head. (His back blocks the girls' direct view.) A LOUD GUNSHOT. Torrey quits moving.

The teens SCREAM. Some kneel sobbing. They try to comfort one another.

Dr. Montoya stands, steps off of Torrey, the smoking gun at his side.

El Patron signals for the girls to be returned to their cells. They go, sobbing.

Henchman #1 picks up a lifeless Torrey and carries her away, followed by Dr. Montoya. (There is no blood)

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Colleen pulls Johnston back into her house and closes the front door, standing in front of it so he can't leave, holding a cell phone to her ear.

COLLEEN
Hello. Hello, may I speak with
General Perry please?...
(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Tell him this is Lieutenant Mc
Dougal, Lieutenant Colleen Mc
Dougal. And it is very important.
Very goddamn important.

She points towards the refrigerator, pantomimes for Johnston to get another beer, then heads down the hall to her bedroom to talk more privately.

Johnston checks out what's in her refrigerator and pulls out a beer and some leftover fried chicken.

LIVING ROOM

He sips the beer while inspecting her living room, looking over odd art objects.

There are open double doors to another room.

ART STUDIO

He wanders in. Johnston stops and squints intently at a painting. He's not quite sure what he is looking at.

PAINTING #1. It's a woman sitting below a bare tree, arms held out and around like protective wings over disseminated bodies lying across her lap. Underneath her is a mound of more dead bodies. She is looking at the viewer, not in horror, but in protective anger.

Johnston moves on.

PAINTING #2 depicts the inside of an Army field tent where a female medic in fatigues wears a black blindfold while walking between endless operating tables on which young men are screaming in agony. In her bloody hands is a metal bowl full of bloody hearts.

Johnston lowers his eyes.

FOLLOW him into the backyard sun and trade winds. He takes a deep breath while watching the waves.

INT. GENERAL'S OFFICE, MIDDLE EAST - DAY

GENERAL PERRY is standing to the side of his desk. He's solid and straight-backed with no-nonsense eyes, but is visibly taken off-guard by this call.

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

COLLEEN is pacing back and forth in front of her bedroom's sliding glass doors, cell phone to her ear.

**INTERCUT: GENERALS OFFICE/COLLEEN'S BEDROOM - PHONE
CONVERSATION**

GEN. PERRY

Colleen, this really you? God, it's
good to finally hear your voice.
You okay?

Colleen's eyes are down, her free hand nervously rubs thumb
against forefinger and she's biting her lower lip as she
paces.

COLLEEN

Yes.

GEN. PERRY

Why didn't you ever answer my
e-mails or phone calls?

COLLEEN

Because I didn't want to... I
couldn't. You're married. You have
kids... And I wanted as much
distance as possible between me and
the Army after all the shit we went
through.

GEN. PERRY

(genuinely)

I missed you. Something terrible.
I've worried about you for a long,
long time baby.

COLLEEN

Well, I worried about myself too.
But it all worked out. I married an
anti-war Mormon, had a daughter and
tried to never look back.

GEN. PERRY

I'm glad. Are you happy?

COLLEEN

Hell no. I got divorced. My ex said
he hadn't reckoned on me turning
into a crazy drunk artist. Don't
think my daughter cared much for me
either. She married right out of
high school to a dumb shit farmer
in Georgia.

Colleen bites her lower lip as tears well. She does her best
to hold it together.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Look, Gary, I'm calling because I need a big favor and you owe me.

Tears start to well in her eyes.

GEN. PERRY

Come again.

COLLEEN

You - owe - me. You and the fucking Army owe me. And I'm not talking about thirty years ago, I'm talking about right now. I'm talking about my grandson!

GEN. PERRY

Colleen, honey. What in the hell are you talking about?

COLLEEN

Don't know how you managed to recruit him, but you did. In Special Ops of all places! Well I need him home. NOW! I need him here more than you do over there - so you get Lieutenant Shawn Lamar's ass on a plane and back here A-SAP.

GEN. PERRY

Jesus. Lieutenant Lamar's your grandson?

COLLEEN

Send him home, Gary. Now.

There is a long silence.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

This is an extreme emergency. A bonafide Charlie Foxtrot FUBAR.

GEN. PERRY

Ah, I'm afraid, I'm afraid I can't do that Colleen.

COLLEEN

Fuck yes, you can! You did it in Cambodia. You did in Thailand and Japan. You sent boys all over the place where they weren't supposed to go.

GEN. PERRY

What's going on Colleen? Define the situation.

COLLEEN

Shawn's little sister, Torrey, Torrey Lamar, was kidnapped by a Colombian drug cartel. The shit-heads even killed my daughter and her husband when they took her. These guys are worse than the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia.

(sucks in air)

Look - Gary. The FBI, CIA, all those G-O-A fuckers won't lift a finger. It's just me and this goddamn Georgia sheriff. We need Shawn here *now!*

There's a long silence.

GEN. PERRY

I'm afraid, Colleen, Shawn won't be able to help you.

Colleen goes crazy.

COLLEEN

AHH! AHH! Fuck, you better not tell me he's dead!! You better not fucking tell me that!

GEN. PERRY

No. He's alive,
(beat)
but he's in Germany in a hospital.
He's hurt pretty damn bad.

COLLEEN

Oh, God! No! No! I warned him! Over and over NOT to trust his life with the fucking Army.

GEN. PERRY

I'm sorry, Colleen.

Colleen's voice becomes caustic.

COLLEEN

Don't you get tired of saying that to families, Gary?

Silence.

GEN. PERRY

Let me talk to the sheriff.

COLLEEN

Torrey's tough, like her brother,
and a beautiful young lady. Please,
Gary, figure a way to help her.

GEN. PERRY

Let me talk to the sheriff.

COLLEEN

Hold on.

INT. CONCRETE VAULT - DAY/NIGHT

Concrete walls and ceiling. It's like being in a vault. There are no windows, and seemingly no doors, just industrial hanging lights. On the floor is an antique bedpan, and a plastic bottle of water.

Torrey lays on a pallet, out cold. She's been cleaned up and wears another flattering 50's era sundress with spaghetti straps. There's a bandage over her right temple and a large bruise on her front shoulder.

Automatic door LOCKS SNAP open. A thick metal door swings in. Dr. Montoya enters with a stethoscope around his neck. He squats beside Torrey, listens to her heart then stands and leaves. The door LOCKS SNAP closed behind him.

BLURRED ROOM. BLURRED OVERHEAD LIGHTS. She closes her eyes again.

LATER

Her eyes open.

Torrey's floor level POV: Her vision clears.

Staring at her across the room is a handsome well muscled young Latino man (late 20's - early 30's) His eyes are barely visible under swollen lids, his lower lip busted, his nose bleeding. His hands are manacled behind him. There's blood splatter on the front of his undershirt. This is MARCOS.

Their eyes meet and hold for a beat. His eyelids flutter a "hello".

She blinks back.

The lock on the door SNAPS open. Dr. Montoya enters in a lab coat with the stethoscope around his neck. He walks over to Torrey and stares down at her.

DR. MONTOYA
 Senorita, how are you feeling?

Torrey is very frightened of this man and it shows.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 I apologize for seemingly shooting you, but it was something El Patron had to do. No one escapes from him. No one.

He squats and listens to her breathing.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 Do not get up for awhile. The chloroform hasn't completely worn off - and be careful of the side of your head. You have a bad powder burn. I didn't realize my gun was so close. You may have a slight concussion as well.

Dr. Montoya stands and walks over to Marcos. He nudges Marcos with his shoe before squatting and removing the handcuffs.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 And you, Marcos, you should know better than to disrespect your uncle so. Be a good boy, now. He wishes to talk with you once more after his supper.

Dr. Montoya stands, twirling the handcuffs as he faces Torrey.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 Senorita, El Patron begs you to forgive him for the lack of privacy but he has nowhere else to keep you two Houdinies.

He nods and leaves the room. The LOCK SNAPS shut.

Marcos struggles to sit up against a wall opposite Torrey. His muscular chest heaves with frustration under the sweaty, blood stained undershirt while he rubs his sore wrists. His loose fitting pants are also blood splattered, his feet bare.

Torrey starts to crawl towards him, whispering.

TORREY
Hey, you okay?

He holds up a hand, indicating for her to stop. He looks at her through swollen lids.

MARCOS
Stop. My uncle, he is watching. You must remain on your own side.

TORREY
(surprised)
You speak English.

MARCOS
A little.

She whispers, starting to crawl forward again.

TORREY
Your *uncle* did this to you?

Marcos waves for her to back-up, then answers, eyes closed.

MARCOS
It is how he handles his problems.

He shrugs, tries to smile with his busted lip.

TORREY
What kind of problem are you?

MARCOS
I refuse to work for him, to join the Cartel.

She continues to stare at him.

TORREY
(whispers)
Where's the cameras?

Marcos indicates 'everywhere'.

Torrey looks around the ceiling but doesn't see any.

He tries to smile again.

MARCOS
So you are the one who got away. I understand now why he let you live.

TORREY
 (flatly)
 Why did he? Let me live?

MARCOS
 Because you are much too beautiful
 to die.

There is a long silence as Torrey stares straight ahead, her jaw clenching.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
 Believe me when I tell you, little
 senorita, that you are blessed with
 your beauty. No one has ever
 escaped from El Patron and lived -
 no one.

TORREY
 I'm not blessed, I'm *cursed*.

She lowers her head.

TORREY (CONT'D)
 I wish 'Dr. Mengele' had blown my
 head off.

MARCOS
 Humph. Dr. Mengele. That is a good
 name for Dr. Montoya. His father
 was a Nazi, you know. He and some
 of his friends have been hiding in
 our mountains for a long, long
 time.

TORREY
 Why me? Why does your uncle want
me?

Her eyes beg for answers.

Marcos lowers his head and mumbles. She can't hear him.

TORREY (CONT'D)
 What?

She starts to move towards him.

Marcos holds up a hand to stop her, then slowly raises his chin and looks at her out of the corner of a swollen eye.

TORREY (CONT'D)
Just try and explain that to me -
why? What made me his "special
chicken tender order"?

Marcos frowns at the words.

MARCOS
Who said that?

TORREY
The black bastard who killed my
parents.

Marcos purses his lips and shrugs.

MARCOS
You are much more than chicken
parts. You are more like an angel.

TORREY
Don't do that.

Marcos frowns.

MARCOS
Do what?

Torrey just stares at him.

TORREY
Why was I "ordered"? Tell me.

Marcos does another Latino shrug.

MARCOS
Maybe it is because you are also
very smart. You were valedictorian,
no?

Torrey's brow knits.

TORREY
How'd you know that?

Marcos's cocks his head to the side as his deep brown eyes
hold hers. His voice is barely above a whisper.

MARCOS
Because my uncle has always been
obsessed with American
valedictorians. He's just never
been able to find the right one.

Torrey frowns.

TORREY
Why? What for?

MARCOS
He wishes for his children to be
very smart. And very good looking.
And to speak English.

Torrey bangs her head against the wall.

TORREY
*Ah, holy shit, no! I won't do that.
Fuck no. Hell, no!*

He tries to smile.

MARCOS
Where do you suppose that phrase
originated? "Holy shit". It makes
no sense.

Torrey's jaw clenches. Her eyes go from fury to drowning in
despair.

The lock on the metal door CLICKS open. Dr. Montoya enters
with two guards. He stares at Torrey because she is glaring
at him.

TORREY
I won't do it. You can tell your
boss to go to hell. Fuck him.

MARCOS
(intervenes)
Be careful, little one.

Dr. Montoya nods to the guards to pull Marcos to his feet
while coldly studying Torrey.

Marcos does not look at Torrey as he limps past her on the
way out the door, pulled along by the guards.

DR. MONTOYA
(pointing at her)
I do not know what Marcos has told
you, but if you wish to ever see
the sun again, I warn you to watch
your mouth.

He leaves.

The lock CLICKS closed and the lights go out. Pitch Black.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - DAY

Colleen comes up behind Johnston. She taps him on the shoulder.

He notices she is badly shaken, which is totally unlike her.

JOHNSTON
What's wrong?

She hands him her cell phone.

COLLEEN
It's an old friend.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE PATIO - DAY

A MOTLEY CREW of men sit around Colleen's patio table. Colleen is bringing out extra chairs for them.

The Motley Crew include:

DOC who wears nerd glasses and HOBO who wears a loud tourist outfit with unfashionable sunglasses;

OREO, who is a beefy black man wearing house painter's bib overalls;

SLICK who looks like a Latino weight-lifter wearing a wife-beater undershirt with slicked back hair;

WALL STREET who resembles a business man.

The last is their leader, KILLJOY, with a short crew cut, aviator sunglasses and a tight fitting pink golf shirt.

Colleen avoids eye contact with the men while handing out beers. She sits next to Sheriff Johnston, continuing to avoid eye contact with any of them.

Johnston and the men pick up on her strange behavior.

KILLJOY
(to Colleen)
Ma'am, is there something that
needs being said?

Colleen looks over her shoulder out at the ocean.

COLLEEN
I don't want to get to know any of
you.

KILLJOY

We don't plan on exchanging names or rank - other than our MOs. All you need to know is we're Shawn's unit.

(beat - starting to understand)

If any of us get hurt it'll be our own damn fault for doing something stupid.

COLLEEN

Shawn was far from stupid.

The Motley Crew eye each other.

KILLJOY

Ma'am, you're right there. Shawn is far from stupid. He got shot running decoy so the rest of us could get out of a jam. We all owe him our lives. This is the least we can do.

Colleen picks up the picture album that has been sitting in the middle of the table and hands it to Slick on her right. She still won't make eye contact.

COLLEEN

These are pictures of Shawn and Torrey before he joined up.

Each man takes his time looking through the photos before passing them on. Their faces are somber while looking at pictures of Shawn and their eyebrows raise when they look at pictures of Torrey. Once the album has made a full circle, Killjoy looks at Johnston.

KILLJOY

So Sheriff, what's your background?

JOHNSTON

I'm trained mostly in Search and Rescue. I have to admit I'm not familiar with anything other than a shotgun, deer rifle and a Glocke.

KILLJOY

Ever retrieve hostages?

JOHNSTON

Yes, sir. Four. Held up in a cabin by a car thief.

KILLJOY
Ever repel outta a chopper?

JOHNSTON
Yes, sir. Many times.

KILLJOY
Ma'am, what about you? Any combat experience?

He's eyeing her in such a way that tells her he knows the truth.

COLLEEN
(shrugs)
Okay. Yeh. Stationed too near the front I guess.
(looks around the table)
So if we get into any kind of a fire fight, don't worry about my ass. I can hold my own.

JOHNSTON
I can vouch for her being a damn good shot.

KILLJOY
(ignoring him, to the others)
Lieutenant Mc Dougal, here, just so happens to have four combat medals. Seems she retrieved some wounded boys outta Cambodia. They say at the time she was Mario Andretti and Annie Oakley rolled into one. Shawn probably got his balls from her.

He lets the surprising disclosure sink in, then continues with the introduction of his team.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm Killjoy, that's Oreo, that's Slick and Hobo and Doc, and Wall Street.

Johnston nods to each man while Colleen stares out at the ocean.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
Okay then. First we'll do a reconnaissance mission. Embed among the populace. Q and A time.
(MORE)

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

Then we match notes with what the satellite tells us based on the radius of where she was last seen. And find out if General Perry has anything new to offer. Hopefully he can get us a drone. After that, we plan a strike, kick ass and bring the little lady home with still a couple days for some real R&R.

The men grunt, smile and raise their beer bottles in agreement. Johnston becomes one of them.

Killjoy's' cell phone RINGS.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

Yes, sir?

Killjoy glances at Colleen, then listens for a beat.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

Will do, sir.

(closes his phone)

Okay boys, we've "acquired" a fishing boat offshore of Aruba to use as an FOB (pronounced fob, not F-O-B; Forward Operating Base) and he's working on a drone.

(to Colleen and Johnston)

I've got extra I-B-A's, Wiley's and SAWS in the chopper plus a full MEDVAC kit. At 0-six hundred I'll review ordinance with you both, then at eleven hundred we board the chopper for the boat.

JOHNSTON

I-B-A's? Wiley's? SAWS?

KILLJOY

Individual Body Armor. Wiley's are specialized protection goggles with night-vision. A SAW is a Squad Assault Weapon - an M249 light machine gun.

JOHNSTON

IBA different than a flak jacket?

Killjoy nods.

KILLJOY

By a long shot.

COLLEEN
I get a LSSAR, right?

KILLJOY
Only 'cause General Perry says so.

Johnston looks at her, then Killjoy.

JOHNSTON
What the hell is that?

KILLJOY
Long range sniper rifle.

JOHNSTON
Holy shit.

KILLJOY
Yeah. Holy shit.

INT. CONCRETE VAULT - DAY/NIGHT

The lock CLICKS open. The lights flick on. It takes a moment for Torrey's eyes to adjust to the light.

Dr. Montoya enters with a tray of food and a large water bottle. He sets it on the floor by her pallet.

Torrey will not make eye contact with him. She dreads him. He nudges the plate with an expensive pair of shoes.

DR. MONTOYA
Eat. This time I watch you.

Torrey subserviently eats and drinks the water. She is too hungry and thirsty to object. Soon the plate is empty.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
Good.

He picks up the plate.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)
Again, El Patron wishes you to forgive him for having to share this room with his nephew. But do not worry, soon your new quarters will soon be ready.

In b.g. a guard brings in a standing screen behind which he sets a bucket and roll of toilet paper.

DR. MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Once you are moved, you must show respect, senorita. Otherwise you will suffer greatly.

Torrey's eyes remain down. He leaves. The lock CLICKS shut.

A few beats later the lock CLICKS back open and Dr. Montoya returns with a couple of American fashion magazines. He holds them out to her.

She stares at the wall across the room. He drops the magazines on the floor. This time when he leaves, the lights stay on.

LATER

Torrey is sleeping with an arm over her eyes to block the light. She hasn't touched the magazines.

The lock CLICKS open. Marcos is shoved in. The heavy door closes behind him.

Marcos, shirtless now, looks at her from behind swollen eyelids. New bruises mark his chest and back.

Torrey removes her arm from over her eyes and watches him achingly move past her to his place against the far wall. He notices the magazines as he passes.

MARCOS

You should be on the cover of one of those.

TORREY

I hate those things.

MARCOS

Really? Why?

He studies her for a beat. She avoids his eyes.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

(smiling)

What would you prefer then, instead of being on the front of a magazine wearing beautiful clothes?

TORREY

Freedom.

Marcos stares at her.

MARCOS
You are very different.

Torrey shrugs.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
You do not appreciate your beauty?

TORREY
I hate it.

MARCOS
Why?

TORREY
Because I don't like people staring
at me - presuming whatever it is
they presume.

She kicks the magazines.

TORREY (CONT'D)
My brother is the only one who ever
understood.

MARCOS
Your brother? You have a brother?

TORREY
Yes. Shawn.

Torrey bites her bottom lip. Her eyes lock on Marcos as
tears well.

MARCOS
Where is your brother?

TORREY
I know he will come. He'll come for
me.

MARCOS
Where is your brother?

TORREY
In Afganistan. I wish he never
went. I wish now everybody had
listened to GG.

MARCOS
Who is G-G?

TORREY

My grandmother. She was a nurse in Vietnam. She got really mad when my brother wanted to join the Army. She and my parents got into this huge fight and now they won't let her on our farm anymore.

MARCOS

You live on a farm?

She tearfully nods, wipes her face with the back of her hand.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I was raised on one too. Until my father was...

TORREY

(interrupts)

When my brother finds out I'm down here, believe-you-me, El Patron is going to be one piece of dead meat.

Marcos looks down and fiddles with his hands, then glances at her out of the corner of a swollen eye.

MARCOS

Be careful, little one. The walls have ears.

Torrey lets out an I-don't-care "hump".

MARCOS (CONT'D)

What of the rest of your family?
Your mother and father?

She lays down on her side and curls up facing the wall.

TORREY

They were killed.

Marcos would like to comfort her, but dares not. After awhile he says softly;

MARCOS

(whispers)

Mine too.

She rolls over and looks at him.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

He thought my father cheated him out of some money.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I will get us out of here. I promise.

TORREY

He killed your parents too?

MARCOS

Yes.

TORREY

(barely audible)

You remind me of my brother.

MARCOS

How is that?

TORREY

I don't know. You just do.

Marcos crawls to her, head down he whispers in her ear.

MARCOS

I will get us out of here. Wait and see. When the time is right, I will get us out of here.

He then scoots back to his side of the room.

She turns back to facing her wall.

Lights go out. BLACKNESS.

INT. CONCRETE VAULT

The lights are on. Marcos and Torrey are eating across the room from each other.

MARCOS

Which college did you pick to go to?

TORREY

Georgetown. I was going to major in International Law. To protect little countries from big corporations, but now I wanta put men like your uncle behind bars for life.

MARCOS

Law? Really. I started to major in that too. I was attending University in Mexico City when...

The door CLICKS open. Two guards come in and take their plates. They leave. Door CLICKS shut.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

When I heard about my parents.
(whispers as low as possible)
So I left to revenge their executions. Do not worry, little one - I will get us out of here. I promise. I have other relatives - men - who...

Torrey crawls over to him. He holds up a hand to stop her, but she continues. At his side, she curls up like a little girl needing comfort with her head in his lap. He nervously allows his strong hand onto her shoulder, then tenderly strokes her hair.

TORREY

(whispers)
Can you really get us out of here?

MARCOS

(whispers)
When the time is right, yes, yes I can. Patience, little one. Patience.

He continues to tenderly pet her. Her eyes are blank. Despondent. His are knowing.

TORREY

What if I weren't a virgin? Would your uncle still want me then?

MARCOS

I do not know for sure. Although I think he believes the mother of his children should be pure like the Virgin Mary. Otherwise he would worry there could be half-brothers or sisters that might try to take things from his children. Are you... are you...?

She twist a bit to look up at him. He looks off to the side, knowing it was an inappropriate question. She turns her face back to looking across the cell. He continues to stroke her hair.

TORREY

(whispers)
Yes, I am.

A solemn, loving look in Marco's eyes.

The LIGHTS TURN OFF. TOTAL DARKNESS.

SOUND of movement.

MARCOS (V.O.)
 (shocked whisper)
 What are you doing?!

SOUND of more movement.

MARCOS (V.O.)
 (whispering)
 Oh, my God, little one.
 He will kill you... and me. Stop!
 Go back to your side of the room.
 You must stop. Now. Right now!

TORREY (V.O.)
 Please, Marcos, please. I don't
 want him to take me.

MARCOS (V.O.)
 (scared whisper)
 Stop, little one, stop unless you
 are not afraid to die.

Sound of heavy breathing.

**EXT. COASTAL CITY OF CIENAGA, COLOMBIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING
 SHOT (STOCK FOOTAGE)**

In the distance are the towering peaks of the Sierra Nevadas
 of Magdellana.

MONTAGE of Motley Crew Reconnaissance

A) INT. CROWDED BUS

Doc looking like a professor and Hobo looking like a hippy,
 sit rows apart. They are having conversations in Spanish with
 the people sitting next to them.

B) EXT. SHANTY TOWN

Oreo white-washes the side of a dilapidated building in
 shanty town. He takes a break to drink water from a plastic
 milk container and talk with an old woman passing by.

C) INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING

Wall Street, in a fine tailored suit with a briefcase, walks across marble floors of an office building and takes an elevator.

He exits the elevator and enters an office with the plaque "Colombian Times".

D) INT. THIRD WORLD BOXING CLUB

Slick, working out in a third-world boxing club, takes a break and talks with other boxers.

E) EXT. TOURIST SITE

Colleen and Johnston are dressed in khaki outfits with cameras around their necks. They are talking to a man beside an open jeep with "Mountain Tours" painted on the doors. Colleen is pointing up at a peak.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY - SUNSET

The Motley Crew sit around the galley table. They are deeply concerned about something. Killjoy, whose head is down, looks up at them.

KILLJOY

Well, it could be true. Or it could be a rumor the S-O-B started to keep his stables in check. My guess is, he has our gal walled-up tight. We'll find out more after the drone checks it out.

OREO

Still, sir, we need a positive ID she's alive before an offensive strike.

Killjoy nods in agreement.

KILLJOY

So we wait for the drone. It's due at twenty-one-hundred tomorrow night. In the meantime, eyes and ears open and the lieutenant and sheriff aren't on the "need-to-know" list yet. Understood?

The Motley Crew nod in agreement.

INT. CONCRETE VAULT

The lights come on as the locks CLICK open.

It takes a minute for Torrey's eyes to adjust to the light. She sheepishly glances over at Marcos, who is staring at her with a protective look, warning her not to act unusual.

Dr. Montoya notices the looks. His eyes bore into Torrey.

DR. MONTOYA

What has happened in here? In the dark?

TORREY

Nothing.

Dr. Montoya is seething.

DR. MONTOYA

Marcos?!

Marcos shrugs.

MACOS

Nothing. What are you talking about?

DR. MONTOYA

Ah, we shall see.

Montoya calls for more guards. He indicates for two to take Torrey, and two to take Marcos.

MARCOS

For God's sake Montoya, nothing happened! Leave her alone!

Montoya helps the guards with Torrey who is resisting with all her might, kicking and twisting, yelling.

TORREY

No. No.

INT. EL PATRON'S OFFICE - DAY

The Patron looks up from paperwork when Dr. Montoya enters with Torrey. Her wrists are tied behind her back.

She is flushed, embarrassed and infuriated.

The Patron studies her for a beat then stands and comes around his desk.

Standing in front of Torrey, his intense eyes slide over to Dr. Montoya for the verdict.

Dr. Montoya gives a solemn nod.

He backhands Torrey hard.

EL PATRON
How dare you!

Torrey, nose bleeding, stares at the wall behind him.

El Patron looks as if he is going to strike her again, but then a devilish smile spreads as he eyes her entire body.

EL PATRON (CONT'D)
You have proven more than I hoped for. I am relieved to know my heirs will not be weaklings. Far from it.
(puffs on his cigar)
A virtue my family seems to have lost over the years, besides many other traits you will hopefully restore.

He tries to stare into her eyes but Torrey continues to stare at the wall behind him. He throws his hands up, gesturing.

EL PATRON (CONT'D)
Why? Why do you not want my children?

Her eyes remain on the wall.

EL PATRON (CONT'D)
I am rich. You and our children will have everything you'll ever need - want.

TORREY
You kill your relatives!

EL PATRON
(points a finger at her)
When they cannot be trusted. Something you should keep in mind. That is why my familia needs new blood. I must get rid of the addicts, the greedy, and the liars!

She continues to stare at the wall behind him.

TORREY
I won't do it.

EL PATRON
You have no choice.

TORREY

Fuck you.

There is stone silence. The guards and Dr. Montoya hold their breaths.

El Patron suddenly laughs, shaking his head.

EL PATRON

I take it you truly wish to die.

TORREY

I would rather be sent home.

El Patron returns to his desk. He solemnly appraises her.

EL PATRON

That, of course, is out of the question... because you have no home. Your parents are dead and the bank owns your farm.

(beat)

And now, sadly, I fear I must kill my nephew, poor Marcos, because of you.

TORREY

No! He's done nothing! I went to him because of you!

EL PATRON

You leave me no choice. He leaves me no choice.

Tears run down Torrey's face as she tries to free herself. She is in pure agony.

TORREY

No-o!

El Patron nods to the guards, indicating they take her away.

Torrey cries back over her shoulder;

TORREY (CONT'D)

Don't kill him! He didn't do anything! My God, don't kill him! Please don't kill him. It was all my fault! It was my fault! He didn't do anything!

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

A blazing sunset silhouettes the fishing boat moving across the ocean.

EXT. DECK OF FISHING BOAT - SUNSET

On the rear deck Colleen and Johnston have just finished eating dinner. They are leaning against shrimp traps. There is no wine or beer in sight. Colleen is drinking bottled water.

COLLEEN

You're not married, are you?

JOHNSTON

No, ma'am.

COLLEEN

Why not? You look like the kind of guy who would have kids who ride horses, a dog and a wife called "sweetie pie".

JOHNSTON

Not exactly me.

COLLEEN

So what's the deal?

JOHNSTON

I'm a bit old fashion, I guess.

Like my peace and quiet.

(smiles and shrugs)

I don't particularly like someone gabbing at me when I'm trying to enjoy a morning cup of coffee on my porch. Actually I'd like to move even further out. Need more land for my herd.

COLLEEN

It'll be different when you find the right person.

JOHNSTON

That what happened with you and the general?

Colleen shrugs, smiles.

COLLEEN

Good guess. Yeah, being with him was the most thrilling time of my life.

(raises eyebrows)

In and out of bed.

JOHNSTON

So what happened?

COLLEEN

The war ended and he went back to his wife and kids.

JOHNSTON

What about Torrey's grandfather?

COLLEEN

Oh, he was my rebound. About as far removed from the military as I could get. He was an anti-war, antigovernment, Mormon journalist.

JOHNSTON

I take it you didn't love the guy.

COLLEEN

No. I liked him though - at first anyway. Like I said, he was my rebound.

Colleen starts gathering their plates and silverware.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

He kept pressuring me to be a civilian nurse so he could quit work and spend more time writing. Only I couldn't do that.

JOHNSTON

Why not?

COLLEEN

First of all, I'd seen enough blood and guts to fill the whole damn White House, didn't need to see anymore. Second what he wanted to write was crap about how screwed up us Vietnam vets were.

JOHNSTON

Did you ever get help?

COLLEEN

Me?

Johnston nods.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Oh, I tried some shrinks. Keep in mind, PTSD wasn't such a hot topic back then. I turned to painting and vino instead. Seems to be working out just fine.

JOHNSTON

My dad riddled his apartment before turning the gun on himself. He said he was just fine too.

They stare at each other for a beat.

Killjoy's head pops up from the galley.

KILLJOY

Sorry. Need you guys below.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

The Motley Crew is waiting around the galley table with maps out, pens and pads ready. There's an open laptop with static on the screen.

Killjoy taps numbers on a cell phone. While it's ringing, he hits the speaker phone button and places the phone in the middle of the table. Someone on the other end answers. To the phone;

KILLJOY

Sir, we're ready when you are.

EXT. DRONE IN NIGHT SKY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A silent drone comes over a mountain ridge and decreases altitude over the monastery.

INT. FISHING BOAT GALLEY - NIGHT

MONITOR: The outer grounds of the monastery become visible. Images of guards along the outside walls and inside the courtyard.

MONITOR: Heat sensor images of twenty or so bodies appear to be sleeping in groups of five in cell blocks.

KILLJOY

That must be his stable. Those rooms are near enough to the outside wall for us to get in and out quickly with a couple C4's here and there.

Killjoy points to spots on the screen, then glances over at Colleen.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

McDougal, you drive the bus through the hole we make and retrieve the young ladies. We'll attack from here and here. If you I-D your granddaughter, confirm pronto.

Colleen is sober, alert and focused.

COLLEEN

Affirmative.

KILLJOY

(to Colleen and Johnston)
Sure you're familiar enough with the SAWS for a go?

COLLEEN

We are, sir. So when do I get the LRSR?

KILLJOY

Wall Street says he'll lend you his.

Wall Street isn't happy with the idea, but nods in agreement.

The Motley Crew and Johnston exchange looks. The thought of Colleen with a machine gun and sniper rifle is a bit unsettling.

MONITOR: The drone's sensor camera is moving upwards. Images of guards are seen at several stair and door entrances.

The Motley Crew sketch corresponding maps, putting x's where there's guards.

MONITOR: Camera is scanning a turret room where several men are sitting at a large table. One of the men stands and leaves the room

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

Bingo.
 (into headset mike)
 Follow.

MONITOR: The camera follows the infrared figure walking down steps.

Johnston's face is closer than Killjoy's to the computer screen.

The Motley Crew exchange looks of concern, harboring the potential bad news.

Killjoy speaks into a headset.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

Track that guy.

MONITOR: The man's red image moves through a door into a narrow passage that runs *between* the walls of large rooms.

Killjoy points to the secret passageway.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

So that's how this guy operates,
 walking' around, watching
 everything that goes on and nobody
 even knows he's there.

WALL STREET

My guess is its left over from the
 Inquisition.

Killjoy leans back, pointing at the screen with a pen.

KILLJOY

Okay boys. We got to find that
 passage. In all probability, it
 runs behind mirrors. So take out
 any damn mirror you see and jump
 through the looking glass.

MONITOR: Continue to follow infrared man walking through the secret passage.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

We got ya now, you sneaky fuck.

MONITOR: The red haloed figure suddenly fades when entering a dark square.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
 (into mike)
 Enhance. Enhance.

MONITOR: The now faint image of infrared man approaches another very faint image lying on the floor.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
 (into mike)
 Enhance, damn it, enhance!
 Walls must be made of infrared
 deflectors. Son-of-a-bitch.

MONITOR: The prone body crawls away from infrared man. Loose material is visible around the crawler's legs. The man sets something on the floor then leaves the room.

Johnston's face is inches from the monitor.

JOHNSTON
 Hey, that's a skirt! That's a
 skirt, isn't it? Gotta be a female.
 It's gotta be her.

KILLJOY
 (into mike)
 Hold on figure in room!

MONITOR: The figure slowly stands, leaning against a wall, then crosses the room and picks up what appears to be a bowl of food. It is now obvious the figure is a woman.

Colleen silently thanks God while the Motley Crew eye each other with the knowledge the mission is now officially on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN MONASTERY - RAINY NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: EXTERIOR ASSAULT

EXPLOSION.

A HUGE HOLE in the stone wall appears after smoke clears. A third-world bus, driven by Colleen in full combat gear, barely fits through the hole.

Doc and Hobo move close behind the bus.

FEMALE PRISONERS rush to their bars and start yelling for help.

Colleen drives around the Virgin Mary and stops near the cells. She grabs the machine gun and runs towards the cell gates.

Doc and Hobo run beside her, signal they are going up the stairs. She signals back she understands.

COLLEEN signals for the girls to move back, then systematically blast the locks and hinges off the cell doors in a FIERY FUSILLADE.

The girls and young women pour out and board the bus.

BULLETS start spraying the courtyard. A couple girls are hit.

Colleen brings up the rear, firing her rifle in a protective arch. She grabs a wounded girl and lift-pulls her along with one arm, firing with the other. She backs into the bus, jumps behind the wheel, crunches it into gear and drives out the hole in the wall.

The window in the back of the bus shatters.

OUTSIDE THE WALL

Oreo and Wall Street run through the jungle taking out guards along the outside walls.

HELICOPTER

Killjoy and Johnston repel from a dark helicopter onto the roof.

Follow Killjoy and Johnston through a rooftop door.

INT. MONESTARY - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: INTERIOR ASSAULT

Follow Killjoy and Johnston into the turret room. Killjoy holds up and kicks it in the door. They cautiously enter. Killjoy turns on his infrared head beam and sweeps the room. Nobody.

They move back into the hall and split up when the hallway does the same.

INT. CONCRETE VAULT - NIGHT

The locks CLICK open; a sliver of light appears as the door opens. A flashlight beam scans.

The silhouette of a man enters. The beam finds Torrey's face. Her eyes open.

MARCOS
Torrey, get up.

TORREY

Marcos? Marcos, is that you? Oh, my
God. You're alive!

Torrey runs to Marcos and hugs him. He grabs her wrist and
pulls her out the door.

Torrey hears all the gunfire.

TORREY (CONT'D)

Wait. Wait. Who's shooting?

Marcos keeps pulling her along.

MARCOS

Its time. Let's go!

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - NIGHT

Marcos pulls Torrey behind him through the dimly lit tunnel.
She is barefoot in the sundress, dried blood still under her
nose.

As she is pulled along, Torrey glances through large plate
glass windows into different rooms.

Sporadic BURST of GUNFIRE.

Marcos and Torrey round a corner in the tunnel. Marcos stops,
and tries to unlock a thick wooden door. Its too rusted.

Carlos appears with a machine gun. Torrey freaks and turns to
run, but Marcos grabs her wrist.

MARCOS

No. No. He's with us.

Carlos blast the lock with the machine gun. Marcos pulls
Torrey in after him while Carlos stays behind to cover them.

INT. ESCAPE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Marcos pulls Torrey down steep stone steps.

MARCOS

Come quickly.

Halfway down the stairs, Torrey pulls back.

TORREY

Wait. That could be my brother up
there.

MARCOS

It is not your brother. It is my men. Now come on!

He grabs her face and kisses her.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I will protect you. I promise. No one will ever find us. I will take you far away from here where you will be safe and nobody will ever hurt you.

He pulls her down the rest of the steep stone steps.

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - NIGHT

Shattered mirror blasts into the tunnel with the sound of GUNFIRE.

Killjoy jumps into the tunnel a few feet away from where Marcos and Torrey just disappeared through the old door. He squats, checks left and right, and then runs towards the vault room.

Killjoy takes cover as glass explodes into the tunnel a few feet in front of from him.

Johnston jumps into the tunnel. The two men almost fire on one another, but their split second recognition makes them raise their barrels.

Killjoy indicates the direction of the vault room and takes off. Both glance through one-way glass as they pass various rooms.

INT. ESCAPE STAIRWAY - RAINY NIGHT

Marcos unlocks a heavy door at the bottom of the stone steps with an antique key and pushes it open with effort. The door SCREECHES on its rusty hinges.

He pulls Torrey out into a rainy night. She notices he is wearing boots. She is still barefoot.

INT. MONESTARY - NIGHT

Killjoy signs to hold-up when he sees the door to the concrete vault room is ajar. He listens, hears nothing, then kicks the door wide open.

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

Its pitch black inside. Killjoy and Johnston pull down their night vision scopes and scan the room. It's empty.

Killjoy pushes the microphone on his neck.

KILLJOY

Pull out to the roof - except for you, Slick. Continue to sweep this place! TARGET NOT IN ROOM! Repeat, target not in room! Black Crow, you read me? Ready to evacuate on roof. Repeat. Evacuate on roof and set sites for that airstrip.

EXT. JUNGLE - RAINY NIGHT

Marcos pulls camouflage netting off a hidden Humvee. He opens the back and pulls out two automatic rifles, handing one to Torrey.

Torrey stares at the vehicle like a foggy memory is coming back. He interrupts her thoughts.

MARCOS

You know how to shoot, right?

TORREY

Not this.

Marcos takes the safety off and hands her back the gun.

MARCOS

Just pull the trigger, only remember it's an automatic. Don't waste bullets. Come on!

He runs around the front of the Humvee, indicating for her to get in the passenger seat.

When he opens the driver's door, the interior lights illuminate his rain drenched face.

Torrey stares at him.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Move! Move!!!

He jumps in, starts the car, revs the engine.

Instead of taking the front seat, Torrey climbs in the back and positions herself so one knee is on the seat while the other leg is braced against the floorboard.

She lowers her window enough to rest the rifle barrel horizontally on top of the glass. Rain hits her stoney face.

Marcos glances back at her. She ignores him.

He steps on the gas.

INT. HUMVEE TRAVELING - RAINY NIGHT

Marcos is careening through jungle on a slick muddy road.

TORREY

How'd you know I can shoot?

MARCOS

I overheard my uncle mentioning it to Montoya. He said there were pictures of you deer hunting.

Torrey frowns.

TORREY

What pictures?

The Humvee skids and Marcos has to over-correct. Torrey is able to keep her balance and remain in position.

CAR BEAMS - off to their far right - head towards them at an angle through the jungle. They appear to be on a collision course.

Torrey glances at Marcos to see if he has noticed the rapidly approaching vehicle. He has. His eyes are jumping back and forth between the oncoming car and the road ahead.

The headlights close in on them.

Marcos slams on his brakes and slides to a muddy stop. The oncoming Humvee does the same, only it slides a bit further in the mud.

A man jumps out with a handgun and duffle bag and starts running towards them through the rain and darkness.

When the figure enters their headlights, Torrey recognizes Dr. Montoya.

BURST OF GUNFIRE. Torrey lowers her gun to check that she hit her target.

Dr. Montoya wrenches backwards as money flies out of his bag.

Marcos spins around in his seat and stares in shock at Torrey. Before she can read his face he turns back and steps on the gas.

They both keep eyeing each other in the rearview mirror.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

The school bus is parked horizontally across the road forming a road block.

The female escapees are hiding in dense foliage some distance away.

Colleen has propped the sniper rifle in the crook of a tree branch. She watches for approaching movement.

A pickup truck and a windowless van cautiously approach the bus.

Colleen checks out the drivers and front passengers through her scope as they pass by her. In the passenger seat of the van is the Patron.

Both vehicles stop a couple yards away from the bus.

A GUARD gets out. He indicates the bus has a flat front tire. He climbs aboard the bus and looks around. It is empty. He exits the bus and gets back in the truck.

The truck starts pushing the back of the bus out of the way.

Colleen presses a button from her position behind the tree.

BOOM! Fiery explosion engulfs the bus and the truck.

The van spits mud in reverse, swings around and takes off back down the road. Only its now heading back towards Colleen.

She's now aiming with a machine gun.

INT. STEALTH HELICOPTER - RAINY NIGHT

The Motley Crew is looking down from the open side of the chopper as they pass over the BURNING BUS AND TRUCK.

Oreo points at the van speeding away. They watch as GUN FLASHES come from within the jungle and the van starts swerving.

KILLJOY
(into mike)
Hey, Mc Dougal?

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Roger.

KILLJOY

Need assistance?

COLLEEN (V.O.)

Negative.

KILLJOY

Is target in second vehicle?

COLLEEN

Unknown. But the sleaze-ball is.

KILLJOY

Carry on. Let us know ASAP.

The helicopter disappears.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - RAINY NIGHT

The van, with a flat tire and steaming engine, lays on its side. The driver is dead.

Cautiously the back door opens and a GUARD crawls out and runs behind a tree in order to cover the next man out.

El Patron exits, automatic pistol raised, and scrambles to safety behind the tree with the guard.

JUNGLE NIGHT SOUNDS. Moonlight in their nervous eyes.

EL PATRON

Que 'es?

GUARD

Americanos.

EL PATRON

¿Por qué? La nina?

Colleen's voice comes from deep within the dark jungle.

COLLEEN (O.S.)

Si. Por mi niña asshole.

They panic-fire at her voice. SILENCE.

COLLEEN's sighting the SNIPER RIFLE. A SHOT.

A bullet hits El Patron between the eyes. He falls, his brains splattering on the tree trunk behind him.

Another SHOT IS FIRED. The guard falls with a bullet in his forehead.

Colleen sweeps the inside of the van with a flashlight. It's empty. No Torrey.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 (into mike)
 Target not in the van. Repeat not
 in the van, dammit!

EXT. JUNGLE AIR STRIP - RAINY NIGHT

Marcos's Humvee races out of dense jungle into an open field where a plane sits, its engines running.

During a flash of lightning Torrey recognizes the plane.

Marcos skids to a stop close to the bottom of the plane's boarding steps. The plane door is open but no guard is present. Marcos honks the horn while grabbing his rifle off the front seat and jumping out.

It's raining pretty heavy as he runs around the front of the car to get Torrey - then stops dead in his tracks, his surprise illuminated by the headlights.

TORREY

Stands behind the open door, her rifle braced and aimed at him.

MARCOS
 Torrey! What the hell are you
 doing?

TORREY
 Who are you?

MARCOS
 What do you mean? I'm Marcos.
 Marcos Andeluza.

TORREY
 Who is Marcos?

MARCOS
 What are you talking about?!
 (points towards the plane)
 We need to get on that plane. Now!
 It's our only chance!

TORREY
 Who are you?

MARCOS

What is wrong with you? We must
leave now! What's the matter with
you?

TORREY

Who the hell are you?!

Lit by the headlights, Marcos's 'facial injuries' are dissolving in the rain. The swollen eyelids, the bruised cheek, busted lip... all disappearing. Marcos feels his face and realizes the theater makeup is washing away.

MARCOS

Ahh. So what are you going to do?
Shoot me? You came to me in
darkness just last night and you
pleaded for my life this morning.
(gives her a puppy-dog
look)
Come. Come with me, I beg you. I
will be most proud to call you my
wife.

He quickly darts out of the headlights and squats behind the front corner the vehicle. He shouts over the rain and car hood.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I shall always be Marcos to you, I
promise. Never will I involve you
in any of my business. We will live
in a beautiful house, high in the
mountains far away from all of
this.

TORREY

You're the Patron?!

MARCOS

Come little one, I believe you
liked Marcos, no? I promise when I
am around you, to always be Marcos.

TORREY

Who was the guy who ordered me shot
then?

MARCOS

He is truly my uncle. He thinks
highly of you by the way. See, I am
not a total liar. And I was top in
my classes, like you.

(MORE)

MARCOS (CONT'D)

And I did leave law school to
revenge my parent's death... which
I succeeded in doing, so became the
Patron.

A guard with an automatic rifle appears at the top of the
airplane steps and fires a warning round over Torrey's head.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

But because of my age, I chose to
remain unseen so as not to be taken
for granted.

Marcos slowly stands, his rifle aimed at her, his tone of
voice no longer nice.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Either he or I will shoot you if
you do not get on that plane. Do
you understand me, little one?

His eyes are hard as he stands and sites her with his gun.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Now let go the gun and raise your
hands, por favor. Come on, little
one. Do as you are told.

His finger is on his trigger.

Her finger is on her trigger. She has a poker face.

They stare at each other through their rifle sights.

In the rain, some residual theater makeup starts to drool
down over his sighting eye. He goes to wipe it off.

Torrey screams in rage.

TORREY

*Ahhh! For my parents, you fucking
asshole!*

MACHINE GUN BLAST.

Marcos flies backwards into mud and darkness.

MARCOS

No. No. You stupid punta!

He tries to get up, but its a deadly wound.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Little one... what have you done?
You would have made me so proud.
God! How stupid of you!!

Torrey, in shock, remains behind her rifle's sight for a beat, then becomes aware of BULLETS FLYING AROUND HER.

She dives into the Humvee, pulling the door closed behind her. She huddles on the floor board as bullets plunk against the armored vehicle.

SILENCE.

She peeks out the window. The guard has disappeared inside the plane.

She sets her sight on an airplane tire. BOOM. It deflates immediately.

She then FIRES a ROUND of shots into the plane's nearest wing engine.

Hot shells pop out of the rifle. One burns her cheek and she shakes another off her bare arm.

The guard at the door of the plane reappears with a more serious weapon.

Torrey stops firing and curls up tightly on the rear floor board.

DEAFENING GUNFIRE AS BULLETS ROCK the armor-plated Humvee. It takes Torrey a second to realize she is safer than she thought she was.

When there is no response from Torrey after the gun has emptied, the guard pulls out a handgun. He hurries down the airplane steps towards his fallen boss.

Torrey hears him on the metal steps and jumps back into firing position, sights him and FIRES.

He falls dead.

SILENCE. RAIN.

The PILOT exits the plane by way of a far-side exit over the wing and jumps to the ground and runs. He disappears into the darkness of the jungle.

Torrey waits for a beat before cautiously opening the Humvee's bullet riddled door.

When she doesn't detect any movement, she crouch-runs to Marcos's body and drags him into the headlights.

In the poring rain and mud she kneels beside him. He stares at her with dead eyes, his face now devoid of any swelling or bruises. He is handsome. There is a flicker of confusion, of love lost in her eyes as she touches his face.

SOUND OF APPROACHING HELICOPTER.

Torrey quickly grab's Marcos's rifle and rushes back into the safety of the armored Humvee. But she stops for a split second as her eye catches the flash of Marco's diamond ring in the headlights.

Pulling shut the bullet riddled door, she curls up again on the Humvee floorboard as the SOUND of a CHOPPER approaches.

FLASHBACK

To seeing the ring's flash in the car window when she was first taken off the plane.

To remembering it on the hand of the guard in the courtyard.

BACK TO CHOPPER

It's speed reduces to a hover above her.

A search light sweeps the bullet riddled car and plane.

She waits, her finger ready on the trigger. The THUNDER OF THE ROTATING BLADES is deafening.

INT. STEALTH HELICOPTER - RAINY NIGHT

From an open side bay, Oreo is scanning the scene below with night vision goggles. The Motley Crew is tense behind him, ready for action.

Oreo slowly lifts his night vision scope. He has seen something completely unreal. He scoots backwards inside the chopper and looks at the men, stunned.

JOHNSTON

What? What? Is she there? Is she alive?

OREO

Yeah, she's there. Only we come too late. She don't need us no more.

Doom and gloom spread across the men's faces, especially Johnston's.

OREO (CONT'D)
 (devilish smile)
 'Cause that little girl left us
 nothing to goddamn do!

MOTLEY CREW
 BOOYAH!

EXT. JUNGLE AIR STRIP - RAINY NIGHT

The chopper sits its runners down on the field, it's search light still covering the bullet riddled Humvee.

The chopper powers down.

LOUD SPEAKER
 Torrey? Torrey Lamar? That you in
 there?

Torrey's face pops up in the window. Shielding her eyes from the bright light, she grins and nods enthusiastically.

EXT. FISHING BOAT MOVING OVER OPEN WATER - NIGHT

It's heading home.

INT. FISHING BOAT - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Colleen is sitting in a chair reading a book beside the captain's bunk where Torrey is sleeping.

TORREY

There's a large abrasion across Torrey's temple, a raised blister on her cheek, and a busted lip. She opens her eyes and looks at her grandmother.

TORREY
 I can't believe you came.

Colleen puts down her book and scoots in the berth beside her granddaughter. Its a tight fit. She puts an arm around Torrey.

COLLEEN
 Of course I did. Nobody gets away
 with taking my baby.

Colleen smiles.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
 You've definitely got my Highlander
 genes - a true Scottish alpha
 female, you are.

TORREY

What?

COLLEEN

Well, in wolf packs there's always one female that's so smart and cunning that no male, even the alpha male, dares mess with her.

Colleen tenderly moves a lock of Torrey's hair away from her eyes.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

It's the same with humans.

She gently pushes more hair away from Torrey's face.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

All you have to remember is that there's only one thing that's really a man's commander-in-chief, that makes him love power, fighting and women. But you and I, we're so much smarter than that, so we'll always win.

Torrey frowns. What is it?

Colleen smiles roguishly at Torrey.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Testosterone, honey. Good ol' testosterone.

(beat)

But you've already figured that out, haven't you? You've proved you can take on any asshole. Damn, I'm proud of you!

Torrey smiles.

Colleen moves Torrey's chin to look directly in her eyes.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Do I need to exam you?

TORREY

What? You have.

COLLEEN

You know what I mean.

TORREY

Nothing happened.

Torrey makes a little girl face.

TORREY (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

Colleen, relieved, pats Torrey's thigh.

COLLEEN
Then let's go eat. Sure smells good.

INT. FISHING BOAT - GALLEY - NIGHT

The Motley Crew sit around the galley table wolfing down steaks, drinking beer and champagne. They stop talking when they hear a door open and all look in the same direction.

Colleen and Torrey come down the snug hallway. Colleen's arm is proudly around her granddaughter.

COLLEEN
My baby's hungry.

KILLJOY
Atten-hut!

All the men stand and salute, then make room for the gals at the table.

Torrey is embarrassed.

Once seated, the Motley Crew does their best not to stare at her too long. It's hard, pretty as she is all cleaned up. Except for Killjoy. He holds up a piece of steak on his fork and indicates the shell blister on her cheek.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
Dang, if she don't got a 5.45 mill hickey.
(beat as he chews)
Look, when you're feeling better, call me, okay?

There's an uneasy silence.

KILLJOY (CONT'D)
For a job, you ass-holes. We could definitely use a gal like her. She's a female version of Shawn, aright. Don't you remember that fucking last memo?
(sarcastically)
"Females may now be deployed to front lines".
(MORE)

KILLJOY (CONT'D)

I thought that was total bull-shit,
until I witnessed what this little
gal just pulled off.

Colleen is on her feet in a split second. She leans across
the table and puts her face in Killjoy's like a drill
sergeant, only her ample breast are a distraction.

COLLEEN

(hostile as it gets)

My girl is NOT going anywhere NEAR
anything associated with your God
damn ARMY!! Or any bogus situation
you fucks come up with. And mister,
if I ever catch you trying to
recruit her - I'll sniper you right
between the goddamn eyes! Same as I
did that Patron and his buddy. You
got that?!

Colleen finger-punches Killjoy between the eyes, then
straightens her back and casually lifts a bottle of champagne
off the table, winks at Torrey, and saunters back to the
captain's quarters.

The Motley Crew sits in stunned silence.

Torrey lowers her head to hide a big smile.

SLICK

(to Killjoy)

Sir, you did retake possession of
her weapons?

Killjoy, eyebrows raised;

KILLJOY

First thing. You fucking kidding
me?

JOHNSTON

(to Torrey handing her a
plate with a steak)

Go on young lady, eat something.

Torrey looks around the table at the men.

TORREY

Where's Shawn? Why didn't he come?

Killjoy stops smiling. His eyes hold Torrey's.

KILLJOY

He took fire so we could escape a bad situation. We all owe him our lives.

Tears start to flood down Torrey's cheeks.

TORREY

He's dead?

Killjoy shakes his head.

KILLJOY

No, but he's seriously wounded. I'm sorry, Miss. Right now he's in a hospital in Germany.

TORREY

He'll be okay, right?

KILLJOY

Damn right.

All the men nod in agreement. Johnston is still holding her plate of food.

JOHNSTON

Torrey, you need to eat something.

Instead of taking the plate, Torrey scoots out of the booth and timidly walks over to Johnston. She suddenly wraps her arms around him.

TORREY

Thank you, sir, for coming, for not giving up on me.

Johnston engulfs the young lady in a big bear hug, holding her close. Then, and only then, does Torrey allow herself to break down and cry. Johnston rocks her, whispering;

JOHNSTON

Go ahead, let it go. Let it out.

TORREY

I had to shoot him. I didn't want him to take me. I kept telling myself, not me, not me. You can't take me. I was so confused. He was my friend. I liked him. He was Marcos, but he wasn't.

Torrey holds on to Johnston for dear life, sobbing.

JOHNSTON
It's okay baby. You did the right
thing. You did the right thing.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE -DAY

Johnston and Torrey are sitting together. Colleen is across
the aisle.

JOHNSTON
You thought about what you want to
do now?

TORREY
I want to see Shawn.

Johnston nods in agreement.

JOHNSTON
Can do. I'll go with you. What
about college?

TORREY
That can wait until after Shawn
recovers.

She gazes out the plane window.

TORREY (CONT'D)
I don't want to go back to the
farm.

JOHNSTON
I don't blame you. I wouldn't want
to go back there either. Maybe you
and your brother should think about
selling it.

TORREY
I don't really want to stay at GG's
either.

JOHNSTON
I'd have to agree with you on that
one too. Not until she can curb her
tongue a bit and cut back on the
drinking.

Torrey smiles knowingly. She leans her blistered and bruised
face on his shoulder. He pulls an airline blanket over her
shoulder.

TORREY
Can I stay with you for awhile?

JOHNSTON
Sure. Sure you can.

He puts an arm around her and kisses the top of her head.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

Johnston, Colleen and Torrey get out of a cab. Johnston removes their baggage and pays the cabby.

Colleen looks over her shoulder as she unlocks the front door.

COLLEEN
Oh, Torrey, I forgot to tell you.
Someone flew down from Georgia to
see you.

Torrey can't figure out who that could be.

As Colleen turns the key and swings the door open, Boozer rushes out, whimper-barking as he jumps on Torrey, crazily licking her.

Torrey is overjoyed and loves on her dog.

Johnston pauses carrying in the luggage to watch the reunion.

A YOUNG MAN, wearing a low Speedo, walks out and takes Johnston's bags. Torrey stares in shock at the Speedo dude.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
(to Torrey)
Oh, don't worry honey. He was
Boozer's baby-sitter. Lives down
the beach.

Colleen enters the house.

COLLEEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(screams)
OH MY GOD!!!

Johnston pulls a pistol from the small of his back as he and Torrey rush in.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Colleen is frozen - pointing.

SHAWN

Is waiting for them in a wheelchair, half his face and all his head heavily bandaged. The rest of him is in casts.

Beside him stands a military medic, with a hand on an IV stand.

TORREY

Shawn!!

Torrey runs into her brother's arms, kneeling in front of him. Tears flow as he tries to stroke the top of her head with a cast arm.

SOUND OF A CHOPPER flying low. It's shadow passes across the back patio before it disappears out over the ocean.

SHAWN

(to Johnston)

You know those guys were never here.

Johnston nods.

Torrey just stares at her brother, tearfully smiling. Their eyes telepathically convey thankfulness that both are still alive and together again. He tenderly touches her face then pulls her head close, kissing her forehead.

Boozer whines for affection too. Torrey includes him.

Colleen and Johnston stand together watching. Colleen puts an arm around Johnston's waist, which surprises him at first, then he puts an arm around her shoulder as they give each other a 'well we did it' congratulatory smile.

FADE TO BLACK:

END-CREDIT DENOUEMENTS

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Agent Stewart is looking at his cell phone. His face registers surprise.

AGENT STEWART

Hey, Nick.

Agent Nick looks over Stewart's shoulder at the picture on his cell phone.

Torrey, Johnston and Colleen are giving them the finger.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Shawn, in a wheelchair minus some bandages and the IV, is sitting on a porch watching Johnston and Torrey herd cows with dirt bikes into a pen while Boozer runs circles around them.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Colleen is looking out over city lights. There is a serene look on her face. Someone hands her a glass of wine, then strokes the back of her neck and kisses it, making her smile. It is General Perry.

THE END