

GHOSTS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. REMOTE ROAD ON HILLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

The golden time of the morning. The sun rises over a set of grassy hilltops on its way to consuming the last morning shadows of the landscape. The hills are dotted with coastal sage that blow gently in the morning breeze. A solitary strip of two lane road cuts through the sea of green as it winds its way around the hills. It is peaceful and quiet.

In the distance the faint sound of a diesel engine interrupts the silence.

A small white semi truck rounds the corner and into view, the kind that would deliver appliances into a neighborhood. Narcocorrido music begins to drown out the engine; it is coming from inside the truck.

INT. SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two Hispanic men ride in the cab listening to the music. They are killers, employees of the narco trade. The PASSENGER changes the channel on the radio to a pop station. The DRIVER becomes irritated.

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
Hey asshole, I like that song.

PASSENGER
(in Spanish)
You've heard it a thousand times.

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
When you drive we will listen to
what you want.

Frustrated the Passenger turns off the radio.

The steering wheel of the truck begins to SHAKE. Both front tires sound and handle like they are flat.

They have been blown.

The Driver pulls the truck over and brings it to a stop.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
What the fuck?

PASSENGER
(in Spanish)
Did we blow a tire?

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
Shit!

A SHATTERING of windshield glass.

Blood splatters in the cab behind both the driver and passenger as two perfectly placed shots exit the brains of the men. The driver falls into the steering wheel.

We hear no shot report.

EXT. SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The gentle breeze continues to blow, all is quiet. The only sound, the sound of the engine idling softly.

A newer crew cab pickup comes around the corner. It quickly comes to a stop a short distance behind the semi truck.

FOUR HISPANIC MEN armed with AK-47 style rifles and shotguns exit the vehicle and begin approaching the semi-truck.

They are dressed like Mexican cowboys but these men are stone cold killers, transport security for the cartel. But something is making these hard core men nervous. They move their guns all around looking for threats.

The men pass just feet from a THICK TUFT OF GRASS on the right hand side of the road. They cautiously approach the truck.

Two of the men's chests explode open in the front. The exit wounds from the shots that came from behind. Before the two other men can turn around they are struck in both the back and the sides of the head by well placed but separate shots.

The only sound heard is the sound of the bullets as they pass through the bodies.

It is QUIET for a moment.

Suddenly the tuft of grass, just feet away from the dead men, begins to move.

A man wearing a Ghillie suite and perfectly camouflaged to the surrounding area stands up. Underneath the grass, camo paint and suite is MITCH. Recently retired Navy Seal and leader of his fire team. He is smart, tough, and soft spoken.

Across the road another figure appears from over the hill. It is JEFF, more of what Hollywood would think of when they describe a Navy Seal, he is tough, brash, and likes to drink. He is outfitted the same as Mitch. Their AR-15's are secured to them with the help of a rifle sling.

Quickly and coordinated the two men move towards the semi, ensuring the four men on the ground and the men in the cab are dead.

Once confirmed Mitch makes a hand motion up the hill.

Halfway up the hill two more camouflaged figures emerge.

SAMMY, a skilled operator, team labeled jokester, and the youngest of the group emerges. He is wearing cammo and a tactical vest.

COLE, The deadliest member of the group appears from the adjacent bush. Cole is a soft spoken, thoughtful, killing machine. He is an adrenaline junky and only happy when conducting an op. He is also Mitch's best friend. He is wearing camo, tactical vest, and a camouflaged backpack.

Both men are carrying .308 sniper rifles with high powered scopes.

Both men quickly descend on the scene below, rifles raised.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEMI TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Jeff split and take up positions at the front of the semi and the back of the pickup truck. They kneel down, ready for any threats that come up or down the road.

Sammy and Cole head directly to the back of the Semi Truck. Cole unslings his pack and pulls out a pair of large bolt cutters from within the pack. He cuts the lock easily. Using hand signals Sammy and Cole ready to breach the cargo door. Guns raised they fling open the back of the truck.

The truck is empty except for a large industrial size freezer strapped to a pallet.

Sammy hops in the back of the semi truck as Cole pulls three large knapsacks out of his pack. He throws them to Sammy who cuts the strapping holding down the freezer enabling him to open the freezer's large doors.

Paydirt. Bundles and bundles of cash fall out from the freezer.

Sammy stuffs each knapsack full, cinches it closed, throws to the edge of the truck and repeats.

Piles of cash remain in the freezer. The amount of cash does not dictate what they take, the Op does.

The two men put on their packs, each one guarding the other as they do. The men then each grab another knapsack before splitting off towards the two other men.

Cole and Sammy bring the other men their packs who quickly place them on.

The four men head in a diagonal direction up the hill. They leapfrog with each other, one always covering the rear as they move. In an instant they are gone over the hill as quickly as they came.

The morning is QUIET once more.

"GHOSTS" appears in large white letters across the screen.

EXT. ALGODONES DUNES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Rock music PLAYS.

"Six Months Earlier" appears across the screen.

We fly over an endless sea of campers, fifth wheels, toy haulers, then over 4x4's and sandrails tearing up the dunes.

PEOPLE PARTYING.

We continue to fly towards a pair of sandrails in the distance. We focus in on them. The sandrails, one red and one black loosely follow each other.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The sandrails catch epic air off of the hills, do sweeping fishtails off of banks, aggressively cut each other off. The two rails come off a hill side by side and begin to race each other across a flat section.

INT. BLACK SANDRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Mitch is driving the black sandrail with Cole in the passenger. Both men are having fun. They look to their right to see the red sandrail neck and neck with them.

COLE
(yelling at red sandrail)
Ain't gonna happen!

INT. RED SANDRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Jeff is driving the red sandrail and a sexy girl named SARAH rides in the passenger seat.

JEFF
(to Mitch and Cole)
I got you!

They race down the straight away trading the lead spot. Eventually Mitch and Cole edge Jeff out for the win.

EXT. CAMP- MOMENTS LATER

A large, older, toy hauler and tents make up their camp. Out front of them the usual camping items, chairs, table, grill. Mitch's truck, a two door 90's era F150 is parked in the distance. The truck has a canopy on the back where Mitch crashes. Mitch's sandrail's trailer sits still hitched to the back. Next to his Truck is Jeff's old Chevy Bronco. The two sandrails race into their campsite and come to a stop. Their camp is a distance away from the main concentration of campers - a group within the group.

The boys and Sarah get out of their sandrails and begin walking towards the large toy hauler.

JEFF
We had you bro.

Mitch cracks a brief smile.

MITCH
Never.

The group walks under the awning and Sammy, who is sitting on a lawn chair, gets up and grabs waters for everyone. He hands one to Sarah.

SARAH
Oh you're so sweet.

Jeff rolls his eyes as Sammy flashes him a deviant smile.

SAMMY
Yes, yes I am.

Sammy tosses the three boys cold waters. Jeff throws his back.

JEFF
(sarcastically)
Seriously?

Sammy goes back to the cooler, grabs a beer and throws it to Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That a boy.

The toy hauler door opens and ROB exits the trailer holding his seven year old daughter SOPHIE. Rob is the fifth member of Mitch's fire team. His daughter Sophie, has blonde hair and has a personality that can melt the heart of even the toughest guy. The only child of the only man in the group to have a child, she is loved and doted on by all the guys in the fire squad.

Sophie is resting in Rob's arms and looks very tired and pale. Upon seeing her, Mitch cracks a tender smile.

MITCH

Hey, there's our princess.

Sophie cracks a little smile. She loves Mitch.

ROB

She still isn't feeling so hot.

Mitch rubs his hand gently through her hair.

MITCH

Sorry angel.

COLE

Would you like to go for a ride sweetie and get some fresh air? I promise to go slow.

Sophie shakes her head no.

SOPHIE

(to Rob)

Can I go lay down daddy?

The men look at each other, they're worried about her.

ROB

Of course baby.

Rob takes her back into the trailer as Rob's pretty but tough looking blonde haired wife RACHEL exits. She gives Sophie a kiss on her forehead as they pass.

The men gather around Rachel.

MITCH

So what are they saying?

Rachel shakes her head, clearly frustrated.

RACHEL

Nothing. The doctor says as soon as the test results come back they'll call us.

SAMMY

Poor kid.

RACHEL

(beginning to tear up)
If they could just fucking tell us something.

Mitch gives her a hug.

MITCH

That little girl's the toughest kid I know, she'll be okay.

COLE

Right, just look at who her parents are.

RACHEL

Laughs.

Rachel wipes her tears away and composes herself.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Well, who's hungry? How bout I get some dogs on the grill for you guys?

GUYS

Oh yeah.

SARAH

Can I help?

RACHEL

That would be great.

Rachel and Sarah head over and begin prepping some hot dogs.

EXT. BONFIRE AT CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A large CAMPFIRE flickers and crackles in the night. A desert breeze blows. In the distance the glow from other campfires pierce the blackness of the night. We hear the faint sound of sandrails and see the occasional headlight of 4x4's appear over a far off hill.

Mitch, Cole, Jeff, and Sammy stand somberly around the fire passing around a bottle of whiskey. Jeff takes a swig and looks back toward's Rob's toy hauler. Rob is consoling a crying Rachel. Rob gives the guys a quiet somber nod before following Rachel into the trailer.

SAMMY

So?

MITCH

Leukemia.

Cole lets out a sigh.

SAMMY

What does that mean?

COLE

(starring at the fire)

It means that little girl has a tough road ahead of her.

Jeff takes another drink from the bottle.

JEFF

What's the plan?

Mitch motions for Jeff to hand him the bottle. He takes a sip and then hands it to Cole.

MITCH

They're going to start treatment on Monday.

JEFF

Where?

MITCH

Phoenix.

SAMMY

Is it a good facility?

MITCH

It's good, but not the best.

SAMMY

Where's the best?

COLE

Memphis.

JEFF

Then we take them to Memphis.

MITCH

What?

JEFF

If Memphis is the best, that's where they need to go.

SAMMY

How do you figure Trump? Rob's pension's no bigger than ours.

JEFF

I don't know but she deserves it.

Mitch looks back at the trailer.

MITCH

Yeah - she does.

SAMMY

What would it cost - to send her there?

MITCH

I figure it has to be at least a couple hundred k.

JEFF

Shit.

SAMMY

We could sell Jeff to the Taliban.

Jeff flips Sammy off.

COLE

What if we took out some loans?

JEFF

Bank loan? Not with the debt I'm carrying.

SAMMY

Same, I'm always a check away from bivouacking under an overpass.

MITCH

Yeah, that's not viable.

The rest of the guys nod.

COLE

What about Pineapple?

Cole raises his eyebrows.

JEFF
Yeah Pineapple fuckin a, he owes us.

MITCH
I hear you, and that would be a great option except he's dead.

Cole looks up from the fire, surprised.

SAMMY
Dead?

MITCH
(nodding)
That's the rumor, bought it doing an op in Syria.

JEFF
(sarcastically)
Great.

They continue to pass the bottle around, finishing it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Alright, fuck it, let's rob a bank.

Cole gives a slight smile, he likes the idea.

SAMMY
Rob a bank? Are you fucking nuts?

JEFF
Why not?

MITCH
You mean besides its illegal?

Jeff pulls out a joint from his pocket and lights it. He takes a puff and offers it to Cole who shakes his head no. He offers it to Sammy who accepts. Sammy takes a puff.

JEFF
Okay I got it, we knock off a dispensary.

SAMMY
(holding in his smoke)
Lot of dope.

JEFF
(looking at Mitch)
Lot of cash.

Mitch thinks about it for a moment.

MITCH
No, forget it.

JEFF
Why n-

MITCH
Because the risk is too great for a
civilian casualty. We'd have to go
in hot, and what happens if
something goes wrong, you going to
shoot a cop?

SAMMY
I'm not shooting a cop.

MITCH
No, we're not. Look, we became
Seals to protect people, not put
them in harms way.

JEFF
So what, we do nothing?

MITCH
I didn't say that.

Mitch looks at the group.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Okay, let's chew on this. We can
talk at range time.

COLE
Can we push it to 1:00? I had to
shuffle my VA time.

MITCH
Is everyone good with thirteen
hundred?

JEFF
Yeah.

Mitch gives a somber nod to the guys.

MITCH
I'm gonna hit the rack.

Mitch heads back towards his camper. Jeff and Sammy leave the fire, sharing the joint as they walk. Cole continues to stare into the fire thinking.

INT. WALMART - NEXT WEEK - DAY

Mitch stands in line at a busy Walmart. VARIOUS COUPLES and FAMILIES shop and laugh, their carts full with items. Mitch holds a basket with only a couple of items, fruit, veggies, chicken breasts. He looks around, a somber look on his face. He is disconnected. A COUPLE jokes as they walk by. A MOTHER pushes her shopping cart in line behind Mitch, her YOUNG DAUGHTER rides in the cart. The Young Girl stares at Mitch. Mitch gives the girl a smile and the girl gets scared and hides her head against her mother's chest. Mitch looks at the Mother who gives him a cold look.

EXT. WALMART - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

A busy parking lot outside a busy store. VARIOUS CUSTOMERS come and go. Mitch walks out carrying his bag of groceries. He gets to his truck and throws the bag in the passenger side. Something catches his eye.

A YOUNG HISPANIC MALE carrying a black duffel bag walks past the other side of Mitch's truck. The man walks quickly, weaving between various cars and does not see Mitch. Mitch grabs his bag of groceries and follows the man.

The man walks over to the driver's side of an SUV parked in the lot and hands the bag to a MAN in the vehicle.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK - WALMART - PARKING LOT - LATER

Mitch sits inside his truck. He is parked a few rows back from the SUV and watches as another HISPANIC MAN delivers a large paper bag to the SUV. The SUV begins to leave the parking lot - Mitch follows in his truck.

EXT. RIFLE RANGE - NEXT WEEK

We see a long row of shooting lanes, mostly empty. The boys are standing around a cement table. The table contains a camo colored .308 sniper Rifle with a scope, bullets, binoculars etc. Sammy uses two different cans of spray paint to touch up the camo on his AR-15 rifle.

JEFF

The cartel?

Mitch nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(surprised look)
You want to knock off the Mexican
cartel?

Mitch nods.

MITCH
I watched for an hour and no less
than half a dozen people dropped
off bags to this guy. Right in the
freaking middle of Walmart.

JEFF
Did you see any cash?

MITCH
No.

JEFF
Then how do you even know it's
cash? I mean it could be drugs for
all you know.

COLE
The flows in the wrong direction.
If it was drugs you would have one
guy dispersing many bags, not one
guy receiving many.

MITCH
Exactly.

SAMMY
We'll we can't hit them in a
Walmart parking lot?

MITCH
Not the parking lot, the house. I
tailed them home and found their
stash house. It's in a nice quiet
neighborhood, right in Peoria.

JEFF
(looking at Cole)
I don't know. Cole what do you
think?

SAMMY
Don't I get a voice?

JEFF

No.

COLE

Well, we know they won't call the cops.

MITCH

No cops, no investigation. Nobody will miss it.

COLE

Except the cartel.

Jeff Nods.

COLE (CONT'D)

What's the potential?

MITCH

Hard to say. But I'm betting its enough to get Sophie to Memphis, or at least halfway.

JEFF

Shit you think?

Mitch nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay - fuck it I'm in.

The guys look at Sammy.

SAMMY

The way I see it, the Cartel's an enemy of the U.S.

JEFF

Someone's been watching Clear and Present Danger again.

The boys laugh.

SAMMY

It's a classic. Anyway I'm in.

Cole is still pondering his decision.

MITCH

Cole?

COLE

I'm in on one condition.

Mitch gives him a nod to speak.

COLE (CONT'D)
Any drugs we find get destroyed.

SAMMY
Do we have to include weed in that?

MITCH
Yes.

SAMMY
(joking)
Fine.

TWO HUNTERS in their mid 40's walk by the guys and give them a NOD on their way to a lane a distance away. The guys wait until they are out of ear shot.

MITCH
Okay we run it as an op.

The guys nod.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Cole, we need some Intel on the house. Get me paths of entry and exit, make note of any homes in the area with pets. I'm guessing this will be an early morning breach, so let's find out who goes to work when, who takes their dog out for a shit etc.

COLE
Got it.

MITCH
Jeff, we don't want AR-15's on this. I think we should go with silenced Kalashnikov's. Maybe they'll think it was a rival cartel. Can you work on the set ups?

Jeff nods.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Alright, Let's get to work and get this done.

The group begins to load up their stuff.

SAMMY
(raising his hand)
Um, do I get to do anything?

Mitch smiles.

MITCH
You want to help me steal a van?

Sammy smiles. The men begin loading up their gear to head out.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIX DAYS LATER - NIGHT

A large pool table sits in the living room of Mitch's home. The home is sparsely decorated and has very little furniture. The boys stand around the pool table, which is currently operating as a prepping area. They are all wearing latex gloves and are dressed in black pants and shirts. They load 7.62 Ammo into high capacity clips. Four 7.62 silenced AK-47 rifles sit on the table along with black ski masks and headsets. They strap on body armor over their shirts. BLACK BACKPACKS lie on the ground.

MITCH
Make sure your casings are clean of prints.

Sammy nods. The men lock and load their weapons.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Let's go get the van.

The men grab their weapons and gear and grab a backpack off the floor before heading out to the garage.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

It is still dark as THE WHITE COMMERCIAL VAN pulls over on a side street, it's headlights turned off before it comes to a stop. Quickly, the men exit the van, backpacks, headsets, and masks on, guns raised. They run through the side of a yard that is directly behind the target house.

EXT. MLS# 5781378 - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jeff kneels on all fours at a block walled fence which separates them from their target house. The men step on his back, enabling them to quickly negotiate the wall. Cole goes last, and straddles the fence enabling Jeff to grab his hand and be swung up and over the fence. Cole then disappears behind the wall. A dog BARKS in the distance.

EXT. MLS# 5781378 - BACK YARD -CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Jeff take positions up at the back sliding door of the small single story house. A light glows through some blinds in the kitchen. Mitch and Cole make their way around the side towards the front.

EXT. MLS# 5781378 - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Cole move quickly to the front door. In the foreground a "FOR SALE" sign from "The Weins Real Estate Group" sits prominently in the yard. Mitch notices a real estate lock box is attached to the front handle.

MITCH
(speaking softly into his
headset)
In position.

JEFF
(softly over headset)
In position.

MITCH
(speaking softly into his
headset)
On my mark. In five, four, three -

He counts down the last two seconds silently. Cole kicks in the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MLS#5781378 - BACK SLIDING DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jeff quickly pops open the slider and he and Sammy enter the house, rifles raised.

INT. MLS# 5781378 - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Mitch and Cole enter the home in tactical formation. The house is void of furniture and empty. They reach the hall and meet up with Jeff and Sammy.

THE HOUSE IS EMPTY

Mitch points down the hall to the bedrooms.

SERIES OF SHOTS

They check each room and the garage only to find it is empty.

Once they have cleared the house they meet up in the kitchen and remove their masks.

JEFF

What the fuck? There's nothing here!

MITCH

(to Cole)

What do you think?

COLE

Obviously they moved it before we could get here, maybe even before we started our Intel.

JEFF

(to Mitch)

And your sure the money was here?

MITCH

I'm sure.

Mitch looks in a couple of cupboards, Jeff begins to look in all of them.

SAMMY

So now what?

Mitch looks around briefly before something catches his eye on the counter. It is the real estate flyer for the home. On top it says "Offered by the Weins Real Estate Group". Mitch grabs it and puts it in his pocket.

COLE

(to Sammy)

Do you still have any spray paint left?

SAMMY

Yeah, why?

COLE

Hit the walls. Let's make this look like kids.

SAMMY

Well what should I paint?

COLE

I don't know, make it look like graffiti.

SAMMY

Yeah? And what does that look like?

Cole gives him a dirty look and walks away.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Well I don't know. I'm no fucking delinquent.

Sammy pulls out a tan and a brown can of spray paint and begins painting graffiti. The guys watch as he hits a couple of different walls. Mitch nods his head satisfied.

MITCH

That's good, let's skin out.

The men exit out the back slider and into the night.

INT. HOSPITAL - SOPHIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Sophie sits in her hospital bed, an IV sticks out of her arm as fluids drip into her. Rob, Rachel and the boys are all in the room.

MITCH

(to Sophie)

So how you holding up kiddo?

SOPHIE

Okay. I sleep a lot.

Mitch touches her arm and smiles.

MITCH

That's okay sweetie, while you sleep you're body keeps fighting the bad stuff.

JEFF

It's kicking the shi-. Um I mean its kicking that cancer's butt.

Rachel gives Jeff a look of disappointment briefly before smiling.

RACHEL

Okay guys that's enough. Visiting time is over.

SOPHIE

Please mom, can they stay just a couple more minutes? Please?

RACHEL

No honey, you need your rest.

Mitch kneels down by here and touches her gently on the head.

MITCH

Get some rest princess. I promise you we'll be back real soon. And next time I'm going to bring you a friend.

SOPHIE

You promise?

MITCH

I promise.

SOPHIE

A really big one?

MITCH

(laughing)

A really big one.

Mitch gives Sophie a kiss on her forehead and then goes and gives Rachel a hug. He pats Rob on the shoulder who gives him a nod. The rest of the guys say goodbye.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOPHIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROB

Thanks guys, you always lift her spirits.

MITCH

You couldn't keep us away.

COLE

Damn right.

MITCH

How are you holding up?

ROB

As best as one could expect. The bills are already starting to come in.

Rob Shakes his head.

ROB (CONT'D)

The only thing that matters is that she gets better. Everything else is just details.

MITCH

Yeah well hang in there.

COLE

We got your back brother.

ROB

Thanks. Every problem has a solution right?

COLE

(smiles slightly)

Yeah, it does.

Rob gives a puzzled look as the guys start to walk away

ROB

(to Cole)

You're smiling. What are you up to?

Mitch turns back and looks at Rob.

MITCH

You just focus on that little girl brother. We'll talk soon.

Rob watches them leave for a moment before heading back into his room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - MITCH'S TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Mitch leans up against his truck and pulls out the Real Estate flyer he took the other night and hands it to Cole.

MITCH

This was at the house.

COLE

Might explain why the house was empty.

SAMMY

What?

JEFF

You think there using the company to stash their goods?

MITCH

It would give them an endless supply of rotating storage sites.

COLE

Never stay in one place long enough for anyone to get suspicious, smart.

Sammy raises his eyebrows and nods.

MITCH

Okay, were going to sit on their office like flies on shit. If they are, we'll know soon.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK - WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - MORNING

Mitch and Cole sit in the parking lot of an office complex across the street from Weins Real Estate Group. Mitch yawns as Cole takes a sip of his coffee. The truck has empty bags of food and bottles of water. Two pairs of binoculars rest on the dash.

COLE

What are you thinking?

MITCH

I don't know. Three days and nothing. Maybe it was a one time deal with this company. Hell maybe they didn't even know the cartel was using one of their properties.

COLE

You think?

MITCH

I don't know. What do you think?

COLE

I think I have nothing better to do.

The two men share a laugh.

A BLACK AUDI A8 pulls up into the parking lot of the Real Estate office. A tall thin late twenties Hispanic man named HECTOR QUESADA exits the vehicle. Hector is wearing a nice business shirt, slacks and tie and carrying a manila envelope.

Hector shuts his front door, places the manila envelope on the roof of his car and opens the back door to get out his suite jacket which is hanging on a hanger in the back seat.

MITCH

Nice car.

Hector turns to put his suite jacket on, exposing a Glock 9mm pistol tucked in his back waist belt.

COLE

Nice Glock.

Hector heads into the building. Cole and Mitch pick up the binoculars.

P.O.V. Binoculars - Hector enters BILL WEINS's Office. Bill Weins is tall, overweight and slightly balding. Bill shakes Hector's hands and motions for him to sit down. Bill hands Hector a three ring binder containing available properties. He flips through the pages for several moments before turning the binder back towards Bill and pointing to a property. Hector hands Bill the manila envelope. Bill places the envelope in his drawer then speaks into the intercom on his phone. A moment later CARMILLA LOPEZ enters his office. The late twenties real estate agent of hispanic descent is gorgeous and instantly attracts the attention of Mitch.

MITCH

(looking through
binoculars)

Wow.

Carmilla shakes Hector's hand before Bill instructs her on something. Hector and Bill stand up and the three of them leave his office.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK - WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - MOMENTS LATER

Hector and Carmilla exit the building. Carmilla is carrying a small sign that says "Under Contract" and her briefcase. Hector heads to his Audi and Carmilla gets in her WHITE VOLKSWAGON PASSAT. Cole opens the passenger door to Mitch's truck and begins to exit quickly still holding his binoculars.

COLE

I'm on the suit.

MITCH

I'll stay on her.

Mitch turns his engine on and begins to back out, following Carmilla out of the parking lot.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - LATER

Carmilla pulls into the driveway of a THREE BEDROOM RANCH HOME in a newer Phoenix neighborhood. The front yard is grass and well manicured. A backyard fence made out of wood separates the front from the side and back of the house. A For Sale Sign sits in the front yard. Mitch parks his truck around the corner. Carmilla takes the "Under Contract" sign and hangs it on the For Sale sign and then gets back in her car and drives away.

INT. MITCH'S TRUCK - MLS# 725489 - CONTINUOUS

Mitch watches Carmilla drive away. He looks in his rear view mirror and sees the street is quiet. Mitch decides to check out the house and gets out of his truck.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - CONTINUOUS

Mitch jogs across the street and into the yard of the home for sale. He grabs a flyer out of the sign and looks around once more. Convinced no one is watching he makes his way towards the side of the house.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch reaches over the fence and unlatches the gate. He opens the gate and heads towards the back of the house.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - BACK OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch looks in the back windows of the house. The house is vacant of any furnishings, the walls plain and white. After inspecting the inside Mitch goes to the back fence, and peeks over. He notices a dog house in the yard directly behind the home. He then looks into the back yard of the house directly to the right. The yard is empty and Mitch can see the street directly on the other side of the yard - he raises his eyebrow and likes what he sees.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE IN NEIGHBORHOOD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mitch pulls his truck into the convenience store. He parks next to another large truck.

He is talking on the phone to Cole and does not notice the White Passat parked on the other side of the truck as he enters the store.

MITCH
(over phone)
Yeah its all good, we just need to wait for the package.

Mitch heads to the snack aisle and looks over the snack options while he listens to Cole.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(over phone)
Really? - interesting. Okay you keep eyes on them and I'll call you back for the local - Okay.

Mitch calls Jeff.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Hey. Cole's got eyes on something right now - a junk yard. Meet me at my place. Yeah I'm heading there now.

Mitch quickly grabs a bag of trail mix and then heads towards the drink aisle. He turns the corner and RUNS SMACK INTO Carmilla, knocking a bag of trail mix out of her hand. Before Mitch realizes who she is he leans over to pick up her bag.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Oh crap! I'm sorry.

CARMILLA
It's okay.

Mitch picks up the trail mix and begins to stand up.

MITCH
I'm and idiot I need to watch wh-

Mitch sees it is the lady from the Real Estate office.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Where I'm going.

Carmilla smiles. She notices he has the same snack mix.

CARMILLA
At least you have good tastes in snacks.

Mitch stares at her, not knowing what to say. Carmilla feels his uneasiness.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
You have to worry when a soldier's
tongue is tied.

MITCH
(nervous)
What makes you think I'm a soldier?

Carmilla laughs.

CARMILLA
Please, I have two jar heads for
brothers, I can spot you guys a
mile away.

MITCH
That obvious huh?

CARMILLA
(sarcastically)
Sorry.

The two smile at each other. Carmilla extends her hand.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
I'm Carmilla.

Mitch shakes her hand.

MITCH
Sorry, my name's Mitch.

CARMILLA
Nice to meet you Mitch.

MITCH
Nice to meet you too.

CARMILLA
Do you live around here?

MITCH
Yes, No, I mean not far.

CARMILLA
I tend bar at night over at the
Lizard Lounge. It's right off of
Bell.

MITCH
Yeah, I know the place.

CARMILLA
You should stop by sometime.

MITCH
I should?

CARMILLA
Yeah, you should.

MITCH
(nervous again)
Then I will. Yeah I can do that.

CARMILLA
Good. See you around Mitch.

MITCH
Nice meeting you Carmilla.

Carmilla turns the isle and heads towards the cashier. Mitch hits his head with his hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Idiot.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - STREET - NIGHT

Sirens wail in the distance. Rusted barbed chain link fences line the surrounding lots. An old broken or abandoned vehicle sits across the trash littered street. Cole's truck is parked on the corner of the road next to an old pole holding the only street light in the area. The street is dark and vacant. Across the intersection sits an auto wrecking business containing an endless sea of old demolished vehicles, their rows rising high above the barbed chain link fence protecting the perimeter. The lot to the right of his truck is a container cart storage facility. Container carts, some stacked three high fill the property.

A WHITE VAN slowly turns the corner. The van turns off its lights and then does a quick U-turn and parks behind Cole's Truck.

Mitch, Jeff, and Sammy hop out of the van, they are dressed geared up like their first mission. They walk over to Cole's truck and realize he is not there. Behind them in the container cart lot we hear a thump as Cole climbs down from a stack of three high container carts. Cole is still wearing his clothes from the real estate office stake out, and is carrying his binoculars. He slides through a hole in the chain link fence and walks up to the boys.

JEFF
How's the view?

COLE
Green.

MITCH
Is our friend with the Glock still there?

COLE
No, he left a couple of hours ago.

MITCH
Did you observe any actual cash?

COLE
(shaking his head)
No, but vehicles have been coming and going all day. I couldn't get a vantage inside the building.

SAMMY
Yeah, well it's a business, that's not unusual.

COLE
Agree. But each one of these stayed less than five minutes. Not allot of time to hunt for a part.

JEFF
True.

MITCH
Anything else?

COLE
Every vehicle had two scary looking hispanic men in it.

SAMMY
That's profiling.

MITCH
Hmm.

COLE
There's more. A couple of hours ago an HVAC Van pulled in and its still there.

SAMMY
I don't follow?

MITCH

You think there loading it up?
Stashing the cash in it?

COLE

I do. I think there's cash in there
and its getting ready to head
south.

JEFF

Thousands of commercial trucks
cross into Mexico every day.

MITCH

What are we up against?

COLE

From what I can tell, three or four
individuals and one dog.

JEFF

Is it big?

MITCH

Doesn't have to be. One bark and
they'll know we're coming.

COLE

(smiling to Jeff)
It's big.

JEFF

Shit, I hate dogs.

MITCH

Okay, Cole get suited up.

Cole heads into the van and begins to change into his
tactical gear.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - MINUTES LATER

Rows and rows of smashed cars stacked high in the air create
a maze of pathways through the old salvage yard. In the
center of the yard, light emits from the two open bay doors
of the large corrugated metal building. The sound of
grinding and power tools can be heard from inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER CART LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jeff and Cole lay on top of a high stack of container carts. Their position gives them a great view inside the property. They look through the scopes of their rifles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER CART LOT - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. Cole's Scope - Cole watches as Mitch and Sammy cut a section of chain link fence on the perimeter of the Salvage Yard. Moving his scope to the right and inside the perimeter he sees a LARGE BLACK ROTTWEILER running between a couple of old parted out cars. The dog pauses momentarily to sniff something.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER CART LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cole moves his hand towards his trigger.

JEFF
(whispering)
I thought you liked dogs?

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER CART LOT - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. Cole's Scope - Cole squeezes the trigger firing his silenced AK-47 hitting and killing the dog with one shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONTAINER CART LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cole continues to look through his scope.

COLE
I love dogs, I just love Sophie
more.

Cole rolls out and hops off of the container, Jeff follows.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Cole and Jeff meet up with Mitch and Sammy at the section of chain link fence. Mitch pulls back the cut section creating a hole in the fence and the four men enter. They move in tactical formation towards the building, scanning for threats as they go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - ROW OF CARS - CONTINUOUS

The men move quickly down an aisle lined on both sides by smashed cars, not even glancing at the dead Rottweiler laying on the ground. They reach the end of the aisle and peek around the corner. In the distance they see the corrugated building. Light shines out the two large open bay doors. The sound of cutting and welding can still be heard.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They reach the building and Mitch peaks through a crack in its metal siding.

INT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. - Mitch. Stacks of tires and shelves of auto parts line the large room. A couple of newer model trucks are parked adjacent to a white work van that says "Cooler Solutions, an HVAC company". An acetylene torch and two large tanks stand next to the van. Sparks fly as TWO MEN weld something in the van. THREE GUARDS sit on some tires talking and paying little attention to what the two men in the van are doing. Their weapons, two AK -47 Rifles and a shotgun lay against some tires next to them. Mitch notices there is a DOOR on the back side opposite him. Mitch uses hand signals that he sees 5 men and instructs Jeff and Sammy to breach from the back door and he and Cole will go in the front.

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - FRONT -
MOMENTS LATER

Mitch and Cole squat ready at the side of the large bay doors of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVAGE YARD CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff and Sammy get into position and call Mitch on their headsets.

JEFF
(into headset)
In position.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Mitch nods to Cole.

MITCH
(into headset)
Go on my mark from three. Three,
two.

INT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Cole quickly enter the building in tactical formation and take aim at the three guards. The guards see them and go to reach for their guns. Without hesitation Mitch and Cole fire a few bursts of their silenced weapons and take out the three guards. Sammy and Jeff converge on the van and each take out one of the two workers with quick bursts as they exit the vehicle. They clear the room, Jeff shuts the back door and places a tire in front of it. Sammy kneels down and aims his weapon out the two large bay doors, watching for threats. Mitch hops into the van through the two open back doors.

INT. COOLER SOLUTIONS HVAC VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is empty- a torch lays on the floor.

MITCH
(to Cole)
Hand me that crowbar.

Cole picks up a crowbar resting against the van and hands it to Mitch.

INT. COOLER SOLUTIONS HVAC VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch pry's open one of the van's side panels exposing a wall of cash wrapped in plastic.

MITCH

Bingo.

Cole and Mitch begin loading the cash into their backpacks.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT.

The boys dump out their backpacks filled with cash on the pool table. The stack's are too big for the table and some fall off onto the floor. They are high on adrenaline.

JEFF

There must be a couple of million here!

SAMMY

Sophie girl, we got you covered!

JEFF

How are we going to clean all this?

MITCH

We'll figure that out.

Cole, who is more reserved, cracks a slight smile. He looks at Mitch and then quietly heads towards the back yard.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

The back yard is bare except for a trash can containing empty beer bottles and oily rags. The back yard overlooks a desert wash and is dark. The night stars shine brightly in the sky. Mitch comes out carrying two BEERS. He hands one to Cole who is standing looking at the night. The two look at each other and break out into a short laugh.

MITCH

Good to see you smile bro. It's been a while.

COLE

You too. I worry about you.

MITCH

Me?

COLE

Yeah, you seem distant these days.

Mitch looks down at his beer then at Cole.

MITCH

You know. I always thought you should have stayed in.

COLE

Work with another team? Fuck that.

MITCH

It's who you are.

COLE

That's the pot calling the kettle black.

MITCH

(chuckling)
Maybe.

Mitch looks out at the desert.

MITCH (CONT'D)

It's different, being out I mean.

COLE

Yeah, it is.

MITCH

Any ways, I'm glad you had my back tonight.

COLE

Always brother.

The two men clink their beers together and share a drink.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - MORNING

A beautiful day in Northern Mexico. We see a large ranch style estate consisting of manicured lawns, colorful floral landscaping, a large pool, fountains, and a horse stable and barn. ARMED GUARDS walk among HOUSE STAFF who are busy keeping the grounds.

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - MORNING

JOSE RODRIGUEZ is talking with a YOUNG MEXICAN EMPLOYEE.
 Jose Rodriguez is a tall thin late 40's hispanic male with feathered hair. He is ruthless and a psychopath. Behind him we hear a welding torch being ignited and the sound of chains rattling.

JOSE
 (in Spanish)
 We need to make sure the transition is smooth. In order for that to occur we need to make sure anyone in a position of power is taken care of.

Jose's phone rings.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 (in Spanish to Young Mexican Employee)
 Excuse Me.

Jose walks out of the barn.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

A nice looking HORSE roams freely past Jose

JOSE
 Hello Hector. Fine, fine just finishing up some negotiations. How are you?

HECTOR
 (muffled over the phone)
 We've been hit.

JOSE
 Who did it?

HECTOR
 (muffled over the phone)
 We don't know yet.

JOSE
 (in English)
 This is most disturbing. I need you to find out quickly and make an example.

HECTOR
 (muffled over the phone)
 I will.

JOSE
 (in Spanish)
 Good. And Hector, place extra
 guards and lookouts at all drop
 locations.

HECTOR
 (muffled over the phone
 and in Spanish)
 Absolutely, I will take care of it.

Jose hangs up the phone and walks back into the barn.

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jose walks back into the barn. A RIVAL CARTEL MEMBER hangs from a rafter in the barn by his hands, secured with chains. A SECOND EMPLOYEE holds a torch while other GUARDS watch. Jose looks at the SECOND EMPLOYEE and gives him a nod. The man lights the torch and begins to burn the chained mans feet as he screams.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

Numerous VETERANS sit in the overcrowded waiting area at the local VA Hospital. VARIOUS MEDICAL STAFF come in and out of doors, and speak with patients. Cole is sitting down in a chair next to an UNKNOWN VET who has lost his leg. Cole wears a name tag that says "Veteran Volunteer". They both share a laugh at whatever it was they were talking about. Cole gets up and gives the UNKNOWN VET a pat on the shoulder before walking away. Cole walks across the room and hears two vets by the name of JIM and TODD talking. Todd's prosthetic leg shows from beneath his jeans.

JIM
 Since we lost the house She and the
 kids have been staying with the in-
 laws.

TODD
 Not you?

JIM
 No I can't do it man. Been
 crashing in the Ford.

TODD

Why don't you come stay with us,
until you find something?

JIM

Fuck that. You two are hanging on
by a thread as it is. Add me to
the mix and we'll both be crashing
in the truck.

Cole listens to the men discreetly. He looks around at all
the Vets. All of whom have been through hell.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - GARAGE - THAT NIGHT

Mitch is working on his sandrail, music plays in the
background. Cole hands Mitch a beer and he pops it open.

MITCH

Keep going?

COLE

Yes.

MITCH

Keep robbing the cartel?

COLE

Yes.

Mitch begins putting away his tools.

MITCH

Why? We have more than enough to
cover Sophie's costs.

COLE

I know, its just - ?

MITCH

We had the upper hand last time
brother. Next time we won't.

COLE

No different than all the other ops
we've pulled.

MITCH

This is the cartel we're talking
about, they have reach and
resources. And if they catch us
the only way it ends is us dead.

COLE

Death is always a possibility for guys like us. We've always accepted it.

MITCH

Yeah the destinations the same. But with these guys I hear the journey's a real bitch.

COLE

Right. Unlike those sweethearts in ISIS.

Mitch grabs his oil rags and heads into the house.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mitch opens up the slider and walks over to the large trash can on the back of his porch. He throws the rags in and then looks out at the night sky. Cole comes out onto the porch.

MITCH

I need a reason.

Cole stares out at the night sky.

COLE

Because there's more families like Sophie's out there. Allot brother. I see it man, Vets and their families are suffering.

MITCH

So what, you want to play Robin Hood?

Cole takes a sip of his beer and stares back off into the night.

COLE

You know, a while ago I decided to write down every mission we'd done.

MITCH

Long list.

COLE

Yeah. I made two columns one for the mission name and one for what we had accomplished. You know what I realized?

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

In the greater scheme of life all those missions didn't change a goddamn thing. Take out one scumbag another takes his place. Many of our boys paid a heavy price for status quo.

Mitch looks down somberly.

MITCH

I know.

COLE

The worst part? Most of those guys came home only to find they have a whole new war to fight. A war to hold on to what they had. Their wife, their kids, their house - sanity.

Cole looks Mitch straight in the eye.

COLE (CONT'D)

It's not right for these guys to lose a limb or eye only to come back and loose their families because they can't support them.

Mitch nods, takes a deep breath an takes a few steps back.

MITCH

I still don't know how where going to pay for Sophie's treatment without the IRS crawling up our ass, now you want to bring in more money? Christ!

Mitch throws his beer in the trash can out on the patio.

COLE

There's another reason.

MITCH

What's that?

COLE

The night we did the op was the most alive I felt since we EAS'd out.

MITCH

Shit.

COLE

Don't tell me you didn't feel it too. Look man I see you, you walk around like a zombie half the time. The only time you smile is when we're racing the rails. Life used to have a purpose. And okay I'll admit it. I loved the rush of an Op. The nerves as we prepped, the focus during, and the rush when it was over.

Cole looks at Mitch somberly.

COLE (CONT'D)

I miss it.

MITCH

(somberly)

The other day I sat down on the couch. It must have been around noon. I guess I was going to turn on the TV but I didn't. I just sat there. At some point, I realized the house was dark. I'd been there for hours.

COLE

What were you thinking about?

MITCH

I can't remember.

Mitch takes a deep breath.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Ever since we've been back I've felt like I'm floating. I don't sleep. I don't talk to anyone - except you guys. I watch people living their lives and say to myself, why can't that be you? But I can't - I mean what do I have in common with any of them?

Mitch stares out into the night.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I watch them but can't connect. It's like I'm a ghost.

Mitch walks back into the house.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch grabs another beer out of the fridge and opens it.

MITCH

The night of the op? I slept like a baby.

Mitch takes a drink of his beer.

COLE

It's who we are. Our careers, our training, hell our DNA! You, me, the guys, we're wolves. We're born to hunt.

MITCH

Robin Hood huh?

Cole smiles.

COLE

Robin Hood.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - WEEK LATER

Jeff and Sammy pull into a strip mall and hop out of Jeff's Bronco. Mitch and Cole are standing outside of Mitch's truck. SHOPPERS come and go.

JEFF

It looks good. A carpet cleaning crew of six. They carried in 4 large trash cans and vacuums. Twenty minutes later only two guys left carrying only two cans.

MITCH

So four guards?

SAMMY

Plus a couple of spotters down the street. They're parked in a Red F150.

MITCH

Okay, That's a total of six. Is there good access to the spotters?

JEFF

Yeah, there's plenty of cover to get close.

MITCH
(to Cole)
We on?

COLE
We should hit it tonight, no
telling how long the money will
stay parked.

Mitch nods in agreement.

MITCH
Okay, we all know the drill. Let's
meet at my place at twenty-one
hundred.

JEFF
Fuckin a.

The boys get in their vehicles and head out.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - STREET AROUND CORNER - LATE NIGHT.

Mitch and Cole move quickly down the neighborhood street,
weaving in and out of cars and yards as they make their way
in full black tactical gear towards the red F150.

An ELDERLY MAN turns the corner walking his dog. Mitch and
Cole barely escape detection by ducking behind a hedge, just
feet away from the man.

INT. RED F150 TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

TWO HISPANIC LOOKOUTS sit in their F150 Truck, the windows
rolled down. They are tired and bored.

EXT. RED F150 TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Cole squat behind the truck. A CAT walks up to
Cole and rubs itself on his leg. Cole gives it a quick pet.

INT. RED F150 TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Cat jumps on the hood of the truck startling the
Lookouts. One of the Lookouts begins to laugh. Two choke
wires quickly wrap around their necks. The men grab at their
throats, as they struggle to get free before the cords crush
their windpipes killing them.

EXT. RED F150 TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Cole open the doors and push the men down in the seats so they can't be seen. They roll up the windows and quietly shut the doors. Mitch makes a motion with his hand down the street behind the truck to come forward.

A Silver Suburban drives towards them its headlights off.

Mitch and Cole run across the street and disappear into the back yard of the house adjacent to the target home.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - CONTINUOUS

The Silver Suburban parks across the street from the target house. Jeff and Sammy, in black tactical, quickly make their way to the front of the target house.

INT. MLS# 725489 - FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A LARGE HISPANIC MAN sits on the floor asleep in the family room, his back rests on the wall opposite the sliding glass door leading to the back yard. A 9mm handgun in his hand. In front of him are 2 LARGE RUBBERMADE TRASH CANS WITH LIDS. A YOUNG HISPANIC GANGSTER walks into the room carrying an AK-47. He kicks the man as he walks by.

YOUNG HISPANIC GANGSTER
(in Spanish)
Wake up!

We hear a Loud Thump in the other room. The Young Gangster pauses and looks in the direction of the bed rooms. A moment later we hear another LOUD THUMP. The Young Gangster raises his AK-47 as he slowly approaches the room.

YOUNG HISPANIC GANGSTER (CONT'D)
(In Spanish)
Ramirez!

The Gangster heads towards the hallway. We hear a burst of broken glass and the young gangster goes down hit from a silenced 7.62 rifle. Cole and Mitch enter through the slider.

The Sleeping man wakes up, his view hidden by the trash cans. He sees his buddy dead on the ground and the movement of a figure. He fires his 9mm at Mitch. His aim is panicked and sloppy and he misses. Cole quickly tracks where the shots came from and with one burst, hits the man twice - Killing him.

Sammy and Jeff enter the room in tactical formation, hearing the shot.

Outside we hear NEIGHBORHOOD DOGS begin to bark.

MITCH
We need to jam.

JEFF
I'm on it.

Jeff disappears out the back slider.

EXT. MLS# 725489 - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff pulls the SUV up to the house and backs in the driveway, angling the back toward the side of the house. Mitch and Cole carry out one of the Trash Cans. Cole runs around the back as Mitch and Jeff load it into the back of the SUV. Moments later Cole and Sammy run out with the second can. They load up and calmly drive away.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Mitch is in his hallway closet and is stacking the last bit of cash they stole. He is out of his tactical gear and wearing jeans and a shirt. The cash rises almost to the ceiling. Cole, dressed in street clothes too, hands him a piece of cut sheet rock and Mitch places it in front of the cash creating a false wall.

MITCH
Well that should do it.

COLE
You know, unless we plan on delivering packets of cash to the people we want to help, we need to figure out a way to wash this.

MITCH
I know, I know.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Cole walk into the kitchen where Jeff and Sammy are standing in their street clothes. Jeff opens up the fridge and grabs a beer.

MITCH
It's 9:00am?

Takes several gulps of the beer and let's out a loud burp.

JEFF

Your point?

MITCH

(shaking his head in
disappointment)

I was going to run over to the
hospital. Any one up for going?

The guys nod. The guys begin to head towards the door. Jeff still carrying his beer.

COLE

Leave the beer.

Jeff chugs it, and then places the empty on the counter.

Mitch goes into the closet and comes out with a stack of cash. He grabs a couple of plastic grocery bags off of the kitchen counter and wraps the money in it.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SOPHIE'S ROOM - HOUR LATER

The guys, along with Rob and Rachel stand in the hallway and watch as Sophie is wheeled down the hall by a HOSPITAL ATTENDANT toward her room. Sophie has a bandana on and most of her hair is gone. She looks tired and sick. She tries to crack a smile to the guys as she passes and is wheeled into her room.

RACHEL

Guys now's not a good time for a
visit.

The guys are worried but give Rachel a nod. Rachel follows Sophie into the room and shuts the door.

ROB

Sorry guys, the chemo's really
making her sick.

MITCH

How's the treatment going?

ROB

Day by day.

The guys look worried.

ROB (CONT'D)

Look, tomorrow might be a better
time for a visit.

MITCH

Sure.

COLE

No problem.

Rob goes to head into the room, Mitch grabs his arm.

MITCH

Wait, there's something I want to give you.

Mitch hands Rob the plastic bag containing the stack of cash. Rob flips threw it - his eyes widening.

ROB

(whispering)

What's this?

MITCH

Something to help with the groceries.

ROB

What are you up to?

MITCH

It's all good.

ROB

(Whispering)

Good? Something that ends with someone handing you a bag full of cash is rarely fucking good.

MITCH

This is. You need money for Sophie.

ROB

What Sophie needs is for you guys to be there for her, not locked up because you robbed a bank.

COLE

It's nothing like that.

MITCH

Listen, I promise to explain everything to you. But for now, just trust me. You focus on that little girl. We can take care of ourselves.

ROB
Well - I know that.

Mitch gives Rob a hug.

MITCH
Get in there, we'll talk soon.

Rob nods to Mitch and the guys before heading into Sophie's room. The guys head down the hall towards the exit. A PRETTY NURSE walks towards them. Sammy looks at her and gives her a smile as she passes.

SAMMY
(flirting)
I feel sick. I may need medical attention.

The Pretty Nurse smiles but keeps walking.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - PATIO - DAY

Jose sits on a patio with a beautiful view on his estate drinking espresso. Across from him sits a cold looking man in a military uniform named EDMUNDO ESCOBAR AKA THE BEAR. Edmundo is the former head of Cuban Intelligence and served under Castro. He is brilliant and ruthless and his gaze is enough to make even the toughest individual turn away.

JOSE
(in English)
We have a problem in the states senior Escobar. A problem that a man with your investigative techniques and intelligence can appreciate.

Jose sips some of his espresso.

JOSE (CONT'D)
(in English)
In the past your skills have proven most beneficial. I am hoping you can help us again.

EDMUNDO
(in English)
How can I be of service?

JOSE
(in English)
Someone is causing disruptions with our collections in the Southwest.
(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)

I need you to go to America and
find out who is behind it.

EDMUNDO

(in English)

It would be my pleasure Senior
Rodriguez.

JOSE

(In English)

Excellent. You have full authority
to conduct your investigation.
I'll let Hector know you are
coming.

The two men get up from the table and shake hands.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THAT EVENING

Mitch lies sleeping on top of his bed, he still has his clothes on from earlier that day. Something in his dream startles him and he sits up quickly on his bed. He looks out his window to see the light of the day fading to night. He looks at his clock on the side of his bed. It is 6:30pm. He rubs his face, shaking the cob webs out and gets up. He is restless. He stares off for a moment in deep thought before getting up and turning on the shower.

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE BAR - THAT NIGHT

Mitch walks through the doors of the bar. The lizard lounge is one of those places with a lot of hardwood, Nascar photos on the wall, peanuts on the floor, and country music on the jukebox. The bar is packed. PEOPLE are dancing, shooting pool, and having a good time. Mitch walks towards the bar. Behind it Carmilla is serving beers and joking with customers. Wearing her tight jeans and cowboy hat she looks completely different then when she is in her business attire.

Mitch sits down at the bar. Carmilla heads over but is distracted cleaning up as she walks over - she doesn't notice it is Mitch.

CARMILLA

(wiping off the bar)

What can I get you?

MITCH

A bud and some trail mix.

Carmilla looks up and seeing Mitch smiles.

CARMILLA
Sorry soldier, we don't serve trail
mix. I can get you a bud?

Mitch nods and smiles. Carmilla pours him a beer.

MITCH
Thank you.

CARMILLA
So what brings you in?

MITCH
I figured the odds of me running
into you by accident were pretty
slim, so I thought I'd increase the
odds.

Carmilla blushes a little.

CARMILLA
Well I don't get off until one.
But your more than welcome to stay
and keep me company.

MITCH
I'd like that.

CARMILLA
Okay then.

Carmilla smiles and walks away to serve another Patron.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE - 2:00AM

Mitch and Carmilla are sitting at a booth across from each other laughing. A SERVER comes and takes away their plates. The two sit drinking their coffee.

CARMILLA
So after that travesty I said,
that's it, I need a new gig. So
six months ago I got my real estate
license.

MITCH
How's it going?

CARMILLA
Well I still tend bar - but I did
close my first deal.

MITCH
There you go.

CARMILLA
Time will tell right?

MITCH
(smiling)
It always does.

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT.

The two are in Carmilla's kitchen. The apartment is small but nicely furnished. Carmilla grabs a couple of beers out of her fridge. She hands one to Mitch who opens his - music plays softly in the background. She tries to twist off hers - she can but pretends she can't. She walks slowly up to Mitch until their bodies are practically touching.

CARMILLA
(softly)
Can you help me?

MITCH
(softly)
Sure.

Mitch goes to grab the beer but Carmilla won't let go. She slowly pulls Mitch closer and the two share a passionate kiss.

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS

The two undress each other and make love.

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mitch looks around the living room. He is already dressed in his clothes from last night. He notices a picture of Carmilla's two brothers TONY and RAY in their MARINE Uniforms and picks it up. We hear Carmilla in the kitchen.

MITCH
(talking loud so she can
hear him)
These your brothers?

Carmilla walks out from the kitchen wearing a sleep shirt and is carrying two cups of coffee.

CARMILLA
That's them.

MITCH
Marines huh? They look like good
men.

CARMILLA
They are. Good brothers too.

Mitch puts down the picture.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
I hope black is okay, I ran out of
milk.

MITCH
Black is good.

Carmilla walks up close to Mitch.

CARMILLA
So am I going to see you again?

MITCH
I'd like that.

CARMILLA
You would? I'd like that too.

The two smile at each other. Carmilla's cell phone rings.
She picks it up.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
(talking into phone)
Okay, sure. What time?

Mitch tries to listen, Carmilla rolls her eyes.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
(talking into phone)
I understand. I'll be in as soon
as I can.

Carmilla hangs up the phone, a concerned look on her face.

MITCH
Everything okay?

CARMILLA
That was my boss. He wants me to
come in. Apparently one of our
homes was vandalized.

MITCH

Really?

CARMILLA

Yea, the second one this month.

Carmilla puts her cup in the sink and seems in a hurry.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)

Listen I got to go. Will you call me later?

MITCH

You couldn't stop me.

Carmilla starts to walk towards her bedroom and then comes back. She gives Mitch a big long kiss.

CARMILLA

I had fun.

MITCH

Me too.

CARMILLA

Call me later.

MITCH

You got it.

Carmilla walks towards her bedroom. Mitch puts his cup in the sink and leaves.

INT. WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - MAIN AREA - LATER THAT MORNING.

Carmilla walks into the office wearing a business suit. Mr. Weins's door is closed. She places her things at her desk which is located outside of Mr. Weins's office. JUAN AND TONY, Edmundo's personal security sit in the lobby. Though they are both dressed in suits they are scary and intimidating. They glance briefly at Carmilla before going back to flipping through their magazines. Mr. Weins's office door opens.

BILL WEINS

Carmilla can you come in here for a moment?

CARMILLA

Sure.

Carmilla grabs a pen and legal pad and heads into the office.

INT. WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - BILL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmilla walks into Bill's office. Hector sits in a chair in front of Bill's desk.

CARMILLA

Hi Mr. Quesada. It's nice-

The door is shut behind her and we see Edmundo, who was standing out of sight behind the door. He is out of his military uniform and wearing a high end business suit. Edmundo stares directly at her eyes piercing her with his gaze. He holds the gaze for several moment. Carmilla, not timid, stares back at him, looking him directly in the eyes. Slowly, Edmundo cracks a creepy smile and extends his hand. His lie detector has its conclusion - she is not involved.

BILL WEINS

Carmilla this is Mr. Escobar. He is with our insurance carrier. Mr. Escobar this is Carmilla Lopez. One of our most promising agents.

Carmilla smiles.

CARMILLA

Hi, nice to meet you.

Carmilla is a little spooked out by him but not nervous.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)

How can I help?

EDMUNDO

Forgive me. We are speaking with anyone involved with the property to see if they noticed anything suspicious. If there is anything you noticed in the neighborhood, even if it seems small to you, it may be helpful. We don't want this single occurrence to become a habit.

Carmilla looks confused.

CARMILLA

But it already has.

BILL WEINS

Carmilla Mr-

CARMILLA

This is the second property of ours
to be vandalized.

BILL WEINS

I think that-

Edmundo raises his hand for Bill to be quiet. Hector looks
nervous in the chair.

EDMUNDO

Please Mrs. Lopes continue.

CARMILLA

It's just that we had another house
vandalized about two weeks ago.

Bill look's nervous now too.

BILL WEINS

I didn't think-

He looks at Carmilla.

BILL WEINS (CONT'D)

It's just that the situation seemed
different.

EDMUNDO

Perhaps Mr. Weins you would be kind
enough to show me the property?

BILL WEINS

Sure. Carmilla can-

EDMUNDO

Forgive me but I believe this is
Mrs. Lopes's day off? Perhaps you
could show me so we do not waste
any more of this young ladies time.

BILL WEINS

Of course. Thank you Carmilla, you
can go.

Edmundo extends his hand to Carmilla and smiles.

EDMUNDO

Thank you for your time and your
honesty. It was a pleasure meeting
you.

CARMILLA

Thank you. Please let me know if there is anything else I can do.

Carmilla leaves and Edmundo shuts the door behind her.

EDMUNDO

(to Hector)

Take me to the house that was hit. After that I would like to visit the salvage yard.

BILL WEINS

Salvage yard?

Edmundo does not respond but opens the door and motions to the two men to lead the way.

INT. MLS# 725489 - FAMILY ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING.

Flies circle the dead Large Hispanic Man that still sits on the floor where he was shot. Bill, Hector and Edmundo analyze the scene.

BILL WEINS

(gagging)

I'm going to be sick.

Edmundo walks over to the dead man and kneels down in front of him, placing his finger over the tight grouping of the shots. He looks back to calculate the angle of the shot. He walks several steps back and notices a slight imprint of where one of the trash cans were.

EDMUNDO

How much was here?

HECTOR

Just over 5 mil.

EDMUNDO

How much did they take?

Hector is surprised by the question.

HECTOR

Take? All of it.

INT. MLS# 725489 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo walks into the hall, the other men follow. We see the Young Hispanic Gangster's body lying on the ground.

Edmundo again points to the tight groupings. He then heads down the hall and looks left into one of the bedrooms where a THIRD DEAD GUARD lies on the ground.

INT. MLS# 725489 - LEFT BEDROOM DOWN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo kneels over the body which has the same tight groupings of shots that all the others do. He looks behind the guard towards the front window and notices the glass is not broken. He looks behind him at the bedroom on the other side of the hall and heads towards it.

INT. MLS# 725489 - RIGHT BEDROOM DOWN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo enters the room and sees a hole of glass where the shots entered. He slides back open the window easily.

HECTOR
Hell of a shot.

EDMUNDO
Yes, most certainly.

Edmundo touches the glass as he thinks. Then without turning.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
Take me to the salvage yard. Have this site cleaned.

Hector nods and the three men head towards the exit.

INT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - HOUR LATER

The scene is as we last saw it minus the bodies and the cash. Edmundo is walking around reviewing the scene. He looks at the back door making note that it was one of the thieves entry points.

EDMUNDO
(to Hector)
Where are the bodies of the men?

HECTOR
We took them to the desert, like always.

EDMUNDO
Exhume them.

HECTOR

What?

EDMUNDO

Dig them up and bring them here. I need to inspect them.

BILL WEINS

I think I'm going to be sick again.

EDMUNDO

How much was taken?

HECTOR

Around three mil.

EDMUNDO

Vehicles this size usually carry 4-5. Why was it loaded light?

HECTOR

It wasn't. They left a couple of mil.

BILL WEINS

Why would they leave all that money behind?

HECTOR

Maybe they got spooked. Or maybe they're just stupid.

EDMUNDO

I don't think this group gets spooked and they are most definitely not stupid.

Hector rolls his eyes. Edmundo looks at the ground - he is looking for tire tracks.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

No tire tracks. They entered and exited on foot. They packed out the money.

HECTOR

So?

EDMUNDO

It takes 10,000 one hundred dollar bills to equal a million or 50,000 twenties.

(MORE)

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

Assuming a 50% mix of these two denominations, it is reasonable to assume a typical backpack can hold between 800,000 and 1 million dollars. Based on this I believe we are looking at a crew size of anywhere between 4 and five men.

HECTOR

How do you know they used backpacks? They could have used a large duffle bag.

EDMUNDO

A gym bag would compromise their ability to shoot. Backpacks give them agility while allowing them to be at the ready.

BILL WEINS

Makes sense.

EDMUNDO

Tell me Mr. Weins, has the vandalized home been repaired?

BILL WEINS

No. It is scheduled to be cleaned in the next couple of days.

EDMUNDO

Good. I do not want anything done to it until I have had a chance to inspect it. Take me to my hotel.

The men leave.

EXT. MITCH'S HOUSE - FRONT - LATER THAT MORNING

Mitch pulls into his driveway and sees Cole's truck parked there. As he walks up to his front porch he sees Cole sitting on the ground, his back leaned up against the wall. Cole looks up at him.

COLE

Fun night?

Mitch shrugs his shoulders and raises his hands.

COLE (CONT'D)

I decided to do some recon last night - I tailed your lady friend.

Mitch puts his head down and sits down on the ground next to Cole.

MITCH
I didn't plan for it, but I think
I'm compromised.

COLE
Is she a part of it?

MITCH
No. I mean, I don't think so.
She's working two jobs and just
barely making it.

Cole hands Mitch his phone. On it is a video from that morning of Hector, Edmundo, and Bill Weins leaving the real estate office. Mitch taps play

COLE
There's a new face in town.

Mitch looks at the video and zooms in on Edmundo.

MITCH
He has the swagger of military.

COLE
Yup.

Cole stands up.

COLE (CONT'D)
I may have found the next target to
surveil.

Mitch looks up at Cole.

MITCH
Good.

COLE
Why don't we take the rails out
this weekend. We can discuss the
mystery man.

MITCH
Sounds good.

COLE
You know this risk goes both ways
with this girl. Her knowing you
not only compromises us. If they
link her to you she's-

MITCH
(lowering his head)
I know. I know.

Cole motions for Mitch to get up.

COLE
I need to get something.

Mitch gets up, unlocks his door and the two men go inside.

INT. JIM'S OLD FORD RANGER - FITNESS CENTER- MORNING

Jim wakes up in his Ford Ranger which is parked at the edge of the community rec center. His window is rolled halfway down and we can hear the PEOPLE talking as they head into the building for their morning workout. He sits up and scratches his head. He sees his .45 pistol on the floor and stares at it.

He is low.

He picks up the pistol and holds it in his hands staring at it. A tear begins to form in his eyes. He places the gun in his mouth as the tears come down. He takes a deep breath and begins to pull the trigger. Something catches his eye.

He removes the pistol from his mouth and stares at a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE on his dash. He puts his pistol down and picks up the envelope. He opens it to see several large bundles of cash and a solitary piece of white paper. He opens up the paper and stares at the brief note.

"No brother walks alone."

Tears run down his face. He brushes them off and nods. He looks around to see if he can see anyone but there is no one there. He looks at the note and cash one more time. He lets out a brief laugh and smiles.

JIM
Okay. Okay.

He wipes his face off and starts his truck.

INT. TODD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Todd's wife BETH sits at their small kitchen table going over bills. Most of them say past due. KIDS are running around making noise, like kids do.

The doorbell rings.

BETH heads to the front door and opens it. There is no one there. She looks around and then notices a LARGE MANILA ENVELOPE on the ground. She picks up the envelope and looks around one last time before shutting the door. She sits back down at the kitchen table and opens the envelope up. Her eyes widen as she sees the stacks of cash. She pulls out the small white piece of paper and reads it.

"No brother walks alone."

Beth looks back at the money and begins to get excited. She stands up from her chair.

BETH
(excited)
Todd! Todd honey come here!

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT WEEK - NIGHT.

Mitch and Carmilla lay in bed. Mitch is on his back and Carmilla lays on his chest. Mitch seems distant.

CARMILLA
Hey, where are you buddy?

Mitch snaps out of it.

MITCH
I'm right here, with you.

Carmilla smiles.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Have you ever thought about doing something other than real estate?

CARMILLA
Why?

MITCH
I don't know. You said it yourself there's some weird things going on over there. Properties getting vandalize you know.

CARMILLA
I know I don't make much, but it gives me hope that some day I could.

MITCH
I know it's just-

CARMILLA
What?

MITCH
Nothing.

Mitch brushes her hair.

MITCH (CONT'D)
You know, I always had this dream
about opening up a tour business.

Carmilla smiles on the verge of laughter.

CARMILLA
A tour business? You?

MITCH
Yeah.

CARMILLA
What are you gonna take people on
wine tours.

Mitch laughs.

MITCH
No nothing like that. I'd take
them on tours into the desert on
sandrails.

Carmilla nods.

CARMILLA
I could see you doing that?

MITCH
Yeah?

CARMILLA
Yeah you'd be great at that.

MITCH
I could use someone to help me run
it.

Carmilla gives him a long deep smile.

CARMILLA
I'm there.

The two share a long kiss.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
 (being a smart ass)
 Of course that means that some day
 you'll have to take me sand
 railing.

Mitch laughs.

MITCH
 I know, sorry. Next time I
 promise. This is a guy's weekend
 thing.

CARMILLA
 I'm just fucking with you.

They kiss.

EXT. ALGODONES DUNES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The boys stand next to their sandrails in the desert taking a
 break from having fun. Sammy grabs some beers out of a
 cooler in Jeff's sandrail.

SAMMY
 (walking back)
 So who is this clown?

COLE
 Don't know, but I bet he's here for
 us.

JEFF
 Snipe and strike?

MITCH
 Well we may have to put a bullet in
 his head but I don't think it will
 be necessary to drone strike the
 area to cover up the hit.

SAMMY
 You know we should rename that the
 "Pineapple".

MITCH
 Works well in a war zone, not
 Phoenix. Okay guys, let's stay on
 track. The question is, with this
 guy lurking, do we risk another
 target?

JEFF

Yes.

SAMMY

Absolutely.

COLE

As long as we have accurate counts
we should be able mitigate the risk
of any trap.

MITCH

Okay let's go over the layout.

Jeff walks over and begins to pull out a file out of his
backpack.

THREE SAND RAILS speed towards them from the distant.
They're movement is deliberate, not like a group having fun.

COLE

What's this?

Jeff and Sammy go towards their sandrail and begin to pull a
couple of AR-15's out of the back. A HELICOPTER zooms over
them from behind and continues to fly straight towards the
approaching sandrails. Jeff and Sammy look through the
scopes on their rifles at the approaching rails. The faint
sound of a JIMMY BUFFET SONG is heard coming from one of the
sandrails. Mitch cracks a smile.

MITCH

I don't believe it.

He motions to Jeff and Sammy.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Put those away.

Jeff and Sammy put back their guns. The three sandrails
circle the boys doing fish tales before coming to a stop.
The three sandrails are beautiful and fully tricked out.
Mitch approaches the sand rail playing the Buffet music. TOM
BLANCHE AKA PINEAPPLE turns off his radio and gets out of his
sandrail along with his assistant FRED who is riding shotgun.
Tom is tall with a quarterback like physique. In his early
50's he still wears his hair slightly long, a nod to the
early eighties. He is wearing a Hawaii shirt, khaki shorts,
and military style boots. Fred is a younger fellow, thin and
clean cut with short hair. The two other sandrails contain
Tom's personal security team. PHIL, JOSH, and RICK. The
three men have the look of ex military and are wearing jeans
and long sleeve shirts. 45 pistols sit in their waist
holsters. Mitch admires the sandrail.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh to have your budget just once.

TOM

Don't hate the player my friend.

Tom shakes Mitch's hand.

MITCH

I heard you were dead? I mean for
real this time.

Tom places his hand on Mitch's shoulder and gives him a
serious look.

TOM

My son. I have risen.

Tom lets out a mildly psychotic laugh.

MITCH

Get the fuck out of here.

Tom laughs.

MITCH (CONT'D)

So?

TOM

So what?

MITCH

Unless your recent resurrection has
changed you. I never knew you to
show up without a purpose.

TOM

Still sharp as a tack.

The two walk over to the other guys. Tom's bodyguards in the
other sand rails look out over the desert. The helicopter
circles them in a high wide loop. Tom shakes the hands of
the other guys.

TOM (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.

COLE

What can we do for you Tom?

TOM

For the last 12 months I've been gathering Intel and attempting to moderately disrupt the operations of a one Jose Rodriguez.

JEFF

Never heard of him.

Tom leans in slightly.

TOM

(being a smart ass)
He's the leader of the cartel you've been ripping off fucktard.

MITCH

Why would you think that was us?

TOM

We've been intercepting cross talk. The MO has operators written all over it. Didn't take me long to cross connect assets in the region - you. Pair that with a why - i.e. Rob's daughter, and here I am.

Mitch smiles.

MITCH

It still doesn't explain why you're here.

TOM

I think we can help each other. Boys would you mind giving us a minute?

Tom looks over at Fred standing next to his sandrail.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fred, you brought mojito's right?

FRED

Yes sir.

TOM

We'll whip the boys up a round. Did you get pineapple?

FRED

Yes sir.

TOM

You're a good man Fred.

Fred breaks out a makeshift bar out of their tricked out sandrail and begins making pineapple mojitos for the boys who begin heading over there. Tom turns his back towards the other guys and begins to slowly walk with Mitch.

TOM (CONT'D)

Jose Rodriguez is a priority target for us. In addition to smuggling he has ties with several terrorist organizations. The problem is, as you know, the CIA cannot officially operate stateside.

MITCH

What are you thinking?

TOM

Same as the old days. We'll line em up, you knock em down.

Mitch gets a text on his phone from Carmilla.

"Hope your having a blast with the boys. Stay out of trouble Lol!"

Mitch smiles then begins to shake his head no.

MITCH

I don't know.

TOM

You'll get full access to everything I have. Intel, equipment. I have a ranch outside of Prescott already outfitted. Hell I even got a few operators from Delta Force I was using for some thing, somewhere not too long ago. I know they would love to get in on this.

MITCH

I can't imagine the boys on capital hill will approve of this.

TOM

Ahh fuck em. The only thing those assholes care about is sexting and re-election.

Mitch Laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

When it comes to the true protection of this country - guys like you, me, your team over there - we are the government.

MITCH

So we get your Intel and access to any equipment we may need. What's the catch?

TOM

30%.

MITCH

Excuse me?

TOM

30%

MITCH

To go into a special "off the books" account?

TOM

Comes in handy when congress is too busy jerking off to get us the funding we need for those "special projects".

MITCH

30%?

TOM

Yup. We'll wash the money, make it clean as a baby's bottom. The other 70% will go to your charity to do with as you wish.

MITCH

My charity?

TOM

(smiling)

The one I set up for you. "Vets for Vets." I'm shocked you don't know. You and Cole are the executors.

MITCH

I'll have to run it by the guys.

TOM
Understand. Talk it over and let me know tonight. I want to hit the ground running.

Tom begins to walk towards his sand rail.

MITCH
Tom?

Tom stops. Mitch walks up to him.

MITCH (CONT'D)
There's a new face in town. Looks like a professional.

TOM
You have a picture?

MITCH
Yeah.

TOM
I'll send you a secure uplink.

MITCH
Thanks.

Tom nods before walking back towards his sandrails. He motions to his guys to pack up. Mitch follows him and stops at the other guys who are all drinking Mojitos.

TOM
Let's move out.

Tom gets to his sandrail and turns around.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh by the way. I took the liberty of funding your first disbursement. If you get a chance you may want to stop by and see Sophie and her parents. Their heading to Memphis next week.

Mitch and the boys smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
If family doesn't take care of each other who will?

Tom and his crew hop in their sandrails and tear off. The boys watch them go.

COLE
What was that about?

MITCH
(ignoring the question and
smiling)
Sophie's heading to Memphis.

INT. SALVAGE YARD - CORRUGATED METAL BUILDING - DAY

Edmundo is kneeling over the five bodies from the salvage yard that lay on the ground inside the building. Dirt and sand cover the bodies. The bullet holes are still visible. Hector stands behind him, along with Edmundo's Personal Security Team.

EDMUNDO
Notice the shot placement?

HECTOR
Si. Same shooters?

EDMUNDO
Same shooters. These attacks were not done by rivals, but something else.

Edmundo stands up.

HECTOR
What do you think? Dirty cops?

EDMUNDO
Unlikely.

HECTOR
I put the word out as you requested to our contacts in Las Vegas and LA. We are reviewing any luxury car purchases and new high rollers.

EDMUNDO
Let's go to the vandalized house.

INT. MLS# 5781378 - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Edmundo and Hector stand in the living room. Edmundo seems interested in the front and back doors which still show the damage from them being breached.

EDMUNDO

When you were a child Hector, did you ever vandalize property?

HECTOR

Yeah, a little bit.

EDMUNDO

I'm afraid I did as well. The foolishness of youth. Though I cannot recall any time we felt the need to kick in both a front and a back door to gain entry.

Hector nods. Edmundo stares at the graffiti.

HECTOR

I don't recognize the symbol.

EDMUNDO

It is not the symbol I am interested in.

Edmundo touches the paint.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

These colors. I am very familiar with these.

Hector is not following him.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

Soldiers use these colors to camouflage their weapons.

Edmundo thinks for a moment.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

This was the first house they hit.

HECTOR

Who?

EDMUNDO

It seems clear we are dealing with individuals who have special ops training.

HECTOR

The military?

EDMUNDO

Marine Recon, Navy Seals, possibly Green Berets.

HECTOR
Why would they be hitting us?

EDMUNDO
That is an excellent question. One of equal importance is how did they tap into our network? How did they know these were stash houses. Any ideas Hector?

Hector looks nervous.

HECTOR
No.

EXT. EDMUNDO'S HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - EVENING

A bright orange sun sets against a beautiful blue sky. Edmundo stands on the balcony of his luxury hotel room overlooking the golf course of the resort. He is talking on the phone.

JOSE
(over the phone)
Good work Edmundo. It sounds like you are closing in. And you are confident this is not a rival?

EDMUNDO
Yes, it is definitely the work of a rogue group. We should know the identities of the criminals shortly.

JOSE
(over the phone)
Excellent. And you're sure about Hector?

EDMUNDO
Yes sir. I believe his complacency has compromised your operations.

JOSE
(over the phone)
Very well. Have Hector sent down so we can have a discussion.

EDMUNDO
Very good. Thank you.

We hear the click from Jose hanging up. Edmundo stares out and admires the sunset.

INT. PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Sophie sits in a wheelchair with her family outside the airport security checkpoint - they are on their way to Memphis. Mitch and the boys walk up. The boys have flowers for Sophie. Mitch is hiding a stuffed animal in the shape of a pineapple behind his back. Sophie sees Mitch and extends her arms out for a hug

SOPHIE

I knew you'd be here!

Mitch leans over and gives her a big hug.

MITCH

We wouldn't miss seeing our favorite girl off! Look I brought you a friend for your trip.

Mitch hands her the pineapple stuffed animal.

SOPHIE

A pineapple?

Mitch looks back at Rob.

MITCH

That's right, it's a pineapple.

SOPHIE

(laughing)
You're silly.

Mitch stands up. Rob pulls him aside as the guys give Sophie her flowers.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(in the background)
Flowers!

ROB

A pineapple huh?

MITCH

Yeah a pineapple.

Rob pulls a letter out of his pocket and hands it to Mitch.

ROB

I guess that explains this.

Mitch unfolds it to see a letter from the charity Vets for Vets announcing their funding and admission into St. Jude's.

MITCH
Well you know Pineapple.

ROB
Yeah, I know Pineapple. Look, he's
a descent enough guy for a spook.

MITCH
He is.

ROB
He's also the king of the tit for
tat. What's he got you into?

MITCH
Nothing we can't handle.

Mitch places his hand on Robs shoulder.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Listen when Sophie's better we'll
have a long talk. But for know,
you take care of your family.

ROB
You keep saying that but don't tell
me shit. You're becoming as bad as
Pineapple. You know I'm there for
you guys. Just say the word.

MITCH
I know brother.

The two give each other a bro hug. Rob smiles and then turns
to walk back towards Sophie.

ROB
(as he's walking)
Who's ready to take a plane ride!

SOPHIE
Me!

Rachel gives Mitch and the guys hugs and they say their good
bye's. Rob, Rachel and Sophie head to the security line and
are ushered through quickly with the help of a TSA AGENT.

MITCH
From now on Pineapple's team does
recon. So for now just hang loose.

COLE
How long till he has something?

MITCH

Probably a few weeks. So relax,
take the rails out, but stay sharp.

JEFF

Sounds good - bar anyone?

Sammy quickly raises his hand, Cole and Mitch shake their heads like disappointed parents.

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - ONE MONTH LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Mitch pulls up his jeans and grabs his shirt. Carmilla lies naked under the sheets.

CARMILLA

I wish you didn't have to go?

Mitch turns and smiles. He hops back on the bed and gives her a kiss.

MITCH

I've been lying around here for the last four weeks. It's about time I picked up another security job. I would have thought you'd be excited to get rid of me.

CARMILLA

Never.

MITCH

Believe me, I would like nothing better than to just lie here with you all night. Listen I've been thinking seriously about getting this rail thing going.

CARMILLA

Really?

MITCH

Yeah, but what if I did it somewhere other than Arizona.

Carmilla gets up, worried.

CARMILLA

Why would you do that? We would never see each other.

MITCH

We would - if you came with me.

Carmilla smiles.

CARMILLA

You're asking me to go with you?

MITCH

Yeah, I am.

CARMILLA

Then I'm saying yes! You make me happy, you know that?

Mitch smiles and hugs her.

MITCH

You make me happy too; happier than I've been in a long time.

The two kiss. Mitch looks at the time and quickly puts on his shoes.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Let's talk later.

Carmilla nods. Mitch gives her a kiss and heads towards the door.

CARMILLA

Mitch, I - I love you.

MITCH

I love you too.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - DRONE HIGH ABOVE - LATE THAT NIGHT

The bright white images of a battle in progress appear on the FLIR Image of the drone. Mitch and his team take out VARIOUS GUARDS on the ground as they navigate heavy equipment on their way to the modular office building.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - CONTINUOUS

A MILITARY MAN sits viewing several monitors. Tom hangs over him wearing a headset. Other CIA PERSONNEL monitor screens, talk on phones, and look busy.

The image from the drone pans out and we see the image of TWO GUARDS at the front gate of the property.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Two ARMED GUARDS stand just inside the gate. The sound of FAINT GUNFIRE draws their attention back towards the battle raging over a distant hill. One of the guards pulls his cell phone out. A bullet rips through him from an unknown source throwing him to the ground. Another shot quickly takes out the second guard. We hear the roar of an engine shortly before a BLACK MERCEDES CONSTRUCTION VAN barrels through the gate. The Van is driven by STEVE LONG, a rough looking Delta Force operative with a long beard. He skids the vehicle to a stop and DARRELL WALKER runs up and hops in the passenger side. Darrell is also a Delta Force Operative, though his beard is shorter he has the same rugged look. He is in tactical gear like Steve and is carrying a silenced .308 Rifle. The van peels out and heads quickly down the road towards the office.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - MODULAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mitch, Jeff, and Sammy each take out the last remaining Guards and approach the modular office building. A CARTEL MEMBER swings open the office door and fires his fully auto AK-47. A shot grazes Mitch's shoulder partially spinning him around, he falls to his knees. Sammy returns fire hitting the assailant several times in the chest, killing him. Sammy then continues to aim his rifle at the door while he makes his way towards Mitch. Mitch begins to rise to his feet.

SAMMY

You hit?

MITCH

Just a scratch.

Mitch raises his rifle and adjusts his headset.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Ground to base. We have one unaccounted hostile.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Tom and the Military Man look at the Drone Image on the screen. Behind the office we see a white FLIR image emerge from a back window. The image begins running away from the building.

MILITARY MAN
(into headset)

Roger ground we have one target fleeing from behind the building, heading north.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - SAND PILE - CONTINUOUS

Cole lays high atop a sand pile on overwatch. A dead CARTEL SNIPER with his throat slit lies next to him.

P.O.V. Cole's scope - The fleeing CARTEL MEMBER comes into view in Cole's sight. He takes aim, we see a spatter of blood shoot from the back of the man's head as he falls dead to the ground.

COLE
(into headset)
Target down.

MITCH
(over headset)
Roger, all clear.

Cole stands up and quickly begins heading down the sand pile towards the team.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - MODULAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Black Mercedes Van weaves in and out of the dead bodies on the ground, turns around and parks just outside the office. Darrell and Steve hop out and begin helping Jeff and Sammy who are already carrying bundles of cash out of the office and staging it in front of the Mercedes. Cole runs up to Mitch who is standing guard.

COLE
How we looking?

MITCH
5 by 5.

Darryl and Steve load the Mercedes up with Cash as Jeff and Sammy enter the office and quickly return with the last remaining bundles.

JEFF
That's it.

MITCH
Alright let's go.

Mitch and the guys begin to load into the Mercedes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Ground to base we are extracting to
location two?

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - CONTINUOUS

MILITARY MAN
(into headset)
Roger - standby for update.

Tom looks back at a couple of CIA Personnel monitoring Police Radios.

TOM
We getting any crosstalk from local
PD.?

The CIA Personnel shake their head no.

TOM (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Quiet as a mouse out there. Your
good to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - MODULAR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The van and quickly drives off into the night.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - MODULAR OFFICE - EARLY
MORNING

The sun is just beginning to peak over the horizon. TWO HISPANIC MEN wrap one of the dead Cartel Members in plastic. Edmundo, dressed in a suite, surveys the scene.

He takes pictures of interest with his phone. He notices the tire tracks on the ground and kneels over to take a closer look and something catches his eye. He kneels forward, to look at the spattering of blood, with no body in the near vicinity. He puts his finger in the blood and rubs them together. He takes a picture of the blood.

JUAN
(off screen)
Senior Escobar?

Edmundo walks over behind the house and sees Juan, standing over the dead Driver Crew member. Escobar looks at the man and then back at the sand pile in the distant.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - SAND PILE - MOMENTS LATER

Edmundo looks at the dead sniper still laying on his rifle. Edmundo's cell phone begins to ring.

EDMUNDO
(into cell phone)
Yes Senior Rodriguez.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - EARLY MORNING

The sun is just rising at the Rodriguez estate. Roosters are heard in the background. Jose stands dressed in pair of pajamas and a robe and is wearing slippers. He hear the CRACKLING of a fire in the back ground.

JOSE
I thought you said the leak was
coming from Hector?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY YARD - MODULAR OFFICE - EARLY MORNING \ ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ.

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN JOSE AND EDMUNDO:

EDMUNDO
That is what I initially believed
sir.

JOSE
Then perhaps you can explain to me
how we just lost another
collection?

EDMUNDO

They are evolving, improving their Intel methods.

JOSE

(in spanish)

Until we find these bastards I want all collections to be moving at all times. Truck to Truck. I do not want any cash to be compiled at any location longer than three hours - understand?

EDMUNDO

This sounds more operational. Perhaps Hector can handle the logistics side why I continue my investigation.

JOSE

I'm afraid I have already accepted Hector's resignation.

We see that the crackling noise is coming from Hector's burning body which has been strung up on a pole. Black smoke rises into the sky in a medieval display.

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

Smoke hangs over the room and the dance floor is full. The bar is packed with VARIOUS CUSTOMER's, as the BAND plays a mixture of Rock and Country. Jeff and Sammy are playing pool. Jeff sinks the eight ball in the corner pocket.

JEFF

Yeah boy!

Sammy tosses his stick on the table.

SAMMY

Lucky shot.

A PRETTY WAITRESS brings them over a round of beers and shots.

JEFF

Thanks honey.

They both do their shot and put it back on her tray. Jeff throws down some money and they grab their beers.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Thanks. Can you bring us another one?

PRETTY WAITRESS

You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE BAR - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mitch and Carmilla are dancing. Carmilla goes to place her arms on Mitch's shoulders, hitting his left arm which is covered by a bandage. Mitch grimaces from the touching of the wound.

CARMILLA

Oh! Sorry.

MITCH

It's okay.

CARMILLA

How did you ever fall into barbed wire?

MITCH

I'm a klutz.

CARMILLA

Yeah but you're my klutz.

The two go in for a kiss.

MITCH

That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE BAR - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cole stands at the bar. He is watching Mitch and Carmilla with a concerned look. The BARTENDER brings him a shot of Tequila. He gives the Bartender a nod before shooting the drink.

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE BAR - BOOTH - LATER

Mitch and Carmilla sit side by side in a booth. In the distance Jeff dances with the Pretty Waitress. Sammy sits down across from them holding a beer, a little drunk.

SAMMY

Can I tell you how much I love this
guy?

MITCH

Here we go.

SAMMY

No, I mean it. Don't you go
breaking my boys heart.

CARMILLA

I wouldn't dream of it.

Sammy takes a drink.

SAMMY

(somewhat slurring)

Well okay then. You know, you guys
make a cute couple.

Carmilla pulls her phone out. Mitch gives Sammy a dirty look.

CARMILLA

Will you take a picture of us?

MITCH

Nope.

Carmilla scoots next to Mitch and puts her arm across his
chest hugging him.

CARMILLA

Come on sweetie I don't have any
pictures of you.

Sammy takes the phone and stands up.

SAMMY

Yeah come on sweetie.

CARMILLA

Please?

MITCH

Fine, just one.

Sammy tries to steady the camera unsuccessfully at first.

SAMMY

Hold still.

MITCH
 (sarcastically)
 I don't think it's us that's
 moving.

The two smile and Sammy takes the picture - Mitch's bandage can be clearly seen. Sammy hands the phone back to Carmilla.

SAMMY
 We need shots!

MITCH
 Christ.

CARMILLA
 I need to use the ladies room.

Sammy stumbles off to go order shots.

CARMILLA (CONT'D)
 Don't go away.

She gives Mitch a kiss.

MITCH
 I'll be right here.

Carmilla heads to the ladies room. A moment later Cole comes and sits down across from him with a serious look.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 You look way too serious. Come on
 we're celebrating. Sophie's in
 remission!

COLE
 (giving a nod in
 Carmilla's direction)
 You know she is the only thing that
 links us?

MITCH
 I know.

COLE
 You gotta cut her loose.

MITCH
 I can't man. I love her.

COLE
 Which is exactly why you need to
 cut her loose.

Mitch looks across the bar at Jeff making time with the Pretty Waitress.

MITCH
Chuckles.

COLE
Serious man. You're putting her in harms way. You need to put her ass on a plane now.

MITCH
What if I went with her?

Cole looks shocked.

COLE
What? Your not serious?

MITCH
What if I am?

Cole looks down thinking for a moment before cracking a slight smile.

COLE
Then I got your back.

Mitch gives Cole a nod and a smile. Mitch takes a deep breath.

MITCH
Wheww! I could use a shot.

Across the room the waitress brings out 4 shots.

SAMMY
(to Cole and Mitch)
Yo!

Cole and Mitch head over. Each of them grab a shot. Carmilla walks over. They raise their shot glasses.

JEFF
To Sophie!!

GUYS
To Sophie!!

They drink their shots.

INT. EDMUNDO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Edmundo sits at a table in his suite. He is flipping through pictures of the various scenes. He slowly flips through them and stops at the picture taken of the graffiti. He then pulls out a picture of the dead Large Hispanic Man and stares at the two pictures.

EDMUNDO

This is the link. It all started here.

He glances over to a Bill Weins Real Estate Flyer and picks it up.

INT. WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - MAIN AREA - MONDAY MORNING

Edmundo enters the building with his usual security detail. He is carrying a cup of coffee and dressed in another suite. Carmilla is at her desk packing a few things up. Edmundo approaches her.

EDMUNDO

What's this?

Carmilla smiles.

CARMILLA

Hi Mr. Escobar. I'm just packing a few things. I gave Mr. Weins my two week notice.

EDMUNDO

Is he loosing you to the competition?

CARMILLA

No nothing like that. I just - I just don't think being an agent is for me.

EDMUNDO

With all do respect. I disagree.

CARMILLA

Well you're very sweet.

Edmundo notices Carmilla's phone on her desk.

EDMUNDO

Allow me to assist you with your boxes.

Edmundo goes to place his coffee on her desk and purposely spills it next to her phone.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
Oh forgive me. Look what I have done.

Carmilla quickly moves some paper. Edmundo picks up her phone.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
I will take this into the kitchen and clean it up for you right away.

CARMILLA
No problem, it was an accident. I will go grab some paper towels.

EDMUNDO
No. I will get them for you. Please I insist, it is the least I can do.

CARMILLA
Really it's-

EDMUNDO
No, you continue packing your items. I will be right back.

Edmundo heads towards the kitchen carrying Carmilla's cell phone.

INT. WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo enters the office kitchen. He grabs a paper towel and wipes off her phone. He looks back to make sure no one is watching. He pulls a small device out of his pocket and plugs it into her phone. A red light turns on the device. A few moments later the device turns green and he unplugs it from her phone. He puts the device back in his pocket, grabs some additional paper towels and leaves the kitchen.

INT. WEINS REAL ESTATE GROUP - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo walks back to Carmilla's desk.

EDMUNDO
(holding up the paper towels)
Here we go.

Edmundo hands her back her phone.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
Good as new.

Edmundo cleans up the mess and throws the paper towels in Carmilla's trash can.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
Is Mr. Weins in?

CARMILLA
I believe he is out on a listing appointment.

EDMUNDO
Quite alright. I shall contact him later.

Edmundo sticks out his hand to shake Carmilla's

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
Good luck on your future endeavors. Perhaps fate will bring us together again.

CARMILLA
Thank you Mr. Escobar. It was a pleasure meeting you.

EDMUNDO
Take care.

Edmundo and his security team head out of the office.

INT. EDMUNDO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Edmundo sits down at his laptop in his suite. He pulls the device out of his pocket and plugs it into the USB port on his computer. A file folder display pops up with every file on Carmilla's phone. He opens a file labeled photos. He scrolls through the photos many of properties she has listed as well as some selfies of her hiking etc. He comes to the picture of her and Mitch. He stops and stares at the picture looking at Mitch. After several moments he notices something on Mitch's arm and zooms in on the bandage. He walks over to his briefcase and pulls out the photos he has taken. He searches until he finds the picture of the blood spattered on the ground. He looks at the picture then again at Mitch.

EDMUNDO
Hello soldier.

EXT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - DAY

P.O.V. - Rifle Scope

A scope follows Mitch's truck on his way into the ranch. Clouds of dust are kicked up as he rapidly drives down the isolated dirt road.

BACK TO SCENE

The truck heads towards the large old barn surrounded by old farm equipment and hay bails. An old house sits off in the distance. SEVERAL SECURITY MEMBERS wander the property trying to disguise themselves as ranch hands, the automatic weapons slung over their shoulders give away the subterfuge. Mitch pulls his truck up to the barn and hops out. Tom walks out from behind the barn doors carrying a MANILA FILE. He is dressed like most ranchers in the area, jeans and a shirt.

TOM

Thanks for making the drive.

MITCH

No problem.

Tom hands Mitch the file. Mitch opens it up.

TOM

Your mystery man is one Edmundo Escobar known as "The Bear". He is a former Intelligence officer for Castro. He now works as a contractor for various criminal organizations.

MITCH

What does he do?

TOM

Intel. Investigate, interrogate that sort of thing.

MITCH

Is he formidable?

TOM

Oh yeah, He's smart, tenacious and a bit of a sociopath.

MITCH

Just what we need.

Tom smiles and pats Mitch on the back.

TOM

Let me show you around.

The two men head towards the barn.

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - CONTINUOUS

SEVERAL CIA INTEL OPERATORS are busy monitoring phone calls, scanning emails etc.

TOM

We're monitoring all calls, emails -
you name it.

MITCH

Pretty slick.

TOM

It's a war.

Tom walks over by an Operator sitting at a table. The Operator hands him a piece of paper. Tom walks towards the exit of the barn, reviewing the paper quickly as he goes. He hands the paper to Mitch.

TOM (CONT'D)

We picked this up this morning.
Their changing their MO. Pickups
only in public areas, straight to a
semi and straight down to Mexico.
Their no longer bundling the loads
before they ship them.

MITCH

Their trying to mitigate the risk
of being hit?

TOM

Exactly. We know the route their
going to take.

MITCH

Hit em on the road?

TOM

Yup.

MITCH

Sounds risky.

TOM

They adapt, we adapt. That's how
wars are won.

EXT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The two continue to walk.

TOM

To date we've sent checks to over 500 military families and we're just getting started.

MITCH

Yeah, that's great.

TOM

But you still want out?

MITCH

It's different now. I spent most of my life doing something I believed in. I don't have any regrets. I still believe this thing is worth doing. But now I have something, someone that's worth living for. I figure its about time I get a piece of that dream I've spent my life defending. I think I deserve that.

TOM

You do brother, you do. So what will you do?

MITCH

Get out of here. Take Carmilla somewhere cold and wet. I'm sick of the desert.

Tom laughs.

TOM

Will you help us out on this one?

Mitch looks hesitant.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come on buddy, I need you. I'm going to be bringing over a couple more guys for the team.

MITCH

More Delta?

TOM

Seals.

Mitch smiles and looks at the paper again.

MITCH
One last time.

Tom pats Mitch on the back.

TOM
You're the best.

Tom heads back towards the barn.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD ON HILLSIDE - EARLY MORNING

P.O.V. SPOTTING SCOPE - We see the tail end of the opening scene replay itself through the lens of a high powered scope. The boys leapfrog up the hill with their backpacks of cash.

EXT. DISTANT HILL - VIEW OF REMOTE ROAD ON HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Edmundo lays under a netting of camo on a distant hilltop watching the heist unfold through his spotting scope. Edmundo grabs a radio lying next to him.

EDMUNDO
(in Spanish)
Get ready.

Edmundo slowly crawls back behind the hill with his spotting scope.

INT. SAMMY'S DUPLEX - LATER THAT MORNING

Sammy opens the door to his duplex and heads down the hall towards the kitchen. Suddenly he slows his pace and stops - something doesn't feel right. He drops his bag and goes to reach for a compact .45 in his back belt as he turns around. We hear the sound of a silenced automatic weapon. Sammy's chest is hit again and again by the bullets, throwing him back towards the ground. He lies on the ground choking on his own blood. An UNKNOWN FIGURE walks up and unloads more bullets in his chest. The Unknown Figure leaves. Sammy lays on the ground - dead.

INT. JEFF'S BRONCO - CARWASH IN GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - SAME MORNING

Soap and water swish back and forth across the windshield obscuring the view of anything ahead. A large spinning brush slowly makes its way over the windshield as his vehicle slowly moves along the conveyor system of the carwash.

Jeff sits behind the wheel lost in thought. A rock music song plays softly over the radio. As the soap is slowly sprayed off and the water dissipates two figures, blurry at first, emerge. Jeff snaps out of his thoughts to see the TWO HISPANIC HIT MEN carrying compact automatic weapons.

JEFF

Shit!

The two men begin to open fire on Jeff. Jeff ducks down behind the dash and slams his Bronco in reverse. The Bronco struggles briefly as it tries to break free from the conveyor. The Bronco begins to zoom backwards hitting the brushes as it goes. It slams into the car behind it as bullets continue to spray across his windshield.

JEFF (CONT'D)

God damn it!

Jeff slams the Bronco into drive and grabs his loaded .45 from the seat next to him. Still crouched behind his dash he holds the .45 up over the dash and begins shooting ahead in a tight left to right pattern. He floors the gas and speeds out of the carwash, striking one of the assassins and launching him as he exits. The remaining hit man continues to fire and GRAZES Jeff in the shoulder as he pops up to see ahead. Jeff races through the parking lot. CUSTOMERS dive and duck to get out of his way as he hits a shopping cart. CARS screech as they slam on their brakes to avoid Jeff as he enters the main street and drives off.

EXT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - SAME MORNING

Mitch walks up to Carmilla's door. He is in a good spirits. He knocks on the door and it opens.

MITCH

Carm?

INT. CARMILLA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch walks through the kitchen and turns the corner to the living room.

MITCH

Hey Carm?

He turns the corner and instinctively goes to reach for the pistol in his back holster. He turns the corner and sees Juan holding a gun to Carm's head. Tony comes up behind Mitch, aiming a shotgun at him.

Edmundo walks out of the bedroom. Edmundo walks over to Mitch and stares him in the eyes.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Let's all stay cal-

Mitch is hit in the back of the head with the butt of Tony's shotgun and drops to the floor, unconscious.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Two CARTEL ASSASSINS enter Cole's kitchen through a sliding back door. One of the Assassins carries a shotgun and the other one an automatic UZI. We see Cole pass across the hall, into his bedroom, his shirt off. We hear the shower turn on and a shower door shut. The two assassins make their way quietly across the kitchen towards the hall.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two Assassins walk slowly down the hall towards Cole's bedroom. They approach his bedroom door. DRYWALL SPLATTERS followed by brain matter as the bullets shot from behind the wall hit the first Assassin. The second Assassin goes to raise his gun towards the wall. Cole pops out of the entry way and shoots the assassin twice in the chest with his .45. Cole walks up to the assassin who is choking on blood. Cole stares at him for a moment before firing an execution round into his head.

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - LATER

Jeff sits in a chair, a MILITARY MEDIC is patching up his shoulder. In the distance Tom and Cole are discussing something. CIA Personnel are busy monitoring calls and radio chatter.

JEFF
(yelling)
Is someone going to tell me what
the fuck is going on!

Tom and Cole walk over to Jeff.

COLE
Sammy's dead.

Jeff lowers his head and briefly closes his eyes, taking in the loss of his friend for a moment.

JEFF

Mitch?

TOM

We picked up some cross talk. They grabbed him and the girl.

JEFF

Where?

COLE

They've crossed the border. There being taken to Jose Rodriguez.

Fred approaches holding some papers.

FRED

(to Tom)

Sir.

Tom and Fred walk back to discuss the new data.

JEFF

When are we going?

COLE

Soon.

Jeff looks at the man who is still wrapping his arm.

JEFF

Enough already!

The Military Medic gives him a sarcastic look, puts his items back in his pack and walks away.

EXT. CINCINATTI OH HOSPITAL - GROUNDS - DAY

It's a sunny afternoon in the park-like grounds of the hospital. FAMILIES walk around and sit with their children, many who are in wheelchairs. Sophie and Rachel sit on a blanket playing checkers. Sophie looks healthy and has energy. The two are laughing. A short distance away Rob is on the phone being updated on the situation.

ROB

(in the distance)

I understand. I'm on my way.

Rob hangs up the phone and looks back at Rachel who looking into his eyes knows something is wrong.

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - NIGHT

A well lit barn, in the center a solitary chair. Tied to it is Mitch. His face is bruised and cut. Sweat is dripping from the side of his head. His shirt is ripped open and his chest has burn marks on it. On the ground sits a car battery and jumper cables. A short distance away a table containing rubber gloves, rags, jugs of various chemicals and eye protection along with traditional items used in torture. A GUARD stands in the distance while Edmundo stands at the table putting on the gloves and eye protection.

EDMUNDO

(talking to Mitch)

As adults we are all responsible
for our actions. Surely someone in
your profession can understand
this.

Mitch raises his swollen face and looks at Edmundo.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

As a fellow soldier I will give you
the courtesy of honesty. Both you
and Carmilla will die here shortly.
There is nothing I can do about
that.

Edmundo puts on the safety glasses and pours some liquid out of one of the chemical jugs onto a rag, it steams.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

However, if you tell us everything
we must know, I can promise you the
girl's death will be swift.

MITCH

Where is she?

Edmundo grabs the rag and walks over to Mitch.

EDMUNDO

Now is not the time for questions,
now is the time for answers.

Edmundo pushes the rag on Mitch's chest. Mitch screams as his chest begins to sizzle from the burn. After a few moments Edmundo removes the rag. Mitch slumps over breathing heavily.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

Where is Mr. Rodriguez's money?

MITCH
Go fuck yourself.

Edmundo smiles.

EDMUNDO
(smiling)
Sure. We continue then.

Edmundo places the rag back on the side of Mitch's face.
Mitch let's out a LOUD SCREAM.

INT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - THAT NIGHT.

Numerous CIA and MILITARY Personnel move quickly about the barn. Satellite imagery of Rodriguez's estate appears on a monitor. Cole, Tom, Fred, Jeff, Darrell, and Steve stand around a large table looking at a map of Jose Rodriguez's ranch. In the background MARCOS SALAZAR and CHRIS MERCARDO stand talking to each other. Both men have Mexican gang tatoos covering a large portion of their head and face. Marco who is bald has tatoos covering his entire head. Though the young men look like gang bangers they are actually CIA deep cover operatives. Rob walks into the Barn.

ROB
I hope your not starting without
me!

JEFF
Hey!

Rob walks up to Jeff who gives him a big hug. Rob then shakes Cole's hand who gives him a big smile.

COLE
It's good to see you bro.

ROB
You too.

TOM
If you guys are don grab assin I'd
like to remind you all that we're
on a clock.

Tom points to the barn on the map.

TOM (CONT'D)
The barn is where Jose likes to
conduct his interrogations. If
they are still alive, this is where
they'll be.

COLE
Resistance?

TOM
Ten to 15.

ROB
Seems pretty light for a Cartel
boss?

Tom draws a circle around the ranch and points to the nearby town of CARBORCA.

TOM
He has anywhere between 50 to a
hundred soldiers in the nearby town
of Caborca at any given time.

COLE
If they mobilize we're going to
have one hell of a shit storm.

TOM
Agree.

Tom motions to Marcos and Chris to join them.

TOM (CONT'D)
Meet deep cover operatives Mercardo
and Salazar.

Cole shakes their hands the rest nod.

TOM (CONT'D)
They're going to head into Caborca
and stir up a little diversion and
try to block the main route back to
Rodriguez

Jeff looks at the guys tatoos.

JEFF
And I thought we were dedicated.

Chris and Marcos do not laugh.

Tom leans in and points to a barrack next to the home.

TOM
This is the bunkhouse for his
security. With any luck most of
them will still be sleeping.

Tom stands up from the map.

TOM (CONT'D)

Now remember Mitch and Mrs. Lopez are our priority. If the opportunity presents itself we take out Rodriguez but mission priority is the safe return of Mitch and Carmilla - understood?

The guys nod.

TOM (CONT'D)

Once we secure our targets I'll call in the helos and we'll air vac out.

JEFF

You got us helos?

TOM

Not officially - but they'll be there.

Jeff smiles. Cole looks at the map and traces a line from the border to Caborca.

COLE

Rodriguez has eyes at all the crossings. How do we slip in unnoticed?

TOM

Any of you guys claustrophobic?

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN AREA - NOGALES ARIZONA - LATE NIGHT

Light from a sole streetlight outside begins to flood the small warehouse as the bay door lifts up and opens. Phil switches on the light and we hear the buzz of electricity and see the flicker of the fluorescent ceiling lights as they warm up. Two BLACK CHEVY SUBURBANS enter the warehouse, Phil closes the bay door behind them. Tom, Cole, Jeff, Rob, Darryl and Steve exit the vehicle along with the drivers Rick and Josh. Rick, Josh, and Phil are dressed in their usual attire. The rest of the men, including Tom, are all dressed in military camo, tactical vests and wear headsets. Their AR-15 Rifles hang slung over their shoulders. Rick and Josh open up the back of their respective SUV's and hand three large black duffle bags to the guys. Tom leads the men over to a storage closet on an internal wall of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - HIDDEN BASEMENT - NOGALES ARIZONA -
CONTINUOUS

Tom climbs down the ladder and shines his flashlight on the wall as he searches for the light switch. He locates the switch and turns it on as the other guys continue to climb down the ladder. The light reveals the small basement room. In the corner is a stack of HOMEMADE RAIL CARTS comprised of mining rail wheels mounted to pieces of plywood. Each Cart has a section of rope attached to it with a carabiner on the other end. At the south end of the room sits an opening to a small tunnel no more than three feet tall. The back end of an old dirt bike sits at the opening of the tunnel mounted to a base to create a electric pulley system for pulling the carts. Tom grabs one of the carts and brings it over to the tunnel opening. He aligns the wheels to the tracks of the tunnel and then attaches the carabiner to the cable running along the top of the tunnel.

TOM
(talking over headset)
We're in position.

MARCOS
(over headset)
Roger. In position, send package.

TOM
(to the team)
We're good.

Cole heads over to the tunnel entrance and lays down on the cart. His rifle aims down the tunnel. Steve goes over to the motorcycle, hops on and kick starts it. The bike comes on. Steve steps down on the bikes shifter and the cable begins to turn. Cole disappears into the tunnel. Jeff and the others grab a cart and line up to go into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NOGALES MEXICO - LATER

Cole emerges from the tunnel in partial darkness. Only the moonlight shining through the repair facilities garage doors illuminate the fact that he is down in an oil change bay. A shadowy Marcos squats above him holding an AK-47.

MARCOS
Welcome to Sonora gringo.

Cole walks up the stairs at the corner of the bay. The repair facility is dark and all its doors are closed. Several cars are parked in the garage being repaired. We hear the sounds and lights of an occasional car passing by outside.

Chris stands on a nearby car holding a AK-47 on lookout. The rest of the guys exit the tunnel and walk out of the bay. Tom is the last one up.

TOM
How we looking?

MARCOS
There's three vehicles in the alley. They're not the best but they'll blend in.

TOM
Good. It's a three hour drive to the ranch. Let's target o six hundred for the fireworks.

MARCOS
You got it.

TOM
Let's move out.

The team heads out towards the back of the shop and the alley.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MEXICO - NIGHT

The three vehicles drive down a dark dirt road, passing the occasional run-down home or barn. They arrive at a split in the road, TWO OLD BRONCOS veer right while an OLD FOUR DOOR SEDAN veers left at the fork.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - PRE-DAWN

The silhouettes of the buildings on the Rodriguez estate appear as dark shadows as the sky begins to transition from black to grey in the pre-dawn hours. Random spotlights illuminate the side of the barn.

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch sits hunched over in the chair. His face is beaten to the point he is almost unrecognizable. Chemical burns cover his body. His shoes have been removed and old blood covers the spot that had once been his left foot's little toe. Edmundo grabs a chair and carries it over next to Mitch. He sits down and slaps him gently on the side of the face in an attempt to get him to wake up.

EDMUNDO

(in a soft voice)

I respect your loyalty to your friends. I too was fortunate enough to serve with brothers. The bond we develop, well, it's not something a civilian like my employer can comprehend. But we are running out of time. Very soon, my employer is going to ask me for a status update - yes? And when I tell him we are no closer to finding his money and that you are refusing to cooperate-

Edmundo grabs the back of Mitch's hair and pulls his head back.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

He is going to have me grab that little bitch of yours and cut off her tits. I will be forced to do things to her that will make you beg me to end her life.

He lets go of Mitch's head.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

So please. I implore you, do not force me to go down that road.

Jose Rodriguez enters the barn, along with one ARMED GUARD. He is dressed in a suit. Edmundo looks back as he approaches.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)

Too late.

Jose walks up and looks at Mitch for a moment before turning to Edmundo.

JOSE

Where are we?

Edmundo shakes his head. Jose walks up to Mitch and puts his hands on his knees as he leans over to get a better look.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(to Edmundo)

Go get the girl. Perhaps you will be more cooperative when you see what we do to her.

Jose stands up.

JOSE (CONT'D)
 (to Edmundo)
 I have to leave on business. Keep
 me posted.

Edmundo nods. Jose and his Armed Guard leave the barn.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS.

P.O.V. - Night Vision Spotting Scope - The spotting scope scans the estate from a distant hilltop. It has a perfect view of the grounds, including the barn. The spotting scope stops on a GUARD in a blue shirt walking just outside the barn and shows the range.

TOM
 (off screen)
 Target 220 meters, eleven o'clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS.

Rob lies next to Tom looking through the scope of an M107 Sniper Rifle. The empty duffle bag it was carried in lies to his side. Tom lies next to him looking through the spotting scope.

ROB
 (still looking through
 scope)
 Blue shirt, I got em.

The man enters the barn through a door and goes inside. The two continue to scan for targets.

ROB (CONT'D)
 (still looking through
 scope)
 I don't know why I have to be up
 here in the hills with the spook.

TOM
 (still looking through
 spotting scope)
 You mean besides you being the best
 sniper on the team?

ROB
 (still looking through
 scope)
 Yeah.

TOM
(still looking through
spotting scope)
I guess they figured if you didn't
make it back to that little girl
we'd have to kill you.

ROB
(still looking through
scope)
Fair enough.

P.O.V. - Night Vision Spotting Scope. Three BLACK LAND
ROVERS pull into view and drive off of the property, their
headlights appear as bright bursts of light in the scope.

TOM
Rodriguez.

ROB
Looks like he's going to miss all
the fun.

TOM
He's not the objective.

EXT. CABORCA - ALLEY - PRE DAWN.

Dogs bark and the faint sound of Narco Corridor music is heard from a DISTANT PARTY. Marco sets a timer on a small explosive device and then puts it into a brown paper bag. He and Chris both have AK-47's slung over their shoulder's. Marco grabs a large bottle of beer and places it over the device, wrapping his hands around to make it look like he is just carrying a beer in a bag. The two men head out of the alleyway.

EXT. CABORCA - PACKING FACILITY FOR JOSE RODRIGUEZ -
CONTINUOUS

TWO GUARDS lean up against the old white building, AK's slung over their shoulders. Marco and Chris walk towards them, The guards recognize them and nod. Chris and Marco pretend to be slightly intoxicated. Marco leans against the wall and cleverly drops the explosive device while holding on to his beer. Chris and Marco stumble away from the Two Guards towards the festival.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - FOREST EDGE - PRE DAWN

A PERIMETER GUARD and his DOG lay dead on the ground from 5.56 rounds. Cole and his team, dressed in GHILLIE SUITES camouflaged with hay quickly run past the bodies and into the hay field at the edge of the trees. Across the hay field we see the estate and barn of Jose Rodriguez.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - HAY FIELD NEXT TO BARN - CONTINUOUS

The four men race across the field, their silenced AR-15 rifles raised and scanning for any targets.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. - Night Vision Spotting Scope.

The Guard in the blue shirt comes out of the barn and heads towards the corner where the men are running.

TOM
(over headset)
Hostile approaching, two o'clock.
Eyes on your position in three, two

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - HAY FIELD NEXT TO BARN - CONTINUOUS

The men lay down in the field just before the guard turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

The guard looks across the hay field, nothing looks out of the ordinary. He lights a cigarette and then turns around and walks back around the corner of the barn. Halfway across he stops, leaning against the wall to enjoy his cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. - Rob's Rifle Scope.

ROB
(into headset)
You're clear.

The men get up and begin to run. Jeff and Cole head towards the edge of the barn. Darryl and Steve split off towards the barracks.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - SECURITY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Darryl and Steve run up behind a large planter box a short distance from the barracks. Darryl places his AR-15 on the ground. He moves a sling on his back, revealing a six shot GRENADE LAUNCHER from under his Ghillie Suite.

STEVE
(into headset)
Team one in position.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cole and Jeff reach the corner of the barn. Jeff crouches down covering their rear as Cole uses a dental mirror to look around the corner. He spots the guard in the blue shirt. Cole makes a signal to Jeff that he has eyes on one.

COLE
(into headset)
Team two in position.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

TOM
(into headset)
Bluebird to nest - start the party.

RADIO OPERATOR
(over headset)
Roger bluebird. Invitations sent.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABORCA - BUILDING ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Marco and Chris sit hidden on a rooftop, AK-47's lie next to them. In the distance we can see the packaging facility. Chris receives a message on his phone and Marco pulls a small remote detonator from his pocket. Chris reads the message and gives him a nod. Marco extends the antenna and pushes the button. BOOM!! - in the background we see three large explosions. The packaging facility, and two on the edge of town on the road heading towards Rodriguez's estate.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABORCA - ROAD ON EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

FIRE and SMOKE billow into the air as the old truck burns. The telephone pole that the truck was parked next to lays across the road, along with other debris.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Guard in the Blue Shirt leans off of the wall and looks at the clouds of smoke rising in the distance. He puts out his cigarette and begins quickly walking towards the side door of the barn. Cole turns the corner with Jeff in tactical formation. Cole fires two quick silenced rounds killing the man before he can even raise his gun.

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

A GUARD stands holding a bound Carmilla. Her makeup is smeared from her crying. She is exhausted and scared.

EDMUNDO

(to Mitch)

Let's see if you have a breaking point.

MITCH

(to Carmilla)

It's going to be okay honey. I'm sorry.

CARMILLA

(crying)

I love you.

MITCH

I love you too.

Edmundo walks over to the table and grabs a large knife. He walks over towards Carmilla and cuts the top button on her blouse.

EDMUNDO
(serious and angry)
One last time, where is our money?

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - SECURITY BARRACKS -
CONTINUOUS

Darryl aims his grenade launcher at the far right window on the barrack. He fires a grenade which breaks through the window. He quickly fires another grenade at the left most portion of the barrack. BOOM!! - The grenades explode and bright fireballs roll out from the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - SIMULTANEOUS

Edmundo stands behind Carmilla holding the large knife over her chest. He hears the explosion and, startled, quickly moves the knife off of her. He looks at Mitch who manages to let out one small chuckle as he spits blood from his mouth. Edmundo nods at the guard who grabs his rifle and begins to look around.

EDMUNDO
(to Mitch)
Your friends are here.

MITCH
Yah. And you're dead asshole.

Edmundo motions to the guard.

EDMUNDO
Go.

The guard heads towards the barn door exit. Edmundo walks over to Mitch and draws a pistol from his side holster.

EDMUNDO (CONT'D)
They're too late.

He raises the pistol to Mitch's head.

CARMILLA
(screaming)
No!!

Cole and Jeff burst into the barn in tactical formation. Jeff shoots the guard in the chest twice and then once in the head never stopping his forward momentum towards Edmundo. Edmundo turns towards Jeff and Cole and aims his pistol. Cole shoots him twice in the chest and Edmundo falls to the ground. Carmilla falls to the ground sobbing. Cole runs over to Mitch as Jeff secures the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

P.O.V. - Rifle Scope.

Rob engages and takes out SEVERAL GUARDS running from the main house carrying assault weapons.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - SECURITY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

VARIOUS GUARDS exit the guard house chocking and injured. Some come out firing their weapons. Steve and Darryl open up on them, taking all of them out. They wait for a moment to make sure no more guards appear from the barracks and then begin making their way towards the barn. A ARMED GUARD runs out from the main house. Steve takes him out with a shot. Darryl slings his riffle and unslings his grenade launcher. He lobs several grenades at the door exiting the house. They continue to head towards the barn as the explosions from the grenades go off, killing ANOTHER GUARD as he exits the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cole cuts the bounds that hold Carmilla.

COLE

Can you walk?

CARMILLA

Yes.

Cole walks quickly over to Mitch and frees him as Carmilla runs over to him and gives him a hug.

COLE

Hey buddy?

MITCH
About time.

Cole begins checking Mitch's condition.

COLE
Can you walk?

MITCH
(motioning to his missing
toe)
I may need some help.

Cole looks down at the missing toe on his left foot.

COLE
Quit your crying, its just the
little one.

Mitch laughs and then lets out a painful cough as Cole lifts him up.

COLE (CONT'D)
(into headset)
We have them. We're moving out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Tom places his hand on the mic of his headset.

TOM
Bluebird to eagle, we are ready for
extract.

CUT TO:

INT. HUEY HELICOPTER - PRE-DAWN

The Helicopter PILOT rotates her stick left and the Huey Helicopter does a sharp bank exposing a SECOND HUEY running parallel with it as it speeds low over the desert mountains towards the extraction point.

HUEY PILOT
(into headset)
Roger bluebird. Eagle in route, on
your local ten minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUE HELICOPTERS

The helicopters fly low and fast through the pre-dawn sky. A lone BORDER PATROL AGENT stands outside his truck and watches as the two helicopters fly quickly south and over a U.S. Mexico Border wall.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cole begins to carry Mitch whose legs are limp. Jeff comes over and grabs Mitch on the other side. The three men and Carmilla begin to head towards the barn exit.

EXT. CABORCA - BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

BULLETS FLY as Marcos and Chris fire at random CARTEL MEMBERS running on the streets below. TWO OLD PICKUP TRUCKS drive down the street full of CARTEL MEN. The men in the back of the truck open fire on Chris and Marco, forcing them to take cover as they drive by on their way to the Rodriguez Estate. As they drive off Chris pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cole peaks out the barn door.

RADIO OPERATOR

(over Cole's headset)

Blue bird be advised, we have approximately twenty or so hostiles approaching your location in pickup trucks. ETA approximately 10 minutes.

COLE

(into headset)

Roger that. Inbound confirmed. All teams move to extraction point one.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - NEARBY HILL - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Rob begin packing up their gear and head down the hill toward the extraction point.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn door flings open. Cole and Jeff exit carrying Mitch while holding up their rifles with their free hands. Carmilla follows. Darryl and Steve appear from around the corner. The five men squat down, Steve instructs Carmilla to do the same and Darryl and Steve scan the rear and sides for hostiles. In the distance Tom and Rob hop a fence and head toward the team. An ARMED CARTEL MAN appears from behind a car and raises his rifle towards Rob and Tom. Jeff sees him and takes him out with a shot.

JEFF

We got a lot of fucking movement!

We hear the sound of the Huey choppers approaching. Moments later the two Huey choppers appear over a near hilltop. The two choppers break off from each other. The first chopper begins to land while the second chopper circles the area to set up a defensive perimeter.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND HUEY - CONTINUOUS

A MINIGUN OPERATOR sits at the side door of the second Huey manning an M134 minigun. The helicopter circles the perimeter of the property. Down below the first Huey lands.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - BARN - CONTINUOUS

A cloud of dust as the Huey helicopter lands a short distance away. Rob and Tom reach the helicopter first and hop on board. Cole and Jeff pick up Mitch once more.

COLE

(to Mitch)

Ready to go home?

MITCH

Damn straight.

Steve and Darryl head towards the chopper with Carmilla. Cole and Jeff begin to carry Mitch.

A SHOT is heard and a bullet exits the front of Mitch's chest. Mitch's body goes limp.

COLE

No!

Carmilla screams. Cole swings around to see Edmundo standing at the barn door, he is injured but alive, his bullet proof vest can now be seen below his torn shirt. He is holding an AK-47 rifle. Edmundo goes to fire off another shot. Cole swings around and begins to rapid fire at Edmundo's chest, knocking him back against barn wall. Cole continues to rapid fire round after round into his chest while quickly walking towards him. He finally stops firing when he is only a couple of feet away from Edmundo. Edmundo leans against the wall, spitting blood, dying. Edmundo looks up at Cole. Cole executes him. Cole looks down at him for a short moment and then turns back and runs towards Mitch. Carmilla is kneeling in front of Mitch, his head in her shoulders. She holds him, crying. Jeff tries to pick up Mitch on his own, a look of anger and frustration on his face. Cole grabs the other side and raises Mitch up off of Carmilla. He looks at Mitch's face and sees that he is dead. Cole's eyes begin to tear up.

CARMILLA

No, No, No. Mitch!

Darrel grabs Carmilla.

DARRELL

We have to move.

Reluctantly, Carmilla heads towards the chopper with Darrel. Cole and Jeff struggle to carry Mitch.

COLE

(voice cracking)

Come on buddy, let's get you home.

The team and Carmilla load up onto the helicopter.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND HUEY - CONTINUOUS

The second Huey spots the two trucks from Caborca, all carrying armed men in the back. The Helicopter rolls to give the minigun operator a target. The Minigun Operator opens fires on the targets. Truck engines explode, metal flies and men our torn to shreds as the Minigun makes quick work of the hostiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The first Huey takes off. The two helicopters meet up and fly quickly over the hills towards the U.S. Border.

INT. HUEY HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Mitch lays on the floor of the helicopter. Cole and Carmilla kneel next to him while the remaining members sit silent with grief. Cole takes his hand and closes Mitch's eyes. Carmilla kisses Mitch on the forehead and places her hand on the back of his head. She begins to cry again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUE HELICOPTERS - CONTINUOUS

The helicopters continue to fly towards the border.

EXT. MILITARY GRAVEYARD - DAYS LATER

STORM CLOUDS form in the distance. Mitch and Sammy's coffins lay adorned with the American Flag. Sammy's MOTHER sits in a chair wiping the tears away. The funeral is attended by VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS, MILITARY PERSONNEL, as well as Tom and his team. Carmilla stands in between her two brothers Tony and Ray. Cole and Jeff stand next to each other in full dress uniform. FOUR UNIFORMED NAVAL MEN fold up the flags from the caskets. One of the Naval Men takes Sammy's flag to his mother who accepts it as tears roll down her face. Cole and Jeff walk up to the caskets. Jeff stands in front of Sammy's, Cole in front of Mitch's. They each hold a NAVY SEAL TRIDENT in their hands. They lay the Trident on the caskets and pound them in with one hit. A NAVAL BUGLER begins to play taps as a SEVEN NAVAL RIFLEMAN begin to fire three rounds into the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY GRAVEYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

Carmilla is sobbing and is startled by the shots. Cole stares at the coffin of his friends as a tear begins to form in his eye.

EXT. MILITARY GRAVEYARD - LATER

People head to their cars as others drive off after the funeral. Cole stands staring off into the distance as Carmilla walks up next to him.

CARMILLA
(not looking at him)
Was it ever real? Or was I just
Intel?

COLE
(starring off)
It was real.

Cole turns and looks at her.

COLE (CONT'D)
You brought him back to life.

Carmilla begins to cry again. She leans in and gives Cole a kiss on the cheek before turning and walking away towards her brothers. Cole watches her as Tom walks up.

COLE (CONT'D)
She gonna be okay?

Tom looks at Carmilla getting hugs from her brothers.

TOM
They're taking her to Oregon.
We'll keep a team on her for a
while but something tells me those
Marines will keep her safe.

COLE
Good.

TOM
They were good men?

COLE
Yeah, they were.

TOM
What now?

Cole gives Tom a cold look and slowly cracks an angry smile.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - WEEKS LATER

The morning sun glistens off of dew covered grass. Horses graze in the field.

A CONSTRUCTION CREW makes the final touches on the newly rebuilt guard barracks while other GUARDS and STAFF go about their daily duties. The estate is absent of any bodies or sign a battle was fought. It is peaceful.

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Jose Rodriguez sits at a table finishing up a hearty breakfast while he talks on the phone. He takes one more sip of coffee before wiping his face and standing up from his chair.

JOSE

That is excellent news - pause - very good - well done. That just leaves the matter of our stolen collections. Contact our man in the state department to see if a U.S. Agency was involved. - pause - understood,

Jose looks up towards a distant hill, something has caught his eye. He takes a few steps towards it as he continues to talk.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(distracted)

And when we find out I am going to burn everyone - their children, their mothers, everyone.

We hear a FAINT BUZZING NOISE of what sounds like a lawn mower flying high above. Jose looks up into the sky. His chest EXPLODES and he is sent flying back into the air as the perfectly placed shot from the 50 BMG sniper riffle hits its target. He lays on the ground dead.

The buzzing noise gets LOUDER.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE OF JOSE RODRIGUEZ - CONTINUOUS

BOOM!!! A large explosion from the drone strike decimates the Estate of Jose Rodriguez leveling both the main house, guard shack and barn. BALLS of FIRE and BLACK SMOKE shoot up into the air.

EXT. PRESCOTT AZ RANCH - BARN - THAT NIGHT

ARMED GUARDS dressed as civilians patrol the grounds of the ranch. They watch as a WHITE WORK VAN pulls up. The back door of the Van opens up and Cole exits holding a 50 caliber sniper rifle and dressed in military fatigues. A MILITARY MAN walks up to greet him and Cole hands him the rifle. Tom walks out of the barn with Fred who is holding an I-PAD. Tom reaches out and shakes Coles hand.

TOM

Fred give us a minute.

Fred nods and takes several steps back, giving them space.

TOM (CONT'D)

You good?

COLE

Yeah - I'm good.

TOM

With Rodriguez gone, it won't be long before another group vies for control.

COLE

There will always be a cartel.

TOM

Yeah, and god willing there will always be guys like us.

Tom motions for Fred to come over. Fred walks over and hands Tom the tablet then walks back to where he was standing. Tom hands Cole the tablet.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tonight's totals.

Cole looks at the tablet. We see a list of City's across the United States: Chicago \$1,840,000 Detroit \$915,000 Houston \$2,300,000 Los Angeles \$6,400,000 Miami \$5,065,000 Philadelphia \$920,000 Seattle \$877,000

TOM (CONT'D)

Eight Units counting yours. By year end we'll have a dozen.

Cole hands back the tablet to Tom.

COLE

Not bad.

TOM
I've been fighting this so-called
war on drugs for years. And in all
those years I've never felt what I
feel tonight.

COLE
What's that?

TOM
Hope.

Tom places his hand on Cole's shoulders.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're meant for this Cole. This
is Mitch's legacy. This is your
legacy.

Fred walks up to Tom.

FRED
Sir, you're needed inside.

Tom starts to walk backwards towards the barn.

TOM
(smiling)
Come inside we can talk about
what's next. Fred's going to whip
up a batch of Mojitos; aren't you
Fred?

FRED
Yes sir.

TOM
You're a good man Fred.

Tom turns and heads into the barn. Cole stands alone and looks up at the night sky thinking. BATTLE BORN from Five Finger Death punch begins to play softly in the background, the volume builds. A slight smile comes across his face. He turns and walks towards the barn.

FADE OUT: