

1

EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - CALIFORNIA - DAY

1

VFX -- a postcard view thru time of the quintessential Southern Californian town by a Mediterranean-blue sea...
SUBTITLE appears - "LAGUNA BEACH" (B/W 1890s, 1930s, color 1950s, new color 1990s, and now -- in anamorphic!)

O (V.O.)

... Just cause I'm telling you this story doesn't mean I'm alive at the end of it, if that's what you're thinkin'. This could all be pre-recorded and I'm talkin' to you from the bottom of the ocean -- it's that kind of a story -- cause things just got so out of control... It started here in Paradise -- Laguna Beach, where they say God parked himself on the 7th day, but they towed him on the 8th...

2

EXT. LAGUNA STREET - DAY

2

Dotted with numerous well-upholstered stores, bumper to bumper traffic, and upscale weekend SHOPPERS... COPS, in shorts, looking like friendly cartoons, patrol on bikes...

O (V.O.)

... Shopping's about 9/10ths the economy. People here get sucked, peeled, lifted, and tucked. You have real boobs in the OC, you're like, Amish. As Ben likes to say, it's "filling the internal void with external things." He's a Buddhist...

3

EXT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - COVE - DAY

3

... in a private COVE overlooking a pristine beach.

O (V.O.)

... And this is Ben and Chon's crib by the sea. Paid for in cash. Not bad for 2 young Laguna dudes, who are definitely not employable either on Wall Street or the legitimate economy...

4

INT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - DAY

4

-- We hear sounds of love-making and move through a spare wide-open space that combines living room, dining room, and kitchen. Spacious windows provide sun, sky, and sea.

Some exotic furnishings gleaned from abroad indicate a cultivated eye for the original and the spiritual.

O (V.O.)

... This is Chon. He's a killer. You just know looking at him. They spent 6 figures 60 miles south of here at SEAL school training him to be Aquaman, and then shipped him to a place where there's no water and the Taliban don't swim...

We find CHON, her lover banging her with an ascetic expression, his jeans pulled down his legs, trim and cut, scars from an IED blast on one side of his face, his eyes in a distant place -- SUBTITLE: "CHON" -- FREEZE FRAME

O (V.O.)

... One tour in Iraq Box and two to Afghanistan, the last one, as he says, with some private military contractor, where you wear a lot of shades and kevlar'...

Image UNFREEZES -- we circle around revealing O, the girl behind the voice, on a couch below her lover.

O (V.O.)

... And you come back with a lot of cash, but no soul -- and you don't get that back at the 7/11...

CLOSE UPS of O and CHON -- her passion is clear, his detachment mysterious... A SUBTITLE on him, in O's handwriting: PTLOSD -- "Post Traumatic Lack of Stress Disorder."

O (V.O.)

... So I guess I try to give him back some of the things he lost. Chon's always trying to fuck the war out of himself. I have orgasms. He has wargasms.

... As we reveal O in more detail, in her early 20s, a honey blonde natural beach beauty -- with a web of ethereal tatoos on an arm and a shoulder. FREEZE FRAME -- SUBTITLE: "O".

O (V.O.)

Call me O. My real name's Ophelia, but when I found out she was the bipolar bitch in Hamlet, I cut it down to just O.

Chon rolls off. O remains in reverie.

TIME CUT:

Sound suggests a ripple in time -- the hum of a distant airplane over the beach, followed by the 'ping' of an incoming email... O reaches for the bong on the glass coffee table next to the sofa.

CHON

Step lightly.

O

Yeah?

CHON

It's your afternoon (you're messin' with).

O takes a moderate hit -- as he stands, shirtless and barefoot at a multi-screen setup, cleaning a pistol on a beach towel. She feels the smoke in her lungs spread across her body, then her head... she instantly feels it. *Amaaaazing* dope.

O

You're not kidding... Come back here...? (then) Chon?

No answer. She looks again. Chon is somewhere else...

O

What is it about porn you guys like so much?

Surprising him, she wraps her arms around him. She sees what's on the screen before he can close it. Her hand blocks him.

O

Oh my god! -- let me see.

5

INTERCUT COMPUTER -- INT WAREHOUSE - DAY

5

You can't help but watch. It's the darkest, sickest thing she's ever seen -- the camera pans across the INTERIOR of a WAREHOUSE at a group of SEVEN HEADS, freshly severed, set on the floor. The faces all male, unkempt black hair, various expressions... The trunks of the decapitated bodies hang randomly from wall hooks. There's no sound, just the faint hum of a videocamera and whoever is wielding it, the silence as brutal as the image...

Then there's drunken laughter, and a BURLY MAN with a grinning death mask, wielding a chainsaw, suddenly steps into frame and starts kicking a head like a soccer ball to an off-screen figure. The video ends.

O fights nausea, getting her breath back, she notices the pistol.

O (fearful)
Is this -- Iraq?

CHON
No -- Mexico.

She looks closer, sees the clothes and faces are Mexican...

... Now a second 'ping,' and a message appears alongside the image -- the message curt:

"... We need to talk. You will make more money. These guys were stupid. We think you're smarter. Don't make us go live. Time and place coming..."

O
Where's Ben? Burma?

CHON
No. Africa someplace, saving... Africans.

O
He said 6 weeks...?

CHON
Plans change... Let's get some air...

He sends on the email with his own note.... He takes her out to the deck. As they go --

O
Chon, who sent this?

CHON
... Savages.

A6

EXT. DECK - DAY

A6

As they step outside, we leave them and continue on to the ocean. A title appears ---

"S A V A G E S"

As we drift over the BEACHFRONT...

O (V.O.)

... I guess you've figured out by now, if people are willing to go Henry the 8th on this, Chon -- and Ben -- grow some of the best weed in the world... But every successful business has an origin story. Microsoft and Apple were born in garages. Ben and Chon's was born on the beach...

DISSOLVE BACK:

6 **EXT. LAGUNA BEACH - VOLLEYBALL COURTS - PAST DAY**

6

Gorgeous SoCal day. Beautiful bodies abound.

O (V.O.)

...Ben went to Berkeley and double majored in business and... guess what -- botany...

BEN, 20s, a bit younger than Chon, sensitive, cerebral, and CHON play volleyball, a smooth duo, beautiful to watch.

O looks on, very much a center of her own, attracting guys and girls. But she feels ignored by the 2 main guys.

O (V.O.)

...Ben comes home from college, Chon's between deployments, and they pick up some coin playing volleyball...

Off Ben's perfect set, Chon delivers the killer spike.

7 **EXT. BEACH - LAGUNA - ANOTHER DAY**

7

O surfs, accompanied by OTHERS.

On the beach, BEN and CHON are talking intensely, ignoring the sunbathing GIRLS camped around them.

O (V.O.)

... They're both chick magnets. I'm not bad myself, but we have different tastes in women. Baskin-Robbins has 31 flavors, so why can't people have two. Don't knock it till you tried it... So one day they're sitting there, thinking about what they're going to do, and Ben says...

BEN

Who said, 'do what you love, and you'll never work a day in your life?'

CHON
A serial killer.

BEN
What do we love? Sex. Volleyball.

CHON
I'm shy. I don't want to act in porn films.

BEN
Shame, you got the hardware. There's only about two guys in the world that can make a living playing volleyball. Which leaves what -- beer and dope...?

CHON
The microbrewery thing's a bust. And dope? Too much jail time.

BEN
'Course jail's a state of mind... (Chon looks at him) I've been playing with some new genetics in my garden. I came up with some pretty smooth stuff...

It hangs there -- an idea. Chon's doubtful.

BEN
What went wrong -- with your Dad?

CHON
Greed. Stupidity. Human nature.

O (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... you see Chon's Dad -- aka Big John -- was a dealer way back in the '70s, part of "The California Association." You could say that Chon was raised by wolves, except that wolves are warm blooded animals that nurture their young. But Chon says he learned most everything from his Dad...

8

INT. CHON'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (1980'S)

8

SLOW MOTION -- CHON (3) stands shakily on the kitchen table. His handsome, rough-hewn FATHER holds his legs, lets go, steps back, and opens his arms. (NOTE: The scene can be played in reverse from the end to the beginning, and the words can be pantomimed until the end...) (FATHER: All right, Johnny boy -- jump! Daddy'll catch you.) (YOUNG CHON (scared): Poppa...? I don't want to.) (FATHER: 'Come on John!' Who do you trust? Come on kiddo! Pappa's right here.)

NORMAL SPEED: Chon jumps. His father opens his arms, and lets him hit the floor... Chon looks up, a tooth loose, blood showing, beginning to cry. His Dad manages a smile...

FATHER

Lesson number one Johnny -- never - trust - no one.

As MOM enters, stoned, swearing.

9 **EXT. BEACH - LAGUNA - ANOTHER DAY** 9

O comes off a surf board, joins a group around the GUYS.

O (V.O.)

Big John gave poor Chon attitude -- the Stan gave him 'baditude'. He says dope's the only rational response to irrationality...

BEN

... So where do you think the best cannabis in the world comes from?

CHON

That's easy. Afghanistan, man.

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

... Ding! That was the founder moment.

DISSOLVE:

10 **EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY** 10 *

MONTAGE -- a view of war as imagined by O -- pictures, old postcards, mountains, blurred war footage. *

O (V.O.)

... So Chon, after 3 tours, courtesy of the USofA, smuggles back a big fat batch of 'Afghan Kush' seeds...

11 **INT. 1ST GROW HOUSE - CALIFORNIA - DAY** 11

Centrifuges... water tanks... a small, dedicated GROUP of AFICIONADOS who manage some 100 plants in a tight space...

BEN runs a THC test on a bud -- the trichome secretes a fluid. Ben likes what he sees.

O (V.O.)

... Giving Ben 'Afghan seeds' and crossing them with California strains... (Chon smokes) was like handing Michaelangelo a paintbrush and a ceiling, and telling him, 'Go for it, dude!'...

*

Ben takes a hit off a joint. His eyes widen in pleasure, and he hands it to CHON. Bammo! -- this is the shit!

BEN

The THC tested 33%. Ran it twice. Gotta be a glitch...!

CHON

I think we just hit gold, Ben! This is crazy shit.

O (V.O.)

... Custom-blended, a nice mix of indica and sativa, Ben kept playing with the genetics till he created a new strain that could get up, walk around, find a lighter, and fire itself up! BAMB! It became urban legend, and if you ask any serious head where the best dope in the world in the 21st Century is, it's not Thailand, Jamaica, or South Sudan -- it's right here in "El Ay USA" -- Go "OGLA!"

*

12 **EXT. BEACH - LAGUNA - DAY**

12

A young COUPLE, well-heeled, lights up a joint. The woman is about to put it to her lips, when --

O (V.O.)

... Stop!

A quick REWIND to the moment prior to they're firing up the joint.

O (V.O.)

... You don't know where that shit you're about to smoke comes from, do you. It's probably *hecho en Mexico*...

13 **EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE -- MARIJUANA FIELD - MEXICO - DAY**

13 *

MONTAGE -- O's interpretation of MEXICO as seen on TV NEWS and in stills.

O (V.O.)

... and it's mass-produced schwag. I mean, it's dirtweed to begin with, and then they load it up with more garbage...

A fixed-wing AIRPLANE swoops over the field, spraying.

O (V.O.)

...you're probably smoking more DDT than THC. You know there's a difference between getting high and just getting fucked up...

14 **EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - TIJUANA STREET - EARLY MORNING**

14 *

MONTAGE -- O's interpretation of MURDERS in Mexico drawn from TV news and stills, in contrast to clean SoCal locales... numerous corpses, slumped on empty streets, pools of blood, images of 'Santa Guadalupe,' the patron saint of Mexico, transform into 'Santa Muerte,' a skeleton.

O (V.O.)

... And the violence that surrounds it? I mean, do you really want to suck *that* karma into your system? We become what we support...

15 **INT. 2ND GROW HOUSE - SOCAL - DAY**

15

A larger HOUSE, the plants nurtured by a bank of grow lamps. Buds dry on wires, a soothing Indian RAGA plays from speakers... Ben studies a new hybrid with a 100x magnifying lens, as his gloved TEAM handle the plants with loving care.

O (V.O.)

... So Ben, with Chon's savings from the wars, started buying land all over SoCal, and then NoCal... and over the next 5, 6 years the farms grew. He started growing his best yields indoors, 5 cycles a year, the best lights, cooling equipment...

CLOSE UP -- on a musky, fecund plant, phosphorescent purple and blue... Now O appears, and Ben's attention shifts. Something serious and new has entered his life.

O (V.O.)

... Ben says every plant needs love, he says each one's like 'a lotus in water pushing up through the roof of the world towards the light, to recreate the smile on the original face everyone of us carries inside'. He talks like that sometimes. A lot of people don't understand, but Ben sees himself as a healer -- and when I started to help out at the grow op, he called me his own 'lotus in winter'... I like that.

The smile between them dazzles.

16 **EXT. 2ND GROW HOUSE - SOCAL - NIGHT** 16

Mason jars of individual pounds in silver sealant bags are put in the trunk of a PRIUS.

O (V.O.)
 ... Some years Ben and Chon grew up to 3-4000 pounds.

17 **EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LAGUNA BEACH - DAY** 17

A FEMALE BICYCLIST, a young black female, maneuvers her 10-speed along a main street in LAGUNA.

O (V.O.)
 ... They own a couple of their own 'dispensaries,' but they wholesale most of it out to people they know -- 'friends' who supply most of the clubs in California --

18 **EXT/INT. 'COMPASSION' PHARMACY - LAGUNA - DAY** 18

A green-cross sign with the symbol of the herb. The BICYCLIST delivers a large backpack of herb to a STORE OWNER who's weighing it. A busy, clean store, people in and out like regular shoppers...

O (V.O.)
 ... It's progressive because I can tell you from what I've seen it really cuts down on the pain, especially for cancer...

*
 *

The BICYCLIST gets back on her bike and races off into the beautiful Laguna day.

19 **EXT. SUBURBAN PARKING LOT - SOCAL - NIGHT** 19

TWO YOUNG DEALERS get out of a SMALL TRUCK and walk away...

O (V.O.)
 ... The big money is shipping it out-of-state to high-end places like New York, Miami, Chicago at prices that get up to 6 thousand a pound. It adds up...

TIME CUT:

Later that night, TWO OTHER DEALERS -- definitely not gangster types, but young and hungry, drive up in a Lexus Hybrid, walk towards the truck, look around for a second, get in and drive off.

O (V.O.)

... Definitely the riskiest part, but Ben grows and sells to a high-end demographic with a social conscience. You don't get hustled by some thug. You wanna sell a lot? It's gravy. You don't? Gravy. Maternity leave? That's cool. You set your own targets, make your own budgets, pay your own salary, it's all gravy...

Moments later, CHON appears, looks into the backseat of the Lexus at a Halliburton attache case. He opens it to see -- money, lots of it.

O (V.O.)

... You just order up from Ben and Chon -- and it comes with profit-sharing, financial and legal advice if you want it, and even healthcare insurance.

20	OMIT SCENE	20
21	OMIT SCENE	21
22	OMIT SCENE	22
23	OMIT SCENE	23
24	EXT/INT. LAGUNA CAFE - DAY	24

BEN sits with a smiling 30-ish COUPLE who are signing papers with him. Ben rises, shakes hands, and joins Chon on his way out. They're top of the morning...

O (V.O.)

... 15 million satisfied customers can't be all wrong even if the Government doesn't listen very well... The news loves to say marijuana's a \$10-15 billion business in this country. But Ben and Chon just cut themselves a small slice, and keep it low key. They pay taxes through businesses they own. Ben's true genius is he takes 99% of the paranoia and violence out of the business. His guiding philosophy is basically Buddhist -- 'Don't fuck with people, respect them...'

25 **EXT. TRASHY NEIGHBORHOOD - SOCAL - NIGHT** 25

In a downtrodden white neighborhood, CHON reaches into the back of his custom JEEP WRANGLER for something obscured under a blanket.

O (V.O.)
 ... the other 1%? That's where Chon comes in. Chon's philosophy is basically Baddist -- 'Don't fuck with Ben'...

Close-up on a shotgun Chon takes with him out of the car.

26 **EXT. DEALER HOUSE - SOCAL - NIGHT** 26

CHON knocks on a door.

O (V.O.)
 ... And he carries it out. The flowering of their *yin* and *yang* has made them a great partnership and very rich...

A bad-ass BIKER opens the door, sees Chon holding the shotgun -- and caves.

27 **EXT. MAIN BEACH - LAGUNA BEACH - DAY** 27

FREEZE FRAME -- the YOUNG COUPLE about to light the joint, except, this time, it's a different joint, one of Ben and Chon's.

O (V.O.)
 ... Okay, now fire up...

UNFREEZE -- as we leave the contented couple and pan across the beach to a long view of BEN & CHON'S HOUSE on the bluffs of Laguna... We prelap the sound of incoming mail -- 'PING!' which we associate with ominous news.

DISSOLVE:

28 **EXT/INT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 28

CHON comes to the computer screen to read the message -- as we reveal BEN arriving home, the worse for wear, worn clothes, a battered duffle bag. A TOWNCAR pulls out the driveway.

O
 Bennnnnn!

SUBTITLE: 'BEN'... O wraps up into his arms, giving him a long sweet kiss.

O

I missed you! Oh Ben, sweet Ben.

BEN

O... Oh... Ohhh! My lotus.

O

How was Africa!

BEN (laughs)

Well, I started on the Burma border, and took a left and ended up in the Congo.

O

I'm going next time, you promised!

Chon, at the screen, absorbs the message -- sobering news. He goes to greet Ben.

BEN

... Oh, you'll love it, especially the bugs and the camel spiders that drop in your cot in the middle of the night. But there's not much shopping... (to Chon) By the way, you got any lomotil around...?

Chon greets him warmly, Ben equally affectionate.

CHON

Yeah, I put it in your room. Suck on some ice cubes, man, welcome back! You look like shit.

BEN

Yeah. Place looks good though, Chon... (checks out one of his tropical plants) You been taking care of my little babies?... (pause) You haven't, have you...? (to O) Thank you, O.

CHON

Listen, I think I'm gonna catch a long swim. We'll talk biz later okay.

Ben and O share a knowing look. He goes.

O

How 'bout I draw you a really cool bath with lemonade and ice cubes.

BEN

And then...?

O

And then you fall asleep... and I'll
be there when you wake up...

29

INT. BATHROOM - BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - DAY

29

A discreet Buddha looks on from a perch next to the view of the ocean. BEN chewing on an ice cube, has dozed off, soaking in the tub, opens his eyes -- as O returns, offering him more Lomotil and lemonade.

O

Hey, don't go away on me again...

BEN

I really missed you.

O

I'm sure you had plenty of company out there?

BEN

You know there's only O.

O

You're such a good liar, it's those eyes!

She kneels alongside the tub.

O

I really missed you.

BEN

Tell me again...

She leans closer, they whisper in each other's ear. She climbs into the tub, her slip soaking. They start making love.

30

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

30

O continues in bed with BEN. In contrast to the session with Chon, this is slow, gentle...

Ben looking into O's eyes, silently asking if she wants it this way.

O (V.O.)
... Chon is cold metal. Ben is warm wood. Chon fucks. Ben makes love. Chon, I guess, is earth, Ben, spirit...

He pulls out and moves down her stomach kissing -- O fantasizing.

O (V.O.)
... I think Ben enjoys my orgasms more than his. Guilt's not such a bad thing in bed...

31 **EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - AFRICA - DAY** 31 *

MONTAGE -- In something out of O's brain, we see a combination of relief camps, "Out of Africa," "Roots" TV, posters, crocodiles, raped women, starving children... also a shot of a sign of Ben's Foundation (tbd). *

O (V.O.)
... That's also why he's 'Ben-evolent.' His dope is green. The Ben Foundation has branches in Africa and Asia. He's hands-on. 'Money isn't enough,' he says, 'you've got to give your heart'...

Ben coming back on top, gently driving into her.

32 **EXT. STOCK FOOTAGE - ASIA - DAY** 32 *

MONTAGE -- a REFUGEE CAMP on the Thai-Burma border... *

33 **OMIT SCENE** 33

31 **BACK TO** -- O luminous. They shudder and fall silent. 31

O (murmurs)
I missed this with you --

TIME LAPSE:

Later -- as BEN wakes from a slumber, he gently untangles himself from her moist arms, putting on fresh pants and shirt.

34 **INT. MAIN SPACE - BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - DAY** 34

Through the picture window, CHON sits on the DECK drinking a beer, watching the ocean. Hard to say how long he's been there.

35 **EXT. DECK - BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - DAY** 35

BEN emerges with his own bottle, hands a second one to CHON.

BEN
Good swim?

CHON
The best!

BEN
No sharks?

CHON

Not in the ocean... (then) They knew you were coming. Message came this afternoon. They want to meet -- tomorrow.

BEN (beat)

... Let's make a deal.

CHON

... Big mistake.

BEN

Are we gonna get caught up in this shit, Chon? We get out of a business we want to get out of anyway.

CHON

I don't like to be told to walk away?

BEN

Then you run it.

CHON

That's not what I do.

BEN

Then let me do what I do.

CHON

We built this. It's ours. Why the fuck do you want to give it away?

BEN

Did you see that video?

CHON

I've seen worse. And I'd do worse to them --

BEN

And I wouldn't.

CHON

You think you'll talk your way out of this? I guarantee you they'll think we're afraid of them.

BEN

I am afraid of them.

CHON

I'm not.

BEN

We're not all you, Chon. I didn't get into this thing to kill people. My dick doesn't have to be bigger. This isn't fifth grade.

CHON (beat)

Yeah, it isn't. It's not a pride thing, an ego thing, or a dick thing.

BEN

Then what is it?

CHON

It's a jungle thing. They don't think like you. When these guys smell your fear, they like it. They're savages -- and they will attack us.

BEN

I don't agree. Surrender is not defeat, Chon. Think of it as... a 'letting go' of your resistance to change.

Chon rolls his eyes. They stare at each other -- stalemate. O wrapped in a towel, comes out on the deck, and instantly picks up on the tension.

O

Uh-oh testosterone...

She sits on the railing.

CHON

Close your legs. It's showing.

O (closes her legs)

... Oh, sorry.

CHON

I was talking to him.

BEN

Fuck you.

She isn't used to conflict from her guys, doesn't like it. The child of a multiply-divorced mother.

O

Can the three of us go out somewhere -- nice? Drink a little, relax? It's been a long time.

37 OMIT SCENE 37

38 OMIT SCENE 38

39 OMIT SCENE 39

40 EXT. CHAD'S HOUSE - SOCAL- DAY 40

LADO steps out, his 3 MAN CREW swarming out of the cab and pulling off a lawn mower, barrels, knives, scythes, axes, blowers, etc.

Lado, followed by ESTEBAN, strides up a pebbled pathway lit by Japanese lanterns to the front door... FREEZE FRAME on LADO...

O (V.O.)

... Lado's a big fan of the Discovery Channel. He told Esteban, who told me, that mother leopards have to teach their young how to eat. So Mom wounds the prey, but doesn't finish it off. She makes her kitten kill it... Lado's not a fan of weakness.

41 INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 41

A CD plays loudly at first, drowning out the doorbell in this slick house, as CHAD MELDRUN, a 40ish lawyer, SoCal cool, slices up a piece of yellowtail, sipping on a beer... His GIRLFRIEND, decked out in a bikini with jewelry, flits in, snorting a line of coke off the counter, heads upstairs...

... Chad, puzzled, sees the MEXICAN LANDSCAPERS moving into his backyard, then hears the doorbell -- sets down the knife and looks out the door to see two men bearing plants. He opens...

LADO, his .38 out, forces Chad back into the kitchen area...

LADO

Roberto Rodriguez wants a refund.

Esteban checking out the downstairs quickly; heading upstairs.

CHAD (backing)

Whoa! Whoa! Look, you hire a lawyer,
you pay him. Win/lose. Roberto knew
the deal... That weight of coke,
there's no 'get out of jail free' card!

LADO

Yeah, so that's why you get high on
his coke, miss all the 'motions,'
amigo? You turn a 5-year stretch into
20? Roberto figures you owe him 15
years on his life.

Lado glances at the remnants of the coke on the counter.

CHAD

Ok, I got it! I can still help the
guy. I got juice. I'll file an
appeal. Look, I've got money. How much
does he need? Name a figure - we'll
take good care of him.

LADO

Roberto, he wants some of those years,
not your money, pendejo (culero). You
are now how old?

CHAD

...42, what are you...

LADO

So Rodriguez says to shoot you in one
knee, make you 52. Both knees -- 62.
That sound about right, 'Chad
Meldrun'?

The LAWN MOWER kicks off outside. Then the BLOWER...

CHAD (yelling above)

Ok! Stop! Please! Give me a chance
to talk, I can help you, okay!

LADO (hushing him)

Shhh. How you help me?

CHAD

How? I can hook you up... with "El Azul," that's how!

LADO

Why would I want that?

CHAD

'Cause he's going to win! Cause you know Elena Sanchez isn't cutting the shit in this business. She's no Reynaldo Sanchez!

Lado looks interested. Chad, encouraged, presses.

CHAD

Azul knows the turf in Mexico -- he's buying your cops, your judges, he's political, man. It won't be long. Get on his train, I can stamp your ticket!

Lado says nothing -- but he doesn't say no.

CHAD

You're her guy here, right? Azul was her right hand for years and what'd she pay him? Shit! 300 grand and a promotion? All I got to do is pick up that phone and you're in...

LADO

So pick it up... I talk to this "El Azul".

Chad smiles thinly -- the world is still predictably corrupt -- he's close to the sale. He dials on a scrambled line.

CHAD (into phone)

Hey. It's Chad... Meldrun. Tell 'El Jefe' 'Chip'. I need to talk to him right away. Tell him it's good news!... (turns to Lado, confident) So pal, who do I say is calling... what's your name?

LADO

My name is Jose Jimenez...

He calmly shoots Chad in one kneecap. Chad screams, collapses, screaming painfully loud.

LADO

... Now 52. And this "El Azul", your hermano? He the one tell you to take a dive at Roberto's trial?

Everything happens very fast. "El Azul" on the line.

EL AZUL (O.S.)

Hola? Chip? Que paso?

CHAD

You asshole!!

LADO

No answer? Now 62 --

He shoots Chad in the other knee. A huge scream! The lawyer on his stumps of blood is crawling across the blood red grouting of his tiled floor, absurdly reaching for the phone, which Lado now picks up.

LADO

*Hola, "El Azul?" -- This is Miguel.
You remember me, don't you?... (we hear
him on the other end, yelling)*

They definitely know each other from the past... At this point, the GIRLFRIEND, stoned, comes down the stairs at Esteban's gunpoint, surprising Lado. When she sees the mess, she shrills. Lado casually gives Esteban a 'kill' signal as the blower now overrides the lawn mower...

Esteban forces the girl onto the kitchen floor. Her cries escalate.

Lado's attention is on the crawling Chad, and the phone.

LADO

... Oh we just making some Yanqui lawyer soup here in the kitchen... I know -- whatcha want? How's Tijuana? You a bad boy, bombing our warehouses... yeah... You are in competition with her... So Elena say you need a better lawyer up here in Gringoland...

Lado, cold as ice, enjoys the action -- the chaos of Chad's screams, El Azul on the phone, the lawn mower, and the blower loudest of all. At some point in his dialogue as Chad begins to reach out with his bloody hands, he terminates the lawyer with a single shot to the top of the head. He crosses himself and kisses his thumb. Azul's still personalizing his insults on the phone (tbd).

LADO

I gotta go now, Jorge... watch the yelling -- bad for the blood pressure... yeah, you have a nice day too... okay... (clicks off, chuckles)

FREEZE FRAME -- Dennis with the bag in mid-air. SUBTITLE: 'DENNIS'

O (V.O.)

... This is Dennis, high-level DEA,
basically a corrupt cop messed up from
fast-food toxins.

LIVE ACTION -- as the bag flies into the garbage can...

DENNIS

Nice day, but I shouldn't be seen in
the same zip code with you guys.

CHON (indicating a walkway)

Would you prefer we come to San Diego
with your gift bag?

DENNIS (follows)

Take it easy, sailor, what has your
panties in a wad now? *

BEN

A vid-clip from, I think, it's the
Baja Cartel featuring seven
decapitations with bodies.

DENNIS

Talk about your hostile takeover --
the BC making a move on you guys?

BEN

What the hell's going on, Dennis?

DENNIS

You're not the only indie frog on the
stove, y'know. They're killing each
other down there Mehico way is what's
going on. They're coming north. The
pie's gotten smaller, the forks are out.

CHON

Why's that? Too many cops with their
hands in the pie?

DENNIS (doesn't like Chon)

Well that's just it, we used to keep
all the animals in the zoo, but this
'war on drugs' is kinda like the war
in Iraq, Chon boy, it's a mess. Pop
the bosses of the 3 cartels and what
do you get -- 7? Call it a 'war' and
Congress lets the money flow.

(MORE)

DENNIS (doesn't like Chon) (CONT'D)

More money, more terrorists, more drugs -- and 10 years later you change the name of the war and keep the money... (chuckles, likes his philosophical side) Kinda like someone trying to suck his penis..

*
*
*

BEN

So your point is what! Why would they want our business when they put out 35 million pounds of grass last year?

DENNIS

Why? Cause your THC levels are off the charts -- gotta be what 30%?

BEN

... 33, depends.

DENNIS

Their schwag's 3 to 5. They're Walmart, you're 'Ben & Chon.' They want to have a 'Ben & Chon' section on aisle 3, what's so hard to process?

BEN

Then tell 'em to move their shit indoors and buy their own lamps.

DENNIS

Welcome to the recession. Be grateful you have a product people still want.

CHON

So you won't mind if your envelope gets a little thinner.

DENNIS

Look, guys. You run a clean business, no problems -- but there's no Ben and Chon's without Dennis. My envelope stays the same.

CHON

That's a good line. You don't mind if I quote you on the witness stand.... (stage whisper) 'Ten-forty-three AM - 'The Arches,' Laguna - talking with Jurassic Narc Dennis Cain -'

DENNIS

Funny, prick.

Ben senses the violence surging in Chon, holds him with his eyes. Dennis sees it.

DENNIS

It's just a matter of time. One day they're going to legalize this shit -- maybe not tomorrow, but it's coming. And everyone is jockeying for position when this goes legit. You don't fuck with Walmart. I'd take 'de deal' 'stead of 'de-capitation' -- and keep banging all that sweet California ass... (chuckles) You know you had a good run. Embrace the change, guys... See you... (separates)

BEN

Hey Dennis, that new stuff helping with the chemo?

DENNIS

Yeah, it is. Thanks, Ben.

BEN

I'll send some more over. How's she doing?

DENNIS

She's dying... (shrugs 'what can you do?')

46 **EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LAGUNA - SAME DAY** 46

BEN'S TESLA cruises south along the pristine beaches and multi-million dollar homes -- towards their appointment with the cartel.

47 **INT. BEN'S CAR - PCH - DAY** 47

CHON, in the passenger seat, adjusts the Glock on his lap, the shotgun on the floor, and the Ka-bar in his belt. BEN with a questioning look --

BEN

I thought this was a business negotiation.

CHON

... Just in case we run into some deer that need leveling. You saw the video.

BEN

That was Mexico. This is Laguna. The cops here wear shorts and ride bicycles and look like cartoons.

CHON

That's why we're thinking about running?

BEN

... We just go for a while.

CHON

Where would that be?

BEN

I know places. Third World. We could hide out and have a good time.

CHON

You start running, you never stop.

BEN

Bad movie cliches notwithstanding, running is fun and good for the cardiovascular system. These cartels are volatile. By the time we're tired of traveling they probably killed each other off, and we'll have a new set of people to deal with.

Chon doesn't respond, as they back into a parking spot in front of LA BELLE VUE HOTEL...

BEN

There's other ways to make money. Don't get locked into one view of the world, Chon ... (off Chon's look) You know how they're making \$14 laptops for kids in Africa. What if you could make a \$10 solar panel? Change the fucking world.

CHON

Grow up, Ben. You don't change the world -- it changes you.

48

INT. LA BELLE VUE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

48

BEN and CHON, passing a \$20 to a VALET, walk towards the elevators, past a YOUNG COUPLE in robes and paper sandals, fresh from the spa.

O (V.O.)

...Cartels, like capitalists, own hotels all over Mexico, so they don't like shooting up public places. Bad for business when you nail a German tourist on a parasail.

(MORE)

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

But still Chon wasn't taking any chances that some 'cholo' would go 'Grand Theft Auto' on them...

49 **INTERCUT -- EXT. BACK LOT - HOTEL - DAY**

49

PAUL, a sound expert we'll see again, sits in a car on a small road alongside the back of the hotel... monitoring a home-made LASER MIC aimed at a SUITE overlooking the cliffs and beach, reading the signals off his iPad.

O (V.O.)

... Paul's a sound genius. He only works the last few days on mix sessions for the biggest stars. Doesn't care about anything but sound -- and Ben and Chon's primo... He rigged their blackberries into listening devices, and backed it up with a laser mic he built himself that reads signals off windowpane.

50 **INTERCUT -- EXT. MARSHLAND - NORTH OF HOTEL- DAY**

50

THREE 'BIRDWATCHERS' set up their telescopic lenses -- except these ornithologists have M-110 sniper rifles in cases at their feet.

O (V.O.)

... And this is Doc, Sam, and Billy, ex-SEALS from 'Stanland. I think Chon saved Doc's life, or vice versa -- They go back. Sam and Billy are snipers. They're good for a mile and more. Sam's got like 31 kills. Sweetest guy when you get to know him.

51 **INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY**

51

BEN and CHON arrive at Rm. 211 and press the bell. The door opens to reveal --

52 **INT. RM. 211 - HOTEL- DAY**

52

Two well-groomed business types greet them -- ALEX and JAIME.

ALEX

I'm Alex, this is Jaime.

55 INT. ELENA'S VILLA - DAY

55

ELENA SANCHEZ, an elegant woman in her 40s, sits in a monastery-like OFFICE watching a VIDEO FEED with a CARTEL TECHNICIAN... FREEZE FRAME: 'ELENA'

O (V.O.)

... And this is Elena 'La Reina' Sanchez -- The Red Queen. Malice in Wonderland. The 'off with their heads' head of the Baja Cartel. Yeah, a woman. Go, go Pink Power Ranger!

56 INTERCUT -- INT. RM. 211 - RESORT HOTEL - DAY

56

Further into the conversation --

ALEX

... Everything stays the same -- you're intact. Over the 3 years, we will study your techniques, your production methods, your distribution, that is all...

Pause. Everyone waits, watches the eyes.

ALEX

... In return, your business will grow exponentially. Our distribution is international. Outside California in the United States, we are the biggest...

CHON

For now...

ALEX

... We will give you protection on a scale you are unaccustomed to. We provide low-cost insurance, low-interest start-up loans, and money-laundering services at 7% to all your producers and distributors, as well as for yourselves.

JAIME

... We lease a good amount of land in this country, some of it Indian tribal land -- a "sovereign nation" by law. We have the structure and labor force to cultivate 1000s of acres at once.

CHON

Mexican field hands don't grow primo...

INTERCUT -- ELENA reacting coolly.

ALEX (patiently)

You will teach them this -- and they will learn.

BEN

... So you're the pharmaceutical company and the pharmacy. We're the botanists.

JAIME

We value our scientists and seed makers. It's your network and methods we want to partner with...

BEN

... a 'joint venture,' no pun intended...?

ALEX

Well said. In return we take a modest distribution fee.

BEN

... which would be...?

JAIME

20%. 80% is yours. You cannot do better in Mexico.

BEN

And after the 3 years?

ALEX

... Bottom line, we estimate your current profits over 3 years at 10-15 million...?

BEN

... You're high.

ALEX

Peanuts are still peanuts. We'll grow your volume. Your profits in 3 years will be 35 to 40 million... (pause) After 3 years, I'm sure you'll be pleased and quite willing to renegotiate our fee -- as we want to encourage other independents to join our association.

BEN

Interesting offer, Alex -- but I've never worked with a corporation.

CHON

It sucks.

BEN

... need a moment.

ALEX (indicates the balconies)

Of course. Take some time.

57

EXT. LA BELLE VUE HOTEL - BALCONY - DAY

57

As they walk out onto the balcony, presumably out of hearing range, BEN and CHON take in the cliff almost 3/4 mile away.

INTERCUTS -- DOC, SAM & BILLY -- the snipers' POVS of CHON, moving back onto ALEX & JAIME conferring inside...

CHON (sotto voice)

I say again loud and clear -- we send 'Alex' and 'Jaime' back in a cereal box. Let's get the party started.

BEN (shakes his head)

Veto that. Two errand boys, Chon -- they can replace every man they lose and we can't. We prolong the inevitable...

CHON (beat)

... Last time, Ben -- you let people think you're weak, sooner or later you're gonna have to kill them.

BEN

Buddha would not agree.

CHON (decided then)

... what's a fat Jap know in a modern world.

BEN

.. fat Indian.

CHON

Whatever...

As they turn back, Chon makes a motion with his hand behind his back.

INTERCUT -- on the cliff, DOC disappointed, calls off the scopes.

58

INT. RM. 211 - HOTEL- DAY

58

BEN and CHON reenter.

BEN

... So, we dig that you guys sound like Goldman Sachs, but it's just not our thing.

ALEX

So -- you're rejecting our offer?

BEN

No... (beat) We're going to give you our business... But we're not going to join you. Nothing personal.

INTERCUT -- ELENA listening... Alex doesn't know what to make of this, consults with Jaime.

ALEX

I'm afraid our client will take it very personally.

BEN

I am sorry, but I can only control my actions, not other people's reactions... (off Alex's confusion) We want out of the dope business. It's become a drag. We want to do something different.

ALEX

Such as?

BEN

... Such as clean renewable energy.

JAIME (off Alex's look)

... He means sun, wind, ethanol -- shit like that. 'Green.'

BEN

There you go.

ALEX (puzzled)

... Can't you do both?

BEN (with a smile)

Again -- don't want to.

ALEX (to Chon)

What do you have to say?

CHON

Me? I think basically you want us to eat your shit and call it caviar...

INTERCUT -- LADO hears it. It does not go down well.

ALEX (turns to Ben)

You're making a mistake. We'll give you 24 hours to reconsider.

Ben feels the need to be very careful here, warns Chon with his eyes.

BEN

Well, in light of your rejection of our offer to surrender, we would like to reconsider -- and think about this for... give us 48 hours. We've gotta talk to our producers and distributors -- and they're very independent thinkers.

ALEX (beat)

We'll talk tomorrow -- at this time.

59

INT. HALLWAY/RM. 210 - RESORT HOTEL - DAY

59

As BEN and CHON exit #211 and walk past #210, we let them go. We **INTERCUT** inside to a TWO-WAY CONVERSATION -- as ALEX and JAIME enter LADO's room.

ELENA

They insult me.

She's pacing her office, upset.

LADO

They're buying time. Let me take care of this, Elena. There's no need for you to even...

ELENA

Stop! And what do we get out of this! You were supposed to scare them only. Now they want to run. This achieves nothing!

ALEX (in a calming manner)

Elena -- they did agree to give it all to us.

ELENA

You are not being economical or precise, Alex. If they run we will lose their expertise. Their network will know we are negotiating and will think they are free to do the same.

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

Men teach you how to treat them. 'Mr. Don't Take It Personal' is smart, polite, but 'Mr. Eat Shit Caviar,' he must be taught respect.

LADO

This is a mistake, Madrina. Reynaldo often said, 'He who strikes first, strikes twice.' Let me...

ELENA (sharp)

First of all, I don't make mistakes. Second of all, do not use my husband's name lightly, Lado. You want to control a man? Find their weak point. Then we teach them a lesson they will learn.

60

EXT/INT. LAGUNA RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

60

On a PATIO -- O, looking radiant in a basic black dress, sheer black stockings, sips an apple martini, and laughs freely. BEN and CHON bask in the moment, both dressed, by their standards -- Chon in a clean black T-shirt over jeans with an ankle-holster, Ben in a sports coat.

Sharing a bottle of expensive wine -- a MONTAGE of abundant food, enough to water Third World eyes, is passed before them. Ben, however, sticks to broth. The air is warm, breezy, ruffling O's hair.

A61

INTERCUT -- EXT. BASEBALL FACILITY - MISSION VIEJO - SAME NIGHT

A61

O (V.O.)

San Juan Capistrano. Where the birds fly home and the Mexicans live. You hear English here, it's the mailman talking to himself.

LADO sits in the bleachers with his wife, DOLORES, a trim, pretty little package, who looks like an American soccer mom, but is his 'hood rat' from their teenage days.

LADO (yells)

...Your feet are too close, Frankie. Spread 'em and follow through! Where's the change-up? Mix it in. The change-up!

Lado's son, FRANCISCO (12), has just thrown a bad pitch, looks up anxiously at his Dad yelling from the seats. The BASEBALL COACH, on the third base line, doesn't appreciate Lado.

LADO (to Dolores)

How much we pay this pitching coach --
2000 dollars -- and the kid can't even
get his stance right? And look at
that one out there -- half asleep.

He points to his OTHER SON (11) in left field, bored,
screams.

LADO

Junior! Wake the fu... up! Look
sharp. Sleep at home. Don't make me
come out there!

PARENTS look over to Lado, who doesn't notice. Dolores does,
calms him.

LADO

They coming home for dinner?

DOLORES

The boys. Angela's going to The
Cheesecake Factory with Courtney and
Taylor. It's Friday.

LADO (disgusted)

Cheesecake Factory? In Mexico, I
picked my meals out of garbage dumps.

DOLORES

Yeah, that's why our children are
Californian now. That was the idea
Miguel, wasn't it?

LADO

We should go back more often.

DOLORES

We could go next weekend -- see your
mother.

A dark look as Lado looks back at his teenage daughter --
INTERCUT -- ANGELA (15), sitting on the hood of a car,
furiously texting, dressed like Lady Gaga.

ANGELA

So Courtney was all like 'I'm so over
it' and I was like saying, 'no bitch
you're so not so over it' and...

LADO

Look at your daughter. She looks like
a little whore.

DOLORES

Oh, nice -- about our daughter. She's fifteen.

LADO

So she going to get *embarasada*... pregnant?

Dolores stares at him like he's naive.

DOLORES

She's on the pill.

LADO (didn't know)

The pill? That's like telling her to go ahead and fuck.

DOLORES

You want her to end up like Jenny Capalbo? Big, fat belly under her prom dress?

LADO

These kids -- I don't know what these faggot priests are teaching 'em these days...

INTERCUT -- Francesco throws a nice curve low over the plate -- a strike!

LADO

That's it! Way to curve, Frankie. But I could see it comin'. Watch your feet. Keep 'em guessing... (to Dolores) Tell her to change before she goes out to this Cheesecake Factory. And we should sit down at the table, the whole goddamn family... cause I can see what's happening.

His cell bongs. He listens. Dolores listening. It sounds like a woman talking.

LADO (in Spanish)

Si... I'm on my way... (clicks off)
Gotta go honey... (gives her a \$100 bill) Take the boys somewhere. I'll be late... (crossing over her legs)

But she follows him out to the car. Out of earshot, she slaps him across the face.

DOLORES (under her breath)
I am not your segundera! You insult
me in front of everyone. Do me the
favor this time, Miguel -- next time
you come home middle of the night,
take a shower and wash her stink off,
willya?

He tries to give her a parting kiss.

LADO
Some 'wise latina' mouth you got
lately, Dolores. You think you left
the old ways behind, but let me tell
you something -- Tijuana is coming
here. It's chasing us...

60

RESUME -- EXT. LAGUNA RESTAURANT - SAME NIGHT

60

The conversation shifts to a more somber tone.

BEN

... So we decided to go away for a while.

O is alarmed - her men are leaving her - like every man in her life - but she tries not to show it.

O

You didn't make the deal?

BEN

We think it's time to get out. Not forever. Maybe a year or so.

O

Oh, when? When are you going?

CHON

By tomorrow night. We gotta move. They got a clock on us.

O (depressed now)

Really? Where?

BEN

Indonesia. I put a water system in this pretty little village by a beach. The men wear these skirts and carry long curved blades -- the sweetest people you'll ever meet... (then) I think you'll really love it.

O (taken aback)

You want me to go with you?

BEN (smiles)

Can't imagine it without you... (she looks at Chon)

CHON

It's the three of us now, O.

A pause. She's ecstatic.

O

Wow! It's a hassle, but I guess I could rearrange my schedule... Where's Indonesia? Isn't that like 10,000 islands?

BEN

There's this island called Sumba, it's something else...

FLASH -- O's vision of SUMBA BEACH & OCEAN

O

How's the shopping?

BEN

Yeah, not so much. You got a passport?

O

Paqu's got it.

BEN

What are you gonna tell her...?

O

What -- that I'm running away from the Mexican cartel with two drug lords who happen to be my lovers? How 'bout Europe with a girlfriend? 'Culture' sounds safe, and makes her feel like a great Mom, which is like uh... rewriting history.

BEN

Tell her 'just a few weeks'... then we'll readjust the clock.

O

-- Got it... (excited) We're like that movie...

CHON

What movie?

O

... with Paul Newman, when he was alive, and Robert Redford, when he was really cute.

CHON

"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

O

I'm like the girl in it.

BEN

Didn't they get killed at the end?

O

Not the girl.

She laughs and wraps her arms around both their shoulders -- when suddenly there's a CRASH.

... and Chon dives under the tablecloth, yanking out a pistol from his ankle holster.

O and Ben are quiet, looking over at the WAITER still frozen after dropping the tray... O joins Chon under the table.

O

... a little jumpy, are we?... (Chon's still shaky, puts the gun away) I like it down here. It's like having a fort when you were a kid.

Ben joins them, handing out menus. The WAITER, a young Laguna-type with a perfect smile, squats beside the table.

WAITER

... So, how 'bout I tell you folks about our dessert specials?

O, Ben, and Chon laugh.

O

... You gotta miss Laguna!

Watching them from a barstool inside is a CARTEL GUY #1, along with ESTEBAN.

61

EXT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE / INT. LADO'S NAVIGATOR - LATER THAT NIGHT 61

LADO's moving POV -- as the THREESOME climb out of their CHAUFFEURED BENTLEY, tipsy, intimate with each other... Lado cruises by, looking thru the tinted windows in his rearview.

LADO

Which cock she suck?

ESTEBAN

Can't tell. The white guys like each other. Maybe they're faggots.

LADO

Maybe she does them both? Fucking savages.

He u-turns as they head back.

62 **EXT. BEN & CHON'S DECK - HOUSE - NIGHT**

62

BEN, CHON, and O sit out under the stars, firing up a bowl of dope.

BEN

You ready? First time ever this stuff.
I'm not responsible for your actions --

The other two laugh, ad libs -- 'big talk,' etc.

TIME LAPSE:

But they are surprised by it -- the power of this herb. Suddenly they just stop -- yakking, moving. A tension builds... everything becomes highly sensitive -- the hearing, the smell, the touch -- the lips. The strap on a dress, the belt on a pair of pants --

The stars over the ocean, the wind. Each of them feels like they're outside their own bodies... they're looking at each other. They're not sure. Are they going where they think they are... O can't choose this time. It's not one or the other... it's all. They begin touching... kissing.

TIME LAPSE:

63 **INT. 'INDONESIAN' ROOM - BEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

63

An hour, two has passed... they find themselves in a room Ben's built out of Eastern and African memories. The moon is still high, the sound of waves, wind... their eyes, each in their own world, outside this time... They embrace, all three of them.

64 **INTERCUT -- INT. NAVIGATOR - OUTSIDE - NIGHT**

64

LADO taking a roadside leak, bored, on the cell. Inside the van, ESTEBAN waits.

LADO (bored, on a phone)
... The two *gueros* went out with a
'*bonita*,' and they all went in the
house. She don't come out yet.

65

INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S MEXICAN VILLA - NIGHT

65

ELENA

A whore?

LADO

No, I don't think. She act like a rich girl.

ELENA

She belong to 'Nothing Personal' or
'Eat Shit Caviar'?

LADO

I dunno. I'm outside. You want me to
go inside?

ELENA (beat, no answer)

... Interesting -- Americans.

LADO

I know, *Madrina*, you don't like to
hear this, but it's my job... I can do
it now. The '*gueros*' are drunk.
It'll never be this easy.

ELENA (beat, chuckles)

No, you big bear. I think I've found
their weakness.

LADO watches the HOUSE -- a light in a room somewhere is
shaded or softened...

**INTERCUT -- ELENA, on the other end of the phone, in her bed,
waits...**

ELENA

How pretty is she?

LADO

I don't know. Pretty, like tall
barbie doll... (then) But not as
pretty as you... (smiles)

DISSOLVE TO:

66

EXT. BEN & CHON'S DECK - EARLY DAY

66

BEN and CHON breakfast, worn out, breaking the tension.

BEN

... It was a little intense, y'know.
Maybe we oughta stop smoking that strain?

CHON (smiles)

-- or grow a lot more of it.

They laugh like two boys, as O steps out and sits, smiles, takes a bite of toast.

BEN

How you feeling?

O

... Good...

A beat. They try not to notice -- that she's crying very quietly. They feel it -- something is changing; she's marking it. A time of change. They will never be here like this again. The three of them.

As DOC, SAM, BILLY, and FRANK HAYES, Chon's team, arrive together -- ad lib greetings. O puts on a face.

O

... So I gotta make my final pilgrimage to the mall...

BEN

It's hot there, buy cool stuff.

O

I always buy cool stuff.

CHON

I'm sending Frankie with you.

O (nodding to Frankie)

... if Frankie can keep up.

CHON

Okay, but curfew's at 6. We fly outta here midnight. Don't forget the passport.

O

-- yes daddy... (then) I love you... guys.

Ben rolls his eyes. She rolls her own back, then a look at Chon, and an air kiss -- he's embarrassed in front of his guys.

67

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LAGUNA CENTER - DAY

67

A MAN in a ridiculous bicycle outfit races a road bike up the street... SUBTITLE: 'SPIN'

O (V.O.)

-- Meet Spin, the classic 36-year-old OC male with the time and money to 'work on himself'.... Used to be an investment broker with a big bank in Newport Beach. Then he found 'OGLA' and he could make a lot more money laundering Ben and Chon's profits than the bank's. The bank didn't miss him...

He stops at a CAFE, hefts the bike on his shoulder and climbs the stairs to his office.

O (V.O.)

... Spin spends the early-morning hours monitoring the money markets in Asia, and the rest of his time going to the gym, banging Orange County trophy wives, and practicing what it's like to be 19 again...

68

INT. SPIN'S OFFICE - DAY

68

SPIN'S bike hangs from a rack on the wall as BEN and CHON enter --

SPIN

So, wassup guys?

BEN

We need to get off the grid for a while, my friend.

Spin sips his latest soy concoction.

SPIN

S'cool.

BEN

Yeah, it's not really. But it's where we're at. I need you to set up a new line for us, double blind, everything washed fresh -- whole new cycle, make it go away somewhere for a while. So no one can trace us.

SPIN

You're kidding...? Gone gone? How long?

BEN

I dunno -- call it a sabbatical -- up
to a year...

Spin sets down his cappuccino and turns to his computer bank.

SPIN

Okay, no 'problema'.

CHON

When you say that, why do I worry about a
guy who wears ridiculous shorts to work?

SPIN

You're losing me, pal, it's not the shorts,
it's the big bulge they notice...
(calculating) A year for two of you...

BEN

Three.

SPIN

Three? Who's three?

BEN

... 0.

Spin bangs on the keyboard, calculating some more.

SPIN

Three people - one of them is 0, so that's
a whole new clothing line of it own.
Twelve months -- housing, meals,
entertainment, *bribes*. Where you thinking.

BEN

Indonesia... Sumba...

SPIN

Nice. Well, you're going to want easy
access to a mill, anyway - that girl's
ass - she can ride my bike any time.

CHON

Could you focus on the numbers?

SPIN

I'm multi-tasking, pal.

69 **INTERCUT -- EXT. EMERALD BAY - LAGUNA - DAY** 69

A SECURITY GATE slides open and the GUARD waves O through, driving a MINI COOPER CONVERTIBLE... as HAYES in the FOLLOW CAR remains outside...

From ANOTHER POV -- we sense Hayes is being watched.

70 **EXT. PAQU'S DRIVEWAY - DAY** 70

Along a curving street, past flower beds, trees, exclusive homes and drop-dead views of the ocean, O pulls up to a HOUSE.

O (V.O.)
 Momzoid -- I call her 'Paqu' for
 'Passive Aggressive Queen of the
 Universe' -- didn't hate me. She
 hated having me...

71 **INT. PAQU'S HOUSE - DAY** 71

A very put-together, beautiful, sterile Cali-fascist home.

O (V.O.)
 -- because she got all fat and stuff --
 which for Paqu was like 3 pounds. She
 bought a treadmill on the way home
 from the hospital. Strapped me into
 one of those baby packs, and walked
 2000 miles and went nowhere. Must've
 influenced me...

ELEANOR (overheard)
 ... Three is a very powerful number in our
 collective psyches, so we're going to use
 the power of '3' to enhance our personal
 power. On these cards I want you to write
 down three achievable steps...

A fastidiously attractive blonde woman, PAQU, looks up with a beaming smile from the living room sofa, sharing a pitcher of iced tea with her friend, ELEANOR.

PAQU
 I missed you, darling girl.

O
 Hi Mom.

Brushes her with a light kiss.

PAQU

Where have you been?

O

Around, ya know. Listen, have you seen my passport?

PAQU (instantly alert)

Why, where you going?

O

Europe. Uhh, to find myself.

PAQU

Can't you find yourself in Orange County?

O

Well, no one ever has... (as she moves off) Do you know where it is...?

PAQU (distracted)

What? Oh, in my drawer...

Glancing at Eleanor, she excuses herself and follows O into the --

72

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

72

O opens the refrigerator and scans for something good. But there's only organic healthy stuff, so she goes to the cupboard, finds a box of frosted cereal, and sits down to eat.

PAQU follows her, takes the box and pours it into a bowl, then slides it back to O as --

PAQU

What is this about Europe...?

O

You threw away my Jimmy Dean sausage biscuits...?

PAQU

Because it's junk, darling.

O

... even the self-heating gel? (Paqu wrinkles her face in disgust)...
Who's the Stepford?

PAQU

Oh, that's Eleanor, my life coach.
She's wonderful. You should say hello when you --

O
Your... 'life coach?' Just what does
a life coach do, Mom?

As O eats the cereal dry with her fingers, trying to gross
her out.

PAQU
Do? She's going to help me actualize my
inner potential, okay. She even thinks I
have the makings of a life coach myself.

As she places some flowers into a tall, skinny vase.

O
So your life coach is coaching you to
be a life coach?

PAQU
She happens to be amazing. If you just
spent half an hour of your precious
time and...

O
What happened to the skin care
product... the pyramid scheme?

PAQU
... Oh it wasn't that! But it was
superficial, I agree.

As she looks at the flower arrangement, smiling.

O
Nooo!

PAQU (a little sarcastic)
... you know, maybe you could be a
life coach, too... Ophelia? Then we
could be mother-and-daughter life
coaches?

O
But then you'd have to come clean that
you have a kid over the age of 10...
(shoveling more cereal into her mouth).

PAQU (peruses her)
Of course, you'd have to do something
about the hair... and the 'body art'.

O
Maybe I could just start off as a
'life cheerleader?'

As she exits the kitchen, leaving Paqu annoyed.

PAQU (calling after)
Ophelia, I do want to talk to you
about something...

O
... you promise?

73

INT. CORRIDOR & STUDY - PAQU'S HOUSE - DAY

73

O walks past an OPEN STUDY, where SIX, a fifty-ish guy in a pastel polo shirt, shorts, and sandals sits watching a hockey game on his computer and drinking a martini. Spotting O, he quickly switches back to a spreadsheet.

O
Don't worry, I won't rat you out.

SIX
Hi, sweetie. Where'd you come from so
pretty -- the foam? Hey, you wanna martini?

O
... Little early for me, no?

SIX (shrugs)
... It's 5 o'clock somewhere...

She heads towards her Mom's room.

O (V.O.)
That's 'Six'. I quit learning their names
right after 'Four'. Chon says I'm in the
middle of a twelve step-dad program.

A74

INT. PAQU'S BEDROOM - DAY

A74

O finds her passport in the bedside drawer of Paqu's lavish bedroom.

74

INT. O'S CHILDHOOD ROOM - DAY

74

O packing, flops down on the bed momentarily, flipping through her passport. In this little room, we sense the amalgam of her life from childhood through teenage years.

75

INTERCUT -- INT. SPIN'S OFFICE - LAGUNA - DAY

75

SPIN finishes at the keyboard, pleased.

SPIN

... Well first we close out all our corporations and pay our taxes, Wesley Snipes not. I put some cash with money brokers in Madrid, and shift it to a numbered account in Dubai. Then when you're ready, I'll move it to Jakarta, and you open a safe deposit. So anywhere you got an ethernet receptacle, chum, we can do digital transfers... (at Chon) *no problema*.

BEN

... so we're basically headquartered in Dubai?

SPIN (nods)

Since the Patriot Act, as long as the electrons are outside the U.S., we're good. Lotta lettuce to be carrying around. May I ask why you're running?

CHON

No one's running. This is a break, if it's anything at all.

SPIN

Un-huh. But amigo, what's the world without Ben and Chony's?

BEN

It won't be forever. We'll get you something to tide you over... (rising to leave) We had a run, Spin, you made a lot of money.

SPIN

I know. A lot's a lot -- but never enough. Sayonara, guys. See you next spin of the planet hunh?...

There's genuine feeling between Ben and Spin, as they leave.

76

INTERCUT -- INT. PAQU'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

76

O comes out of her room with a suitcase, as the life coach, ELEANOR, takes her leave, smiling tightly; they've been talking about her. PAQU pats the sofa.

PAQU

Ophelia, sit down. We've got to talk... (O sits warily) Are you planning to go alone?

O

No.

PAQU

I thought not. Who's paying?

O (dueling with the air)

My black platinum. You always wanted me to find a cause for my fight with you. So I'll conquer France, England, and Italy...

PAQU

For how long?

O

Oh, no more'n 4-5 weeks. I promise I'll email you.

PAQU

Is it that older guy with the money and the big house? Ben...?

O

No!

PAQU

... the other one -- the soldier?...
(off O's astonished look) I hear things, Ophelia... Is it both of them?

O

Gosh, Mom! Gross!!! No. I'm going with Lucy! You know Lucy? From school, my best friend...?

Paqu doesn't, but skips it because it's passably believable and she's got bigger things on her mind.

PAQU

Darling, I want to talk to you about something very serious.

O (uh-oh expression)

Mom, you keep saying that! Are you breaking up with me?

Paqu leans closer, her eyes softening, beat.

PAQU

Darling, Steve and I have decided to pursue our separate destinies.

O (beat)
Who's Steve?

PAQU
Steven...

O
Mom, you're talking about Six?

PAQU
Steven -- your stepfather? It's just that...

O
Is this an '*L Word*' thing? 'Cause Eleanor strikes me like you know, a real clam slapper...?

PAQU
Don't be silly! So Steven is going to be moving out.

O (beat)
... Can I have his room?

77

EXT/INT. BEN & CHON'S DECK - HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

77

MONTAGE -- INTERCUTS -- Separately, BEN and CHON work their cell phones... DOC, SAM and BILLY -- on the periphery. Signs of packing up.

BEN
... Well, Jay, think of it as economy of scale -- the Mexicans'll do business, but you'll be a corporation. They'll assign you profits and timetables. You'll make more money than you ever made with us...

CHON
... Hey, things change. Don't give it up. They're like corporations, none of 'em last. We could be back running the show in a year...

BEN
... Travis, phone numbers are vanishing as we speak, okay? Don't worry. I'm wiping the grid. Putting a little virus in to fuck 'em up if they chase you...

Ben glancing over at CRAIG & CLAIRE, their two computer pros who're inside 'cleaning' their files -- SUBTITLE & FREEZE: 'CRAIG & CLAIRE'

O (V.O.)

... That's Craig and Claire... They used to work at a SoCal think tank for the DOD -- y'know, the Pentagon. Until they found another mindset with Ben and Chon's strain...

TIME CUT:

Ben looks at his watch, a little tight -- Chon watching. This is 'the call'... comes over cell speaker.

BEN

So, hey Alex. You're on speaker. Chon next to me.

ALEX VOICE

And...?

BEN

... Well, we changed our minds. We're coming aboard.

ALEX (beat)

We're happy to hear that.

BEN

So... we want to go over the M.O. How 'bout first thing tomorrow morning...?

ALEX

We'll get back to you...

Click -- it's cold, spooky.

CHON

What about Dennis?

BEN

Do nothing. He'll be looking, but won't find us. He'll get his wife's supply through Billy... (optimistic). Hey, we're gonna be invisible, man!... It's gonna be all right Chon, one of those 'blessings in disguise.'

79 INT. O'S MINI COOPER - SOCAL MALL - DAY 79

O turns into a SOCAL MALL.

80 INT. FOLLOW VEHICLE - HAYES'S SUV - DAY 80

HAYES, from a few car-lengths, watches O drive into a crowded parking area... but suddenly spots a MOTORCYCLE FLASHER in his rearview. The COP signals to pull off the main drag and onto a quieter SIDE STREET. Pissed, Hayes turns.

The BIKE pulls up behind. The HISPANIC COP gets off, walks over. Hayes rolls down the window.

COP

You know why I stopped you, sir?

HAYES

Let me guess... (reaching for the glove compartment)

He never sees the SILENCED SHOT that comes up through his chin, blowing the top of his head off.

The Cop coolly walks back to his bike.

A HORSE TRAILER pulls up, driven by LADO. CARTEL GUYS #1 and #2 hop out... leverage Hayes' body into the passenger side, and #1 drives Hayes' car off, as the other gets back in the horse trailer, which u-turns back.

81 INT. SOCAL MALL - DAY 81

O SHOPPING MONTAGE -- so many choices confront her! Into a brand store, picking out a summer dress... SUBTITLE -- AMEX AMOUNT: '\$935.99'... In a glass window reflection, O's looking at herself in the new dress...

O (V.O.)

I have many flaws. One of them is shopping -- big time. Ben says I'm trying to replace my Dad's missing love, but he's the son of -- count them -- two San Francisco psychiatrists...

TITLES run from the bottom screen in a fast, parodic manner, going faster as we wind selectively through the alphabet.

A: Abercrombie & Fitch, Armani, American Express, Anne Taylor; B: Bang & Olufsen, Bank of America, Banana Republic, Bloomingdales, Borders, Brooks Brothers, Brookstone, Bulgari...

O (V.O.)

... I don't know that I like myself, but I was born American -- it's what we do. Shop and be selfish. I could be worse. I could be cutting people up or flying drones in Afghanistan...

... out of a shoe store... SUBTITLE -- AMEX AMOUNT: '\$825.55'... into a sound store... modeling a cool new headset (tbd) she loves for her new iPod... SUBTITLE -- AMEX AMOUNT: '\$619.25'...

O (V.O.)

... So I just worship a 3" titan god -- and let the sales tax pay for the drones. It's a lot easier to help Dior than Darfur. Fucked, yes, but welcome to America where we get attacked and we're told by President Bush to go shopping. At least we'll look good going to hell... Do I sound angry? Forgive me...

(CONT'D)... V: Valentino, Van Cleef, Versace, Victoria's Secret... ESTEBAN smoothly tracking her on a cellphone.

O (V.O.)

... Ignorance is such sweet bliss. And Lord -- please forgive me, and pass me another Mercedes Benz...

82

OMIT SCENE

82

83

INT. SOCIAL MALL - DAY

83

O passes a beautiful, young girl about O's age, coming off an escalator, and we leave O and follow MAGDA.

She's a dark, voluptuous Latina, clearly a high-end shopper, her eyes rapping the store windows as she sighs on a cellphone to guess who --

84

INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S LIVING ROOM - MEXICAN VILLA - DAY

84

ELENA's alone, watching a MEXICAN SOAP OPERA.

MAGDA

I'm sorry, Mami. I got a 'Sosh midterm on Monday and an Econ paper due Wednesday.

ELENA

I was just hoping you could come one weekend. We could go shopping, have a nice lunch?

Magda is a bright child, knows her mother well.

MAGDA

Mami, I miss you. I promise before the semester is over, but you want me to get good grades don't you? You don't want me to end up in Tijuana with Rodrigo chasing me, do you?

ELENA

... I see you're taking dance class?

MAGDA

Keeps me in shape.

ELENA

What are we going to do with your horses? We can send them to...

MAGDA

Why can't you sell them. They're worth a fortune.

ELENA (concerned)

You love those horses, no? What does Craig say?

MAGDA

Oh, Craig's history, Mami. He's like the 'Dark Ages'...

ELENA (bad news!)

What happened? He was such a nice...

MAGDA (smiles)
Put it this way -- I had geldings
harder to handle. You know in America,
they don't get married at 18 or 19.
So relax, Mami, okay...?

Elena backs off, frustrated.

ELENA
Okay, Magda, okay. You have a good
time there, okay. I love you very
much. Kisses.

Magda clicks off, rolling her eyes as she turns into a store.

A85 **EXT. PARKING SPOT - SOCIAL MALL - DAY**

A85

O puts her shopping bags in the back seat, gets in her Mini-Cooper.

The HISPANIC COP watches, kicks up his motorbike, as she drives out... As ESTEBAN, from the mall, climbs in, LADO pulls the horse trailer out.

85 **EXT/INT. BEN & CHON'S DECK - LAGUNA - LATER DAY**

85

CHON disconnects his cell with a very worried look, slides the glass door.

CHON
Ben! Hayes is not picking up.
Something's wrong.

BEN's on a sat line inside, hangs up.

BEN
Call you back... you try O?

CHON
She's not answering. It's not like
Hayes...

BEN (freaking out)
Jesus Christ, Chon! You saying they
got her? Where is your goddamn guy
that was so goddamn good!?

CHON
If he's not with O, he's dead.

They're both in shock.

TIME LAPSE:

The sun setting over the ocean. BEN and CHON sit there, waiting silent, nothing is happening. Chon smokes a joint.

Ben's laptop 'bongs' distinctly -- incoming! Ben, ashen, opens and clicks on the provided link. They're looking into a VIDEO LINKUP (tbd) at --

86

INTERCUT -- INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - SOMEWHERE - DAY

86

O sits disheveled, tied to a chair in a slip, she looks stoned -- they gave her something, they're not sure she recognizes them. A small rope is attached to her left 5th digit. The room is bare, unidentifiable, windows sealed with newspaper. FOUR hooded FIGURES holding pistols, stand on both sides.

BEN

O? Hi.

O

Hi.

CHON

Did they hurt you?

O

I'm okay.

BEN

I'm so sorry about this, baby. We'll get you out. I promise.

O

It's okay.

VFX -- Then the vid-artist does this really cute thing -- O's head just pops off her shoulders and starts floating around the screen.

A87

INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S MEXICAN VILLA - SAME

A87

As an electronically-altered male VOICE comes on.

ELENA

Which one of you is 'Mr. Nothing Personal?'

BEN

I'm here.

CHON (blurts out)
If you hurt her...

BEN (to Chon)
Shut up!... (to Elena) Look, we can
negotiate --

ELENA
We didn't make you an offer to hear a
counter-offer. We made a deal, to which
we expected compliance. You lied to us.

BEN
We'll do whatever you want.

ELENA
If that reflects a change of attitude,
you will have to demonstrate it.

As she speaks, we see the man with the death grin mask --
LADO -- move next to an unseeing O clutching a wicked-looking
hand axe. Chon goes cold, homicidal.

ELENA
You will make a delivery to us in Chula Vista
of 300 pounds. You have 5 hours -- or you
will receive an email that you will not like.
Are we clear?

BEN
It's not a problem.

ELENA
Really? Because it was a problem before.

BEN
It's not now.

ELENA
Good. Now let me speak to 'Mr. Eat
Shit Caviar.'

CHON
I'm here.

ELENA
You insulted me.

CHON
I'm sorry.

ELENA
No you're not. Take out your gun.

Chon moves out of frame, comes back with a revolver, shows it.

ELENA

Stand in front of the camera, where I can see you... (Chon does). Now stick it in that vulgar mouth of yours.

O (stirs)

Chon, nooo...!

ELENA (to Lado)

Cut off two fingers.

On the screen, they suddenly notice the cigar cutter on her left finger, the rope strangling the circulation. Lado about to cut it off!

CHON

I'm doing it. I'm doing it!

Ben feels like he's in shock, in some weird, sick nightmare. Chon opens his mouth and swallows the barrel.

ELENA

Now put your finger on the trigger.

Ben crashes into frame, beseeching the unseen Elena.

BEN

There's got to be a better way.

Chon signals him to get away! Ben's knees go out under him, and he's suddenly sitting on the floor with his face in his hands.

As O now yells, Chon tightens his finger on the trigger, takes that breath -- he's ready to do it!

ELENA (calmly)

Now stop -- take the gun out.

Chon freezes, slowly pulls the gun barrel from his mouth, carefully. A silence -- relief all around.

ELENA

The next time we ask you to do something, we assume we won't hear 'eat shit caviar'...? (Chon nods). Good. 5 hours begin now.

Audio goes dead, screen goes blank. Ben and Chon look at each other, their watches -- delivery at 11:30PM!

CHON

We gotta move!

87 INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

87

LADO removes his hood. O stares up into a set of eyes she's never imagined before. ESTEBAN moves in behind him.

LADO (points)
... toothpaste... comb. Bottle of
water. There's your bed, your sink.
We'll see you in the morning.

O (still dazed)
... no toothbrush?

LADO (smile)
... you wanna use my finger?

MONTAGE -- BEN and CHON DELIVERY.

88 INT. 3RD GROW HOUSE - SOCIAL - NIGHT

88

BEN hits the bell -- as ERIC, a young, rich grower lets them in.

BEN
Whatcha got?

ERIC
Everything that's harvest ready -- I
had to go to storage in Santa Barbara
to make up the whole 300. Let's get
loaded.

As Ben and CHON walk from a normal living space into an INDOOR SWIMMING POOL under a canopy of tinted plexiglass... grow lamps, drip lines...

Chon looking at his cell -- they've got less than 2 hours!

89 EXT. GROW HOUSE DRIVEWAY - VAN - NIGHT

89

A non-distinct VAN stripped of its backseats -- as BEN, CHON, ERIC, and THREE ASSOCIATES empty giant mason jars into turkey bags and fill the van -- no bricks.

ERIC
So, am I working for you or them now?

BEN
You'll know tomorrow. We owe you, Eric. Thanks.

90

INT/EXT. BEN & CHON'S VAN - HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

90

BEN and CHON cutting through the California night. VFX -- FAST CUTS -- the GREEN EXIT SIGNS like steps climbing a scaffold -- Aliso Viejo, Oso Parkway, El Toro, Lake Forest, Culver, MacArthur, John Wayne Airport -- as the SPEEDOMETER hits 80, 90, 100...

CHON

Slow down, man! Cops like bees all over.

BEN

43 minutes.

Irvine Amphitheater... then Ben sees, ahead from the corner of his eye -- a California HIGHWAY PATROL CAR lying, casually, like a rattlesnake in the bushes.

BEN

Oh shit!

He eases off the gas quickly and looks into his rearview at the CHP car. A significant pause... but then, the cruiser pulls out.

BEN

FUCK!

He watches it inexorably come up in his rearview, tracking them, running their plates.

BEN

Shit, shit! 300 pounds! We're dead, man!

Chon breaks out his shotgun.

CHON

No man, he's dead. No one's stopping me from getting O.

BEN

Are you crazy! You can't... We --

He really doesn't know what to do -- as Chon checks his chambers, prepared to use it.

CHON (soothing)

Just drive real cool, Ben. Put one big big thought in your head -- O is not gonna die. Forget everything else... Stay that way.

Ben fucking can't breathe, hands soaked on the sweat-slick wheel... the COP watching him from behind. That moment of decision --

BEN (a mantra)
Please don't! Please, please Mister
State Trooper, don't stop me now...

The sign ahead says 'Bristol Street.' Head on a swivel, Ben slowly eases off the FREEWAY -- the key moment... long beat... the CHP glides on!

Ben breathes -- but is now lost! Frantically, he punches the car GPS and waits, as Chon studies his 'Map Quest' (tbd).

BEN
Come on! COME ON!

CHON
There! Hang a hard right! Go!

91 **EXT. STRIP MALL - SOCAL - NIGHT**

91

CHON points out a store -- a liquor store, a pizza joint, dry cleaner's, nail salon -- all closed. BEN parks the van, brake squealing, in a diagonal slot between lines, checks his watch.

BEN
Two minutes!

CHON
They're watching us.

Ben's cell croaks.

BEN
Yes!

VOICE
Pull back onto Crestlawn. Go two blocks,
take a right. There's a fish store.

92 **EXT. 2ND STRIP MALL - SOCAL - NIGHT**

92

BEN driving to the FISH STORE... a sign with a cartoon fish, bubbles coming out of its mouth.

BEN
I see it.

VOICE

Take a right into the alley behind the store... (he does so). Put it into park and get out.

BEN

I shut off the engine?

VOICE

No.

Ben and CHON get out of the car. It happens fast.

JUMP CUTS -- TWO CARS roll in, TWO GUYS jump out the back of one. One grabs Ben, the other Chon, shove them up against the van on separate sides with pistols to their heads. They snatch their phones. TWO OTHER GUYS check out the van.

GUY 1

... Anyone follows us, anything goes wrong, the girl dies slow.

Ben and Chon wait, until they hear -- the Van leaving with one of the cars. They get into the other car, a CRV.

The keys are in the ignition -- a duffel bag on the passenger seat. Chon opens to: 350K. They paid for the dope! They share a surprised look. A new cell phone sits on the cash.

93

INT. CRV - HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

93

BEN and CHON drive back. The cellphone rings. This time Elena's voice is normal, over a speaker.

ELENA'S VOICE

We're happy to see you've learned to honor your partnership... Ophelia has emailed her mother that she's arrived safely in Paris.

BEN

What do you want from us?

ELENA'S VOICE

The agreed-upon partnership. 3 years -- except now it's 70/30. The first payment you've received. You'll find us quite reasonable.

BEN

And O?

ELENA'S VOICE

O will be away for 1 year. If...

CHON

One year?!

BEN (as in 'shut up!')

Chon!

ELENA'S VOICE

At the end of that year she'll come home. You will only see Mr. Alex and Mr. Jaime. If you have any problems, you will see Mr. Video Clip, which you don't want. Fail at any point to meet the terms of our partnership, and the girl will die very badly...

She cuts off. Tension releases, until --

CHON

One year! O won't make 3 weeks!
They're going to kill her anyway.

BEN

Don't fucking say that!

CHON

They're going to make us jump through these fucking hoops until they get what they want, and then they're going to kill her and then they're going to kill us.

BEN

We made a 3-year deal. She's out in 1. They want the money.

CHON

You don't know shit. You're talking to Taliban. They don't give back.

BEN

They paid for the dope, didn't they!

CHON

Savages don't make deals. Those soldiers that got kidnapped in Iraq, y'ever see any of them again? Every fucking man in her life has let her down! She's in this shit 'cause of us!... (then) When I said 'kill em,' you said 'no, we can talk to them.' Yeah -- you talked all right!

BEN

That's your answer for everything --
"kill everybody!"

CHON

Hey, I didn't see you stick a fucking
gun in your mouth, chief! I've never
left anyone behind in my fucking life!

BEN

Do you think I would!

An upset, unsaid silence between them. Ben knows he never
could've done what Chon did -- then...

BEN

I really thought we had 48 hours! I
messed up, I'm sorry...

CHON (lets it go)

I fucked up!... (to himself) Asshole --
they were watching us all night...
(then) Okay we grab this Alex and
Jaime and start carving essential
pieces off 'em...

BEN

But how do we know they know where she
is... maybe she's in Mexico?

CHON

I got guys in Baja -- Israelis.

BEN

Chon -- relax!... Think. We're smarter
than them.

CHON

Maybe in botany...!

BEN

They're a business, Chon. What if we
offer them cash now?

CHON (beat, considering it)

... In 10 days that retard mother of
hers is gonna go milk carton over her
baby girl -- cops, FBI, the whole nine
-- and there's O's sweet face looking
for her shoulders...

BEN

What about Dennis...? (Chon looks)

A94

INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

A94

The CARTEL CHIQUITA crushes up some Ambien and pours into a water bottle as --

LADO watches O sleep. She leaves the room. ESTEBAN dozes on the couch.

Lado takes a cellphone out, takes a picture of O sleeping. She might open her eyes, shocked to see him there -- but he smiles, offers her some water.

94

EXT. PARKING LOT/INT. CHON'S CAR - BEACH - NEXT DAY

94

DENNIS walks over to CHON's CAR.

DENNIS

Twice in a week. Not good, guys...

CHON

Get in.

95

OMIT SCENE (95 COMBINED WITH 94)

95

DENNIS (slides into the back seat, wary)

You know a little sleep can do wonders.
To what do I owe this pleasure?

... BEN and CHON look awful, an all-nighter, but they watch carefully for any signs of knowledge on Dennis's blank expression.

BEN

Dennis, we need your files on the Baja Cartel.

DENNIS

What...? I told you not to fuck with these people. I follow my own advice. Have a nice day...

BEN

Listen, Dennis, I'm not going to have a nice day. But neither are you. Because I'm coming down to San Diego to introduce myself to your district supervisor... (Dennis laughs) Yes, and you're gonna have a hard time explaining a half million dollars parked in the Cook Islands when you clear 110 after taxes?

*

Dennis eyes get small and nasty. Ben reading them --

BEN (smiles)

... and Dennis don't even think about calling someone and having us disappear cause I got plenty of evidence in other people's hands...

*

*

DENNIS

What happened to our mutually assured destruction thing? We rat each other out and we end up in the same prison cell.

BEN

They lifted O... (a reaction from Dennis)
Surprised? Yeah, well I'll do time, but
you got kids, Dennis, they're already
growing up without a Mom. You don't have
a move here.

Dennis is uncomfortable, but remains impenetrable.

DENNIS

I told you what I know. When Hillary
Clinton grows up, she wants to be
Elena Sanchez. Get the picture? You
go up against 'La Reina Elena,' I see
a lot of dead people.

BEN

Very dramatic, but in the reality-
based community, there's always a
weakness...

DENNIS (irritated)

... All right, here's the deal. You
know who this "El Azul" is?... (a blank
look from Ben) He was her inside guy
for years. Now he's gone out on his
own. The Mexican presidential
election's next year and his guy is in.
Elena is done. There was a bust last
month in Baja... the largest grow ever
found. A quarter million plants! It
was hers. Last month, a warehouse
bombed. She's losing men and money like
a BP oil spill. That's one reason
she's coming north -- moving in on
indies like you.

*

BEN

Where does she live? Does she...?

DENNIS (impatient)

Where does she live! Tijuana! -- don't
even think about it, it's got more
security than the American fucking
Embassy okay! Husband, brothers,
dead. Two sons -- dead. Only son
alive's some fag playboy in Mexico
City -- and that's all the fuck I
know!

BEN

This is bullshit, Dennis. We need what the DEA's got on the cartel -- names, histories, stash houses, informants, phone numbers, emails...

DENNIS (laughs)

Sorry, that isn't part of our deal, baby Ben.

CHON (quietly)

It is now.

DENNIS

It don't work that way. It's 1984 in there. The databases are encrypted and redundant with firewalls. Anyone even trying to penetrate would be tracked right back with an electronic signature that...

BEN

More bullshit! Our guys helped set up those firewalls. Anything can be hacked! We don't have time, Dennis -- you're going to step up right now.

Dennis cannot be intimidated by Ben.

DENNIS

Get fucked.

As Dennis climbs out of the car, he props himself with his right hand on the seat. Chon strikes swiftly, driving his jungle knife into the back of Dennis's hand, nearly pinning it to the seat. Dennis screams! Chon's in his face with a violence Ben has never seen before.

BEN

Fuck! What are you doing?!

CHON

Listen, you double-dealing piece of shit! They took our girl. They took O. I will do anything -- you hear me? -- anything to get her back!

Ben is truly aghast at the violence, the blood dripping all over the seat. Dennis coming off the shock, seeing Chon's face clearly --

DENNIS

You stabbed me, motherfucker! I'm a Federal Agent!

This takes Chon to the next level. He jerks the knife out of the hand and starts over the seat with his pistol -- whips Dennis in the head.

CHON

Yeah! I'll do more than that... let's rock!

DENNIS (scared now)

Okay, okay... okay. Stop! You crazy motherfucker!!

Dennis gets his breath back, now bleeding from his scalp. Chon waits, coiled, ready to strike again.

DENNIS (a whisper)

Okay. Okay. I'll figure something out.

CHON

You better get back to us soon.

As Dennis goes -- or rather flees quietly from the car -- Ben looking from Dennis back at Chon. Shocked still. Chon looks at him -- 'you get it now?'

96

INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - SOMEWHERE - DAY/NIGHT

96

O (V.O.)

... Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I was being tortured, brainwashed...

INSERT: On a small television several weight-challenged individuals are 'tortured' on camera... ESTEBAN laughs, eating pizza with his hostage alongside on a dirty couch. The CARTEL CHIQUITA is also there, but leaves.

O is going out of her mind with tension! She can't tell if it's night or day, the windows taped, the room sparse. She chucks the pizza slice back into the box --

O

Why can't I watch "Bachelorette" instead? Why can't I talk to whoever's in charge here? This is not fair y'know. You don't want me to go mental, do you?... (frustrated by Esteban) I mean is anyone listening? Can I speak to anyone?

A CARTEL GUY #2 checks on the room, Esteban signals everything ok. The guy leaves. Esteban looks on with some sympathy. As far as he's concerned, the Anglo chick with the tatoos and shit is really *guapa* but nuts... She looks up at the SURVEILLANCE CAMERA in a corner of the room...

O (to camera)

How about a clean room at least? And
instead of pizza and sandwiches, a
salad once in a while?

(MORE)

O (to camera) (CONT'D)
 Then when you ransom me, I won't look
 like one of those people (indicating
 the TV)

O closes on the camera.

O
 ... You don't know my Mom, but she's
 really gonna do something stupid if
 she doesn't hear from me, like call up
 the FBI cause my stepdad -- number
 four I think -- was in the FBI or CIA,
 one of those. That's why you should
 get me on the internet soon --
 supervise me, sure, but I can tell
 people I'm alive somewhere -- and
 maybe while you're at it, how bout a
 flatscreen so I can pass the hours
 without getting crosseyed -- and you
 know I was carrying my iPod when
 you... (pause) picked me up. Music
 helps keep me sane, cause I know I can
 be here for like 7-10 days... (then,
 not so sure) maybe a month. Ben and
 Chon'll come up with the money...

The silence is her answer; she doesn't want to cry in front
 of them.

O
 Well, whoever you are, just think -- I
 could be your daughter.

Esteban watches. In the ensuing silence, she ambles
 uncertainly away from the camera.

97 **INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA VILLA - MEXICO - NIGHT**

97

ELENA watches O on playback. There's something different
 about this girl; she's intrigued.

MONTAGE -- DENNIS DELIVERY

98 **INT. WIRETAP CENTER - DAY**

98

CU -- DENNIS, a heavily-bandaged hand carrying 2 credit cards
 with an electronic reader walks past some cubicles with
 SPANISH TRANSLATORS at work; approaches a cute, plump young
 woman, MYRNA, happy to see him.

O (V.O.)

... Cracking the DEA firewall was short-term impossible, but it turned out Dennis had files illegally stashed from years of running informants -- and since his wife was sick with cancer, he'd been tapping this little 'cholata' in the Eavesdropping Center...

He gives Myrna the cards and reader...

DENNIS

... 60 days worth baby... and on this one all the geo-locations.

Myrna mutters something intimate (tbd), and heads into --

A99 **INT. ADJOINING SERVER ROOM - DAY**

A99

... Where MYRNA types in a name, "Elena Sanchez," and transfers the data onto the cards via a USB port off an ordinary computer... It takes moments --

O (V.O.)

... A lot of the translators were trying to get legal, so Dennis got Myrna a green card and uses it like a choker... most relationships I guess are like that...

98 **RESUME - INT. WIRETAP CENTER - DAY**

98

MYRNA reenters, hands DENNIS the 2 CARDS and the reader -- smiles and heads back to her cubicle.

B99 **INT. DENNIS'S VEHICLE - LIMBO - DAY**

B99

DENNIS's bandaged hand passes the 2 CARDS to BEN in the passenger seat. A look between them.

BEN

How's the hand...?

DENNIS

Don't bite it again... (Ben exits)

99 **INT. O'S HOSTAGE HOUSE - SOMEWHERE - DAY/NIGHT**

99

LADO cuts a steak with a knife and fork -- feeds her... She's hungry, eats.

LADO

So, we're hearing the food here's not good enough. We're concerned... (a second piece)... good?

She nods warily. He smiles, pulls out her iPod from a little bag -- and the headset she bought at the mall.

LADO

... and guess what -- a little music for your princess ears...?

100 **EXT/INT. CRAIG/CLAIRE'S STUDIO - LAGUNA - LATE NIGHT** 100

BILLY and DOC walk the perimeter of the deck, keeping watch.

CU -- the 2 CREDIT CARDS -- one into CRAIG's desktop, the other CLAIRE's -- as BEN, CHON, and SPIN wait...

CRAIG (excited)

Whoa -- it's a mudslide off 2 lousy cards. This dude's ahead of the curve!

TIME CUT:

101 **DAWN** -- It's an all-nighter. CRAIG and CLAIRE in trunks, t-shirts, flip-flops going through reams of data... On the screens: tapped cell phone translations, 'longs' and 'lats' of stash house locations, drug and money runs, where they bank, etc. On screen, we see pictures of Alex and Elena -- and Jaime (no Lado). 101

CLAIRE

... This lawyer dude, Alex Reyes, set her up with a 100,000 acre ranch in Humboldt County. And down here in Anza-Borrego, another 50,000 acres. She's got property all over the place, in La Jolla, parts of Palm Desert... apartments in Miami, London, Zurich...

CHON

How about living family?

CLAIRE

Would take a week. There's too much here, sweetie. She's got a playboy son in Mexico City; from this transcript, it looks like she took over to keep him out of a barrel of acid... I'm seeing triple. Looking at this stuff on your stuff's weird.

CHON (offers a spliff)

Try this one, different blend -- it's smooth and fast.

Taking a hit, looking at the container: 'Moon Landing'...?

CHON

Some say it happened, some say it was staged. We say 'who gives a fuck!'

CRAIG

The thing is there's gaps. This guy is shrouding his sources...

BEN (not surprised)

You think ol' Dennis pulled a Nixon?

CRAIG

Look -- it's an NTFS partition. He fucked up the master boot record -- you see this informant number... (indicating) "C-1459"... looks to be one of his biggest sources... but it's ciphered and I can't crack it, which is interesting. Whoever's doing this is very good...

A provocative ENCRYPTION (tbd) -- confronts them.

BEN (accepts, to Claire)

Okay. Claire, can you google those houses again?... Spin, cash -- what can we clear now -- Chon and my accounts?

As Claire goes to it, Ben reveals SPIN working on another batch of incoming.

SPIN

Liquid...? You can't dump the house or you'll take a 2 mill lump to the head. Depends on how fast I can move your gold and silver, but let's estimate -- 6 to 8.

BEN

That's all! After all these years, you fuck me in the ass.

SPIN

I'm insulted you only realized that just now. Hey, I didn't go Bono all over Africa and Asia, buddy buddy. BTW, this Elena chick's pretty hot.

BEN

Why does everybody have to be compared to fucking Bono, can we take a break from cliches!

As indistinct, ugly HOUSES come up in isolated desert areas on Claire's screens -- Google Earth mapping.

BEN

So let's say we're 3-4 mill short,
depending on how much we can get 'em
down...

Chon starting to realize his plan.

CHON

You crazy bastard! Are you --

BEN

There's gotta be millions sitting in
those houses at one time or another,
no?... (off Chon's smile)... like
Robin Hood?

CHON

A fucked up Robin Hood. Love it -- !

O (V.O.)

Bingo! -- that's what makes Ben Ben...

The satellite zooming lower on the houses... On Chon's eyes,
studying the terrain, excited --

CHON

Couple IEDs and RPGs might come in
handy. We could really go 'Sunni' on
these bastards!

CLAIRE

... Say are we in any danger here?

CRAIG

Nothing a face lift can't fix...

AA102 **EXT. DESERT - STASH HOUSE & ROAD - DAY**

AA102

CHON, DOC, SAM, BILLY, and JESSE, who's replaced Hayes, scout
the terrain very furtively -- binoculars, GPS, scopes... BEN
watches to the side, working his pistol.

Through the scopes' POV we see the ROAD, a CAR or TWO
passing, leading to an isolated CAMP with 3 indistinct
TRAILERS in the middle of sage brush -- a couple VANS parked
around, a little movement of MEN...

O (V.O.)

... Chon's team staked out the
honeypot for 4 days and nights. Your
strengths, like Elena says, are also
your weaknesses.

(MORE)

O (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The cartel never expected this -- wars
that come home to roost...

Chon walks by, notices Ben holding the gun, looking at it.

CHON
... O was a great shot, remember?
Let's head over to the firing range,
get some target practice.

BEN
... I don't know if I could do this,
Chon -- kill somebody.

Chon takes Ben's gun, checks it.

CHON
If it goes like I think, you shouldn't
have to... (as they start to leave)
Look, Ben, there's no 'undo' button
here. You don't have to be here. The
five of us...

BEN
It was my idea. I'm in.

O (V.O.)
... Two long summer days crawled by --
like spiders...

DISSOLVE TO:

A102a **EXT. PAQU'S HOME - LAGUNA BEACH - NIGHT**

A102a *

O (V.O.)
I just knew my men were working on
something. My job was to stay alive
long enough for them to do it...

MONTAGE -- a Parisian POSTMAIL, artistically rendered by O --
an oddball collage of PHOTOS of Paris combined with VFX -- an
animated figure of 'O' moving through the city.

O (V.O.)
Dear Momzoid -- Don't freak when you
see the black shiny bill but you gotta
know it's a one-time only in Paris. I
mean you can't even ask about prices,
or the snooty sales girls won't look
at you...

Revealing PAQU, who reads the last part to her life coach
ELEANOR.

PAQU

... "So I picked up this amazing wood print dress by Rodarte at Colette's in the "Rue St- Honore," and there's Merci in "Boulevard Beaumarchais" in this 18th Century courtyard you can barely find. You're so right -- I hate these French bitches! They eat all the time and they're SO SKINNY!"

ELEANOR's skeptical.

PAQU

At least she's learning something...

A102b INT. O'S HOSTAGE HOUSE - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A102b *

The ROOM has improved. ESTEBAN and a CARTEL GUY #2 supervise, as O puts the finishing touches on a MONTAGE of a LONDON POSTMAIL -- varied images of the city with VFX -- 'O' moving through it.

O (V.O.)

So Momzoid, London's XQZT. And swings like a pendulum too. You'd die over my room, I even have a portrait of Ophelia. I'm having the time of my life, but being here really makes me appreciated home. I hope you know how much I love you. Anyway, it's off to the West End to see some Shakespere! I hear he liked boys better and left his wife the second best bed! LOL! Miss U.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Esteban recoups the laptop. On a flat screen, an episode of 'BACHELORETTE' plays. No matter. She signals Esteban before he leaves, whispering intently with the eyes, playing the back of her head for the surveillance camera.

O

Esteban, please... let me talk to someone... not him... (he knows what she means)... Someone. Please.

*

A102 INT. ELENA'S VILLA - MEXICO - LATER THAT MORNING

A102

ELENA comes to a LINKUP with BEN, who isn't able to see her.

O (V.O.)

... After a few phone calls, back and forth, Ben got through to Elena La Reina...

B102 **INTERCUT -- INT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE- LAGUNA - DAY**

B102 *

CHON listens out of sight, alongside SAM, maps out -- as BEN speaks to the video linkup.

ELENA (stern)

Did I not tell you everything goes
through Mr. Alex?

BEN

Not this. 10 million cash -- straight up for the girl. We stay happy partners.

ELENA (beat)

You have this money?

BEN

Would I make the offer if I didn't? You say yes, you have it in 2 weeks... (pause) Look, Ms. Sanchez, we believe in win-win negotiations. We've thought this through and...

ELENA

So have I. And I put her value at 15 million.

Ben disappointed, doesn't show it.

BEN

Too much for us small-timers... Uh, what about 12, Senorita? Give us some hope, all right?

ELENA (beat)

13 is our number. But this is not open-ended. Two weeks. The rest of our deal stays the same. 3 years.

BEN

Agreed.

She clicks off. Ben very pleased -- in fact thrilled, shares it with Chon and SAM.

D102 OMIT SCENE (BECOMES A102b) D102 *

E102 INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S MEXICAN VILLA - NIGHT E102

ELENA is drinking tequila, alone in her giant living room, her technician, CESAR, approaches with a laptop.

ELENA
Did you get Magda?

CESAR
No, but this girl keeps insisting to talk to you.

ELENA (sighs)
One doesn't want to talk to me, this one does. Okay, put her on.

O's face pops up onto Elena's laptop.

ELENA
You have a request?

O (humbly)
Yes, I'd like to speak to the person in charge...?

O can't see her, but impulsively, Elena signals the Technician, who makes her visible to O for the first time. O is quite surprised -- a woman!

OMIT PAGE 78A

*

ELENA

Yes...?

O

Ooh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize...?

ELENA (cuts in)

Did not Esteban provide the essentials?

O

Uh, he did, and it's cool. But the thing is, I'm having concentration problems... uh so I was wondering if I can get a little, uh... something to take the edge off?

ELENA (clueless)

What do you mean? Is it that time of month?

O

No. I mean the stuff over which everyone's killing each other.

ELENA

Oh, I see... (beat) May I ask how long you've been using, Ophelia?

O

Since 8th grade.

ELENA

And you're wondering why you're having concentration problems? Do your parents know?

O

They didn't really care.

Elena is reluctant, but...

ELENA

All right, if you feel you must, I will arrange it.

O

Thank you.

The screen goes blank when Elena clicks off, bothered. *

F102 OMIT SCENE (BECOMES B119a)

F102 *

OMIT PAGE 79A & 80 *

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104	OMIT SCENE	104
A105	OMIT SCENE	A105
105	OMIT SCENE	105

106	EXT. HIJACK - DESERT - DUSK	106
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SIX MEN move up either side of the same road -- CHON, BEN, DOC, SAM, BILLY, and JESSE -- carrying M-4 rifles and M-110s. They're dressed for combat -- black jackets, black flat vests, black caps, earpieces, microphones, and flashlight clipped to each...

O (V.O.)
 ... They used to call it 'guerilla warfare,' but now it's 'non-symmetrical conflict.' You know men who call killing something like that are really fucked up...!

Ben hangs behind... Watching them move across the desert floor; we could be in Iraq, or southern Afghanistan...

O (V.O.)

But it's still the underdogs against
the big dogs, and Chon likes it that
way -- it brings out his inner Taliban.

A radio signal now clicks in. Billy's spotted something!

Chon whispers to Doc, who takes a DCMA 2500 motion sensor off his
pack, and moves out with Sam...

Chon settles next to Ben, peering at the CARS coming from miles
away through a nightscope.

THREE CARS head up the road in a spread caravan!

CHON

You nervous...?

BEN

No. I hijack cash shipments all the
time.

Chon lighting up a joint, taking 1-2 quick hits to loosen the
edge.

CHON

Adrenaline's good. Nature's way of
telling you -- don't fuck up...
(smokes)

BEN (fear)

Chon, I've never done this before...

CHON

... You're over reacting, it's
actually fun. They don't call it 'high-
jacking' for nothing.

Chon holds the joint out for Ben, who thinks, for once
refuses.

CHON

Breathe. They won't be expecting this
kind of attack. My guys are good.
Just hang back till I signal -- and
don't try to be a hero, that's what
gets people killed out there...
(Moving into position, indicating
Ben's spot) Okay... here they come.

107 **EXT. HIJACK - DESERT - DUSK**

107 *

CU -- BEN watching. We hear from CHON'S earpiece.

DOC (O.S.)

First bogey coming your way... Second
one's about 100 yards behind. 3rd on
3-400... (Chon signals back)

Chon sights in on a black ESCALADE SUV coming around the curve.

CHON

Stay flat, don't come in till I give
you the clear signal...

Ben's nervous now. The FIRST CAR comes at them -- and goes thru.

The SECOND is almost right on top of them, roaring up the road.

The First pulls up to the trailer encampment. Signs of
movement -- men coming from the trailer.

The Passengers now scramble to open the doors, hauling out cases of money. The car EXPLODES into a ball of flame.... Chon now signals Ben to come in on one side.

A109 **INTERCUT** -- at the Encampment, the First Vehicle roars back toward them, followed by another VAN -- but BILLY and JESSE come out of nowhere with a shoulder-fired RPG, taking out the Vehicle, following up with withering UZI automatic fire... A109

108 **INTERCUT** -- Meanwhile, Ben runs into the smoke to help Chon cover the two staggering Mexicans -- Chon yells out (tbd); they drop their weapons... The FIRING from up the road heats up and then suddenly drops. 108

CHON

Clear?

DOC

Clear here! Wow -- did you see that baby blow! I love it. Iraq baby.

Wielding his pistol, Ben signals the driver carrying a large case. Chon covers the PASSENGER, also with a money case, and the radio.

BEN

Throw it here -- now!

The wounded DRIVER senses Ben's uncertainty, throws the suitcase between them; begins to cautiously advance.

DRIVER

Do you know who the fuck we are? We're the cartel, pendejo. We'll find you, blowtorch your balls and rape your wife and kids --

Ben can't bring himself to shoot the man down -- and in that moment is lost, as the Driver grabs Ben's gun and pulls him around into a real ugly wrestling match.

At this point, Chon makes a split-second decision, stepping around the edge of the car and shooting the Driver in the head, his brains splattering over Ben.

In that moment, the Passenger, also wounded and burned, drops his case and goes for a gun in his ankle -- gets off a glancing shot that hits Chon in the side of the neck... Chon is like silver, almost sensing the shot before, spinning and firing twice -- killing the Passenger.

Chon hits the ground, comes right back up, feels the blood on his neck, senses he's all right.

He shoots open one of the cases at Ben's feet, looks for and trashes a GPS tracking device concealed in the money.

CHON (to Ben)
Check the other case! Strip the GPS!

Ben goes to the other side, fires into the lock of the second case, glancing at the clearly dead Passenger. Distant firing has dropped off.

CHON (on the radio)
You clear Doc...? All right, go go go! Billy, get out of there! Go.

THREE VEHICLES burn in the desert.

109

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD - DUSK

109

BEN, with the Driver's brains still dripping on him, is on the side of the road throwing up. Inside the cab, CHON's quick-counting the cash and smoking a jay. He's jerry-rigged a blood stopper for his neck, as TWO CARS shoot by -- his team.

CHON
Step on it, you saw the radio -- they're not gonna be far behind.

As Ben gets in, Chon barrels out of there.

CHON
Looks like close to 3 mill in cash.
We're still short 3!

BEN
What the fuck Chon! What the fuck! I fucked up, man! I --

CHON
Don't worry, it's a movie wound, it bleeds is all... (beat) I told you! Which life would you trade for O's? Tell me, which one!

Ben knows the answer. Not one, not a single one -- but now he surely knows the price.

CHON
I shoulda made you smoke that joint. You never leave anyone alive who wants you dead... (then) Get yourself together, man, cause tomorrow... the shit's really gonna hit the fan!

As Ben catches a glimpse of himself in the rearview mirror...
pretty sobering.

110	OMIT SCENE	110
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A115	OMIT SCENE	A115
C115	OMIT SCENE	C115

115	INT. LADO'S HOME - LAGUNA SUBURB - NIGHT	115
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LADO enters, in his gardening uniform, to FIVE CHIHUAHUA DOGS yapping at his feet... DOLORES greets him in an apron in her spotless KITCHEN.

LADO
Where're the kids?

DOLORES
Angela's still at practice. The boys
are sleeping over.

The moment she kisses him, she smells something, and goes cold.

LADO
When the hell we gonna sit down like a
family and have dinner...? Whatsa
matter? You unhappy again?... (a
sullen look) Get me a beer.

She silently gets it, pours it in a glass as he sits in his favorite chair in the LIVING ROOM adjacent, surveying her, as she comes to him...

LADO (CONT'D)
You still seeing that therapist dyke?
300 bucks an hour?... (she doesn't
respond, amused by her sullenness)
Maybe I help your problem? Make you
pregnant again?... (he slides his hand
across her apron)

She throws the beer in his face. He reacts faster than she remembered. From the sitting position, his kick takes her in the stomach, stunning her, knocking all the air out of her.

She lies, heaving for breath on the carpet as he ambles over and gets himself another beer out of the expensive fridge.

Dolores crawls along the floor, between breaths. She's a tough cookie.

DOLORES
I want a divorce.

LADO (surprised)
You want what!

DOLORES
A fucking divorce! I hate you, and I do not want to be your wife, you are a (curse).

LADO (new ground)
What you're gonna get is a big beating you don't shut that mouth of yours.

DOLORES (calmly)
This is America, Miguel! I've spoken to a lawyer. I know things. I will get the house and custody of the children...

LADO
Dolores -- one time I tell you -- you see that lawyer again, I will take the kids to Mexico and you will never see them again. You know that's the truth...

DOLORES
FUCK YOU! I PROMISE YOU -- I WILL KILL YOU!

LADO
That's the old Dolores I like to fuck!

Lado approaches, unbuckling his pants, turned on. He rolls her over, fighting to take her like a dog when his cellphone rings. Frustrated, he checks the caller I.D.

LADO (CONT'D)
This better be good...

An urgent VOICE describes the hijacking.

LADO (CONT'D)
What the fuck! Yeah... all right. I'll be there. Call me in the car.

Glancing at Dolores, he thinks about it. She's cursing him out in a rough slang -- but lets up, goes to change.

116

EXT. HIJACK SITE - DESERT - THAT NIGHT

116

LADO supervises his TEAM wrapping the charred bodies in sheets of canvas and putting them in the backs of trucks. ALEX intersects, along with another man -- HERNANDO, holding fragments of metal.

ALEX

... Hernando heard Gigi say they were wearing 'Santa Muerte' masks. They were tall. Thinks he saw two.

HERNANDO

-- They ditched the GPSs.

LADO

How many guys you think did this?

HERNANDO

Five. Maybe six. Three locations almost the same time.

LADO (holding up the shard)

What's this?

HERNANDO

'Improvised explosive device' -- IED.

LADO

... never seen one.

HERNANDO

They're from Iraq. The sandniggers use 'em to blow up guero armor.

LADO

Iraq? Who the fuck...?

ALEX

El Azul's hiring ex-soldiers -- probably Mex' demolition guys from the Yanqui army.

Lado's not satisfied, rolling over his thoughts.

LADO

How the hell you know this?... (then)
Bury them like men, what's left. Money to their families.

Hernando nods and returns to work.

ALEX

What do we tell Elena?

LADO

What? That we know shit!

ALEX

Lado, she's going to get real upset if we don't tell her nothing and she reads about it in the papers. The cops got the...

LADO

Shut the fuck up. I'll handle it.

Alex is intimidated, unsure.

A117 **OMIT SCENE**

A117

117 **EXT/INT. BEN & CHON'S HOUSE - LAGUNA - MORNING**

117

CHON, his neck wound washed and cleaned, towels himself outside after a morning swim, cleaning off the grime and blood of last night.

Inside, the sound of an email greets him, that ominous 'ping'. BEN, groggy, is watching the morning TV NEWS -- "Bombing in the Desert!"

CHON (at the computer)

They sure don't waste time. So, they want to see you -- alone. Town Beach. An hour.

BEN (checking the screen)

They're going to grab me, aren't they?

CHON (shakes his head)

... You're worth more to them alive, Ben. They're confused right now... (beat) Remember the drill -- look 'em right in the eyes. There's only one thing on your mind, one thing -- it's 'Fuck you! You got O!'... And watch your breathing. I got your back.

118 **EXT. TOWN BEACH - LAGUNA - MORNING**

118

BEN waits on a park bench near the VOLLEYBALL COURTS as LADO, ALEX, and JAIME amble towards him -- a formidable trio. The first time he's seen the big one -- "Mr. Video Clip."

ALEX

So we got a problem... (Ben shrugs like
'what?') Where were you last night?

Ben's ready, but he avoids Lado's look. Lado's stared down a lot of men, seen the lies in their eyes, seen them lying while hanging from meat hooks; it's hard to look back into those eyes. O! O!

BEN

I was home. Why? Who the fuck's this guy?

Lado doesn't blink, gives him a landscaper business card, which Ben manages to take, glance at cooly.

JAIME

Three of our cars were hit last night.
Seven of our men are getting buried.

BEN (totally shocked)

What! That's fucking great! I've been in this business for years and never had a person killed. And you're already telling me 7 people are dead! I thought you guys provided umbrella insurance here. This is not cutting into our share of the take. We have an arrangement.

ALEX

The arrangement stays the same.

Lado looking very closely; Ben breathes extra-normally.

INTERCUT -- CHON, DOC, SAM, and BILLY follow the action with sniper rifles from faraway on a slope up in the Laguna hills. Their POV -- the meeting.

Ben looks straight back -- at Lado.

BEN

Don't even go there. We had nothing to do with it. How the hell would we know what your moves are! Maybe you should look at your own men.

ALEX (snorts)

Our people know better.

BEN (keeps pressing)

Well, solve it, okay -- SoCal takes its cars very seriously. Seven Mexicans dead in a desert's one thing, but 3 bombed-out SUVs is news! And your reputation in SoCal is gonna go straight down the tubes. I want to talk to O... (no response) Proof of life. Like everyone else, we work for incentives.

ALEX
 ... We'll see.

They go. Ben mouths 'and fuck you' quietly, then breathes.
 As Lado, Alex, and Jaime walk away --

LADO
 What do you think?

JAIME
 I think he's telling the truth.

ALEX
 They don't have the balls to rob us.

LADO (beat)
 I'm not so sure.

ALEX
 Lado, we gotta report this to Elena.

LADO
 Didn't I tell you once, cabron? Don't
 look at me like that. I'll tell her
 when I want her to know. Put Julio on
 these two cocksuckers and do your job.

Alex is really unhappy, Lado is feeling the pressure.

AA119 **OMIT SCENE (BECOMES 115)**

AA119

A119 **OMIT SCENE (BECOMES BB119a)**

A119 *

BBBBB119INT. HOSTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

BBBBB119 *

-- We inhale the smoke from a joint as LADO takes it in -- O is very tense, across from him alone at the table, watching closely. He indicates for her to open her mouth. She's obedient and does so.

In SLOW MOTION, he blows the smoke in. He watches as she inhales it.

LADO

... Next time ask me for what you want... (beat) time now for your bath...

A small portable tub awaits in a corner.

BBBBB119 EXT. HOSTAGE ROOM - LIMBO - NIGHT

BBBBB119

ESTEBAN knocks on the door, which is locked from within. He's concerned, holding a cellphone, covering the mouthpiece.

ESTEBAN

Lado! It's Madrina...

No answer. He knocks more urgently. Lado steps out, holding his own cellphone. He puts it away, takes the phone from Esteban, seals the door shut.

LADO

Yes, Madrina...?

BBBBB119 INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S STABLES - SAME NIGHT

BBBBB119

ELENA's returned from a ride, the horse sweating.

ELENA

Lado! I'm coming to the North Thursday.

LADO (surprised)

That's not a good idea, 'Madrina.' We're not prepared. Azul will take advantage of...

ELENA

Then prepare! You've had six years. Maybe you have too good a time there? I'm tired of this shithole. El Azul? This piece of shit gets on my nerves. And we're losing money!

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

Changing security every few weeks
makes no difference! I don't give a
shit about Azul! I'm a prisoner
here... (silence)

*

LADO

Which home would you...

ELENA

The Desert. I want to see Magda...
(then) And I want you to bring the
hostage there and put her in the guest
house.

LADO

But... why?

ELENA

Do I have to explain everything I do?
Do what I say. Treat her well.

LADO

I must arrange your transport, it's
very complicated.

ELENA (O.S.)

It's already arranged --

Elena clicks off -- Lado for once off balance. Esteban
looking at him funny.

LADO

What the fuck you looking at?

Esteban's eyes travelling to the door closed on O's room. A
guilting look. Lado ignores it, reactivating the remote
camera -- O'S IMAGE, sleeping, comes back on.

LADO (CONT'D)

I gave her some shit. Let her sleep,
'least 6 hours... She wakes up, get
Sophia to wash her.

He walks out.

BB119a INT. SPIN'S OFFICE - LAGUNA - DAY

BB119a *

SPIN paces, excited at his computer, BEN across from him. On
the screen, a photo of ALEX REYES.

O (V.O.)

... My boys were already figuring ahead. The chances of another successful heist were slim...

*

SPIN

Okay, this is brilliant man! No one gets my genius! I gave your boy Alex a new bank account in St. Kitts, separate deposits of 120, 260, and 90. I spin it around the planet twice and voila! -- Alex Reyes owns a building in Cabo, sells it to a resident of Palau who doesn't exist. He now owns a large ranch in Argentina. When he puts cattle on it, he pre-sells the cattle -- end of the day, he's no Madoff, but he's definitely... 'one bad little puddy cat'... (pats himself on back) I wish my arm were as long as my cock.

BEN

-- phone records?

SPIN

Oh yeah, plenty of backup. This account is so confusing, it'll take a forensic a month to figure it out. So what did this guy do to you?

BEN

So when do you ask questions like that?

SPIN

Come on, man. This is the Baja Cartel. They're probably going to crucify this guy for this -- (they share a look)

BEN (beat)

So you don't want your commission on the deal?

Spin acknowledges -- Ben has become a lot harder. Goes back to his computer.

SPIN

... So my stepfather was an 'Alex' and he molested me...

BB119 INT. HOSTAGE ROOM - LIMBO

BB119

O wakes, groggy, unfocused, but reflexively scared... ESTEBAN is the first thing she sees... gentle, offering a glass of milk, a cookie...

B119a SPLIT SCREEN -- INT. ELENA'S STABLES - VILLA - NIGHT
INT. MAGDA'S DORMITORY ROOM - UC - SAME NIGHT

B119a *
*

As the phone rings, two FIGURES resettle on the bed, and MAGDA answers.

ELENA

Magda...?

Magda's surprised, her boyfriend, MATT, moving around; she shushes him.

MAGDA

Oh, hi Mom. Wow -- it's late. I'm studying for my midterm.

Elena, unable to sleep and feeling the tequila, is at the STABLES with her BODYGUARD. She's in a riding outfit, a GROOM saddling her horse, "Chavez," for a night ride.

ELENA

Guess what -- I'm coming to California.

MAGDA

What!

ELENA

Well, if the mountains don't come to Muhammad, Muhammad goes to California.

MAGDA

I got my finals, Mom...!

ELENA

I'm coming next week, and that's final.

MAGDA

Mom, I've really got to study, but... (senes her mother's will) sure, I guess. Of course.

ELENA

Good... I'll see you then, next week, darling.

She leads her horse out into the night, momentarily happy.

*

B119 **EXT. AIRSTRIP - SOCAL - DESERT - DAY**

B119

An AMBULANCE PLANE with RED CROSS symbols on an ancient Russian prop plane with Cyrillic lettering, rented out to a Mexican shipping company (aka "S.A. TRANSPORTES") skids onto a DESERT AIRSTRIP.

O (V.O.)

... So 'La Reina Elena' came north across the greatest gift the U.S. ever gave the 'War On Drugs' -- a 2000 mile border with Mexico. Like everyone else she was hard to find in the great Southwest desert, especially on an Indian reservation...

Low-lying buildings are visible nearby, as the plane bounces to a hard stop, passing the sign for a local Indian tribe (tbd 'Chachwilla Indian Reservation Lands, Tribal Territory, founded 1896. Chairman: Richard Gonzales-Rodriguez).

TIME CUT:

The door of the prop plane opens, a wheelchair and STAFF waiting on the tarmac. ELENA emerges, sunglasses, an IV in her arm, accompanied by a DOCTOR and 2 NURSES.

She makes it to the wheelchair, which moves her to a nondescript VAN, everything low-key except for the hi-frequency RADIOS on the PERSONNEL (3-4).

119 **INT. O'S HOSTAGE HOUSE - SOMEWHERE - DAY**

119

O, hands tied, waits tensely -- hearing VOICES rushing outside the room. They've packed her few belongings.

The door opens, and LADO strides in with ESTEBAN and CARTEL GUY #3.

LADO (taking the belongings)
Okay, princess, time to go.

#3 puts the blindfold on her eyes, lifts her from the chair roughly.

A120 **EXT. O'S HOSTAGE HOUSE/INT. HORSE TRAILER - DAY**

A120

Bright sunlight pierces through O's blindfold. She has no idea what's happening.

LADO signals CARTEL GUY #3 to take the wheel, as ESTEBAN helps him secure O to a horse chain inside the trailer.

As Lado latches the door on the trailer, he turns to Esteban --

LADO
Hey. Este, don't take this personal,
it just didn't work out...

Esteban puzzled. As Lado shoots him in the head... Cartel Guy #3 comes around the trailer to help Lado with the body.

O hears the shot inside.

120 **EXT/INT. LADO'S LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - SOCAL - DAY** 120

We move past LADO driving in the lead vehicle to the HORSE TRAILER driven by CARTEL GUY #3. We slide past to reveal the trailer with O inside.

121 **OMIT SCENE** 121

122 **EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - PALM DESERT - DAY** 122

ELENA steps out, a furious look, attended by ALEX and JAIME and her BODYGUARDS.

... As LADO and 2 BODYGUARDS walk a groggy, blindfolded O into the sunlight... Elena, curious, sizes her up.

ELENA

Have you been treated well,
Ophelia...? (O uncertain) Are you all
right?

LADO

No problem, Madrina...

ELENA

I wasn't talking to you, Lado. I was
talking to Ophelia... (pause)

O

I'm fine.

ELENA

Good, then show her the guesthouse...

She indicates the guards to take her, leaving Lado, Alex,
Jaime -- and her Bodyguard.

ELENA

So Lado, now I ask you -- is
everything all right...?

Lado looks briefly at Alex.

LADO (innocently)

Si, Madrina, why do you ask?

This feigned innocence drives Elena even crazier! She slaps him.

ELENA

You piece of shit cop! I have to come
to North America to find this out from
the newspapers! 3 million dollars! 7
of my men dead! And you decide you
don't want to tell me!!... (a colorful
string of curses)

O, being led away, overhears part of this, sensing her men
have a hand in this, giving her hope.

ELENA

Who sent you to the North, you
illiterate cop! Now you forget your
roots, Miguel? You need a lesson in
compliance.

Lado is raging, but strangely humble in front of his social
superior. His eyes briefly burn at Alex.

LADO

I'm very sorry, Madrina -- truly I was stupid. I acted, because I was sure it was this Cheech and Chong stealing from us. I know the North and El Azul cannot operate like this. Allow me to question them.

ELENA

Yes, and men will say anything to stop the pain. Lado, mierda, you're stupider than you look! These two want the girl, they wouldn't risk her life in anyway! This is Azul's work.

Lado looks at Alex, Jaime; he's insulted, silent.

ELENA (including Alex and Jaime)

... He's gotten inside our Northern group. With his cheap cocaine, he's cutting deep into our pockets. And now with the meth market falling apart, let me tell you guys something -- if you think I am the only one who will lose money here, you'll find you're in for a bad surprise. You find me my stolen 3 million dollars and this chinga de mierda rat or everything here will change fast for you -- and your wives, and your children! Now get out of here!

Lado, stoic, nods and turns away. Alex is scared.

123 **OMIT SCENE**
124 **OMIT SCENE**

123
124

A126 **EXT. DINING ROOM - ELENA'S DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT**

A126

ELENA and O sit at a candlelit table by the lighted pool, having a supper of steak, attended by SERVANTS, and a BODYGUARD quiet in the background.

O (V.O.)

... That night the Red Queen invited me to dinner.

(MORE)

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

I think she was even lonelier than me.
Poor Mexico, I heard it said, 'so far
from God, so close to the USA'...

O (long beat)

... Well, I went to community college
for two semesters. Okay -- semester
and a half. Institutions make me so
crazy. I think the best way to
experience anything is to drown in it.
How you make out is your own life
lesson... if you make it out.

Elena watching her avidly.

ELENA

Do Americans always talk like this?
Have you ever really thought about
your future?

O

Isn't that a little ironic coming from
a woman who might be turning me into a
pez dispenser?

ELENA (beat)

How is your lamb chops?

O (pause)

... Do you mind if I ask you -- how you
got into this business?

ELENA

... You might say I inherited the
position. I loved my husband very
much. When he was killed, I had no
choice...

O

You don't have sons...?

ELENA

They killed my twins. I am devoted to
my surviving children...

O (moved)

Do you ever... talk to them?

ELENA

My son hates me because I took his power. But they would've killed him. My daughter is ashamed of me. And I am proud of that.

O

... I feel sorry for you.

ELENA

Why?

O (beat)

... Because my hope is still alive. Yours is dead.

ELENA

Let me remind you, we can kill both of your men anytime we want.

O

... But you'll never get them together. I'm the only one who can do that.

ELENA

There's something about your little love story baby I don't believe -- because if they loved you, they wouldn't share you...

(O doesn't respond)

125 **OMIT SCENE**

126 **OMIT SCENE**

125

126

127	OMIT SCENE	127
128	OMIT SCENE	128
129	OMIT SCENE	129
130	OMIT SCENE	130
131	OMIT SCENE	131
132	OMIT SCENE	132
133	OMIT SCENE	133

134	EXT. TIJUANA BORDER CROSS - 2 DAYS LATER	134
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BEN drives across the border -- alone. Into Tijuana.

O (V.O.)
 ... Ben reached out to Lado, he had news.
 He wanted to see him alone. Lado told
 him to meet him -- in Tijuana.

A135	EXT. MOTEL - TIJUANA - DAY	A135
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BEN, carrying a satchel of paperwork, approaches a MOTEL.
 CARTEL GUY #4 watches outside.

O (V.O.)
 ... Lado at this point was running 5
 different crews, looking for a
 traitor, and fighting with Elena in
 his own backyard...

B135	INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY	B135
------	----------------------------------	------

BEN is searched by the CARTEL GUY #5 and walks towards CARTEL
 GUY #6 at the end of a hallway.

O (V.O.)
 ... He was stressed, I guess, and guess
 what -- he was human after all and
 disappeared on a giant bender for 2 days.

C135	INT. EL PRESIDENTE SUITE - MOTEL - DAY	C135
------	---	------

Sitting there in a bathrobe, with a major hangover is LADO,
 enjoying room service alongside a residue of coke.

Across from him, we discover the lizard blue boots belonging
 to 'EL AZUL', seen before when Chad, the lawyer, called on
 him. A big man with presence, well attired, cowboy gear --
 with him, TWO BODYGUARDS slinging UZIs, watching LADO's TWO
 MEN. They're speaking Spanish, low key.

AZUL

... The PRI? She got no juice -- none.

LADO

... Election don't look good, hunh...?

AZUL

... Gone. Dead. But you -- you got your feet on the ground up there. I like that. We can start fresh -- no history between us...?

A hint of power and threat as he rises to leave, Lado humble enough to rise and accompany him to the door. Azul's guards open it first, check around...

LADO

... So, I'm thinking it looks good. I'll get back to you.

D135 **INT. CORRIDOR - MOTEL - DAY**

D135

They bid farewell at the doorway. AZUL puts his cowboy hat on, barely noticing BEN waiting with #6.

E135 **INT. EL PRESIDENTE SUITE - MOTEL - DAY**

E135

BEN is walked in.

LADO

... So, Benito, what brings you to the barrio...? Tijuana getting closer to the U.S.? Or you getting closer to Tijuana?

Ben getting the lay of the suite.

BEN

Well, after our last pleasant chat...
I had my IT guys do some deep
research. Cost a lotta money.

He brings out a file, Lado disinterested.

LADO

What's this?

BEN

Your informant.

LADO

...Who?

BEN

I think you guys are paying Alex Reyes
way too much...

Lado doesn't believe it.

BEN

... Don't believe me? Give this to
Jaime. He'll get it, unless he's in
on it. There's a lot there -- bank
accounts, transactions, phone calls.
Check the deposit dates, then match
them up with the hijacking.

Lado glances through the pages with minimal interest. It's
mostly forensic accounting. There's some digitized PICTURES
of Alex with could-be U.S. Government types.

LADO

... Look like bullshit to me.

BEN

Like I said, follow the money...

At this point, a naked, plump MEXICAN GIRL, Lado's 'segundera' steps out of the bedroom in a towel, playing with Lado's gun, crosses to pick at the food -- and the cocaine that's left.

Lado puts the file aside, to him it's all hieroglyphics -- but not the eyes. Ben's unsettled.

LADO

Let me ask you something -- do you love your sister?

BEN

I don't have a sister.

LADO

This O chick's not your sister...?
You're a cute *lambiosa*... (that smile)
Let me see your hands...

Ben reluctantly shows his hands. They're soft, in contrast to Lado's burned, scarred hands. He shows them to his Girl.

LADO

... Soft like a woman? And he's fucking me with them.

He looks at Ben, as if he knows. Then he slaps her on the butt, she squeals and goes back into the bedroom.

LADO

Okay, you can go.

Ben's glad to leave; Lado snorts a line.

F135 **INT. ELENA'S BEDROOM - DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT**

F135

ELENA's depressed, on the phone.

MAGDA (OFF)

... Mama, I didn't tell you to come.
You came on your own!

ELENA

... So now you're telling me you come here next weekend, is that right?

MAGDA (OFF)

I have exams Mom! I cant go there now. But I will do my best for next Friday.

ELENA (miserable)

Okay, Magda, okay... I will wait...
(hangs up)

135 **EXT. ELENA'S DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT**

135

O, wearing her headset, smokes a joint, and listens to an iPod, supervised by the CARTEL CHIQUITA. Much on her mind, sleepless, she heads inside.

136 **INT. ELENA'S BEDROOM - DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT**

136

There's a light knock. ELENA, an insomniac, sits up in bed alert, her television on. She signals to open, revealing O standing there. The ballsy CARTEL CHIQUITA sticks her head in, she mutters something -- "She wants to see you...?" Elena looks questioningly.

O

... I'm sorry -- what I said last night was stupid. I can't sleep. You want some company... just for a few minutes?

Elena nods to the Chiquita, who leaves. O notices the television is on to, guess what -- "The Bachlorette."

O

Oooh, "The Bachelorette!" You too.

ELENA (a guilty admission)

I like to tivo, especially in America.

O (pointing)

She's going for the wrong man -- that one's a player.

ELENA

You think so?

O

You've been out of the game too long, girl. I know a player when I see one.

She sits on the bed next to Elena. Elena misses it -- the company.

ELENA

Do you really believe these women convince themselves they're in love with a man this way?

O (beat)

... What you said the other night -- about my men...?

ELENA

... Yes?

O

Well, look, I never had a real father. He left. I guess this is my way of getting to know men.

ELENA

I was in love with one man my whole life.

O

You've never been with anyone else?

ELENA

No.

O (noticing his photograph)

You must really miss him.

ELENA

... Botox in the heart. If I don't laugh, I don't cry.

O

I thought it was just in your face... (Elena cracks a smile) There! -- you just smiled.

Elena, happy for a moment, reaches out to touch O affectionately when the cellphone interrupts. Her expression changing...

ELENA

Repeat that... I see... (clicks off)

O (with dread)

What's happened?

ELENA (torn)

There's a problem. Chiquita will take you back to your room.

She hits a buzzer on the side table, goes to dress.

O
Please tell me what happened?

ELENA
I'm sorry, Ophelia. I told you this
could end badly.

O feels the fear -- the vertigo of sudden abandonment! Her opening to this person once again shattered.

137	OMIT SCENE	137
138	OMIT SCENE	138
A139	OMIT SCENE	A139
B139	OMIT SCENE	B139

139	INT. WAREHOUSE - SO CAL - DAY	139
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ALEX hangs from a beam... LADO bullwhips him.

LADO
That's nine. You made 17 phone calls
to El Azul? Yes or no?

ALEX
No.

LADO
17 minus 9... that's 8. 8 latigasos
(lashes) to go, *cabrón*.

Lado picks up a second whip and now whips Alex with thow whips.

It's an ugly, sight -- one eye nearly hanging from its socket. Alex begs, in severe trauma.

ALEX
I beg you! Elena! In the name of God,
my children! On Magda, I swear it's
not me! I never never would betray
you. This is all... forged.

He looks to JAIME for help, but none is forthcoming. Jaime is torn. Alex goes to BEN and CHON with his undamaged eye. Ben's in agony inside. But they're stone.

140	INTERCUT -- INT. ELENA'S DESERT HOUSE - DAY	140
-----	--	-----

ELENA watches.

INTERCUT -- LADO steps up, using 2 whips at the same time. His 'COMPADRES' (6-7) are liquored up, a kind of party atmosphere, with wet belts wrapped around their wrists. Lado plays to them...

Lado finishes the two-handed whipping.

LADO
That's 17. Yes or no?

ALEX
No.

JAIME can't watch... Lado closes quietly into Alex's ear.

LADO
Sadly, we both know you have to die, Alex. I promise you this: your beautiful wife, Bettina, and your little ones that I like so much... they will get the insurance. But you tell me 'no' one more time, I will go to your house, I will tell them you've been in a terrible accident and bring them here. Then I will cut them open and they will bleed to death in front of you.

ALEX
... *Si*, 'Azul'.

LADO
Louder.

ALEX
Si.

LADO
Finally!... Cut him down.

BEN and CHON watch Lado and Jaime walk into a **SIDE ROOM**.

INTERCUT -- LADO talking to ELENA on a 'magic jack' plugged into a laptop.

LADO
So now we know. You were right, madrina, what do you want me to do?

ELENA
The soft one, this 'Ben'... he must finish what he started.

At this point, the CARTEL CHIQUITA and CARTEL GUY #3 bring O into Elena's space. O sees the spectacle on the video.

ELENA

Your men have brought serious
accusations against one of my men...
This is our way of justice.

O begins to grasp what's going to happen.

INTERCUT -- LADO returns with a gasoline can, as his COMPADRES axel grease Alex and lower a rubber tire, also greased, around his waist.

ALEX

For the love of god -- please no!

As Lado pours the gasoline on him.

LADO

Alex, a man takes care of his family. I respect that, I'd like to give you an easy death, but it would set a bad example.

Alex begs, cries! Lado ignites a road flare. Ben mutters something, but Chon nudges him.

Lado hands the burning flare to Ben. Ben shakes his head no.

LADO

No? It was your idea. You have to do it. This is what La Reina wants.

CHON

Let me do it.

LADO

Not you, 'Caviar'. This is my gift to him.

Lado transfers the flare to Ben. Chon wills Ben to do it: *think about O*. The flareligh t dances across Ben's face, in agony.

INTERCUT -- O watches, wrecked. ELENA sees it -- 'now you will know the price of love.'

INTERCUT -- Lado puts his burned hands over his ears... Alex's one eye begs BEN, as he moves closer, then -- lights the bonfire that is Alex.

Alex goes up in flames fast -- SCREAMING! He darts like a bowling pin on fire, dancing to escape the heat... the men laughing, crazily drunk.

LADO

I can never get used to the screaming?

On Chon... on Ben...

INTERCUT -- On O... none of them will ever be the same again! One glance to ELENA, and we know that O is now her implacable enemy.

141

EXT. VOLLEYBALL COURTS - TOWN BEACH - LAGUNA - DAY

141

Off BEN's grim silence, we see tall, cut VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS, bouncing back and forth, screaming with an everyday joy. CHON sits alongside.

CHON (sits alongside)

... I looked up Buddha. You know, according to the Dalai Lama, he said if you're in a position to prevent greater violence, strike first and strike fast. Your dude said that, man... (no response) Alex kidnapped people, Ben, he had people tortured and killed.

BEN

So have we... (pause)

Ben has the eyes of a man who's looked inside himself and hates what he sees.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL in a bikini intersects, knows them.

BEACH GIRL

Hey, Ben, Chon. Where've you dudes been? Want a game?

Ben's gaze drifts up to her as if she's from another world; he can't remember.

CHON

Not now, honey.

The girl get the message, sees the dark looks on their faces. Too intense for her, she walks off.

CHON

...There was this little girl, about 10 years old, in Afghanistan. She used to walk by our outpost every day on her way to school. Sweet girl, beautiful eyes. We went away, came back a few months later, same place. She was walking home from school, but she wouldn't talk, wouldn't even look at us. One day I called her out cause she knew me -- her name was Daria... Well, I'll keep it short -- Daria didn't have a face left. The Taliban came one day and threw acid on it for the sin of learning. I'll never forget her eyes, 10 years old... So I tell myself, in a bad fucking world, sometimes you just gotta be badder...

Surprisingly, Ben looks up at him, clear-eyed.

BEN

Dennis fucked us on those files. When Alex was up there, he begged Elena, 'on the head of Magda...' (off Chon's look) It means she's alive. Dennis knows. We're short 3 mill. Another hit's problematic. We gotta find her, and trade her.

CHON

You mean 'kidnap?'

BEN

Same as O...

Chon senses the shift in Ben.

CHON

You up for that?

BEN (rising)

I guess I was all along... Lado's wrong, you know? *

CHON

About what?

BEN

You can get used to the screaming.

They leave the volleyball courts behind.

142 **OMIT SCENE** 142

143 **EXT. DENNIS'S HOUSE - SOCAL - DAY** 143

An old barn house off the beaten track... SARAH (9) and HANNAH (6), Dennis's daughters, are playing with a pack of DOGS on the front lawn when -- LADO'S LANDSCAPING TRUCK pulls up with his 3-MAN CREW.

LADO

Hi... is your daddy home?

144 **INTERCUT -- INT. DENNIS'S KITCHEN - DAY** 144

DENNIS is snacking on a large ham and cheese sandwich with gobs of mustard.

SARAH

Daddy, there's a man here to see you.

DENNIS

What man?

145 **INTERCUT -- FRONT DOOR - DAY** 145

LADO

Hi. I was driving by and noticed your yard's way overgrown... (hands Dennis a card) My crew'd like to give you a free haircut today --

Dennis freezes, as cool as he can be. They clearly know each other.

DENNIS

My wife, uh... usually, takes care of this stuff... (sees the crew unloading) Sarah, Hannah go to your room for a minute, will you?

SARAH

But -- ?

DENNIS

... no "buts," no nothing, Sarah, Papa says 'go'...

The girls, puzzled and resentful, go... Dennis, terrified and furious, walks Lado to the KITCHEN...

INTERCUT -- through the patio door, he notices Lado's CREW spreading out into the backyard with blowers, lawn mowers, long knives, scythes, axes...

DENNIS

You come to my house, Lado! You threaten my daughters?... You don't think a guy like me's not got cameras all over his house?

Lado looks in the corners, waves to camera.

LADO

Okay, after I whack you and your daughters, I'll burn the house to the ground...

DENNIS

Dammit you found your fucking snitch!

Lado looks flat and dangerously at Dennis, pulls his gun. It dangles there.

LADO

... What happened to your hand, m'ijo?

DENNIS

... I caught it in the weedwacker,
what the --

LADO

... Weedwacker, hunh?... (laughs)

He laughs so hard he drops the gun Dennis is spooked. Then Lado picks it back up -- an ugly object -- and lays it on the kitchen table between them. It will remain there -- within reach. Dennis constantly eyeing it. Lado bites into Dennis' sandwich like he owns the place.

LADO

We gotta have a talk cause... I'm
confused by some of your actions...?

DENNIS

Like what?

LADO

Like you giving the 'beach boys' all
that information...

DENNIS

You must be smoking your own shit now,
Lado, you gotta know -- I'm your man!
Who got you a green card? Me -- six
fucking years I protected you! Now
shit hits the fan -- You got 7 beaners
dead! A white lawyer in Laguna! You
need me more'n ever.

LADO

Don't beg -- you're embarrassing -- and
don't talk to me like I'm stupid,
Dennis, cause I know you did it. I just
never thought you had the balls, m'ijo.

DENNIS

What makes you so goddam sure it's not
Azul?

LADO

Cause I know it's not...

DENNIS

What do you mean...

LADO (reaching for the gun)

Cause I'm working with him now... and you lie to me one more time, motherfucker, and you're dead.

DENNIS (astounded)

Since when!

LADO

Since 2 days ago.

DENNIS (computing)

I didn't give 'em you, Lado. They had me. I'd be out of business now. I'd be useless to you! I never thought that Iraq psycho'd go nuts on the BC. But I never gave you up... never. I'm your best friend on this side, Lado.

LADO (fishing)

You told 'em I was your little snitch, right sweetheart...?

DENNIS

Are you crazy! What's in it for me? I gave 'em just enough to get off my tail.

LADO

They got my 3 million...!

DENNIS

Motherfuckers! You can't trust nobody anymore.

LADO

Can't even trust my fucking wife. She wants a divorce.

DENNIS

Mine's barely breathing. Welcome to mid-life crisis, buddy... (then) How can you trust that rat bastard Azul?... (Dennis picks up on Lado's doubt) What's he promising you? A piece? You think Elena's gonna fold so easy? This 3 million -- it's her money -- don't be a knucklehead. Think it through.

LADO

Stop telling me to think!

But Dennis already senses the threat is past.

DENNIS

You need me, man. I can get the money
back -- what they want's the girl.
Where's the girl?

LADO
I don't got her!

DENNIS
What do you mean you don't got her!
Where is she!

LADO (beat)
With Elena.

DENNIS
... in Mexico?

LADO
No, here. On the fucking Indian
Reservation. Elena came over to see
her little bitch daughter. Now she's
in my face, running the show.

DENNIS (jumping on this)
Whoa! Whoa! This is big, baby. Elena
La Reina's on U.S. soil?

LADO
I told you it's Indian land.

DENNIS
We can fix that. That's why you need
Dennis, pal. Think.

LADO
I told you stop with the 'think' shit!

DENNIS
Your two psychos got your 3 million.
They're going to give it to Elena to
get O, right?

Lado waits.

DENNIS
... But first we sell 'em Elena's
daughter, split the profits and then
fuck Elena... you get it now?

*
*

It dawns on Lado.

TIME CUT:

As the Mexicans withdraw -- Sarah pokes her head in.

SARAH
Daddy?... who was that man?

DENNIS

Oh. Just a guy looking for work,
darling. Don't worry about it.

As he indulges in the leftover sandwich.

146

EXT. BEACH FOODSHOP - SOCAL- DAY

146

A rundown SHOP at the edge of an empty beach. DENNIS waits
as BEN walks up, CHON comes from another direction, cautious.

DENNIS

... The shit you dump me in?! They
threaten my daughters! My daughters!

CHON

Enough with the whining. You deserve
every inch of your pain, asshole. You
gave us up.

DENNIS (beat)

Did I have a choice? You could've
gone along, made big money, but you
had to pull your Iraq G.I. Jack shit!

BEN

We want Magda.

DENNIS (shrugs)

Ask him -- the smart guy SEAL. You didn't
figure that out yet from the transcripts --
the calls to Orange County?

*

CHON (about to jump)

Where the fuck is she!

DENNIS (cool, to Ben)

... What do I get out of this?

CHON (on the very edge)

Your life, which I am about to take.

DENNIS (shrugs)

I'm dead either way, but the thought
of you sitting in a cell the rest of
your life would give me great
afterlife pleasure.

*
*
*
*
*

BEN

You get a million cash for Magda's
location right now. You say goodbye
to your wife, you take your girls, and
you go --

*
*
*

Dennis' mind is cranking -- how to sell everybody to everybody.

DENNIS

3 million -- or no deal. That's my walk-away fee.

BEN

Walk away from what, Dennis! Nobody wants you.

DENNIS

I'm not gonna move to Phoenix, that's for sure.

CHON (disgusted)

They wouldn't even take you in Baghdad.

DENNIS

Now that's a place to start over. You two can join me when you stop running. Magda's your only hope, guys -- 3 mill. Take it or leave it.

BEN

You throw in your snitch, this "C-1459" character, and the 3 mill is yours --

Dennis thinks and nods, ready to sell Lado.

BEN

All right. Start talking. *

DENNIS (beat)

... When I see the money.

BEN

It's in the car.

DENNIS

...Go get it.

Ben goes, as Dennis smiles at Chon. *

147

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - UC IRVINE CAMPUS - DAY

147

Magda's BODYGUARD sits in a car, bored, outside an APARTMENT COMPLEX. STUDENTS are visible. In a replay of an earlier moment, CHON raps at his window, indicating the time. The Bodyguard, annoyed, lowers half the window.

MAGDA BODYGUARD

What the fuck you want -- ?

But just enough space to allow Chon to drive his knife into his throat... In background, BEN moves towards the complex.

148

INT. CONDO COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

148

CHON pulls a mask on, blows the lock and crashes the door, grabs MAGDA by the throat, hand over her mouth, chloroforming her.

As BEN, also masked, follows through the broken door, her BOYFRIEND, MATT, tries to block him, but Ben plants his pistol firmly in his face -- back off!

O (V.O.)

... So my boys took a page from Elena's playbook. That love makes you weak; and if you want to control somebody -- take what they love.

TIME CUT:

Matt is hogtied and gagged, as Chon and Ben, losing their masks, haul Magda out the door up on Chon's shoulder, slumped in a giant Prada dress bag.

149 **INT. PAQU HOUSE - LAGUNA - DAY**

149

PAQU composes her e-mail to O, wherever she be now.

PAQU (V.O.)

... My darling girl, I'm sorry I've been out of touch. I feel you've done a lot of growing up since last I saw you. And I know you've heard this before -- too many times -- but this once it's real...

A MAN (50s) crosses in and puts his cheek on hers.

PAQU (V.O.)

... John Everett the Third has this great certainty and I need that. His faith in the Lord has opened my eyes, Ophelia. Please try to understand. I'm going to open a new mail-order jewelry business with John, who's a multi-millionaire. It will bear witness to the Lord. And down the line, we plan on being married, as we truly love each other as much as we love the Lord. I guess you'd laugh, but you could say 'Jesus is my life coach now.'

150 **INTERCUT -- INT. O'S BEDROOM - ELENA'S DESERT HOUSE - DAY**

150

O, numb, looking at her mother's e-mail.

PAQU (V.O.)
 (pause)... I'll miss you, my sweet
 darling, but really Colorado isn't that
 far away. And that's why the Lord made
 airplanes. Your loving, loving Mom!

O is startled as the CARTEL CHIQUITA takes the computer, and
 CARTEL GUY #4 undoes her 9' ANKLE CHAIN, tied to a stake
 beneath the bed. LADO throws open the door, gestures.

LADO
 Let's go...

151 **INT. LIVING ROOM - ELENA'S DESERT HOUSE - DAY** 151

O, gagged and tied, walks in to a shocking sight -- ELENA,
 truly shaken. On the screen is a LINKUP of --

152 **INTERCUT -- INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - LAGUNA - DAY** 152

MAGDA, also gagged and tied, and packed into a large refrigerator,
 staring out helplessly. BEN films, as CHON comes into view,
 replaying the emotions of Elena's earlier videos. Both wear 'Santa
 Muerte' masks. ELENA has no idea of where this location could be --
 a basement somewhere. Elena motions, and LADO moves O clearly in
 front of the camera.

BEN
 Take her gag off!... (gently) O...?
 You holding up?

O can't believe it -- a dream? She's a shaky mess right now.
 A shell of the hopeful girl they once knew.

O
 ... Yeah, are you...?

BEN
 Hang in, baby. We're coming for you.

CHON
 O -- that's an oath.

Yet the words ring hollow; they're so outnumbered.

ELENA (cuts in)
 What do you want?

BEN
 Start by understanding that you're not
 in charge anymore, Elena. We are...
 (MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

do you understand?... (she nods) Do
not nod. Say it.

ELENA

I understand.

CHON

This is how it's gonna work: your daughter goes with you. O comes with us. No money, no nothing. We go our separate ways and live our separate lives. Do you understand?

(pause)

ELENA

I only care about Magda.

BEN

Good... (quoting Elena) 'Then if that reflects a change in attitude, you'll have to demonstrate it...'

Lado is disgusted.

CHON

You bring O to a place we designate at a time we designate. We exchange Magda. You bring no one else. You deviate from the plan in one detail, she will die.

ELENA

I'll do anything you want.

BEN

You'll hear from us.

-- the SCREEN goes BLANK.

O (to Elena)

I told you they'd come for me...

Elena hauls off and smacks O across the face. O takes it, and smiles.

O

Fuck you Elena.

ELENA

Get her out of my sight!

Lado marches her out the door.

LADO muscles O across the lawn.

He throws her on the bed, locks her ankle chain in -- then pulls out his cellphone, looks her in the eye.

LADO

Well, now you know my face, princess.
And that's dangerous. But before you get
any ideas, I want to show you something.

On his cellphone, he shows a video he took at the hostage house -- of O drugged and raped by him! She doesn't remember a thing -- which makes it even worse.

In O's eyes, we sense a nightmare she's never experienced before.

154

INT. HOSPITAL - SAN DIEGO - DUSK

154

DENNIS sits beside his WIFE's bed, holding her hand. She's emaciated and gray -- dying, the TV on low in the b.g.

DENNIS

You remember my graduation day - the day
I got my badge? I'll never forget the
way you looked at me - you were so proud.
The thing they don't tell you when they
give you the badge is the river of shit
you're going to wade through--

(he laughs to himself)

The *joke* is they don't want you to get
any of that shit on you - they want you
to walk through it clean.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What's 'clean' anymore? I go to my supervisor, he wants his taste, I go to my priest, he's maybe just diddled some kid. You want to see the real crooks - the pros - turn on the fucking TV. We've made heroes of whores. A nation of whores!

Washington, Wall Street - those bastards make what I do out here look pathetic. If they woke up with my job, my life and my salary, they'd be looking for the nearest gun to swallow.

You can't stop and you can't climb out. There's no left turns, there's no right turns, it's a circle and everyone's getting their cut.

(beat; resigned)

I can't tell you the last thing I saw that was completely clean - except you on that day.

He leans over, and kisses her forehead.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Bye, beautiful.

155 **EXT. DESERT JUNCTION - SOCAL - DAY** 155

In the middle of nowhere, TWO bare ROADS branch. TWO CARS -- in one, DOC, SAM, BILLY, bandaged, and JESSE, also showing a wound from the heist -- CHON consulting with them. Chon returns to his VAN, as DOC drives off on one road.

*
*

156 **INT. BEN & CHON'S VAN - DAY** 156

BEN drives down the other road, CHON the passenger, MAGDA in the back, tied and gagged. A moonscape like Afghanistan, the Anza-Borrego desert out in East San Diego County -- a world of brown. In the car, palpable tension.

BEN

Why here?

*
*

CHON

It's a wide bowl. Old Indian burial ground. Doc's got lines of sight for 2 miles. I figure Lado'll bring some retribution, but we can spot them, and slow 'em down. We got a shot...

*
*
*
*
*

157 **EXT. DESERT BOWL - DAY** 157

DOC, JESSE, SAM, and BILLY, the 2nd sniper, move into position quickly, quietly checking landscape with advanced equipment. Their POV: a wide 2 to 3 mile bowl of brush and desert with the bare trace of a few roads leading in.

*
*

158 **OMIT SCENE** 158 *

A159 **OMIT SCENE (BECOMES PART OF SCENE 157)** A159 *

DOC POV -- Ben and Chon come from the northwest. Doc's binoculars double check the distant terrain, thinks he sees something... Sure enough --

*

There is a CARTEL TEAM (2 snipers, a spotter) moving on the edge of the bowl. He notifies Chon via radio.

*

B159 **INT. BEN AND CHON'S VAN - DESERT - DAY** B159

DOC (O.S.)
We're not alone. I see a team -- 3 men -- moving left side of the basin about 1700-2000 yards.

*
*
*

CHON
Alright, we knew this was happening. Plan stays the same. Hold until we got O, and Doc, don't let them get off more'n one shot each, all right... the rest's up to old Allah.

*
*
*

DOC (O.S.)
We got your back, Chon. You're walking out!

CHON breaks off, shares a look with BEN.

CHON
... The second you get O, you take her slow to the van, she'll wobble.
(MORE)

CHON (CONT'D)

When I release the girl and yell, you grab O, you hit the ground as close to the van as you can get and use it like armor. Sam, Doc and Billy'll take care of the long-range.

Ben lights his own joint. *

CHON

Don't go south on me now, man.

BEN

This time I won't miss... (passes it) *

Chon shares the joint. As they drive towards their rendezvous, Ben speaks with an edge of anger. *

BEN

... Yeah, we thought it was so good, Chon. Millions of people did. We found this thin strip of land between an ocean and a desert. Called it California. Brought water in and called it 'freedom.' Brought in millions of cars and roads so we could go everywhere, until everywhere started to look the same... *

Chon hates this kind of talk, but goes with it. *

159 **INTERCUT -- INT. LADO'S SUV - DESERT - DAY** 159

ELENA approaches, with LADO driving, speaking into a RADIO -- O tied in the back seat. *

BEN (V.O.)

... We reinvented ourselves inside gates with houses and green golf courses and called it 'civilization'. We built fantasies like mega-churches, theme parks, movie studios...

160 **OMIT SCENE** 160

161 **INT. BEN AND CHON'S VAN - DESERT - DAY** 161

BEN

... We ate everything in the oceans. Gave up the cigarettes. Kissed ourselves with exercise and surgery. Put a hold on getting old and dying... *

Chon studying the landscape, half-listening. He points, as they come to a stop -- ELENA and LADO at 150 yards.

BEN

... Made gods out of feeling good and getting rich. But all we were doing was worshipping ourselves. Narcissus... (beat) And in the end, Chon, it just didn't add up -- 'cause we're nowhere.

CHON

Man, lighten up! Just think about it like this, all right -- you're already dead... (pause, off Ben's look) You were dead the moment you were born. The vase you're holding's already fallen and cracked, the flowers're already dead. Accept that and you can accept anything... Been a ride, man. Enjoyed it.

*
*
*

BEN

... Yeah, Chon. It has... but did I ever tell you I love you.

*
*

CHON

No, but you're not gonna get sticky now are you...?

*
*
*

Ben just smiles at Chon's hardass attitude.

*

BEN

Well, I do... I just wanted to say it once. Cause beneath that hardass of yours, I see a heart.

*
*
*
*

Chon appreciates it, then tucks a pistol under the back of his belt, jumps out and takes MAGDA out the back of the van. BEN grabs another pistol and a grenade, gets out.

*

162

INT. LADO CAR - DAY

162

LADO parks 50 yards away. ELENA gets out, and Lado takes control of O...

*

O (V.O.)

... Well, it did go down pretty wild the way I remember it. Of course I was only seeing it from where I stood... (pause) I figured like Ben and Chon we were all gonna die that day. So -- fuck -- I was gonna take down what I could.

CHON

We said you alone, Elena!

ELENA

I am one. You are two. Let's do what we came for.

CHON (indicating the hills)

... and the snipers?

Elena, surprised at this, looks back, and then hard at Lado, who ignores her. No time now for recrimination.

Chon lines up directly behind Magda.

CHON

... tell them to put their scopes down and put their hands in the air now -- or we go back to the van.

ELENA (to Lado)

Get rid of them!

Elena glares at Lado, who gives her O, and walks back to the vehicle, calls in on the radio to his snipers.

A165 **INTERCUT** -- DOC'S POSITION -- his POV: the MEXICAN SCOPES come down, their hands come up. A165

DOC (into radio)

They're good now.

B165 **INTERCUT** -- X-SPOT -- CHON hears it in his earpiece. B165

CHON (to Elena)

Okay. Let her go... now.

Elena lets O go, she stumbles a few steps towards Chon, mutters something through her gag to him, but Chon never lets his guard down.

CHON

Keep going. To Ben.

Ben waits for her.

ELENA

My daughter... now!

Chon, eyes on Lado, reluctantly releases Magda, and shelters himself close to the van. Ben secures O, takes her straps and gag off.

Meanwhile, Magda wobbles, quite out of it, towards her Mother, coming towards her.

ELENA

M'ija!

Elena puts her arms out, tries to hold her. Magda pushes her off, and walks right past her, furious, screaming.

MAGDA

Don't you touch me! I'm never gonna see you again! Get me the fuck out of here!

Elena is stunned, as her daughter staggers towards the vehicle, gets in, waits angrily... Ben putting O back into the van.

Lado, eyes in the back of his head, watching everything, waiting for something in the distance.

Elena doesn't know which way to go, confused by her daughter's actions. Turns back to Chon.

ELENA

We're finished...?

CHON

Don't need to see you again, thanks -- we're out of here.

ELENA

Tell me one thing, 'Caviar' -- and we are done.

CHON

What's that?

ELENA

Who's my rat?

Chon pauses, looks at Lado. Elena sees and knows!

ELENA

You ungrateful piece of shit!

*

Lado enjoys the realization on Elena's face. He shrugs.

*

LADO

You're one tenth your husband, bitch.

*

She raises her pistol, too late, as Lado shoots her near the heart. Elena's shot goes way wild as she crashes down.

Magda, watching her mother collapse, screams...

As Chon pulls on Lado simultaneous to Lado swinging onto Chon. Two shots -- Lado hit in the chest area (wearing kevlar as are Chon and Ben) and Chon the shoulder.

Lado crashes towards the van for cover as SAM pulls on him, taking a chunk of the van's engine hood into one of Lado's eyes, blinding him. Jesse's second shot takes out the front left tire. *
*

Lado's SNIPER pulls on Sam, dirt painfully braising his face. He ducks away.

DOC (over radio)
Shit! Move, Sam!

SNIPER FIRE breaks loose all across the bowl, 2 teams against 3, only a few shots necessary, spooking the teams and gaining time.

Chon runs in a crouch zigzagging, avoiding the sniper fire, moving towards Lado's vehicle, sensing the kill on Lado when... *
*

Lado's SNIPER hits Chon, cracks his leg -- *

But then the MEXICAN SNIPER takes a hit directly in the face from BILLY's rifle. *

Ben, leaving O with a gun, moves also in a zigzag towards Lados's navigator... Chon, 10 yards apart, signals 'take both sides'... Lado has vanished around to the back of the vehicle, protected by his snipers -- and now shoots out the rear right tire, flattening the SUV on the passenger side, protecting his whole body. *
*
*

Magda now jumps out, hurrying towards her mother. *

Lado waits, bleeding from one eye. On both sides of the van, Ben and Chon also pause. No one moves. Silence -- as the sniper fire dies off, both sides looking for new positions. *

O scrambles in a blind spot between the two vehicles alongside Elena, who's squirming, showing signs of life. *
*
*
Magda is crouched over her mother, sobbing. O stampedes her. *

O
Get outta here! Go!!

Magda takes off blindly into the desert. No one bothers with her. Elena is dying fast, trying to speak...

O puts the gun to her head, ready to put her out of her misery. But she changes her mind, and leans in, Elena groping to touch her -- feel her.

ELENA

... Magda!

*

O holds her hand as she dies, then looks over in the direction of the van, not able to make out the situation. *

Chon comes around one side of the van on Lado.

Again, two simultaneous fires -- Chon's gun hand is shattered, Lado takes a third hit in the kevlar vest. *

Ben is adrenalized, up and around -- fires twice dead on. Lado takes a fourth and fifth hit -- in his back, exiting his chest, and into his lower spine... but he's a leviathan. He fires back!

Ben takes his shot in the throat, shocked, goes down. *

We hear VOICES giving directions on radios. The sniper fire dies off completely.

Lado groggily trying to reload -- as he scrambles under the vehicle, looking for sanctuary. *

His POV -- O, shielded from the snipers by Elena's SUV, is crouched on the desert floor looking ferally right at him. He sees her eyes. *

LADO *

Don't shoot, please don't shoot! I got family! I got 3 kids! *

At a distance of 15 feet, she puts one right in his head -- bullseye! A second shot ricochets meaninglessly. Lado's last rolling view of the world, turning black -- the leviathan is dead. *

O breathes, hears the wind for the first time -- then the silence. She crabs over -- the only one left unhurt.

She finds Chon first. He's in tough shape, but she sees it's not fatal... Doc's VOICE over the radio -- *

DOC (V.O.)

Chief, they took off. We're coming in. Hold on. We'll be there in 10 or less.

Chon clicks his response. O crawls around to see -- Ben lying in his blood on the ground. It looks awful.

O

Oh Ben baby, no...!

She rolls him over a little; he groans, blood pouring from his throat... *

Chon manages to follow her around, squeezing out a syringe and morphine from his jacket with his other hand, ambidextrous...
He finds a vein in Ben's arm and shoots him up.

*

TIME LAPSE:

The colors become vibrant, vivid.

O (whispers)
He's going to die...? (Chon nods)...
Chon, I don't want to leave him.

CHON
No.

He looks, then breaks another ampoule and fills the syringe.
O offers her arm; he finds a vein and shoots her up...

O lies down and wraps her arms around Ben, pressing her
stomach against his back...

BEN (feels her)
-- you'll like it there.

O
I know...

She strokes his cheek -- warm, soft Ben.

O
Tell me about it, Ben...

BEN
... soft water... stars... people
smile... (he smiles)

O
... yeah, paradise -- you, me, Chon...
(then) I'm cold. *

Chon, injecting himself with the last of the morphine, lies
down behind her and presses close; the warmth of his body feels
good to her. He reaches his good arm over and takes Ben's
hand... Ben grips it.

O listens to the sounds in her head...

We hear waves gently breaking on pebbles... Her heartbeat and
those of her men -- strong, but slowing...

O (V.O.)
... yeah -- that's the way it should've
ended... but life's sometimes a fuck up... *

The colors shift back to a more realistic hue, as --

A SUDDEN REWIND of this image -- the action plays out as
it did at the beginning of the shootout -- all of them
frozen like flies in amber...

As we see Elena, furious at Lado, telling him to withdraw the snipers. He gives her O, and sullenly walks back to the vehicle. But instead of getting on the radio, he gets in his car. *

They all look at him, surprised. He smiles back, waves goodbye, and drives straight backwards, then fishhooks and tears out of there.

None of them understand and look around -- and then HEAR a HELICOPTER. *

... And then we spot DENNIS in a beat up HUEY CHOPPER flying in low over the ridge. *

O (V.O.)
... and ol' Dennis, who couldn't leave town with his 3 mill after all, horned in on the action... *

A CLOSE UP of Dennis grinning. His POV -- Chon's VEHICLE at the X-spot, and the STICK FIGURES looking up surprised. We now hear SIRENS -- and see 10-15 TAHOE SUVS come rolling onto the scene -- TRIBAL COPS. *

JUMP CUTS -- Elena splitting... O, Ben, and Chon in another direction... Magda circles crazily.

The COP CARS chasing the SNIPERS at the edges of the bowl.

Arrests being made by INDIAN POLICE. The INDIAN CHIEF beaming; some LOCAL POLICE attend.

Dennis lands. A PHOTOGRAPHER catching him shaking hands with the Chief.

DISSOLVE TO:

A166 **INTERCUT -- INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - LIMBO - DAY** A166

DENNIS, surrounded by Indians, at a PRESS CONFERENCE. Stacks of drugs laid out and identified in front of him.

O (V.O.)
... Dennis sure made himself a big shot on the news -- and a shitload of money too -- when he stayed on as one of the DEA top guns in SoCal.

B166 **INTERCUT -- EXT. DESERT BOWL - DAY** B166

On ELENA --

O (V.O.)
 ... Elena 'course took the fall and
 went to the slammer for 30 years...

*

On MAGDA --

O (V.O.)
 ... Magda didn't give a shit and went
 shopping...

On LADO hosing a lawn. His truck and CREW visible. He loops
 the long hose into an O shape -- as we leave him.

O (V.O.)
 ... And with Queen Elena getting the
 spotlight, Lado got taken care of by
 El Azul and Dennis, who made sure they
 all stayed in business together.

On BEN and CHON arrested --

O (V.O.)
 ... And yes -- well, Ben being Ben, he
 had the goods on Dennis. And Dennis,
 identifying Ben and Chon as his
 confidential informants for the last six
 years, took care of them. But who really
 trusted who, I have no idea. Ben and
 Chon spent a couple weeks in the slammer,
 and then well... vanished... like I did.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

166

EXT. DECK OF A BEACH HOUSE - OCEAN - DAWN

166

A RAINFOREST borders a beach on the sea.

In a rough-hewn HOUSE, BEN sits out on the porch, reading a
 primer on solar energy, looks up at the beauty around him --
 given a second life. He knows... Chon, smoking a joint, carves
 a coconut with his knife, looks up, sees him, and then --

... O steps out of the house, lovely, tanned, yet changed. They
 speak pleasantly, soundlessly -- like ghosts -- and head off
 together... along a BEACH. They walk away from us --

*

O (V.O.)
 I looked up the definition of "savage"
 once. It means 'cruel, crippled,
 uncivilized.' It also means
 'regressed back to a primal state of
 being...'

*

*

*

*

*

*

A167 **OMIT SCENE -- OMIT PAGE 128A**

A167 *

167 **EXT. ANOTHER LANDSCAPE - (TBD)** 167

O (V.O.) *

... Like Ben says, we reinvent *

ourselves everyday. We defy aging and *

death. We live like savages, *

beautiful savages... *

168 **FACEBOOK IMAGES of BEN, CHON, O** -- but looking different. We 168

can't really be sure it's them.

O (V.O.) *

... but you know these things that *

happened, you can never go back to *

being who you were. I'm not so sure *

there can ever be three people equally *

in love. It just doesn't work that *

way. It never does... *

169 WAVES lap at the SHORE somewhere in this world. TROPICAL 169

BIRDS and MONKEYS chatter. A stillness. *

O (V.O.) *

... They still talk about Ben & Chon's *

herb; it surfaces now and then over *

the years -- like we do, hard to *

find... they say we're in Africa, off *

Kenya... on Lamu... or some magic *

island in Indonesia... never quite *

sure... *

170 The THREE of them stare out at an ocean. 170

O (V.O.) *

One day maybe when they loosen up and *

legalize the stuff, and they stop *

killing people and making disgusting *

amounts of money cause of it... *

As O fades gradually from the frame... *

... leaving Ben and Chon alone with the sun. *

O (V.O.) *

... We'll be back... *