

EXCHANGE OF POWER

Inspired by true events

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EXT. GLASS ENCHANTMENTS -- MORNING

A large industrial building boasts a sign that reads "Glass Enchantments: Full Size Fantasy Figurine and Glass Sculptures" Several workers at a loading area remove enormous tinted windows from a central pulley and walk the glass frames to a waiting truck. A moving-van cruises serenely down the street.

INT. LONG BALL MOVING AND STORAGE TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Inside the truck's trailer is a sophisticated DEA command center. Several manned computer-station monitors display the satellite down-link of the trucks progress on the street and various angles on the glass warehouse.

A senior agent dressed in DEA battle attire directs the operation. McMANUS is a well built man. His face bears a determined hard lined contour that underscores his concern for the situation.

MACMANUS

I'm not going to wait.

McManus experience and resolve permeates the trailer. He address's his battle ready DEA team.

MACMANUS

We're going in. Lets synchronize.
On my mark...7:20
(they set their watches)

McManus' team includes Agents KEN SANFORD, an athletic looking black man in his late thirties; DANIEL FERRENZI, an intelligent soft spoken Italian man; SHEILA BRAVERMAN, a striking woman in her mid-thirties and CHRIS MAYNARD, a pony-tailed Berkeley-type intellectual. A nervous Sheila checks her ear-piece.

BRAVERMAN

We don't have the warrants yet. The department won't sanction this raid without the paper work.

Mac grimaces.

MACMANUS

If they walk today, a thousand kids could be dead tomorrow. **I'm going in.** Anybody staying behind?

A silent anticipation grips the team. Mac scans the intent of each agent one by one. He affirms his thoughts.

MACMANUS

Okay. Let's go over the plan. Sheila and I will rappel from the roof and enter through opposite windows. Rennzi, sets up at the back-door and covers the rear entrance. Maynard will stick with Ken and cover his six. Any questions...

SANFORD

Will I be home in time for the Bulls game?

Mac smiles a wicked grin.

MACMANUS

Yeah, if the bad guys don't shoot you first. We go in at eight hundred sharp. Alright... Lets do this.

EXT. THE MOVING TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

The truck pulls around the corner. The DEA team bursts out of the rear trailer doors and take off in varying directions. The command center pulls off.

EXT. INTERCUT DEA TEAM TAKING UP POSITIONS -- MOMENTS LATER

Mac uses high-tech suction gear and stealthily moves up the warehouse wall. Climbing unto the roof he secures a wire-rappelling device and prepares to swing down backwards from the roof through the window below. His watch reads 7:48.

With weapons drawn Sanford and Maynard hustle towards the warehouse loading bay. They hide from two guards drinking coffee. Sanford's watch reads 7:50.

Sheila, uses the same high-tech suction cups and moves like a spider up the side of the warehouse. Her watch reads 7:55

Rennzi, arrives at the back of the warehouse. He pulls back and watches from a clandestine position. Two guards smoke at the back loading entrance. His watch reads 7:58

Mac's watch reads 7:59:50 He counts down the last ten seconds and jumps off backwards from the roof. Dropping down he arcs wide and smashes feet first through the second story window.

INT. GLASS WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A giant glass Indian figurine holds a large glass hatchet and is being hoisted up by a mini-crane. Workers crate glass statues.

Several large crates are being lined with keys of cocaine in preparation to receive other colossal glass figurines. These include a mammoth glass parrot with an elegant eight foot beak and a ball-room sized spiked-ball glass chandelier. A twenty foot long glass swordfish has an open panel which is being stuffed with keys of cocaine.

Mac and Sheila simultaneously crash through opposite windows of the warehouse and rappel down their respective walls.

EXT. GLASS WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK -- CONTINUOUS

Maynard distracts two dock workers by pretending to be sick. As the workers check the faking Maynard, Sanford gets the drop on them. Maynard quickly tapes their mouths and cuffs them to a nearby pole. The agents enter the warehouse.

INT. GLASS WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The startled cartel workers grab weapons and start firing. The Two DEA agents open fire in mid-air cutting down a swath of cartel goons. Mac fires on the pulley lines that are holding several huge panes of glass. The panes fall horizontally on the firing cartel workers. Screaming they are engulfed by the exploding shower of glass. Mac and Sheila unhook their attached wire harnesses and take cover under fire from several cartel workers bearing semi-automatic firearms. The agents are covered with a deluge of broken glass from the gun fire. Sanford and Maynard rush in and take up cover-flanking positions, cutting down several cartel thugs. Several more heavily armed cartel goons arrive.

EXT/INT INTERCUT REAR LOADING AREA -- GLASS WAREHOUSE --

Two cartel executive types holding briefcases exit the warehouse running haphazardly. Rennzi trips the first and backfists the second knocking him out. Rennzi gun-butts the first exec knocking him cold. The workers guarding the rear of the building race for hidden shotguns and start blasting away. Rennzi dives for cover behind an industrial garbage container. He fires back with two high powered machine pistols.

Mac springs from his hiding place and fires at several workers. A burst of gun fire explodes the giant glass swordfish. Mcmanus sees the swordfish-spear revolving towards him like a propeller. Jumping backwards in the air and firing weapons from both hands, Mac dispatches two more thugs. Landing on his back he slides to a halt. The spinning seven-foot glass swordfish-spear scissors directly over him inches from Mac's face. It smashes into a packing crate showering him with glass.

Sheila slides a flash grenade-puck across the floor. The flash-bang detonates and knocks out two thugs.

The flash-bang has loosened the mooring for the spiked-ball glass chandelier. The spiked apparition tumbles to the floor and starts to roll. Sheila dodges a hail of incoming gun fire.

Sheila twists and returns incoming fire, unaware of the approaching terror. With expert marksmanship she caps two thugs on a second story staircase. The thugs plunge to the floor smashing several huge glass display cases.

Sheila turns and to her horror the spiked ball is almost upon her. Mac jumps in front of her and grabs Sheila out of the way as he fires and dispatches several more cartel goons. The spiked apparition barrels past barely missing them.

Three terrified cartel workers run in front of the fast moving spiked ball. Two are run over and spiked to death. The glass ball smashes into a wall and explodes, tripping up a fleeing thug. The thug loses his grip on his weapon which discharges, sheering supporting straps on the huge parrot. The fifteen foot parrot breaks free and swings sideways like a cleaver with its beak hitting the thug in his chest killing him instantly. Powdered cocaine disperses from the shattered bird and jagged chunks of glass fly throughout the room.

A thirty pound chunk of glass flies through the air. It bashes into Mac's ribs knocking him down. Wincing in pain he shoots an advancing cartel attacker.

Maynard spies two thugs sneaking up behind Sanford. He reacts throwing a flash-bang behind them. The explosive detonates behind the Indian Figurine. The glass arm holding the hatchet cartwheels off the shattering sculpture at high speed impaling the hatchet into the back of a cartel thug. Sanford whips around and shoots the other badly cut up and bloodied worker. He gives the thumbs up to Maynard.

Rennzi enters from the rear as the whole team surveys the surreal carnage. A cartel worker takes off through a side door. Rennzi aims his gun at the fleeing thug. Mac pulls Rennzi's gun barrel down.

MACMANUS

He's one of ours.

A wounded cartel member emerges from behind a cocaine laden crate with a dynamite style-bomb. He prepares to throw the armed blinking device. Mac whips around and empties his weapon into the assailant. The man is drilled backwards into the coke filled packing crate. The bomb device emits a shrill piercing tone.

MACMANUS

Hit the deck!

A tremendous explosion rocks the warehouse. Fragments of glass and cocaine powder fills the air.

WHITE OUT:

EXT. GLASS WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Police, fire, and emergency vehicles clog the streets surrounding the warehouse. The DEA team looking like ghosts are covered head to toe with the white cocaine. Various members have torn and bloodied clothing. Mac rubs his side. RALSTON, a beefy meat and potatoes guy is the DEA Deputy director. Ralston chews them out.

RALSTON

God damn it Mac, you had no authorization to go in. Your vendetta is going to get you and your team killed, and get me fired!

Mac starts to protest, but Ralston blasts him.

RALSTON

Don't you say a god damn word. You endangered your whole team, destroyed the warehouse, and the evidence. Maynards a trainee for christs sake. You knew better then to take him on a live field-op.

The two suited executives Rennzi took out earlier are escorted to waiting DEA vehicles. Their opened briefcases reveal bundles of cash and computer discs.

RALSTON

You also almost got our top undercover agent killed. The only thing that's going to save your sorry ass is that dirty money. And, there had better be something useful on those discs.

Ralston stomps off leaving the team chagrined.

INT. SWISS EMBASSY BOARD ROOM -- MID DAY

A darkened board-room is illuminated by small banker lamps that are lined along the length of the executive board table. Two men sit in the shadows and converse with a manicured European looking gentleman. LOTHAR HELMUT, 65, is a well tanned Swiss diplomat holding his signature ivory cane with a gold crane-head handle.

LOTHAR

By negotiating this arrangement, the United States will enjoy a lower export tax on Colombian goods. This agreement also gives the Colombian Government the ability to prosecute its own criminals judicially.

MAN #1 IN SHADOWS

It also puts thirty million dollars in your wire accounts.

LOTHAR

And lets you assist a friend in need. I'm sure Pablo Escovar will be extremely generous.

MAN #2 IN SHADOWS

We must remain anonymous in our dealings.

LOTHAR

You have my assurances that our interactions will be kept in the strictest confidence. My ambassador status will shield you completely. You will not be compromised.

MAN #2 IN SHADOWS

Let us do business.

The two suited executives get up and shake hands with Lothar.

EXT. CROME FEDERAL PRISON MIAMI- MORNING

A grey day filled with gusts of rain outlines the hulking prison. A weathered sign is attached to the prison's massive walls. Alert guards walk the catwalks with riot shotguns. Other guards patrol with German Shepherd dogs at perimeter fences. The dogs start to bark and pull their handlers away from the fence.

A chopper appears out of the fog and begins to land. Lothar steps off the chopper holding his signature ivory cane. He is attended by a nondescript Aide. Snapping his fingers, Lothar gestures to the Aide who hurriedly opens an umbrella to cover the Swiss Ambassador. They are met by several guards.

After checking Lothar's credentials, he and his Aide are swiftly escorted to a steel door. The electronic door slides back and they enter.

INT. MIAMI DEA HEADQUARTERS- DIRECTORS OFFICE -- DAY

Deputy Director RALSTON sits facing his boss MARTIN BLACKLEDGE, a 60 year old hard as nails ex-military type and now the Miami DEA Director.

RALSTON

Hell, if I have my way I'd have McManus sent halfway to Siberia for all the crap he's pulled.

DEA DIRECTOR

I know he's not your choice... He's unorthodox to say the least.

RALSTON

Try unreasonable, unstable, and basically uncontrollable.

DEA DIRECTOR

He gets the job done. It's important we have someone with combat experience for this op. They'll be on their own.

RALSTON

No ties to the department?

DEA DIRECTOR

We can't sanction this. The team will be observers only.

RALSTON

(beat)

They're going to need some technical backup. Give them a recon bird and real time tracking.

DEA DIRECTOR

Done. But you should know there's a high probability our assets will be *compromised*.

Ralston shrewdly calculates his options. His eyes gleam.

RALSTON

You're right. He's just the man for the job.

Ralston picks up a phone from phone.

RALSTON

Get me McManus.

INT. CROME FEDERAL PRISON MIAMI-HALLWAY -- MORNING

The sound of shoes echoes off the stark grey prison hallways. The camera views the feet of three people. Two GUARDS are on either side of a PRISONER. The prisoners feet are chained. The prisoner is half carried, half dragged by the guards.

The trio walk. They encounter various check points and are buzzed through. The prisoner is JORGE ESCOVAR, heir apparent to the MEDELLIN cartel. Jorge is filthy from solitary.

INT. MIAMI DEA HQ-DEPUTY DIRECTORS OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Mac enters. Ralston motions for McManus to take a seat.

RALSTON

This will be a clandestine op. No back up. If you're exposed we could lose congressional funding for next years DEA budget... Do you understand?

MCMANUS

I know the score.

RALSTON

Who do you want on your team?

MCMANUS

Dan Ferrenzi, computer and communications; Sheila Braverman, legal and linguistics; Ken Sanford, operations and weapons.

RALSTON

You need one more for the op.

MCMANUS

I'll take the trainee, Maynard. He's ready and he was a marine chopper pilot. Could be useful.

RALSTON

Okay, it's your call Mac. Maynard's finished the training program. I'm promoting him to live field-op status. The whole Colombian Government's on the take, so play it close to the vest.

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Warden REDMAN faces off a bureaucratic STATE DEPARTMENT ATTACHE. Redman's cagey administrative skills and lethal intellect are covered by his good ole' boy southern charm. His stetson hat and cowboy boots are out of place as Warden.

The room contains medical equipment, technicians and several State Department Attaches. A SD official tries to placate the Warden.

STATE DEPT ATTACHE

This is a diplomatic matter, Warden.
The long term interests of the United States Government are involved.

WARDEN REDMAN

Don't give me that "long term" horse-shit. You traded economic advantage for that murdering piece of shit?

The SD official winks.

STATE DEPT ATTACHE

There are other Government forces at work here. For security reasons I cannot elaborate.

The door opens and Jorge is led in by his two guards. He is roughly pushed into a seat. Technicians check his pulse and breathing. They hook him up to an EKG

WARDEN REDMAN

I'm sorry you couldn't spend more time with us, Jorge. It seems your friends have brokered a deal for you.

One of the medical technicians prepares a very big needle, and approaches Jorge. His eyes bugle with fear.

JORGE

What the hell is that for? What are you going to do? Don't do this!
Noooo...

The two prison guards grab Jorge and hold him tightly. A medical assistant injects the needle into Jorge's thigh. He screams as he is injected. Another medical assistant holds Jorge's nose and crams a horse size pill down his throat. Jorge chokes on the pill. He is handed a cup of water by the technician. Jorge gasps for air and quaffs the water.

STATE DEPT ATTACHE

We're not going to kill you, Jorge.
We're just giving you a vaccination for hepatitis and vitamin supplement to put some spring in your step.

WARDEN REDMAN

Even if you are a vicious, drug dealing punk, you're still entitled to be treated like a human being. Let him go.

The two guards let go of Jorge.

WARDEN REDMAN

There's a shower over there and some new clothes. I suggest you clean up.

One of the medical technicians confers with the State Department Attache. The Attache gives the other SD officials a thumbs up.

WARDEN REDMAN

Well, get to it, boy. We got to deliver you in fifteen minutes.

JORGE

To who?

WARDEN REDMAN

To your Swiss Angel.

A medical assistant hands Jorge towels, soap, and shaving gear, and ushers him to the shower room. Jorge shuffles toward the doorway in disbelief, closing the door behind him. We hear the water in the shower being turned on and a loud joyful "yeeeeehaaaaa" from Jorge.

EXT. CROME FEDERAL PRISON MIAMI -- LATER

Rain is coming down in sheets. An electric security door opens. The Swiss Gentleman, his Aide and Jorge emerge. Jorge is clean shaven and in Armani fitted sports attire. The trio runs in the rain through a gauntlet of GUARDS with BARKING DOGS towards the waiting helicopter. They enter the chopper. It takes off.

The chopper rises into the swirling rain and fog. The guards look on and continue to hold back their barking dogs.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

The Swiss diplomat hugs Jorge and then opens a bottle of champagne. He hands a glass to Jorge and talks above the roar of the chopper.

LOTHAR

I'm sorry it took so long. The Americans were impossibly stubborn.

Lothar smiles at Jorge and rubs his fingers together indicating money.

JORGE

Eight months of that fucking hole.
American hell! I want to go home.

LOTHAR

It is all arranged. We have a private
jet waiting for you.

JORGE

Is there any news of my father?

Lothar tenses up with the question. His eyes sweep the interior of the cabin. He puts his fingers to his lips, implying silence.

LOTHAR

No one has heard from him in five
months.

Jorge nods in understanding. He looks about the cabin for hidden mikes. He drinks champagne and gazes out the window. The camera zooms in moving past his face to a functional audio speaker. The speaker is not what it seems.

INT. COLOMBIAN ARMY COMMAND CENTER -- LATER

MacManus and his team are working with a Colombian general and the general's special forces army staff. The room buzzes with activity.

General CORTEZ, age 55, is a huge hairy bear of a man. His short military style haircut contrasts his thick almost touching eyebrows. He smokes a cigar and spits incessantly while exuding a hostile attitude.

The team has brought their own complex gear. Maynard mans a satellite listening post. The sound from the chopper is played through several audio speakers at the station. Braverman scrolls files on a computer. Ferrenzi is at a large screen, watching a live satellite feed of the helicopters flight. He fingers several keyboard letters and the view zooms in to reveal close-ups of the chopper. McManus, Sanford and General Cortez sit at a table browsing through hard cover folders marked State Department TOP SECRET.

MCMANUS

I think this joint operation will
benefit both our countries, General.

General Cortez, hawks up a large wad and spits into a spittoon near Braverman's station. Disgusted, Braverman moves away from the terminal.

GENERAL CORTEZ

Senor McManus, you and your friends are officially just observers. Here in Colombia I am in charge.

MCMANUS

We'll try and keep on your good side General. The diplomat, is bringing the bait to the trap for you.

GENERAL CORTEZ

Nobody likes diplomats. They're international liars and cheats.

MCMANUS

Not Lothar. He's an international sweetheart.

GENERAL CORTEZ

We should just shoot their plane out of the sky. One less diplomat and one less drug dealer.

MCMANUS

General, I would love nothing better. But you can't do that.

GENERAL CORTEZ

Don't tell me what to do! I am in command here.

MACMANUS

It defeats our purpose to get rid of them before we get Pablo.

GENERAL CORTEZ

I am running this operation. I will tell YOU what our purpose is to be!

Mac finesses the General.

MCMANUS

Take it easy General. We're on your side. I still want to get even for that marine-op ten years ago.

GENERAL CORTEZ

(comes to the point)

You are withholding information! I want to know how you're going to track Jorge Escovar when he lands.

MCMANUS

That subject is on a need to know basis, General.

The temperamental General vents his rage.

GENERAL CORTEZ

If you do not provide answers in twenty minutes. Your team can pack up your high tech toys and get out of Colombia.

The General starts to walk off. He stops to address Braverman.

GENERAL CORTEZ

And **she** stays **here** when we hit them.
(hisses)

In Colombia, women don't do the men's work.

The General crudely hawks up a large spit up and sends it flying into the spittoon. He crushes his cigar in an ash tray and strides off.

Braverman takes some dossier files and hands them to McManus.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Charming man. Here's the interpol dossier on Lothar.

McManus opens a folder marked "top-secret". Inside are several pictures.

MCMANUS

Lothar was born 1935. His father, Alexis, was a Swiss Count.

MAYNARD

Doesn't he speak five languages?

BRAVERMAN

Six. German, English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Arabic. He also dabbles in Farsi, Hebrew, and Chinese.

MCMANUS

Interpol suspects him of laundering money for drug traffickers, arms dealers, wayward politicians, even fencing the odd piece of stolen art.

SANFORD

Sure is an interesting deal he brokered for Jorge.

MCMANUS

The Medellin Cartel are top dogs.
Their money and Lothar's influence
make a potent combo.

Using a single keyboard Braverman deftly scrolls several computer screens at once. A level four security clearance warning flashes on the screens stopping her progress.

Mac walks over and places his hand on a scanner device next to Sheila's keyboard. His right hand is scanned by a thin green light traveling the length of his hand. Simultaneously Mac's places his eyes up to a digital view-finder and they are scanned as well. Sheila repeats the procedure. The screens depicts three dimensional views of each agents eye and right hand. The new scans overlay the agents "on record" fingerprints and retina scans. They match.

COMPUTER VO

Level four Security clearance
accepted.

Sheila keys an entry. The screens exhibit THE NATIONAL SECURITY emblem and then change to the word text "INTERNATIONAL DOSSIER SYSTEM". A blinking image of "secure down-link commencing" interfaces on the screens.

One screen shows Pablo Escovar, his son Jorge Escovar, and their cousin Carrioché. Another spits out technical information. Which includes grafts, readouts of geological locations and operational territories.

BRAVERMAN

Pablo Escovar and the Medellin Cartel have moved over one hundred tons of cocaine worldwide in the last five years. Primary targets include the US and Europe.

MACMANUS

(reads dossier)

The cartel has grossed over a hundred billion dollars and has legitimate financial interests in over twenty countries.

BRAVERMAN

They own coffee, bananas, sugar, cattle, oil, timber, art... They were big in glass-art sculptures.

SANFORD

Yeah, perfect cover to hide the dope.

FERRENZI

(calls out)

Escovar and Lothar are making the switch to the jet.

One of Ferrenzi's computer screens shows incoming satellite data. The screens show real-time and infrared coverage of Lothar's helicopter landing. Several armed guards greet the images of Jorge Escovar and Lothar transferring to a twin engine Lear-jet. The jet powers up.

McManus walks over to a digital projector. It lights up a screen that lists the various drug cartel-clans in pyramid fashion with pictures of the head of each cartel at the top. These include; Escovar, Ramone, Garcia, Sanchez, Osorio and Hebert. Another projection screen at the end of the row has several banks connected to the MEDELLIN cartel circled. Arrows from the circles, link depository transactions to Lothar. Using a red laser-pointer Mac highlights the area on the screen that reads MEDELLIN. Maynard inspects the area. Sanford walks over to Mac.

SANFORD

So far the cartels have been one step ahead of us.

MCMANUS

Well, we have a few surprises left for Lothar and Mr. Escovar.

SANFORD

(checks monitor)

The shot we gave Jorge with the magnesium alloy is reading on the satellite scan.

MAYNARD

Plus the homing transmitter in the vitamin gives us two excellent satellite tracking devises and they're working flawlessly.

Mac walks over to Ferrenzi and checks another geographic satellite down-link monitor.

MCMANUS

There is no way they can see this one coming. Rennzi, give me a atmosphere view of the South American hemisphere.

EXT. SPY SATELLITE- MEDIUM EARTH ORBIT- COLOMBIA

A CIA K-111 spy satellite adjusts various optical devices. It hovers over South America.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD BOGOTA COLOMBIA -- LATER -- NIGHT

A twin engine jet comes to a halt and its inner stairs are lowered. Lothar is the first one off the plane and is met by three Colombian Generals. He hands each one a large manilla packet stuffed with US hundred dollar bills. They thumb through the cash and smile. The Generals depart.

Jorge walks down the steps of the plane and is met by a limo. The door opens and his well preserved, white haired, seventy year old cousin, CARRIOCHE, hugs him. Lothar waves goodbye as they get into the limo speed away into the black night of the jungle.

EXT. ESCOVAR RANCH COLOMBIA -- MORNING

Four identical jeeps filled with cartel soldiers are lined up in front of the Hacienda. Four identically dressed men exit the Hacienda and approach the parked vehicles. A little girl of eight, NIECE, runs out of the front door with some flowers. She calls out in Spanish.

NIECE

Wait, Uncle Jorge. Give these flowers
to Grandpa.

Niece stares confused at the four identical Jorges. The real Jorge steps forward and takes the flowers and kisses her goodbye. Before he can get in the jeep, the escort soldiers search him with metal detectors, and then hand search him. Jorge is exasperated.

JORGE

Ok, you maricones, let's go. I'm
his fucking son. Enough already!

Carrioche waves the soldiers off and opens the door to a jeep for Jorge.

CARRIOCHE

I apologize Jorge. It is the times
we live in. Your father has also
ordered multiple cars and human decoys
to confuse any satellite surveillance.

They get in the jeep. All four jeeps take off in different directions at the same time from the hacienda entrance.

INT. JEEP -- CONTINUOUS

Jorge is handed a blindfold by Carrioche, who dons one himself.

JORGE

You must be kidding! There is no way I'm going to put this on.

The front seat, passenger side soldier aims his machine pistol at Jorge. Angry, Jorge grabs the barrel of the machine pistol. Carrioché peeks from under his blindfold and intervenes in Spanish.

CARRIOCHE

Jorge... Please put it on **now!** We all have to follow the rules. Your father makes them. We obey.

Jorge is pissed. He puts his blindfold on.

JORGE

Why are we playing these games?

EXT. JEEP COLOMBIAN BUSH -- AFTERNOON

The jeep with Jorge and Carrioché pulls off the road and stops in thick underbrush. It is temporarily hidden from sight. Jorge and Carrioché exit the jeep to a waiting truck, loaded with chickens. Jorge rolls his eyes as Carrioché ushers him into the truck's cab.

The jeep reemerges from the bush and drives off in a cloud of dust. After a few moments the dilapidated truck filled with poultry cages, pulls out of the bush going in a different direction with feathers flying from the rear of the truck.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE VILLA-COLOMBIA MOUNTAINS -- NIGHT

The chicken truck pulls up to a ramshackle villa. The wall surrounding it is in surprisingly good condition. The truck blinks its lights in a staccato morse code. A piece of hidden wall slides back. The truck starts a downward spiral into a tunnel. The truck comes to a massive iron door. The door swings back.

INT. PABLO'S HIDEAWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The poultry truck pulls to a stop and switches off its lights. In an instant, the whole underground complex is lit up. There are fountains with water spraying, elaborate statues, ornate sculptures, and exotic plants and flowers. A well fed, graying man in his early fifties, PABLO ESCOVAR, holds a snifter of brandy in one hand and a large cigar in the other. Jorge and Carrioché exit the truck.

PABLO

Welcome, my son. I am sorry for the long drive.

Pablo, embraces his son and kisses him fondly. Holding his son's face with both his hands, he speaks emotionally.

PABLO

I missed you, Jorge. Wealth and power mean nothing if you cannot share it with the ones you love. They will not separate us again.

They walk inside the front door of a fabulous retreat.

JORGE

Eight months in that stinking hole. Was that the fastest you could get me out?

PABLO

It is the times we live in, Jorge.

JORGE

What times? And what was all the cloak and dagger stuff about? I swear I was in a James Bond movie.

PABLO

I have to be careful. These DEA, these drug hounds, Lothar, and even the army are not as easily bought as they used to be.

Jorge lets out a hearty laugh.

JORGE

You mean they cost more.

CARRIOCHE

Your release cost your father, thirty million dollars... AMERICAN!

Jorge takes his father's snifter and downs it, and then takes a long drag on Pablo's cigar.

JORGE

But I'm worth it, no?

PABLO

Every fucking penny.

Pablo leads them to an underground pool area that has a banquet set up in Jorge's honor. They are attended, by scantily clad woman. Pablo claps his hands for music.

EXT. RUINED VILLA COLOMBIAN JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Something moves in the brush. Cameras and sensors pan the area, laser beams crisscross the jungle night, searching out a target. A rodent leaps from the underbrush and is pursued by a leopard. Security lights flash on. The leopard is momentarily stunned.

INT. PABLO'S SECURITY OFFICE VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

A command center with ten surveillance screens and rows of equipment operated by several soldiers and a hard nosed professional commander watch the leopard stare directly into the monitor. The leopard growls at the camera lens and runs off into the jungle.

SOLDIER #1

Commander! Another animal activated security.

SECURITY COMMANDER

Alright. Reset the security and contact the outside patrols with the false alarm code.

INT. HELICOPTER GUN SHIP FLYING OVER COLOMBIAN JUNGLE--

McManus and his crew are strapped into their seats. Ferrenzi has a laptop computer on his lap. A Colombian sergeant is talking in Spanish on a field radio. He hangs up and tells his men to lock and load. They comply. Mac yells to the General above the roar of the chopper.

MCMANUS

General. We gave you those coordinates to reconnoiter. You need more intel' before you send your troops in there.

GENERAL CORTEZ

I have waited long enough. I want action now!

MCMANUS

Give my people some more time to get the intel' for your assault. Forty-eight hours that's all I'm asking.

GENERAL CORTEZ

My troops are quite capable of dealing with Escovar.

A stone faced sergeant hands the army field phone to the General.

EXT. FORMATION OF TROOP AND ATTACK HELICOPTERS -- CONTINUOUS

A total of twelve helicopters travel in formation over the moonlit jungle. Six troop carriers and six attack helicopters, skim the treetops flying in battle formation. The choppers peel off and hover above the jungle canopy.

INT. DEA HQ DEPUTY DIRECTOR RALSTON'S OFFICE/COMMAND CHOPPER

Ralston sits behind his desk on a speaker phone. McManus is on a field-phone on the other end of the line.

RALSTON

What the hell happened? They haven't had time to plan a full op?

MACMANUS

Their top General is hell bent on making up the five months Escovar's been free. This was supposed to be a recon flight.

RALSTON

Mac... Remember... You and your team are observers.

MCMANUS

Too late now. What's the Colombian intel say about Escovar's safe house?

McManus can't hear and has to yell above the roar of the chopper.

MCMANUS

Ben? What's the sit-rep on this position?

Mac moves over to Ferrenzi and checks his screen. He holds on as the chopper makes a radical turn.

MCMANUS

We're almost to ground zero.

RALSTON

I'm sending you our satellite intel download. Check it out.

Ralston switches off his speaker phone. Turning to a computer he fingers an entry on his computer keyboard.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER IN FLIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ferrenzi fingers some keyboard entries and his laptop screen zooms in on the mountain top hideaway. He reads off his findings.

AGENT FERRENZI

I'm receiving an intel download on the area. No power readings, cell activity or emanating transmissions.

Ferrenzi plays his keyboard like a piano. The screen pulls back slowly to reveal a huge part of Colombia from great heights. He splits the screen with two images.

FERRENZI

Not one bit of ground or air traffic in the area.

McManus studies the helicopters in flight on one half of Maynard's computer screen. The other half of his screen pictures the villa with a target sight.

EXT. TROOP HELICOPTERS -- NIGHT

Several troop choppers hover over the thick foliage. Elite Colombian special forces reel down ropes and take up positions on the jungle floor.

INT. PABLO'S SECURITY OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

The commander watches an infrared view of several computer screens with the images of soldiers moving towards the villa. He picks up a phone and barks out orders.

SECURITY COMMANDER

We have a red alert! This is not a drill. I want a full radar sweep. Light them up.

The commander continues to yell out commands in spanish. He punches a large red button and a low bleating klaxon is pumped throughout the compound.

EXT. JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Several radar dishes pop out of concealed jungle foliage. Cartel security forces hidden in treetop gun emplacements remove their camouflaged covers, exposing mounted air to air missiles, and automatic gattling guns.

INT. PABLO'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Pablo is half naked with a women on the bed when he hears the klaxon and emergency lights in his room start to flash. Pablo grabs a shirt and goes to a large cabinet. There are many designer weapons lined up. He picks a grenade launching M16. Jorge comes running into the room.

JORGE

What is it? What's going on?

Pablo throws him the loaded M16 and grabs another for himself.

PABLO

It's the times we live in. Some
sorry sons of bitches are about to
make their wives widows.

EXT. SPY SATELLITE - MEDIUM EARTH ORBIT -- CONTINUOUS

The spy satellite adjusts several scanning and optical lens devices. Additional antennas extend from the satellite as it emits various communications to the world below.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER -- CONTINUOUS

Ferrenzi is glued to his lap-top screen, he calls out.

FERRENZI

Holy shit! I have multi-band search
radar. And main line heat plumes
all over the place.

MCMANUS

Are you sure it's not interference?

FERRENZI

Mac, we have a CIA K-111 directly on
site. It's showing me so many hot
sources it looks like Christmas.

The screen he is looking at comes alive with various size heat plumes. McManus grabs the General from behind.

MCMANUS

General Cortez, it's a trap. You
should abort until you can get some
air support.

GENERAL CORTEZ

We are already engaged. Sergeant!

The Sergeant pushes Mac roughly back in seat. McManus yells to his team.

MCMANUS

Great. We get to watch the fubar in
action.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE--NIGHT

The team of Colombian special forces approach villa. Explosive charges are detonated under the feet of the government soldiers. The ground comes alive with steel needles that shoot up out of the earth. Exploding trees swing down on the troops.

Phosphorus bombs are loosened from the treetops. Multiple explosions light up the jungle night burning and blinding the screaming soldiers below.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Helicopter gunships move in and fire rockets into the compound. Pablo's security forces take out two of them with ground to air missiles. The two choppers explode in huge balls of flame.

Pablo's troops, in their treetop lairs, rain down deadly fire with automatic gattling guns, grenades, and Rocket Propelled Grenades.

The four remaining gunships return fire on the treetop gun emplacements. Using rocket and machine gun fire, they kill all of Pablo's troops in the trees.

A troop chopper takes a hit from a ground to air missile. Burning soldiers leap from the doomed chopper as it spirals toward the ground. The helo blows up upon impact.

EXT. COMMAND CHOPPER -- MOMENTS LATER

An automatic gattling-gun from below, chews up the front of the helo. The chopper flies erratically. It billows smoke silhouetted by the coming dawn.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER -- CONTINUOUS

General Cortez is wounded. Mac and Sanford use fire extinguishers to put out fires in the cabin. Maynard moves up to the cockpit. He pushes the dead co-pilot aside and takes the stick beside the wounded pilot. They steady the spiraling chopper. Mac makes a tourniquet for the General.

GENERAL CORTEZ

(in pain)

My men are getting cut to pieces.
Help them, please.

Mac looks at Ferrenzi's computer and studies the readout. Ferrenzi keys onto a hot spot on the screen.

FERRENZI

There's a major heat plume right here. If we take it out we might knock out their electric and communications.

Mac gives the coordinates to the radioman.

MCMANUS

Hit them with everything you've got
at these coordinates. Whiskey-Delta-
sixty-six-forty-niner.

The radioman gives Mac a thumbs up and puts the message out.
An incoming ground to air missile rapidly approaches the
helo from below. Mac spots the threat.

MCMANUS

Maynard! Incoming at five o'clock.

Maynard pulls on the stick putting the chopper in a steep
dive. McManus and the crew of the chopper are thrown to the
side of the helo by the tremendous G force.

EXT. COMMAND CHOPPER -- CONTINUOUS

The helo dives out of the sky and skims the tree tops barely
evading the missile which shoots by and explodes overhead.

EXT. COLOMBIAN JUNGLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Four attack helos line up and fire a salvo of air to ground
missiles at a concealed villa wall. The missiles detonation
are followed by incredible explosions in and around the
complex.

INT. PABLO'S HIDEAWAY -- -- MOMENTS LATER

Pablo runs through the hallway with his son close behind.
Explosions rock the complex. They come to Carrioché's room.
Pablo kicks the door open. Carrioché is in all his glory
with two naked girls. The trio are inebriated. They speak
in spanish.

PABLO

Carrioché! Are you fucking crazy?
We have to leave.

CARRIOCHE

I am too old to run my friend. This
is the way an old gaucho should die.
In bed... in the saddle.

An explosion rocks the room and Pablo and Jorge dive for
cover. When they get up, Carrioché is still kissing the
girls.

PABLO

You are right my friend... in the
saddle.

Pablo fires a burst at the trio killing them instantly.
Jorge is in shock.

Pablo grabs his son and returns to speaking english.

PABLO
Remember son, pussy is good but it's
not to die for.

Pablo runs out of the room, Jorge follows.

JORGE
We have to have more of these father
son talks.

INT. PABLO'S HIDEAWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Pablo and Jorge sneak their way down a hallway. Pablo hits a switch and a secret door appears. They lunge through the door as government soldiers rounding a corner open fire on them. Bullets fly above their heads, as the secret door slams shut behind them.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE PABLO'S HIDEAWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Pablo and Jorge run along a dimly lit tunnel which ends in a garage area. Pablo points to a fully loaded Range Rover. They get in and take off. A sliding door opens on Pablo's electronic command. He drives through the doorway.

EXT. OUTSIDE HIDEAWAY WALLS -- CONTINUOUS

It is now dawn. The Range Rover drives up an incline and reaches the top of an exit area. Two groups of government troops are waiting for them, weapons ready.

INT. RANGE ROVER -- CONTINUOUS

The Range Rover Interior has a space age dash console. Pablo's fingers fly over several toggles and switches.

JORGE
Where in hell did these maricon come
from?

PABLO
Don't worry. I had a few upgrades
installed, for small emergencies.

EXT. RANGE ROVER -- CONTINUOUS

The government soldiers open fire on the Rover. Bullets ricochet off the Rovers steel plated armor. A high speed gattling pops through a panel in the roof of the Rover and begins to spray the government troops.

Vents in the front grill open and launch two small missiles. The missiles move toward the two groups of soldiers, exploding

amidst each. The blast smoke clears and twenty government soldiers all lay dead. The rover takes off through the carnage and heads into the jungle.

INT. RANGE ROVER JUNGLE -- CONTINUOUS

Pablo is driving through a tight jungle trail like a man possessed. Jorge holds on for dear life.

PABLO

I had a video game made duplicating the terrain. I know every inch of this...

Pablo's Rover slides off the trail on a turn and smashes over a huge tree root, sending the rear end skyward. Pablo fights for control as a radar warning signal starts with a shrill wail.

PABLO

Oh shit! We've got company. I'll show them maricones who pays the fucking bills.

The Rover tears out of the jungle followed by two pursuing choppers. The choppers make a pass on the Rover firing a volley of machine gun fire, barely missing the evasive vehicle. The choppers turn around for another pass. The Rover has positioned its rear-end towards the incoming choppers. Its rear panel opens and two radar guided missiles speed out to greet the choppers. With no chance to evade, they're blown to bits. The Rover takes off again.

INT. RANGE ROVER -- CONTINUOUS

PABLO

This thing is worth its fucking weight in gold. I sent a signal to have my chopper ready. We're almost there.

JORGE

This is some serious James Bond shit.

EXT. COMMAND CHOPPER. -- CONTINUOUS

The Rover speeds over a mountain bridge. The command chopper rises into view and hovers. Two other helos momentarily hover into view, they break off and leave the scene.

INT. COMMAND CHOPPER -- CONTINUOUS

Maynard has a head set on. He yells to Mac.

MAYNARD

The other choppers are bingo fuel
and ix-nay on ammo. They're retiring.

MCMANUS

They're bugging out because the bait
has teeth.

MAYNARD

If you want something done.

MCMANUS

Do it your self.

Mac yells for Maynard to get in front of the speeding Rover.

MCMANUS

Maynard. Bring this puppy around to
the end of the bridge.

Maynard positions the chopper directly ahead of the Rover.

MCMANUS

Special delivery on the way!

Mac takes control and launches a missile salvo.

INT. RANGE ROVER COLOMBIAN MOUNTAIN BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Pablo floors it and tries to zig-zag away to no avail. Father
and son scream as the interior of the cab is rocked by fire
and explosion debris.

COLOMBIAN MOUNTAIN BRIDGE. -- CONTINUOUS

The Rover is hit several times and is blown burning in slow
motion, over the side of the bridge. Littering the ground
below with small pieces of burning wreckage.

INT. LOUIS HEBERT'S HOME -- EARLY MORNING

An incessant ringing of the front door bell draws LOUIS HEBERT
towards it. Louis is a well groomed 52 years of age. He
sports slicked back hair and a clean mustache. He wears a
sheik bathrobe and a large gold crucifix. Pushing a servant
out of the way Louis answers the door himself.

Louis opens the door. GILBERT HEBERT is a suave, well-toned
man in his late fifties, wearing an ascot.

GILBERT

You're looking well little brother.

INT. BAR AREA LOUIS HEBERT'S HOME -- LATER

Louis and Gilbert gloat over their coffee and scones.

LOUIS

Congratulations. You manipulated that greedy pendejo Lothar. He's not as smart as he thinks. With his unknowing assistance, the American operation eliminated the Escovars. Expensive, but brilliant!

GILBERT

We'll make three hundred times the thirty mill we paid Lothar to broker that deal. Now WE have the power!

LOUIS

We control everything. What's our schedule?

GILBERT

First we squeeze out our competitors and then raise prices on the street. We'll centralize control of all the distribution. Timing is the key.

Gilbert starts to laugh.

GILBERT

AHHH, that old letch Carrioche. Found dead with two whores in his bed. That's the way I want to go when my time comes.

INT. COLOMBIAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

GILBERT (V.O.)

I have already taken care of the smaller fish back home.

Two older gentleman sit at a table eating. The waiter walks over and one of the men raises his glass for a refill. The waiter pulls out a gun with a silencer and shoots both men several times.

GILBERT (V.O.)

The Ramone brothers won't give us any trouble...

EXT. COLOMBIAN DOCK AREA -- NIGHT

Expensive luxury yachts line a walkway. A yacht owner walks toward his boat. Two men slip from the shadows and strangle him with steel wire.

The assailants throw the body into the water.

GILBERT (V.O.)
...and our former friend Sanchez
will have an unfortunate accident.

INT. LOUIS'S HOME BAR AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The two brothers light cigars and enjoy their coffee.

GILBERT
Did you take care of your leak, little
brother?

Louis annoyed, fiddles with a dagger paper weight.

LOUIS
We are taking care of him tonight.

GILBERT
Make sure it looks like someone else's
doing. Say, revenge for Pablo's
death. You must eliminate all who
will not bend to our will.

LOUIS
Don't you worry. I'll take care of
Osorio, Garcia, Menendez and even
the Italians. Remove the head.

GILBERT
And the body will fall. After we
consolidate operations, we'll bring
in the biggest shipment the U.S. has
ever seen. One hundred tons of joy.

LOUIS
A billion dollars of yeao. And we
control the new prices. We'll give
the Americans an early white
christmas.

GILBERT
The toy shipment will be at our
complex in less then two weeks.
Excellent cover for our needs.

LOUIS
I'll take care of the other fish up
here and explain the rules to them.

Gilbert raises his cup. They toast glasses.

INT. WAREHOUSE 99 MIAMI -- AFTERNOON

LOUIS VO

Tonight we separate that snooping
prick's head from his shoulders.
We'll give the DEA a present.

Four older men surround a young man in his late twenties. JESUS is sitting taped to a chair, he has been badly beaten. The older men taunt the DEA agent with his badge and gun. A nearby doberman pincer pulls at its tether and barks ferociously. One of the captors walks up behind the beaten man and holds a machete.

The shadows on the wall show the machete being raised and the victims head being cleaved off. Red blood splatters the black headless-torso shadow on the wall. The dog shadow barks at the headless torso.

INT. COFFEE SHOP MIAMI -- AFTERNOON

McManus and his team are having some coffee and sandwiches. A basketball game is on TV. Sanford eats and watches intently. Mac looks concerned.

MACMANUS

Jesus is supposed to be at the
Warehouse by nine PM tonight. We
haven't had any contact for two days.

SANFORD

I got a ton of greenbacks on this
game. These assholes better pick up
the pace.

MCMANUS

I want a team update on the op status.
Sanford... SANFORD!

Sanford throws his sandwich down in disgust.

SANFORD

God Damn it! I had five points and
I still lost. Shit-head point
guard...

McManus glares at him.

SANFORD

Sorry. I got us the ram-tank, and
some local back-up. It'll be like
old times.

BRAVERMAN

Getting a warrant was a hassle,
legal ownership is by an offshore
company.

FERRENZI

Computer files show several deed
transfers in the last two years.

MCMANUS

After we bring Jesus in we'll find
out what crew is moving the dope.

Maynard hands Mac some photos.

MAYNARD

These are the recon photos. I'll
set up on the roof across the street.
Piece of cake.

MCMANUS

Somehow I don't think it's going to
be that easy.

INT. SEA QUEEN YACHT- PARLOR -- DUSK

Louis sits at the head of a table surrounded by four older well manicured Hispanic Dons. A hard muscular bodyguard stands off to the left of him. Each Don has a bodyguard standing behind their chairs. They smoke cigars and drink cognac while arguing among themselves. Louis stands and asks for quiet.

LOUIS

Gentleman, please review my offer
among yourselves in private. I will
return in thirty minutes and we can
discuss options.

Louis graciously bows and exits the room followed by his bodyguard.

EXT. SEA QUEEN AFT DECK -- MOMENTS LATER

Louis and his bodyguard climb down a ladder from the yacht onto a speedboat launch. The launch speeds away from the yacht.

INT. SEA QUEEN PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

The Dons are in heated debate. A large obese Don is yelling at a thin wrinkled Don, trying to make a point. The wrinkled Don vehemently shakes his hands in defiance. Yet another slams his hand on the table. The abrupt interruption of an audio speaker at center of the table silences them.

LOUIS-VO
 You old whores couldn't make a fucking
 decision in thirty years...

EXT. SPEEDBOAT -- CONTINUOUS

Louis talks on a cell phone, a hundred yards away.

LOUIS
 ...let alone thirty minutes. Goodbye
 mi hermanos.

Louis crosses himself and presses a key on the cellphone.

EXT. SEAQUEEN HULL UNDERWATER -- CONTINUOUS

The hull of the ship explodes outwardly.

INT. SEA QUEEN PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

Water rushes into the sinking boat. The panicking Dons claw at locked doors and windows trying to escape. Incoming water forces out, the last of the air in the cabin. The Dons are fully submerged under water.

EXT. SUBMERGED SEAQUEEN -- CONTINUOUS

The SeaQueen plunges toward the bottom of the ocean floor.

Through the port hole, the ghostly specter of drowned Dons can be seen floating eerily about the water filled cabin.

EXT. MIAMI WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- NIGHT

A long row of nondescript warehouses. A single overhead light illuminates the center warehouse entrance. Number 99 is painted on the door. Two sedans and a box truck cruise slowly down the empty block, pulling up in front. A double garage door opens. Two figures with weapons are silhouetted by the light from inside the warehouse.

EXT. ROOFTOP SURVEILLANCE SITE -- CONTINUOUS

Several DEA agents dressed in battle gear are in position to look down across the street, at the front of warehouse 99. Looking through night vision equipment, Maynard reports to McManus.

MAYNARD
 Bird's-eye to Base...the door is
 open. I count two. They're packing.
 There's no sign of our guy.

EXT. STREET- WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- MOMENTS LATER

A DEA command post is set up around the block from the warehouse 99. McManus and his team are wearing headsets and body armor.

MCMANUS

Birds-eye, we're ready to rock.
Give us thirty seconds and we'll
move in.

McManus motions for some of the team to get into a ramming vehicle. Others in swat gear bunch up behind it for cover.

MCMANUS

Ok, bird's-eye, we're underway.

MAYNARD VO

Roger that, Base. Still no sign of
Jesus.

The team goes into action.

EXT. ROOFTOP SURVEILLANCE SITE -- MOMENTS LATER

The spotters watch a battering ram tank leading the agents. Moving in cover formation, their movement is obscured by the shadows of the dimly lit street.

EXT. APPROACH TO WAREHOUSE 99 ENTRANCE

MCMANUS

Bird's-eye. Any activity we should
know about? Bird's-eye?... Maynard,
come in...

McManus hunches behind the tank. His headset blares static.

MCMANUS

Sanford. I can't reach bird's-eye.
You have anything on your head set?

SANFORD

Bird's-eye. We're about to egress.
Come in. Bird's-eye? Nothing Mac.
Maybe his headset's down.

MCMANUS

I don't like it. Make sure the eagle
backup team has the rear covered.
Let's do this.

EXT. ROOFTOP SURVEILLANCE SITE -- CONTINUOUS

The camera pulls back from the roof edge and we see the three DEA agents. Maynard and two other agents have had their throats cut.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 99 ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Mac motions the ram-tank to break down the door. The agents rush in behind the ram and half a dozen police cars pull up with their lights flashing.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is empty except for the truck, two sedans and a large box. The agents surround the sedans, and McManus opens the box. Inside is a human head with two hands nailed to its cheeks. The head of their undercover DEA agent Jesus. McManus stares at the aberration. Sanford takes a note from the box and reads aloud.

SANFORD

All traitors will have their heads handed to them. Long live Garcia.

Sanford starts to gag. Half throwing up he runs quickly out of the warehouse. An agent sees something in the sedan and moves to open the rear door. Mac screams a warning, pulling Braverman down and shielding her.

MCMANUS

Don't open that!

The agent opens the door and a large Golden Retriever dog jumps out of the car. Both sedans explode at the same time.

McManus helps Sheila up. They survey the scene. Several agents are wounded. Sheila steadies herself.

BRAVERMAN

Thanks Mac. I owe you... Again.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 99 -- LATER

Fire engines are parked haphazardly, their water hoses snaking every which way. Paramedics attend agents.

McManus haggardly stares at several body bags. The Golden Retriever sits near Maynard's open body bag on the ground. A fireman comes over to move the dog away. She growls at him. Mac intervenes, waving the fireman off.

MCMANUS

It's ok. Jesus was Ladys' owner.
(MORE)

MCMANUS

Hey girl. Want to spend some time with me?

Mac moves slowly and pets the dog, comforting her. The dog warms to Mac and licks his face.

Ralston and Sanford approach.

RALSTON

Mac. What's the tally.

MACMANUS

Three dead. Maynard, Chester and Hill were in the nest. Six wounded.

RALSTON

Did you have any communications with Bird's-eye before you went in?

Mac shakes his head no. Ralston gets in McManus's face.

RALSTON

You had no contact with Maynard? He was your eyes. YOU should have backed off.

Braverman and Ferrenzi walk over to the conversation. She sports a cut on her head and her clothes are a mess.

AGENT BRAVERMERN

This wasn't Mac's fault.

RALSTON

If you had gone by the book when communications went out, those body bags would be empty.

Ralston points to the body bags on the ground.

MCMANUS

We were in the middle of the op. It was a judgment call.

RALSTON

Bad judgment. You should have followed procedure.

MCMANUS

I made the call. I stand by it.

RALSTON

(challenges Mac)

Well then you and your team better find out what the hell happened.

Ashen and drained McManus takes charge of his team.

MCMANUS

Rennzi, run the plates and vin-numbers for the sedans and the truck. Sheila, there were several bodies in the trunks of the sedans. Clean yourself up, and check if forensics came up with any matches. Sanford, eagle-team is doing an evidence sweep, give them a hand.

Sanford nods to Ralston, and leaves. Ralston eyes Mac.

RALSTON

I need you to pull it together. We have a new informant. A civi. I want you as controller.

MCMANUS

(angry)

So he can have his head handed to him? We should have pulled Jesus out a week ago.

A red faced Ralston holds his temper in check.

RALSTON

That wasn't your decision. And neither is this.

MCMANUS

I just lost somebody who was a trained agent. You want me to put some naive civilians ass on the line?

McManus scans the row of body bags. He kneels beside Maynard's body and zips the bag closed. His hand traces Maynards face through the body bag.

MCMANUS

I don't want to bury anymore friends.

RALSTON

Mac, the director requested you on this case... And I figure you'd want a little payback for tonight.

Ralston motions to Maynard's body bag. Mac stares hard at Ralston, but doesn't say a word.

INT. CALI CARTEL'S MIAMI OFFICES-BOARD ROOM -- MORNING

Gilbert and Louis Hebert sit at the head of an elegantly decorated board-room table.

A group of well dressed cartel executives sit at the table. Several SECURITY men are giving the room a once over with electronic devices. They finish and nod to Gilbert that the room is "clean". Security exits and the doors are hermetically sealed behind them with an audible hiss. Gilbert signals for his bother Louis to begin meeting.

LOUIS

Now that we are sure our government friends cannot listen to our get together, let us begin. Julio.

JULIO RODENZA is a thirty five year old accountant. A pencil thin mustache, slender frame, and wire-rim glasses hide his aggressive nature. He confidently lectures referring to a large projection screen behind him.

JULIO

Our toy company will post a quarterly gain of fifty million dollars, thanks to our new toy star Harry Hippo. Stock capital is also up fifteen million from coffee and sugar investments. Cattle stock took a dive after the European mad cow fiasco. But other investments in...

GILBERT

How much, amigo?

JULIO

Nothing that can't be remedied. Our other agriculture stocks have all risen about eight percent.

LOUIS

Maricon, my brother asked you a fucking question.

Julio is silent. Louis stands up asks the question again.

LOUIS

How much, pendejo?

Julio swallows hard and speaks under his breath.

JULIO

One hundred and ten million dollars.

The room is silent. Louis starts to laugh. Julio sweats.

LOUIS

That's all? A few million dollars? It was your advice to buy beef, no?

GILBERT

It was your advice to buy those ranches, no? Didn't you tell us the world demand would never drop?

JULIO

The market fluctuates with...

Louis whips a small caliber pistol from his side and expertly shoots Julio in the head. Julio drops dead to the floor. Louis calmly walks over to Julio and empties his automatic Barreta into Julio. His gun empty, Louis spits on him and starts to kick him several times. Gilbert, stands and tries to restrain him. Louis fires a final shot splattering them both with blood. He waves Gilbert away, crosses himself, straightens out his suit jacket, and returns to the head of the table.

LOUIS

Gilbert found out that Julio got a twenty percent kickback on the beef we bought. I WARN YOU ALL...greed has its price.

He points to Julio's body.

LOUIS

There is more than enough pie for everyone. But **we** will do the cutting.
(indicating his brother)
Comprende? With Escovar gone we are moving to fill the vacuum.

Gilbert's disdain for the proceedings are evident. He dabs his handkerchief in the glass of water in front of him and wipes away minute specks of blood from the recent shooting.

GILBERT

Several of the older Colombian cartels and their operations have come to an abrupt halt.

Gilbert looks to Louis with a wickedly cunning grin.

LOUIS

Last night we eliminated the Garcias. We gave the meet info to the mole in their organization and he tipped the DEA.

GILBERT

And our singing canary, Jesus?

LOUIS

Jesus has been eliminated. The DEA believe his death was retaliation for Escovar's death.

GILBERT

What about our new plant?

LOUIS

We now have an informant inside the DEA. He's into our book-making for over three hundred grand.

GILBERT

Make sure we get our money's worth.

Louis nods and eyes his nephew with a steely glare.

LOUIS

Vincent...

VINCENT OCCHA is a late twenties cool cat. Vincent sports a full scraggly beard and mustache. He wears layers of gold necklaces on his neck and wrists. Vincent stands to address the room.

VINCENT

Tomorrow night the Osorio cartel has some product coming in on fast race boats. What we can't buy we'll steal. I paid several of their people. They will take care of business for us.

GILBERT

Very good. We will get strong on the fat of someone else's cow.

Vincent gains confidence as he continues his presentation.

VINCENT

I'll call our plant, he'll make sure the Fed's show.

LOUIS

Just make sure it looks like Escovar's people again. Lose that ostentatious jewelry and get a shave and haircut. You look like a fucking pimp.

VINCENT

Uncle Gilbert you never had any problems with the way I did business or the way I looked in Colombia. I don't think...

Vincent looks to Gilbert for support who turns his head away.

LOUIS

I'm your goddamned uncle too and I run operations in North America. You better change your style or you'll end up like your cousin, Julio.

Vincent pales at his prospects acquiescing with a nod. He sits down.

VINCENT

Comprende.

LOUIS

Good. I need a new accounting head for our legitimate financial concerns. Who do we have to take over Julio's job?

Vincent tentatively raises his hand.

VINCENT

Maya would be a good choice. She worked under Julio and her computer accounting expertise is perfect for the job.

LOUIS

She has no experience in our shadow operations...

GILBERT

...And how can we insure she will be discreet with our sensitive shipping and transfer information.

VINCENT

She has a sister, Maria. Maria owes us. She lost a load and they're close...

Louis eyes Vincent. His brain twists out the solution.

LOUIS

Mmm Hmm, we'll use Maria as our leverage with Maya. But she's your responsibility, maricon. It's lunch time gentleman and I could eat a fucking horse.

He turns to the dead Julio.

LOUIS

With all due respect, I'm swearing
off beef for a while.

Louis laughs at his own joke.

INT. RALSTON'S OFFICE DEA HQ -- DAY

Ralston talks, while McManus thumbs through a thin folder

RALSTON

We don't know much about the contact.
Her name is Maya Saurez. You'll
meet 10 AM tomorrow morning at Cafe
Coffee.

Sanford bursts in.

RALSTON

Just barge the hell in why don't
you.

SANFORD

We just got tipped. The Osorio
clan has a two hundred kilo drop by
motor boat tomorrow night.

RALSTON

What time and where?

SANFORD

10 PM north of the harbor entrance.

Ralston picks up the phone.

RALSTON

Mac. Ready your team for tomorrow
night.

(into the phone)

Get me the Coast Guard.

INT. CAFE COFFEE MIAMI -- MORNING

A medium size coffee shop bustles with a mix of business
people, joggers, and college students. MAYA SAUREZ is a
Latina super fox. Her long black hair complements her
chiseled facial features and radiant skin. Dressed in faded
jeans and a worn cashmere sweater, she is seated at a table,
nervously reading a paper.

McManus walks into the shop, the clock reads 10 AM. Mac
cases the shop and spots Maya. He waits. The clock fast
forwards to 10:30 AM.

Mac talks to a waitress. He then starts over to Maya. McManus is almost at her table when their eyes meet.

MCMANUS

Would it be possible for a gentleman to share your table?

MAYA

Since I don't see any in the near vicinity, the answer would be no.

She goes back to her paper.

MCMANUS

Ouch! You'd put a razor to shame.

MAYA

I'm waiting for someone.

Mac points to her almost finished drink.

MCMANUS

Well...for starters, your lowfat orange-decaf with a pinch of cinnamon is ready.

The waiter brings two coffees and sets them on the table. McManus nods his thanks. The waiter winks at him and leaves. Maya looks at him incredulously.

MCMANUS

I have friends in high places.

MAYA

What did you say?

MCMANUS

Friends...in high places.

Maya stares hard at him before giving her reply.

MAYA

Are your friends angels?

MCMANUS

No. They're saints.

Maya's eyes dart around the cafe nervously. She lowers her voice so only McManus can hear her.

MAYA

You're half an hour late.

MCMANUS

(scans room)

Relax. Everything is under control. I had to make sure you didn't bring any unwanted company with you. Do you have the material?

Maya hisses her words at him, under her breath.

MAYA

You waltz in here a half hour late, act the fool with that knight in shining armor crap. And then have the nerve to tell me everything is under control when it's my ass on the line. Well, fuck you!

She looks away and nervously sips her coffee. Mac tries a different tactic.

MCMANUS

I'm...sorry. I was too cavalier. You're right.

MAYA

Don't patronize me.

She gathers her things to leave. McManus tries sincerity.

MCMANUS

I mean it Maya, please. We'd like any information you can provide.

She swallows her anger.

MAYA

I have taken over as the new accounting controller for Amazon International Imports.

MCMANUS

What happened to the other accountant?

Maya stares at him with as if to say, *are you stupid?*

MAYA

The company has been interested in some kind of boating operation. I think it's going down tonight at ten PM north of...

MCMANUS

The harbor entrance.

(MORE)

MCMANUS

This is old news and you have the players mixed up. Our information is different for tonight's action. Got anything useful?

MAYA

I'm risking my neck just being here and you don't even believe me.

MCMANUS

(soothes her)

I'll do what ever is necessary, to keep you from harms' way.

MAYA

This isn't a game. I know what my prospects are if I get caught. Here's some offshore accounting information.

McManus is uncomfortable. Maya stands up and slides a manilla envelope to him and walks out.

Mac sips his coffee and fingers the envelope. He opens it.

EXT. PRIVATE BOAT LAUNCH -- NIGHT

Four well dressed Latin men of the Osorio cartel discuss business. The four brothers wear red scarves with black dagger insignia.

Several workers finish loading five racing boats with plastic duffel bags of cocaine. The last bag is loaded and a signal is given by one of the loaders.

The traitors pull out concealed machine pistols and open fire on the talking men. The Osorio's fall to the ground riddled by bullets. The turncoat workers grab concealed scuba gear.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS SHALLOW WATER. -- LATER

Five cigarette racing boats are speeding through the water in formation. There are two shadowed passengers per boat.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS 100 YARDS AWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Coast Guard cutter Goliath is waiting in stealth, hovering one hundred yards away. The ship comes alive. Klaxons wail and search lights cut through the night. The cutter maneuvers and speeds towards the race boats. Goliath's PA system hails the racing boats ordering them to halt and prepare to be boarded.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS RACE BOATS -- CONTINUOUS

The racing boats slow down to an idle. Unseen by the Goliath's crew, the speed boat crews dump large plastic duffel bags over the side of the boats. Dressed in scuba gear, they jump over the side of their respective boats. The cutter rapidly approaches the idling racing boats.

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER GOLIATH-BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The captain, McManus, Braverman and Sanford are looking through binoculars scanning the vacant race boats.

COAST GAURD CAPTAIN

There's nobody on those boats. What the hell is going on here?

MCMANUS

Five ghost ships? I'd give a t-bone steak to find out where their owners are right now.

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER GOLIATH -- NIGHT

The Cutter pulls up to the idling race boats. Several sailors pull the abandoned boats along side the cutter. A sailor finds an Osorio signet scarf and brings it to Mac on the bridge.

MCMANUS

The Osorio crest. Captain, those boats had to have somebody operating them.

COAST GUARD CAPTAIN

Lieutenant. Give me a full band radar sweep of the area.

The lieutenant complies. He uses available above water radar.

COAST GUARD LT.

There's nothing out there sir. Let me try one more thing.

The Lt. pings the water with under water sonar.

EXT. CARTEL MINI-SUBMARINE UNDER WATER- FLORIDA KEYS --
MOMENTS LATER

The pings from the cutter, reach the submarine and reverberates. The mini-sub fires two small torpedos. It's propeller screws start up and churn the water at high speed.

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The Lt. reacts first with pleasure at finding the sonar contact.

COAST GUARD LT.

Sir. Small contact...bearing 0500.

His voice suddenly becomes high pitched.

COAST GUARD LT.

Contact has fired torpedos. Range...
five hundred yards and closing.
Bogey maneuvering away, bearing 0400
hours.

COAST GUARD CAPTAIN

Helmsmen. All ahead full, hard right
rudder. Battle stations! All hands,
battle stations!

The captain hits the warning klaxon.

COAST GUARD CAPTAIN

Sonar. Get a fix on that outbound
bogey. Lieutenant. Arm depth
charges.

EXT. TWO TORPEDOS UNDER WATER -- CONTINUOUS

Two torpedos speed through the water. Their homing signals increase in pitch and speed as they approach the undersides of the Goliath and speed boats above.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER GOLIATH -- CONTINUOUS

Two speed boats explode alongside Goliath rocking the cutter violently. Several sailors are blown overboard.

INT. GOLIATH BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Explosion shrapnel from the blast violently rocks the cutter's bridge. McManus, Braverman and Sanford are thrown to the deck. The ship starts to list. Mac struggles to his feet. Braverman helps up a bleeding Sanford. Sanford and Braverman use fire extinguishers to douse small blazes on the bridge. The bloodied Captain calmly goes about his business.

COAST GUARD CAPTAIN

Damage control...report to the bridge.
Find that bogey, Lieutenant.

COAST GUARD LT.

Sonar is off line, sir. Sir?

The captain sits in his chair stone cold dead. Eyes fixed ahead, clutching his mike. McManus makes his way over to the dead man and closes his eyes. After a beat, he takes control.

MCMANUS

Helmsmen turn about. Last bearing for that contact was 0400 hours. Go after it. Helmsmen, are you deaf?

The rest of the bridge crew are in shock. The helmsman reacts, executing the order. The Lt. fights for control.

COAST GUARD LT.

Helmsman. Belie that order! We have wounded aboard. We'll make for port.

MCMANUS

That's a negative. We get the bastard's who started it.

COAST GUARD LT.

The DEA does not run this ship. We're listing and may not make it back to base. I'm in charge now.

MCMANUS

We have the damn thing in our sights. Aren't you going to avenge your captain's death?

The Lt. turns to an armed weapons control seamen.

COAST GUARD LT.

Boson. Remove this man from the bridge.

Before the sailor can execute the order, McManus leaps to the weapons control station and pushes four blinking depth charge launch buttons. The crew looks to the rear of the bridge. A warning klaxon blares and four depth charges are expelled from their launcher in sequence.

EXT. CARTEL MINI-SUB UNDERWATER-- CONTINUOUS

The fleeing sub is thirty yards away from the first depth charge explosion. The depth charges fall closer to the sub. The fourth charge **explodes** directly over the **sub**, causing it to split in half and explode.

EXT.COAST GUARD CUTTER GOLIATH -- DAWN

The brilliantly lit full moon back lights combined explosions of the depth charge and submarine.

The explosion beneath the waves throws a huge water plume in the air.

EXT. MIAMI DIALYSIS SPECIALIST BUILDING -- MORNING

Ralston enters the building.

The sign on the building reads: "Miami Dialysis Specialist Clinic".

INT. CAFE COFFEE -- MORNING

McManus enters the cafe and walks directly to Maya's table. He sits down and lays into her.

MCMANUS

I want some answers. What the hell did we walk into last night?

MAYA

Will you keep your voice down?

MCMANUS

Your brief never said anything about submarines and we found a Garcia signet scarf.

MAYA

The Garcia brothers are dead.

MCMANUS

If the Garcias are dead, who then?

Maya looks around and starts to get nervous.

MAYA

Louis and Gilbert Hebert of the Cali Cartel are making their move. They already wiped out the Garcias, Osorios, and Ruella clans. There's an important meeting at the train yards tonight. Louis will be there.

She passes another manilla envelope to him and starts to get up. Mac stops her before she can go.

MCMANUS

Who else is coming to the party?

McManus stands up.

MAYA

I don't know. The Cartel is going for something big.

(MORE)

MAYA

I'll try to get some more information about the deliveries.

MCMANUS

I'll be there tonight.

Maya leaves the table with a hint of a smile.

INT. CALI CARTEL BOARD ROOM MIAMI -- LATER

Gilbert, Louis and the Cali board members are listening to Vincent recap the prior night's events. Vincent has a make over. He wears a three piece suit, and expensive Rolex watch. Vincent has styled himself exactly like Louis.

VINCENT

The coastal drop went off without any major hitches. We just lost a few drop boats.

GILBERT

You call the loss of five **newly acquired** Osorio race boats, just a minor inconvenience?

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS -- MORNING

VINCENT (V.O.)

It's a balance of profit and loss, Uncle.

A fishing trawler moves through the placid waters of the Florida keys. We hear a high pitch squeal followed by a bass reply. The two sounds combine like talking computer modems. The water's surface starts to bubble and is broken in five different places by large plastic duffel bags.

Attached to each duffel bag are remote control air bladders with antennas. A fishing trawler with "Valencia" on its stern fishes each bag out of the water and continues on its way.

VINCENT VO

The product that was dropped off in the water was retrieved by remote control. Five sealed duffel containers, with one hundred kilos apiece, had radio controlled air bladders attached to them. Our commercial trawler, "Valencia", signals them and up they spring from the bottom of the deep...

INT. CALI CARTEL BOARD ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

GILBERT

So, my young nephew, you also believe that besides the race boats, the mini-sub were an unimportant casualty of the night's work?

VINCENT

The mini-sub was a test rental from our Arab friends. We spent nothing out of pocket for it. They want our future business so they will not press the issue.

Vincent smiles, and pulls what he believes is the rabbit from the hat.

VINCENT

We were able to bring in over one thousand pounds of product.

Louis's eyes narrow, and his hand moves beneath the table.

LOUIS

But what about the five race boats? They would have been excellent assets.

VINCENT

After the Osorio's were taken out, we stole their boats and product. We never paid for the load or the boats so we're up five million in product.

The room is tense. Louis's hand comes from beneath the table to reveal a fistful of cigars.

LOUIS

Let's celebrate the boldness of your plan. By the way, where did you get that suit?

Louis smiles a knowing smile.

VINCENT

From your personal tailor, Uncle.

LOUIS

This kid has class. And cajones! Let's talk about your train operation.

Louis walks over to Vincent and gives him a cigar. He throws the rest on the board room table, and motions to the other cartel members to have one.

The board members talk among themselves. Gilbert gets up and shakes Vincent's hand. Louis puts his arm around Vincent and they become a threesome.

GILBERT

I always loved trains. What do you have in mind?

INT. CALI CARTEL SECURE COMPUTER TERMINAL ROOM-- DAY

Maya is scrolling information on a computer screen. She see's something on the screen that piques her interest. Taking a disc from her purse, she enters it into a terminal. The screen flashes a security warning, but Maya overrides it with some key strokes. She removes the disk, and places it in her handbag. The security warning returns to the screen.

Vincent enters the room. Maya gets up to leave, but Vincent blocks her way. Vincent sees the security warning on the screen.

VINCENT

What are you doing in here? This is a restricted program.

Vincent is visibly angry, he grabs her arm.

VINCENT

If I find out that you're fucking us around... We're going to see Louis.

Vincent man handles Maya out of the room.

EXT. GILBERT'S LIMO -- TRAIN YARDS -- NIGHT

Gilbert and Louis discuss their options.

GILBERT

I don't think this meeting is wise little brother.

LOUIS

Let me handle these Italian whores. I'll wave so much green at them that those whops will think it's pasta time at Mama Leones!

GILBERT

Sonny Debartalo is a hot head. Word may have gotten out about our earlier moves.

LOUIS

You worry too much. I'll charm them.

GILBERT

Alright, I have taken precautions just in case. If you can't make a deal we have plan B.

EXT. MIAMI TRAIN PLATFORM -- NIGHT

Mac and the DEA team take up clandestinely concealed positions in and around the train platform. Mac observes the platform.

Vincent appears with Maya, manhandling her towards a parked train. Louis meets them and derides Vincent for bringing Maya with him for their meeting. Louis waves Vincent and his prisoner onto the train. Vincent forces a rebellious Maya onto the train. McManus keys his voice-mike with concern.

MCMANUS

All units stand by. We have an Alpha-One hostage scenario. Hostile elements have taken control of our contact.

INT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Louis sits some older Italian Dons and SONNY DEBARTALO, a forty year old man built like a fire plug. Vincent stands off to the side of the room with Maya.

SONNY

Do you want a war? If I even hear you're sniffing around my turf...

LOUIS

Sonny. Gentleman, please. I want to work with you.

ITALIAN DON #1

Osorio, Garcia, Ruella. I'm not going to be next.

The train starts to move. Louis registers shock.

LOUIS

We're moving. What the hell is going on?

DON #1

For all concerned, I thought a moving train is better than a sitting duck.

SONNY

You think you can muscle me out? Just fucking try it, amichi.

Don #1 takes out a pistol and lays it on the table. Louis motions to Vincent as he apprehensively stands to address the bickering Dons.

LOUIS

There is no need for threats. My organization wants to put things right between us.

Louis nervously tries his hand.

LOUIS

Excuse me for a brief moment, gentlemen, I have a small detail to attend to.

SONNY

Like what? Blowing us to kingdom come? You rat bastard. We know about the boat ride.

Don #1 moves for his gun on the table but Vincent gets to his first. Vincent whips out his gun and shoots Don #1 in the shoulder. All hell breaks loose. Louis and Vincent both blast away retreating through a doorway. Vincent pulls Maya with them. The dons all pull out guns and shoot back.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM -- CONTINUOUS

The private train moves slowly down the platform. McManus is jogging behind and calling out orders to his team over his mike-intercom. The team materializes from their hiding places, and move to fulfill his orders.

MCMANUS

Sheila, get your car. I want to get on that train. Ferrenzi, get over to the dispatch office and find out where the hell this trains going. Sanford, get me a chopper for recon.

The agents hustle to their assigned tasks.

INT. IN BETWEEN TRAIN CARS -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent pushes Maya ahead of him into the last train car. Louis fires his weapon into the handle mechanism and jams the door behind them. Louis steps into the last car.

INT. OFFICE TRAIN CAR -- NIGHT

Louis opens the back door of the train.

LOUIS

You pried into areas that did not concern you.

MAYA

I was only looking to confirm shipment and delivery times.

LOUIS

Liar! Your computer use proves you accessed secure information. Vincent!

Vincent ties her up and tapes Maya's mouth shut.

LOUIS

Time for plan B. She dies with the Italians. We'll take care of her bitch sister later.

EXT. MIAMI TRAIN YARDS -- MOMENTS LATER

Sheila's vintage sixties Chevy Malibu convertible, pulls up to McManus in a cloud of dust. Mac jumps in and they drive along a service road next to the railroad tracks.

TRAIN WORK PLATFORM -- CONTINUOUS

The cartel train moves past the work platform at a good clip. Louis and Vincent jump from the rear car. The train picks up speed and moves past the work platform. Louis is a mess from the jump. Vincent helps him up, they hustle towards Gilbert's limo.

Gilbert is waiting by the limo. He is flanked by two super charged sedans filled with armed cartel goons.

GILBERT

I told you little brother always have a plan B.

LOUIS

(limps over in pain)
Some plan.

Gilbert calls out to the flanking cartel guards.

GILBERT

Make sure there are no survivors.

Louis gets in the limo with Vincent. The limo and the sedans tear off in different directions.

EXT. MOVING TRAIN -- MOMENTS LATER

Close up: Timing devices with a large amount of C-4 plastic explosive attached between each of the three train cars and engine.

INT. TRAIN LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

The Dons are still arguing. The door to the end of the car where Louis exited is jammed. Bleeding, Don #1 tries the wall phone. It's dead.

DON #2

Sonny, we can't get him this way.

SONNY

I'll give that greasy Colombian spic all he can handle.

Sonny exits the opposite end of the car.

EXT. IN BETWEEN TRAIN CARS -- MOMENTS LATER

Sonny climbs up a ladder and reaches the top of the train car. He walks the length of the train and climbs down a ladder on the end car. Sonny stands on the back platform and opens the door.

INT. TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Sonny enters and sees Maya is taped firmly to her seat. He pulls out a gun with silencer attached.

SONNY

Where the fuck is Louis?

Sonny rips the tape off her mouth, and puts his gun to her head.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila's car has caught up to the rear of the cartel train. Their car dodges obstacles in its path and pulls alongside the rear of the moving train.

McManus times a jump to the train. When he jumps, the Chevy swerves over debris. Mac lurches from the car awkwardly and barely grabs the side of the moving train. The road Sheila is driving on ends. She is forced to turn off abruptly.

McManus struggles to pull himself up the railing attached to the endcar. He looks up to see an on rushing bridge-crossing with no room to spare. At the last instance Mac swings onto the rear of the train. The narrow steel bridge siding misses him by inches.

McManus tries to enter the rear car, but the door is locked. He climbs to the roof of the car on a rear ladder and starts to walk the length of the train.

EXT. CARTEL TRAINCAR ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

McManus works his way down the roof of the moving train when his cell phone rings.

MCMANUS

What the hell is so important?

INT. DISPATCHERS OFFICE TRAIN YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Ferrenzi is on his cell phone, looking at the daily train boards with two worried supervisors.

FERRENZI

Mac. That train doesn't have clearance to be on the tracks. It gets worse. Your train is on a collision course with a stationary repair crane.

EXT. TRAIN ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

McManus hangs up. He mutters under his breath.

MCMANUS

What else could go wrong?

Mac looks up and sees an oncoming tunnel. He falls flat on the roof of the speeding train and drops his cell phone.

The tunnel barely misses his head.

INT. CHASE HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

Sanford is in a chopper. Flying parallel to the train, he uses binoculars. A close up shows, the dead train engineer slumped near a blinking wireless control unit attached to the trains console. He talks to Renzzi on a wireless.

SANFORD

The engineers dead. It's a runaway.

EXT. TRAIN ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

McManus slides down between the cars. He can see the Don with the gun to Maya's face. Crouching down he is about to burst into the car, when he sees one of the timers attached to the C4 explosives. The digital clock reads 2:29 left. Seeing four different color wires, he decides to act.

MCMANUS

Ee-ny, me-ny, mi-ny...Fuck it.

Exhaling, Mac takes a chance and rips one of the wires out. Frustrated, Mac watches as the digital display speeds up its count down.

INT. CARTEL TRAIN CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Maya is taunted by Sonny who has his back to the rear of the car. The rear door is opened slightly. Sonny sees the movement in Maya's eyes. He whips around and fires off several shots head high.

McManus dives into the traincar head first in a forward roll. Sonny fires his pistol at him.

McManus ends up in a text book shooting crouch. Bullets fly past him. Mac fires three times, severely wounding Sonny.

Mac rushes over to Maya and frees her. Sonny, lying on the floor is not yet dead. Staggering to his feet, he points his pistol at Maya.

McManus leaps in front of Maya and shoots. Sonny returns fire from his pistol. Both are hit. McManus wearing a shielding vest is hit once more in the ribs, Sonny is dead. McManus grabs Maya, and makes for the exit.

MCMANUS

Let's go!

Maya grabs her bag and takes out the disk.

MCMANUS

Come on, this place is wired.

INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE TRAIN YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Ferrenzi is on a phone to Braverman, he is looking at a train switching board.

AGENT FERRENZI

Sheila. There's a manual switch about a quarter mile down the track, you need to change the train's direction.

EXT. CARTEL TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

McManus checks the timer, it reads twelve seconds. He peers out from between the traincar at the fast moving landscape.

MCMANUS

Get ready to jump.

MAYA

You're crazy! There's no way I...

MACMANUS

(reassures her)

Don't worry I'll keep you from harm's way.

Mac unceremoniously grabs her and jumps from the train. Maya screams as they fly through the air.

INT/EXT INTERCUT -- TRAIN LOUNGE -- MOVING TRAIN

The scared dons look out at the fast moving landscape. #2 lifts a chair and tries to smash out a window. The chair bounces off the reinforced plexi-glass.

DON #1

This train was supposed to be Louis's coffin, not ours.

DON #2

Where the hell is Sonny?

The cartel train is traveling on a collision course with a work crane. Scared Workers jump from the crane and scatter.

Braverman pulls her car up to a train interchanging control box. She jumps from her car with cell phone in hand.

EXT. TRAIN INTERCHANGE CONTROL BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila shoots the lock off of the manual override switch. There are three position settings marked A, B and C for the arm-lever. The train is fast approaching her.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Renzi. Which setting is it? RENZI?

The ROAR of the approaching train drowns out her phone, in desperation she makes a choice, pulling the lever to the C marking.

The engine races past her and lurches onto a side shunting track. The explosive timer counts down, five, four, three...

McManus shields Maya as he hits the ground rolling. Mac's bruised ribs take the brunt of the fall.

The train engine smashes through an endstop barrier and into an electrical transformer relay station.

Billowing sheets of arced lighting shoot through the stricken engine. The external force of the electricity causes the engine to IMplode.

The train cars explode in sequence behind the disintegrating train engine. Scattered shards of burning wreckage fly throughout the air.

EXT. SHEILA'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Sheila pulls up in the Chevy. She helps Mac and Maya away from the burning inferno. Their clothes are torn, bloodied, blackened by soot.

BRAVERMAN

Could you cut it any closer, Mac?

Maya starts to shake and McManus comforts her. Maya kisses him on the cheek. Sheila averts her eyes from the kiss. Mac takes the keys from Sheila and gets in the drivers seat. Sheila helps a limping Maya into the back seat of the car.

INTERCUT - CHEVY MALIBU/CARTEL CHASE CAR

The cartel vehicles pull up to the burning train wreck and cartel goons get out. They see Sheila and Maya getting into the Malibu. They open fire with uzi-machine pistols. Mac starts the car and peels off as a hail of bullets kick up around the vehicle.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

She can stay **with me** until we get her set up in witness protection.

MCMANUS

No. She's **safe** with me. I'll bring her to HQ and get her set up in witness protection in a couple days.

Sheila sours at the prospect. In Mac's side rear-view mirror he sees the cartel thugs in hot pursuit blasting away. The Malibu's back-window shatters covering a screaming Maya with flying glass.

MACMANUS

Hold on!

Mac whips the car into oncoming traffic and zig-zags away from their pursuers. Sheila hangs on and shoots out of her window at the following cartel vehicles. One of the chase car pulls alongside and smashes into the Malibu, forcing it up onto the sidewalk. Mac barely manages to miss several pedestrians and a light post before swerving the car back onto the street. Angry, Mac stomps on the gas pedal and pulls ahead of their pursuers. An upscale passenger of a parked car opens her driver-side door to exit the vehicle. As her door opens Mac swerves around the open car door. The woman dives back into her car as the lead cartel vehicle smashes into her car door ripping it away from her vehicle.

Sheila fires out of the back window while Maya cowers in the backseat with her hands covering her ears. Mac swerves off at high speed maneuvering recklessly. The cartel cars pursue. Several cartel goons fire at the fleeing Chevy. A cartel thug in the passenger-side front seat pulls the pin on a grenade and readies to throw it as they close on Sheila's car. The cartel car closes the distance and pulls alongside the chevy. Rounding a curb Mac's vehicle flies over it and hits the road with sparks flying.

MACMANUS

Sheila, you drive.

Mac and Sheila awkwardly exchange places. Jumping into the back seat Mac pulls out his nine-millimeter and empties the clip through the side window. His bullets broad-side the parallel cartel vehicles side-door and windows.

The front-seat cartel goon is shot in the arm through the passenger side window. To his horror he has dropped the armed grenade. Screaming, the occupants of the cartel car frantically search under the front seat to locate it.

The cartel car suddenly explodes in a ball of flame as it cartwheels end over end from the blast. The other pursuing cartel car hits the first vehicle and explodes on impact.

Mac comforts a hysterical Maya. Sheila sours at the scene in her rear-view mirror. Mac is cradling Maya. Sheila takes off changing lanes and cutting corners at high speeds. She drives into oncoming traffic and then dodges traffic the wrong way down a one way street. After several close calls with pedestrians and traffic she checks her rear-view mirrors. Sheila slows down. Mac is livid.

MCMANUS

I don't know who's going to kill me first, them or **you**.

BRAVERMAN

(smirks)

Just trying to throw the bad guys off boss.

INT. MCMANUS'S CONDOMINIUM -- LATER

Mac opens the door and turns on the lights to a nicely appointed living room. Masculine art with rich deep toned furnishings. A bar is in one corner of the room. Mac shows Maya in and locks the door. Lady walks over and greets Maya. She sits on the couch and pets the dog. Mac goes to the bar.

MAYA

I never would have thought of you as an animal lover.

MCMANUS

Lady, belonged to an agent... A friend who died in the line of duty. I don't have any family so I thought I'd start one.

MAYA

The cartel knew about me. They traced my computer access time. They have unlimited resources, Louis will have us killed.

Maya starts to shake uncontrollably. Mac walks over to a wall unit and presses a hidden button. A panel slides back revealing a peg board with assorted equipment, including, sig-saucer high velocity impact guns, cell phones, mini-flares and transmitting devices. Mac removes several items.

MACMANUS

Not if I can help it.

Mac walks to his bar and pours two hefty whiskeys. He crosses back to Maya and hands her the drink. Lady jumps off the couch and sits on her blanket.

Maya holds her arms out to inspect her trembling hands.

MCMANUS

I think surviving that nightmare deserves a drink.

He reaches out to give her the whiskey and pain shoots through his midsection. Mac gingerly rubs his injury.

MAYA

What about your chest? Shouldn't you see a doctor?

MCMANUS

The vest took most of the hit. I'll need to keep my ribs taped for a couple of days.

MAYA

What is this?

MCMANUS

Relax. It's top shelf Irish whiskey. Semper Fi.

Mac takes a healthy slug and smiles. Maya follows but the whisky burns her throat. She starts coughing which turns into tears. Mac moves to comfort her.

MCMANUS

Take it easy.

Mac gives her some water. He begins to massage Mayas shoulders. She starts to calm down.

MAYA

If they ever find out I'm still alive, my life will be over.

MCMANUS

Don't worry. You're safe here. You'll stay with me until we get you set up in witness protection.

MAYA

Nothing matters to them. Not even family. Mac I need to tell you about Vin...

Mac's phone rings. He grimaces as he moves to answer it.

MCMANUS

Sanford? Yeah, I got her out. She's with me now. I'll bring her to the office in the morning. See you then.

Mac moves gingerly, hanging up the phone. He's in pain. Maya gently pulls him to the couch and begins to massage him. He lightheartedly protests.

MCMANUS

Take it easy. I had a tough day at the office.

MAYA

You saved my life tonight.

Maya massages him. She kisses and nuzzles him gently.

MCMANUS

Well, I did tell you I would do whatever's...

MCMANUS&MAYA

Necessary to keep you from harm's way.

MAYA

I though it was just a cliché. What are we going to do now?

MCMANUS

Tomorrow, you tell us what's on that disk and then we get you to a safe house.

MAYA

I thought I was safe with you?

MCMANUS

You are.

Maya moves in front of McManus and tentatively kisses him on the lips. He takes her into his arms and they kiss passionately. Mac pushes her back on the couch while she unbuttons his shirt.

MCMANUS

Well, maybe you're not.

INT. MCMANUS'S CONDO SHOWER -- MOMENTS LATER

Hot water permeates a steamy shower interior. Maya lathers Mac's back. The camera pans the length of their bodies down to the drain. The water swirling towards the drain, is laced alternately with foam and grime from the train explosion.

McManus sprays away the foam from Maya's breasts. She moves to him and they kiss. Steam fills the shower and covers the lovers.

INT. MCMANUS'S BEDROOM -- LATER

McManus and Maya lay in each other's arms sharing the afterglow of their lovemaking. McManus draws her closer to him. Maya passionately returns his hug. Mac reacts with a grimace of pain.

Insert close up: An enormous bruise covers the right side of his body.

MCMANUS

Remind me not to jump off anymore speeding trains. I seem to attract unwanted attention to certain body parts.

He gingerly touches his rib area. Maya strokes his face.

MCMANUS

How did you get involved with my agency?

MAYA

My parents died in a Bogota earthquake. I was orphaned with a younger sister.

MCMANUS

I'm sorry... We had no background information.

MAYA

Several years later my sister Maria was murdered by the cartel. She had lost some of their product. I wanted to... Somehow avenge her death.

She starts to tense up, her anxiety showing. Mac moves next to her and strokes her hair.

MCMANUS

I was a Marine special forces captain, before joining the DEA.

MAYA

You were an officer the military? Why did you leave?

MCMANUS

Ten years ago I was on a mission that got blown.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE--FLASH BACK -- DAY

Jungle combat:

Mac is in a fire fight in the jungle pinned down under heavy enemy fire. Several of his men are cut down around him. McManus catches a bullet in the leg and falls down hitting his head on a dead tree trunk. He is out cold. Sanford runs over to help. Sanford picks Mac up as a grenade explodes near by. Sanford is hit by shell fragments in the arm and torso. With one good arm, Sanford throws away his weapon and heaves Mac on his back. Wounded and bleeding, Sanford carries Mac out of the raging battle to safety.

MCMANUS (V.O.)

The Medellin cartel intervened to help a renegade warlord in Colombia. A joint American-Colombian task force got cut to pieces... I would have bought the farm if it weren't for a friend.

INT. MCMANUS'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MCMANUS VO

I lost some good people on that op.
It was a real FUBAR.

MAYA

Fubar?

MCMANUS

Marine slang. Fucked-up beyond all
recognition. Like semper-fi and
gung-ho. Anyway, after ten years
with the Marines I decided to retire
and got a job with the DEA.

MAYA

Why the DEA?

MCMANUS

My adopted parents were killed in a
robbery. The kids who did it were
strung out on crack. I got kicked
around as an orphan until I could
join the Marines at eighteen.

The two orphans stare at each other connected spiritually.

MAYA

I'm sorry. I know what it's like to
lose family.

MCMANUS

(beat)

On my last tour, our team got ambushed
with the cartels' help. I decided
that someone needed to get to the
root of the problem. The DEA was
the best way I could get payback.

MAYA

Very educational, Captain McManus.
What else can you teach me?

MCMANUS

Marines live for inspections. I
think I need to go over you, from
head to toe.

McManus begins to kiss her. Starting at her toes he kisses
and licks his way, moving up her legs towards her crotch.
Maya swoons to his touch and starts to purr.

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM -- LATER

McManus and Maya lay entwined, sleeping on the bed. McManus's eyes suddenly open alert. He listens intently. Hearing nothing, he closes his eyes. A creaking sound from outside his room is evident. His eyes snap open. Mac wakes Maya, and covers her mouth with his hand. He reaches over to the nightstand and grabs his gun.

INT. MAC'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A hooded figure enters the room and sees what appears to be two people in the bed. Moving closer, the assassin aims a silenced weapon toward the figures in the bed.

The lights suddenly come on and Mac strikes the assassin across the back of the head. Mac kicks the fallen assassin's gun from him and moves in. The assassin whips around and punches Mac in the groin. Mac doubles over and is met by a rising elbow to the face and a backfist to the head. Dazed Mac staggers backwards. The assassin springs forward with new vigor. Mac backs up parrying a series of front snap kicks, roundhouse kicks and finally a jumping ax kick.

Mac side steps the jumping kick and fires off a barrage of devastating uppercuts, hooks, elbows and back fists. The assassin is woozy and hurt. He throws a weak punch at Mac's face. Mac side steps the punch and grabs the assassin's ski-mask off of his head. It's Sanford! For a split second they stare at each. Then they grapple. Sanford punches Mac in his wounded ribs.

Mac becomes a wild-eyed maniac. He charges Sanford kicking him in the groin. Sanford starts to sag to the floor. Mac pulls him to his feet and head butts Sanford in the face breaking the agent's nose. Throwing Sanford against the wall he pile drives him with hooks to the ribs. McManus finishes him with a downward elbow chop to Sanford's face. Teeth and blood fly from Sanford's mouth as he hits the floor. Mac pulls him up into a head lock exerting almost enough pressure to break his neck. Sanford's eyes bulge in pain as he gasps for air. Mac lets up slightly.

MCMANUS

You son of a bitch! You gave us up.

SANFORD

(gasping)

I had to. The cartel would have killed me... I had no choice.

Mac lashes out and knees Sanford in the back.

MCMANUS

How much did they pay you to turn your back on everything you stood for? Tell me!

McManus chokes him harder. He looks up and sees a horrified Maya staring at them. Disgusted he pushes Sanford to the floor. Sanford breaks down.

SANFORD

I'm into their bookies for three hundred thousand dollars. They were going to come after my family if I didn't come up with the money. I screwed up!

Seething, Mac backhands him into a wall.

MCMANUS

You gave up your friends.

SANFORD

The cartel only wanted her. After you saved Maya on the train, Vincent ordered me to take you both out.

MCMANUS

Vincent?

SANFORD

Vincent Occha. Louis's right hand man.

(under his breath)

I'm fucked now that I've blown this.

Mac gives him a cold hard stare.

SANFORD

I'll tell the cartel I killed you both. Give me some time, give you some time. Mac, they'll go after my family. Give me a few hours to get them out.

Mac helps Sanford to his feet.

MCMANUS

I should shoot you here and now, but saving my ass back in the day, evens the score... Be at HQ at nine am tomorrow or I'm going to come looking. Now get out.

McManus picks up Sanford's gun and pushes him towards the door.

Sanford turns back to say something but Mac refuses to look at him. Sanford exits. Mac turns to Maya.

MCMANUS

Come on. Let's get out of here.
His story won't hold water for long.

EXT. MCMANUS'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Vincent is with a cartel thug. They observe Sanford leaving the condo, they starts to follow him and stop. McManus, Maya, and Lady hustle out of the building.

Vincent and the cartel thug pull out nine-millimeter hand guns and start to blast away. Mac pulls Maya behind a parked car. Taking aim he caps the cartel thug in the forehead with one shot. The goon falls dead at Vincents feet. Spooked, Vincent fires a few shots and runs away. The couple gets in Mac's car. Mac takes off like a bat out of hell.

INTERCUT INT. DOWNTOWN MIAMI SPORTS BAR/INT. VINCENT'S CAR

A smoky dive of a bar has the usual assortment of drunks, hookers, and bar patrons. A beat up Sanford drinks shots and watches another bet go down the drain. A pay-phone on the wall rings. Sanford moves to answer it. The TV blares the basketball game in the background.

VINCENT

(sarcastic)

Only dreamers bet underdogs in the finals. How did it go?

SANFORD

It's done. I did them both. That's my debt paid in full.

VINCENT

Are you sure you have fulfilled your contract?

SANFORD

I'm out. Don't fuck with me again.

Sanford hangs up the phone slugs down his shot and walks out of the bar.

EXT. VINCENT'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent's car pulls up to a modest condo. He hangs a U-turn and parks on the opposite side of the street. Vincent gets out and walks to the back of the building.

INT. AGENT SANFORD'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Sanford opens the door to his condo and enters. He turns on the light and locks the door behind him. Before he can turn around, a voice speaks to him.

VINCENT

Welcome home, Sanford. Put your hands up and turn around slowly.

Sanford turns around. Vincent faces him with a silenced pistol.

VINCENT

You did not remove the stone from our shoe.

He motions a nervous Sanford away from the door.

VINCENT

If you so much as make a peep, I will splatter you like the bug you are. Move to the bedroom. **Now!**

Sanford moves toward the bedroom. Looking in Sanford sees his pregnant wife and two children laying dead, sprawled on the bedroom floor. Horrified, Sanford has forgotten he has no weapon. He reaches for his nonexistent gun and Vincent shoots him in the chest.

VINCENT

Don't ever tell *me* who to fuck with.

Vincent walks up and shoots the convulsing Sanford once more in the head. His gloved hand drops the gun. Vincent turns off the light and walks out of the condo.

Moonlight shines on the bullet ridden bodies of the victims. Their blood intermingles, forming a large pool on the floor.

INT. PRINCE CHARMING MOTEL -- MORNING

Coffee is brewing. Maya, enters wearing panties and McManus's shirt.

A small TV has a Harry Hippo toy commercial on. Kids are playing with various Hippo Toys. Jingle for the commercial: HIP FOR HARRY, HIP HIP FOR HIPPOS, HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP FOR HARRY HIPPO. HOORAY!

Maya towels her hair dry and pours herself some coffee. McManus enters. His ribs are taped up.

MCMANUS

I guess this tape job will do for now. I swear the next person who even thinks about touching...

Maya playfully grabs him around his torso. Mac feigns pain.

MAYA

I made coffee. I figured you need to be spoiled.

Turning off the TV, Mac breathes in the coffee aroma.

MCMANUS

That smells great. What's wrong?

Maya is despondent. She moves to hand him the coffee. Mac tries to give her a kiss. She pushes him away.

MAYA

I don't trust him. Why did you let Sanford go?

MCMANUS

Trust me. No one knows where we are... Except my boss.

She kisses him and hands him the coffee she's been holding. His cellphone rings. Maya playfully fights him from answering.

MCMANUS

Yeah Mac. Here. Hold on.

He has to push Maya away and warn her silently that the call is business. She continues to be playful.

MCMANUS

Yeah Ben. What's up?

Mac freezes, and grabs Mayas hand.

MCMANUS

When did it happen?

(beat)

I'll be there in about an hour.

He hangs up and stares out in space.

MAYA

What is it? What's happened?

MCMANUS

No need to worry about Sanford anymore. He was found this morning with his wife and kids... Dead.

INT. LOUIS HEBERT'S OFFICE CARTEL HQ -- NIGHT

Louis sits at a huge desk surrounded by technology. Computer screens have various stock market reports on them. Louis is on the phone. He jots down some notes on a slip of paper.

LOUIS

That's very useful information. I will put it to good use.

He abruptly hangs up. His secretary buzzes. Louis checks a security screen and sees Vincent. He hits his intercom.

LOUIS

Send him in.

Vincent nervously enters and stands in front of Louis's desk.

LOUIS

Alright, report.

VINCENT

I eliminated Sanford. He got cold feet on us.

Louis smiles and then turns steely eyed.

LOUIS

What's the bad news?

VINCENT

Maya's alive and she might have accessed some secure info. I almost did her, but she got away.

LOUIS

She's at a safe house location with a DEA AGENT. The Prince Charming motel.

(hands him the note)

What about the shipment that is tied up at customs?

VINCENT

The bills of lading, are being questioned. They're making a big deal because the hippo toys are coming by way of Switzerland.

LOUIS

I'll call that greedy pendejo, Lothar Helmut, I am sure his diplomacy can be bought for a price. I hate paying that maricon.

Waving Vincent away, Louis picks up the phone. Vincent notes Louis's attitude towards Lothar.

LOUIS

Get over to customs and meet Lothar, and then take care of that punta Maya.

Louis speed dials the call. It is answered immediately.

LOUIS

Hello yourself you Swiss con man. Yes, it's Louis. I need a small favor. Yes, Lothar, I'm sure you have a small price for it.

EXT.US INTERNATIONAL CUSTOMS-LOADING AREA -- LATER

An open crate of Harry Hippo toys are being looked over by CUSTOMS AGENT #1, who restrains his German Shepherd. Lothar discusses the situation with the agent, while Vincent waits to the side.

CUSTOMS AGENT #1

We can't release these crates.

LOTHAR

This shipment is partly owned by the Swiss government. The paper work is impeccable.

CUSTOMS AGENT #1

The bill of lading doesn't match up. These toys manufactured in Colombia are coming from Switzerland.

LOTHAR

I assure you the paper work is all in order and covered by diplomatic exemption. Excuse me.

Lothar steps away and answers his cell phone. The sniffing dog begins to bark loudly at the open crate. The Customs Agent restrains the animal.

Vincent discreetly walks over to the Customs man and flashes a wad of bills. He attempts to stick the money into the Customs Agent's pocket.

CUSTOMS AGENT #1
What the hell is that? You think
you can bribe me? No fucking way.

Lothar steps between them. He waves Vincent off, who tries to hide the bribe money under his jacket.

LOTHAR
Release this cargo at once or you
will be inciting an international
incident.

A CUSTOMS OFFICER comes out of a guard shack and joins them.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
It's ok, Charlie. The State
Department just cleared his
credentials.

Customs agent #1 curses under his breath and pulls away the barking dog. The Officer hands Lothar some paper work.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
These containers are covered by
diplomatic status. You have one
hundred crates cleared for transport.

Lothar swallows a sigh of relief, and with a wave perfunctorily signs the documents. He thanks the Officer with a nod and walks over to Vincent. Lothar drips malevolence.

LOTHAR
Don't ever interfere in the middle
of my negotiations. Your designer
suit and expensive cologne can't
cover your lack of intellect or
hoodlum stupidity.

VINCENT
I was just trying to grease the
wheels. His dog would have...

LOTHAR
You are too impetuous to understand
the refinement needed in these
delicate matters. Louis will be
notified.

Vincent radiates hate as Lothar stalks away from him. He waves for the company trucks to pull up. Men get out and start to load the crates of toys.

INTERCUT:

INT. LOTHAR HELMUT'S LIMO/INT. LOUIS'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lothar is in his diplomatic limo, calling on a cellphone. Before the other party can say hello, Lothar cuts into him.

LOTHAR

You son of a bitch! My account reflects only half of what we agreed on, and your errand boy tried to bribe a customs man...NEVER MIND ABOUT THE PHONE. My line is encrypted just like yours.

Lothar stares at his three diplomatic phones. Each has a placard that reads secure diplomatic line.

INTERCUT:

Louis is relaxing on the bed in a luxurious robe. A scantily clad girl gives him a pedicure. An enormous television takes up one end of the bedroom. He eats expensive chocolates and watches a soccer game while he talks.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Martin Polona, the Falcon's celebrated goalie is out with a pulled hamstring.

Louis uses the remote to turn the TV down. There is a tray with cocaine on it and he takes a snort.

LOUIS

Take it easy, Lothar. You'll get the other half million. Vincent just wanted to make sure the product got through.

LOTHAR

You take it easy. I want my money. And why the hell did you send that thug Vincent. He is unprofessional, and agitated the situation with a bribe. If it weren't for my diplomatic status...

Louis reacts to a play on TV.

LOUIS

You stupid son of a... Not you, Lothar. I was watching these idiot Falcons. I'm sorry. It was just the...

Lothar tears into Louis, overlapping his dialogue.

LOTHAR

How dare you speak to me in that manner! It was my diplomatic connections that got your hundred crates of merchandise released.

LOUIS

Since I enjoy the pleasure of doing business with you, how about seven-hundred-fifty-thousand?

LOTHAR

Make it an even million. It will erase some of your bad manners. Next time I will not be so congenial.

LOUIS

It is agreed then. I will deliver the money in person tomorrow. We can meet at our Space One complex.

LOTHAR

No more late payments. Do I make myself clear?

LOUIS

Crystal. Buenos noches, Senor Lothar.

He hangs up the phone and screams at the game on TV.

LOUIS

You faggots couldn't win if you carried guns!

Louis looks at the phone in his hand.

LOUIS

The time has come for another greedy pendejo to meet his maker.

Louis sees a bad play on TV. He jumps up and starts to scream at the team.

LOUIS

You're killing me here. Where the hell is Polona?

The commentator on television comments on the missing goalie.

TV COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

The Falcons have already given up three goals this game. Polona's injury must be breaking hearts.

Louis starts to hurl the chocolates one by one, at the tv. The manicurist cowers on the side of his bed. He turns to her and vents.

LOUIS

If you want to stare at something
stare at this!

(He grabs his balls.)

Get the hell out of here.

She gets up hesitantly, unsure of what to do. Louis throws the box of chocolates at her and she flees the room. He walks over to his cocaine setup and takes a large snort.

EXT. MIAMI ZOO -- MORNING

Louis strolls along the animal cages. He stops in front of the elephants. He leans on the rail and begins to talk to a shadowed image. The person he talks to is never in the light.

LOUIS

Three million dollars is a lot of money. I hope it buys more than peanuts. The first wire transfer should be complete to your offshore account by midnight. We'll meet in person to complete the deal.

Louis throws a last peanut to the elephants and walks away.

INT. DEA HEADQUARTERS -- -- MORNING

Mac and Ralston converse while Maya, Ferrenzi, and Braverman work at a computer terminal.

MCMANUS

Maya believes the disk she's trying to access are the drop points for the Cartels import drug shipments.

BRAVERMAN

They have multiple pass words. It's unlikely she'll get in.

MAYA

I'll try some pass word combinations that were used in the last three months.

Mac writes something down on a piece of paper and hands it to agent Ferrenzi.

MCMANUS

See if you could check this out for me. It might help us with some of the holes.

Mac eyes Maya. She furiously fingers the computer keyboard and becomes excited.

MAYA

We're in! I can access all the import sites and some correlating bank accounts.

McManus, Ralston, and the other agents rush over. Sheila is skeptical. Maya scrolls the information on the screen.

MAYA

There are about twenty delivery sites. They all have delivery timetables and storefronts owned by offshore companies.

McManus reads off some of the delivery sites.

MCMANUS

Patty's Play World, Gizmos and Gadgets, Toy Kingdom...Print this out for me.

She does. Ralston is quick to take the printouts. He looks them over. Braverman studies the computer screen.

MCMANUS

Can we get warrants for these sites?

RALSTON

Only for the delivery trucks themselves. They have one owner.

BRAVERMAN

The toy stores are all owned by different offshore holdings. It would be tough to justify ten to fifteen warrants.

MCMANUS

Then let's go for the trucks.

He takes the printout from Ralston and kisses Maya on the cheek. Sheila is visibly irritated at the kiss.

MCMANUS

Good work. Let's roll.

EXT. GIZMOS AND GADGETS TOY STORE -- LATER

DEA and Police are swarming over a toy delivery truck parked in front of Gizmos and Gadgets. A DEA German Shepherd DAISY, sniffs her way through the crates. Every toy crate is open, Harry Hippo children furniture and toys of the same, line the sidewalk. Police keep back a crowd of pedestrians. Children are crying as their beloved Harry Hippo toys are opened and smashed by DEA agents. They find nothing. McManus is disgusted.

RALSTON

We better hit pay dirt on the next pinch or I'll have to pull this detail.

MCMANUS

This is only the fifth stop on the list. We have twelve drops left to check.

RALSTON

The owners are threatening legal action and this crowd isn't exactly a public relations coup.

MCMANUS

Just five more, chief. If we don't...

RALSTON

You have one more shot, Mac, so make it good.

Mac pulls the computer list out of his pocket and makes a call on his walkie-talkie.

MCMANUS

We're out of here. Let's try Toy-Kingdom.

The Agents and police pack up to leave. McManus jumps in an agency car and speeds away. The truck driver is screaming in broken English at the agents and police, who have left a mess of opened toy boxes.

DRIVER #1

Pendejo, maricon puntas. Vamoose to hell!

The bust team drives away leaving the driver in a cloud of exhaust. He runs after them cursing. Finally giving them the finger.

EXT. TOY KINGDOM -- NIGHT

DEA and police are combing through the contents of a delivery truck, searching for drugs. Unloaded toy boxes litter the area. Police guard the perimeter, keeping a large crowd at bay. McManus picks up a ceramic Hippo savings bank. He breaks it open with a crow bar, to the howling protests of the crying children and complaining mothers. Ralston walks up to Mac.

RALSTON
Got anything Mac?

MCMANUS
Nothing but broken Hippos.

McManus throws the pieces into a growing pile of Hippo paraphernalia. An OFFICER with his canine partner DAISY, approaches.

OFFICER #1
It's clean. Same as the other five loads we checked before.

McManus gives him a "do it again look".

OFFICER #1
Okay. Come on, let's try it again.

Daisy starts to bark, pulling her handler over to the toy TRUCK DRIVER. Daisy's handler has a hard time controlling the aggressive dog.

A Miami news truck pulls up and a cameraman jump out.

DRIVER #2
Cono mi madre! He going to bite me!

MCMANUS
What did you find?

POLICEMAN #1
She got a scent as we got near him.

MCMANUS
Hold him, let's see what he's got.

Several Agents and police try to hold the driver and search him. He gets loose and cold cocks McManus in the face. The newscrew cameraman starts filming. McManus knees him the groin, and punches him in the face.

The truck driver slides to the floor. The driver is hauled to his feet by the other agents. Ralston runs over to McManus.

RALSTON

What the hell do you think you're doing? The goddamn press is shooting the whole thing.

MCMANUS

Then let them shoot this.

McManus rips into the pockets of the wobbling driver. He pulls out a few "dime bags" of cocaine.

MCMANUS

This piece of work knows what we want.

McManus grabs the driver by his shirt collar and shakes him violently.

MCMANUS

Where's the rest, Paco?

DRIVER #2

Mi nombre es Pedro...Pedro si?

MCMANUS

Don't give me that bullshit, Paco. I know there's more where this came from.

McManus holds the glassine bags up to the driver's face. The man breaks out in a broad grin.

DRIVER #3

No English, Senor. Espanol, porfavor...

McManus grabs the drivers collar and shakes him.

MCMANUS

Don't give me that "off the boat" crap. You know what I'm talking about.

Ralston steps in between McManus and the driver. He calls to the other agents on site.

RALSTON

Clean this guy up and get him out of here. I want all these boxes re-crated and put back on the truck.

Nobody moves.

RALSTON

I want it done NOW!

The bust team scrambles to comply. Ralston drags McManus away to a private area.

RALSTON

Mac I'm pulling the plug on this operation. Your stunt in front of the cameras guaranteed the end.

MCMANUS

Oh, for Christ's sake Ben. What do you call this?

McManus holds up the cocaine envelopes.

RALSTON

You roughed him up pretty good. They got it on tape. I hope I don't have to answer for any criminal complaints.

MCMANUS

That little...he hit me first.

RALSTON

It's over. I want you in my office in an hour. You understand me, Agent McManus?

Mac acquiesces with a nod. Ralston walks away to a waiting car. Mac calls over Braverman.

MCMANUS

Sheila, tail the driver who sucker-punched me. I have a hunch Paco will lead us to pay dirt.

BRAVERMAN

I thought we just got orders to close down this op?

MCMANUS

Sheila, I want to get even for Maynard, Jesus and... all the others.

BRAVERMAN

Mac, you can't live for payback. Sometimes you have to let things go.

MCMANUS

I'm calling in a favor. Just follow him.

McManus grabs her hand and looks into her eyes. She initially resists but is subdued by the look in Mac's eyes.

MCMANUS

I wouldn't ask you to do anything I wouldn't do myself.

BRAVERMAN

From the looks of Ralston's mood, you may not get any more chances to do anything...

(beat)

Alright. I'll set something up with Rennzi.

INT. LOUIS'S HOME-STEAM ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Louis and his brother Gilbert are wrapped in towels, smoking cigars. They laugh and discuss business.

LOUIS

The switch worked wonderfully. The DEA got caught with their pants down.

GILBERT

The bad television coverage will force them to ease up on our imports.

LOUIS

We now control all distribution, and have cut off all drugs to the street. The demand is driving prices sky high.

GILBERT

With yesterdays arrival, we have the biggest shipment of all time. A billion dollars worth of yeao.

LOUIS

So, Lothar called you. Did he piss and moan, and insist you come to the meeting tonight?

GILBERT

I don't have to tell you how important our diplomatic contacts are. I'll smooth his feathers.

LOUIS

I still think he's a greedy pendejo. Removing him now, will save us time and money later.

Gilbert exasperated, explains to Louis like a child.

GILBERT

We lease Space One from the Swiss government through Lothar. Try and see the big picture. Our long term relationships are what brings us wealth... And security.

LOUIS

He is just as greedy as that maricon DEA, Sanford.

Gilbert throws his wet cigar away in disgust.

GILBERT

I can't keep the damn thing lit... As far as the Sanford issue, it was bad business to take him out.

LOUIS

Now here is where I respectfully disagree with you. He took our money and didn't fulfill his contract.

Gilbert lets out a long sigh.

GILBERT

His death draws unneeded heat to our business.

LOUIS

I felt we had to make an example out of him.

GILBERT

How do you plan to replace that inside source?

LOUIS

I have arranged for an even better contact.

GILBERT

I hope so. For your sake, LITTLE BROTHER...Some rest will do me good before our meeting with Lothar tonight. I will meet you there.

Gilbert exits the steam room. Louis tries to puff on his soggy cigar. Disgusted he throws it away.

LOUIS

Little brother this and little brother that. I'm fifty fucking years old. Maricon pendejo.

INT. RALSTON'S OFFICE DEA HQ -- AFTERNOON

Ralston is on the phone. A TV is on. The commentator talks about the DEA, while the picture shows McManus beating up the toy truck driver.

RALSTON

Yes, I understand. The list can be shortened for a price. How much? I can have the money transferred by next week...

There is a knock on the door and McManus pops his head in the door. Ralston waves him in.

RALSTON

Double check the blood type.

Ralston hangs up the phone, and motions McManus to a chair.

RALSTON

Sit. Mac, three strikes and you're out.

MCMANUS

Why do I have the feeling you haven't had your Wheaties this morning?

RALSTON

Look, Mac...you're out of step with the Agency. Against orders, you got directly involved with the Colombian OP, fired depth charges against the wishes of a Coast Guard officer...

McManus starts to protest, but Ralston shoots him down.

RALSTON

Striking that driver was the last straw. The news just showed a clip of you beating the tar out of him.

MCMANUS

We didn't even get a chance to check out the other delivery stops. And what about Pedro's stash?...

RALSTON

Forget about Pedro and that list. The director got irate phone calls from some very expensive law firms. They're all threatening legal action.

MCMANUS

But Ben, the cartel had to have been tipped. The other sites...

RALSTON

That avenue is closed! Your three strikes have earned you a long needed vacation.

MCMANUS

What about the Cali Cartel and Maya?

RALSTON

The Cali people are small potatoes. We'll get Maya into Witness Protection.

Mac is defiant. Ralston softens.

RALSTON

Look! All reports indicate there's almost no drugs on the street. Our work is finally paying off. I'm ordering you to take some time off.

McManus gets up to leave.

RALSTON

For what it's worth, Mac, I would have done exactly the same thing to that driver.

Mac exits the office.

EXT. OUTSIDE RALSTON'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

McManus leaves Ralston's office and closes the door. Ferrenzi approaches him with some computer printouts.

AGENT FERRENZI

Wait up, Mac. It seems we've been chasing ghosts. Dental records from bodies from the trunk at warehouse 99, confirms they were the Garcia brothers. Here's the West Coast stuff.

Ferrenzi hands him the printouts, and talks while McManus looks them over.

AGENT FERRENZI

Clearance for security was up the wazoo. I almost had to go to Ralston.

MCMANUS

Did you?

AGENT FERRENZI

No way.

MCMANUS

Something's not right. Don't let anyone else know you've got these.

AGENT FERRENZI

A buddy of mine, I went to the Academy with, used a backdoor via Chicago.

McManus flushes red, as he reads in disbelief.

AGENT FERRENZI

What's wrong? Mac?

MCMANUS

Maya's sister Maria... She was killed by the cartel?

AGENT FERRENZI

Not according to the West Coast office. Her sister tried to smuggle in fifty keys of coke. Our guys got the coke but Maria got away.

MCMANUS

Our guys? Maya said the cartel killed her sister.

AGENT FERRENZI

Mac, her sister's alive! Word on the street is that this cartel holds your family responsible for the debt.

McManus starts to walk away, Ferrenzi grabs his arm and whispers to him.

AGENT FERRENZI

Sheila said she tailed your driver buddy and has some interesting info for you.

MCMANUS

I'm going to deal with Maya.

Ferrenzi has a concerned look on his face.

AGENT FERRENZI

Watch your back.

MCMANUS

Thanks. I'll call you by nine.

McManus turns and walks away with the printouts.

INT. PRINCE CHARMING MOTEL -- LATER

There is a coded knock. She undoes the inside lock. Mac walks in, grabs her arm and half-throws her on the couch.

MCMANUS

Let's talk. I want to know what the hell's going on. Right now.

MAYA

What's going on with what, Mac?

MCMANUS

Your sister is alive! You're a plant!

MAYA

No! My sister is the leverage that I will keep their filthy secrets.

MCMANUS

How do I know your not lying?

Maya bursts out in tears, she tries to slap him but he grabs her arm.

MAYA

It's not a lie! My sister is their prisoner. They are going to eliminate her now that I have betrayed them.

MCMANUS

What kind of games are you playing?

MAYA

Maria lost a load of the cartels drugs. They make your family liable for any debts. The cartel wanted to use me for my computer accounting expertise and decided Maria would be leverage for my cooperation in their illegal activities.

Crying, Maya struggles to free her arm. Mac holds her firm.

MCMANUS

Tell me all of it! Why did you come to us? The DEA?

MAYA

I came to the DEA to try and help my sister. They would kill us both in the end anyway. I was scared and I didn't know what to tell you. Now you know the truth.

Maya continues to sob. Mac softens and comforts her.

MCMANUS

What about the disk? We tried six of the drops on the list. Every location was dry.

MAYA

Mac, believe me, I printed the exact information off the disk.

MCMANUS

Over a thousand crates are being delivered. They should contain dope shipments.

McManus sits next to her. He's tired and confused.

MCMANUS

I don't know what to believe anymore.

MAYA

Mac, you to need to believe that there's something real between us...

She takes his hand in hers.

MAYA

You can still fight and have a life. Believe that WE can make a difference together.

He ponders her words. McManus's new cellphone rings. He answers it.

EXT. MIAMI TRUCK REPAIR YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Agent Sheila Braverman is sitting in a car doing surveillance. She talks on her cellphone looking through binoculars.

AGENT BRAVERMERN

Mac, our driver friend took me on quite a tour.

Vincent Occha and Driver #2 exit the front gate of the truck yard. They get into a Mercedes and drive off.

AGENT BRAVERMERN

Vincent Occha is with him. They're taking off. The address here is 43778 Industrial Way. You should check it out. I'll call you when I find out where they're going.

Sheila clicks off and pulls out in hot pursuit of the Mercedes.

INT. PRINCE CHARMING MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

McManus hangs up and ponders his next move. Maya has her head in McManus's lap

MAYA

Mac, I'm sorry I didn't tell you everything from the beginning.

McManus puts his finger to her lips.

MCMANUS

First, I have to take care of some business. Then I'll deal with you.

McManus gets ready to leave.

MCMANUS

Nobody knows you're here, so don't call out or go anywhere.

McManus opens the front door and exits. Maya curls up on the couch and cries into a pillow.

EXT. PRINCE CHARMING MOTEL-PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Vincent sits in his car observing Mac drive off. He opens the glove compartment and takes out a taser. Concealing it in his coat he exits the car.

INT. 43778 INDUSTRIAL WAY TRUCK YARD-- NIGHT

Mac scopes out the gate to a fenced in truck yard. Two tough guards REMO and DANNY, dressed in work overalls, lounge outside smoking. McManus approaches them casually.

MCMANUS

I would like to see Mr.Occha.

DANNY

Beat it, sport. There's nobody here by that name.

MCMANUS

Hey, look. I don't want any trouble,
I just need to talk to Vincent.

Remo takes out a nine millimeter pistol and waves in McManus's face.

REMO

I don't think this jerk off hears
too good.

Remo moves to smack McManus in the face with his pistol. McManus steps up and grabs the guards wrist with a two thumb pressure hold, breaking his wrist. While holding Remo by his now broken wrist, McManus simultaneously front snap kicks Danny in the groin. Danny falls to his knees.

McManus finishes off Remo with a karate chop to the neck, and an elbow to the face. Remo falls to the ground.

Danny goes for Remo's gun. He barely gets his fingers on the weapon when McManus unleashes a vicious barrage of elbows and backfists to the head. Finally, McManus grabs the semi-conscious Danny and slams his head into the steel door-post on the fence gate.

Sliding down the pole, Danny leaves a blood trail. McManus handcuffs the knocked out guards, and enters the truck yard.

INT. TRUCK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Mac enters the truck-yard. It is a cavernous maze of huge tractor-trailers. He nods to a mechanic who is servicing some trucks.

McManus visually scans the yard. He sees Driver #2 from the toy delivery trucks. The driver walks toward a shack with a computer keypad on the outside. McManus observes closely. The driver enters a code and the door slides back. The driver enters and the door closes.

McManus casually walks over to the door and tries to punch in the same sequence that he saw the driver enter. The door doesn't move but a red light starts to flash above the door.

The nearby mechanic sees what's going on and calls over to him.

MECHANIC #1

Hey! You ain't supposed to mess
with that door. What you doin' here
anyway?

MCMANUS

I must have forgotten the combination, chief. What was it again?

MECHANIC #1

Listen! Nobody forgets the combination on that door. Who in the fuck let you in?

MCMANUS

Come on guy. The boys outside wouldn't have let me in if I wasn't supposed to be here.

Another mechanic comes running in.

MECHANIC #2

Hey Remo and Danny are out cold and handcuffed. What the hell is going on?

McManus does not answer. The two mechanics start to advance on him with tools in hand. Mac takes off, cutting through, around, and under the lined up tractor trailers.

Mac emerges around the side of a truck looking for a quick exit. He stops abruptly, encountering three friendly looking Doberman Pincers. The dogs sit up one by one and sniff the air.

MCMANUS

Nice doggies. Nice fellas.

Mac takes a baby step backwards and the dogs are all business. Baring their teeth, they drip saliva and bad intent. Mac turns and bolts. The barking dogs take off after him. Just as the dogs are about to overtake him, McManus jumps up the side-ladder on one of the rigs and scrambles to the top of the tractor's cab leaving the dogs barking and snapping at the bottom of the cab.

Leaping over several cab-roofs, Mac puts distance between himself and the yelping dogs. A safe distance away, Mac climbs down a tractor cab. Turning away from the cab his face is met with huge metal wire cutters.

Mac dazedly looks up from the ground to find Vincent with the wire cutter and the two guards from earlier staring down at him. He tries to struggle to his feet.

VINCENT

You wanted to see me? Let me show you some hospitality.

He whacks McManus across the head with the wire cutter knocking him out.

INT. PRINCE CHARMING MOTEL -- LATER - NIGHT

Maya is curled up on the couch with a blanket. Tears are evident on her face. Lady is on the floor near her. A phone on a table next to the couch rings, and she stirs.

The motel door flies open and Vincent bursts in. Maya screams. Lady growls at the intruder and bares her teeth. Vincent fires a Taser at the dog and then at Maya incapacitating both.

EXT. SPACE ONE DISTRIBUTION CENTER -- NIGHT

Vincent's Mercedes pulls into the front of a very clean corporate park. The parking lots are deserted. He drives to the rear of the building and a garage size door opens. Agent Braverman is sitting in her car, partially obscured by large garbage containers. She makes a call on her cellphone, it's busy.

AGENT BRAVERMERN

Mac. What's up with your phone?

INSERT: Close up of Mac's smashed cell phone littering the truck-yard ground.

Braverman re-dials, and gets Ferrenzi.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Rennzi. I'm at a corporate park called Space One. Vincent Occha just showed. Tell Ralston. I think you should send some back up.

Sheila hangs up and checks the bullets in her gun. She takes a spare back-up from her glove compartment and puts it in her boot. She gets out of the car and stealthily makes her way toward the perimeter of the building.

INT. SPACE ONE GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Several delivery trucks with Hippo Logos are being loaded with toy crates. Louis walks from truck to truck with a clip board checking them off.

INT. SPACE ONE SECURITY OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Louis walks into the office. A large walk-in wall safe is open. Gilbert pulls money from a counting machine and stacks it in a suit case. Louis inspects the row of ten suit cases filled with money. Gilbert looks up and checks the surveillance TV screens.

Vincent's car appears on several screens.

EXT. SPACE ONE GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent's vehicle approaches the garage door and flashes a prearranged code. Sheila, close to the entranceway is concealed in garden foliage. The garage door opens and from her vantage point, Sheila can now see into the loading bay. Many trucks with different logos and several moving forklifts fill the space.

The garage door starts to close and Sheila makes her move by slipping under before it shuts. Sliding along a wall, she comes to a doorway. She opens the door and slips in.

The room is totally dark. She uses a miniature flashlight to find her way. The huge warehouse room contains over a thousand crates. She pries open a crate and finds hippo toys. Using a knife, Sheila cuts through a huge stuffed Hippo and discovers packaged cocaine.

INT. DEA HQ RALSTON'S OFFICE-- CONTINUOUS

Ferrenzi walks in. Ralston is at his desk.

FERRENZI

I have some new info on the...

Ferrenzi stops short as he reads the words Space One, written upside down on a work sheet on Ralston's desk.

RALSTON

What is it? Look, you can brief me tomorrow, I have some meetings I need to attend to.

Ralston gets up to leave. Ferrenzi is confused.

FERRENZI

Sure thing boss. I'll fill you in tomorrow.

INT. SPACE ONE DISTRIBUTION CENTER CHOP SHOP AREA-- NIGHT

A separate part of Space One is a chop shop crammed with machinery, car parts, and a myriad of metal working machines. A worker pours smelted metal into a mold. Others weld, hammer and saw various projects.

Vincent Occha orders Danny and Remo to take McManus out of the Mercedes trunk. They comply.

BRAVERMAN IS HIDDEN BEHIND A CRATE P.O.V.

Walking through a door, they half drag McManus to a lit area where Louis is waiting. McManus is pushed into a seat. Vincent has a garrote around Mac's neck and holds him tightly.

LOUIS

Look what the cat dragged in!

Vincent throws McManus's badge and ID to Louis.

VINCENT

My guys say he came alone and asked for me by name.

LOUIS

Agent McManus. Glad you could be here. How did you find our secluded truck facility?

MCMANUS

I'm a federal agent. My people know I'm here and will be coming in...

Louis motions to Vincent to shut McManus up. Vincent tightens the garrote around his throat for several seconds. McManus claws desperately at the garrote as he gasps for air. Louis signals Vincent to release him.

LOUIS

I want to know how you found out about the repair yard?

McManus glares at him. Louis shrugs and nods to Vincent, who puts his knee into Mac's back while choking him with the garrote.

GILBERT

Torture does not increase profits.

LOUIS

Maybe not profits, brother, but ahhh... What it does for the soul.

Vincent lets up for a moment. McManus gasps for air.

MCMANUS

I'm sure your souls have reservations in hell.

Vincent hits McManus over the top of his head and his body falls woozy in his chair. Louis snaps his fingers.

LOUIS

Bring the sisters. Killing two birds
with one stone will loosen his tongue.

Vincent walks over to a nearby truck and pulls Maya and her sister Maria out of the cab. He brings them over and seats them next to a shocked McManus. Maya whispers to Mac under her breath.

MAYA

Is this fubar?

LOUIS

Vincent. Give me your gun. I'll
show these pendejos a quick way to
Hades.

Vincent hands his gun to Louis. Louis crosses himself, then cocks the nine millimeter and points it at McManus's head. Sheila pops out from behind a crate, gun drawn.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Freeze! DEA. Drop your weapon and
move away from them.

Louis, Vincent, and the onlooking guards react with indecision. Braverman lets a round go in the direction of Louis's leg. His trousers are sprayed by debris kicked up by the bullet. Louis drops his weapon.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Anybody move and you'll be wearing
some holes, courtesy of Smith and
Wesson.

Gilbert has crept up behind her and puts a gun to her head.

GILBERT

Some courtesy of your own would
definitely be in order.

Gilbert jams his gun into Sheila's temple. Her hand with the gun goes slack and the gun dangles on her trigger finger. Gilbert carefully removes the gun from her finger. He then smashes her on the back of the neck with his pistol. She falls to her knees.

LOUIS

Who the hell is she?

GILBERT

I think she's supposed to be the
calvary for *him*.

Vincent walks over to Sheila and throws her roughly to the ground in front of McManus. Gilberts irritation grows.

GILBERT

Louis. Is all this necessary?

LOUIS

It's the times we live in! Are you too old to do what's needed?

GILBERT

THAT'S ENOUGH. I am still head of this family!

A low toned bell sounds, and the garage entrance door begins to open. A limo with diplomatic Swiss flags drives into the garage and pulls up near the group.

Louis recovers his gun and points it toward the approaching limo.

GILBERT

It's our guest and diplomatic ally. Put the gun away.

Lothar's AIDE exits the limo and opens the rear door. Lothar emerges from the limo.

LOTHAR

I hope I'm not interrupting. I see you have other guests.

LOUIS

We were just taking out the trash.

VINCENT

There's room enough for this cocksucker too. Why don't I remove this stone from your shoe, Uncle?

Vincent pulls another gun and points at Lothar.

GILBERT

That is enough! How dare you talk to our business partner in such a manner.

LOTHAR

Gilbert. Control your... hoodlums. This is absolutely the last time I associate with this company.

LOUIS

The last time, eh?

(MORE)

LOUIS

No problem you greedy pendejo. I can make it the last time you ever do anything.

He aims his gun at Lothar. Lothar's Aide whips out a gun and points it at Louis. Vincent aims his gun at the driver. There is a stand off. Gilbert is livid.

GILBERT

Have you lost your mind, little brother?

LOUIS

I am fifty fucking years old and I am sick of being called your little brother. This whore of a diplomat is charging us double!

GILBERT

Amigo. If anything happens to him, we'll have to answer to Interpol, the Americans, and the Swiss government.

The low toned warning bell sounds again. All guns point towards the garage door opening up. A government sedan pulls into the garage and stops. Ralston gets out of the vehicle. Braverman sees this as a sign of hope and calls out.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Ben, thank god.

RALSTON

Don't thank me or God just yet.

She tries to stand up, but Vincent backhands her to the floor.

RALSTON

We had a simple deal. This meeting was supposed to be private.

Louis shrugs.

LOUIS

You prefer the zoo?

He points to McManus, Sheila and Maya.

LOUIS

Don't worry about these animals. We'll dispose of them shortly.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Ben, you've got to help us.

Ralston walks over and looks down at them.

RALSTON

Sheila, you were a good agent. It's out of my hands now.

Braverman hisses at him.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

You sold us out. Why?

RALSTON

He's here because he can't let go of the past. You're here because of him. Mac, just like you I wanted a pound of flesh for all the friends I've lost. But it's all bullshit. I'm closer to the end than the beginning. I have some life left and I'm going to live for today. My kidney's are failing. I can get a match and skip to the head of the transplant list for two million dollars. Another mill for retirement.

LOUIS

What are friends for? To help those in need.

RALSTON

Let me set you straight. I'm not your friend or your brother.

He points to Sheila.

RALSTON

And I'm definitely not your savior.

He walks over to Louis.

RALSTON

I've done my part. Just pay me my five million now.

Sheila lies on the floor directly in front of Mac's chair. McManus can see the top of her service revolver in her boot.

LOUIS

I don't think I like your attitude, gringo. Our agreement was three million.

RALSTON

You want to kill two government agents? I have no problem with that. But it will cost you an extra two mill.

MCMANUS

You son of a bitch!

McManus dives from his chair and grabs for Sheila's service revolver. He comes up shooting, hitting Ralston in the torso. Lothar's body guard fires at Vincent, grazing him in the arm.

A large explosion blows the garage door off its moorings, blowing smoke and debris everywhere. Ferrenzi leads a charge of DEA and SWAT clad agents.

All the participants run for cover and a gunfight ensues.

Remo the guard from the truck-yard, opens fire with an M60 machine gun. The onslaught of bullets cuts down several Swat members.

McManus appears from behind a crate and shoots him several times. A burst of fire from Louis's gun sends Mac diving for cover. Kicking open a door, McManus grabs Maya and jumps through. The door frame disintegrates from gun fire.

Lothar scampers towards a truck cab. He opens the cab door to hide. Maria jumps into the cab from the opposite door for cover from the bullet fire. Lothar pulls out a small revolver and cell phone. Dialing, he motions for Maria's silence.

LOTHAR

State Department?

INT. SPACE ONE CHOP SHOP AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Mac and Maya are now inside the chop-shop area. Workers start to advance on them. Maya trips over a power-cord, Mac stops to help her up. Mac's gun jams as he gets off a few shots at his advancing adversaries.

A grease monkey with a chain saw arrives first. He lunges at Mac, who sidesteps him and pushes him into another advancing attacker brandishing dual machetes. The attacker drops his blades screaming as the chain saw-blade cuts into his back. Mac shoots the first attacker.

Two workers rush up with iron rods. The rods whip past him hissing. McManus tries to shoot his tormentors but his gun jams again. Trying to dodge the iron rods Mac gets whacked in the ribs.

McManus's eyes blaze with an intense maniac fury.

MACMANUS

Not in my god damn ribs!

Side stepping the swishing arc of a rod, Mac steps in and disarms the first worker back-fisting him in the face during the process. Using the rod he slashes the second attacker across the face and then smashes both attackers kneecaps in tandem, dropping both to the ground. Whipping the rod at high speed around his back, Mac nails them both in the head knocking the workers cold.

Another garage worker charges Mac with a length of chain. Mac twirls his rod like a karate staff. As the worker swings the chain Mac steps in, positioning the rod so the chain wraps around the rod. Mac pulls hard on the rod causing the caught-up chain to fly from his attackers' hands. Mac, flings the chain away and strikes the goon in the chest and knees. McManus spins around and nails the worker in the head, with an upper-cut from the rod, knocking him cold. A huge shirtless muscled black man, wields a sledgehammer like an olden day warrior. He swings toward Mac knocking the rod out of his hands.

INT. SPACE ONE LOADING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Ferrenzi, crouching, sees a pair of shoes on the other side of a truck. Backtracking he comes up behind Danny. Danny suddenly turns holding a shotgun. Both men fire. Danny's hit several times. With his dying breath, Danny clutches a bloodied hippo.

INT. SPACE ONE CHOP SHOP AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The sledgehammer blow misses and smashes a workbench in half. The attacker corners Maya and raises his sledgehammer for the kill. Mac times the arc of the hammer. Lunging forward McManus grabs a battery driven hand-drill and jams it into the man's armpit. He knees the screaming man in the groin. McManus grabs Maya and runs to escape.

INT. SPACE ONE STORAGE AREA -- -- CONTINUOUS

Gilbert backs away from the gunfight and moves into the storage room Sheila had been in earlier. Gilbert backs along the crates of Hippo toys, gun drawn. Sheila jumps down from the top of a crate and knocks his gun away. Gilbert punches her in the face and knocks her down. She is startled at the older man's ferocity.

GILBERT

Bitch! You never send a woman to do a man's job.

Gilbert lunges at her and throttles her neck strangling her. Sheila slips her arms inside of Gilbert's inner arm and using a karate-hold-break technique, frees herself, striking his eyes and breaking his arm. She follows up backfisting him to the face. Using another karate move, Sheila sweeps Gilbert's feet off the ground and cuffs him to the wall pipelines.

AGENT BRAVERMAN

Never send a man to do a woman's job.

She picks up his gun and moves on.

INT. SPACE ONE CHOP SHOP AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Mac and Maya have their exit blocked by a woman, wearing an acetylene helmet and wielding an arc torch. She swipes at McManus and burns his arm. Maya hides behind Mac. The torch woman approaches. Mac grabs a box of nails and throws them at her. The nails harmlessly hit her helmet-faceplate. She continues to advance on them. Mac grabs a piece of sheet metal to fend her off, but she burns his hands and he is forced to drop his shield.

INT. SPACE ONE -- CONTINUOUS

Louis shoots and curses from the cover of some crates in a corner of the warehouse SWAT and DEA personnel advance on him.

LOUIS

You fucking pendejos. I'll kill every one of you.

(yells in spanish)

Fucking maricones. Come on! COME ON!

Louis runs out of bullets. He checks the clip and it's empty. He throws his empty gun at the advancing SWAT members. They overwhelm him. Louis fights them until subdued.

INT. SPACE ONE CHOP SHOP AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The torch wielder is almost upon Mac. Maya grabs a bucket and hurls its contents at his attacker. The bucket fully covers the welder with solvent, and she is immediately engulfed in flames. Consumed in flames, the welder flails wildly, igniting other materials in the machine shop.

Several steel drums, containing oil, chemicals, and flammable solvents, explode, sending a sheet of flame and burning metal throughout the shop. Other workers run screaming engulfed in flame. Mac rolls on the floor putting out the fire that is burning on Maya's back from the blast.

Secondary explosions rock the shop.

Covering their faces they make their way to another exit. They have almost reached the door. Wounded, the sledgehammer cocks a three-fifty-seven magnum and aims it at Maya. McManus opens the exit door.

An explosion engulfs the worker in flames before he can shoot and propels the couple through the door. Once on the other side, they run in different directions.

INT. SPACE ONE LOADING AREA -- -- MOMENTS LATER

Maya carefully crawls along the floor. Her hair is suddenly grabbed from behind. Wounded and bleeding, Ralston viciously chokes her with the crook of his arm. Ferrenzi and several agents appear and aim their weapons at Ralston. Using Maya as a shield Ralston points his gun to her head as he cautiously moves towards an exit. McManus appears behind him, still smoldering from the blast. Mac's gun ends up inches from Ralston's head.

MCMANUS

Drop it. I'd prefer to kill you,
but then I would miss the satisfaction
of seeing you go to jail.

Ralston drops his gun.

MCMANUS

Put her down slowly.

Ralston lets Maya fall to the floor. Mac bends down and helps tend to a coughing Maya.

AGENT FERRENZI

Mac, you look like hell. You okay?

MCMANUS

Take care of Ralston. I need a medic
for Maya.

The wounded Ralston drops to the floor in pain as a ploy. Once on his knee, Ralston pulls his service revolver from his ankle.

RALSTON

See you in hell!

He fires, shooting himself in the temple. Ralston falls against a stack of toy crates, pulling them down upon him.

INT. SPACE ONE -- CONTINUOUS

Braverman frantically searches through the smoke and debris, for Mac. She sees him leaning over Maya, checking her pulse.

BRAVERMAN

Mac! Your okay, thank god.

INT. SPACE ONE GARAGE -- -- MOMENTS LATER

Agents open the truck-cab doors. Lothar surrenders, hands up. Maria is freed. Lothar flashes his credentials as he's led to Mac, Ferrenzi, Braverman and a recuperating Maya.

LOTHAR

I surrender myself. I am a diplomat. These premises are covered under international diplomatic immunity.

Several agents approach and remove the now handcuffed brothers Gilbert and Louis. Ferrenzi, McManus, Braverman and other DEA listen to Lothar.

LOTHAR

International Law protects this warehouse. Under diplomatic immunity you cannot arrest, detain or question employees or agents of my government.

BRAVERMAN

So we're just supposed to let you go?

Two State Department Attaches who were in the prison, walk up to McManus and Ferrenzi, and show him their ID.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL

Who's the senior agent on site?

MCMANUS

Deputy Director Ralston is dead. That makes me senior agent here.

STATE DEPT OFFICIAL

The State Department supersedes your authority. Ambassador Helmut you are free to go.

He hands McManus the affidavits. Cuffed, Gilbert and Louis are led away.

Lothar's Aide is now grungy. His tunic is torn and stained with gunpowder. Lothar reaches his limo and glares at the disheveled driver.

LOTHAR

The door, man. Or shall I do it myself?

The Aide brushes off some soot and regains his stiff composure, opening and then closing the door for Lothar. McManus starts after the driver, but is stopped by Braverman.

AGENT BRAVERMERN

Let it go, Mac. We'll get the bastard another day.

Vincent bursts out from under a pile of Hippo packing material. He staggers wounded toward Mac, Maya and her sister Maria. Vincent points his gun at the trio. Sheila sprints the few yards that separates them and throws herself in front of Mac. Vincent fires.

Sheila takes the bullet in her torso and falls to the floor. Ferrenzi and several agents open fire on Vincent finishing him off. Sheila is mortally wounded.

Mac holds Sheila's hand while Maya kneels near by and supports her head.

MCMANUS

Sheila. Stay with me.

BRAVERMAN

Mac, I think we're even.

Sheila breaths erratically and is close to passing out. She puts her hand weakly on Mac's face.

BRAVERMAN

Ralston was right about one thing.
You can't live for yesterday...

MACMANUS

Sheila!

Sheila's eyes flutter and her hand falls away from Mac's face. She exhales her final breath. Mac cradles her body and closes Sheila's open eyes. Touching her gently on her face Mac tearily whispers his good-byes.

MCMANUS

I'm going to miss you. But you'll
always be here.... Inside. I'll
never forget you.

Mac kisses Sheila on the lips and stands up. Para-medics come over to assist. They check Sheila and cover her dead body. Mac guides Maya away from the carnage.

MACMANUS

I've had enough of getting even.
I'm going to learn how to live...for
today.

EXT. SPACE ONE -- LATER

Emergency service, fire, police and DEA vehicles litter the area. Paramedics are tending to wounded agents. Agents unload crates of merchandise and uncover cocaine in the bottom crates.

Workers and former drivers for the Cartel are kneeling with their arms behind their heads. They are being guarded by several well armed DEA SWAT members. Paramedics wheel Sheila's body past Mac, Maya and Maria. He hugs Maya. She consoles him. Mac and Maya kiss.

EXT. AN AIRPLANE WITH COLOMBIAN AIR MARKINGS -- MORNING

A 747 jumbo jet soars against blue sky and a few wispy clouds.

JUDGE (V.O.)

It is the judgment of this court,
that the Colombian Nationals known
as Gilbert and Louis Hebert, shall
be remanded to the Colombian Judicial
system. These alleged conspirators
will be tried for all crimes in
accordance with the laws of the
Republic of Colombia.

A gavel is banged and echoes in repetition.

EXT. RANCH DETAINMENT CENTER COLOMBIA -- DAY

Louis Hebert's head is seen through a window with bars on it. He is in a T-shirt lying on a steel table. Louis's face contorts with pain. He is being massaged by a large masseuse.

LOUIS

Take it easy. You're killing me
here.

INT. DETAINMENT RANCH ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

The roof bristles with satellite dishes and long range antennas.

INT. DETAINMENT RANCH DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Gilbert and Louis sit alone at a table for twenty. It is loaded with giant lobsters, veal and beef roasts, fancy fish

platters, fruit molds, breads, and ice sculptures. Gilbert finishes a phone conversation while Louis digs into some cracked crab.

GILBERT

I assure you, Thirty Million American Dollars will be transferred to your account by midnight.

Gilbert hangs up the phone, and prepares to eat.

LOUIS

This house arrest sucks. What good is being a billionaire if I can't take a piss without some Federal soldier at my side?

GILBERT

It's better than real jail, little brother.

Gilbert sips his champagne with an aristocratic smile.

EXT. WINDOW DETAINMENT CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

Gilbert sips champagne and gazes out the large picture window.

Outside of the window on the perimeter of the ranch, fortified troops ring the complex.

INT. DEA HQ -- NIGHT

Mac, Ferrenzi and some agents are situated around an audio speaker listening intently. The voices are scrambled coming from the speaker.

FERRENZI

All that work and all those bastards got was six years in their own private ranch resort.

Ferrenzi tunes in the frequency at a computer station.

MCMANUS

Shhh... I want to hear this.

INT. A RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The dark restaurant is closed. All the chairs are on top of the tables. Light and laughter are coming from a partially closed door.

A white hand holding an ivory crane-head handle opens the door.

INT. BANQUET ROOM RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Five Russian men in business suits sit across from five Mexican counterparts. The Russians drink vodka while the Mexicans drink tequila. The leader of the Russian group, PROVOST, is sixty-five with graying hair and wears a patch over his right eye. He is former KGB who is now Russian Mafia. Provost stands and addresses the newcomer.

PROVOST

I am Provost. Do we have a deal?

LOTHAR

For the price agreed you will have international protection under my diplomatic status.

PROVOST

My partners will also be included under your...umbrella?

LOTHAR

As long as my account is credited per transaction, they too will be covered.

PROVOST

Thirty million dollars to your account as an act of faith.

The big Russian picks up his vodka glass.

PROVOST

With our new diplomatic ally, we now control all traffic in America.

He motions for a toast. They all drink.

PROVOST

The power is ours.

He throws his glass into a burning fireplace. Everyone stands and throws their glass into the fireplace.

INT. DEA HQ -- CONTINUOUS

MCMANUS

The new crime corporation is born. Good tap, Renzi.

AGENT FERRENZI

I just follow orders, right boss?

MCMANUS

It's the times we live in. Let's go
to work.

Mcmamus strides with a purposeful intent to an office door.
Lady happily greets him as he walks inside the office.

The name plate on the outside of the door reads "DEPUTY
DIRECTOR MCMANUS".

FREEZE FRAME

THE END