

NARCOVILLE

Original Screenplay

by

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NARCOVILLE

FADE IN:

EXT. PUEBLO INFIERNO - SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS - DAY

A ghost town nestled in a Mexican valley. A bullet-riddled traffic sign, "CALLE SIN SALIDA." ("Dead End.")

A dusty, deserted main street, ruled by mangy dogs and chickens picking at shell casings. Shuttered storefronts, boarded-up restaurants, a used-car lot with no cars.

VILLA (V.O.)

Pueblo Infierno. Too far from God,
too close to America. We had life
in our town once. Shops, cantinas,
factories, Senor Garcia's brewery.
We had law and order.

A fire-scorched police station, its walls pockmarked with shrapnel. Abandoned, burnt-out cinderblock homes.

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

Now we live in a war zone of drug
cartels. In the old days, the main
cause of death in this town was
diabetes. Today it is murder.

In the glaring heat, a shimmering mirage of a boy's figure runs down the street, fueled by fear. He RESOLVES INTO FOCUS: a LOCAL SPOTTER, barely twelve, racing from...

An armored SUV, roaring down the road with AUTOMATIC FIRE -- the boy crumples in a bloodied heap. Then...

An improvised ATTACK TANK bursts out of a side road toward the SUV -- its 50-caliber machine gun CHATTERS a hail of shit-hot lead. A sporadic FIREFIGHT between them.

A masked, body-armored NARCO on the tank FIRES an RPG from a grenade launcher -- the SUV EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL.

The Narco jumps out with a MACHINE-GUNNER. The two fist-bump and joke in SPANISH. A WOMAN'S SCREAM spins them around...

A LOCAL MOTHER runs out and collapses over the dead boy, WAILING in mourning.

The Narcos allow her a moment. Then react to a strange sight...

A gentle file of MESSENGER ANGELS, Catholic church teenagers in fake angel wings and white robes. They circle around the dead child and mourning mother, CHANTING PRAYERS.

The two Narcos stare curiously at them for a beat, then burst into laughter. The machine-gunner trains his 50-caliber and BLASTS AWAY A TORRENT OF BULLETS --

A SPLATTER of crimson on white, the mother downed by GUNFIRE.

Silence in the kill zone. The pulped corpses of Messenger Angels form a neat circle around the dead mother and son.

BUZZING from above. The Narcos quickly run for cover.

An incoming SPY DRONE SOARS HIGH OVERHEAD...

Intercepted by a fast-flying PREDATOR DRONE -- ZIP-KABOOM!

A FIERY AIRBURST in the sky.

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

We live and die on a killing field,
while the narco-traficantes fight
over the last drug route through
our town. For us, the Day of the
Dead is every day.

EXT. BRIDGE INTO TOWN - DAY

Rows of human carcasses hang side by side underneath a low, wooden bridge. Their heads duct-taped over, most of their limbs missing.

Black funnels of smoke rise in the distance.

VILLA (60's), a uniformed police officer, cuts down one of the bodies in silent fury. A tough, grizzled bear of a cop with a holstered Colt and a bandolier of bullets.

SENOR GARCIA (50's), a stalwart-looking businessman in a sweaty suit, fans himself on the shoreline, watching Villa. He flinches as...

The falling body hits creek water.

VILLA (V.O.)

You all keep silent. You all look
the other way. But if none of you
do anything, what hope is there
left?

INT. MEXICAN FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Closed for business. Windows blanketed over, a barricade of tables and cinderblocks against every door.

The only patrons are Villa, Garcia and a HALF-DOZEN LOCAL BUSINESSMEN around a banquet table.

Restaurant owner SENIOR RODRIGUEZ (50's), an old-generation Mexican, watches the entrance while his WIFE serves dinner.

A secret meeting, the mood somber as Villa continues...

VILLA

Look at us all. Men of good stock. Our fathers and grandfathers have a long history of people's justice, carried out by citizens. Armed militias, revolutionaries -- like Pancho Villa, my great-grandfather. He killed the same federale trash who today do the dirty work for the narcos!

SENIOR GARCIA

Killing our women and children, without mercy! You know they came to my son's funeral with guns...

FLASHCUT - LOCAL CEMETERY

A large MEXICAN FAMILY -- MOWED DOWN IN A BLAZE OF AUTOMATIC FIRE. Garcia falls under his shot-up WIFE, saved by her bullet-riddled body.

BACK TO SCENE

SENIOR GARCIA

My wife, my youngest sons, all my daughters -- in cold blood!

Tears of rage. Rodriguez turns to him with tears of his own.

SENIOR RODRIGUEZ

My family too, Garcia. I have only my granddaughter Maria left.

SENIOR GARCIA

Don't cry for her, Rodriguez. Cry for yourself...you who just sit by.

VILLA

I won't sit by. I don't arrest those cartel punks -- I shoot them!

SENOR RODRIGUEZ

You're the only policeman we have left, Villa. The rest of you are all dead.

SENOR GARCIA

They won't have died in vain, Rodriguez, if we avenge them now.

VILLA

He's right. We need to wipe them out and take back our city.

BUSINESSMAN

Easy for you to say. But how do we do that?

Garcia whips out a checkbook and brandishes it high.

SENOR GARCIA

With the only weapon we have left! Money! I'm prepared to sacrifice a million American dollars to end this tyranny. But I need you to match my pledge with enough funds to find the best soldiers -- the best killers -- and rid our town, our land, of these barbarians.

A TROUBLED MURMUR around the table, VOICES OF CONCERN.

BUSINESSMAN

You ask us to go up against the cartels? To *fight* them?

SENOR GARCIA

No, to *hire* men to fight them.

BUSINESSMAN

Alvaro, in God's name, we've all lost our businesses. We're barely surviving as it is.

SENOR GARCIA

But you have your assets in Texas, Manuel. I know you do...

(to everyone)

My friends, I beg you to consider this matter. We *must* do this.

AD-LIB DEBATES among the other businessmen, an air of doubt.

VILLA

What kind of men are you -- have
you no *cojones*? Are you all
cowards?!

The QUARRELING continues. Rodriguez locks eyes with Garcia,
deeply conflicted. He says nothing.

INT. HOSPITAL SHELTER - DAY

More like a refugee shelter, its windows boarded up. Rows of
cots full of wounded Mexican townspeople and children.

Rodriguez sits at the bedside of his 8-year-old granddaughter
MARIA. The tiny, frail girl sleeps fitfully, swathed in
gauze over an *amputated arm and leg*.

Rodriguez weeps over her with bitter tears, torn by defeat
and frustration...

SENOR RODRIGUEZ

Maria...*mi amor...mi amor...*

And fury. He clenches a fist toward the sealed windows.

SENOR RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Cabrons!

He stares back down at Maria, finally coming to a decision.

EXT. EL PASO BANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A hand slides a cashiers check across a conference table next
to Garcia's million-dollar check. Garcia looks up at...

A hard-faced Rodriguez, nervous but committed.

Then the Businessman from the restaurant meeting tosses in
his check, followed by two other businessmen with theirs.
Five checks in all.

Garcia nods in gratitude, Villa beside him.

SENOR GARCIA

Five million. Is it enough, Villa?

VILLA

I doubt it. But it's a start.

Uneasy glances around the room, the deal done.

BUSINESSMAN

Some men like us in Ascension, they posted a video on YouTube demanding justice. An eye for an eye. All of them are dead now. So will we be, if we're not careful.

SENOR RODRIGUEZ

I don't care about justice -- I want revenge. I want to see the blood of *los narcos* flow in the streets like the Rio Grande.

SENOR GARCIA

You will, Rodriguez. I promise you on my life.

(to Villa)

Can I make such a promise?

VILLA

I know of someone in San Antonio who may help us. A rich gringo.

EXT. TEXAS RANCH - DAY

A vast spread of cattle pastures and live oaks. A family of deer graze in a meadow -- scattered by a GUNSHOT.

LUCIFER KING (40's), a rough-hewn gazillionaire with an ego the size of Mount Rushmore, lowers his Winchester Magnum and scans his domain.

LUCIFER

Five million dollars? That's pretty damn pathetic.

He stands in the back of a slow-moving jeep, rifle poised.

Up front, Garcia and Villa watch his hunting safari on his own property. Armed BODYGUARDS follow the jeep on foot.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Y'all wanna pay for a private military operation against fully armed, fully financed drug lords... for *five million*? Well, that's not a lot of money. In fact, I'd say that's downright laughable.

VILLA

The deaths of thousands of innocent people is not a laughing matter.

LUCIFER

No sir, it's not. To a God-fearing Republican like myself, it's an affront to Our Lord Jesus Christ.

SENIOR GARCIA

Can you help us or not?

VILLA

We need mercenaries. The best.

LUCIFER

In Mexico? That ain't so easy.

VILLA

But your company contracts them.

LUCIFER

Oh yeah, the finest on the planet. But on Mexican soil they're no longer soldiers for hire, they're "unlawful combatants", according to our gutless, dumb-ass government. It would take a lot more than five mil to get mercs like that down to your woe-begotten li'l town.

VILLA

So, are you saying no?

LUCIFER

I didn't say that. I said it takes a lot of money to smite evil. And when it comes to drug cartels, I do mean *evil incarnate*...

He raises his arms out like a preacher, rifle in one hand, BOOMING out into the countryside:

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

"Put on the armor of God that ye may stand against the wicked rulers of darkness!"

(turns to them)

Ephesians Six. The Word of God.

He spots an antlered buck in the distance -- sweeps his rifle around and draws a bead on it. BLAM!

EXT. RANCH - POOL PATIO - DAY

Barbecued venison turns on a spit. Bottles of Don Julio Real on a poolside table. Lucifer savors a snifter before his guests.

Garcia looks uncomfortable, Villa impatient.

A pretty SENORITA fills their tequila glasses. Garcia eyes her and the HISPANIC SERVANTS around them.

Lucifer notices his look and smiles.

LUCIFER

Illegal immigrants. My personal contribution to the Mexican dream.

VILLA

Perhaps we're wasting our time here.

Lucifer raises his snifter and gazes into its amber liquid with the vision of a prophet.

LUCIFER

I have a proposition, gentlemen. I'll match your five million with a cool *billion*, enough to bankroll a rescue mission that would stagger the imagination.

Garcia and Villa stare at him in shock.

SENIOR GARCIA

A *billion* dollars? To rescue...?

LUCIFER

Your town, of course. And much more.

SENIOR GARCIA

I don't understand. Why would you do such a thing?

LUCIFER

Because I can. I have something bigger in mind. A humanitarian relief effort, with teeth.

SENIOR GARCIA

But you cannot profit from this.

LUCIFER

Consider it a gift, to *all* of us.
To rid your country, and mine, of
this vermin once and for all.

VILLA

You *Americanos* do nothing without
something in return.

LUCIFER

The only thing I want, sir, is to
show the world it can be done. A
final solution, not by the military
or those idiots in the DEA, but by
the private sector. You and me.

Garcia leans closer, intrigued.

SENIOR GARCIA

A final solution?

LUCIFER

To solve the bigger problem. To
destroy *all* the cartels. Your
little town will be our bait.

VILLA

Surely not all the cartels--

LUCIFER

All of them. We lure them in with
a small posse of highly trained
soldiers. *My* soldiers.

Villa considers that for a beat.

VILLA

And how many men will that take?

LUCIFER

Seven could do the job, with the
finest weaponry in hand.

VILLA

Seven? Just seven?

LUCIFER

A few covert operators on the
ground can do a helluva lot more
damage than Delta Force and Special
Ops combined from air or sea. I
mean, how many SEALS did it take
to kill Bin Laden?

Garcia downs his tequila, infected by his utter confidence. Lucifer raises his glass to the light.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Seven professional executioners.

He up-ends the tequila in one gulp, relishing the thought.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Each of them worth a thousand men.

EXT. OKLAHOMA SUBURB - DAY

Nondescript tract homes in a tornado-alley flatland.

INT. HAWKINS FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

A family living room, but no family in sight. Quiet and deserted. WE TRACK THROUGH, catching glimpses of...

Walls with no framed photos, only empty squares.

One photo lies on a table: a pretty wife and young daughter.

A TV BLARES news of a border-patrol shooting. WE TRACK FURTHER INTO...

STUDY

Wood-paneled walls with more empty squares. A gun rack of automatic weapons. A trash barrel full of war photos, war memorabilia, war medals.

A hand tosses a Purple Heart into the trash.

JACK HAWKINS (30's), rugged good looks, guzzles from a Jim Beam bottle and takes another hoop shot with his last medal.

Nothing left to trash. He turns to...

A loaded Remington hunting rifle on his desk.

Jack caresses the rifle like an old friend, haunted by memories. He takes another swig from the bottle, revealing a Neptune's trident on his arm. U.S. Navy SEAL. Then...

He inserts the rifle's muzzle end *into his mouth*, cocks the action and leans back in his desk chair.

Without a second thought, he pulls the trigger --

CLICK. No discharge. He glares at the rifle.

JACK

You fucking piece of shit!

He proceeds to dismantle it. Takes it apart piece by piece with fast expertise, trying to locate the defect. In the process of disassembly, he forgets all about suicide.

His CELL BEEPS. He screens the call, then answers it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jack Hawkins.

(beat)

Yes sir. No sir. Negative, sir.

No fucking way, sir.

(beat)

Look, Mr. King, I don't do that kinda shit, not for love or money.

(beat)

No sir. No...fucking...way.

(a longer beat)

Say again? How much?

EXT. SAN ANTONIO COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A bar deck over manicured grounds. Lucifer nurses a drink before Jack who stands stiffly in grungy cammos and tank top.

LUCIFER

Ten million dollars per man. In tax-free cash.

(smiles)

Are you thirsty, Jack? Would you like a beer?

JACK

No thanks. What's the fuck-you clause? Are you in charge of this operation?

LUCIFER

I run tactical ops, but that's all. It's totally your show, Jack.

Jack ponders that, his posture at erect attention out of old military habit. Lucifer prods him.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Lieutenant. I need a Tier One commander for this mission.

JACK

Yeah, Tier One...no rules of engagement, no Geneva protection, just our "unlawful" asses in a drug war zone. In fuck-all *Mexico*?

LUCIFER

They're dumb savages. You can take them out easy, like the mujahs.

JACK

I don't recall the mujahs being all that dumb, sir.

LUCIFER

Here, I want you to meet someone.

He signals over JAMAR "JUICE" JACKSON (20's) from down the bar. A cocky, pumped-up Black jock with street-gang tats, looking out of place here. Lucifer introduces them.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Jamar Jackson, Special Forces on Iran Watch, discharged with honors.
(nods to Jack)
Ex-SEAL Lieutenant Jack Hawkins.

JAMAR

Heard a lot about you, Lieutenant.
You can call me Juice.

He extends a hand. Jack doesn't take it, eying him coldly. Jamar withdraws it, offended. An awkward beat.

LUCIFER

Jamar, go get him a brewski. He's thirsty.

Jamar gives Jack a hard-ass look, then moves off. Jack stares after him like some microbe.

JACK

Where did you dig up homie?

LUCIFER

L.A. An ex-Crips before he joined Special Forces. He went back to gang life, until I converted him to Jesus. He's been working for me at Extreme Solutions ever since.

JACK

"Juice" for Jesus. *Jesus.*

LUCIFER
He's the best assault man I know.

JACK
Yeah, gangbangin' the hood.

LUCIFER
He'll be very valuable to you.

JACK
I pick my own team.

LUCIFER
(grins)
Ahh. So that means you're in.

Jack shrugs diffidently.

JACK
Depends on the team. Most of the
good ones are dead or burned out.
Hell, I'm not so sure if I'm
qualified anymore.

LUCIFER
Aw, don't shit me...

JACK
It's gotten too personal for me.

LUCIFER
War ain't personal, son. Losing
your wife and kid, that's personal.

JACK
Don't go there, sir.

A heated look. Lucifer claps him on the shoulder.

LUCIFER
War is just business, Jack, like
ten mil in the bank.

Jamar returns with two beers and hands one to Jack.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Ain't that right, Jamar? Killing
is just business.

JAMAR
Killing *bad* guys is to me, sir.
(toasts to that)
To Operation Narco.

JACK
You don't talk that kinda shit in
open public.

He pierces Jamar with bombardier eyes. Lucifer leans in.

LUCIFER
Give him a shot, Jack. Trust my
judgment. You just go out there
and find us five more good men.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS RIVERSIDE - DAY

A homeless camp on a bank of the Mississippi. A bunch of
vagrants encircle a fight, SHOUTING, obscuring the view.

Jack emerges from a Jeep Cherokee by the shore and observes
the scene with a knowing look.

FIGHT CIRCLE

CORKY McCALLUM (30's), wild-eyed, bearded and wearing rags,
arm-locks an old VIETNAM VET who looks twice as crazy. Corky
has a K-bar at his throat, about to slit his jugular.

Jack strides calmly into the arena.

JACK
Hey, Sergeant.

CORKY
Don't come any closer! I'll gut
him like a pig!

JACK
Corky -- it's me. Jack Hawkins.

A flash of recognition in Corky's demented eyes.

CORKY
Lieutenant?

JACK
You're a hard man to find, Sarge.
How are ya doin'?

CORKY
Not too good, sir. I get these bad
migraines...

JACK
At ease, soldier.

Corky loosens his knife grip on the Vet's throat.

JACK (CONT'D)
You look like you need to kill some
real bad guys, not this old guy.

CORKY
Sumbitch tried to steal my meds.

He nods at a plastic trash bag in a shopping cart.

JACK
Let him go, Corky. Let's get some
coffee and talk. That's an order.

Corky drops the Vet to the ground.

CORKY
Yessir.

He kicks the man in the groin for good measure.

INT. NEW ORLEANS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The two sit over cups of Joe in a greasy spoon, the bulky
trash bag by Corky's side.

JACK
You look like dog shit, man. I
tried to find you through the V.A.,
but they said you were homeless.

CORKY
Yeah well, home's where the heart
is. And my K-bar.

JACK
And your meds.

He grabs the trash bag from across the table. Corky reaches
defensively for his K-bar. Jack stops him with a hard look.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nuh-uh. Don't fuck with your C.O.

He opens the bag and looks: dozens of prescription bottles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Goddamn, Corky. You take all of
this shit?

CORKY

For PTSD. V.A. says I'm "unable to reintegrate into civilian society."

JACK

Hydrocodone...Methadone...Xanax?
This ain't no cure.

CORKY

Nothing works. I get into fights just to get rid of anxiety. I walk down the street looking for IED's. I drink, I crash cars. V.A. says I'm a "high risk for suicide."

Jack looks up at him, Corky's words hitting home.

CORKY (CONT'D)

I can't function as a civilian.

JACK

You're not a civilian, Sergeant, you're a warrior.

CORKY

Well, it's been a while. I keep getting these flashback to the old combat missions. But I don't get freaked out by them, y'know? I kinda like 'em.

JACK

That's because you're addicted, bro, like me. It's not what we suffer -- it's what we *miss*.

(leans close)

You want a cure for post-stress syndrome? Go back to war.

CORKY

I wish.

JACK

How'd you like to get back into what you love? Demolitions, for a shitload of money.

CORKY

I think I'd really like that, sir.

JACK

You and me, Corky, like old times.

CORKY

Sweet. All I ever wanted to do since I was a kid with a chemistry set was blow shit up. Preferably the enemy, but hell, it makes no difference to me.

JACK

Corky, you're one certified psycho.

CORKY

That used to get me a lot of work.

JACK

You work for me now. Special ops.

CORKY

A mission? For real?

JACK

We probably won't survive it, but the body count will be bad-ass.

CORKY

Hot damn! I'm game. Let's get a team together.

JACK

That's what I'm doing. We gotta find Kyle Deerfoot.

CORKY

The *Indian*? Oh...shit.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA BADLANDS - DAY

A black-footed ferret hides deep in a thicket. Its head pokes out, sniffing the air.

A hand seizes it by the neck, lightning swift. The ferret wriggles in the grip of...

KYLE DEERFOOT (35), a burnt-out Sioux warrior with fierce, penetrating eyes. He wears a park-ranger uniform, unarmed.

Jack and Corky trek up a trail under jagged buttes, packing pistols. Both look fitter, Corky clean-shaven with a G.I. cut. He's a bit hiked out.

CORKY

Man...I thought this gonna be a "walk in the park".

JACK
Not that kind of park.

They climb up and join Kyle, who holds the captured ferret.

CORKY
That for supper?

KYLE
Nope.

He ties an identity tag to the critter's foot and lets it go.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Endangered species. Part of my job
with the park service.

Jack shoots him a smirk. Kyle shrugs it off.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Had to do something, or I'd be
endangered too. I grew up around
here. Pine Ridge Reservation.
Learned how to track in these
mountains.

JACK
Same kind you used in Tora Bora?
You never did find Bin Laden.

KYLE
That wasn't my fault -- fucking
command wouldn't let me go in.
They just bombed the shit out of
the place. But I had him.

He hikes angrily on. Jack and Corky struggle to keep up.

JACK
You know why we're here, Kyle.

KYLE
You came a long way for nothing,
Lieutenant. I'm peacetime now.

CORKY
Are we in a rush or something?

KYLE
Gotta find a rogue cat in the area.
He killed a park ranger.
(sniffs upwind)
He's close by.

JACK
How d'you know?

KYLE
Got his scent, his speed of flight,
his change of direction. He's
right about...there.

He points to paw tracks off the trail that circle around to their rear. Nods past Jack and Kyle toward...

KYLE (CONT'D)
He's right behind you, in fact.

A full-sized MOUNTAIN LION perched on a low ledge, HISSING at them in an attack hunch -- only a few feet away.

CORKY
Holy shit!

He and Jack reach for their firearms.

KYLE
I wouldn't do that. He'll tear
your asses apart.

Jack and Corky freeze. Kyle carefully removes a tranquilizer dart from his belt pouch and clenches it in his fist.

JACK
So what do we do?

KYLE
Assume a passive position.

The two stoop low, a feeble attempt at looking docile.

Kyle stalks past them at a creep...right toward the lion.

The big cat recoils with a LOW GROWL, poised to lunge.

Kyle inches forward, staring him down with piercing eyes that subdue the animal. Closer and closer...

Face to face, locked in frozen stares. Then...

Kyle JABS the tranquilizer dart into the cat's rump.

The mountain lion SNARLS SAVAGELY -- lashes out with deadly claws. Kyle rears back, millimeters out of range.

The beast slumps unconscious on the ledge. Kyle gathers up the limp cat and slings him over his shoulders.

KYLE (CONT'D)
We're done here.

CORKY
Whoa! That was fuckin' awesome!

JACK
Why didn't you just kill him?

KYLE
Nah. This is *his* turf, not mine.
We're just intruders.

MESA

The three trek high over a grassy prairie, Kyle in the lead, the sleeping lion curled around his neck. He stops and nods down toward a valley.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Wounded Knee. The Cavalry killed a hundred fifty Sioux down there.

CORKY
This gonna be a history lecture?

KYLE
No, but I learned some useful shit from the Sioux. The Ghost Dance. Makes you invisible from attack.

He dances at a rhythmic beat, CHANTING a WARRIOR HYMN. Jack and Corky stare at him, then finally bust out laughing. Kyle stops and dead-eyes them.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You think that's funny? It made me bulletproof from the Taliban.

They stop laughing. A beat. Kyle laughs back. They all laugh together, their VOICES ECHOING across the mesa.

INT. SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Darkly lit with red-glowing coals, a sweltering heat. Corky squirms in discomfort. Jack feels no pain. Kyle meditates.

KYLE
I watched a female lion kill a deer once. There was this real tight death bond between them. She squirmed with that kill for days.

He closes his eyes, living the memory.

KYLE (CONT'D)

There's no business involved when animals hunt. They don't ask for money, they sure as hell don't kidnap, torture or use duct tape.

JACK

I thought the whole point of the hunt was to kill the enemy.

KYLE

It's not the enemy, it's a target. We're not connected to what we do.

CORKY

What a crock of shit.

JACK

No, I know what he means. I got disconnected from my family. Les was always guilt-tripping me about dying in action. Pissed me off, but I quit the SEALS to be with her and Ashley. Didn't feel right. I was too out of touch already...

(his face darkens)

Then Les and Ash ran off the road in a snow storm. They died in action, not me.

(eaten up inside)

Shit. I just...I should've told her to get tire chains.

CORKY

That sucks, man.

JACK

Combat's the only connection I've got left. Better to die fighting than die alone at home. I gotta go back to war.

KYLE

Not me. I'm done with killing.

JACK

It's not the Mideast, man. It's just south of the border.

KYLE

Uh-huh. What's the target?

JACK
Drug cartels, the lowest scum on
the planet.

KYLE
So I've heard. How many of 'em?

JACK
All of 'em. So I've been told.

Kyle meditates on that. He tosses a ladle of water on the sizzling coals for a pensive beat. Then grins at Jack.

KYLE
When do we leave?

JACK
(grins back)
We need a few more able bodies.

INT. LAS VEGAS VETERANS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Three pairs of boots march in unison down a drab hospital corridor. They stop before a nurse's station.

Jack, flanked by Corky and Kyle, addresses a frumpy V.A. NURSE behind the counter.

JACK
Evening, ma'am. This here's the
mental ward?

V.A. NURSE
No. The post-stress unit.

JACK
Right. We're looking for a patient
here? Mariusz Zubrovski?

The Nurse thumbs through patient files. She finds the name.

V.A. NURSE
Ah, yes. "Maroosh." That vet from
"GRAM" or something...

JACK
GROM, ma'am. "Dark and Silent
Polish Special Forces". He's an
American citizen now.

V.A. NURSE
Well, he's M.I.A. at the moment.

JACK
Beg your pardon?

V.A. NURSE
He disappeared earlier today,
against medical orders. He's done
it before. Quite a handful.

Jack trades looks with his comrades.

JACK
You say he's done it before?

V.A. NURSE
Last week. The MP's brought him
back. He never gets very far.

JACK
Where did they find him?

V.A. NURSE
Nellis Air Force Base. He was
trying to steal a jet.

INT. JACK'S JEEP CHEROKEE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack drives through dark, endless Nevada desert. Kyle rides
shotgun, Corky in the back.

They listen to an AIR FORCE-MILITARY PATROL BAND on Kyle's
cell, VOICES CRACKLING...

AFB VOICE
Affirmative, MP Tango. We've got
a missing USAF Thunderbird stolen
from the air-demonstration field.
She's airborne as we speak.

MP VOICE
It's that nut case from V.A. He
finally snatched one of your birds.
What's the coordinates?

AFB VOICE
Thirty north, one-zero-one west.

Kyle checks a GPS tracker on his cell phone.

KYLE
He's close by.

EXT. DESERT ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The Jeep pulls over. The three jump out. Jack and Corky scan the night sky, Kyle monitoring his GPS.

KYLE

Coming in at two o'clock.

A DISTANT JET'S ROAR in the black skyline -- a PINPOINT OF LIGHT at high altitude, streaking fast.

JACK

Can you bypass the AFB band and patch into his helmet?

Kyle fast-punches his cell. Suddenly...

The pinpoint veers off as if unmanned, losing altitude fast, plummeting downward...

The jet CRASHES on the horizon. A FARAWAY FIREBALL.

CORKY

Aw, shit! That crazy-ass Pole...

KYLE

I don't think he went down with the jet. I can still smell his boozy breath from here.

JACK

Yeah. He's still up there.

NIGHT SKY

A helmeted skydiver plunges toward earth, buffeted by wind...

MARIUSZ "MAROOSH" ZUBROVKA (40's) swills from a vodka bottle, SINGING A FIFTH DIMENSION SONG IN POLISH...

MAROOSH

"Would you like to ride...in my beautiful balloon!"

JACK'S RADIO VOICE CRACKLES in his helmet:

JACK'S RADIO VOICE

Maroosh! It's Lieutenant Hawkins. Come in, Corporal, do you read me?

Maroosh ignores the voice, guzzling and SINGING, deadfalling at breakneck speed.

MAROOSH

"Up, up and away...for we can fly!"

JACK'S RADIO VOICE

You don't have to go back to the hospital, man, I'll get you outta there. Just open your chute!

MAROOSH

Bugger you in the buttocks!

ROADSIDE

Kyle scans the sky with binoculars, Jack on his cell phone.

KYLE

He's going down too fast. If he doesn't pull that cord right now...

JACK

Open your goddamn chute, Corporal!

MAROOSH'S RADIO VOICE

Keez my peenis!

JACK

Listen to me! We're on a mission. High kills, good pay -- enough to keep you in vodka for years.

MAROOSH'S RADIO VOICE

Eat my sausage!

JACK

It's either us or a padded cell in V.A. for the rest of your life. Maroosh?

He waits for a reply, a beat...

In the distant night sky, a tiny plume of white. The open chute drifts earthward.

INT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT BAR - DAY

Maroosh sobers up over coffee, Corky and Kyle watching him. Jack scrolls a list on his Ipad. Everyone looks dog tired.

Kyle shakes his head at the Pole.

KYLE

No more booze. You're grounded.

CORKY

Look at him. He ain't even sorry.

MAROOSH

I didn't want to go back, okay?
V.A. fucked me up. So fuck you.

CORKY

No, fuck you. We've been up all
night extracting you. If the MP's
had gotten to you first...

MAROOSH

(ignores him)

Jack. I'll make it up to you, soon
as my friend comes.

Kyle and Corky turn their heads toward Jack. He looks up
from the Ipad.

JACK

We may have no choice. No one's
left here. They're all dead or
crippled, or institutionalized...

(eyes Corky and Maroosh)

We got enough of those already.
It's just the four of us, unless
Maroosh's "friend" works out.

MAROOSH

She will, I promise you.

CORKY

"She"? Are you shittin' me? A
female Moussad agent?

MAROOSH

Ex-Moussad. She is very desirable.
I mean...useful.

CORKY

Women are bad luck.

KYLE

Hey, a lot of women Marines saved
my butt in battle.

MAROOSH

Trust me, my friends, she is good.

CORKY

I ain't your friend, man. I don't
even know you.

MAROOSH

But Jack knows me. He knows my instinct is never wrong. She was Israeli Defence Forces commander, an assassination sniper with a three-hundred kill record -- at three thousand meters. Is that good enough for you?

INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - CUSTOMS EXIT

New arrivals flood out of the customs gate. Jack's team waits at a distance, fatigued and irritable.

Travelers pour out of the gate. A few good-looking women.

CORKY

I hear Israeli chicks are hot.

Jack spots her right away by the severe business suit and militant stride, holding her shoulder purse like an Uzi...

ANN FRANK SHIRON (20's), a Jewish Terminator. Emotionless and cold-blooded, at least on the surface. Athletic hard body, built to kick ass. An alpha bitch with bite.

Maroosh grins and steps forward. He starts to give her a hug, then thinks twice about it. Shakes her hand.

MAROOSH

Welcome to America, *moja kalega*.

ANN FRANK

Shalom, comrade Zubrovka.

Corky looks her over, tits to ass. Instant lust.

CORKY

Yeah, welcome to Las Vegas. The fuck capitol of the world.

Ann Frank's eyes narrow on Corky. Instant revulsion.

JACK

Miss Shiron?

ANN FRANK

Agent Shiron.

JACK

Ex-agent, right? We're private contractors here. No politics, no loyalties except to each other.

ANN FRANK

Understood. Where do I debrief?

JACK

Extreme Solutions headquarters.
It's a short trip, but if you need
to rest up...

ANN FRANK

I don't rest. We should go now.

They regard her wearily, her high-octane energy exhausting.

ANN FRANK (CONT'D)

I need to see my contract, and I
want five million up front.

KYLE

Is this just for the money, or you
got an axe to grind?

ANN FRANK

Axe? I prefer bullets.

JACK

I know you don't like Palestinians.
How do you feel about Mexicans?

ANN FRANK

If they must die, they will.

JACK

You got a first name?

ANN FRANK

"Medusa". One look from my scope,
and you turn to dust.

CORKY

Nice.

JACK

Not your code name, Shiron. Your
real name.

She shifts a bit, a trace of embarrassment.

ANN FRANK

Ann Frank.

CORKY

Hah! Ann Frank? Like that Jewish
bitch with the diary?

ANN FRANK

My parents had a sense of humor.

MAROOSH

Mine too...

He whips out a hidden pint from his jacket.

MAROOSH (CONT'D)

Zubrovka! Polish vodka!

EXT. EXTREME SOLUTIONS AIR BASE - DAY

A fenced, guarded private base. On its airfield, a fleet of Black Hawks and a cargo plane. WORKMEN abound in private-security uniforms with "ES" insignias.

INT. BASE HANGER - DAY

Cavernous, filled with armored vehicles. Anti-ambush MRAPs, desert-patrol DPVs, RPG-loaded FAV attack vehicles. State of the art military hardware. Along its walls, guns galore.

Jack and his four recruits march inside, reacting to...

Lucifer, kneeling in prayer with Jamar Jackson who wears an "ES" uniform. Both cross themselves and rise. They walk over to the team.

LUCIFER

Welcome to Extreme Solutions,
gentlemen...

(reacts to Ann Frank)

Ma'am.

The Israeli ignores him and zeros on a wall of sniper rifles, joined by Kyle. Corky beelines to a display of detonation gear, Maroosh to the attack vehicles. Like shoppers in a high-tech supermarket. Garcia and Villa watch in b.g.

Ann Frank inspects a .300 Win Mag, siting down its scope. Kyle picks out a bigger .50 caliber.

KYLE

I prefer the fifty. More stopping
power at long range.

ANN FRANK

It's too unreliable. The Win Mag
has better accuracy.

Kyle regards her curiously, impressed.

Jack takes it all in, eying Lucifer.

JACK

I'm not gonna ask where you got all this shit.

LUCIFER

Best not to. You remember Jamar Jackson? On your team?

JACK

Do I have any choice?
(to Jamar)
What's your rank, soldier?

JAMAR

Sergeant First Class in Special Forces. Here in Mister King's company, Second Lieutenant.

JACK

I don't give a shit about here. Have you had any advanced training, besides Bible Study?

JAMAR

Close Quarters Attack and Advanced Urban Combat.

JACK

Where, in South Central?

JAMAR

Hey. You wanna try me out? Don't underestimate me, sir.

JACK

I won't think about it all that much, Sergeant.

He turns to Lucifer, resigned to it.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's been slim pickings out there. So we've only got six...

A THUNDEROUS WHOOP-WHOOP drowns him out. Everyone looks out toward the airfield...

An MH-60 BLACK HAWK lands, the most advanced helo of its kind, its rotors winding down. "HOT LIPS HOULIHAN" painted across one of its rocket launchers.

LUCIFER

Now you've got seven.

Pilot BILLY BOB PEPPER (30's) hops out, a raggedy-ass redneck in a Confederate soldier hat. He struts into the hangar, spits a wad of tobacco and scans the team with scorn.

BILLY BOB

Jee-zus. Looks to me like the Pansy Division.

LUCIFER

Jack, this here's Billy Bob, best pilot in the Fleet Antiterrorist Security Team.

(to Billy Bob)

Your commanding officer, Lieutenant Hawkins.

Billy Bob salutes sloppily. Jack glares at Lucifer.

JACK

Great. Trailer trash to go with the gangbanger?

BILLY BOB

I'm just curious, sir. Whatchu running here? Operation Diversity?

JACK

You got a problem with that?

BILLY BOB

Oh, you betcha. I hate niggers, Polacks, A-rabs, wops, kikes...

CORKY

Don't forget us Irish micks.

BILLY BOB

Fuck yeah. But I hate SPICS most of all. I'm ready to kick some beaner ass. For the Alamo!

Garcia and Villa frown at him. All the others laugh.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Lieutenant. I gotta go fuel up Hot Lips.

He struts back to his chopper, Jack watching him with disgust. Lucifer smiles.

LUCIFER

You'll need him for air support,
Jack, especially with what I've got
in mind. Take a look here...

He nods at rows of metal cannisters along a hangar wall.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Pleospora, a crop-dusting fungus.
Kills cannabis, coca plants, even
opium poppies.

JACK

So? What's it gotta do with us?

LUCIFER

Your team will draw the cartel's
defense forces to Ground Zero,
while my airborne team hits the
bosses where they live...their
drug fields.

JACK

Where exactly is Ground Zero?

Lucifer leads him to a wall map of northern Mexico. The others gather around, Garcia and Villa joining them. Lucifer taps a flag-pinned spot on the map.

LUCIFER

Pueblo Infierno, the last contested
drug route to the border. Cartels
are all fighting over it. That
li'l town is Ground Zero.

KYLE

We'll need a local guide.

LUCIFER

Senor Garcia?

Garcia hesitates nervously. Villa steps forward.

VILLA

I will guide you.

JACK

Fine. What's the enemy count?

LUCIFER

Right now, a few hundred. Later
on, well...I'll give you intel on
that when it comes in.

JACK

*When it comes in? We need to know
how many before we go in.*

LUCIFER

There's too many to count, Jack.

Jack trades looks with his team, not happy about this.

EXT. PUEBLO INFIERNO - MAIN STREET - DAY

Quiet and deserted, backdropped by the Sierra Madres.

CARTEL SPOTTERS patrol the street, cell phones in hand. Mostly teenagers, boys and girls alike, the eyes and ears of the narcos. No townspeople in sight.

EXT. BRIDGE INTO TOWN - DAY

Pickup trucks full of NARCO SOLDIERS roar across the old, wooden bridge. Hombres and underaged boys, heavily armed.

In their wake, a caravan of giant 10-wheeler dump trucks converted into Gatling-armed tanks.

SENTRIES loiter around the bridge, taking POT SHOTS at stray dogs and chickens.

EXT. TOWN FOOTHILLS - DAY

Surveillance points in the foothills over the bridge. TWO CARTEL SNIPERS take siestas in the shade.

TWO OTHER SNIPERS take turns raping a battered, numbed-out PEASANT GIRL.

EXT. MEXICAN AIR SPACE - DAY

The "Hot Lips" Black Hawk chops airborne over harsh terrain.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AERIAL) - DAY

Jack's team rides in web gear and camis, Villa in his police uniform. Jack broods over the passing landscape.

Pilot Billy Bob bops to WAGNER on an ITUNES SPEAKER, to the others' annoyance. "RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES", what else.

EXT. SIERRA MADRE BASE CAMP - DAY

A mountain fortress hidden by trees. On a dirt airstrip, *ES* guards unload armored vehicles from the cargo plane.

Geodesic dome tents dot the camp, its perimeter barricaded with Hesco concertina.

The Black Hawk touches down. The mercs and Villa debark.

BASE PROMONTORY

A clifftop overlook offers a full view of Pueblo Infierno in the valley below.

Jack and his men spy on the town with spotter scopes, Lucifer and Villa with binoculars, observing the chokepoint.

SCOPE POV - TOWN BRIDGE

Under attack. A bulldozer storms toward the bridge, leading a buffalo formation of SUVs.

CIVILIAN HOSTAGES are tied to a huge steel plate fronting the bulldozer. Men, women and children roped together, crying and squirming in terror.

The bridge sentries OPEN FIRE -- killing off the hostages with quick dispatch.

VILLA (O.S.)

Bastardos!

A FIREFIGHT ensues between invaders and defenders.

BACK TO SCENE

The team reacts to the dead hostages, fixed to their scopes.

CORKY

Fucking savages, man.

Below, the 10-wheeler dump trucks plow across the bridge in defense, cartel soldiers running behind them.

JACK

What's that Mad Max shit on wheels?

VILLA

El Monstruous. Monster trucks.
They have many.

SCOPE POV

The trucks BLAST GATLING GUNS, OBLITERATING the lead SUVs.
Soldiers' RPGs BOMBARD the rest. TANDEM EXPLOSIONS.

BACK TO SCENE

LUCIFER

You oughta take out that bridge.

JACK

It's my show, right?

LUCIFER

Just eliminate as many narcos as
you can.

JAMAR

They need eliminating. Killing
civilians like that is blasphemy.

JACK

(to Villa)

How many roads into town?

VILLA

Two besides the bridge. There to
the west...over there to the east.

He points toward two entry roads. Jack scopes them out.

BILLY BOB

East of fuckin' Eden. They're all
a bunch of satanists.

LUCIFER

Billy Bob, Jamar, you come with me.

He steps away. Jamar and the pilot follow him.

ANN FRANK

Snipers. At six o'clock.

SCOPE POV

Cartel invaders flee their burning SUVs -- picked off by
RIFLE POPS from the foothills directly below us.

KYLE (O.S.)

I count six, maybe seven shooters.

ANN FRANK (O.S.)

Seven exactly.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK

We'll start with them.

They all lower their scopes and turn, reacting to...

Lucifer standing in fervent prayer, his hands on the heads of kneeling Jamar and Billy Bob.

LUCIFER

Lord, protect these boys who take
the shield of faith and quench the
fiery darts of the wicked. Amen.

JAMAR/BILLY BOB

Amen.

They rise and cross themselves. Lucifer turns to Jack.

LUCIFER

I'll be on sat-com, Lieutenant.
I'll get you that intel.
(cross-signs everyone)
May God go with you all.

He salutes them and marches off to the cargo plane.

All eyes turn on Lamar and Billy Bob. A strange choice of converts.

BASE CAMP - LATER

The cargo plane SOARS away into the sky. A few armed private guards roam the grounds.

Outside the tents, team members suit up body armor and prep their weapons. A tense energy in the air.

Corky loads an M4A1 carbine, pumped up with adrenalin.

CORKY

Gonna fuck them narcos...gonna
fuck 'em up...

Jack loads a SIG pistol, glancing over.

JACK

Easy, Corky. You're gonna give
yourself a migraine.

CORKY

I'm good, sir. I'm fuckin' good.

Maroosh loads a UMP machine gun and swigs from a pint. He regards Billy Bob filling his pilot vest with grenades.

MAROOSH

Hey, pilot. You a born-again, eh?

BILLY BOB

Yeah, so? What's that make you, some kinda anti-Christ?

MAROOSH

Catholic. At least we got better social skills.

BILLY BOB

I hate Catholics too, "Maroosh". What was your company name?

MAROOSH

Wojskowa Formacdjja Specjanla.

BILLY BOB

Huh? Oh yeah, y'mean like, how many Polacks does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Maroosh laughs. Jamar, loading a grenade launcher, glares at Billy.

JAMAR

I'm gettin' real tired of your trash, cracker.

BILLY BOB

Well, praise the Lord, *nigguh--*

JACK

Shut the fuck up! From here on, pilot, I only wanna hear two words outta your mouth -- YES and SIR.

Billy Bob half-salutes. Kyle and Ann Frank glance over, the silent professionals, their sniper rifles locked and loaded.

JACK (CONT'D)

You yahoos need to work together, or we got no mission. *Ooh-rah?*

A CHORUS OF MUTTERED OOH-RAHS.

Corky slashes the air with his K-bar, practicing knife kills, getting too close to Ann Frank.

ANN FRANK
Don't get too personal.

CORKY
Oh yeah? How personal is personal?

He twirls the knife at her, feigning a close mock attack--

Ann Frank flips him to the ground and pins him down, Corky's own K-bar at his throat. He struggles futilely.

CORKY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' bitch...get offa me!

Ann Frank tickles the blade against his neck, until...

The muzzle of Jack's SIG presses against her temple.

JACK
Is nobody listening to me?! Huh?!

Ann Frank eases off Corky, hard-eying Jack. Jack stares her down, his face like a fist.

JACK (CONT'D)
Didn't hear you, soldier. Respond!

ANN FRANK
Yes sir.

Jack turns the pistol on Corky.

JACK
RESPOND!

CORKY
YES SIR! Wish I had my meds, sir.

JACK
You'll die first. I'll kill you myself.

He swings the pistol around at the rest of them.

JACK (CONT'D)
Y'all wanna pick a fight?! Well,
the fight's OUT THERE!

EXT. TOWN FOOTHILLS - DAY

WE TRACK FAST WITH a BLUR of FIGURES. Fleet of foot, silent, racing downhill through trees, over rocks and brambles.

IN CLOSE VIEW, a cartel sniper smokes a cigarette at his post. He inhales -- and gurgles, smoke bubbling out from a bloody slit across his throat. He collapses.

Behind him, Kyle's figure races on in a blur.

A second sniper spins to SNAPPING TWIGS to his right -- a knife slashes his jugular from the left. He starts to tumble off an outcrop...

Kyle deflects his fall and gently lowers him into the shrubs.

A third sniper sleeps atop the raped Peasant Girl...

Corky guts him with his K-bar, hand over his mouth to silence his outcry. Squirting blood splatters the stunned Peasant Girl's face.

Corky rises, grinning crazily at her.

CORKY

Reach out and touch someone.

A distance away, the last sniper hears Corky's voice and turns his rifle to fire --

Jamar slices his neck from behind, at the same time carefully releasing his trigger finger.

EXT. BRIDGE TO TOWN - DAY

A treeline opposite the bridge road. Kyle, Corky and Jamar take up positions and fix their weapons on FOUR SENTRIES guarding the bridge. They sight through their scopes:

SCOPE POV - BRIDGE

A woman in a trench coat sashays toward the sentries like a hooker...ANN FRANK. They react and lower their guns...

At close range, Ann Frank draws her suppressor-mounted Win Mag -- QUIET POP, POP, POP, POPS. All go down. She throws off the coat, in her camis and web gear.

BACK TO SCENE

CORKY

Fuck me. That bitch is hot.

The three race onto the bridge. Kyle, Jamar and Ann Frank run across toward the town. Corky hangs behind and starts to plant C-4 charges along the bridge.

EXT. WEST ENTRY ROAD - DAY

TWO TEENAGE SPOTTERS spray-paint cartel graffiti on a wall. They turn to a MOTORED RUMBLE...

A cloud of dust rises from a mountain road toward town. Out of the roiling dust, a FAST-ATTACK VEHICLE.

The panicking spotters reach for their cells -- 60-CALIBER BULLETS SLICE-AND-DICE them into flying body parts.

MAIN STREET

Alerted by the GUNFIRE, scores of NARCOS grab their weapons and hardcharge down the street --

Their rear flank is cut down by an ENFILADE from Kyle and Jamar's M240s.

Ann Frank disappears into a high-rise.

The other narcos wheel around and RETURN FIRE...

Behind them, AN ONSLAUGHT OF HEAVY SLUGS DECIMATES their front flank from the oncoming FAV.

TRACKING WITH FAV

Maroosh drives, Villa beside him. Jack mans an elevated sixty at the rear and UNLOADS A BARRAGE in a cruel sweep...

A SLO-MO dance of death in the FUSILLADE -- bodies ripped apart in spewing viscera.

The FAV bounces over corpses, Villa shouting vehemently.

VILLA

Viva Villa!

HIGH ROOFTOP

Ann Frank sets her Win Mag on a tripod at the roof's edge and sights down the main drag. INTERCUT HER SCOPE POV...

Retreating soldiers...the FAV in pursuit...Corky, Kyle and Jamar's CROSSFIRE from store fronts.

On a lower rooftop, FIVE CARTEL SNIPERS swarm across to take up firing positions.

Ann Frank steadies her aim, sucks breath and squeezes -- POP. Aim, breath, FIRE. POP. POP. POP. POP.

Snipers fall one after another, a turkey shoot.

MAIN STREET

The FAV races forward under Jack's RELENTLESS FIRE. Cartel soldiers and spotters tumble like falling dominoes.

Kyle and Jamar patrol the street and quick-check bodies.

Corky joins them and reacts to the corpses: most of them teenagers.

CORKY

Fuck's sake. They're just kids.

HIGH ROOFTOP

Ann Frank's SCOPE POV: dozens of CARTEL MEN race toward the empty used-car lot, now filled with pickups, narco tanks and monster trucks. Into her mike:

ANN FRANK (O.S.)

Enemy movement toward a car lot to the southeast. Heavy armory there.

MAIN STREET

The FAV pulls over at a main intersection. Jack jumps out with Maroosh and Villa. They spot narcos running toward the car lot.

Maroosh hoists a Carl Gustav rocketeer to his shoulders, aims and FIRES...

WHOOSH -- a PICKUP FIREBALLS inside the lot, warning away the cartel men. They retreat back toward the intersection, then see the mercs. They start SHOOTING.

Jack, Maroosh and Villa duck behind the FAV. BULLETS PING.

Kyle, Corky and Jamar rush over and unleash AUTOMATIC HELL --

Men topple under their withering assault. The rest escape down an alleyway.

Jamar and Corky yell victoriously after them.

JAMAR

Fear us, motherfuckers!

CORKY

*We will fuck you up! We will
PUNISH YOU!*

HIGH ROOFTOP

Ann Frank's SCOPE POV: the last cartel survivors flee en masse toward the bridge.

She picks them off with precise POPS. Into her mike:

ANN FRANK

Enemy retreat toward the bridge.

MAIN STREET

Jack peers down the block, can't see the bridge. Into mike:

JACK

Copy that. We're out of range.

(to the others)

I'm calling in the hillbilly. We need to finish this.

CORKY

It's finished already.

He pulls out a remote firing device and aims it toward the unseen bridge. Switches on the detonator...nothing.

CORKY (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

HIGH ROOFTOP

Ann Frank's SCOPE POV: narcos dash onto the bridge. POP, POP, POP, POP. Many topple, sometimes two with the same bullet. But many more are escaping.

A 10-year-old boy picks up a dead man's RPG launcher.

Ann Frank aims on him, then passes him over. Into her mike:

ANN FRANK

They're almost across the bridge.

I can't contain them all.

MAIN STREET

Corky presses the detonator, to no avail. Kyle turns to him.

KYLE

Those buildings are blocking your signal, man. Get in goddamn range.

Corky runs to a new position, pushes the det button. Nada. Then to another position, wild-eyed with frustration.

JACK
 (into face mike)
 Hot Lips -- hit the bridge! Now!

CURSING up a storm, Corky throws the remote to the ground and stomps on it with his boot --

BRIDGE INTO TOWN

KABOOM! The bridge BLOWS, billowing smoke and fire -- its wood structure CRUMBLES under the running narcos. They vanish in a cumulous cloud of dust and debris.

MAIN STREET

The team reacts to the DISTANT DESTRUCTION. Corky's face lights up, somewhere between nirvana and orgasm.

BRIDGE CREEK

An overflow of floating rubble. Surviving narcos splash across its silt-choked waters to escape.

The Black Hawk ROARS OVERHEAD, LAUNCHING HELLFIRE MISSILES --

The creek GEYSERS in an APOCALYPSE-NOW HELL, the survivors BLOWN TO BITS in a spray of water and blood.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AERIAL) - DAY

WAGNER BLARES. Billy Bob cackles and tosses live grenades out the chopper portal. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Dust settles over the town, corpses strewn up and down the main drag. The dead-end traffic sign leans askew, "CALLE SIN SALIDA" eaten away by 60-caliber holes.

INT. HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

Kyle, Corky and Jamar bash open a door into a dingy, concrete home. Their rifles' laser beams sweep the room, red dots dancing over...

A huddled, scared family.

KYLE
 Clear!

The three move down a corridor to the next home, door after door. "Clear!" "Watch your six!" "Clear!"

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack, Maroosh and Ann Frank storm in, their laser beams on...
Rodriguez and his wife, cowering behind the bar.

JACK

Clear!

INT. HOSPITAL SHELTER - DAY

Kyle, Corky and Jamar barge in. They all stop dead before...
Cots of long-injured locals. A dozen adults, eight children,
amputee Maria among them. The three mercs stare around,
sobered by the sight.

KYLE

Clear.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The team reconnects at the intersection. Villa emerges from
cover. Everyone's winded, sweating in the heat.

KYLE

Area secure, sir. The town's ours.

JACK

For the moment.

The mercs gaze around at the deafening quiet of the street.
An easy victory.

CORKY

Zero casualties. I mean, that's
like pussy odds.

JAMAR

No shit, Holmes. Ooh-rah!

The two raise their rifles in the air and bellow "OOH-RAH!"

Maroosh and Ann Frank exchange smirks.

MAROOSH

American jarheads.

Jack gazes down at a dead girl spotter, sprawled in the
gutter: her cell still clutched in her grip. BEEPING.

WHOOOP-WHOOOP-WHOOOP. The Black Hawk lands on the intersection.

Billy Bob jumps out of the cockpit, on a serious nature call. He hurries over into a church courtyard. Unzips his fly and pees at the foot of a Madonna statue.

Villa reacts, outraged.

VILLA

Alto! That's a sacrilege!

BILLY BOB

I'm a Christian, not a Catholic.

USED-CAR LOT - LATER

TWO MONSTER TRUCKS sit intact by a cratered center, shielded by burning narco tanks. The team inspects them.

KYLE

Tin cans. I've seen better in Afghanistan.

Jack scans the town's industrial area down the block.

JACK

We should stash them for back-up, maybe inside that factory.

He nods at a BREWERY, modern and streamlined compared to the dilapidated warehouses around it. Villa shakes his head.

VILLA

No, no, that brewery belongs to Senor Garcia. It's out of bounds.

JACK

Tell that to the enemy.

TOWNSPEOPLE stream excitedly into the car lot, Rodriguez and his wife among them.

Villa greets Rodriguez, a QUICK EXCHANGE IN SPANISH. Villa brings the businessman over to Jack.

VILLA

Comandante. This man is Senor Rodriguez, one of your benefactors. He would like to thank you--

JACK

Not now. Tell these people to get off the streets.

VILLA
Of course, but--

JACK
That means now. I don't wanna see
any civilians around here.

A HIGH-ALTITUDE DRONE WHISTLES OVERHEAD. Everyone freezes.

DRONE'S AERIAL POV: a FAST-PASSING VIEW OVER Jack and his
six mercenaries on the car lot, surrounded by Mexicans.

The mercs look up, as it ZIPS AWAY into the horizon.

CORKY
What the fuck? *Drones?*

KYLE
Golden Hawk spy drones.

JAMAR
Cartel drones?

JACK
Looks like it.

CORKY
How the hell did they get *those?*

ANN FRANK
With enough money anyone can buy
them.

MAROOSH
It's a global market.

JACK
We're overexposed here. Let's head
back to base camp.

JAMAR
Then what, sir?

JACK
We wait for intel.

EXT. SIERRA MADRE BASE CAMP - NIGHT

A tense wait around a campfire in the center of geodesic
tents, everyone on tenterhooks. All eyes on Jack, talking
into a satellite phone.

JACK
 That's all you've got?
 (beat)
 All right. We're standing by.

He clicks off, aggravated. To the others:

JACK (CONT'D)
 No enemy movement. He'll get back.

KYLE
 He'll get back. That's the intel?
 So much for "Extreme Solutions".

CORKY
 Maybe he can't get intel. Maybe
 this Mr. King is out of his league.

JACK
 We got no choice about it. We'll
 just have to sit tight.

He stares at the campfire, stewing in agitation.

Corky beats a fandango on his gun barrel, a bundle of nerves.
 Billy Bob paces with an MK-11 in hand. Jamar sits fidgeting
 with a carbine.

Kyle and Ann Frank calmly clean their sniper rifles, the only
 ones not on edge.

Maroosh guzzles vodka from a canteen and chews on a wad of
 black gunk. Corky glances over.

CORKY
 What's that shit?

MAROOSH
 Buffalo grass. Soaked in buffalo
 piss. Good for the nerves.

He grins with blackened teeth.

MAROOSH (CONT'D)
 I feel good. When I was with GROM,
 my C.O. told me what to do and I
 knew what to do. In V.A. hospital,
 I was alone, I was confused. Now I
 feel right again. War is good.

CORKY
 War rocks. It's better than sex.
 Just the fear of death turns me on.

MAROOSH

Fear is good, too. Best medicine
in the world.

Villa shakes his head at them.

VILLA

You don't know fear. You don't
have death in your own homes. Your
your wives, your children. Our
families die every day.

JACK

None of us got no family. Mission
requirement.

ANN FRANK

I've had death in my home. My
parents were killed by Palestinians
who had no pity for civilians.
Like those narcos out there.
(eying them all)
We shouldn't be like them.

Billy Bob paces by Jack, getting impatient.

BILLY BOB

When are we gonna hear something?

JACK

Ask your preacher, not me.

BILLY BOB

Those spics wouldn't come at night,
would they?

VILLA

The "spics", senor, they will come.

CORKY

Jihads attack day or night.

BILLY BOB

Foreigners are different. *Injuns*
never attacked at night...

(to Kyle)

Ain't that right, Apache man?

KYLE

Sioux, not Apache.

BILLY BOB

What difference does it make?

JAMAR

You're too dumb to know the difference. Too much inbreeding with your cousins.

BILLY BOB

What's wrong with that?

The others laugh. Billy doesn't get the joke, eying Jamar.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

What're you here for? The money?

JAMAR

Money talks. Justice talks, too.

BILLY BOB

What the hell's that mean?

JAMAR

Ask Senor Villa. His people were here long before you white crackers showed up. So were the Indians.

He looks over at Kyle for support.

JAMAR (CONT'D)

Ain't that right, Kyle?

Kyle shrugs diffidently, oiling down his fifty.

JAMAR (CONT'D)

You're a Native American.

KYLE

I'm just an apple. Red on the outside, white on the inside. The Indian Affairs guys beat white culture into me. I didn't even know what a Sioux was 'til I left the rez and enlisted.

JAMAR

Yeah, well. You know what I mean.

JACK

It's not about race, Sergeant. We all got a job to do.

JAMAR

We can't be just mercs for hire. Thousands of Mexicans are dying for no good reason. For what, drugs?

He nods to Villa.

JAMAR (CONT'D)

Justice, man. Smite the Devil.
That's reason enough for me.

Villa regards him with some surprise. Jack smirks.

JACK

Big talk for an ex-gangsta.

JAMAR

Hey, I'm military. I wanted to change the hood. Get all my homies to join up, 'til my best bro was killed by MS-13 -- for no fucking reason at all. If I hadn't found Jesus, I'd be dead by now.

CORKY

So you're here for revenge.

JAMAR

I'm here for *God*.

JACK

Fuck God. If I thought God was real, I'd waste His ass for killing my wife and kid.

JAMAR

That's wrong thinking, sir. That's not the Christian way.

BILLY BOB

Hell, you ain't white enough to be a Christian.

Jamar jumps up, clutching his carbine toward Billy Bob.

JAMAR

You stupid fuck! Didn't Mr. King teach you anything? God loves *all* of us -- even a pathetic piece of shit like you.

Billy Bob rises, his MK-11 gripped in defense.

BILLY BOB

You wanna die for Jesus, boy?

JAMAR

Shut your goddamn hole!

BILLY BOB
 (taunting him)
 C'mon, niggra -- bring it on!

Their weapons poised toward each other...

Jack's SAT PHONE RINGS. They freeze. Jack switches it on and listens in.

JACK
 Yeah? How many?

A beat. Hiding his reaction, he clicks off the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Non-friendlies coming. Arm up!

Everyone reacts fast, a rehearsed riot of belts, straps, buckles and Velcro.

CORKY
 How many did he say?

JACK
 Enough for a party.

KYLE
 ETA?

JACK
 Now.

EXT. EAST ROAD TO TOWN - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS BLAZE in the darkness -- Hummers, SUVs, monster trucks, retooled tanks with firing ports and turrets.

Cattle trucks follow, loaded with HUNDREDS OF SKI-MASKED, BODY-ARMORED GUNMEN.

EXT. BRIDGE ROAD TO TOWN - NIGHT

THROUGH SPOTTER SCOPE

DISTANT HEADLIGHTS converge on the faintly lit town from the east road. Dozens of them.

Jack focuses his scope from inside an ambush-protected MRAP, an M-60 at the wheel, parked on a vantage point off the bridge-creek road. He's flanked by...

Kyle at the wheel of an RG-33 attack vehicle, Jamar behind a sixty turret on its roof...

Maroosh in the FAV, Ann Frank beside him with a grenade launcher...

Corky in a DPV patrol vehicle with an anti-tank LAW rocketeer. They all scope out the invading horde in the distance.

KYLE

Aw hell. *That's* the intel?

JACK

No point crying about it now.

Villa stands on the road in his police uniform, sighting the faraway lights through binoculars.

VILLA

You can't fight this many.

JACK

It's not your fight anymore, Villa.
Go home to your family.

VILLA

I have no family either. I will
fight, too.

He pats his holstered Colt and bandolier, then walks off toward town. They watch his figure dwindle into the night.

JACK

Corky. Time to meet and greet.

Corky slaps night-vision goggles over his eyes, amped up.

CORKY

Awright! Be all you can be!

His DPV vaults forward, across the creek. The others wait.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The DPV charges down the main drag, spraying oil slick from side tanks. Corky tosses smoke grenades right and left like he's delivering newspapers.

Smoke clouds up the whole street.

Corky speeds toward the main intersection and spins the wheel in a Batman turn, joyriding.

CORKY

Yahoo!

He steers too wide. Loses control, his vehicle careening on loose gravel --

The DPV FLIPS OVER UPSIDE-DOWN -- throwing him clear. Corky staggers to his feet in a panic.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!

He drags the LAW rocket launcher from the inverted wreck, yelling into his face mike.

CORKY (CONT'D)

DPV disabled! I'm stuck in the main intersection!

EXT. BRIDGE ROAD TO TOWN - NIGHT

Team engines REV UP in a THROATY PURR, Jack into his mike:

JACK

Hold your position.

Everyone lowers their night goggles. They GUN FORWARD in tandem formation. Across the creek, into harm's way.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Corky sets directional fragmentation mines around the upended DPV, pointed east down the street. He's deer-caught in a BLAZE OF MULTIPLE HEADLIGHTS...

The cartel caravan RUMBLES IN from the east, moving fast.

From the west, THREE PAIRS OF HEADLIGHTS race in, Jack's armor-plated MRAP in the lead.

JACK'S POV THROUGH GOGGLES

Night to day in a green hue, RACING FORWARD, enemy headlights burning our retinas.

In the intersection, Corky's backlit figure leaps into a side alleyway for cover, as a narco tank FIRES its cannon --

His DPV EXPLODES. The shock wave sets off the fragmentation mines --

MULTIPLE C-4 BLASTS, THOUSANDS OF STEEL BALLS FLY EASTWARD --

Enemy windshields SPLINTER into uncut diamonds and PULVERIZE.

Hummers and SUVs fishtail over oil slicks, sliding out of control, slamming into each other. A traffic pileup around the intersection.

TRACKING WITH MERC VEHICLES

They charge down the center of the street, clear of the oil slicks, BLASTING at the traffic jam.

A monster truck RETURNS FIRE with a Gatling gun.

HIGH-CALIBER BULLETS KA-THUNK off Jack's MRAP armor. He and the other vehicles careen out of range.

INTERSECTION

From the alleyway, Corky FIRES a LAW ROCKET --

The monster truck DETONATES in a shower of fiery confetti.

INT. TOWN HOMES - NIGHT

Mexican families huddle together in their boarded-up holes, listening to the CLOSE SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Fire, smoke, chaos. The mercs brake their vehicles behind the MRAP and UNLOAD everything they've got.

Jack and Jamar's SIXTIES FIRE, spitting brass. They blow through their mags, eject one and slap in another.

Ann Frank's grenade launcher jams. She shoulders her WinMag and runs for the nearest building.

Maroosh FIRES a MISSILE from his Carl Gustav --

An EXPLOSION in the intersection. Cartel gunmen leap out of vehicles and retreat from the CUMULOUS FIRE CLOUD.

A sudden quiet over the smoky street.

The mercs wait. No enemy movement. Corky and Jamar shoot their fists in the air.

CORKY/JAMAR

Ooh-rah!

DISTANT HELO ROTORS stop them cold. Everyone looks skyward.

CORKY

Oh...shit.

A FLEET OF MH-6 LITTLE BIRDS approach from the south. Fast scout-and-attack choppers with roving search lights.

ROOFTOP

Ann Frank props her sniper rifle on a roofside parapet, reacting to the CHOP-CHOP behind her. She scoots low behind the parapet -- a sweeping beam just misses her.

MAIN STREET

The mercs scatter off the street.

Little Birds swoop down, their beams scanning the ditched assault vehicles.

CHOPPER FIRE STRAFES the road. HEAVY-CALIBER BULLETS TEAR INTO the MRAP, RP and FAV -- THREE TANDEM EXPLOSIONS.

Jack and company quarterback down Corky's alleyway into...

NEXT STREET

A dark shopping street lined with pockmarked store fronts. They take cover in a store recess. Kyle gives Jack a look.

KYLE

Attack choppers? Seriously?

CORKY

King's intel didn't say anything about that. We're fucked.

MAROOSH

And we're grounded.

Jamar murmurs a prayer and crosses himself.

JACK

Not yet. Let's get to those trucks in the brewery.

(into radio mike)

Abandon post, Medusa -- get your ass back here now!

ROOFTOP

Ann Frank trains her sniper scope on their darkened street.

ANN FRANK

Negative. You've got movement at
ten o'clock.

STORE RECESS

Jack finger-signs, "eyes at ten o'clock". The men retract deeper into the shadows and peer down the block:

Total darkness. Then, a CARTEL SCOUT creeps into view -- Ann Frank's SNIPER BULLET drops him.

More FIGURES skitter forward, their MUZZLE FLASHES aimed at the rooftop.

ROOFTOP

BULLETS PEPPER the parapet, forcing Ann Frank back.

Little Bird choppers circle overhead -- their beams flood over her.

She linebacks to a fire escape -- AIRFIRE PUMMELS her wake.

She fast-hooks a rope to the fire escape and starts to rappel over the edge --

The whole rooftop ERUPTS from an ONSLAUGHT OF MISSILES.

The CONCUSSION rocks her off balance into a plummeting free fall -- her figure vanishes in a billow of smoke and dust.

NEXT STREET

The mercs leapfrog across in an Australian Peel of cover and SUPPRESSIVE FIRE.

MULTIPLE MUZZLE FLASHES from the dark CHEW UP their path.

SCORES of masked, body-armored CARTEL SOLDIERS emerge from the darkness, FIRING AK-47's.

The mercs dive behind the burnt carcass of a school bus.

A balls-to-the-wall FIREFIGHT, the trapped five under siege. BULLETS DISMANTLE the bus wreck shielding them.

They flee toward the nearest building.

INT. HOSPITAL SHELTER - NIGHT

RAPID-FIRE POPS REVERBERATE outside the infirmary.

Patients cower on their cots. A frightened little Maria listens to the SOUNDS OF HELL, DRAWING CLOSER...

The entrance door bursts open -- the five mercs plow inside. Patients SCREAM. Jack's team stops and reacts to them.

KYLE

Shit. Wrong place.

JACK

Find another way out.

HEAVY FIRE BLASTS the boarded windows from outside -- a STORM OF LEAD DECIMATES wood planks, exposing the infirmary inside.

Chips and dust settle over patients. Jack's men crouch low. Adult wounded by the windows scramble out of their cots...

JACK (CONT'D)

GET DOWN!

WINDOW FIRE BLOWS the patients apart. Dead bodies crumble.

Corky spots a rear exitway and points at it.

CORKY

There, sir!

ANOTHER BARRAGE SWEEPS the windows and STRAFES the infirmary, hitting more patients, missing the children.

The FIRING stops. A momentary lull.

JACK

Let's evac!

KYLE

We can't leave these people here.

JAMAR

Yeah sir, they'll die here.

CORKY

Fuck that -- let's get outta here or we'll all die.

Jack quickly scans the infirmary patients: eight children, a half-dozen surviving adults.

JACK
There's too many of 'em.

KYLE
We can carry some of them out.

CORKY
No way! We gotta move now!

MAROOSH
We're not here on a rescue mission--

JAMAR
Those are *kids*, for God's sake!

CORKY
We don't have time!

Kyle hard-eyes Jack, adamant.

KYLE
I ain't leaving 'em here, sir.

JAMAR
Copy that.

Jack head-counts the patients, torn over what to do.

WHOOOP-WHOOPS from outside. Chopper lights draw closer, flickering over the open windows.

JACK
Take the kids -- do it quick!

CORKY
But Lieutenant--

JACK
Do it!

He sweeps up little Maria and another amputee child under his arms like a pair of footballs.

Kyle and Jamar snatch up two kids apiece and sling them over their shoulders. Corky and Maroosh grab the last two.

SEARCH BEAMS from outside FLOOD OVER the infirmary.

Adult patients cry out to the mercs, BEGGING IN SPANISH.

Jack's crew ignores them, overloaded with wailing kids, and scurries out the exit as --

WINDOWS EXPLODE from CHOPPER FIRE -- the wall BLOWS INWARD, burying the remaining patients under rubble.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW OVER cinderblock houses: five figures run like hell down crooked alleyways, eight child figures slung over their backs...

A HUNDRED GUNFLASHES in pursuit, sporadically lit by Little Bird copters sweeping the area.

JACK'S NIGHT-GOGGLE POV - ALLEYWAY

RACING DOWN a narrow, green-tinted corridor...

RAT-TAT-TATS from behind. Masonry chips splatter over us.

WE SPIN AROUND, RETURN FIRE with four others...TURN BACK... BASH THROUGH a door into...

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

An NVG VIEW of five infrared beams scan a living room, gun lasers on a MEXICAN FAMILY cowering behind furniture.

WE BYPASS them and PLOW THROUGH a rear door, OUTSIDE TO...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

ACROSS an NGV-TINTED field of tombstones. POPS behind us. OUR VIEW DARTS BACK TOWARD the cinderblock house...

CARTEL GUNFLASHES inside -- the SHRIEKS of a dying family.

WE TURN BACK, TOWARD the backyard of a church.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Spanish grandeur. A high pulpit and countless lit candles. A few TOWN FAMILIES pray before a PRIEST at the altar.

Villa and Rodriguez hurry in and JABBER at them IN SPANISH. They corral the priest and families toward a side exit.

The mercenaries swarm in from the rear, wrapped in infirmarium children. Their weapons sweep the church.

The families cringe back. Villa and Rodriguez turn.

VILLA
Not in the church! This is our
sanctuary!

JACK
We got kids here.

RODRIGUEZ
Maria!

He takes her from Jack, hugging her with relief. Kyle and others unload the children before an astonished Villa.

VILLA
From our hospital?

JACK
You ain't got a hospital. G'won,
get them outta here.

The priest and the families bundle the kids into their arms. They and Rodriguez rush out the side exit. Jack faces Villa.

JACK (CONT'D)
We gotta get to that beer factory.

VILLA
I know the way.

Corky passes a skeletal plaster saint at the altar, eying it.

CORKY
What the hell's *that*?

VILLA
Santa Muerta, the patron saint of
the cartels. My people made it to
appease them.

The team puzzles at it.

JACK
They're praying to the goddamn
enemy?

CORKY
That's sick. These Mexicans don't
give a flying fuck about us--

AUTOMATIC FIRE ERUPTS from the entry -- CARTEL KILLERS power inside with BLAZING machine pistols.

Kyle DISPATCHES the intruders with his fifty.

A DOZEN MORE NARCOS pile en masse into the church.

The mercs dive behind pews and fast-crawl under FIRE, BULLETS SPLINTERING UP pew seats in tandem behind them.

A THUNDEROUS, CLOSE-QUARTERS VOLLEY. Stained glass SHATTERS, church candles VAPORIZE, holy relics BLOWN TO BITS.

Villa retreats behind the pulpit and FIRES his holster Colt like an avenging preacher.

SHOTGUN BLASTS from outside end the skirmish -- narcos topple in the entryway, a pileup of corpses.

Smoke and dust settles. The mercs emerge, reacting to...

Ann Frank, staggering in with a Remington M-870 shotgun in hand, bruised and bloodied.

KYLE

Where did you get that toy?

ANN FRANK

From the narco soldiers...

(to Jack)

Trained professionals, Lieutenant.
We're outnumbered by the hundreds.
We need to retreat.

JACK

No shit. This mission is over.

FIGURES approach from the shadowy entryway.

Jack turns to fire, then stops himself. Corky doesn't -- he BLASTS the hallway in a methadrine frenzy.

A REFUGEE FAMILY topples in his fire. Husband, wife, three children. Villa rushes over to them. Corky pales.

CORKY

Aw fuck! Aw no...

Villa kneels over the dead family.

VILLA

Ay dios! You're killing my people!

CORKY

Shit man, I didn't see them--

Ann Frank CRACKS the butt of her Remington across his skull. Corky topples hard off his feet.

JACK

Shiron!

Ann Frank turns with incendiary eyes, her shotgun trained on a dazed Corky.

ANN FRANK

We don't shoot CIVILIANS! In my country he'd be executed!

KYLE

Take it easy, soldier, we're all on the same team here.

ANN FRANK

What team?! We're not soldiers -- we're *murderers!*

MAROOSH

Moja kalega--

ANN FRANK

NO!

(points at dead family)
This is not acceptable!

JAMAR

Yeah man, it's an act against God--

JACK

Bullshit! There's no God in this place!

KYLE

Hey, let's just cool it, okay?

Jack lifts his buddy to his feet, Corky's tormented eyes fixed on Ann Frank.

CORKY

Go ahead, bitch! Shoot me!

MAROOSH

Mój boze! Have we all gone mad?--

A SNIPER BULLET PIERCES Corky's throat -- blood splatters Jack's face. Corky topples.

SNIPER'S POV - MERCENARIES

All five turn in unison to our POV behind the entranceway -- and BLAST US TO HELL.

The smoke settles, everyone collecting their wits. Jack kneels beside Corky.

JACK
Goddammit, Corky...

CORKY
I didn't mean to kill 'em...

JACK
Someone get a fucking medic!

KYLE
We ain't got no medic.

Corky convulses from shock. Jack cradles him, trying to staunch his spurting neck wound with his hand.

JACK
Suck it up, Corky. We'll get you outta here.

CORKY
It's okay, sir...I'm good now...
(grins weakly)
No more post-stress...I'm cured...

The light fades from his eyes. He's gone.

Jack rises, torn between agony and fury. Anger wins out.

JACK
Fuck it. Let's finish it.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW: a dark cluster of warehouses and factories. The only bright spot is the security-lit, fenced BREWERY on the south side. WE PAN AWAY TO...

The center of town, alive with roving headlights and angry ants scouring the streets. Little Birds flutter overhead, search beams sweeping.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROAD - NIGHT

Jack's team skirts a dirt road between windowless warehouses, followed by a winded Villa. They dart from cover to cover, blending with shadows.

In the distance, the lighted fence of the brewery.

They stop. Jack speed-dials his sat phone, urgently into it:

JACK
Hot Lips, come in. Do you read me?

STATIC on the line. A FAINT BABBLE OF SPANISH VOICES.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Billy Bob, respond!
We need extraction!

The old cop catches up to them.

JACK (CONT'D)
Villa, what are they saying?

Villa listens to the SPANISH on the sat phone.

VILLA
I don't know. Some kind of code.

KYLE
They're jamming our signal.

JAMAR
Let's get out of range.

MAROOSH
That's not the problem. If they
can block our signal...

ANN FRANK
They can find us.

Jack switches off the phone.

JACK
Let's go.

EXT. BREWERY GATE - NIGHT

A chain-link fence surrounds bright-lit grounds, another hundred yards to the brewery.

The five hardcharge toward it, boots slapping gravel. They reach the open gate, into the glare of security lights.

An exhausted Villa trails far behind.

JACK
Villa! Move it!

Villa collapses on his knees, wheezing for breath.

Kyle dashes back to him and squats down to pull him up.

KYLE

C'mon, amigo, don't slow us down.

Sensing vibrations underfoot, Kyle kneels down lower with his ear to the ground.

Jamar shouts from the brewery gate.

JAMAR

C'mon! Haul ass!

A RUMBLE OF HOOVES. Kyle jumps up and bellows across --

KYLE

INCOMING!

HORSEMEN ON MUSTANGS gallop around a corner -- a full-on cavalry charge of narcos.

Exposed at the gate, Jack and the three bolt back toward the dark warehouses.

Horsemen FIRE from their saddles, RAINING DOWN HELL.

BULLETS kick dirt at the mercs' heels. They dart fast into the protection of the shadows.

Kyle runs in the lead, Villa riding piggyback behind him.

VILLA

There! Go there!

He points ahead. Kyle turns into a warren of warehouses, the others close behind them.

A horseman FIRES an RPG --

It streaks low over their heads -- EXPLODES against a wall. Billowing smoke camouflages their escape.

AERIAL VIEW

A mobilized wave of trucks, tanks and Little Birds flows away from town toward the industrial area.

EXT. WAREHOUSES - NIGHT

Kyle turns into a deserted cul de sac and skids to a halt.

KYLE
That's no good.

VILLA
No, that *is* good. Put me down.

Kyle lowers him off his back. The team clusters behind them. Villa kicks open a door.

VILLA (CONT'D)
This way! *Andalé!*

They pile in after him, Jamar the last one outside...

TWO VAQUEROS on Mustangs gallop into the cul de sac. Jamar turns to fire --

A LASSO WHIPS AROUND his chest -- yanks him off his feet.

The mercs hurry back out and OPEN FIRE, too late...

The vaqueros gallop away, dragging Jamar across the ground, out of the cul de sac.

Maroosh and Ann Frank run in hot pursuit, turning a corner...

The lead horseman rides out of sight, dragging Jamar away. The second one turns and FIRES REPEATEDLY --

Maroosh takes a FULL ROUND in his face and chest -- he spins around and slams against a wall in a crimson splatter.

Ann Frank SHOOTS the narco's horse from under him. He flies off, smacks into a wall and tumbles to the ground.

ANN FRANK
Mariusz!

She leans over Maroosh: a dead mess of bloody pulp.

Jack and the others rush around the corner to see...

Ann Frank hovering over the dazed, bloodied NARCO KILLER, a surly youth with no fear in his eyes. She aims the business end of her WinMag between his eyes...

JACK
Don't shoot him. Bring him inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Strewn with oil drums. Villa leads the way to a far door.

The team follows, Ann Frank dragging the zip-cuffed Narco Killer by a bungee cord around his neck.

EXT. REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

They cross outside toward a ramshackle, wooden storage depot. SOUNDS OF APPROACHING CHOPPERS IN B.G.

INT. STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

An abandoned shit hole. They follow Villa into an open trap door in the floor, down a rickety step ladder into...

INT. DEPOT CELLAR - NIGHT

A naked, low-watt lightbulb illuminates a room full of sealed petrol drums. Jack kicks one. The THUNK of a full barrel.

JACK

Gas everywhere, but no transports
in sight.

VILLA

We'll be safe here.

Ann Frank throws the bound vaquero onto a storage chest.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Cartel vehicles roam the area, spotlighted by chopper beams from above. A widespread manhunt.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A chain hangs from a ceiling beam. It hoists upward -- Jamar dangles from the end of it, hog-tied and naked.

HIS POV: an UPSIDE-DOWN VIEW of scruffy faces. In b.g., the rusty oil drums. The same warehouse from before.

A CARTEL THUG lights up a cigarette with a blow torch.

CARTEL THUG

Quién eres?

JAMAR

Sergeant Jamar Jackson. Serial
number seven, two, four--

CARTEL THUG

Silencio!

Another THUG swings a crowbar against his back -- SNAPS his spine. Jamar SCREAMS in pain.

INT. DEPOT CELLAR - NIGHT

The four turn to the DISTANT SCREAMS, virtually next door.

KYLE

It's Jamar.

JACK

Aw, shit. It is.

KYLE

Let's go get him.

JACK

Negative. We go out there right now, we're dead meat.

Villa QUESTIONS their prisoner in RAPID-FIRE SPANISH, waving his Colt. The youth spits back with macho indolence.

NARCO KILLER

Chingue su madre.

Villa pistol-whips his face, blood and saliva spewing. The young Narco grins bloodily back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jamar hangs weakly, sweat and blood streaming down his torso.

CARTEL THUG

Quién te ha enviado, negro?

JAMAR

Sergeant Jamar Juice Jackson,
serial number--

The Thug runs the blow torch down Jamar's thigh, sizzling his body hairs to a crisp.

INT. DEPOT CELLAR - NIGHT

MORE MUTED SCREAMS. Jack flinches, his face stormy. Kyle paces in utter frustration.

KYLE

We can't just let him die!

ANN FRANK

We have no choice. They're trying to lure us out.

JACK

Maybe we can lure *them* out. With a prisoner trade.

He steps over and jams his SIG against the youth's forehead.

JACK (CONT'D)

Get up!

NARCO KILLER

Fuck your *momma*, *gringo*.

Jack cocks the pistol hammer and presses the muzzle tight.

JACK

GET UP!

The prisoner just grins back.

NARCO KILLER

I am not afraid to die. Me and my *cholos*, we get power by killing. We die young, that is good. The only way out. Die and be famous. Kill us all you want, *pendejo*. There will always be more of us.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Cartel Thugs douse Jamar with gasoline from petrol cans. Choking and gagging, he cries upside-down to the heavens...

JAMAR

Sweet Jesus, forgive them!...

His torturer lowers the blow torch to his gas-drenched head. Jamar LIGHTS UP -- a human torch. SCREAMS OF AGONY.

INT. DEPOT CELLAR - NIGHT

Jack tenses to the DEATH THROES next door. He lowers his pistol, powerless, stripped of anger. Mutters to himself...

JACK
I should've died in action years ago...

Kyle draws close to his face.

KYLE
Are we gonna just sit here -- or we gonna DO something?!

JACK
It's too late. He's dead.

Incensed, Kyle totally loses it. He steps over with his fifty -- BLOWS A GIANT HOLE in the Narco's head. Blood and viscera splatter.

JACK (CONT'D)
Jeesuz! What good's that gonna do?!

KYLE
I dunno. But it feels good.

Ann Frank raises her WinMag -- BLASTS ANOTHER HOLE into the Narco's ruptured skull. Brain matter flies.

ANN FRANK
An eye for an eye.

She looks over at a stunned Villa. He considers that -- then FIRES his Colt into what's left of the dead man's head.

JACK
Y'all feel better now?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A hanging bonfire of Jamar's corpse. The Cartel Thug swings a machete -- separates his burning head from his torso.

INT. DEPOT - NIGHT

The three mercs stand over the Narco Killer's remains, all their energy dissipated.

Villa turns to the step ladder.

VILLA
Get to Garcia's brewery. I'll find you a way out.

JACK
You can't go out there, Villa,
they'll smoke your ass.

VILLA
They're not looking for me. I'm
just a civilian.

He climbs up the ladder and disappears. Kyle looks to Jack.

KYLE
What's the objective now?

JACK
We get those monster trucks and
abort the mission.

KYLE
How? We're surrounded.

ANN FRANK
We need a distraction.

Jack and Kyle turn, then follow her look: the oil drums.

EXT. STORAGE DEPOT - NIGHT

The wooden depot BLOWS SKYWARD -- A SMALL MUSHROOM CLOUD.

Narco tanks, trucks, SUVs, running soldiers and airborne
choppers rush to the scene like moths to a flame.

EXT. BREWERY - NIGHT

Three pairs of army boots pound over the bright-lit grounds.

INT. BREW HOUSE - NIGHT

A sleek, lit facility with rows of giant, cylindrical copper
tanks. Assembly lines of beer bottles on conveyor belts.

The three rush through, checking for non-friendlies.

JACK
Clear!

INSIDE LOADING DOCK

The TWO MONSTER TRUCKS sit in a windowless dock, facing a
closed freight door.

The three sweep the area with their laser scopes.

KYLE

Clear!

Ann Frank steps over to one of the 10-wheelers. She pats a steel-plated battering ram on its front.

ANN FRANK

We could run through a gauntlet with these.

JACK

Against that arsenal out there?
That's like taking a pocket knife into the O.K. Corral.

KYLE

We need to leave *quietly*.

He and Ann Frank jump into the front cabs of each truck and power on the ignitions. LOW RUMBLES.

Jack hits a wall switch by the freight door.

The freight door slowly rises open to...

The WHITE GLARE OF OUTSIDE TRUCK LIGHTS, facing the dock.

NARCO GUNMEN OPEN FIRE -- A THUNDEROUS FUSILLADE.

Jack runs for cover. Kyle and Ann Frank leap out of the trucks. ROUNDS HIT metal like a CADENCE OF DRUMS.

The three retreat into the brewery under HEAVY FIRE -- the full wrath of the entire cartel army.

BREW HOUSE

They sprint deep inside, cover to cover. BULLETS FLECK all around them. Assembly-line beer bottles SHATTER.

EXT. BREWERY LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A LITTLE BIRD CHOPPER descends and aims its rocket launchers into the factory...

INT. BREW HOUSE - NIGHT

HELLFIRE MISSILES WHOOSH THROUGH -- the copper tanks EXPLODE, gushing waves of FERMENTED BEER.

A tsunami floods over the three mercs, sweeping them off their feet. Its foamy torrent carries them fast through the factory in brownwater rapids...

Through a blown-out cavity in the farthest wall.

The brewery GOES UP IN A BILLOW OF EXPLODING ROCKETS, copper tanks consumed in flames. The ceiling CRASHES DOWN.

EXT. BREWERY CREEK - NIGHT

Dark woods, lit by the blazing factory. A river of beer cascades downhill into the creek...

The three swept into its shallows. They stagger to their feet like drowned rats.

VILLA
Guerreros! Come quickly!

He hurries over from a beat-up old pickup across the creek and shepherds them toward it.

VILLA (CONT'D)
Vayate! Vayate!

EXT. VILLA'S PICKUP (MOVING) - SUNRISE

A faint glimmer of dawn on the mountain horizon. The pickup trundles quietly along the creek, its headlights off.

Villa drives up front. Jack and Ann Frank sprawl in the rear bed, soaked in beer, too exhausted to move.

Kyle sits restlessly beside them and scans the dark woods. He glances up:

A HAWK soars high overhead, circling them. Nature's warning.

Kyle eyes his machine gun. Deciding against it, he extracts Jack's pistol from his holster. Jack jerks up.

JACK
What...

Kyle signals quiet, his eyes fixed forward...

A horse patrol of THREE NARCOS on Mustangs crosses the creek directly in front of them. Villa brakes hard.

The vaqueros rein in, startled by the pick-up.

Kyle FIRES THREE PISTOL SHOTS --

The horsemen tumble off their steeds into the creek -- triple splashes.

Jack and Ann Frank bolt up with their weapons. Kyle leans into the cab.

KYLE
Keep moving.

Villa drives on, past the dead narcos in the twilight.

The three riderless Mustangs follow behind the pickup.

Jack turns to Villa up front.

JACK
Get us to the base camp.

VILLA
We cannot go there, *el comandante*.

JACK
Why not?

VILLA
I have been there.

EXT. BASE CAMP

Dead Extreme Solutions guards lie sprawled over the grounds.

NARCOS with Mac-10's roam between dome tents. One of them REPORTS IN SPANISH on a sat cell.

OUTSIDE CAMP

Far beyond the camp perimeter's concertina wire...

A brush-camouflaged MH-60 Black Hawk, hidden in the woods.

EXT. TOWN FOOTHILLS - DAWN

In dawn's early light, the pickup crawls up a rutted fire road overlooking the town's border creek.

Deep into the Sierra Madres, out of harm's way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY, MEXICO CITY - EARLY MORNING

A low sunrise over well-manicured embassy grounds.

INT. EMBASSY OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

An American embassy seal on a wall. A natty, conservatively attired EXEC ASSISTANT reacts on the phone.

EXEC ASSISTANT

That's insane. We would never authorize private contractors to do anything without your knowledge.

(beat)

Well, that's the first time I've heard of it. Assure el Presidente there are no unlawful combatants operating on Mexican soil.

(beat)

That's impossible. Don't shout at me, Senor. Just relax, okay? We'll handle this.

INT. LUCIFER'S EXTREME SOLUTIONS OFFICE - MORNING

A strategic map of the Americas, dotted with flag pins from Mexico to South America.

Lucifer gazes at it, swiveling tensely in a wing-back chair. Into a Bluetooth headset:

LUCIFER

That's bullshit. I wouldn't know anything about that, sir.

(beat)

No way, General. Fuck what DEA says -- I don't sanction ops like that. Don't try to pin this on me. I'm strictly legit, and you know it.

A longer beat, Lucifer listening hard. Resignation sets in, his voice more subdued...

LUCIFER (CONT'D)

Deniable plausibility? I'll have to think about that.

(beat)

I understand, sir. I'll get back to you.

He switches off in futility, his plans ruined. He stares at the flag-pinned map, his only option.

EXT. PUEBLO INFIERNO - MAIN STREET - DAY

Wind spins eddies of dust. A gust batters the bullet-holed dead-end traffic sign, "CALLE SIN SALIDA". It finally topples over.

Strewn along the street, cadavers in rigor mortis stretch into the distance.

Burnt, ruptured vehicles smolder, the ground littered with spent shells. A field of brass glistens in the sun.

TOWN SQUARE

An adobe archway, pockmarked with shrapnel chips. THREE CORPSES hang from its arch, twisting in the breeze...

Corky. Maroosh. Jamar's headless body, burnt to a cinder. A warning to all. Below their dangling feet...

Clusters of wildflowers, melted candles and Day of the Dead icons carefully laid out. Gifts from the locals.

But no townspeople in sight. Only machine gun-toting NARCO SOLDIERS on patrol.

CARTEL SPOTTERS on every corner. New young faces, their cell phones in hand, vigilant.

USED-CAR LOT

Tanks, trucks and choppers, parked haphazardly around war wreckage. Gunmen loiter around, drinking and listening to NARCOCORRIDO BALLADS on boom boxes. Waiting.

Dust clouds approach from the east end into town.

A NARCO COMMANDER emerges from a shot-up hotel to greet new reinforcements...

MEXICAN ARMY TRUCKS loaded with uniformed troops. GOVERNMENT FEDERALES.

EXT. FOOTHILL CAMPSITE - DAY

Jack sleeps fitfully before a dead firepit in a clearing. SOUNDS OF CHANTING NEARBY.

A boot nudges him awake. Harsh sunlight slaps him in the face. He jumps up defensively to...

Ann Frank, hovering over him.

ANN FRANK

We might have a morale problem.

Jack squints across the clearing at...

Kyle GHOST-DANCING, CHANTING to a rhythmic beat in his head.

Villa sits on his pickup bed and nods to his CHANT, enjoying his little ritual.

JACK

Kyle? Kyle!

The Sioux keeps CHANTING, the same WARRIOR HYMN from South Dakota, zoned out.

JACK (CONT'D)

SOLDIER!

Kyle stops dancing and looks over.

KYLE

What, sir?

JACK

Whaddya mean, what? What the fuck are you doing?

KYLE

Making myself bulletproof.

Jack shakes his head, noticing the three saddled Mustangs grazing nearby, tied to a tree.

JACK

We gotta get outta this shit hole.

He digs out the sat phone and punches a speed dial.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLACK HAWK COCKPIT - DAY

The brush-camouflaged chopper, parked deep amidst forest. Billy Bob dozes in the cockpit, bobbing to GRATEFUL DEAD on his Itunes headset.

The sat cell vibrates in his vest pocket, jerking him awake. He answers it.

BILLY BOB

Yo! Where y'all been?!

JACK

Where the hell have you been? We been trying to reach you all night.

BILLY BOB

Hiding out, sir. The beaners took over the base camp.

JACK

We need to evac. Get Hot Lips over here, pronto. LZ, the creek road where the bridge used to be.

BILLY BOB

Roger that. Creek road, ex-bridge--

JACK

Just move it!

He clicks off.

Billy Bob ignitions up, rotors winding. He watches nervously outside for enemy movement as the rotors SPIN LOUDLY, their WHOOP-WHOOPS blowing off brush. Almost to liftoff.

EXT. FOOTHILL CAMPSITE - DAY

Jack and Ann Frank scramble for weapons and gear. Villa jumps into the pickup.

Kyle carefully studies the ground like a soothsayer.

JACK

Kyle! We're moving out.

Kyle nods, not quite responding.

Jack speed-punches another number on his sat phone. Waits for an answer. Nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

Pick up, you sonuvabitch...

KYLE

He won't answer you. Mr. King's gonna fuck us over.

JACK
What makes you say that?

KYLE
It's here in the earth. I can read
the signs.

Jack trades looks with Ann Frank. He steps over to Kyle.

JACK
You're not gonna go all batshit on
me now, are you? I need you.

KYLE
My head's never been clearer, sir.
I'm with you all the way.

JACK
All the way...where? We lost the
mission. It's over.
(bitterly)
My fault. I fucked it all up. I'm
not fit to command...
(to himself)
Should've offed myself back home
when I had the chance.

KYLE
Don't give up just yet, Lientenant.

JACK
Give up what? There's only three
of us left.

KYLE
That'll be enough.

JACK
You are batshit. We're going home.

KYLE
No disrespect, sir, but we ain't
goin' nowhere.

He gazes skyward, watching the hawk change course.

KYLE (CONT'D)
We ain't gettin' outta here alive.

Absorbing that, Jack turns away to the pickup.

JACK
Get your shit together.

KYLE
We gotta finish the mission.

JACK
Mission aborted!

KYLE
We can't let these people down.

JACK
Get in the goddamn truck.

KYLE
I'll catch up with you.

A cryptic smile.

Jack looks at him strangely. He jumps into the back of the pickup.

INT. U.S. CUSTOMS TECH ROOM - DAY

ON a computer screen, a simulated aircraft-vision display. In f.g., a 3D cockpit-window view from a predator drone, sweeping over an electronic landscape.

CBP OPERATOR (O.S.)
MQ Predator en route. One minute
thirty seconds to target.

EXT. BRIDGE CREEK ROAD - DAY

Villa's pickup rolls along the creek toward the edge of the decimated bridge site.

INT. VILLA'S PICKUP (MOVING) - DAY

In the rear, Jack and Ann Frank lean out and peer around.

ANN FRANK
I never thought I'd end my military
career in godforsaken Mexico.

JACK
Tell that to your kibbutz when you
get back home.

ANN FRANK
No. Kyle's right. We're going to
die here.

JACK

Maybe. But I ain't gonna die like
some trapped gutter rat.

EXT. CREEK ROAD - DAY

The pickup pulls over to the roadside before the creek crossing. The two mercs hop out. Jack leans into Villa behind the wheel.

JACK

Take the high ground, Villa. Stay
out of trouble.

VILLA

A young boy once told me, he was
more afraid of the *policia* than of
the *narcos*, because no one could be
trusted. It made me ashamed to
wear this uniform. He was my son,
may he rest in peace.

(nods to Jack)

You do what you have to, *guerrero*,
but I will never stop fighting.
Vaya con dios.

He turns a one-eighty and speeds away up the road.

The two gaze at the creek crossing into town. A deceptive
quiet. Jack turns to Ann Frank, conflicted.

JACK

We have to abort. Right?

ANN FRANK

You're in command.

JACK

You didn't really come all this way
just for the money, did you?

ANN FRANK

(smiles)

I guess I ran out of causes.

WHOOOP-WHOOOP. The Black Hawk approaches, ROTORS BEATING.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Billy Bob guides his craft slowly down toward a creekside
clearing.

EXT. CREEK ROAD - DAY

The Black Hawk hovers over the landing zone. Jack turns and glances up the mountain road.

JACK
Kyle's not coming.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Descending, Billy Bob gets a radio call on his headset.

BILLY BOB
Yo, Master King! I'm picking 'em
up now.

INT. EXTREME SOLUTIONS OFFICE - DAY

Lucifer stares intently at the map of the lower Americas. Into his speaker phone:

LUCIFER
Return to base, pilot.

BILLY BOB (O.S.)
(on intercom)
But I got 'em in sight, sir.

LUCIFER
Ditch them. Turn around and come
back, *right now*. We're going to
Plan B.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Billy Bob stares down at the two soldiers on the ground, not happy about this. He crosses himself, then pulls up the navigator stick.

EXT. CREEK ROAD - DAY

The Black Hawk lifts skyward and takes off.

Jack and Ann Frank react stunned, as the helo soars away into the horizon.

JACK
Where the hell is he going?!

INT. U.S. CUSTOMS TECH ROOM - DAY

ON the monitor screen's digital cockpit view. The predator drone's POV noses down toward land at supersonic speed.

CBP OPERATOR (O.S.)
Target in sight. Five seconds to
impact. Four, three, two, one...

EXT. CREEK ROAD - DAY

A DISTANT KABOOM spins Jack and Ann Frank around.

The Sierra mountaintop above them ERUPTS -- A MUSHROOM CLOUD OF FIRE AND SMOKE.

A shocked beat.

ANN FRANK
That's our base camp. We're dead
already.

Jack's SAT PHONE BEEPS. He scans the caller ID and switches it on, shouting into it.

JACK
What the fuck's going on?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EXTREME SOLUTIONS OFFICE - DAY

Lucifer on his Bluetooth, gazing at the strategic map.

LUCIFER
Sorry I didn't get back to you
sooner, Lieutenant. I guess you're
having a bad day.

Jack paces furiously.

JACK
Bad day?! My day has to move up
ten notches just to reach *shitty*.
I got three men dead, no back-up
from you -- and the narcos just
blew the shit out of our camp.

LUCIFER
It wasn't them.

JACK

What?

LUCIFER

It was our side, U.S. intelligence. They don't want us there. We're fucking up their relationship with the Mexican regime.

JACK

What are you talking about? We're all on the same side.

LUCIFER

Don't be naive, Jack. The cartels own the Mexican government. The federales, the police, everyone. You need to get out of Dodge.

Jack notices something beyond the creek. He picks up his rifle and sights through the scope:

A DUST CLOUD approaches from the center of town, toward us.

JACK

You need to extract us, sir. Send Billy Bob back.

LUCIFER

I can't do that. Can't jeopardize company operations.

JACK

You're the one who brought us here!
 (no reply)
 Sir? Respond!
 (silence)
 So that's it, then. We're just expendable. Disposable tampons.

LUCIFER

I'm sorry, son. Y'know, I once asked the Lord, "If You exist, show me a sign." But I got no fucking answer.

(beat)

Sometimes God forces us to do things without His guidance. Like change strategies, and sometimes sacrifice our pawns.

JACK

Aw shit. You Judas cocksucker.

LUCIFER

I'll finish the mission, Jack, that I swear to you. Those thugs are gonna pay with blood and money.

Jack finally goes ballistic.

JACK

Fuck the mission! What about US?! We're still HERE!

LUCIFER

Well, that's what I pay you for, Lieutenant. This always was a suicide mission.

JACK

You know what, you self-serving prick...

LUCIFER

Jack, listen to me...

JACK

I'm gonna hunt you down...

LUCIFER

Jack...

JACK

I'm gonna ice-pick your eyes out and SKULL-FUCK YOUR SOCKETS!

LUCIFER

You're a vanishing breed, Jack. You're the last of the samurais, like that Tom Cruise guy.

JACK

I am gonna KILL -- YOUR -- ASS!

LUCIFER

Better to die with honor, go out with a last ooh-rah. *Semper fidelis.*

(into preacher mode)

"Withstand this evil day! Having done all, ye shall still stand!"

Jack switches him off. He takes a deep breath, his mind going haywire. He stares around at the mountainous terrain, then turns to Ann Frank.

JACK

We're ass-fucked. By everyone,
including our own country. No
place to go for a hundred miles.

Ann Frank glances out at the approaching dust cloud.

ANN FRANK

Well, we either we run for the
hills until they hunt us down. Or
we fight them head on.

Something o.s. stops her. They both stare at...

Kyle. Bare-ass naked in WHITE WAR PAINT, riding down the
road toward them on a Mustang. CHANTING his WARRIOR HYMN,
his fifty strapped over his shoulder.

The two other Mustangs tag behind, tethered to his saddle.
He trots his horse over.

JACK

Whaddya doing? Have you totally
fucking lost it?

Kyle nods toward the dust cloud, sounding perfectly sane.

KYLE

Incoming hostiles, sir.

ANN FRANK

What's with the body makeup?

KYLE

Bulletproof war grease. It worked
just fine in Afghanistan.

JACK

We're not heroes, Kyle -- we're
just a bunch of guns for hire. We
need to hightail it outta here.

KYLE

We got nowhere to go, sir. Just
forward.

They turn to see the oncoming cloud of dust:

Growing larger, more menacing. The obscured forms of TANKS
and FEDERALE ARMY TRUCKS materialize inside the cloud.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Got two horses for you.

He unties their tethers and hands the reins to Jack.

KYLE (CONT'D)

If we ride in fast, we can rack up
a mean body count.

He pulls forward his fifty, poised to charge.

JACK

Kyle, stop -- that's an order.

KYLE

I gotta finish it, sir.

JACK

This ain't your private war!

KYLE

It always was.

JACK

They're gonna massacre you!

KYLE

Nah. I'm invisible. See you at
the front.

He gallops forward with a SIOUX WARRIOR CRY...

A full horse charge across the creek like a force of nature,
toward the mushrooming dust cloud.

JACK

KYLE!

He stares after him. Frustrated, conflicted, furious...

JACK (CONT'D)

Motherfucking son of a *bitch!*...

He struggles to jump onto one of the Mustangs, forgetting
which side to mount.

ANN FRANK

Left side, sir. Left foot in the
stirrup. Are you going out there
to stop him or...

JACK

Or what?! Hell, I don't fucking
know anymore.

He mounts up, anger spurring him on.

Ann Frank mounts expertly onto the other horse.

ANN FRANK
Neither do I.

JACK
Fine then. Let's go!

They gallop forward, two hellbent warriors splashing across the creek. They catch up fast behind...

Kyle's white-painted figure, riding hard toward the billowing dust cloud. He FIRES his fifty from horseback...

Jack and Ann Frank OPEN FIRE at a full gallop...

The three disappear into the dust cloud.

All we see is the RETURN FIRE -- MUZZLE FLASHES, the ROAR OF CANNON FIRE. A THUNDEROUS BLIZZARD OF BULLETS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICAN SKY - DAY

A Black Hawk helicopter with an "Extreme Solutions" insignia soars low off the radar. Over a jungle crop field.

INT. LUCIFER'S BLACK HAWK (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Lucifer sits up front with an ES PILOT, gloating with excited glee. He grins back at...

An ES CREWMAN, hunched over a Pleospora cannister locked down over an open portal, pointed outward. He opens a valve...

WHITE DUST sprays out into air space.

EXT. MARIJUANA FIELD - DAY

WHITE HERBICIDAL CLOUDS settle over a crop of tall stalks like fairy dust.

EXT. CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA - SKY AND LAND - DAY

AIRBORNE AND GROUND SHOTS IN MULTIPLE LOCATIONS: a fleet of ES choppers swoop low over other drug fields, spraying WHITE DUST over coca plants and opium poppies. Everywhere...

Colombia, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Chile.

OVER THIS, A CNN NEWS REPORT:

CNN ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

An astonishing new development in Latin America -- mysterious drug crop failures, causing serious problems for farmers. They accuse the DEA of waging secret biological warfare. But the war on drugs is taking a remarkable turn, a large percentage of the Mexican cartel market about to crash and burn.

EXT. JARDINES DE HUMAYA CEMETERY - DAY

Culiacan, Mexico. The burial ground of cartel bosses. Opulent mausoleums with marble columns, many two stories high. A Disneyland of the dead for modern-day pharaohs.

A large CARTEL FAMILY gathers at a lavish mausoleum site. Patriarchal CAPOS, their NARCO LIEUTENANTS and BODYGUARDS, surrounded by WIVES and CHILDREN.

A somber mass occasion, distracted by DISTANT MUSIC RISING from the sky -- WAGNER'S "RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES".

An MH-60 Black Hawk ROARS DOWN ON the funeral ceremony...

HELLFIRE MISSILES SHOOT OUT from its "HOT LIPS HOULIHAN" rocket launchers --

The mausoleum DISINTEGRATES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL -- the entire cartel family massacred -- men, women and children CONSUMED IN A FIERY CONFLAGRATION.

INT. BLACK HAWK (AIRBORNE) - DAY

Billy Bob rocks to WAGNER, his mouth drooling tobacco juice in his excitement. He shouts in triumph:

BILLY BOB

YAHOOOO!

He hollers down at the holocaust below.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)

LONG LIVE THE ALAMO!

EXT. PUEBLO INFIERNO - MAIN INTERSECTION - DAY

Teenage cartel spotters loiter on corners. Armed narco soldiers roam the quiet, dusty street. Fewer of them now.

EXT. BREWERY RUINS - DAY

A defeated Senor Garcia picks through the rubble of his devastated beer factory.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Local worshippers sweep away debris and mop up dried blood from the altar floor.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

SIX CORPSES dangle now under the adobe archway...

Kyle Deerfoot. Ann Frank Shiron. Corky McCallum. Mariusz Zubrovka. An incinerated Jamar Jackson. And Jack Hawkins. All mummified in duct tape.

MEXICAN WIDOWS lay flower wreathes below their hanging feet.

LOCAL TEENAGERS gaze curiously at the dead warriors, among them the raped Peasant Girl.

Senor Garcia joins them. Then Senor Rodriguez and his wife, granddaughter Maria in her arms.

Then the other Businessmen, and many more townspeople, all coming to pay their respects. They all turn to...

VILLA'S PICKUP TRUCK -- roaring in fast. It brakes hard before the gathering.

Villa jumps out and opens the truck bed to reveal...

A STOCKPILE of HIGH-TECH WEAPONS, most of them property of the deceased mercenaries.

He picks up Maroosh's UMP machine gun and hefts in his hands. Then scans men's faces around him, a wild rebel look on his grizzled face.

VILLA

What are you all waiting for, eh?!
Have you no *cojones*?!

Stunned looks from the assembly.

VILLA (CONT'D)

Pick up a weapon! We are going to
FIGHT!

Garcia and Rodriguez stare at the guns. They glance around fearfully toward...

The main-street narco soldiers and spotters, two block away. None of them notice the scene.

Finally, the Peasant Girl picks up Ann Frank's Win Mag sniper rifle. Conviction in her eyes, ready to use it.

A TEENAGE BOY snatches up Jamar's M-60, empowered by it.

Rodriguez seizes Kyle's fifty, blood vengeance in his eyes.

Garcia finally takes up Corky's M4A1 carbine.

Every Mexican man and woman grabs a weapon from the truck.

Villa jumps onto the truck bed like a born revolutionary. He raises the machine gun and shouts toward the enemy. The words of Jamar and Corky in SUBTITLED SPANISH:

VILLA (CONT'D)

*Fear us, motherfuckers! We will
fuck you up! We will PUNISH YOU!*

He turns to the citizens before him, his gun pointed skyward.

VILLA (CONT'D)

Ooh-rah!

Mexicans raise their weapons high.

TOWNSPEOPLE

OOH-RAH!

BLACKOUT.

ROLL CREDITS.